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STREET & SMITH'S
PICTURE PLAY

JANUARY 1932

10
CENTS



PEGGY SHANNON
Painted by
MODEST STEIN

Name This Girl

Win \$1500.00!



FREE SAMPLE CO-ED Face Powder

Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face powder De Luxe with our reply.

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of CO-ED, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. \$1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by CO-ED, Incorporated. An additional \$500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay \$1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and \$500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this \$1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this \$1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

\$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, \$500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the \$1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that \$500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this \$1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This \$1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this \$1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as \$4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY,
CO-ED, Inc., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 296, Chicago, Ill.
The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

Date I read this announcement _____
My Name is _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 296 CHICAGO, ILL.



JANET GAYNOR CHARLES FARRELL

in delicious

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

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

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



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

FOX

STREET & SMITH'S

YEARLY
SUBSCRIPTION,
\$1.00

PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE
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10 CENTS

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don't have to shop for pictures



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with CLIVE BROOK

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"WORKING GIRLS"



with PAUL LUKAS

Judith Wood, Charles "Buddy" Rogers,
Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

"LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE"



With Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond
Wynne Gibson, George Barbier.
Directed by Marion Gering.

"THE FALSE MADONNA"

With Kay Francis and William Boyd.
Directed by Stuart Walker



"SOOKY"

With Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan.
Directed by Norman Taurog.
Same cast and director as "Skippy"

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What the FANS Think

To Twang or To Drawl.

IT surely couldn't have been a born-and-bred Southerner who wrote that letter to Picture Play anent Southern voices being a thing for which to bow one's head in shame, and lauding the glorious perfection of the Yankee twang? I refer to Katharine Dale, of Richmond, Virginia. In classic old Hungarian, how does she get that way?

How can any lover of beautiful speech prefer the harsh, flat Northern voices without a trace of feeling, color, or emotion, to the soft speech of the cultured Southerner? Not necessarily a cultured voice, either. Even the lowliest child of a Southern slum, the most illiterate mountaineer, has a warmth, a color, and a lilt to his speech that even the educated Northerner does not have. The majority of Northerners have a hard, flat speech.

Who could prefer Clara Bow's nasal shriek to the music of Miriam Hopkins's voice? Who would prefer listening to Jimmy Gleason's Yankee voice to the dulcet caress of John Mack Brown's? Even one of my favorites, Constance Bennett, has a croak instead of a voice.

Southern people—*real* Southern people—are proud of their heritage, and rightly so. Southern speech is admired everywhere, most of all in the North where comparisons make it seem even more glamorous.

I am afraid Miss Dale is not a Southern girl by birth, and cannot successfully copy the accent she hears all about her, and envies it. "KENTUCKY."

Fort Worth, Texas.

Betting on Una.

I AM writing this in appreciation of my two favorites, Una Merkel and Hardie Albright.

That Una Merkel is a highly individual and pleasing personality will be unchallenged by those who have seen her in "Abraham Lincoln," "Don't Bet On Women," and "Daddy Long Legs." Her versatility is astonishing. She can play comedy and drama with equal skill and to equal heights of perfection; and she is as devoid of egotism and affectation as the lily is devoid of flaw.

No, she's not a transient illusion, this Una, but a lovely young woman of profound sincerity and stable character. Her performances are sparkling, full of variety, and keenly alive with remarkable talent, amazing verisimilitude, and technical accuracy. When age has withered Chatterton, and custom has staled the sophistication of Shearer and Bennett, Una Merkel will be in the zenith of her career!

My favorite male star, Hardie Albright, is not yet an established player, having so far been seen in only two films, neither more than moderately successful. But if fate is kind and Fox executives keep their perception, then he will, I am sure, rapidly become one of the most popular leading men on the screen. Handsome, extremely likable, with an orotund voice and great personal charm, he combines with other enviable qualities those predominant in Lew Ayres, Robert Montgomery, and Clark Gable. Surely such a combination of glorious masculinity should find favor with the majority of fans.

NAT THORNTON.

Littleton, North Carolina.



She Doesn't Like Gable.

I THOROUGHLY agree with everything "Cherry Valley" in November Picture Play says, except that when Ramon Novarro is trying to "do something about it," it's up to those who like and believe in him to show some loyalty and help him if they can. I certainly don't want him to be a quitter, for his own sake.

I, too, was furious because he was not allowed to sing in "Daybreak," and also because his producer seemed to be deliberately ruining the picture.

If Novarro and Greta Garbo really act together, it will perhaps be possible to bear seeing her with Clark Gable. Personally, I find that the latter resembles too closely the drawings of prehistoric man, with low brow and massive neck, and if Gable can act I have not noticed it.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



S. C.

Gouging Garbo Gougers.

WHO would have guessed it? Here is another letter about the great Garbo. If it were not for this divine creature, I would have very little interest in women of the celluloid.

I am sick and tired of reading statements like these: "Armida is above Garbo," "Marlene is a much better actress than Greta," "Let that darned Swede go back across the water where she belongs." Applesauce! It seems ridiculous to me that people are too blind or too dumb, I might say, to appreciate this marvelous woman.



I believe Greta is liked better in England than in this country, because over there most people have poetic vision enough to recognize a real artist when they see one. The trouble with the majority of our anti-Garboists is they have no insight. They appreciate the ribbon-clerk type of girl who chews gum as fast as she talks and whose brain revolves like a whirlwind. I would not give a minute of Greta for all their crazy acting.

J. FERDINAND FOLTZ.

614 Oregon Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

Another Fanny the Fan?

I WANT to thank Karen Hollis for "They Say in New York." I was broken-hearted over the death of "Over the Teacups," but I have a sneaking suspicion that Fanny the Fan lives again in Karen Hollis. Anyway, she's a swell substitute.

I particularly relished the crack about Norma Shearer's so-called beautiful gowns. To me she is one of the most atrociously dressed women on the screen and her idea of sophistication is a ghoulish laugh accompanied by strange head tossings, hand gyrations, and other anatomical contortions. It always seems a pity that Hedda Hopper, who really looks like a lady and has such chic, should act in so many Norma Shearer pictures and show her up at such a tremendous disadvantage. Norma ought to relax and take a few lessons from the exquisite Hedda.

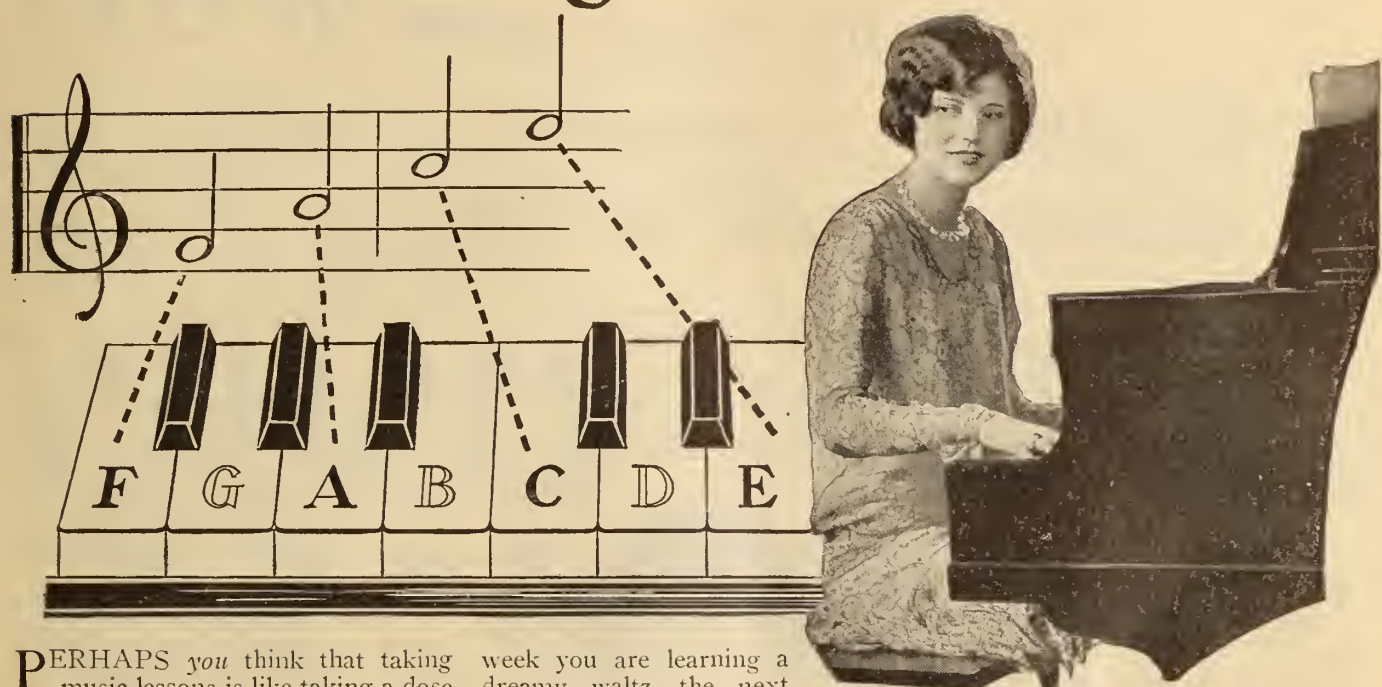
MARTHA COLBEE.

135 Washington Place, New York City.



Continued on page 10

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Just imagine . . . a method that has made the reading and playing of music so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Do you wonder that this remarkable way of learning music has already been vouched for by over 600,000 people in all parts of the world?

Easy As Can Be!

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You study with a smile. One

week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march. As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by actual notes the classic favorites and the latest syncopation that formerly you only listened to.

And you're never in hot water. First, you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

New Friends—Better Times

If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which to play, and the U. S. School will do the

rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit, U. S. School of Music, 531 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Name

Address

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| Piano | Violin |
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| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
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| Juniors' Piano Course | |

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Picture Oracle

G. E. H.—Glad you asked about Leslie Howard, for I don't think he gets nearly the publicity he deserves. He is an English stage actor who was long popular on Broadway before going into pictures. When the World War broke out Mr. Howard was working as a bank clerk in England. He served four years with the English army. It was after his return from the front that he decided on a stage career. He was born in London, England, in 1893, has blue eyes, fair hair, is five feet ten and a half, weighs 145, is married and has two children.

M. I. P.—Tallulah Bankhead is not married. Her latest picture is "The Cheat." Hugh Allan was born November 5, 1903; Rod LaRocque, November 29, 1898; Laura La Plante, November 1, 1904; Reginald Denny, November 20, 1891; Don Alvarado, November 4, 1904; Jack Oakie, November 13, 1903; Lewis Stone, November 15, 1879; Robert Armstrong, November 20, 1896; Betty Bronson, November 17, 1906; Corinne Griffith, November 24, 1897; Gwen Lee, November 12, 1905; Marie Prevost, November 8, 1902.

MISS NOBODY.—My, but you are a humble soul! And, just think, your letter comes all the way from Athens, Greece! Mary Nolan is married to Wallace T. Macrery, Jr., a broker, and is living in Hollywood. She can be reached at the RKO Studio, Hollywood, where she is under contract. She is playing opposite Eddie Quillan in an untitled picture.

A GENEVIEVE TOBIN FAN.—For a picture of your favorite write to the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. Miss Tobin is a former stage actress, and left the cast of "Fifty Million Frenchmen" to go to Hollywood.

ANNE.—Joan Crawford's family name is LeSueur. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, May 23, 1908. "The Man in Possession" and "Private Lives" are Robert Montgomery's most recent films, to be followed by "A Family Affair."

A HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT.—Studying hard for the exams these days? Glad you find time to read Picture Play. In "Svengali" the part of *Little Billie* was played by Bramwell Fletcher. William Bakewell was born in Los Angeles, May 2, 1908. He is not married.

GLADYS McREE.—"The Spider and the Rose" was released in 1923. Here is the cast: *Paula*, Alice Lake; *Don Marcello*, a child, Richard Headrick; *Don Marcello*, Gaston Glass; *The Governor*, Joseph J. Dowling; *Mendoza*, Robert McKim; *Maire Renaud*, Noah Beery; *The Secretary*, Otis Harlan; *Don Fernando*, Frank Campeau; *The Priest*, Andrew Arbuckle; *Good Padre*, Alec Francis; *Bishop Oliveros*, Edwin Stevens; *Dolores*, Louise Fazenda. "Yankee Don" is Richard Talmadge's latest picture. Copies of Picture Play since July, 1931, may be had for ten cents each; previous to

that, twenty-five cents. Only magazines up to about a year ago are available.

BETTY.—Phillips Holmes was born July 22, 1908. Don't you think Janet Gaynor's hair is naturally curly? Gosh, I always thought so.

LORETTA YOUNG FAN.—I think "Fast Life," "Kismet," and "The Devil to Pay" were among Miss Young's best pictures. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1912, has blond hair and gray eyes. Address her at the First National Studio, Burbank, California. "The Ruling Voice" is her most recent picture.



Leslie Howard turned to the stage after serving four years in the British army during the World War.

J. BRITAN.—The lad who played Janet Gaynor's college beau in "Daddy Long Legs" was John Arledge, who comes from Crockett, Texas. He was also in "The Spider." The cast of "Charley's Aunt" included Charles Ruggles, June Collyer, Hugh Williams, Doris Lloyd, Halliwell Hobbes, Flora LeBreton, Rodney McLenna, Flora Sheffield, Phillips Smalley, Wilson Bengé.

KITTENS.—So you liked Duncan Renaldo in "Trader Horn"? He was born in New Jersey, April 23, 1904, is six feet, weighs 175. He has also played in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "Pals of the Prairie." Hugh Trevor was born October 28, 1903. So far as I know, that is Tom Mix's right name. This also applies to the others you mention.

MONA BOWSER.—There is a fan club for Constance Bennett with Esther Clancy, 566 Brook Avenue, New York City; Norma Shearer with Henrietta Brunsmán, 59 Illi-

nois Avenue, Dayton, Ohio; Clark Gable with Paul G. Kaiser, 10 Burnet Street, Newark, New Jersey; Ramon Novarro with any of the following: Adele Yanow, 7416 Jeffery Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Dorothy Wallaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio; Nicoletta Di Pietro, 241 West Otterman Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania; Henry Daviero, Route 1, Box 62, Sebastopol, California.

POM.—Joan Bennett was born in New Jersey, in 1911; Constance Bennett in New York, in 1905. Marlene Dietrich was born on December 27th about 1905. The fair Marlene is making "Shanghai Express," her first picture since "Dishonored." Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois, March 27, 1898. June Collyer's right name is Dorothea Heermance; Bessie Love's, Juanita Horton; Joan Crawford's, Lucille LeSueur.

A CLIVE BROOK FOREVER FAN.—Your favorite was born in London, England, June 1, 1891, and began his education at Dulwich College. Mildred Evelyn, who played opposite him on the stage in "Over Sunday" and "Sacred and Profane Love," was married to him in 1920. They now have two children, Faith and Clive, Jr. Before coming to the United States in 1924, Mr. Brook played in several English screen productions. His films in this country include "Christine of the Hungry Heart," "Enticement," "The Mirage," "Playing With Souls," "Declassé," "If Marriage Fails," "Woman Hater," "The Homemakers," "Pleasure Buyers," "Seven Sinners," "Compromise," "Three Faces East," "When Love Grows Cold," "Why Girls Go Back Home," "You Never Know Women," "For Alimony Only," "The Popular Sin," "Barbed Wire," "Hula," "Afraid to Love," "Underworld," "Forgotten Faces," "Interference," "The Four Feathers," "A Dangerous Woman," "Charming Sinners," "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," "The Laughing Lady," "Slightly Scarlet," "Sarah and Son," "Sweethearts and Wives," "Anybody's Woman," "East Lynne," "Tarnished Lady," "Scandal Sheet," "The Lawyer's Secret," "Silence," "Husband's Holiday." Address Mr. Brook at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

MARY ANN.—No, I haven't any fan club listed for Ken Maynard. To form one, get a group of your friends together—admirers of Mr. Maynard—hold meetings and try to promote interest in him. Invite others to join. Ken was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; has black hair, gray eyes; five feet eleven and three-quarters; weighs 176. He married Mary Deper on August 18, 1925. Write to him in care of the Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—If I seemed to be angry at you for writing so often, it was only because I was thinking of the other readers who desire space in this column,

Continued on page 74

Now—

Solve this Puzzle . . . That's All To Qualify for this Opportunity

WIN \$500.00

We Want Publicity And . . . We'll Give \$5975.00 To Get It!

Here's something that's new! . . . as new as tomorrow or the latest fashion from Paris . . . and fun for all! Here is an offer that is sponsored by a \$1,000,000 concern, founded in 1893, and known from coast to coast . . . an offer in which you can win \$2500.00 in cash! Try it! There are many other big cash prizes too . . . \$5975.00 in all.

As a means for introducing this amazing distribution of \$5975.00 in prizes to the public, we offer a special test in the seventeen pictures of Chester Morris shown here. Chester Morris, you know, is the United Artists' star, who is now appearing in the great new movie, "Corsair." "Corsair" is a picture everyone will enjoy. By all means, plan to see it if you love romance, adventure, and genuine thrills.

And if you would like to win \$2500.00 easily and quickly as I will tell you, read the instructions given below and send your answer . . . quick!



\$500.00 EXTRA GIVEN FOR PROMPTNESS

Mail your answer at once . . . before you do another thing! The winner of the first prize to be awarded will receive \$500.00 extra for being prompt—a total of \$2500.00. Each entrant will be carefully graded, and when the final decision is made, the winners will be selected according to their grades.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES FOR SENDING ANSWER

Of the seventeen pictures of Chester Morris shown in this advertisement, eight pairs are twins. This leaves **JUST ONE AND ONLY ONE** that is different than all the rest. Look at the

caps and the collars, their colors and designs. Study every detail carefully. Maybe you will be able to find the different one. That's what you must do . . . **HURRY!**

If there are ties for any of the prizes, we will pay duplicate prizes to those tying. No one living in Chicago or outside the U. S. A. is eligible to take part in this offer.

Look carefully now and send the number of the picture you believe is different. If you send the correct one, you will be notified at once. Mail your answer today to—**Mr. E. C. BENEDICT, Prize Dir., Room 27, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois**



Continued from page 6

If Joan Needs a Square Meal.

HAVING just read the letter headed "Dinner for Joan," maybe you don't think my blood pressure is going 'way above normal. I've seen every one of Joan's pictures and in not one of them has any one but Joan herself walked away with it. She has beauty, health, youth, and—well, if there is anything she hasn't, she sure doesn't need it.

If I thought for one moment that Joan needed a square meal, you can bet your life I'd be the first to offer my services. Really now, would she look as youthful and attractive if she were as stout as the matured Marjorie Rambeau? Comparing those two is really laughable. Miss Rambeau is good, but she has had her big day, and it's over. Joan's day is still to come, and when it does, she'll make Garbo, Chatterton, and all the rest look like miniature stars.

Well, here's hoping Joan doesn't get discouraged because of a few people who don't know real art when they see it.

LILLIAN ERNST.

1214a Hodiament Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.**Just a Blond Brunette.**

I HAVE just seen Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners." I really enjoyed the picture, because Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton were in it. If some of the readers of Picture Play have seen "Laughing Sinners," they would have noticed that Joan was a brunette in some scenes and a blonde in others.

If Joan will take some good advice she will go back to a brunette, and I am sure she will be more popular than she is now. Joan once was very pretty, but people hardly know her now on account of her changed appearance.

A. H.

147-35 Nineteenth Avenue,
Whitestone, New York.**Come off the Ranch, Clara!**

WHEN Clara Bow temporarily left the screen, she took away with her a certain charming and vital force that has been lacking since, and which no one else can supply. One can't forget her appealing personality and wonderful art—an art all the greater because it seems to be her natural self. Let us hope that our vivid Clara will consent to return to the screen, so that the movies will seem normal and alive again.

We are going to keep right on calling for her until she does return, if it takes twenty years. Prepare some attractive contracts and good plays for her, Mr. Producers. We won't take "no" for an answer. And no substitutes, either. Only she can say "no" to us, and even then under protests so great that she will likely return to stop the clamor.

Here is what I consider the most unlikely happening in the world: Clara Bow playing to empty houses.

M. B. BUTLER.

Box 154, Taft, California.

Watch Miriam Hopkins.

TWO of the newcomers are now on my list of real favorites. One who has only recently graced the screen with her beauty, charm, and freshness, and I predict, as I see one or two others have already done, a new star who is going a long, long way in movie fame—Miriam Hopkins.

The other has been in talk'es from the start. To him I pay homage for being the finest actor the stage has given us, and the only one who is utterly unconscious of the camera and himself. He is Fredric March, actor and gentleman. On the

screen he becomes lawyer, gob, and composer, or whatever character he is playing. That, I think, is the secret of his success, for he completely loses his own personality in the part he plays.

They call him a second Barrymore. Don't make me laugh! Barrymore ceased to be an actor when he went on the screen. He took a lot of gestures and expressions and labeled them "copyright," and became just Barrymore.

Thanks, Mr. March, for giving this fan a few hours of utter enjoyment in watching you act and live your rôles.

THE ROOTER.

London.

A Fan Calls on Picture Play.

GETTING off the subway at Fourteenth Street, soon I was sitting in the building where Picture Play is published and talking to the editor! Norbert Lusk turned out to be a grand person. There had been a couple of times when I had got panicky, turned cold, and thought, "I have a nerve!" But I'm glad I did it now.

Mr. Lusk was charming and friendly and sympathetic. I was naive, excited, and quite asinine, but if any one can make you feel at ease it is Mr. Lusk. He is kind and a thoroughly swell human being.

We talked of Picture Play, and Pola Negri, and Mabel Normand; of Clara Bow and Stuart Walker. I remembered with a start that I had been talking during office hours for a great length of time.

No wonder Picture Play achieves a personal touch with the fans that the other screen magazines don't, with an interesting and interested editor like Mr. Lusk in charge of it.

When I left, Mr. Lusk told me he would like me to meet Karen Hollis. Karen and I had already written to each other over a period of years.

I had a letter from Karen a few days later, and arrangements were made for us to have dinner together. By the time I got to her apartment I was a wreck. Anticipating the visit with Mr. Lusk, then actually experiencing it, and now anticipating meeting Karen was rapidly putting me in a state of collapse. Besides, it was my first trip to New York and so many thrills packed into such a brief space of time—hadn't I bumped into Jimmy Walker the day before?—ought to make it plain why, by the time I rang Karen's bell, I was a gibbering idiot.

Karen is as grand and friendly as Mr. Lusk. She is small and slender and dark and very attractive. She has confidence and poise, and the two things that make me swear by a person forever—a gorgeous sense of humor and utter naturalness.

It was vastly entertaining to hear Karen talk of the movie people. She knows many of them intimately.

It is too bad that the people who write about the stars aren't placed more often before the fans. They are so very interesting, and I've not the slightest doubt probably a great deal more so than many of the stars.

Anyway, Picture Play has a corner on two of the grandest!

ALICE CLIFTON.

225 East River Street,
Peru, Indiana.**High-voltage Gable.**

AFTER seeing Clark Gable in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Finger Points," and "A Free Soul," I believe him to be the greatest find the screen has ever known.

He has absolutely everything, and if given half a chance, will enjoy a popularity rivaling that of Valentino. He is equally at home as a villain, hero, or comedian. Such versatility combined with such a tre-

mendous personality, unusual looks, and a voice thrilling with an undercurrent of danger, should carry him to the top. Every time I see him, I feel an electric shock run through me.

For about eight years I have admired Ramon Novarro a great deal, but he faded completely out of the picture as soon as I saw this Gable fellow.

I was very interested in George A. Abbate's letter concerning Clark Gable. I agree with him that "The Four Horsemen" would provide a great rôle for Gable, but I hope people will not label him the second Valentino. He is the first Clark Gable, and no one else!

MARY OSTRONIC.

1106 West Forty-eighth Street,
Los Angeles, California.**Strange Thought for Hollywood.**

I HOPE poor little Clara Bow has learned a lasting lesson of what happens when you make a confidante of your servant. DeVoe is evidently one of those ungrateful creatures that bite the hands that feeds them.

Still DeVoe would not be where she is at present if she were not a thoroughly undesirable character. I would not trust her with my dog's dinner.

Surely Clara's friends and admirers will not be influenced by the word of a discharged servant.

M. B.

5 Rowfant Mansions,
London S. W. 17, England.**Estelle, Don't You Be Like That.**

I NOTICED in an interview with Joan Crawford that she plans to be herself.

In other words, Joan's going to call quits to her platinum locks. I don't know about the rest of Joan's fans, but as for me, when she appeared blonde I almost gave her the gate. Oh, Joan, you looked ghastly! So here's hoping it's true you'll be bold enough to become brunette again, because believe it or not, there are still a few of us who favor the dark ladies.

Speaking of brunettes, do you remember Laura La Plante, Bessie Love, Constance Bennett, Betty Compson, and Bebe Daniels—all brunette lasses in days gone by? This peroxide business is certainly worked overtime. Mentioning Bebe almost brings me to tears. She had such stunning black hair. Such a fascinating Spanish type. And now? Just another whitewashed blonde.

Please, Estelle Taylor, don't you be like that.

NIVIEN L. D.

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

Pickford Is Not Through.

ON looking through October Picture Play the article of most interest to me was "Is Pickford Through?" I cannot remember how long Mary has been my favorite, but since I have followed the movies no star has won my respect and admiration so wholeheartedly as this lovely woman. She is quite in a class by herself. There have been other fine players, but no one has combined so many admirable qualities as Mary Pickford. She has proved that she can portray many types, from her lovable gamins to "Coquette" and "Kiki."

Many of her child rôles presented scenes of unsurpassed emotion and depth, such as the scene in "Annie Rooney" when she learns of her father's death. If Garbo or Dietrich had put such a scene across, the critics and fans would fill the magazines with pæans of praise, but I recall that few fans or critics gave the scene more than passing notice. Why? I believe Mary's

Continued on page 12

DANCER ON WAY TO STARDOM •

• WANTS A NEW NAME!

★ (NEWS ITEM)

On the very threshold of international fame and fortune, Jeanne Williams wants a new "Stage Name." Young—graceful—talented; her beautiful body is vibrant with the magnetic glow of youthful personality. Critics say her performances are "Sensational," "Exotique", and that she is at the door of stardom. . . . Now, because her name is similar to that of another star of Broadway, she wants a NEW name by which she will be featured and which she hopes to carry to fame.

We Will Pay
\$500.00
Just for a Girl's Name

COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

Nothing to Buy — Nothing to Sell — No Entrance Fees — No "Number Paths" Nor "Guessing" to win This Cash Prize

JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

What an amazing opportunity! You may win this big cash prize in only a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this graceful young dancer—*nothing more to do*. Sounds easy? It is easy! The first name that comes to your mind this minute may be the very one to win \$500.00 cash. It does not have to be a "fancy" name—just some simple name that is easy to say and easy to remember—a name that will look well in blazing electric lights in front of the nation's finest theatres. Think of a name—send it TODAY—Win \$500.00 Cash.

NO WAY YOU CAN LOSE . . .

Simply suggest the winning name—that is all you have to do to get the \$500.00. We are giving the prize to advertise our marvelous Foot Balm that is even now used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a fortune for you to win.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO

Win \$3,000.00

OR BUICK 8-CYLINDER SEDAN AND \$1,500.00 IN CASH BESIDES...

In this sensational advertising campaign we are giving away over FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS just to advertise and promote our business. This money is entirely *separate and in addition* to the prize for the Dancer's Name. Over 50 huge cash prizes—3 fine automobiles. Think of it! You may win over \$3,000.00 cash or a new Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$1,500.00 Cash besides! What a magnificent fortune! Some one is going to get it—why not you? You have just as good an opportunity to win as anyone. All you have to do to qualify for this amazing opportunity is to suggest a name for the Dancer. Do it now—it may mean a fortune for you.

\$1,000.00 CASH CERTIFICATE

Will Be Sent to You At Once . . . BE PROMPT

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are PROMPT and win first prize. So don't delay! Send your name suggestion promptly—nothing more to do now or ever toward getting the Name Prize and to qualify for the opportunity to win the other huge prizes. *You can't lose anything*—EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH—so send a name today.

Hundreds Have Won

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute—her home burned down. She suggested a name for our toilet soap and won a big cash prize of \$900.00! H. L. Adams, Pa., won over \$2000.00 besides cash rewards as high as \$200.00 in a week. Lutz received \$500.00. Hundreds of others made happy by big prizes and rewards. Now, we are going to distribute *bigger prizes than before*. Anyone may win. . . . Some yet unknown person is going to win \$3,000.00 cash; many others are going to be made happy with scores of prizes as high as \$750.00. Three fine cars will be given to people submitting names.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize, No "puzzles," "number paths", "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over \$3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win the prize. But, remember the EXTRA \$1,000.00 for promptness. Act at once! *I will send you a \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate as soon as your name is received*—I will tell you just how you stand in the distribution of over \$5,000.00 in cash prizes and fine new automobiles.

Read These Simple Rules

Contest open to all except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted—sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Suggest a first and last name for the dancer. Contest closing date given in my first letter to you. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Every person submitting a name qualifies for opportunity to win \$3,000.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$1,500.00 in cash. Use the coupon or write a letter to submit name and receive all details.



The Delight of Dancing Feet

. . . Do your feet ache, itch, perspire or burn? Then, try this famous Foot Balm that has brought delight to the over-worked feet of professional dancers to whom foot comfort is all important.



Winning Name Coupon

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.,
 906 Sycamore St., Dept. 56-A, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Name I suggest for the Dancer is:.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Rush me the \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate for Promptness and tell me how I stand for Winning \$3,000.00 cash.

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.

906 Sycamore Street Dept. 56-A Cincinnati, Ohio

Continued from page 10

What the Fans Think

great performances have been taken too much for granted.

I had hoped that Mary would make "Smilin' Thru." First Joan Bennett was assigned the rôle, now it is said Norma Shearer will have it. Norma will do a very fine job of it, but she lacks the sweetness, beauty, and spiritual quality which Mary could give it. "Peg o' My Heart" is another ideal Pickford rôle, and now I read that Colleen Moore hopes to make a comeback with it.

I believe Mary is far from through and wish her every bit of luck and success in her future rôles. Such a fine person deserves the loyal support and admiration of all fans.

THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.

13 Van Cortlandt Place,
Arlington, New Jersey.

Stop the Glassy-eyed Worship.

IT was my belief that the fans wanted better and finer pictures, but after reading the letters to "What the Fans Think" I have found, to my great distress, I must admit, that I am wrong. According to the letters, all the fans want is one or two great stars whom they can sit and worship with staring glassy eyes. It is a good thing they cannot agree who is to be the lucky one, or we would not see another good picture.

What difference does it make who the player is, as long as the picture is good? Fans, why not use your energy to campaign for bigger and better pictures like "Cimarron," "Trader Horn," and "The Big Parade"? Come on, let's forget these silly arguments and act like sensible people.

E. FREDERICKSEN.

389 Third Street,
San Francisco, California.

Señorita No Sabe.

EVIDENTLY Jack Hilt admires Helen Chandler. Well—"to every man his love."

Señor Hilt's letter prompts me to a question, one that has puzzled me long.

Why don't men admire Señor Navarro? He has indeed many manly accomplishments—fencing, swimming, knowledge of mechanics, et cetera. He has an athletic figure any man should be proud of. He is not a *matinée* idol; such have long gone from existence. Again I ask, why don't men like Navarro?

They can't be jealous; they can't be scornful; he is not altogether the *hombre des señoritas*. Yet dislike him they do. Señoritas, if you wish to make señor laugh at you, say you admire Navarro.

Are there no men who admire him?

Tell me why you men don't like him. I should like to know.

LA SENORITA.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Interviewing Lawrence Tibbett.

MOST of the fans will agree with me when I say that Lawrence Tibbett is one of the most interesting personalities in Hollywood. It took but a letter and a telephone call for me to arrange an interview with him. I found him to be tall and well built. His facial expression is different than it appears on the screen and in photos. He is even more handsome. The difference lies in the expression of his eyes, which in life is very keen and sensitive. His manner is quiet and direct, while his speech is calm and precise.

As I desired the interview for my school paper, I asked about his early life.

"One reason I made an effort to grant you this interview," he said, "was to encourage the younger generation. You see it was while I was in the high-school glee club that I first realized that I really

wanted to become a singer. I look back on those days as the happiest of my life."

Continuing with the story of his high-school days, he said that when he appeared in a school operetta he was introduced to a great vocal instructor who recommended that he take lessons. This was when he was sixteen or seventeen. He keenly felt the influence of the prominent musical personalities with whom he came in contact.

"When I first met a great master, he made me feel that he was human. He stirred me to that great American spirit of democracy, that it is possible to achieve success in the face of handicaps. He made me see that nobody might become somebody."

I realized that Mr. Tibbett, too, was a very human person. I knew also that success will never take that democratic feeling away from him, as he had retained that simplicity which so many people lose when they reach the heights.

"I think that in every school music should be just as much a part of the school life as athletics or mathematics, because of the spiritual education it gives the mind," he continued.

While talking he was putting on his muffler and overcoat, so I knew my time was limited. There was one more question I wished answered, so I asked him quickly what the talkies had done for music.

"They have done a great deal for people who live in small towns by bringing really great music to them at a reasonable price. I remember when I first came to New York I couldn't afford the opera. Now every one can hear it through the mediums of the talking picture and radio."

W. K. JAMES.

227 Broad Street,
Manasquan, New Jersey.

Gilbert's Voice Approved.

ONE of my favorites is rarely mentioned in "What the Fans Think." He is John Gilbert, who has slipped because of voice difficulties, so it is said. Personally, I think Mr. Gilbert has a very well-modulated voice and his English is beyond reproach. Mr. Gilbert's case is very interesting, because it clearly brings to light the fickleness of the American public. In the silents, Mr. Gilbert was hailed as an undying star. His fame was heralded far and wide. But to-day he is almost completely forgotten and ignored.

It seems a shame that such a great artist should be shoved into obscurity by some of the would-be actors who are now lauded by the public. There are stars to-day who should be nothing more than supporting players. If the studio officials will only give John a chance, he will once again soar into the great bright way of stardom. Even in the miscast productions he has recently played, his technique as an artist showed to a great extent.

FRANK QUINN.

3124 South Avenue,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Speaking of Valentino.

THE recent article on Saint Valentino, by James Roy Fuller is very interesting. I have noticed the recent tendency to canonize Rudolph whose main appeal was always that he was the male embodiment of "It." His adorers had no use at all for a film in which he did not make love which was more profane than sacred.

It is a curious thing that I never met one Valentino fan who had a good word for Navarro, nor one admirer of Navarro who enjoyed Valentino's films. Yet now that Valentino is dead, his fans appear to be trying to clothe him in Navarro's mantle. They seem to have forgotten the

real flavor of his performances, to say nothing of his hectic career.

I always regretted that Valentino appeared in "Monsieur Beaucaire." This character, in the novel and the stage play, was the very opposite of the one shown in the film. I wish Navarro could be given this part, following the lines of the book. He is one of the finest fencers on the screen, he can play a prince with regal grace, and he has the exact type of delicate wit needed for this delightful character.

T. SAVILLE.

Heatherlea, Stratford, England.

Hooray for Peggy!

THE film "The Secret Call" is marvelous. I saw it as a silent picture called "The Telephone Girl," with Madge Bellamy. The producers did it justice when remaking it. Most silent pictures that are remade are dull.

And here's a bouquet for Peggy Shannon! She was too wonderful for words. I'm looking forward to seeing her again soon. She is as great as, and more natural in her acting, than Crawford, Bennett, or Carroll.

Three cheers for Peggy Shannon!

MYRTLE IRENE LABOUR.

39 Maplewood Avenue,
Marlboro, Massachusetts.

Sweet Tragédienne.

MAY I voice my opinion of Sylvia Sidney? Of all the foremost players, none has captivated my fancy as has this superb tragédienne. There is an undefinable quality about her. It is perhaps due to her ancestry. When she so sweetly smiled in "An American Tragedy," I was more pleased and delighted than I was with any Gaynor picture. Sidney's pictures will rate first from now on.

FREDRIC H. HEIDER.

862 Forty-fourth Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Poor Girl-chased Buddy.

BUDDY ROGERS! What a charming, unaffected gentleman he is! Yet what a strange career for such a man to follow—an actor! Surely that should be reserved for the more temperamental, selfish, and shallow type of man. Buddy seems capable of something more worth while and manly than a girl-chased specimen of humanity.

He rose from obscurity to fame, from schoolboy to sophisticated man of the world, but what of it? Does such a hectic life bring happiness? Are money, fame, and admiration worth while when one's life is at the beck and call of others, and incessant parties ruin one's health? Emphatically no! Give me privacy, peace, and comfort, and others more ambitious and sociable are welcome to thousands of dollars a week.

JOAN BERRIMAN.

480 Unley Road,
Unley Park, Adelaide,
South Australia, Australia.

Stop Panning Joan Crawford!

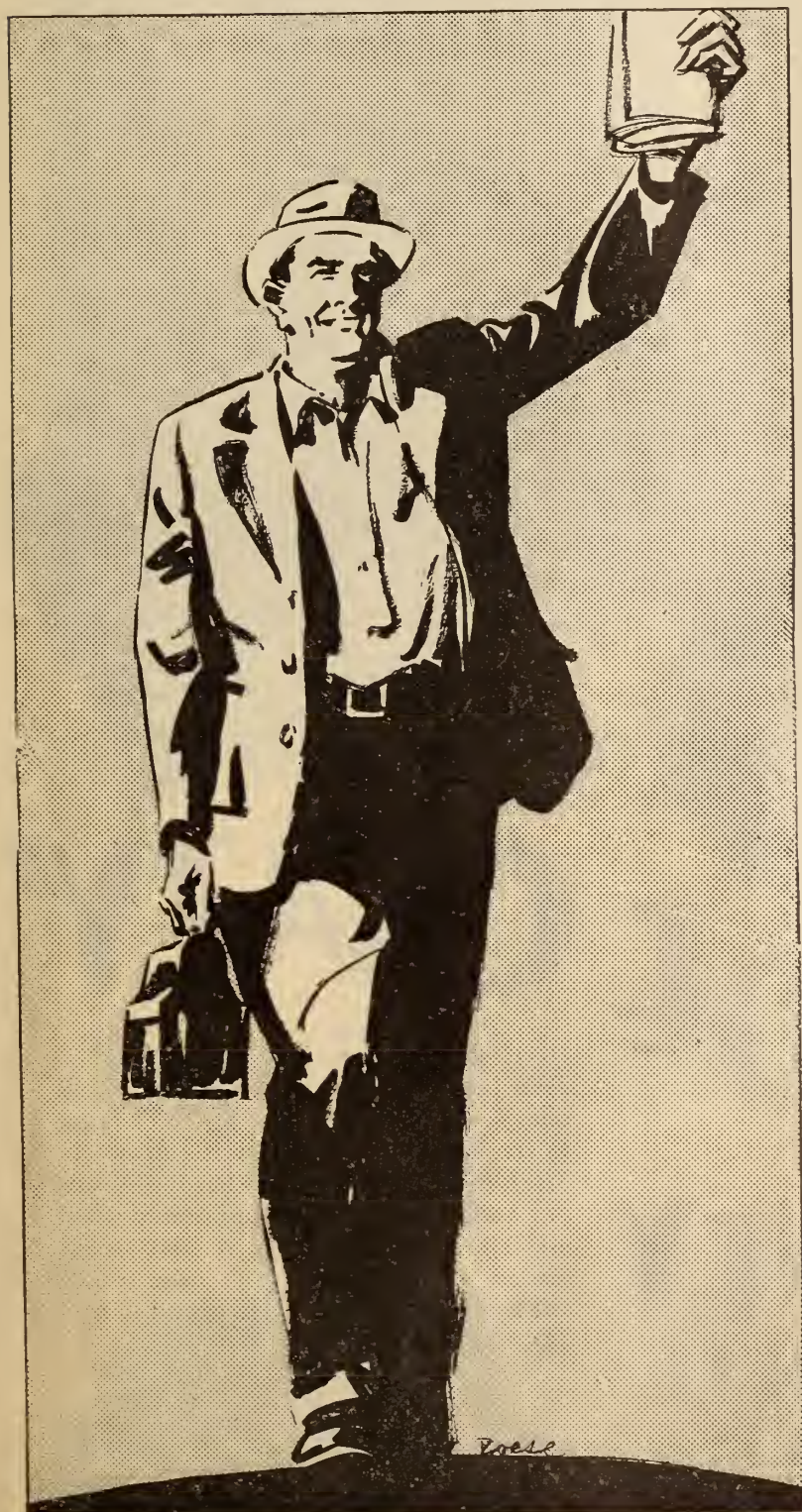
A CERTAIN letter in "What the Fans Think" roused my ire. Not only was it against Joan Crawford's acting, but it was also against her appearance. All I have to say is, either this fan is mistaken, or else she is no critic of acting. I believe Miss—or Mr.—Story is correct in saying "keep your thoughts to yourself unless they are favorable." It is an exceptionally sensible idea.

So here goes:

Why not agree with me that Sally Eilers and James Dunn are superb in "Bad Girl"?

Continued on page 63

Keep his head up and we'll all come through!



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

*The President's Organization on
Unemployment Relief*

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nationwide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

*Jim's
back!
with a
brand
new
LINE!*



**"BLONDE
CAGNEY
and JOAN BLONDELL
NOEL FRANCIS**

"CRAZY"

Here's Jimmy, in a red-hot laugh-riot!... He's just crazy about blondes... Tall ones!—short ones!—fat ones!—They go to his head... They go to his heart... The blonder they come the harder he falls... And what a team Jimmy and Joan make!... Sizzling!... A love team loaded with laughs! Don't miss seeing our red-headed rascal put over his new line in "Blonde Crazy."

RAY MILLAND

Story by Kubeck Glasmon and John Bright

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Photos by Kenneth Alexander

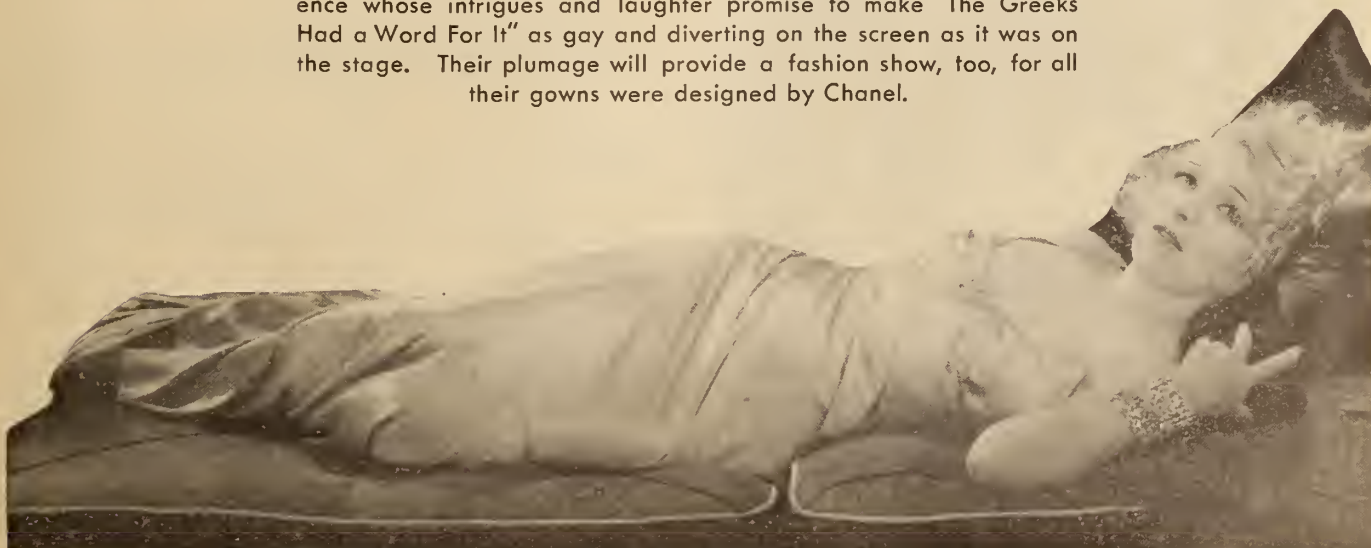
STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

VOLUME XXXV
NUMBER 5

JANUARY
1932

THREE little maids from school are Madge Evans, Ina Claire, and Joan Blondell. Only the school isn't for debutantes but for shrewd and merry gold diggers. They're post-graduates in worldly experience whose intrigues and laughter promise to make "The Greeks Had a Word For It" as gay and diverting on the screen as it was on the stage. Their plumage will provide a fashion show, too, for all their gowns were designed by Chanel.



HELLO,

The stars are in their finest humor when they call on Picture Play.

FANS are thrilled at the idea of working as an extra, or even visiting a studio where a favorite star may be seen. The recent articles "Do You Want a Studio Job?" doubtless fired many fans with the desire to work in studio departments where the routine is broken by the occasional visit of a player.

While realizing that it is next to impossible to get a job where one rubs elbows with the great now and then, the real fan has no objection to *thinking* about it.

In your weak moments, you would gladly give up your peacefully monotonous job and take chances on a more glamorous one at a studio, even if you knew contacts with the stars were likely to be made when they are on the war-path about a billing notice or the competing headdress of an extra, wouldn't you? Nancy Carroll in a bit of a tantrum is still Nancy Carroll.

How would you like to work in a place where the stars come now and then always with the best foot forward? I believe there is only one such place—the editorial office of a fan magazine.

Would you think it fun to have a hot summer afternoon put out of mind by Bill Haines swooping down like a young tornado upon your office, and tossing wisecracks about Hollywood folk all over the place?

Or Harold Lloyd upsetting the office morale by sitting cross-legged on the reception-room table, chatting of his theories of movie-making and being kidded about installing an elevator in his new home?

Let's start with Bill Haines and see how he behaves when he calls on Picture Play, where he is making no demands and is subject to none.

Word is passed around the halls to other offices that Bill Haines is here. Hardly before he has shaken hands with the editor, girls in the stenographers' room acquire terrible thirsts and tramp out to the water cooler, taking not very sly peeks at Bill on the way.

Bill is one of these chaps who express good humor in bouncing around, emphasizing his talk with playful whacks on the shoulders of his listeners.

He was telling about a party in Hollywood at which he and Polly Moran had engaged in some verbal horseplay, and it seems that Polly ran to puns which I'll not tell you out of respect to your mamma and Uncle Sam's post-office inspectors.

When Polly's humorous sally was tossed off right in Picture Play office, all but smashing the traditional dignity of the place, Bill roared with laughter and took a few more Dempseylike passes at the editors. Fortunately at this moment one of the stenographers sent a snapshot of herself in to be autographed, or no telling how far his high-powered exuberance would have gone.

Years ago when Bill first began to achieve holidays back to his home town in Virginia, some of his neighbors resented his derby hat and yellow gloves, I have heard. I wish to report to our constituents below the line that much good their grouching did. Bill still "totes" yellow gloves.

Neil Hamilton is another breezy visitor, but his excessive good nature is released mostly in lively talk which doesn't for a moment upset his listeners.



EDITOR!

By James Roy Fuller

Illustrations by Rawls

Tanned, in tweeds, husky-looking, Mr. Hamilton looks as if he might live at the sunniest of country clubs, when compared to the ordinary run of tired-looking men one sees in New York.

Mr. Haines gave me the same impression, and both were much heavier than I had believed them to be.

It is quite different when a continental visits Picture Play. Victor Varconi, for instance, a long-time friend of the editor.

Quiet, reserved, almost diffident from the American point of view, his visit created no flutter. Wearing an ordinary gaberdine coat and carrying an ugly bundle, instead of causing those excited dithers, the quiet routine of typing went on in the offices, yet he is as handsome as they come.

The clumsy bundle turned out to be an antique vase he had brought to the editor from Vienna. There is a knight in red shorts and silk stockings on one side and a castle on the other.

The vase has a place of honor in the office now, sitting handsomely on top of the filing cabinet in which the stars' photos are stored. Aside from its cultural value in giving the office a rare old piece, in common with those stars' homes you read about, it serves as a spy on the janitors.

This practical value was discovered by the assistant editor who, looking up now and then from his toil, noticed that every time the office is dusted, Victor's vase is accidentally turned around. If the castle has been to the front for a while, the return of the knight shows that the cleaning ladies are on the job.

The one exploitation visit was Eddie Quillan's, who was brought in tow by his father, once publicized as the head of a regular clan of Quillans. Eddie was doing a personal-appearance tour at the time, and was on the bill with Rudy Vallée at the New York Paramount.

Eddie was told by Papa Quillan to do his stuff, as though he were in a vaudeville booking office. He impersonated Eddie himself on the Paramount stage, doing a little capery dance and chattering wisecracks at the expense of Rudy Vallée.

When his song-and-dance was through, and Papa nodded approval, Eddie remarked that he was surprised and hurt that Rudy seemed to be sore at him, and wouldn't be pals backstage at all.

Harold Lloyd created the biggest sensation in the outside offices around Picture Play's sanctum. Of course you understand that the editor is immune to star twitters. Thus you have the strange situation in which a celebrity creates most of the flutter outside the office he visits.

Not since the *Graf Zeppelin* first flew into New York and over the office have people dropped work so completely as when Harold Lloyd came.

Harold was easy to talk with. He has little of the starry glamour, dresses conservatively, and, without his glasses, of course, goes about New York unrecognized. He is smaller than I had imagined him to be.

Anita Page and her mother came to Picture Play office about the time she made her first attempt at movies as an extra. She seemed like a very nice schoolgirl. They came

Continued on page 72



THEY'VE GONE



Before "All Quiet" Lew Ayres could be himself with no comment.



Because Constance Bennett picks her friends she is called ritzy.



Richard Cromwell was branded high-hat when he attended the better of two parties.

Before you blame them, read what these players did to start the accusing chorus.

YESTERDAY I heard that Richard Cromwell had "gone Hollywood." And it was pretty upsetting. I can tell you, because I've known Dick for a long time and he's always seemed like a pretty nice kid, one who I would have bet my last dime would never lose his head. Only last week I actually did bet a five-spot that success would never change him.

Then I began wondering just exactly what's meant when they say a person has gone Hollywood. It seems to me that when they want to say something disagreeable about a player, but don't want to bring any actual charge against him, they say he's gone Hollywood. There are apparently forty-seven varieties of going Hollywood, and no two people have the same taste in the matter.

When I heard the sad news about Dick, I began thinking back over all the other people I've heard charged with this heinous crime, and I must confess that in many cases—in most cases, as a matter of fact—the report was started by some disgruntled person who wanted to become too friendly, or by some erstwhile and envious friend who was not receiving all the attention he thought he should have.

An investigation of Dick's case revealed that he has gone Hollywood because he didn't go to a beach party a friend of his gave! Now Dick isn't entirely blameless. He should have gone. He has accepted this same friend's hospitality on more than one occasion. It was only a very short time ago that he was tickled to spend the week-end in the same shack he avoided yesterday.

The change was brought about by the fact that he has suddenly been taken up by the big shots, and is permitting them to monopolize his time. But, on the other hand, suppose all of a sudden you yourself began receiving invitations to parties which included Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, and other such people. You'd be pretty apt to go to those parties in preference to ones given by your old friends, wouldn't you? I would.

Dick is young and part of the fruits of success is the fun of getting to know people you've admired on the screen. And I'm still willing to lay a bet that this is only a passing phase—that when the novelty has worn off he'll snap out of it.

The same thing has been said of Lew Ayres. I've been listening to it for a year now. In Lew's case the charge isn't of ignoring old friends, for he has surprisingly few friends. It's based on the fact that he won't accept any invitations, that he's temperamental, et cetera. Yet he's no more temperamental now than he was three years ago when I first met him.

It was before "All Quiet" had been released, and God knows no one had ever heard of him. We had driven down to the beach one Sunday and had planned to have dinner together that evening. When we returned to town we stopped by Lew's place so he could dress.

Suddenly he came out of the bedroom half dressed, flung himself into a chair and regarded me moodily.

HOLLYWOOD

By

Samuel Richard Mook

"I think I'd like to be alone a while," he announced calmly.

I rose to leave. As Lew extended his hand he said, "Call me up to-morrow—or I'll call you." There was no apology for his seeming rudeness, nor any explanation of his sudden change in plans. But knowing that things like that are part of him, I paid no attention to it. And his friends of those days felt the same way. To-day, because he has become famous, if he indulges his whims and feelings in like manner he has gone Hollywood.

A year and a half ago Helen Twelvetrees was let out by the Fox studio. On top of that her marriage to Clarke Twelvetrees had gone on the rocks. Friends commiserated with her. He was no good, they told her, and she was well rid of him. She was thoroughly disheartened and didn't care much if she lived or died. Then out of a clear sky, she got a Pathé contract and things began looking up. After numerous reconciliations and separations with Clarke, she filed suit for divorce.

The day the divorce was granted the papers came out with the big headline, "HELEN TWELVETREES CELEBRATES DIVORCE WITH BREAKFAST PARTY."

"Ah," said her friends gleefully—the same friends who but a few weeks before had been commiserating with her—"she's gone Hollywood!"

Now a breakfast party celebrating a divorce is something that could occur nowhere under the sun but in Hollywood, or a movie director's idea of what "the smart set" would do under like circumstances. But it didn't sound like the Helen I knew. I asked her about it.

"I didn't do any such thing," she declared indignantly. "I was pretty broken up over that divorce, for I still loved Clarke. I got it because I realized, despite my affection for him, that he could never bring me anything but unhappiness. When the decree was granted, instead of feeling elated, I had one of those what's-the-use-nothing-matters feelings. My managers and a couple of close friends were with me when I left the courthouse. 'Come on,' said one of them, 'we'll have breakfast and you'll feel better.'"

"A reporter who covered the trial followed us to the restaurant. As we sat there, my friends were trying to cheer me up and I made an effort to snap out of it. I'd have been ungrateful if I hadn't. So presently we began laughing and chatting. The reporter decided it was a celebration and reported it that way, without bothering to find out any more about it."

I have not been able to figure out what was so terrible about it. As far as I have been able to see, Helen is exactly the same to-day as she was two years ago—except that success has come to her.

A couple of years ago Arthur Lake was under contract to Universal. He was getting \$750 a week and owned a big motor and a Ford. His contract expired and he refused to renew with the same company. He started free-lancing and doubled his salary. Then he

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Building a swimming pool brought the charge against the Neil Hamiltons.



Helen Twelvetrees' breakfast with some friends was called a divorce celebration.



Arthur Lake got gyped buying an old car—and was branded as going Hollywood.



HOLLYWOOD

The lighter side of the cinema capital's news and gossip.



The light of hope shines in the eyes of Dorothy Mackaill's current fiancé, Neil Miller.

Photo by Acme

IF he were not a level-thinking chap, James Dunn, of "Bad Girl" fame, would be going around with his head in a whirl all the time. He is the white-haired boy of the Fox lot, with more thought and attention seemingly lavished on his future than virtually any other star.

It nearly floored Jimmy when John Barrymore stepped up and shook his hand one day while he was playing golf. Barrymore said, "Permit me to introduce myself, and to tell you how much I thought of your performance in 'Bad Girl.' I think it is one of the finest I ever saw on the screen. I went to look at the picture twice."

Dunn nearly collapsed, and when he came to exclaimed, "Gosh, and I've always thought of Barrymore as one of the greatest actors on the stage, and he *introduced* himself to me! Too much, too much!"

Two Kinds of Bridges.—When they opened a new theater recently, Warner Brothers built a bridge across Wilshire Boulevard so that the first-nighters might enter without having to push through the crowd. They called the structure "The Bridge of Stars."

About a week later the Yale Puppeteers, giving plays with manikins in the old Mexican section of Los Angeles, announced that at their opening the guests could enter over "The Bridge of Scars."

Academy Nominees.—The Motion Picture Academy, as usual, has nominated outstanding film players, including on the list Marlene Dietrich, Marie Dressler,

Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Richard Dix, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou.

Winning candidates at this writing are predicted as Miss Harding, because of "Holiday," and Barrymore on account of "A Free Soul."

We have received letters berating the Academy for not including Leslie Howard in the choice of candidates. Many seem to think that he is one of the best actors that has ever come to the screen, and also—because he has left for England, apparently quitting Hollywood quite cold—that he has gone from them.

A New Blues Singer?—Pola Negri's singing voice is dubbed the 'steenth wonder of Hollywood. It is a bass-baritone. Would you expect anything less of this perennially amazing star?

The Bennett Subtlety.—Paint Constance Bennett any way you will—and really, when you know her, she is a very disarming and engaging person—the aura of diabolical sophistication and pertness seems to cling to her.

Recently Constance was going over plans for a new home she is to build in Brentwood, near the sea.

"It will have a fresh-water pool, and a salt-water pool," said Miss Constance glamorously. "And it will have a pool for goldfish, and one"—here those present said Miss Bennett hesitated for the fraction of a second and cast a quick glance over the men in the room—"well, one just for fish!"

Just what, the friends are asking, was Miss Constance implying by that?

Retirement Fades.—Virginia Valli has emerged from retirement. Such is the way of these married ladies who assert insistently that they will submerge themselves in the light of their husband's luster, and forget all about careers.

Virginia *did* make some such innocuous statement as to her future when she married



All the so-called Garbo doubles might just as well cease striving. Claire Coulter, a model, runs away with an uncanny likeness to the great Swede.

HIGHLIGHTS

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Charles Farrell, but, oh heck! Life was too tame, and so she took a rôle in the stage play, "High-hatters," and scored a very neat hit.

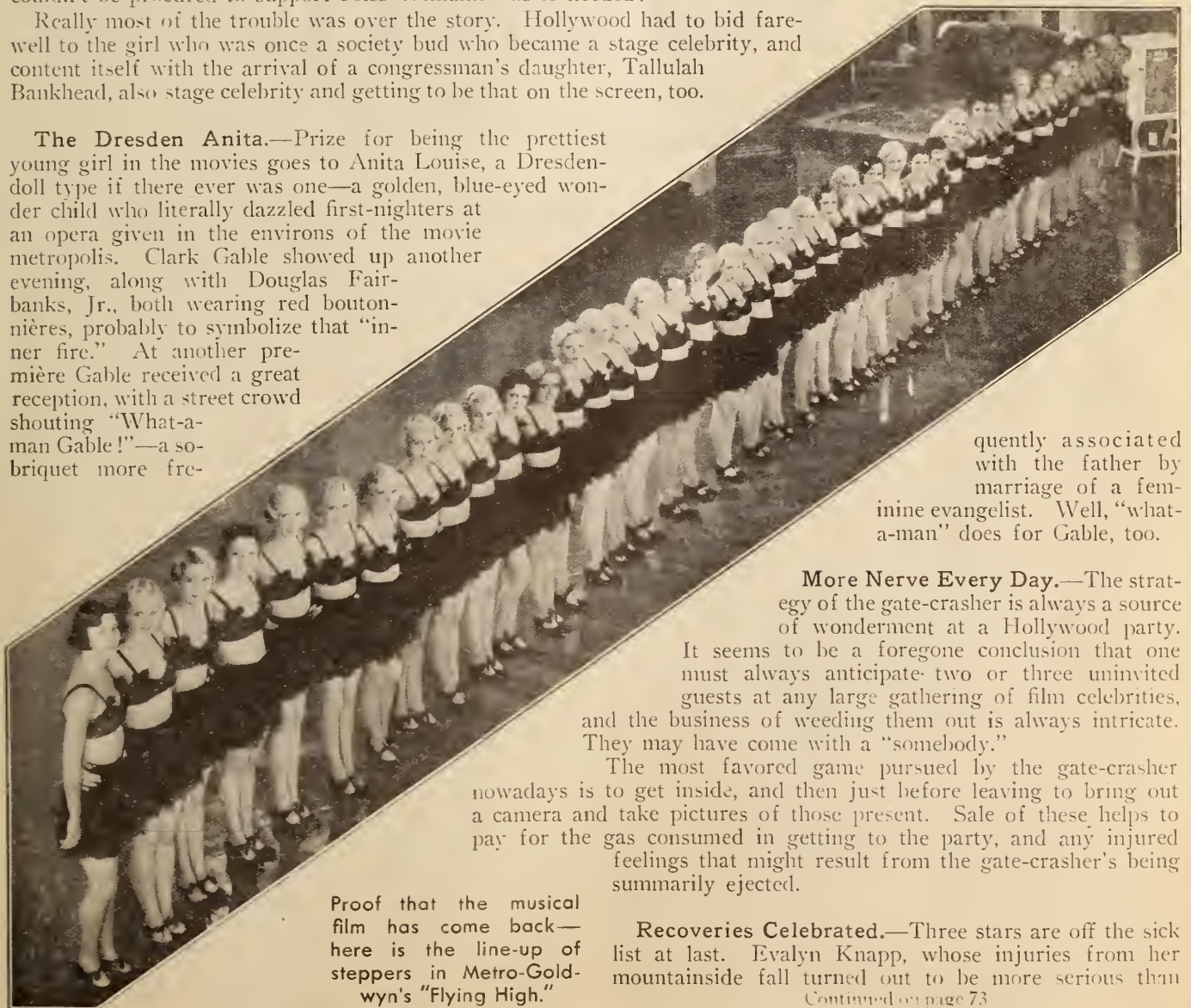
The Farrell-Gaynor combination in pictures may be broken up, we hear. Janet is in Europe for a while with Lydell Peck, her husband, and her mother. Peck hasn't fared so fortunately in his studio work of late, due to the "general depression," whatever that may be.

Hope Deferred.—Hope Williams's deferred career in the movies excited considerable attention in Hollywood, since here was a case of a rather prominent New York stage actress languishing around waiting for a picture to start, and then leaving without doing anything. Though there's really nothing so extraordinary about that! Anyway, the official reason given was that a herd of cattle couldn't be procured to support Miss Williams—as if needed!

Really most of the trouble was over the story. Hollywood had to bid farewell to the girl who was once a society bud who became a stage celebrity, and content itself with the arrival of a congressman's daughter, Tallulah Bankhead, also stage celebrity and getting to be that on the screen, too.

The Dresden Anita.—Prize for being the prettiest young girl in the movies goes to Anita Louise, a Dresden-doll type if there ever was one—a golden, blue-eyed wonder child who literally dazzled first-nighters at an opera given in the environs of the movie metropolis. Clark Gable showed up another evening, along with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., both wearing red boutonnières, probably to symbolize that "inner fire." At another première Gable received a great reception, with a street crowd shouting "What-a-man Gable!"—a sobriquet more fre-

Melvyn Douglas was promptly snapped up by Ann Harding for "Prestige" after she saw him in Swanson's "To-night or Never."



Proof that the musical film has come back—here is the line-up of steppers in Metro-Goldwyn's "Flying High."

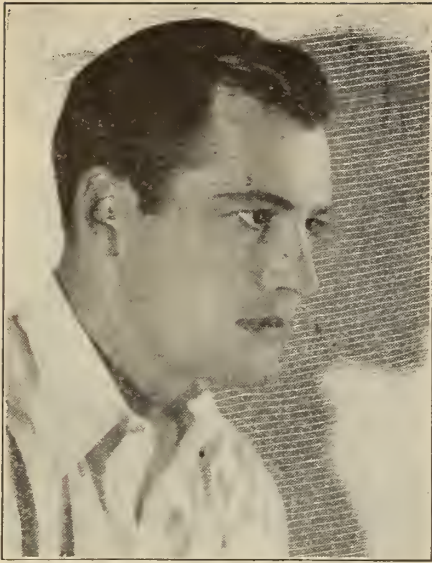
quently associated with the father by marriage of a feminine evangelist. Well, "what-a-man" does for Gable, too.

More Nerve Every Day.—The strategy of the gate-crasher is always a source of wonderment at a Hollywood party. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that one must always anticipate two or three uninvited guests at any large gathering of film celebrities, and the business of weeding them out is always intricate. They may have come with a "somebody."

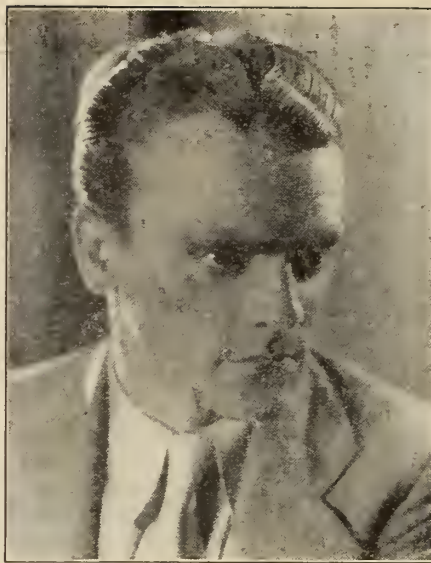
The most favored game pursued by the gate-crasher nowadays is to get inside, and then just before leaving to bring out a camera and take pictures of those present. Sale of these helps to pay for the gas consumed in getting to the party, and any injured feelings that might result from the gate-crasher's being summarily ejected.

Recoveries Celebrated.—Three stars are off the sick list at last. Evalyn Knapp, whose injuries from her mountainside fall turned out to be more serious than

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Charles Starrett does not expect overnight stardom—or a wrecked marriage.



James Cagney would like to do light comedy rôles, but he is too popular in meatier things.



James Dunn's hit in "Bad Girl" puzzles him, instead of making him haywire.

Spot YOUR HERO

Here are the most successful young leading men on their respective lots. Which is your choice for lasting qualities?

ARE good looks once more the screen hero's prize asset?

Currently a quartet of handsome newcomers are proving that a face and a figure of appealing proportions do count in the talkies after all. For a time it got so bad that one couldn't tell a hero from a menace.

But the craze for realism seems to have given way to romance once again. Can it be that we have grown tired of hard-boiled eggs and the men who may be vocal but certainly are not visual triumphs?

Look at the leaps and bounds with which Clark Gable, Joel McCrea, David Manners, and Charles Starrett have arrived on the front row. In a year's time they have emerged from obscurity to positions of honor on every modish maiden's theater list. And they are not mere darlings of the débutantes. A couple of close-ups have left no doubt as to their right to the he-man classification.

All four are college men, more or less, and have had stage experience. They are emphatically not rah-rah nor Old English in their mannerisms and enunciation. Mature, virile, stream-lined, they typify the new trend in heroes, answering Miss 1932's prayers for forceful but civilized males. Gentlemen all, they are exponents of genuine masculine sex appeal who can love and yearn or punch the villain at will.

Already plans are being made to star them. Each is the outstanding enthusiasm on his respective lot—Gable at M.-G.-M., McCrea at RKO, Manners at Warners, and Starrett at Paramount. The choicest rôles are being given them and everything possible is done to help them along.

But will they last?

Many other discoveries have flamed and then faltered. Are these just four more flashes in the Hollywood

By Ben Maddox

heavens? What have they got to insure their permanency?

Since Clark Gable is the nearest to stardom, I went to see him first. But I didn't get to query him firsthand. At the M.-G.-M. studio I was informed that Mr. Gable thinks he has had enough publicity for the present, and does not care to give any interviews now. Well, maybe you know best, Clark! Did working with Garbo give you a sphinx complex?

The other three new heroes I found willing and anxious to communicate with their fans. However, I was told by M.-G.-M. that Gable is a bit worried over his booming career. He feels somewhat like a balloon and fears that too much blowing up may cause a tragic pop.

While movie fame has come suddenly to these four, they are not really new to the acting game. Clark began ten years ago when he left home with a repertory company at the age of twenty-one.

He had a marvelous physique, being six feet two and weighing two hundred pounds, but before he became the fascinating fellow he is to-day he had his teeth straightened, trained his too prominent ears to stay nearer his head, and experimented with make-up and camera angles. You will note that he is almost always photographed at a three-quarters or profile view. This gives a very satisfying illusion of handsomeness.

Offscreen he lives quietly in a Hollywood apartment house. There is a Mrs. Gable some years older than he, but no one is certain whether she is the second or third lady to bear his name. It will be interesting to watch how the adulation which women are heaping upon him affects him.

Joel McCrea, the white hope at the RKO studio, is



David Manners represents the new order of hero—six-footer, well-built and a face any woman could love.



Joel McCrea is the white hope of RKO and a favorite escort of Hollywood charmers.



Clark Gable's career is zooming upward so rapidly it makes him a little uneasy.

extremely earnest about his career. He has been preparing for it ever since he and his family moved to Hollywood when he was nine years old. During his years at Pomona College he played in campus dramas, and his athletic exploits were undertaken more with an eye to achieving a screen hero's build than for the sake of his Alma Mater. He was graduated in 1928 and has since progressed from extra work to leads. RKO wants to star him now, but he wisely objects to being rushed.

I found Joel the most definite actor I have ever met. He knows exactly what's on his mind. No hazy, haphazard thinking for him! Hollywood beauties had extolled his six-foot-three physique to me, but they had neglected to mention his brains.

"Sincerity is the main thing I hope to put across on the screen," he says. "I believe few of us are actors in the sense that Arliss is. We are just personalities, and it is up to us to develop the individuality in us.

"I don't want to be starred now, not for two or three years—because I want to last. I like the movies for the romance and the fascinating contacts they give you.

"Sophistication is a dud as far as I'm concerned. I have attended the sophisticates' parties, and I find that they are bored trying to be blasé.

"I am saving seventy-five per cent of my salary," he admitted, "because I don't need to spend more than I do, because I get a kick out of saving up against a rainy day, and because I think extravagance is bad taste."

This boy has sense! He lives with his father and mother, drives his own car, and attends premières only when he is invited, since he has no chauffeur or limousine to make a grand entry.

He admires such different types as George O'Brien and Charles Farrell, and the kindnesses of Louis Wolheim, Henry King, Frank Borzage, and Will Rogers will always be remembered when he looks back over his struggling days.

Any one with the face and figure and grit that Joel McCrea has cannot help getting along. He is appreciative of the fans' interest in him, and is doing everything he can to justify it. And, girls, Joel is not in love and never has been, despite past rumors connecting him with such charmers as Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett and current talk of his suspected fondness for Dorothy Lee!

David Manners is, in what we call "the flesh," almost

too good-looking to be true. He looks just like one of those grand magazine-story illustrations. Six feet tall, tallying a hundred and seventy pounds, brown hair and green eyes, he has in addition to physical attractiveness a perfectly grand sense of humor and a delightful modesty.

"Can any one really take this business seriously?" he queries.

You can hardly blame him for asking, since he couldn't get a break when he tried, and then accidentally landed right in the limelight.

"I was born in Nova Scotia, but my family moved to New York when I was seven," he explained. "I wanted to be an actor, a desire which my father, who was in the publishing business, did not consider worth fostering. I've always liked the outdoors, mountains, old clothes, and horseback riding, so I went to the University of Toronto. According to my diploma, I should be an expert in the science of forestry!

"But there was too much mathematics and too little horseback riding!" Having appeared in college plays with success, he returned to New York and almost literally fell into the juvenile lead in the play "Dancing Mothers." He also appeared with the Theater Guild.

"Some one gave me a letter to Walter Wanger, Paramount's Eastern head then. I presented it and was told that my looks were not good enough, and that I should not waste any time longing to get into pictures." What could have been the matter with Mr. Wanger that day?

"I got an offer to work with an art dealer, alternating between London and New York, and for three years I forgot all about the theater. The London fog got me down, and I had to go to Arizona for six months to recuperate. I was then to go to Honolulu for the firm, but I stopped off to visit friends in Hollywood, and here I am!"

"I haven't found it necessary to play the social game in Hollywood," David says. (This statement was also made by McCrea and Starrett.) "What surprises me is how much you can go about with a girl unnoticed so long as you don't go to the two or three popular restaurants or to openings.

"Yes," he laughed, "I've been in love with several beauties out here, but not too seriously. I must have a Victorian complex, for I don't think I'd want my wife to be an actress. Even though it was make-believe, I'd

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A LONE LOTUS

Why Anna May Wong, despite popularity and success, shuns romance.

IN my unique position, I enjoy one advantage," Anna May Wong said. "I can go out with a man twice without having our engagement rumored!

"Life has special difficulties for the Oriental woman in the Western world," she added. "I sacrificed many fine friendships through fear that either the man or I might be hurt. But as I learned to face things squarely, the barrier diminished somewhat.

"Am I not a person? If I were loved, I feel sure that it would be for myself and that the racial difference would be no deterrent. Only a marriage founded upon intellectual companionship can prove happy. Everything else fades away. If I ever marry, I shall retire. Having two careers in a family is not compatible with the Oriental woman's idea of marriage.

"Some day I want to marry. Life is incomplete without a mate. However, it is the most serious step one can take of one's own free will. Woman ceases then to be independent; she has a master."

You can judge from these words what marriage, despite all her appreciated liberty, would mean to Wong Liu Tsong—"Frosted Yellow Willows" before she became Anna May Wong.

A man might find in Anna May's limpid eyes Chrysdian pools. To me they are mirrors of the frankness with which she meets life.

There is about her a languor and a slow rhythm hauntingly suggestive of ritual. But the exotic is in silhouette, the full face of her personality being essentially practical and candid. Her interests are current and vital. Her appearance suggests the fragrant tang of a cassia bud, while in a melodic contralto she speaks of the most prosaic topics.

"The cultured Oriental woman makes an ideal companion." Anna May's conclusions have been reached after much thought and observation. "Her meditative presence is restful to a man worn ragged by the American girl's zest for parties and sports. Then she listens with that flattering respect to her superior. The unfolding of her own intellectual development usually fascinates him with its surprises.

"That glow of admiration in an American's eyes thrills me. Less exciting, but intriguing, is following the Oriental's interest through the mazes of the thought channels back of his passivity.

"Usually, I am accorded greater chivalry than the American girls—because I let men serve me. They have told me, 'Modern women are too efficient; they will not permit us to do things for them.' I have an inborn dependence upon man."

By Myrtle Gebhart

At twenty-four Anna May is an internationally known celebrity. This alluring daughter of the Orient wears a Parisian frock and speaks three languages. Only

a Yuan Chen could write a poem praising her plastic grace. I am content to be stimulated by her mental reflexes, and to marvel at her skill in molding her character into such a mosaic of charm.

Among her own people, she is no alien spirit. She is as Chinese as kumquats and the lotus. But common sense tempers the glow of which another actress would make an act.

She is of centuries ago and yet of to-day. China whispers subtly in ivory skin and jet hair and dark eyes. Animation scarcely ever ruffles the tranquillity of her round face. Stiletto finger nails tip hands eloquent alike at rest or in gesture.

The West shows in her ambition, in her businesslike disposal of its details, in her artistic interests, and in her candor. Suddenly her eyes twinkle merrily, and fast breathing now and then reveals a disciplined turbulence.

Her reaction to professional events is Western; a disappointment is but a delay in the fulfillment of her purpose. In heartaches, her immediate response is of fatalistic acquiescence; she is not prone to argue against life's ultimatum. For guidance she depends more upon intuition than upon analysis.

Her apartment is touched only lightly with the Oriental—a red embroidery incrusting with tiny mirrors from India, ivory elephants for good luck. She extracts the essence, whereas an American woman who "goes Chinese" would have the place swimming in jade and teakwood, in bead curtains and painted screens.

"People expect me to be violently the one or the other." Her laugh chimed softly. "The Parisian designers argued that I should be costumed entirely in Western fashions, the arresting note being achieved by the contrast of my features. The result was too pronounced. I prefer to keep the Eastern only in a touch of rich embroidery, or in color or line, but never in all three simultaneously. A race cannot adapt itself in a generation."

Environment affects her superficially. Dressed in any of her one hundred and twenty-five frocks, her manner is of the drawing-room, of smart hotels. Slipping into pajamas made of a mandarin's coat and pantaloons of warm coloring, she slows her movements unconsciously.



Photo by Dyar

Anna May will have to sacrifice her independence and career if she marries.



European success, reflected in her new position here, makes Anna May Wong an individual, not just the symbol of a race.

Her father had wanted a boy. That defeated longing caused him to treat her almost like a son. She kept the books in his laundry. Dressed in a skirt and middy blouse, a red ribbon with huge bow holding her black bangs, she used to ride beside him on his laundry wagon.

A desire for piano lessons sent her out to her first job, in a department store. Though his approval was lukewarm, her father could not deny her wish.

To marry a Chinese boy and keep his house and bear him children—never to express this thing within herself that ached so with beauty, with drama? To let her mind be smothered and made phlegmatic, to seal her life behind lattices forever? Never to *know* whether or not she might have succeeded?

As the fifth-century lady, *Tao-yun*, tired of her stupid general and climbed the mountains in search of happiness, so would she shake off the yoke of custom and seek self-realization by acting.

"My mother used to fret, saying that if I permitted myself to be photographed very much I would lose my soul. Her instinct of danger was correct—though the risk lay not in the camera's lens."

Because it expressed her own ideal, she appropriated the motto of the *Thief of Bagdad*—"Happiness must be earned." Then, she remarked years ago, it is one's own forever.

So to Hollywood, where ideals become just so much

commercial fodder, she came earnestly. Beneath all this festival dress surely there was a beautiful spirit. It took her a while to see that it was only a paste brilliance.

A pliant and provocative Chinese flapper she was, a little crude and brash, with something of the flaring yellow lights and the mechanical pianos of Chinatown.

Hollywood's superficial culture hadn't the depth that her instinct demanded. She recognized its shallowness, knew that she must dig deeper. Despite her popularity, a sense of isolation bruised the heart that desired union with a world in which people achieve magnificent things.

She returned to the family laundry and built a bungalow on her father's property in which she incorporated some of the modern note. There she could feel at home, yet independent.

Still dissatisfied, and feeling her advancement blocked, she went abroad three years ago. She appeared on the stage and in German, French, and English films, studied and observed. With its mellow artistic appreciation, Europe enabled her to blossom into full flower. She became the toast of the Continent. In Vienna they called her "Annikin," an endearing term, and elsewhere she was "Maiwong."

"They were all so wonderful to me. You are admired abroad for your accomplishments and loved for yourself. That made me an individual, instead of a symbol of a race."

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HERE COMES GENE

Gene Raymond slipped into Hollywood so quietly that flag-waving was not thought of until his work was seen.

TWO things invariably happen in Hollywood. A newcomer is either praised in advance, only to turn out a disappointment, or no eulogies are uttered over his head until his own good work draws all eyes toward him.

By William H. McKegg

The latter is what happened to Gene Raymond. His emphatic impression in Nancy Carroll's "Personal Maid," proved that he can act, that he has personality, and is on the way to greater things—perhaps greater than even he realizes.

After being signed by Paramount, and completing his work in Madame Carroll's opus, Gene started out for the Golden West. He and his brother drove across the continent. His mother, a little wiser, came by train. They picked out a nice home and said, "Well, we ought to be very comfortable here."

The only thing lacking was a welcoming hand. "No one in the West Coast studio seemed to know who I was," Gene said.

"Oh, of course! Gene Raymond from New York. How are you? Tell me about yourself. What have you done?"

"I've described my career and myself so often that I've developed quite an ego."

This, mind you, was said in a bright, jovial mood. One imagines nothing would throw Mr. Raymond into a fury.

Replying to inquiries as to his identity is about all Gene has been doing since his arrival in Hollywood.

True, he is to play in "Ladies of the Big House," but when I saw him, production was still several weeks off. Until he actually starts work he is playing polo and looking at Hollywood, trying to find reasons for so many legends, pleasant and unpleasant, and swimming in the Pacific along Malibu way.

It was through playing polo that Gene turned up with a sore upper lip. The horse he rode was after the type of Rex, wild and free. It jerked back its head just as sportsman Raymond bent forward to make a sweeping stroke with his mallet. Result: horse's neck and actor's lip met with a crash.

Otherwise, he said, he was very fit and well.

"But don't say I was a child actor," Gene remarked after a moment's reflection. "You know how that sounds. The very statement 'a child actor'—"

He left the sentence unfinished; but a pained expression round his eyes suggested disgust rather than modesty. Nevertheless, he was born in New York and went to the Professional Children's School. As its name implies, the bright pupils were of the theater. If an appointment with an agent had to be kept the teacher would say, "All right, dear. Hurry along."

Gene hurried along so often that he soon became in demand. He kept on being in demand until he was old enough to play juveniles in such plays as "The Potters," "Jonesy," and "Cradle Snatchers."

In this comedy he had to thrill Edna May Oliver. He played the part of the timid Swede done so well by Arthur Lake in the silent movie version.

Gene's advent into movies is by no means sudden and unexpected. Indeed, Paramount sought his services in his "Cradle Snatchers" era. But stage contracts had to be fulfilled. The play had a long New York run and then toured the country, keeping Gene busy for two years. Another two seasons he spent in "Young Sinners." Gene regards his rôle in this play as his best stage work to date.

Several studios boast of having the original juvenile of "Young Sinners." Paramount, who does possess him, makes no comment about it. Not that the fact is of tremendous importance, only it goes to show that the wrong person often gets the flag-waving.

Having created the original rôle of *Gene Gibson*, in "Young Sinners," and being well associated with the name, Mr. Raymond adopted half of it for his screen cognomen.

His real name is Raymond Guion. He is of French descent. Such being the case, none but French people succeed in pronouncing the name correctly.

French descent or not, you'd take him for German. He has very fair hair. As a young lady in the publicity department remarked, Jean Harlow may be the only platinum blonde in movies

Continued on page 68

Gene has the distinction of being the only platinum blond in the male ranks—and it's natural, too.

Photo by Richee





Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

IN the interview on the opposite page Gene Raymond professes to have nothing to say about himself because he has had no "adventures." Be that as it may, the fans are saying plenty about him and William H. McKegg says some more.



IVAN LEBEDEFF, still the courtly European with a penchant for kissing ladies' hands on the least provocation, now finds that it pays. After six years in hurly-burly Hollywood his politeness has earned stardom and the admiration of the more romantic fans.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



Photo by Russell Ball

ROLAND YOUNG has the unique faculty of seeming always to play absurdly brief rôles. But that is because he leaves the audience wishing for more of him. Quizzical humor, an insinuating voice, and rare intelligence—these are his extraordinary gifts.



Photo by Bert Six

BORN under an unlucky star, Mary Nolan is the most unfortunate girl in Hollywood besides being one of the most beautiful and capable actresses. Lawsuits, disagreements, and malicious gossip have been her burden—that and her failure to enlist the interest of a first-rate director capable of making the most of her talent. But hope springs eternal, you know, and soon we are to see *la* Nolan in "The Big Shot" and "X Marks the Spot." Who knows the rest?



Photo by Elmer Fryer

A full-fledged star at seventeen! That's the rôle thrust upon Marian Marsh. Will the responsibility prove too much and, meteorlike, will she rise only to fall? Coached for a career by her sister, Jeanne Morgan, her possibilities first recognized by John Barrymore for "Svengali," her head wasn't turned and there's little likelihood that it ever will be. And so she reaches stardom with more poise than many a prima donna of the movies ever attains. Here's an earnest wish for her future.



THE marriage of Lola Lane and Lew Ayres terminated one of the most tempestuous wooings that Hollywood has ever known, with quarrels, misunderstandings, reconciliations, and diamonds to keep it blazing. Now let us bask in the radiance of their happy ending.

Photo by Freulich



Photo by Hurrell

HAIL and farewell! Hail to Joan Crawford's restoration of her dark hair and farewell—we hope forever—to her unnatural *blandeur*. It created more of a cantroversy among the fans than a declaration of war between nations. And now peace.



DID you know that Wallace Beery has been before the movie public for twenty years? If you take that for granted, how about this for a startling discovery? He says he has never seen Garbo either on the screen or at the studio where both are stars! In the story, opposite, you will find other surprises.

REG'LAH CHAMP

After twenty years before the camera, Wallace Beery has no artistic notions about himself.

By Madeline Glass

YOUR baby is waiting for you," said the handsome Eleanor Packer, of the M.-G.-M. publicity department. So saying, she led the way to the studio restaurant where the "baby" in question, Wallace Beery, was doing his waiting act.

As is usual at noon, the place was crowded. The conversation was being carried on in several languages, French, German, Spanish, Chinese—even English.

Tables designed to accommodate four were surrounded by six, while the tables for two, usually reserved for tête-à-tête conferences, were mostly taken over by groups of three.

Thus, a person of Mr. Beery's importance becomes just one of those people, and he is left to hold his own against hungry contenders for a place to eat.

A previous appointment three weeks before had proved futile when I found my place at his table usurped by Aileen Pringle and a guy whose name I did not discover.

The second attempt was successful, however. Mr. Beery sat leaning over the small square of damask in a somewhat challenging attitude, nor did he rise when we were introduced, probably for fear some one would snatch his chair.

"I'm going to be on the safe side and order ham and eggs," said he to the waitress. "Eggs over."

I suspected then and there that Mr. Beery would turn out to be a reg'lah fellah with no eccentricities, and he did. Bluffly good-humored, matter-of-fact and built on rugged lines—that is Wallace Beery.

Somehow he did not look like good copy to me, and I was not surprised when he warbled the actor's theme song, "I don't like to talk about myself." I think he is perfectly sincere in the assertion. Some actors are, you know. Hoping to make the ordeal less painful, I asked casually about his work and he as casually answered.

"With me," said he, pitching his voice to carry above the noise, "acting is just business. I do a hard day's work and go home like any other business man. This is my twenty-first year in the movie racket. There's nothing exciting about it; it's just business."

Twenty years before the public and more popular to-day than ever before!

Beery's career as a movie actor started with Essanay in Chicago where he played grotesque old-

lady parts. Before that he had been successful on the stage as a comedian. And before that he had been, among other things, an elephant trainer in Ringling Brothers' circus.

It was while he was with Essanay that he met and married Gloria Swanson, his first wife.

In 1918 he came to California, where he worked in Sennett and Universal pictures, and was then sent to the Orient with a troupe of players. Post-war financial troubles brought this enterprise to a close, and Beery returned to the United States to take up his career where he had left off.

"Robin Hood" is his favorite picture. Remember him as the roistering English king who pointed with the drumstick of the fowl which he was devouring, and whose shouts caused the soldiers to tumble from the wall?

Even in the days when that film was made his vital presence caused the audience to applaud as soon as he appeared.

Since then the Beery career has been constantly in the ascendancy. His histrionic triumphs are equaled by only a few other actors on the screen.

Although he refuses stardom, his name is constantly billed above that of the star he is supposed to support. Exhibitors know that his name in front of the theater means large crowds within.

"It's embarrassing," said he, "to have my name above a star like John Gilbert. He's a fine fellow. I'd never met him until we worked together in 'Way for a Sailor.'

"It's strange how you can be in the same profession with people over a long period and not meet them. Take Greta Garbo. I've never seen her either on the screen or in person, even if we do work at the same studio.

"People often ask what I think of her. When I can't tell them anything about her they look at me as if to say that I am a liar. Even if I did know anything about her I wouldn't tell them.

"If I were a magazine or newspaper writer," he continued presently, "I wouldn't accept passes to theaters or invitations to studio dinners. Those things aren't much, but they put the writer under a certain obligation.

"A writer doesn't usually feel like giving an unflattering opin-

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Mr. Beery probably makes an exception of Jackie Cooper in condemning child stars.





They Say in

Like moths around the flame, stars, ex-stars, and would-be stars flit along the Great White Way.

past week, running down celebrities for her would have been just too simple.

Lilyan Tashman, Eddie Lowe, and Elissa Landi were all in town for a brief visit before sailing for Europe.

Estelle Taylor paused for a few days' work-out with her vocal teacher before embarking on another vaudeville tour.

Marie Dressler was here, supposedly resting from a heart attack, and maybe she does find relaxation in boisterously entertaining swarms of old friends.

It was a great temptation for her to be off to Europe and join her dear friend, Frances Marion. She is not so happy working when Frances is not in the studio to watch every detail of her pictures as well as writing them.

Ina Claire, Helen Chandler, Miriam Hopkins, Helen Hayes, Billy Haines, and Doris Kenyon are a few of the

The film debut of Linda Watkins, in "Sob Sister," disappointed her admirers, though they didn't blame her

others seen around town. And at any moment Nancy Carroll, Phillips Holmes, and Pauline Frederick will arrive to start work on "Wild Beauty" at the Long Island Paramount studio.

And Jeanette Macdonald will arrive from Europe. She is to

play opposite Chevalier again, her picture ventures away from him and Paramount not having been any too impressive.

Where to See Stars.—A nice democratic way of rubbing elbows with film celebrities is to stand in line at the Rivoli Theater trying to get in to see the Marx Brothers, in "Monkey Business." Even if you have to hang from the very top row among the rafters when you eventually do get in, you may have Gary Cooper for a neighbor.

When the Academy award is made for the best picture of the year, they may overlook this one, but meanwhile the public, and particularly all the people involved in the making of pictures, have taken it to their hearts.

I wish that there might be a handsome award for the most delightfully silly picture of each season. It would be safe to award it to the Marx Brothers for years in advance—just as long as they promise to continue making pictures.

New Plays and a New Hotel.—Ordinarily, stars visiting New York put in their time seeing stage plays. Most of them hurry to see Fay Wray, in "Nikki"—you have to hurry because this one is just limping along and may close at any moment. Then they see the real treat of the season—Dorothy Gish in "The Streets of New York."

JUST as New Yorkers get used to the idea that they live in a deserted village from which all the glamorous and dizzy personalities have fled to Hollywood, they begin to come back and swoop down on Broadway again.

Hollywood's foray on New York this year was so complete that during the autumn, when young collegiate relatives came to town for a day and wanted to go to Sardi's to see film celebrities, there were practically none on view but Olive Borden, Agnes Ayres, Madge Bellamy, and Herbert Rawlinson. And just try to explain to the younger generation who they are!

Claudette Colbert and Tallulah Bankhead were in town, to be sure, and Hollywood with all its crushing weight of numbers cannot produce two more ingratiating decorations than they.

But they are hard-working girls who don't get around much, and when they do, they dress so quietly and ease their way in so inconspicuously, you are apt to overlook them.

Yes. Miss Bankhead's public manner has completely changed since she learned that one noisy night kept the town gabbling for weeks.

The Great Invasion.—If your little cousin Alice were only to show up now for some film sight-seeing, or if she had at any time during the

Lilyan Tashman threw a rousing party on her way to Europe.



New York—

By
Karen Hollis

There is no describing the latter; you just have to see her in order to be convinced that such words as "arch" and "coy" are not vitriolic criticisms, but tributes to a gay and debonair spirit.

Outside the theater, everybody's goal nowadays is the Sert room at the new Waldorf-Astoria. Getting a table there requires about as much influence as getting a ticket to a "Follies" first night or a presentation at court. It is worth the trouble.

In such surroundings of beauty, the brassiest and most blatant of ingénues—we are not naming names at the moment, and if a dozen nominations come instantly to your mind, you're the cat, not me.

As I was saying, in these surroundings any one takes on graciousness and dignity. It will probably be the setting of many interviews.

Little Mae in Person.—On the afternoon when an exclusive little group of some twenty thousand people gathered to see the new Waldorf before its formal opening, such nobodies as Walter Damosch, Madame Schumann-Heink, and a few foreign ambassadors strolled awe-struck through its corridors.

Pushing briskly through the crowd came a pert little person followed by a squad of cameramen. "Set them up here," she commanded. "This will have to do for a background." It was Mae Murray.

Miss Murray's return to pictures was brief. She is soon to embark on a dance-hall tour.



Photo by Aeme

Estelle Taylor paused for a work-out with her vocal teacher.



Elissa Landi is enjoying a holiday in London, but will return to Fox for the triumph every one wishes for her.



Helen Hayes returns to the stage while awaiting the verdict of the picture fans.

Seeing Them Off.—Pausing in New York for only a few hours before sailing for Europe, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman summoned a crowd of their friends to a party that was both hail and farewell.

It was a great success, judged by the standards of an Irish wake, and don't think I am being patronizing about it; I am sure I know of no better standards to judge a party by.

Hilarity ran high. It seems that there were quite a lot of reasons for celebrating. In the first place, Lilyan has never worn an ankle length street dress nor an Empress Eugenie hat, and all the women in the country ought to salute her for that, in Eau de Cologne if there is nothing more drinkable handy.

Then there was some cheering because Eddie and Lilyan had worked so hard and steadily for five years and made so many good pictures. There were regrets that Lilyan had just made an excessively bad one, "The Road to Reno." By that time every one was pretty foggy.

It was something of a task to speed the departing guests in time to get to the boat. One young man wanting to see Eddie and Lilyan off in style, muttered thickly to a taxi driver, "Boat—boat—take me to a boat." He was taken to the motorboat showroom next to the Grand Central and there he slept it off.

The Stage Wants Her.—Elissa Landi has gone home to England for a vacation, and when she comes back Fox will once more bend every effort toward making her a popular success. Her expected triumph never quite materialized, and it may be that inept stories had something to do with it. However, stage producers are clamoring for her and it is just possible that a big success on the stage might be an effective springboard for her return to the screen.

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CLARK GABLE'S

PART II.

By
Romney Scott



Photo by Hurrell

Clark recalls hearing in a lumber camp the now famous words, "Ay tank Ay go home," and his fellow roustabout did go.

WHEN Clark got that job in Kansas City with a traveling repertory company, he felt that he had arrived. He was a full-fledged actor. No one in the company had ever laid eyes upon him before, and there was none of the condescension he had sensed in the Akron stock company toward a young punk who had graduated from call boy to bit player.

Curiously enough, although he was eighteen or nineteen at the time, he played mostly old men. As he explains it, "I was always large and mature-looking. I never looked like a juvenile and the heavy, as a rule, is the most important part in a play. I hadn't experience enough to play those parts, so they shoved me in wherever I fitted."

rooms with insufficient bedding at night and insufficient clothing in the day, found them trouping across one State, into another, playing wherever they could find an open date in a theater, always in the hope of finding that Eldorado that spelled business.

More than once the townspeople had to hold benefits themselves to get the company on to their next stand.

Finally in Butte, Montana, they gave up the ghost. There was simply no going on from there. The company disbanded and went their separate ways.

Clark hung around Butte for several weeks. It was winter and there are few colder places in the country than Butte. The wind bit through his clothing and he ached from head to foot. But each day he climbed the

For two years he trouped up and down through small towns in the Middle West. Some of them had antiquated theaters, some had town halls, some had barns and, in some, the shows were given in tents. There is no record of his having played *Little Eva*, but that is one of the few stock parts he skipped.

The privations he endured would have weakened the purpose of any one but a born and dyed-in-the-wool actor with the love of the theater in his heart. His salary was small. None of them made much—barely enough to permit them to stop in the very cheapest hotels and eat three times a day.

They were stranded oftener than he can remember. Many a night, after the curtain had fallen on the heroine safe in the hero's arms, with the orchestra softly playing "Hearts and Flowers" as the audience—both of them—trouped gayly out, the actors faced each other blankly around a table or trunk, and tried to scheme ways and means of paying their hotel bills and raising fare to get on to the next town.

The hot summer nights of the Kansas prairies, when the heat lay like a pall over the countryside, and the icy blasts of the winter winds, when they lay shivering in unheated

STORY

The second chapter of Clark's life carries him through the hard grind of small-town repertory to brighter days.

mountainside to the post office, looking for a letter containing money. As he went up the mountain, his hopes were high. There was always the feeling that "this is my lucky day." As he came down, his spirits sank lower than the thermometer. The letter never came.

About five o'clock one afternoon in March, Clark climbed aboard a freight train. The sky was a dull gray and it was snowing. He lay on top of a box car and shivered. The lights of Butte flickered uncertainly in the winter dusk, grew dim, and finally faded altogether. There was nothing to be seen save the bleak countryside, almost obliterated by the whirling snow, and a very miserable boy being carried on to an unknown and most uncertain future. Nothing to be heard save the click of the train wheels and his own chattering teeth.

Guided solely by an instinctive feeling that he must get to the Coast and that once there everything would be all right, he had boarded a train headed for Portland, Oregon. He himself cannot tell you why he chose that particular city as his destination.

Toward morning a brakeman found him half frozen on top of the car and threw him off. Clark picked himself up and learned he was in Bend, Oregon, a town of about five thousand people. The chief industry there is lumber. So Clark went to work as roustabout in a lumber camp.

He remained for about two months, saving every nickel he could lay hands on. At the end of that time he decided he had a grubstake and set out again for Portland. Only this time, as he explains, "I rode inside a passenger car, hating every mile of the trip because it was costing me money, but hating the thought of riding on top of a freight car more."

In Portland he learned that a repertory company was being organized to play in Astoria, which boasted a population of sixteen thousand. He signed with it.

They played there for six weeks on a cooperative basis. That is, the expenses of the company were deducted from the receipts and the remainder divided among the cast on a pro-rata basis, each receiving a percentage, according to his importance. A few weeks Clark made as much as ten dollars, but most of the time his envelope contained nearer seven. One week it had one lone dollar in it.

When they found Astoria had been played out, they started tramping through the Northwest. And all the hardships of that previous tour were repeated. But it was life and experience to Clark, and there was glamour and romance in setting forth for new towns, even though each resembled the one he had just left—and he was acting.

Eventually that company, too, was forced to disband. Clark took what little money he had been able to save and returned to Portland.

Theatrically, the town was as dead as the ruins of



Photo by Hurrell

His apprenticeship over, Clark quickly jumped from the Coast version of *Sergeant Quirt* to the lead in "Machinal" in New York—and a second marriage.

Pompeii. When his savings were about gone and there was no prospect of getting anything else, he found a job as rodman with a group of surveyors. He stayed with them for several weeks.

"They were a grand bunch of fellows," he said. "We had lots of fun, but there was no future in it for me—and it wasn't what I wanted to do."

He left them and started south. His money gave out in Silverton, Oregon, and Clark went to work again in a lumber camp, stacking lumber.

The thing he remembers most vividly of that time is his introduction to the man with whom he was to work. Laborers were paid according to the number of feet of lumber they piled and Clark's coworker was to be a husky Swede who held the camp record.

He looked the gawky youth up and down, saw that with Clark for a helper his earning power would be diminished and turned to the foreman. "You ban gif me green hand lak diss?"

The foreman nodded. The Swede drew himself up and issued an ultimatum. "Take your job. Ay tank Ay go home."

"And he did, too," Clark laughed.

Years later, a thousand miles away and in a setting as different as though it were in another world, Clark was to hear that same ultimatum again, repeated almost word for word by Garbo, during the filming of "Susan Lenox," but, at the time, it made no particular impression on him.

He remained in the lumber camp for seven months. He grew hard physically. He saved his money, and before the seven months had elapsed, the Swede was back at work and glad to have Clark for a helper.

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EYES That

By
Lillian Montanye



You can easily imagine the effect had Catalina Barcena merely slapped on some eye shadow or neglected her wave.

EYES are at last coming into their own. Foreheads are here. Hair again disports itself in the radiance of public approval. A few years ago eyes were shadowed and foreheads were almost concealed. Close little hats hugged every woman's head, revealing only a wisp or two of hair, making arabesques upon her cheeks.

Now few self-respecting hats have even the shadow of a brim. If they have, they're pushed so far back it doesn't matter. Out from the hats of a past century burst ringlets, waves, and curls that push them this way and that—back on the crown, over one eyebrow, or over one ear.

The stars in their courses—or the fashionists and coiffurists—have seen fit to make us feminine again.

Now that we have gone back to Napoleon III for our styles—ruffles and wavelets, long swirling dresses and *directoire* hats—life looks a bit like a fancy-dress ball.

And one has only to look around to realize the devastating effect of a tiny tilted hat if the hair is not beautifully done, the forehead smooth and unlined, the eyes bright, clear, and free from lines and dark circles.

It is true that capricious nature in doling out features to a beauty-hungry world has not given each one of us a pair of beautiful, expressive eyes. But we can get even with nature by cultivating depth of interest in our glances. Eyes that are uninterested are usually uninteresting.

There are women who can go through life looking at things through languorous, half-closed lids. But they are few compared to the rest of us who are endowed with ordinary eyes and must make the most of them.

Even the most beautiful eyes must be cared for intelligently. In spite of oculists, proper lighting, and the most up-to-date information, we allow strain, worry, and lack of sleep to dim the eyes' luster, to leave their trace on the delicate skin about them.

We all know that the beauty of the eyes depends in a large measure upon their expression, but expression isn't everything. Color, brilliancy, the length of the lashes—all influence the beauty of the eyes.

Rested eyes are bright eyes. To prevent hateful little lines and to keep the eyes brilliant, don't be indifferent in caring for them. Take time every night to erase the day's wear and give yourself an eye treatment.

First, cleanse your eyes. How quickly you hasten to wash your hands and cleanse your face! Yet you don't think to bathe your eyes. Use mild salt water, a boric acid solution, or some good wash.

A good eyewash will not only cleanse your eyes, but will strengthen them. You'll tremendously want them to be strong and clear and entrancing when you reach the romantic age of forty!

When the eyes are free from dust, cleanse the face thoroughly with a good cream. Cover the face and allow it to remain on a few minutes. Remove with tissue, being careful not to push or stretch the skin. Wipe the cream carefully from the corners of the eyes and from the brows.

Now dip pads of cotton in a warm solution of salt and water, witch-hazel, or your favorite eyewash. Press the cotton partially dry and lay over the eyes. Lie down during this part of the treatment. Let the pads cool on the eyes and, if you have time, repeat the process several times.

If you are ready to retire, pat a nourishing cream around the eyes. But if you are giving yourself a just-before-going-out treatment, replace the warm pads with absorbent cotton squeezed out of ice water and moistened with a good skin tonic.

Relax for a few minutes, then look in your mirror. Lines will be erased or softened, your eyes will be clearer, larger, brighter, and you will look rested and ten years younger.

Just before retiring, pat around the eyes a cream made of pure oils that will seep into the skin and nourish the tissues. Leave it on all night. It will be good for the eyebrows and lashes as well as the tissues.

Eyes may be strengthened by exercise, for they are controlled by nerves and muscles, just as other parts of your body are. Exercising the eyes is essential for girls engaged in close work.

To rest your eyes, take your gaze from the work in front of you and look far into the distance. Even if the view from your window is only a blank wall, think of green landscapes, of ships on the horizon. Let your eyes stretch, just as you stretch your muscles when you've been sitting in one position too long.

HAVE "IT"

Every girl just must do something about her eyes and forehead to live up to the ultra-feminine styles. Here's how to acquire that certain glance.

I have known persons who had worn glasses for years to discard them partially or entirely after conscientiously following a few simple exercises. I haven't space to give them here, but if you will write to me I will be glad to send them.

If you need eyeglasses, however, there's no necessity for bitterness about it. Everything is made as easy as possible for the girl who labors under the misapprehension that nothing but her eyeglasses keeps her from getting a job in the movies or as an illustrator's model.

Don't dodge them if you need them. It's bad for your eyes and for your general health, and that's worse than eyeglasses for your looks.

Second to the eyes, foreheads are important. For a long time we kept them concealed. Then a season or two ago we decided we liked our not-always-classic brows and decided to show them.

Whether Empress Eugenie and her contemporaries are responsible or not, it's an accepted fact that if you have an interesting forehead, you must show it, and if it isn't interesting, you must make it so.

It's a serious slip to be particular about the rest of your face and neglect your forehead. Your forehead should be something to live up to.

Frown lines mar the face. Don't be too earnest about putting on your hat, freshening up your make-up, or fixing your hair. Don't wear shoes that pinch, or too tight garments, or neglect inner bodily disturbances, or first thing you know your forehead will not be the smooth brow you thought it was.

Usually up-and-down frown lines between the eyebrows come from continued eyestrain and bad expression habits. Remove the necessity for frowning, and you'll find it much easier to keep the surface smooth and unlined.

When the forehead seems dark and sallow, with a tendency to lines, simple home massage will help bring back its smoothness. Providing, of course, that you remedy the cause of the lines.

There are mild bleaches for whitening. Pads soaked in astringent lotion, pressure with palms or finger tips, and a good cream will coax the lines away.

Accenting the eyes with a little make-up adds to their charm, but it should be used discreetly, not too plentifully.

Lashes should seem long and silky, lids shadowed and brows softly marked as though by an artist. Lash darkener that does not smudge, shadow that is the color of shadowed lids—and a real artist knows these shadows are more likely to be blue, green, gray, mauve, or violet than black. These things make our eyes more alluring.

When you fix your eyebrows, take a little brush and stroke all



Photo by Bull

Every girl must adopt her individual make-up, as Karen Morley and all other players have done.

the hairs upward. Next, shape the brows along the natural curve from the nose outward. Then, starting at the outer corner with a crayon, brush the little hairs, delicately ruffling them, getting the color on the under as well as the upper sides of the hairs. Finish by brushing again from the nose outward.

Treated this way, the brows look much more natural than if you just paint them.

Brush your upper lashes up in the way they should go and with a finger tip apply a mere suspicion of mascara. It should be used so lightly it cannot be detected, and should never be used on the lower lashes.

When you apply eye shadow, don't slap it on. Use a little and gently smooth it in close. Then a little more, and so on, until you get the effect you want. When you find your shade, learn to put it on so that it cannot be detected—no shadow, only brilliance in the eyes.

Eye make-up is the most difficult of all to accomplish, but it's worth the effort to learn the tricks.

If you want to know more about it, I will be glad to tell you. Be sure to describe your eyes and coloring. Don't ask me what kind of eye make-up your favorite star uses. The chances are I wouldn't know. And, anyway, even though she is the most

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Picture Play's Beauty Expert Is Yours. Let Mrs. Montanye Advise You. Send Stamped, Self-addressed Envelope To Her In Care Of Picture Play.



Photo by Hurrell

But for George Fawcett, John Mack Brown would have been a football coach.

EVERY one in the world owes something to somebody. I don't refer to those nasty old things that come in envelopes on the first of the month. I mean he owes to some particular person, through some particular circumstance, his place in the sun. Or the shade, for that matter; but now we're getting morbid.

The point is that so dependent are our lives on the lives of others, so inextricably are they woven into the universal pattern, that everything we achieve is due, somewhere in the course of things, to some one else. Thus we find that even the great are as insufficient unto themselves as are the small.

Anyhow, admitting—if you don't mind—that genius will eventually and inevitably be recognized, the person who first recognizes it is, in a small degree, responsible for its development. And the person who recognizes latent talent, a less arresting quality, is instrumental in its flowering in a higher degree. For while genius will out, no matter what the adversity, talent undiscovered withers into sterility.

In no other profession is a personal Columbus so necessary as in the motion pictures of America. Competition is overwhelming and studio doors are habitually closed to the eager-eyed amateur. It is a day of specialization and experts. You can't be merely good, you've got to be perfect. And even when you're perfect,

HELP!

It was needed—and given—even to these players in their uncertain days.

you're just one of a crowd and no one any the wiser, unless some fluke of circumstance turns some specially discerning eye in your direction. That is called "getting a break" and may lead to any of a number of things, depending on whether you wish to star in dancing, finance, or crocheting.

However, as you may have guessed by the reference to pictures that got lost in the last paragraph, we are gathered together now to consider the specific Colum-buses who made some of our dear stars. (Yeah, smarty, I mean made 'em what they are to-day!) For myself, I can think of several players whose discoverers I should like to meet and take up the matter personally. But that may just be the result of all those shrimps I ate last night.

If we're ever to get on with this matter, the only way would seem to be the presentation of an example. Marie Dressler is a good one—the case of Marie Dressler and Frances Marion.

When Marie came to Hollywood about three or four years ago, there was no blowing of trumpets and

waving of flags to herald this grand actress and person. The devotion of two generations of stage patrons was hers, but to Hollywood she was just another character actress—and even so short a time ago "character" was a pretty dull word. The salaries and rôles offered Marie were about equally insignificant. After giving herself what she considered a fair trial in Hollywood, she was all for stealing quietly away.

A close friend there, a friend of long standing, was Frances Marion.

Marie was prepar-

ing to go to Europe to live, and Miss Marion talked fast. The scenarist argued, urged, coerced her into staying—encouraged her—told every one she knew that if they didn't act quickly, one of the finest troupers in the world would slip through their fingers. Marie, as you know, did get the breaks she rated. And solely,



Photo by Hurrell

Marie Dressler's long-developed talent was first recognized by a scenario writer.

HELP!

By
Margaret Reid

she says, because of Miss Marion's encouragement and help and faith in her.

William Haines, on the other hand, owes his career to a total stranger. The ebullient Bill was obscurely employed in the New York offices of a bond company. Little knowing the personage they were harboring, the firm had the privilege of Bill's services as assistant bookkeeper. Maybe he wasn't a very good bookkeeper, for the fates arranged his departure from that endeavor in a most unlikely and coincidental manner.

Bill was on his way to lunch one day, when a woman he had never seen before accosted him. Those were the days when Bill could be disconcerted—and he was, good and proper, for the woman said she had a hunch he would make a screen personality. The Goldwyn Company was conducting a new-faces contest and she would arrange a test. She was Bijou Fernandez, a theatrical agent. Bill won the contest and went to Hollywood with a contract. The only bookkeeping he does now is on his income tax.

Clara Bow is also a contest product, but the contest she won was not the sort that insured an adequate opportunity. It was conducted by a magazine and nothing much came of Clara's triumph over the other contestants, until one day when Elmer Clifton was idly glancing through that publication, his attention was arrested by a dark, intense little face on one of the pages. He was preparing to direct "Down to the Sea in Ships," and it was exactly the sort of face he had visualized for the second lead in the picture. It didn't matter to him that its owner was a totally unknown youngster. He sensed the fire behind those eyes—and that was the beginning of "It."

Don't you know some one in your town who you're always saying should be in the movies? Of course you do. Everybody does. Mr. Andrews, in Olathe, Kansas, did, too. Mr. Andrews was the proprietor of the Gem Theater, Olathe's leading picture house. He always said that he knew a boy who could top any of those actors he saw on the screen.

When Paramount announced the institution of their widely publicized school, and the search for embryonic talent to be trained therein, Mr. Andrews slyly sent one of the boy's photographs to the Paramount exchange in Kansas City. The photo occasioned much interest and the boy was notified, to his intense astonishment, that he



Photo by Freulich

Three persons were responsible for Mary Brian's first break.

was invited to take a test for the movies. And you'll agree with the gratified Mr. Andrews that Buddy Rogers is the Paramount school's finest product.

Lucille LeSueur had her hopes pinned on a musical-comedy career. Harry Rapf put a stop to that. The M.-G.-M. executive was in New York, and when you're in New York you see the plays, and when you see the plays you see at least one musical comedy. Mr. Rapf, front row center at one of the season's best song-and-dance pieces, noticed a girl in the chorus who danced and sang with more than ordinary grace and charm. He visualized her on the screen and the mental picture appeared good. He had a test made of her, signed her up, shipped her to Hollywood, changed her name to Joan Crawford—a moniker today associated with his-trionic success.

Ramon Novarro was billed on the program as

Mauritz Stiller saw the tragic Garbo underneath a comedy rôle.



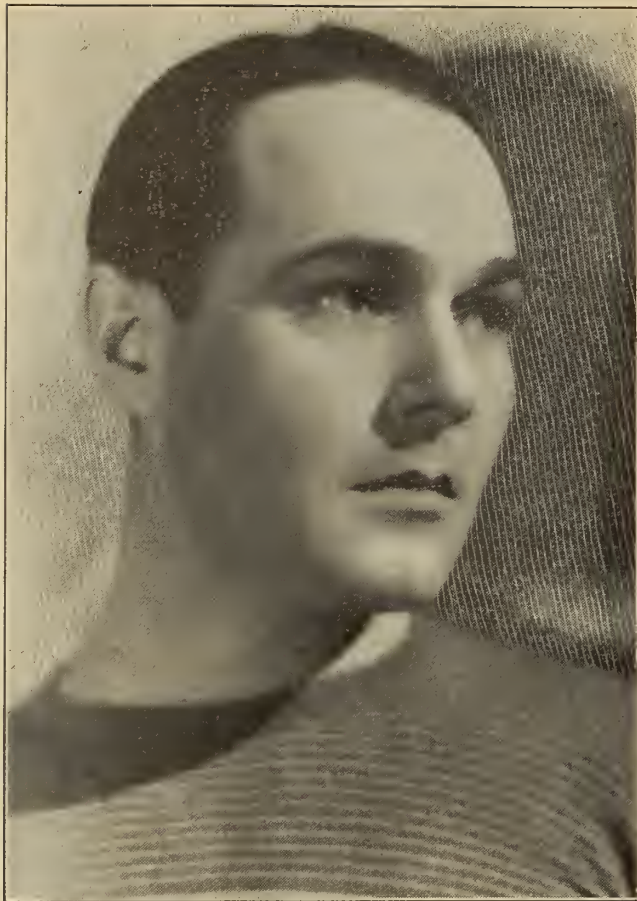


Photo by Hurrell

A stranger snatched William Haines from a book-keeper's desk.

Ramon Sameniogos when Rex Ingram saw him dance. It was in a ballet at a now defunct art theater that the director was impressed by the principal dancer and pantomimist. Youthful fire and intensity in the handsome young Mexican's work was enough for Rex Ingram, who sought him out, made a test of him—and immediately thereafter made him famous overnight in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Marlene Dietrich, already discovered in Germany, was discovered for this country by Josef von Sternberg. The brilliant director, in Berlin to make "The Blue Angel" for Ufa, was captious about the selection of a leading lady. The heroine of the story, he insisted, was equal in importance to the star rôle, played by Emil Jannings. And unless Heaven sent exactly the right actress, Von Sternberg would not do the picture.

Heaven showed no signs of revealing that actress, and Von Sternberg was on the verge of abandoning the production, when he went to a musical comedy and there saw the perfect *Lola Lola* of the story. The rest you know.

George Fawcett, at the New Year's Day football game of 1926 in the Pasadena Rose Bowl, saw the captain and star of the University of Alabama team make a spectacular ninety-yard run. Mr. Fawcett cheered and stamped with delight. A few months later in Birmingham on location, he saw the same youth play again. He met him, liked him, suggested that he take a screen test. But football was in the young man's blood.

In 1927, at the New Year's game, Mr. Fawcett saw him again—now assistant coach of the team. This time Mr. Fawcett engineered a test, showed it to M.-G.-M., and John Mack Brown was forthwith signed by that concern. George Fawcett is the Brown baby's godfather, and at least once a week the Fawcetts and the Browns dine together.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, it would appear, were meant for each other from the beginning. When

Norma was struggling from job to job in New York, Thalberg noticed her in an obscure part in an obscure picture. With Universal at the time, he tried unsuccessfully to have her signed. Later when he was associated with Louis B. Mayer's company, he traced her, had her signed and brought to California without ever having seen her except on the screen. So highly satisfied was he with his discovery, that he even, in due time, married her.

Garbo, our enigmatic Garbo, might have been a comédienne had not the late Mauritz Stiller intervened. He saw her in her screen début, a comedy called "Erik the Tramp," and gave her the leading rôle in the tragic "Atonement of Gosta Berling." He was also instrumental in arranging her first contract with M.-G.-M., which brought her to America.

Mary Brian has three creditors—a neighbor in Ocean Park, a theater manager, and a director. Mary was visiting at the local beach town. A woman who lived next door thought Mary a darling, and entered a picture for her in a personality contest. One of three winners, Mary and the others made a personal appearance at the Los Angeles Metropolitan Theater, now the Paramount. Al Kaufman, the manager, saw in her the answer to Herbert Brenon's current prayer for the perfect *Wendy* of "Peter Pan." Kaufman sent her out to see Brenon, who took one look at her, sighed relievedly and said, "Well, that's settled and we can start shooting."

Ruth Chatterton could not have escaped pictures anyway, but her entry was due to Emil Jannings. Previous offers had not interested Miss Chatterton, but a chance to play with the man she considered one of the greatest of actors was not to be ignored. In "Sins of the Fathers," Jannings gave her invaluable lessons in the mechanics of movies, helped her, persuaded her that the screen was a fertile new field for her. Jannings knew.

All these encouragers and their replicas picked winners—the secret of successful discovering.

Ramon Novarro was a dancer until Rex Ingram came along.

Photo by Ball





A MODERN GOYA

TO John Decker, the artist, Ricardo Cortez is not the star you know but a laughing cavalier as Goya, the Spanish painter, would have seen him. Perhaps Ric, a New Yorker, is still laughing at the Spanish name that was given him some years ago when the vogue for Latin lovers was at its height. The sketch caricatures the suave villain we know these days.

The SCREEN

What a critic thinks of the new films.



When Greta Garbo and Clark Gable meet in "Susan Lenox" fire kindles fire and sparks fly. They're magnificent!

IF you have cheers, prepare to sound them now! For Greta Garbo at last appears in "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," and proves once more that she is unique and extraordinary, a magnificent actress, and an incomparable personality. Nor does she triumph in spite of her picture. It is strong, entirely worthy of her, a skilled coordination of those elements which spell box-office success and satisfy the most captious demands for distinguished and refined acting. Too, she gains from association with Clark Gable, who is the perfect foil for her and matches her acting with an exhibit of his own that is pretty nearly perfect. When Garbo and Gable meet, fire strikes fire and sparks fly!

Their attraction for each other is understandable, their antagonism predestined, and their desperate reunion at the end of the picture holds no hope of tranquillity. This is why the picture is vital, stirring, and far superior to what passes for romance on the screen. Here we have souls in the torment of a love that never can be satisfied.

Lest you think that the picture is one of shadows, there is lightness and even gayety, particularly when Garbo takes refuge in Gable's cabin during a storm. It is in this sequence that I think Gable is less happy than in the dramatic scenes, for he is no polite comedian and I found his banter a trifle self-conscious. But Garbo, never. She leaves one wishing for more, her sense of humor being as much a part of her as her lyric mood and tragic understanding, and her expression of it as eloquent.

As nearly everybody will see the picture—I pity those lost souls who don't—it is unnecessary to detail the plot. By now all the more studious Garbo fanatics know that she plays a Swedish girl who is separated from the man she expects to marry and is then spurned by him for infidelity when next they meet. She becomes a successful "woman of affairs" and taunts him with the past until he leaves enraged, only to be followed by her to the tropics where they meet in a squalid resort.

Most powerful of all recent Garbo pictures, this is also the

most satisfying. It is finely acted by every one in the cast and Gable gives the most memorable of all his performances. In lesser rôles Cecil Cunningham, Jean Hersholt, and Ian Keith are conspicuous.

"Devotion."

After her long absence Ann Harding would have been wise to choose a more vital offering than this—one less reminiscent of "East Lynne" on the soft pedal—but perhaps she wished to do her bit to restore the sweetly romantic film to favor. In this respect she has succeeded well enough, but the offering is distinctly in a minor key, polite, cozy, tea-timey, and smoothly acted in the best stage manner.

The central situation has a well-bred Englishwoman in love with a lawyer who doesn't know she exists. In order to be near him and try her gentle wiles, she disguises herself in wig and spectacles and offers herself as governess to the lawyer's young son. From then on conversation furthers a repressed British flirtation.

It is a pretty story told in tasteful, livable settings by a large cast of experienced actors, chief of whom is Leslie Howard in what is easily his best screen performance. Others are Robert Williams, Dudley Digges, O. P. Heggie, and Allison Skipworth, not overlooking a funnily precocious child named Douglas Scott, with a broad English accent.

"The Mad Genius."

John Barrymore unleashes his talents and gives a superb performance in this fantastic melodrama. As far from reality as could be imagined, the picture is fascinating even though you can't believe a word of it. When it is over you know that you have been under the spell of a master actor who has chosen to dazzle you with a brilliant exhibit such as no other star could have managed.

What matter if his portrait of *Tsarakov*, the maniac impresario of a ballet troupe, is too florid to be human? He moves through richly decorative scenes limping on his clubfoot, intent on making his protégé, *Fedor*, the great dancer that he would be but for his deformity.

He teaches the youth to look at women only as playthings, but a ballet girl awakens him to the meaning of love. Then comes conflict. Through *Tsarakov's* manipulations the girl gives up *Fedor* and is forced to accept a rich protector, *Fedor* believing that she never cared for him. Of course the madman meets with a hideous death and the young people are reunited.

Leslie Howard and Ann Harding make "Devotion" a placid success notable for fine acting and little action.



in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

Donald Cook is admirable as Fedor and Marian Marsh plays with tenderness and charm. Carmel Myers, Charles Butterworth, and André Luget, are also very effective. But it's Mr. Barrymore's carnival.

"The Unholy Garden."

This time Ronald Colman is jaunty, debonair, and optimistic in a den of super-criminals and he comes out on top, triumphing more on the strength of charm than muscle. And that is the keynote of the picture as well as its weakness. You just can't believe it a minute. And because of the frailty of the story, Mr. Colman's drawing-room manner becomes rather tedious.

He is a bank robber who is sought by the European police and succeeds in finding refuge in a tumble-down house somewhere in the Sahara where other fugitives from justice cannot be touched by the authorities. In an upper room lives a doddering miser and his beautiful Marcellled niece, his reputed fortune coveted by the crooks. But not until Mr. Colman appears in their midst is there any chance of getting hold of the money. Mr. Colman's charm opens doors that resist brawn, firearms, and starvation, however, and it should scarcely surprise you to learn that he becomes an honest man by falling in love with the niece.

Splendidly produced, intelligently acted, the picture nevertheless is only tolerably interesting because it is confused and implausible. It must rate as a minor effort in spite of the money spent on it.

Estelle Taylor has never looked more glamorous, but her rôle is that of a villainess of a day long past. Fay Wray is the colorless heroine. Among the crooks, all good actors—Tully Marshall, the late Ulrich Haupt, Lawrence Grant, and Kit Guard—Warren Hymer stands out boldly. If you ask me, I think he pretty nearly steals the picture.

"Heartbreak."

This excessive title camouflages a picture that is mildly pleasant but never convincing. It rates as just another wartime *romanza* that might as well have been left untold. American aviator shoots down enemy plane, not knowing that it is piloted by the twin brother of the girl he loves, an Austrian countess. And so her love turns to hate, then is suddenly changed back to love by the armistice. That's all—there isn't any more.

There's charm in the scenes depicting Vienna during the early days of the War and

Ronald Colman and Fay Wray are handicapped by the implausibility of "The Unholy Garden" in spite of a costly production and a fine cast.



attention
lines in



Paint and pencil made Edward G. Robinson an Oriental for "East Is West."

there's belong in there. But lovely and appealing as Madge Evans is, she doesn't suggest a foreign countess, nor does Hardie Albright succeed any better as her twin. As for Charles Farrell being credible as an attaché of an embassy—well! Still, there's nothing to tell us that we must look for good actors in American embassies, is there?

"Sob Sister."

After his remarkable success in "Bad Girl" the second appearance of James Dunn is a disappointment. He shows his limitations, repeating his earlier characterization as far as possible, but falling short of the more serious moments required of his new rôle, that of a reporter in love with a girl scribe on the same newspaper. They are professional rivals and private sweethearts, with the tiffs, misunderstandings, and ecstasies natural to the situation. Only, of course, this heroine being a modern one must needs spend a night with her young man in order to prove that she isn't inhibited—and to keep the spats going.

The first part of the picture is lively enough and promises a rather racy whole, but it soon sags as much ado over nothing always does, and in the end a melodramatic kidnaping suddenly materializes only to fizzle out.

Linda Watkins, another newcomer, shows her stage experience in the title rôle, but leaves the spectator unruffled by her competence. On the other hand, Minna Gombell plays a part similar to her hit in "Bad Girl" and gives it almost as much life and veracity. But this is a feeble follow-up of that inimitable group of characters.

"The Cisco Kid."

Unexciting but distinctly pleasant is this continuation of "In Old Arizona" in which, you will remember, Warner Baxter distinguished himself as a sentimental bandit of the Southwest pursued by Edmund Lowe as a wise-cracking cavalryman, *Sergeant Mickey Dunn*. The two characters are the



"Heartbreak" is a misnomer for an innocuous film, but Charles Farrell, Madge Evans, and Hardie Albright do their best.

Screen in Review



Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey give strongly dramatic performances in "24 Hours."

IF you have cheers, prepare to sound them now!

For Greta Garbo at last appears in "Susan Le Her Fall and Rise" and proves once more the same, with the addition of Conchita Montenegro as the Latin charmer who divides her favors impartially between the two.

This time *The Cisco Kid* gallantly robs a bank that a young widow may pay off the mortgage and save her home, while the soldier, out to get his man, is touched by the situation and captures the desperado only to let him ride off into the sunset.

Well directed, the picture has grace and charm and Nora Lane, the widow, and her two children—Marilynn Knowlden and Douglas Haig—are unusually natural and appealing.

"24 Hours."

This interesting melodrama brings together society and the underworld in a modern tangle of relationships. The rich inebriate, whose wife consoles herself with an attractive adventurer, finds his escape in the arms of a cabaret girl. The girl's cast-off husband murders her and the rich man enters from another room next morning to find himself accused of the crime. His wife stands by him in his trouble and the crisis reunites them in better understanding.

All this is well told by Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Regis Toomey, Miriam Hopkins, and a newcomer, Minor Watson, as the blackguard who woos Miss Francis. Settings and direction play an important part in giving illusion and glamour to the idea that all this action transpires in the short space of twenty-four hours in New York. Arresting camera shots contribute additional interest, with views of the city that perfectly match the mood of the film. Mr. Brook's performance is good, though his acting is too repressed for melodrama. Miss Francis is radiant as his wife and Miss Hopkins, the torch singer, is human, vital, and charming. A bit is splendidly rendered by the veteran Lucille LaVerne.

"Palmy Days."

A nutty efficiency expert in a bakery, where dozens of beautiful girls caper about from oven to gymnasium and swimming pool, is the pleasant rôle Eddie Cantor hops

and sings himself into. A person with no sense of humor at all would have to feel cheerful seeing him have such a good time at it.

He leaves the service of a spiritual medium, where *Eddie Simpson* is the hidden "spirit," and wanders into the office of the bakery who has been promised an efficiency expert in a séance. He is considered a gift from above, and is hired immediately. The first task is to teach the boss how to quack like a duck, by way of developing will power or something. There you have the keynote of the piece. The medium and his gang, of course, try to get *Eddie* out of the way to rob the bakery. The money *Eddie* hides in a lump of dough just as it goes to the oven.

The girls, advertised as beauties, really are. The mechanical devices and stunts are cleverly managed. There are several nicely staged dances, but somehow the boy-and-girl interest—the ingénue being a newcomer, Barbara Weeks—seems to get in the way of the conventional musical-comedy routine. Mr. Cantor himself sings a few incidental songs and snatches. The veteran Charlotte Greenwood, the physical trainer who gets a crush on *Eddie* at first sight, adds considerably to the fun. Mr. Cantor could not resist dragging in his old operation gag, it must be recorded.

"Riders of the Purple Sage."

The forces of virtue and the forces of villainy clash pleasingly but none too excitingly in beautiful settings in this revival of the William Farnum silent. George O'Brien is the present terror, *Lassiter*, and Marguerite Churchill is the girl whose ranch is about to be taken by the outlaws headed by *Judge Dyer*. Noah Beery is the crooked judge.

The story is familiar to most fans through the Zane Grey novel or the former screen version. The climax, as you remember, is the sealing of the hidden valley by starting an avalanche down on the heads of the villainous crew, apparently shutting *Lassiter* and *Jane* in forever. This is well done.

I am afraid the new version adds nothing to the saga of the old West. The dialogue is the most stilted that has struck these ears of mine in a long talkie season, for one thing, and again the director apparently was more anxious to record the *clomp-clomp* of the horses' hoofs than the dashing action one expects in a Western.

The acting honors go to Shirley Nails, who plays the child *Fay*. She speaks her lines spontaneously and doesn't seem to be conscious that she is playing in a wild and woolly Western. Others include Yvonne Pelletier, James Todd, Stanley Fields, Lester Dorr, and Frank McGlynn.

"The Gay Diplomat."

My, oh, my! What goes on in the diplomatic set! And what

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"New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" caused William Haines's contract to be renewed. Leila Hyams is nice, too



"Palmy Days," the first musical of the season, brings back Eddie Cantor.





The Buddy Rogers once called America's boy friend was another person in "Illusion."



Make-up gave Ruth Chatterton realistic in-the-gutter lines in "Madame X."



Paint and pencil made Edward G. Robinson an Oriental for "East Is West."

MAKING FACES

Recalling some of the best examples of make-up.

By Leonard Dean Smith

I SAT in the crowded auditorium of a Los Angeles theater, with two thousand other fans watching Richard Dix and Irene Dunne grow old in "Cimarron."

It was so realistic and they aged so gradually that I lived right through the years with them from 1889 to 1930. I recalled reading that the ancient Greek actors used colored masks to portray age and character, but here before my eyes, within an hour, these players had aged naturally through forty years of life. It seemed nothing short of a miracle to me. How was it done?

In the foyer several screen critics had grouped together. I was curious to hear their opinions of the picture and the acting. I assumed a very unconcerned expression and edged closer. They unanimously agreed that it was bringing to the fore a silent star, "Mister Make-up," and they called the picture "a masterpiece of make-up." I quite agreed with them.

I determined to interview the creator of the silent star, Mister Make-up, and to review his masterpieces of the screen.

I called at the studio of Max Factor in Hollywood. In his laboratory, I watched the master sculptor of screen characters at work. About the room were many wall cases. The shelves were lined with wax and clay heads representing every nationality, every color and race—historical and biblical character heads, as well as the heads of characters famous in fairy tales and mythology.

Max Factor drew my attention to a group of photographs of leading character stars on the wall.

"We'll go back several years," said Mr. Factor, "and try to remember the old cabby in 'Seventh Heaven.' In this film Albert Gran achieved a marvelous character make-up which absolutely obliterated his own countenance and personality. As you see by the photographs in comparison, this character portrait is completely a person other than himself.

"Along the same line, was Emil Jannings's rôle in 'The Patriot.' Of his many characterizations, I consider this his greatest. It obliterated Emil Jannings the individual. To the audience it was the character that was so impressive and outstanding.

"Can you imagine the charming Norma Shearer, in 'His Secretary,' changing into a plain and almost grotesque young female, with neither charm nor beauty? This was done with the aid of an ugly wig, glasses, and a flat make-up which obscured the pleasing contour of her face.

"Ruth Chatterton, in 'Madame X,' hid her natural facial charm under a flat make-up, which, with eye-shadow pouches under her eyes, aged her twenty years.

"The same aging process was shown in the make-up of George Arliss in 'Old English,' and Vivienne Segal as the grandmother, in the concluding sequences of 'Viennese Nights.'

"As you see, we not only beautify with cosmetics, but in characterizing and aging make-up plays just as important a part. Often we make

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The office men made no passes at Norma Shearer, in "His Secretary," while she was like this.



She Won't Go Star

Loretta Young hasn't a chance to in her own home, which is a practical experiment in how to carry on with three players in the family.

LORETTA YOUNG may be a rising young star to you, but she's not going to act like one. Not if her family has anything to say about the matter.

She may be a woman who has loved and suffered to the newspaper reporters, but at home she is just one of the girls—aged eighteen—and none too bright for her age, if she is to believe what they say to her.

"A fat chance I have to take myself seriously," she says, "with a crew like that around me. The way they tease—look at me!"

She was the color of a particularly florid tomato and slightly swollen as to nose and eyelids. "That's on account of their kidding me about my beach umbrella last week-end. Polly Ann and Sally both have beautiful tans—nice, smooth mahogany shades. But I don't tan. I just blister. They kept on chanting at me, 'Look at our lily-white star sitting under her umbrella to keep her skin lovely for close-ups. My, my!' Finally I said I'd show 'em. And I did. Now look at me." She touched her poor nose tenderly.

"It's that way about *everything*. One night I came home from the studio feeling rather tired out. Mother said I'd better go to bed and have my dinner on a tray. The girls had several friends in that night and brought them all upstairs to show them 'the family star' being elegant and eating in bed. I finally had to throw shoes at them to clear them out so I could go to sleep."

It is a merry and a haphazard household, Loretta's home. Not changed so very much since the days when Mrs. Belzer, left a penniless widow with four small youngsters, decided to take in boarders to support them. It is just as informal now, and nearly as crowded, as it was then.

The family has grown to seven with Mrs. Belzer's marriage and the addition of Georgiana, aged six.

There is a constant stream of young people dropping in to see Loretta, Polly Ann, and Sally. Sally Blane, you know, is Loretta's sister, too.

Mrs. Belzer, one gathers, has had her hands full, what with a trio of pretty daughters all carving careers for themselves in pictures. Imag-

By Helen Louise Walker

Mother Belzer keeps a firm rein on money matters, as well as checking Loretta's flights of ego.

Photo by Lippman



heads turned by adulation, attention, or large salaries.

"I remember one time when I had an argument at the studio," Loretta told me, "I came home, full of my wrongs, announcing emphatically what I would and would not do. 'They can't do things like that to me!'

I said indignantly.

"Mother stopped me. 'Now listen,' she said. 'Keep this in mind. *You are no goddess!* You're getting along pretty well, but you aren't very important—yet. You're an immature girl, and don't get it into your head that your judgment is better than that of older people who have been in the picture business for a long time. If I were you, I'd think it over pretty thoroughly before I made any flat refusals, or laid down any arbitrary conditions. You know what happens to people when they "go star," or get enlarged ideas about their own importance. Pretty soon they aren't *in* the movies any more. You never get so big that you can't get bigger. Keep these things in mind.'

"I've thought about that conversation a good many times since, when things came up at the studio—'You are no goddess!' It was good for me."

In money matters, too, Mrs. Belzer keeps a firm hand on the reins, especially now that Loretta's salary is beginning to reach important proportions.

She takes charge of her daughter's check each week and stows half of it away in some safe and inaccessible quarter. The rest Loretta may spend as it is necessary, always with her mother's advice and specific permission.

One of the things to which Mrs. Belzer objected most about Loretta's marriage to Grant Withers was the light-hearted attitude toward money that the young couple displayed. Mrs. Belzer knows what poverty means—and she wants security for her children.

"Mother has talked to me a lot about how silly it is to try to make an impression by tossing your money around," Loretta says. "I know girls in this business who

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Photo by Elmer Fryer

HOW does the family of a star look upon the member who has succeeded? With awe? With jealousy? Eagerness to please? You're all wrong—at least in the case of Loretta Young and her mother and sisters. See for yourself in the interview, opposite.



GLITTER

"Girls About Town" reveals, among other things, the noble character of gold diggers, as well as their glamorous life and the men that make it exciting.

ON this page and the appasite ane are seen same af the principal players, natably Kay Francis and Jael McCrea, who play the ramantic rôles, and Lilyan Tashman and Eugene Pallette wha take care of the comedy.

OTHERS are Allan Dinehart, Andersan Lawler, Judith Wood, Gearge Barbier, Rabert McWade, Lucile Webster Gleasan, Adrienne Ames, Claire Dadd, Lucille Brawn, Hazel Haward, and Patricia Caran.



HAVANA

Lawrence Tibbett restores the musical picture to favor with
"The Cuban Love Song" as he alone can do it.



LUPE VELEZ plays a peanut vendor and sings the popular Cuban song of that name, two noted orchestras from Havana further making the picture a musical fiesta, and of course Mr. Tibbett's songs add to the gayety and romance of the story.

RACKETEER



"SCARFACE" keeps the machine guns popping on the screen. Produced by Howard Hughes, of "Hell's Angels," it brings back to films that superlative actor, Paul Muni, and introduces a new "find" in Ann Dvorak.



MR. MUNI, as "Scarface," lord of the underworld, at top of page, quarrels with his sister played by Miss Dvorak. His inevitable death occurs in the picture directly above, but not after more suspense and thrills than in any recent film.

THE attractive and intelligent Karen Morley, who is seen above and left, is cast in what is, for her, an unusual rôle—a gangster's girl who transfers her affections and trunks from the home of a dead racketeer to his successor, with cool ease.



WEIRD

"DOCTOR JEKYLL and MR. HYDE," most famous of stories dealing with the conflict of a dual nature, comes to the screen with Fredric March in the title rôle. Easily the finest opportunity of this versatile actor, the story also provides attractive parts for two exceptional actresses, Miriam Hopkins and Rose Habart.



PENALTY

A new version of "The Cheat," famous movie of the long ago, stars Tallulah Bankhead.



THE story of the luxury-loving wife who fell into the trap laid by the villain and was branded by him a cheat with a red-hat iran has been modernized with sophisticated restraint, but it remains sturdily effective melodrama. Irving Pichel, whom you admired in "An American Tragedy," plays opposite Miss Bankhead.



HIGH promise is held by Ronald Colman's new picture, "Arrowsmith," a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's famous novel of a country doctor who becomes world famous. This remarkably fine study of Mr. Calman shows that he is ideally equipped for the difficult rôle.

EXTRA!

M-G-M



NEWS

EXTRA!

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"



He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world—but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever . . . a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!



WALLACE

JACKIE

BEERY COOPER

The CHAMP

with Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Story by Frances Marion Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture



DAZZLING

THE first glimpse of Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro, in "Mata Hari," holds exciting promise of the picture every fan is waiting for. Announced for release on December 26th, it adds zestful anticipation of the holiday season.

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While she was in Hollywood, Miss Landi wrote another novel, her third. It is not about Hollywood. I wish it were. I should like to know what reaction to our maddest, most topsy-turvy town lurks behind her gracious demeanor. She has, perhaps, the most utterly charming, un-studied manner of all the film belles, but she never gives the impression of breaking down candidly and telling all.

Great Expectations.—As soon as Linda Watkins was cast in "Sob Sister," our favorite local girl got a break, but a bad one. "Front Page" and "Five Star Final" educated the public to expect raw meat of any picture dealing with newspaper reporters, and "Sob Sister" was more of a marshmallow sundæ.

Little Miss Watkins held up well under the strain, and gave a sincere straightforward performance. But she can do much better than that.

Doesn't Want to be Bothered.—As soon as rapacious interviewers located the hotel where Ann Harding was staying, she up and moved away. I don't blame her at all. She would have a hard time explaining why she chose to make "Devotion," that threadbare little trifle that never should have been disinterred from lavender and old lace.

Miss Harding rose to eminence because Pathé gave her such spirited vehicles as "Holiday" and "Paris Bound." Nevertheless, she demanded the right to choose her future stories, for herself, and "Devotion" gives you an idea of the sort of picker she is.

It is no easy job to find stories suitable for Miss Harding. She is sweet, but no longer girlish; hers is a sturdy frame that carries clothes but lends them no smartness, and there is no more air of mystery and allure about her than there is about your maiden aunt who teaches school. She was lucky in her first pictures to have vehicles that gave her a dash and verve she usually lacks.

Low-down from Back Numbers.—The American Association for Better Photoplays outdid itself when it gave its first luncheon of the season recently. Funny, the way these clubs and associations seem to run to retired stars when making up their list of honored guests from the movie world. In this case the guest of honor was Madge Bellamy.

Beverly Bayne, Bert Lytell, Catherine Dale Owen, Eugene O'Brien, and Conway Tearle were invited to speak on the relation of talking pictures to American culture.

Save Mr. Tearle—and he hasn't

made much of a name for himself in talkies—they must have been selected because of what they knew about culture.

Jolson Returns.—Some time ago Al Jolson seemed bent on retiring from the screen. His pictures, after those first few that caused such a furor, weren't encouraging to a man desiring a career in the movies. But he's going to return to the screen after all, to do a picture version of "Sons o' Guns." Lily Damita will probably have the rôle in which she appeared on the stage.

Spelling Comes Later.—Little Edna Hagan, who will be seen in the new D. W. Griffith picture, "The Struggle," has a good start in pictures, but her spelling leaves something to be desired.

Recently she autographed one of her pictures for the daughter of a motion-picture executive, writing on it, "To my little freind, sincerely, Edna Hagan." But she's a sweet little thing, and after all, she'll have plenty of time to learn to spell!

Old Days Recalled.—Incidentally, that Griffith picture was made in a building now known as the Audio-Cinema Studio. But on one wall appear the words "Edison Studio." And D. W. must have found that the place reminded him of the old days, for it was in that studio that he directed many an old-timer—Mary Fuller and Mary Pickford among them—back in the days when the fans began to write in and ask if he wouldn't announce the name of the pretty little girl with the long curls, who later became "America's Sweetheart."

A Crowd of Ex's.—The first-night crowd at "Street Scene" was an impressive reminder of how quickly the public forgets its film favorites. While crowds surged about and gaped at Sylvia Sidney and Tallulah Bankhead, there slipped by almost unnoticed Glenn Hunter, Bert Lytell, Catherine Dale Owen, Olive Borden, and Madge Bellamy.

Another Coming Favorite.—Next to the success scored by Sylvia Sidney, Mae Clarke is the big news of the month. Her performance in "Waterloo Bridge" lives up to all the expectations of those who prophesied a brilliant career for her.

Incidentally, the really best performance of the month was given by a one-picture star in the Pathé news reel, and if you missed it, I am afraid there is nothing that can be done about it. Bill Nugent, a taxi driver, in his account of the recent bandit chase through upper New York, gave

the screen its most thrilling episode of the month.

Always One Pet Goat.—Broadway always relishes stories about the pomposities of picture producers, and there is always some one upon whom the current stories are hung. Years ago the Stern Brothers were the butt of all jokes. A typical one was about their employing an Australian and being amazed to find that he spoke English. But they weren't quite prominent enough, so Sam Goldwyn became the pet. "I will give you my verdict in two words—'impossible,'" he was quoted as saying. But Sam had a way of turning out consistently better pictures than any one else, so making fun of him seemed fatuous.

Now every one has adopted the young son of a producer to hang their Hollywood tales on. In his work at the studio he is said to have gone in for efficiency, memorandums, and hovering secretaries in a large way. One report has it that he quarreled with one of the older producers in the studio, and turned to his secretary and roared, "Make a note that I'm not to speak to him again."

Another tale has it that he was in search of an executive who must have certain unusual qualifications. A name was submitted to him with glowing accounts of his skill. "Sounds fine," the lad remarked; "how tall is he?" Then he shook his head. "Won't do," was his curt judgment. "I can't have any one around here who makes me look insignificant."

Stars on the Air.—For some reason, the impression got around last spring that Chevalier, though he was a hit in the movies, was anything but a success on the radio. Now Eddie Cantor, star of "Palmy Days," is correcting that impression, having once believed it himself. Recently he went on the air for what was to have been the first of a series of six broadcasts for the company that employed the famous Frenchman. When he finished, he was asked to increase his appearances on the air from six to fourteen. He agreed and remarked incidentally, that he'd been sorry to hear that Chevalier was a flop. Whereupon he was shown figures proving that the company's business had increased fifteen per cent when Maurice began appearing on the air.

That Exotic Touch.—Those false eyelashes that have flourished in Hollywood for years have now hit New York. Girls who once envied Garbo her lashes now sit back complacently glorying in the knowledge that theirs, freshly bought and pasted on, are quite as long.

awful acting is brought out by uniforms strung with medals. And how the puppets talk. At least the acting is clear enough—all too clear, in fact—but the story isn't, and one recognizes details that have been used in other films. However, if you insist on knowing a little of what it's about, be informed that the hero is a Russian officer who is sent to circumvent and unmask a woman spy.



He is besieged by amorous ladies fired by his fascination, but in the end the spy is betrayed by her weakness for the officer.

You will agree that novelty is not the strong point of the picture. Perhaps Ivan Lebedeff is, though he is overburdened by an absurd film and his debut as a star is relieved of any importance. His performance is an amplified version of the foreign rôles he has been playing for years, offering no proof of ability greater than he has displayed in supporting parts. Genevieve Tobin is the heroine, Betty Compson is helped to added artificiality by becoming a platinum blonde, and Rita La Roy and Ilka Chase are others deserving of condolences.

"New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

This is the picture that gave William Haines a new lease on his stellar career—that, in fact, brought about the renewal of his contract just when Billy had decided to go to Europe and get away from it all. So it must be good. And it is.

A gay, amusing story of three likable rascals whose crookedness is accomplished with such good humor that it isn't hard to believe they have hearts of gold. On the point of fleecing business men out of a fortune, *Wallingford* is reformed by love and returns the money. This simple plot is developed with any number of surprising twists and deft touches of characterization, to say nothing of a great deal of shrewd, worldly humor.

Mr. Haines is lucky to have the support of Ernest Torrence and Jimmy Durante as fellow scoundrels.

The Screen in Review

The latter is a comedian who is vastly popular in Broadway night clubs and vaudeville. His methods and personality are different and his sense of fun quite irresistible. Then there is Guy Kibbee, who is not to be sneezed at as a dry comedian. Leila Hyams is, as usual, charming and capable. All told, this is Mr. Haines's best offering in many a moon.

"Penrod and Sam."

Here is almost another "Skippy" in an appealing story of the troubles of young boyhood, centering very much on the death of *Penrod's* dog and the lad's defense of his burying ground. It is in these touching scenes that its weakness creeps in. The sentiment is carried so far that it becomes maudlin in places, and one resents tears literally wrung from one, whether or no.

We find *Penrod* and *Sam*—Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan—the best of friends, but becoming rivals over *Margaret*—Helen Beaudine—at a party. Here Zasu Pitts gets in a few



own reward and her husband is won back. I haven't heard the picture highly praised, but I enjoyed it. It presents a situation that most women have had to deal with at one time or another, perhaps in a modified form. At any rate, it is a better and more plausible example of sophisticated comedy than some of its predecessors. No one works hard at being sophisticated and every one is natural and unassuming. Mary Astor is the wife, Robert Ames the husband, and John Halliday the Englishman who is really the hero. Noel Francis is perfectly cast as the selfish interloper, and there is also Edward Everett Horton

delightful scenes in which a puny mother is pushing her little darling boy, larger than she, to the social front. Returning home, *Penrod* finds that his dog has been killed by a car, and black eyes are forgiven because of the greater sorrow. Now he needs *Sam*, but they are no longer on speaking terms. On top of this, the town bully, *Rodney Bitts*, played by Nester Aber, drives *Penrod* from his shack when the lot is sold to *Mr. Bitts*. When he just can't stand any more, *Penrod's* father buys back the lot and shack, and the boy renews interest in life at the prospect of initiating the bully into the gang.

Penrod's father and mother are played by Matt Moore and Dorothy Peterson. The killjoy, *Mr. Bitts*, is done by Charles Sellon.

"Smart Woman."

There's something likable about this, even though it isn't a hot one by a long shot. For one thing it has an excellent cast and the acting is downright good. The simple story has for its heroine a wife who returns from abroad to find her husband fascinated by a charmer. The wife invites the girl and her mother to her home for a week-end and announces her intention of getting a divorce because of an attractive Englishman, who is also a guest. Her frankness brings its



own reward and her husband is won back.

I haven't heard the picture highly praised, but I enjoyed it. It presents a situation that most women have had to deal with at one time or another, perhaps in a modified form. At any rate, it is a better and more plausible example of sophisticated comedy than some of its predecessors. No one works hard at being sophisticated and every one is natural and unassuming. Mary Astor is the wife, Robert Ames the husband, and John Halliday the Englishman who is really the hero. Noel Francis is perfectly cast as the selfish interloper, and there is also Edward Everett Horton

"East of Borneo."

Life is always difficult for the heroine when love lures her into these mysterious realms of the Orient. In this film particularly she has a long hard road to travel before she has her way, what with thousands of hungry crocodiles on one hand and a passionate rajah on the other. Toward the end one is worked up to an old-time thrill, certain that one or the other will get her. She barely escapes these evils, when another and still greater pops up in the form of a volcano near the rajah's palace, which, true to tradition, erupts when the rajah dies, and apparently wipes out the country.

Rose Hobart plays the ex-sweetheart of a doctor—Charles Bickford

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They've Gone Hollywood

Continued from page 19

signed a contract with RKO for \$1,000 or \$1,250 a week. The Ford was traded in for an expensive car.

"Gone Hollywood," his friends exulted. But in telling of the acquisition of the car, they neglected to mention that it was an old one. As a matter of fact, it was a fourth-hand investment. The car was "shot," and brought Arthur nothing but grief. He traded it in on another American car. Then he bought a boat—something he had wanted all his life.

"Has that boy gone Hollywood?" his chums chortled, adding "and how!" without waiting for an answer from any one.

But I can't see how the acquisition of a new car and a boat has changed him. He has always been the most generous fellow I've ever met. Ever since I've known him his house has been more like a hotel than a home. One friend after another who was down on his luck has come and stayed there rent free, and not for days, but for weeks and even months at a time.

"Maybe I shouldn't have bought those things," Art said ruefully. "But, gee! There were so many, many years when we hardly knew where our next meal was coming from. We played in tent shows and lived in second-rate hotels, small apartments and sleeping cars. We couldn't have the things we wanted then, and I can't see what good the money I'm making now is doing us if we can't indulge ourselves."

That Arthur hasn't changed materially is borne out by the fact that one is much more likely to encounter extras and bit players at the Lake domicile than people in Arthur's own stratum of the film world, the people one would naturally expect to find him intimate with.

James Hall is another who is supposed to have gone Hollywood to the fullest possible extent. He's always heels over head in debt and spends money like the proverbial sailor in

port. There's no reasoning with him, because he is as scatterbrained as they come—and always has been.

Well do I remember his telling me when we first met, how, when he was playing a small part in a musical comedy in New York, a scout for Paramount sent a card around to his dressing room asking him to report at their New York studio next day for a test. Jimmy stuck the card in the pocket of his dressing gown and promptly forgot all about it. He was getting \$75 or \$100 a week at the time, but the chance at really big dough meant nothing to him. He was happy as he was. That's Jimmy.

Constance Bennett has been stigmatized as "high-hat," "ritzy," "gone Hollywood," and anything else unpleasant that has come into the minds of her associates. But Connie, too, is exactly the same to-day as she was when I first met her, and that's been years and years ago.

As a child she always had her own way about everything—or nearly everything. She picked her friends carefully and so long as they had one quality that appealed to her, that was all that mattered. On the other hand, social position or wealth counted for absolutely nothing with her. She demands personality, originality, and wit in her companions, and it is those disgruntled people who don't come up to scratch in her eyes who say she has gone Hollywood.

Marian Nixon for years and years was just another Hollywood ingénue. She lived quietly and unostentatiously and drove a small car. Then she married Edward Hillman. Mr. Hillman is lucky enough to be well blessed with this world's goods. It was only natural that when he came to Hollywood he should want to live in the same manner as that to which he had been accustomed. His scale of living had been considerably more elaborate than Marian's. They bought a home in Beverly Hills.

"My dear," murmured one of

Marian's friends to me, "has Marian gone Hollywood since her marriage? I should hope to tell you! I'd never have believed it. After living in a small apartment for years, you should see the way she's branching out. I always say just give them time. They're all alike."

What the friend didn't say was that probably she herself would have been tickled pink at the opportunity to step into Marian's shoes, and that Marian had done nothing her friends or you or I wouldn't have done had we had the chance.

Neil Hamilton has been in pictures for nine years. He has been under contract practically all that time and at a handsome salary. He and his wife have lived modestly and saved their money. They own an unpretentious house at Malibu Beach where they live six months of the year and rent a place in town the rest of the time.

This year they decided they were tired of moving all their belongings twice a year, so they started building a house. They found that for comparatively little additional cost they could have a swimming pool and tennis court put in, and gave the order to go ahead.

One of Mrs. Hamilton's intimates, in glancing over the plans, noticed the additions. Up went her eyebrows. "A pool and a tennis court?" she murmured. "You *have* gone Hollywood!"

Elsa's anger rose. "There's just this you've forgotten," she answered. "We've been planning on this house for years. We saved our money until we felt we could afford it. When we move into it, we won't owe any one a cent on it. Now if that's going Hollywood, make the most of it!"

And that's how it is with the majority of them. When you get down into the cause and effect of things, few of them have acted very differently than you or I would have done under similar circumstances.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

I am of the opinion that they will have a long career.

Also, is not beautiful Claudette Colbert worthy of a starring contract? She was splendid in "The Smiling Lieutenant."

A new king for filmdom—Clark Gable! He is wonderful—marvelous. Here's to you, Clark—a successful career in the talkies.

51 Bellevue Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

CORINNE GOODKIN.

Commercial Ads in Pictures?

I AM tired of Dietrich's legs and Joan Crawford's diet problems. But the real reason I shall listen to the radio this winter or go to "legit" is commercial advertising. If the producers don't stop put-

ting it in their pictures they won't have any to put it into.

I haven't seen an M.-G.-M. picture since Norma Shearer went wrong in "The Divorcee" and incidentally advertised a certain electric refrigerator.

Tallulah Bankhead's first attempt was bad enough, without having a cigarette advertisement added to the bad taste it left. Commercial advertising is so obvious in Universal pictures that it would be funny if the joke were not on the person who paid admission.

The country won't need to worry about a depression if this keeps up. We'll save millions on just our theater going.

G. E. H.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Don't Ask.

AN actor whom I have ardently admired for the past nine years or so is Ralph Forbes. Besides being very pleasing as to face and figure, Mr. Forbes is a good actor, and in my opinion he has one of the finest voices ever heard on the screen. And not only does he always wear correct clothes, but he wears them with distinction, which is a great asset in any actor. After seeing him opposite Clara Bow, in "Her Wedding Night," and Norman Foster opposite Clara, in "No Limit," I am left wondering how it is that Norman Foster has earned a contract and Ralph has not. DOROTHY HOLLANDS.

14 Denman Street,

Piccadilly, London, W. 1, England.

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A Lone Lotus

Anna May's tragedy is that she cultivates well in all soils. Having emancipated herself beyond her people's women, she has seeped into herself principles of several nationalities. That breeds unrest.

The family union always has been close. Ying, her older married sister, her little sister Hueng—Mary to us and starting a picture career—or one of her brothers is usually with her.

"We aren't a family, we're a dynasty! They are extremely appreciative, and it is a great joy to be able to do things for them."

No photographs of her adorn the laundry, or even the walls of the home. They are kept in sandalwood chests and shown only to close friends.

Paramount brought her back to us in "Daughter of the Dragon" and "Shanghai Express." The success of her New York stage play, "On the Spot," was duplicated in a Los Angeles run. For all her honors she is humbly grateful, saying, "People have been so kind to me."

She gives to both stage and screen the Oriental's intensive application. For weeks she studied German gutturals for six hours a day. Her ideal in art having always been thought in movement, it is likely that her first allegiance will be to pictures.

"As a child, I devoured mythology. My adult literary preference is for fantasy, with its beauty and picturesque and subtle philosophies—'San Michele' and 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey.' For the contrast of the strong and human simplicities, a book like 'Good Earth,' which breathes the spirit of the Chinese farmer."

She likes strong Russian tea and American stews and spinach—but isn't satisfied until she has had rice or winter melon. In sports, she prefers motoring and riding, golf and tennis. She cannot switch quickly from work to athletics. Her musical taste chooses Grieg and opera—especially Puccini. She enjoys reading German and would like to perfect

herself in languages, and to study piano and painting.

"I have not time. It is only fair that I devote my whole attention to my play or picture. Besides"—again her humor flashed—"I would have to sacrifice my long finger nails to acquire piano technique. And then they might cast me as an Irish lass!"

Her jewel case contains exquisite mauve jade mounted on Chinese gold. The only material wish that I ever heard her mention was for a set of black jade. Her ideal home would be American in practical conveniences and Chinese in decoration, employing yellow, green, and red. There she would steep herself in the perfume of tuberose and gardenias.

Her religion, embracing love and patience and service, is one that she has evolved from the mating of the old and the new. The rhythm of life, she calls it.

"All good things work together for our benefit," she often says, "if we grant our 'Yea, in holy meditation, shaped in perfect syllable.'"

Continued from page 41

glamorous person in the world, with the loveliest eyes imaginable, her eye make-up probably would look strangely out of place on you. Your natural coloring may be quite different.

Eyes That Have "It"

That's the whole secret, you see. Whether it's for your face or your eyes, make-up must be individual. It's the finish to a perfect toilet.

It embodies perfect grooming, a becoming coiffure, artistic make-up—

an ensemble so alluring that when you sally forth to add to the gayety of nations, you are as thrilling, starry, and exciting as the girl you want to be—the girl that with intelligence you *can* be!

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

Times have changed since yesterday,
Bulky things are quite passé.

Now we drive a baby Austin,
Sample midget beans from Boston.

Over peewee golf we mutter
As we swing a wicked putter.

Here's a brand-new ten-cent lure—
Picture Play's gone miniature!

"MIDGIE."

INSPIRATION

Buster Keaton and Joe E. Brown
Went out one night to do the town,
Joe grinning from ear to ear,
Buster, of course, with visage drear.
Brown ha-ha'd all Buster's woes,
At all Joe's jokes Buster froze.
Never a grin did Buster muster,
No sad tale did Joe's grin fluster.
As hours dragged on, you'd expect traces
Of change in their respective faces.
Heck, no. Each other's face is the reason why
Joe wants to grin and Buster to cry.

LEE SMITH.

ONE MAN'S MEAT

The wife and I were perfect mates—
Well met—well matched, by kindly fates.

Until she fell—this is no fable—
For that big, handsome, *rough* Clark Gable.

To keep her mine, I tried his stuff.
I slapped her down, and used her rough.

But darn that guy! His tricks were phony.
And now—I'm paying alimony!

BARBARA BARRY.

REQUIEM

A million female hearts are crushed,
A million souls are harried—
Did martial slaughter cause this grief?
No. Richard Dix *got married!*

BETTY.

Reg'lah Champ

Continued from page 35

ion of players or pictures after he has accepted favors from the studios.

"Take the time I acted as master of ceremonies at the opening of 'Trader Horn.' Because it was an M.-G.-M. picture, people expected me to praise it whether I liked it or not.

"Well, having paid for my ticket, I gave them my honest opinion. I said I liked it regardless of the white players in it.

"The best actors in that picture were the natives. They were wonderful. When you consider how well those savages performed before the camera, it makes you realize that education, culture, and training aren't essential to good acting."

An engaging smile lit up the Beery countenance, rendering almost attractive the face that only a mother or a movie queen can love.

"Horses and dogs can be actors—even stars," he continued half seriously.

However, Mr. Beery regards with distaste the policy of permitting unskilled youngsters to assume stardom.

"It's bad for them," he tells you patiently. "In a few years they are through—washed up. Then they must go back to normal living after having known publicity and admiration, after living in Beverly Hills and having a lot of money to throw away."

One of the many persons who stopped at our table was Marjorie Rambeau.

"There," said Beery as she left, "is a *real* actress."

Buster Keaton, busily engaged in cooking up a joke to play on John Gilbert, paused to enlist the connivance of Mr. Beery. Boys will be boys!

Luncheon—and what a luncheon!—over, I went out on the set where the last scenes of Beery's current production, "The Champ," were being made.

There he stood in the doorway with Jackie Cooper, and the youngster's skill in acting, together with his affection for his pal, caused me to think that Beery probably made an exception of him when criticizing child actors.

At the end of each rehearsal he stepped easily out of character and discussed the scene with his director, or spoke to friends standing about.

Obviously he never worries about his art. Twenty years before the camera makes great acting "just a day's work" for Wallace Beery.

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"That Swimming Girl"

All the girl instructors in the big swimming pool played around with men for what they could get out of them. It was part of their job. Every one of them, given the chance, would have made the biggest play of all for Preston Wilbur, the handsome, wealthy, utterly desirable bachelor who was the pool owner. Only Elsie was different. She wasn't a gold digger like the rest. But how could she prove it to Preston Wilbur, the man who had met only gold diggers, who was prepared to beat every gold digger at her own game?

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Name.....

Address.....

Clark Gable's Story

Continued from page 39

Returning to Portland, he got a place in the want-ad department of the *Portland Oregonian*. "I wasn't on the desk," he stated. "I used to check the ads and, as I saw them before they went into print, I was on the inside. One day the telephone company advertised for linemen. It looked like a good thing, so I applied and got a job."

He began studying again—English, diction, and elocution—anything that would help him in the theater, for he was determined to get back on the stage.

His teacher was Josephine Dillon. She took quite an interest in the untutored boy so eager to learn and gradually professional interest gave way to a more personal one. And Clark, moved by her kindness and interest, adored her.

Some time later she left Portland and opened a studio in Los Angeles.

When Clark felt he had saved enough money, he, too, came to Los Angeles, determined to break into pictures. But as he puts it, "All I could get was extra work—and not much of that."

But he renewed his friendship with Miss Dillon, and a short time later they were married.

When Clark was finally convinced that there was no career for him in pictures, he secured a small part in "Romeo and Juliet," with Jane Cowl. They played in Los Angeles for four or five weeks and started on the road. They played San Francisco and Seattle. Then he found himself back in Portland—and the company had disbanded.

"It seems that almost every time I'm out of a job I'm in Portland," he mused. "Isn't it funny how a city, miles from where you were born or where your home is, with nothing to pull you there, can exert such a strange influence?"

He returned to Los Angeles and his wife. The part of *Sergeant Quirt* in the stage "What Price

Glory?" followed and his praises were sung from one end of the Coast to the other. He played the rôle in three different companies, in the last of which Louis Wolheim portrayed *Captain Flagg*. But nothing came of the engagement.

When "What Price Glory?" closed, he played his first juvenile part in "The Copperhead," starring Lionel Barrymore. When that closed, he went into "Lullaby" and played another juvenile—the drunken sailor who unknowingly tries to shoot his mother.

Three plays with Pauline Frederick followed—"Lucky Sam McCarver," "Madame X"—in which he played the part of the old judge in the last act—and "Lady Frederick," in which he played his first heavy.

Then came "Chicago," in which he played the newspaper reporter. The play gave Nancy Carroll her first opportunity, and Stuart Erwin was stage manager.

From there he went to Houston, Texas, for a season of stock, playing there for thirty-seven weeks. Stanley Smith was the juvenile in the company and Clark was the leading man.

He and his wife were having difficulties. Although he acknowledges a vast debt to her for the training she gave him, it was the age-old case of incompatible temperaments. She was considerably older than Clark. They had little in common, so they separated. She returned to Los Angeles, and Clark went on to New York.

In New York he was given the lead in "Machinal," produced by Arthur Hopkins.

One night after the show, some friends came back-stage to see him, bringing with them a woman who was destined to exert a powerful influence on Clark's life. She was Ria Langham, who became the second Mrs. Gable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Making Faces

Continued from page 49

faces appear ugly, too—all for the sake of motion-picture art.

"In considering the late Lon Chaney's masterpiece of make-up, *Mrs. O'Grady* in 'The Unholy

Three,' you will recall the same aging process—with these additions, a pair of glasses and a network of wrinkles penciled in to create a still greater illusion of age. The feminine touch

was added by the hat and dress. I could have selected any other of this craftsman's characterizations as masterpieces of make-up, but I consider *Mrs. O'Grady* his best.

"In John Barrymore's make-up for 'General Crack' you will observe the change from youth to old age. His facial muscles were made to sag. Firm flesh was made to appear loose

on his neck. The mouth changed, the lips were thinner, and the hair was sparse. Even the bone formation of the head and forehead was more apparent.

"In Andy Clyde you have still another fine example of make-up characterization, now familiar the country over. His is a youthful countenance, but the addition of a mustache and a few character lines makes a complete middle-age metamorphosis.

"In 'East Is West,' Lupe Velez and Edward G. Robinson, Occidentals, became Orientals and most convincingly so. Here we have two fine examples of make-up completely changing racial characteristics.

"Here is another group of other splendid examples of make-up. As with Jannings, Chaney, Clyde, and Barrymore, make-up which completely eliminates the face of the actor himself and gives an entirely different facial illusion. They are William V. Mong and Sheldon Lewis, in 'Seven Footprints of Satan'; Cyril Maude, as *Grumpy*; Otis Skinner, in 'Kismet'; George Hackathorne as *Robespierre*, in 'Captain of

the Guard'; James Kirkwood, in 'The Spoilers'; Stanley Fields, in 'The Border Legion'; Conrad Veidt, in 'The Man Who Laughs'; Jean Hersholt, in 'The Cat Creeps'; Lupe Velez and John Boles, in 'Resurrection'; and Walter Huston, in 'Abraham Lincoln.'

"In the past few years there have been many fine examples of make-up which have reflected great credit on the artist and his make-up man. It would take too much time to describe and illustrate each. But I consider the few I have shown you to be the outstanding masterpieces of make-up."

"Is it a comparatively new art?" I interjected.

"No." Max Factor denied. "Our cave-man ancestors used make-up on their faces when they paid homage to their gods. As with every art to-day, it has been developed nearer perfection, that is all. And," he added, "the art of make-up will continue to advance, as its sister arts, the screen and the theater, advance closer to perfection."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 62

—who lets her have her fling while he plies his trade in the jungles, in the service of the rajah. But regretting her folly, she travels alone to him, and begs to be taken back. A wicked light comes into the eyes of the rajah, stiffly played by Georges Renavent, and this inspires the doctor to forgive the girl, and he tries to carry her off to her barge.

After wading through swarms of crocodiles that make "Trader Horn" streams look like peaceful frog ponds, they walk right into the hands of the determined prince. Next morning the rajah will give her the pleasure of seeing the doctor fed to the crocodiles, but meanwhile she must have dinner with the prince. But *Linda* can take care of herself. She shoots him, and sets off the volcano.

Miss Hobart plays her part with a cool finesse, entirely satisfactorily, but one never doubts for a moment that she will pull through and get her man. One just wonders why she wants to retrieve her drunken boy friend. Lupita Tovar and Noble Johnson have minor rôles.

"Fanny Foley Herself."

Edna May Oliver stars in this and more's the pity the picture isn't worthy of her. Always amusing and a corking actress in any mood, she is handicapped by a character that

never quite comes through. *Fanny Foley* is a vaudeville star at \$1,000 a week whose daughters are ashamed of her because she's an actress! They're daughters you would love to touch with a club. So *Fanny* gives up the stage and appeals to their millionaire grandfather whose offer to educate them she has previously spurned. He permits the three to live in a cottage on his estate and in time the four are one happy family. It's a story your reviewer is ashamed to tell.

For the most part Miss Oliver is fine. It's the way the rôle is written that is untrue. This also holds good of the daughters, played by Helen Chandler and Rochelle Hudson, the latter lovely looking, and Hobart Bosworth. John Darrow is the juvenile and character bits are nicely played by Florence Roberts, Robert Emmett O'Conner, and Harry Stubbs. The entire production is beautifully filmed in Technicolor.

"The Woman Between."

All that stands between this picture and success is everything connected with it. The zero hour has struck. Merely for the sake of record, and not to censure, are the players mentioned. They include Lily Damita, O. P. Heggie, Lester Vail, Anita Louise, Miriam Seegar, and others.

Continued on page 70

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Name.....
Address.....

Here Comes Gene

Continued from page 26

—but Gene Raymond is the only platinum blond man in pictures.

Mr. Raymond has threatened me with a wallop on the lip similar to that the horse gave him, if I so much as allude to his hair. Being of a peace-loving nature, I'll say nothing about it.

I mention it only because it enhances his Germanic appearance. In fact, to stress the matter, I may mention that Gene is even studying German. He desires to read German poets in the original so he can murmur "Anfangs woll'ich fast ver-sagen" as it ought to be murmured.

Gene firmly believes that what you have to get, you'll get. He may be right at that. For one thing, he has always wanted to appear in a play in London. But whenever an American producer sent a play over Gene was always working on a good run piece. When he found himself in a flop, no one was sending an

American player to London. So there you are.

"Yet," Gene pointed out, "had I gone to England I might never have come to Hollywood. How can I say which is best?"

He is a pleasant, frank fellow. He does not, as he says, make good copy, for he has done nothing extraordinary in his life.

This one fact, boys and girls, points out a great lesson. To my way of thinking—and you know what that is!—those precocious boys who run away into adventures are invariably those who never mount to any great heights.

Take Mr. Raymond, for instance. He has had no adventures, if his word may be taken, but he has made a name for himself in New York. And, if I am not mistaken, along with Zukor, Lasky, and those of the great, Gene will make a name for himself in pictures.

So let the flag-waving start!

Spot Your Hero

Continued from page 23

hate to see her on the screen in some one else's arms!"

I had a heart-to-heart talk with Charles Starrett, Paramount's new find, and I prophesy great success for him. He was a football star at Dartmouth University in 1924, and was pretty much the campus god. Five years' work on the stage has given him excellent training.

"I am overjoyed with Hollywood and anxious to play whatever I am assigned, though I would prefer character juveniles to just stock heroes," he says. Charles was married a year after he graduated from Dartmouth and is the proud father of two-year-old twin sons. Unlike many of our stars who attempt to hide their mates and children, Charles is willing to tell all about his.

"I'm not afraid of Hollywood's notoriously bad effects on married couples," he said, and if you could have heard him describe the loveliness of his wife—and after five years!—you would have new faith in filmland love.

His attitude is one of watchful waiting. "Before I came out I heard so many stories about Hollywood, and was given all sorts of advice on how to proceed. I have met some very charming people here, and we are delighted to have a chance to settle down in a real home with a garden."

Charles Starrett reminds me of Fredric March—the same intelligent, gentlemanly type of actor. Charles is huskier and better looking than Fredric, however. He thinks that success with him will be a gradual climb, rather than an overnight affair. His appearances opposite Billie Dove, in "The Age for Love," and in current Paramount releases, are getting favorable notices from both fans and critics.

I also met James Dunn and James Cagney for the purposes of this story, to get their reactions. They cannot be classed as really handsome, but they, too, have come to the fore within the past year and are contenders for stellar honors. In fact, both are being starred already.

Imagine Cagney bashful? Neither did I! But he showed it when he asked Loretta Young to accompany us to our interview luncheon. He's a likable fellow, twenty-seven, ambitious, and has been married seven years.

"I've no desire to go in for parties," he explained. "I think that when I make big money I'll be perverse and spend less than I do now. There is no chance of our marriage going on the Hollywood rocks, either. My wife used to be in vaudeville with me, and understands show business. She has no desire to go into pictures."

Cagney, who had to start support-

ing himself at the age of fourteen, has attended Columbia University and is a well-read, thoughtful man. He is definite in saying that he does not want to be thought of as the gangster type. "I want to do light-comedy rôles, such as I did on the stage. And as for my future plans—I haven't any. I just do a lot of thinking, say nothing, and wait to see what happens."

James Dunn's overnight hit in "Bad Girl" has puzzled him. He's getting a kick out of it, for he had long years of ups and downs on the stage. He is rather impressed with his success.

"I read in a magazine that all stars have to have glamour now," he told me. "But I think that's silly. After all, only a fraction of the public ever sees you in person. It isn't worth putting on an act for them. It isn't worth while trying to be exciting off-screen."

His mother lives with him. He saves fifty per cent of his salary, is dazed by interviews, scared of personal appearances, and enjoys a radio at all times.

Which one of these current heroes do you like best? That's up to you, but I predict that they all are going to last. They're a mighty determined set!

She Won't Go Star

Continued from page 50

walk into expensive shops and order things without even asking the prices. They think they impress people by doing that. I'd like to hear what mother would say if she caught me doing a trick like that!

"She tells me that shopping is a business. I never pay the original price for any of my clothes. I try to deal with people I know and can trust. She makes me think about what I buy. 'Is that dress really worth twenty-five dollars more to you than the other one?'

"She insists that I buy good things that are worth what I pay for them, and then insists that I wear 'em."

Lately the question of a new house came up in the Belzer family. Loretta felt that for a family of seven to live in a home with only four bedrooms was—well, really!

Her family did not oppose her actively. They merely sniffed a little.

"Then," she said, "I spent a week-end at Malibu. There I saw several old-timers who had been big in pictures once and spent their money foolishly while they were getting it. Some of them haven't anything now. They are actually dependent on charity. And some of them had had fine homes at one time.

Continued on page 72

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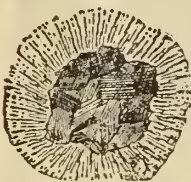
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

But why spare the others? They are Ruth Weston, Halliwell Hobbes, Lincoln Stedman, and Blanche Frederici. But listless direction, unreal dialogue, and uncertain characterization are more to blame.

Here we have an aged millionaire married to *Madame Julie*, proprietress of a smart women's shop. Without knowing his identity, she falls in love with her husband's son on shipboard. Imagine her embarrassment when he appears at the family dinner table!

Now something dramatic could have been made of this, but nothing except tedium results. *La Damita* stalks darkly, her throat veiled or furred, and you wonder where her sprightly humor is concealed. In the end she flings herself into the arms of her ancient husband with a cry of understanding, though you know they aren't suited to each other.

"The Road to Singapore."

William Powell's first appearance as a star for Warner Brothers, following his long affiliation with Paramount, is keyed to popular approval. More suave than ever and more debonaire, he moves gracefully through a picture that represents him as a devil with the ladies while possessing the virtues of a Galahad. You will accept him in either rôle according to the way you look at life on the screen.

It is pleasantly pictured in the vague community known as Bohta somewhere in the tropics, where the wife of the doctor arrives and is warned to have nothing to do with Mr. Powell and his bad reputation. Her husband's neglect and Mr. Powell's fascination decree otherwise, whereupon the noble philanderer describes his past in scarlet the more completely to disillusion the lady,

and the picture rates as interesting, if a little silly. Doris Kenyon is handsome and gracious as the wife, Louis Calhern is the cad of a husband, and Marian Marsh is the ingénue with not much to do.

"Honor of the Family."

Something is lacking from this to make it first rate. Perhaps it is because the proceedings are never quite real. Anyhow, the artificiality of musical comedy is apparent, though actual music is missing. Ah, I have



it! It's because all the characters are foreign and the players are not.

Here we have a rich, doddering Hungarian in the toils of an adventurer, an actress from Budapest. She rules his household with the authority of an absolute monarch, depending on his infatuation to throw his fortune her way when he dies. Then comes the old man's nephew, a roistering soldier as unscrupulous as the adventurer, determined to beat the charmer at her own game. This he does by insult, craftiness, and violence, giving a slap for a slap, a kick for a kick. In the end the adventurer acknowledges him as her equal and I believe something that passes for love calls a truce to their warfare.



but in spite of his pseudo-sacrifice the lady is his and the husband is shown to be a man no heroine could abide.

Artificial, theatrical, all this is managed with a certain quiet effectiveness

The picture is lively enough and the screen début of Warren William, of the stage, is interesting. He plays the soldier. His voice is excellent, his enunciation perfect and his presence magnetic. I should say his future will be determined by a more sympathetic rôle. Bebe Daniels is, unfortunately, rather amateurish as the bad girl, but so are her lines.

"The Beloved Bachelor."

Paul Lukas, elevated to stardom, makes the grade nicely in a congenial

rôle. His picture is light, a sentimental confection entirely graceful and pleasant, with such popular favorites as Dorothy Jordan and Charles Ruggles as his leading support. They're all worth seeing.

Mr. Lukas, a sculptor, is engaged to a society girl played by Vivienne Osborne from the stage. When his model is killed in an accident, he tells the authorities that he is the father of her little girl to save the child from an orphanage. Whereupon his fian-



cée marries another man in the belief that Mr. Lukas has deceived her and he consoles himself with the child.

At least fifteen years pass without changing any of the players except to substitute the child for Miss Jordan, but we mustn't mind this as it is one of the inexorable customs of the cinema. And besides it does give us Miss Jordan in a charming, clever performance. She's in love with her guardian, but doesn't realize it till his

ex-fiancée returns and he announces that she is off to Reno for a divorce. But Mr. Lukas finds out in time that he loves his ward. A bit old-fashioned, these romances of middle-aged guardians and girlish protégées, but this is rather touching in its gentle way and capable performances give it credibility.

"The Road to Reno."

What set out to be a trenchant study of the divorce colony in Nevada's most famous city ends as a moderately entertaining film of no particular distinction, its chances of success lying in the smaller communities. Yet it has an attractive cast and the settings are handsome. It is the acting, however, and the story itself that fall short of first-rate entertainment.

Lilyan Tashman, as a butterfly who divorces her fourth husband, is uncomfortably emphatic in her characterization. She leaves you wondering if she is kidding the picture or if she thinks she is playing a character. The result is that she never rings true.

She plunges into the diversions of the colony, her daughter with her. The latter is sought by a gigolo whose wife is divorcing him. But he transfers his attentions to the mother when Buddy Rogers presses his claim on the girl. At the moment of his marriage to Miss Tashman he is shot by her juvenile son and the picture ends on this somber note.

William Boyd is miscast as the gigolo and Mr. Rogers's performance recalls his work in "The Lawyer's Secret," which is to say that it is quite bad. Peggy Shannon and Wynne Gibson fare better, naturally, but do not succeed in improving the picture as a whole.

MEDITATIONS OF AN EXTRA

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She Won't Go Star

Continued from page 69

"I came home and announced, 'I've changed my mind. I'm not going to build that house for at least another year. I can't afford it.'"

"Mother heaved a deep sigh. 'Well!' she said. 'I had begun to wonder how long it would be before you realized that.' But the girls just said, 'What? No palace? Poor little star—living in a cottage!'"

Loretta, as a matter of fact, doesn't seem to have many big ideas. She admits that she is rather pretty, and states calmly that she hopes to be a big star in a few years, in much the same tone that another girl might say she hoped to be the head secretary of a bank some day.

She hopes to achieve her goal and be ready to stop her picture work by the time she is twenty-five.

"You see, I want to marry and have children. I can see from my own home and from my own mother's experience that the nicest things in the world are marriage and families—large families like ours. Even though it is hard sometimes to take care of them."

Her marriage to Grant seems to be a thing definitely dismissed and done with, as if she were a child who had disobeyed, suffered for it, been

forgiven, and returned to her home with the calm conclusion that mother was right, after all. And that's *that!*

She "adores" her family, likes the light-hearted confusion in which she lives. She mourns—a little—the loss of old friends because of her changing environment.

"The people we knew when we were little, boys and girls with whom we played in the old boarding-house days, never drop in on us any more, although we invite them. They seem—well, self-conscious about it and I'm sorry."

A healthy household and a hearty one, Loretta's. Pretty much like large households in Keokuk, except that instead of going to school, the girls go to the studio. Instead of chatter about grades, there is chatter about parts, and make-up, and professional breaks.

"I'd like to see *me* have a chance to get temperamental, or high-hat, or even to feel sorry for myself," Loretta reiterates. "They wouldn't let me. Besides, mother expects a good deal of us. She has done a good deal for us. I'm not going to disappoint her—again."

Loretta won't "go star" if her family can prevent it.

Hello, Editor!

Continued from page 17

to ask a favor, the correction of a misunderstanding in connection with the start of Anita's career. At that time she was taking a course in commercial art.

A mild complaint was carried through as graciously as if they had come to bestow a favor on an old friend of the family.

A little touch of the regal was displayed by Olga Baclanova. With her husband, Nicholas Soussanin, who probably understood little English, looking on silent and ominous, she had the air of granting an audience.

Being a friend to players may have its other side, too, when a career goes down the chute.

Suppose a star of the old days is leading man of the worst stage show ever washed up on the Broadway shores.

He sends complimentary tickets to his old friends of the staff, who turn out on a hot fall evening. What does it matter if O. O. McIntyre is up front in the gaudiest shirt man has ever worn? One can't make an evening staring at the Odd McIntyre raiment.

Since Staunton, Virginia, has said mean things about Bill Haines's gloves, I hope Mr. McIntyre wears one of his choice shirts back to Gallopis, Ohio, sometime. Why pick on the players?

Players often phone when they are in town. Polly Moran called up not long ago and announced herself as our old pal, Polly, though nobody recalled any old palship with her. But it goes to show you.

Syd Bartlett, Alice White's business manager and big moment also phoned to ask the editor to run over to see the "little girl" at the theater where she was appearing in person. The message was in almost pleading tones.

At the stage door it was another story. Both Miss White and Mr. Bartlett were then the busy professionals, and what did they do but sail blithely, if not grandly, past with a who-let-you-in stare on the part of Mr. Bartlett, who had arranged the appointment? Presumably they expected their caller to wave his hat and shout his editorial credentials.

But as Polly said, they're usually pals when they call on the editors.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 21

originally thought, is next to be seen in a William Powell picture.

Joan Bennett, thrown from a horse and in the hospital for many weeks because of a broken hip and splintered vertebrae, has returned to the cast of "She Wanted a Millionaire," on which she was busy at the time of the accident.

Bebe Daniels is also entirely well again, following the birth of her child, Barbara Bebe. This has been the most serious hospital roster that Hollywood has had in many months.

Joan in "Black Oxen."—"Black Oxen"—with Joan Crawford starred! That should look very effective in the billing of the new version of an old picture. Corinne Griffith was starred in the silent film. Joan should be suitably cast in a Corinne rôle.

"Black Oxen" was one of the first pictures that Clara Bow played in when she came to Hollywood—which reminds us that Clara is staging a comeback in the near future at \$150,000 a film. Genial Sam Rork, the father of Ann Rork, lured the erstwhile flapper queen away from the Rex Bell rancho in Nevada for this new movie chore.

Clara has been reported as signing with various companies, among them Universal and Caddo, the Howard Hughes organization, since her temporary retirement.

The Bowish Roberta.—The nearest to a Bowish flapper we've seen since Clara's departure is Roberta Gale, under contract to RKO. This Gale girl has the hair-altering complex, too. She was a redhead for months, and then suddenly became a blonde. Clara goes from blonde to red on her return to the screen. Other blondes of the moment are Lois Moran and Karen Morley.

Kirkwood Ventures Again.—If it's a race, then James Kirkwood won. Immediately following the final divorce decree he obtained from Lila Lee, and while his ex-wife was in the South Seas, Kirkwood married Beatrice Bisenius Powers, former "Follies" girl. It's Kirkwood's third marriage, the first having been to Gertrude Robinson, one-time screen star.

It was generally thought that Miss Lee would be the first to remarry, on account of her engagement to John Farrow.

Quest for Men.—Nobody felt more regretful over the departure of

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Leslie Howard for Europe than Ann Harding. Following "Devotion," she wanted Howard as her leading man in another production. Ann probably will be fortunate, however, in the fact that Melvyn Douglas, who appears opposite Gloria Swanson, in "To-night or Never," will be with her.

Leading men are so scarce—that is, good ones, that the feminine stars literally snap up the best ones as soon as they are through on another star's picture.

The Climate Helps.—If there have been objections to the undress effects in one or two recent Norma Shearer pictures, and we believe we have heard several such objections, some consolation may be derived from the circumstance that much of "Private Lives" transpires in Swiss Alpine surroundings, where mufflers and mittens are in order.

Is Ignorance Bliss?—The best laugh that movieland has had on Charlie Chaplin for a long time was conveyed from a long distance, when the colony read in the papers that Gandhi averred that he had never heard of the comedian. Celluloid fame took a terrible bump.

Accent Thrives On.—A new scheme to train stars to speak perfect English is being essayed in the case of Lil Dagover, contracted by Warners to appear in one of various spy stories now being made. Lil was instructed to talk only English during her sojourn in Hollywood, and to isolate herself from any gatherings of her own people, or if she joined them to avoid conversation in German. At that, when we heard Miss Dagover over the radio one night, she spoke with a strong German accent. So maybe the scheme isn't so very effective after all.

The Arliss Perplexity.—Everybody is wondering what George Arliss will do when he can't remake any more of his silent films. Arliss has now done all but one, namely, "The Devil." He is just finishing "The Man Who Played God," which makes the fourth of the revivals.

His "Alexander Hamilton" and "Old English" were the only pictures he hadn't starred in before, and they are considered the least entertaining. Few remade movie plots have been hits, but Arliss's "Disraeli" and "The Millionaire" are extraordinary exceptions.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

too. Now that we are friends again here are your answers. "Dress Parade" was released in 1927; "The Cop" in 1928; "Power" in 1928; "The Suicide Fleet," November 6, 1931. Bill Boyd's latest, "Timber Beast" is scheduled to be released January 22, 1932.

R. V. BOYAJIAN.—Charles Morton was born in Vallejo, California, January 28, 1906. Carl Mudge is his right name. Walter Pidgeon was born in Canada, in 1897; Russell Gleason, Portland, Oregon, February 6, 1907; Lloyd Hughes, Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897, married to Gloria Hope; Bernice Claire was born in Oakland, California, March 22, 1909.

BETTY BURKE.—Her peace made with Columbia, Barbara Stanwyck will make three films for them under her new contract, with the privilege of working for Warners if they want her. Joan Crawford pronounces her name Jo-an; Joan Marsh and Joan Blondell like Jone. Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1907; Anita Page, August 4, 1910; Mary Brian, February 17, 1908.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS ADMIRER.—You may be able to reach Miss Williams at the Fox Studio, Hollywood. The Richard Talmadge productions are made at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California; Mascot Pictures at the Tec-Art Studio, Hollywood.

NORMA J. R.—J. Harold Murray was born in South Berwick, Maine. "Under Suspicion" was his last film for Fox before returning to the stage. I do not know his present whereabouts.

SMOKY.—"The River," with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan, was part talkie. "Mata Hari," with Ramon Navarro, is Greta Garbo's latest. Clara Bow plans to come back to the screen, making but three pictures a year. Several companies have made her attractive offers. Richard Barthelme's most recent film is "The Last Flight."

LOUISE OSBORNE.—Frank Albertson was born at Fergus Falls, Minnesota, on February 2, 1909; educated in the public school of Hollywood. Began his picture career as an extra at the Paramount Studio. Signed a Fox contract in May, 1928. He is five feet eight; weighs 145, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes.

TRIXIE.—Why, of course, you are still welcome. And come again. Leslie Howard has played in "Outward Bound," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Five and Ten," "A Free Soul," "Devotion." Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. Here are all his films: "The Painted Desert," "The Easiest Way," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "Laughing Sinners," "Sporting Blood," "A Free Soul," "Night Nurse," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," "Hell Divers," "Touchdown" is the latest for Richard Arlen.

JOAN DALE.—See "Loretta Young Fan" for your answers. As for Sally Eilers, she was born in New York on December 11, 1908; five feet two and a half, weighs 110; brown hair and eyes. She will play opposite Charles Farrell, in "Devil's Lottery."

Pick a Pen Pal

Eva Morales, 2312 Tulane Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana, doubts the existence of you pen pals until she hears from some of you who neglected to answer her letters.

Helen Schweitzer, 1263 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York, wants to hear from Joan Crawford fans.

Having found one correspondent, Virginia Matay, 1518 Kemble Avenue, South Bend, Indiana, would like a few more.

Pauline Franklin, 143-16 Beach Avenue, Flushing, Long Island, New York, would like to hear from fans in England.

Charles La Marr, Box 128, Staunton, Illinois, says he has plenty of time to answer all the fans in the world.

Alice Friedman, 721 North Main Street, Burlington, Iowa, wants to be a pen pal to somebody.

Billie Wolfa, 52 Whittier Place, Indianapolis, Indiana, desires to hear from some fans.

Catherine Young, 2550 Pensacola Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, would appreciate hearing from some readers.

Evelyn Fecteau, 2247 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, would be pleased to correspond about Constance Bennett.

Bertha Filar, 165 Trofton Road, Springfield, Massachusetts, promises an interesting letter to every fan who writes her.

Jeanne Esterman, 1534 North Avers Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, wants to hear from Clara Bow fans "and fanatics."

Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Road, Toledo, Ohio, would like to hear from Lawrence Tibbett and Rudy Vallée fans, young or old.

Admirers of Joan Crawford are invited to write to Myldred Young, 175 Washington Avenue, Belleville, New Jersey.

Mrs. Ethel Hill, 24 Hartford Avenue, South Milford, Massachusetts, wants to hear from movie fans, married or single, as soon as possible.

Jane Rambo, 150 Gardiner Avenue, Rochester, New York, desires pen pals of high-school age.

Buddy Pearle, Center Ossipee, New Hampshire, wants to hear from fans all over the world, including Fresno, California.

Loretta Bilodeau, 343 Main Street, New York Mills, New York, would like to correspond about Constance Bennett and Clark Gable.

Lois Joyner, 2214 South Alsace Avenue, Los Angeles, California, says she is young, loves to write letters and wants to hear from fans all over.

Marjorie Fisher, 2240 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, wants to hear from all the happy family of Clara Bow fans.

Everette Morris, Box 465, Williamson, West Virginia, promises a reply to every fan who writes him.

Willie Mae Bryant, 1421 Hiltman Street, Fort Myers, Florida, is anxious to correspond with several fans.

Bernie Zimmerman, 3822 West Vleit

Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, promises to answer every one who writes.

Theresa M. DuBrocky, 3015 Spruce Street, MacFarlane Park, Tampa, Florida, would like to hear from readers everywhere.

Philip Rosenwasser, 1600 Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York, desires a few correspondents.

P. W. Shanks, 2320 Twenty-fifth Street, Granite City, Illinois, would like to hear from some fans.

Carl Phillips, Jr.'s, address was omitted in this column. Will he please send it to us again?

Vincent Wajgiel, Box 603, Ponce, Porto Rico, wants to correspond with fans in English or Spanish.

Marion Frederick, 1523 Center Street, Detroit, Michigan, would like to hear from some fans.

Fans wanting to hear from "the very center of population in the U. S. A." should write Dorothy Louise Hodges, 230 B Street, N. E., Linton, Indiana.

Hope Maryan Heuer, 339 Avis Street, Rochester, New York, would like to correspond with Norma Shearer fans.

Lillie Horodko, 1221 Thirty-fourth Avenue, Melrose Park, Illinois, wants a pen pal in every State.

F. W. Minde, 100 Dalston Lane, London, E. 8, England, wishes to correspond with fans from all parts of the world.

Alex Haas, Thirty-ninth Avenue de Verdun, Ezanville, Seine-Oise, France, wants to correspond with fans of about twenty in English, French, or German.

Miss Pat Vernon, "Chequers," Catsfield, Sussex, England, would like to hear from fans living on ranches.

Lamar Tabb, 210 Hawker Street, Dayton, Ohio, would be glad to write to fans interested in the late Lon Chaney.

Amelia Matthias, 1193 West Avenue, Buffalo, New York, "adores writing letters," and will answer all fans who write her.

Ruth Tewksbury, 36 Pearl Street, Camden, Maine, desires lots of pen pals.

Virginia Partain, 1440 Clay Street, San Francisco, California, wishes to correspond with any one interested in Tallulah Bankhead.

Violet McKendrick, 92 Hornby Boulevard, Litherland, North Liverpool, England, would like to correspond with fans in other countries.

Margaret A. Bell, 119 Park Row, South, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, would like to hear from fans all over the world.

Helen Clayton, 702 East Seventeenth Avenue, Denver, Colorado, promises to answer all fans who write her.

Joan Porter, Apartment 103, 1560 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, would like to hear from pen pals about twenty-five years old.

Bessie Jane Gray, 1311 Delaware Street, Bartlesville, Oklahoma, wants to hear from fans interested in Dolores Costello.

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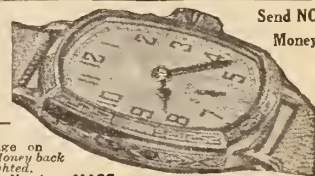
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Continued from page 63

Why Fans Are Fans.

WHILE sitting on the side line, more or less inadvertently I have taken an interest in the emphatic expressions of opinions which sometimes convert themselves into pitched battles. All this is interesting, but the intensity with which the heat sometimes burns seems to indicate a bit of narrow-mindedness.

It is conceded that each fan may have his favorite. But I do not believe that heated arguments should follow. Actually, I do believe that the favorite picked by the ardent admirer possesses some quality that the fan himself lacks—something that he might like to possess. For example, I admire an actor in whom I can place complete confidence—that is, I can sink into a seat and feel that I can absolutely trust the actor, that he will never do the wrong thing. To me, William Powell, Clive Brook, Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou, and sometimes John Gilbert, illustrate the dependable—let us not say nonchalant or suave—actor. Possibly I admire an actor of the dependable kind because I should like to be that way myself.

R. B. GRAHAM.

Newman Hall,
Champaign, Illinois.**Cagney, Take a Bow.**

MOST of the magazines are running stories about the new idol, Clark Gable. I admire Mr. Gable's excellent work, but there is another star just as good who doesn't receive nearly as much publicity. Perhaps it's due to the rôles he plays. They're very unsympathetic and almost brutal. I'm referring to James Cagney.

In my opinion, he's even better than Gable. The reason I compare these two is because they both received recognition at about the same time, and seeing that one is getting almost all the bouquets and the other hardly any, I have to take up arms in defense of Cagney.

I heard lately that Cagney has been elevated to stardom by Warner Brothers, and he will soon start on his first starring vehicle. Well, Jimmy, I certainly wish you all the luck and success in the world. You deserve it. If there's any one who can make a gangster see what he really is, it's you.

EMILY KISPERT.

1480 Shakespeare Avenue,
New York City, New York.**Raving about Claudette.**

FOR one, I could go into raves about Claudette Colbert's voice, figure, poise, personality, and charm. Away from the center of the picture industry, she makes her films on Long Island, far from the madding crowd, and the result is some of the finest acting on the screen.

In my opinion, her best picture was "Manslaughter." Who of us didn't see it and like it? Drama is her meat and how she does eat it! Claudette's dramatic ability far outshines her talent as a comedienne. Not that she isn't good in comedy, but clever comedies are rare these days, because they are so complicated.

Miss Colbert is not of the gay, brittle, dashing type of actress. She has the refined qualities of Chatterton, whose performances leave nothing to be desired. Claudette's eyes, like Ruth's, snap with fire, the fire of a truly great actress. Her voice has that low, well-modulated, rhythmic quality essential in talkies. And Miss Colbert wears her clothes with the best of them.

Perfect woman—Claudette Colbert.

EDNA MAE SMITH.

252 Broadway,
Buffalo, New York.**What the Fans Think****Always Pickford, Not the Film.**

I HAVE been reading Ben Maddox's funeral oration over one of our greatest actresses, Mary Pickford. How could it be possible for Mary to go back, even one inch? Her ability was built up through years of hard work, dominated by an alert mind. Yet she failed to grasp one important idea—that one can't hurdle backward over time. If it were possible to take "Kiki," just as it was produced, back to her kid days, it would have gone over big. I will gamble that her acting would have excelled any acting she ever did.

The public went to the theater to see how Mary acted a young girl again, and was not concerned in the picture. That is, Mary's acting dominated and interest in the picture was lost. It was the same thing in "The Taming of the Shrew." The public went only to see how husband and wife worked together—nothing more.

Mary Pickford is known the world over as a symbol for sweetness and goodness. Let her take her natural part portraying these qualities, in some great human story, and then watch the box-office receipts swell beyond all former proportions.

FRANKLIN CATES.

602 Carleton Building,
St. Louis, Missouri.**She Noticed Gable "When."**

ALTHOUGH having read "What the Fans Think" for years, I have never felt inspired to send in a letter of my own until recently. The reason is Clark Gable. There is not nearly enough written about him, his glamorous personality, his remarkable ability to portray any character. I saw him in a very small part quite a while before his name appeared in print, and I knew then that he would go far. He hasn't, in my opinion, even begun to realize his greatness. He will be loved by every one. Greater than Valentino or any of the others. I do hope they will give him stories worthy of his personality.

BERNICE MEADOWS.

2021 Hemphill Street,
Fort Worth, Texas.**Cheers for Sally Eilers.**

I TOO, must write in praise of that beautiful and talented actress, Sally Eilers. "Diane of New York," I was glad to read your letter and to know you were one of Sally's many admirers. Her acting ability has often been commented on by people of the movie colony. Come on, all you fans of Sally's, and give her three rousing cheers which she so thoroughly deserves.

Recently at one of our theaters I had the pleasure of seeing Blanche Sweet in person. She is the same adorable and lovable actress one sees on the screen. I admire her a great deal and shall always remember her performances in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "Anna Christie" of the silent days.

JEAN S. REILLY.

Blackthorn Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.**Ramon Afraid of Good Players?**

SO Ramon Novarro is afraid to have popular actresses play with him for fear they will steal his picture! Well, Jack Hilt, if this is true, why should Ramon consent to play opposite Greta Garbo? You know he doesn't have to play opposite her if he doesn't want to. And who is a more popular actress than Greta Garbo, I'd like to know?

That proves that you are all wrong. Another thing, you said that you bet he'll never choose Helen Chandler to play opposite to him again. Well, I hope he

doesn't. Miss Chandler and Ramon's not singing spoiled "Daybreak" for me.

I wish he would play opposite Dorothy Jordan again. I think she's adorable, and Ramon and Dot make a peach of a pair.

"H. M. S."

Chicago, Illinois.

Good Word for a Director.

JOSEF VON STERNBERG is a true product of the screen, with as vivid a personality as that of any player he has directed. He has consistently turned out good work. Run over a list of his pictures and you will not find a dud in the lot. His brief but prolific career as director comprises some dozen films, all excellent pictures from the standpoint of both criticism and box office.

You will find each of his productions to be distinguished by marvelous camera work, colorful atmosphere, and what is most important to me, good characterization. Von Sternberg is at his best depicting the seamy side of life. True, his films sometimes have false situations, but Von Sternberg always handles his players with a vigorous assurance that is convincing. His tendency toward sensation at the expense of logic has been roundly condemned in some quarters, but bewail the fact as you will, sensationalism is a dominant note on the screen to-day.

A. MARTIN OLIN.

4220 Thirty-first Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.**"Fray" the Director.**

MAL KELLEY, my dear, I have seen "Daybreak." Is Novarro getting a little frayed around the edges? Oh, yeah! Oh, no! But if I had a chance to talk to his casting director, that guy would be more than frayed; he'd be considerably bent. Don't you know that the unhappy Novarro has to take what he's given, and if he doesn't like it he can jolly well lump it, as we English vulgarly put it? And don't you know that he hated acting the part so much that he "parted brass rags" with M.-G.-M. over it?

If you see his "Son of India" you will find he is far from frayed, and I hope he will make use of his new nationality as a Hindu to invoke suitable curses upon the head of said casting director. Here is a fruity one to that chap, with my compliments: "May his progeny be numerous and speckled, and may jackasses sit upon his grave."

R. COOPER.

Beech House, Loughton,
Essex, England.**Two Fans Agree!**

I HAVE just read Jean Millas's letter praising Ann Harding. There isn't much to add to it. But Jean, did you see "East Lynne"? If you didn't, you missed something that just isn't to be missed. Ann Harding's portrayal of *Lady Isabel*, in "East Lynne," is unforgettable in its poignant beauty and human appeal. Her emotional and acting powers were given full play in this drama of mother love, tenderness, devotion. She played the part with a depth of understanding and feeling which is seldom attained. One forgot that she was acting and lived and felt with *Lady Isabel*.

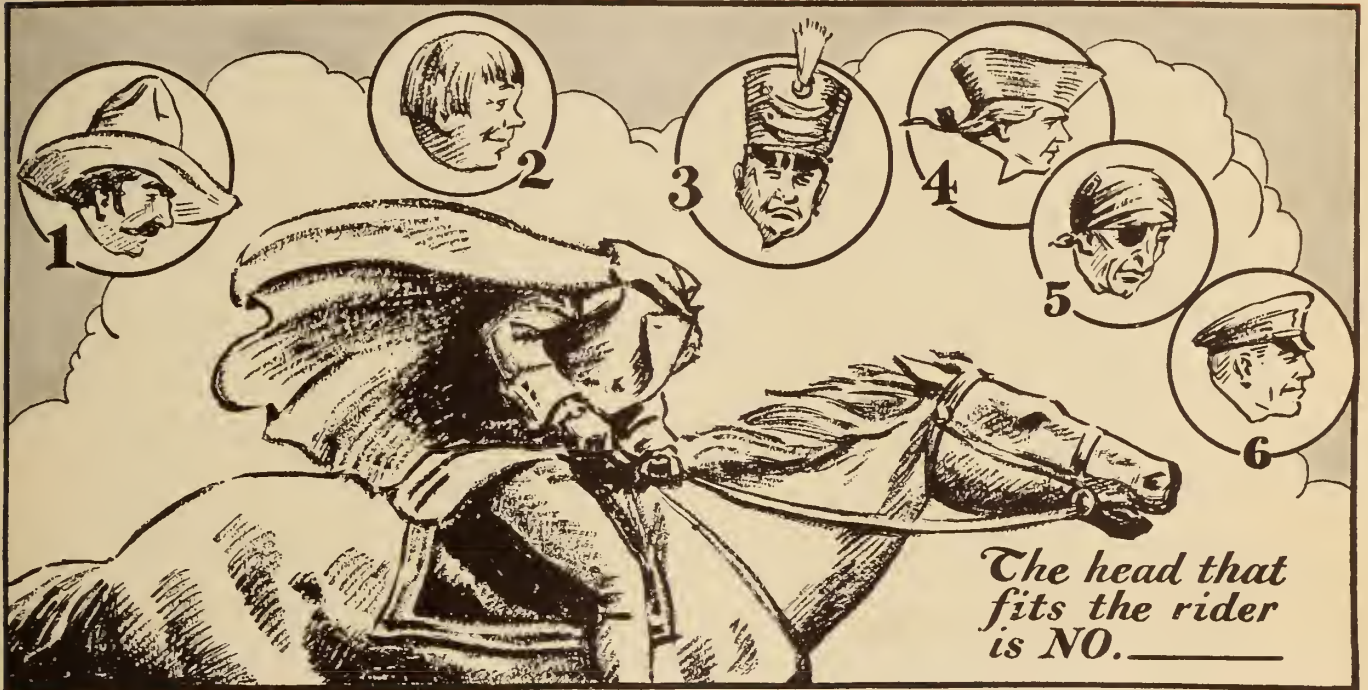
The quiet, wistful beauty of Ann Harding and the simplicity and purity of her nature reach out and touch something vital within each one of us. How wonderful it would be to know her! Yes, I agree with you Jean, she is just perfect!

HELEN ANDREWS.

Weathersfield, Connecticut.

Win \$3,700.00

or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$2,500.00 Cash



Solve This Old Mystery

Find the Head of the Mysterious Headless Horseman. Six heads are shown. Only one of them belongs to the Mysterious Headless Horseman who for years struck terror to the heart of a peaceful village. No one ever saw his head. Can you now solve this age-old mystery? Here is your chance to qualify to win \$3,700.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$2,500 cash besides. You must look carefully. See that the head you pick fits the collar of the mysterious night rider. Rush your answer at once to qualify in this gigantic distribution of \$12,960 or 4 Buick Sedans and \$8,160.00 in Cash Prizes.

This sensational, easy money making opportunity is just our way of advertising. Someone who solves our puzzle is going to win \$3,700.00. Many other big cash prizes. *Anyone may win—why not you?* This big fortune in cash and automobiles must be given away. Find the Headless Horseman's Head. Get your share of this easy money.

EASY TO WIN

Everyone who takes an active part will be paid in cash. Nothing for you to lose—everything to win. Already we have \$12,960 waiting in the bank to be paid to the winners. Just think how wonderful to get \$3,700 all at one time! And so easily, too! 103 Grand Prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win \$2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win \$1,700. Four other \$500 Prizes. *You are absolutely sure of being rewarded in cash if you take an active part.*

Send No Money

Don't delay! Rush answer at once. We give \$1,000 EXTRA prize for promptness if you win First Grand Prize. Take no chance of losing this Extra \$1,000 in addition to First Prize. Need not cost you a penny of your money now or ever to win. Send no money!

\$1,000.00
EXTRA PRIZE
For Promptness

You may win \$3,700 if you act quickly. Send your answer today. Now!

Roger Scott, Mgr.
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\$12,960.00
Cash Prizes

4 BUICK SEDANS

EVERYONE
Who Takes An Active
Part Will Be
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Rev. Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of First Christian Church, Columbus, S. Carolina.

Now Is YOUR Chance

To Win a Large Part of This Advertising Prize Money

The money must be given. Thousands are going to profit in cash. Someone is going to win the choice of \$3,700 Cash or Buick 8 Sedan and \$2,500. Many have won big Cash Prizes from us before. Now is YOUR chance. Solve the Mystery of the Headless Horseman. Rush your answer.



S. H. Bennet, Lynchburg, Va., Won \$650.00.

Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500.00 Cash

C. H. Essig, Argos, Indiana, won \$3,500.00. He wrote: "I wish to thank you 3,500 times for it! Oh boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my life. When you think of people working a whole lifetime and never realizing such a sum, it is indeed a fortune."



M. D. Reidman, Eveleth, Minn., Won \$2,660.00

Preacher Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church, S. Carolina, won a cash prize from us.



Mrs. Kate Needham, of Oregon, won \$4,705.00 Miss Serene Burbach, of Wisconsin, won \$1,125.00.



Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls, have been rewarded in our past advertising campaign.

Roger Scott, Mgr.,
427 W. Randolph, Dept. 606
Chicago, Illinois

The head that fits the rider is No. I am anxious to win \$3,700. Please tell me how I stand.

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10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least \$8.50 if sold separately

Here is one of the most amazing offers ever made to American women. An offer so remarkable that no retail merchant, large or small, could hope to duplicate it. Just think! These are not sample packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same quality as our regular store packages. But instead of costing you \$8.50 as they would if sold thru stores, the Coupon brings them to you for only 99 cents and a few cents postage.

We are making a tremendous sacrifice in selling these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages to you for 99 cents, as you can easily see from the suggested retail prices for these identical Milaire Beauty Preparations. We are doing this only because we know that once you try them—once you see for yourself what marvelous values they are—you will come back to us again and again for Milaire Toiletries.

Coupon brings these 10 Preparations for 99¢ and postage

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts

into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, is not affected by moisture and is very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

\$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Coconut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalis—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

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Send No Money Merely Mail Coupon

Coupon

For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

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PICTURE PLAY, JANUARY, 1932

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

FEBRUARY 1932

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Marian Marsh
Painted by
Modest Stein

THE HONEST
MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

Win a Buick Sedan or \$2,900.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model 8 cylinder Buick Sedan or its full value in cash (\$2,000.00). In addition to the Buick Sedan we are also giving away six Ford Sedans, an Eastman Home Moving Picture Outfit, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, Gold Watches, Silverware and many other valuable gifts—besides Hundreds of Dollars in

Cash. Already we have given away more than \$200,000.00 in cash and valuable merchandise to advertise our business. Miss Jewel Casey received \$3,720.00; Miss Anna Linke received \$2,320.00; Mrs. Robert Ellington received \$1,750.00; and Mr. E. N. Garrett received \$2,320.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.

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Automobiles
Given**

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1		9
	7	

**Seven
Automobiles
Given**

**Qualify
for This
Opportunity**

**Qualify
For This
Opportunity**

Find the Magic Numbers

There are certain numbers from 1 to 9 which, if filled in the five blank spaces in the square above, will add up 15 in any direction. See if you can find them. When you find them, write the numbers in the blank spaces and send the square to me right away together with your name and address filled in the coupon below.

\$900.00 Cash Given for Promptness

If you act quickly and win the Buick Sedan I will give you \$900.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of \$2,900.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of \$7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners.

In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle, fill in your name and address on the coupon to the left and send it to me just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the \$7,500.00 worth of prizes. **EVERYBODY PROFITS.** Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

**Robert Harrison, Mgr., Dept. B-593
315 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.**

I have found the magic numbers and am sending you the square with the numbers filled in the blank spaces. Please let me hear from you at once.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



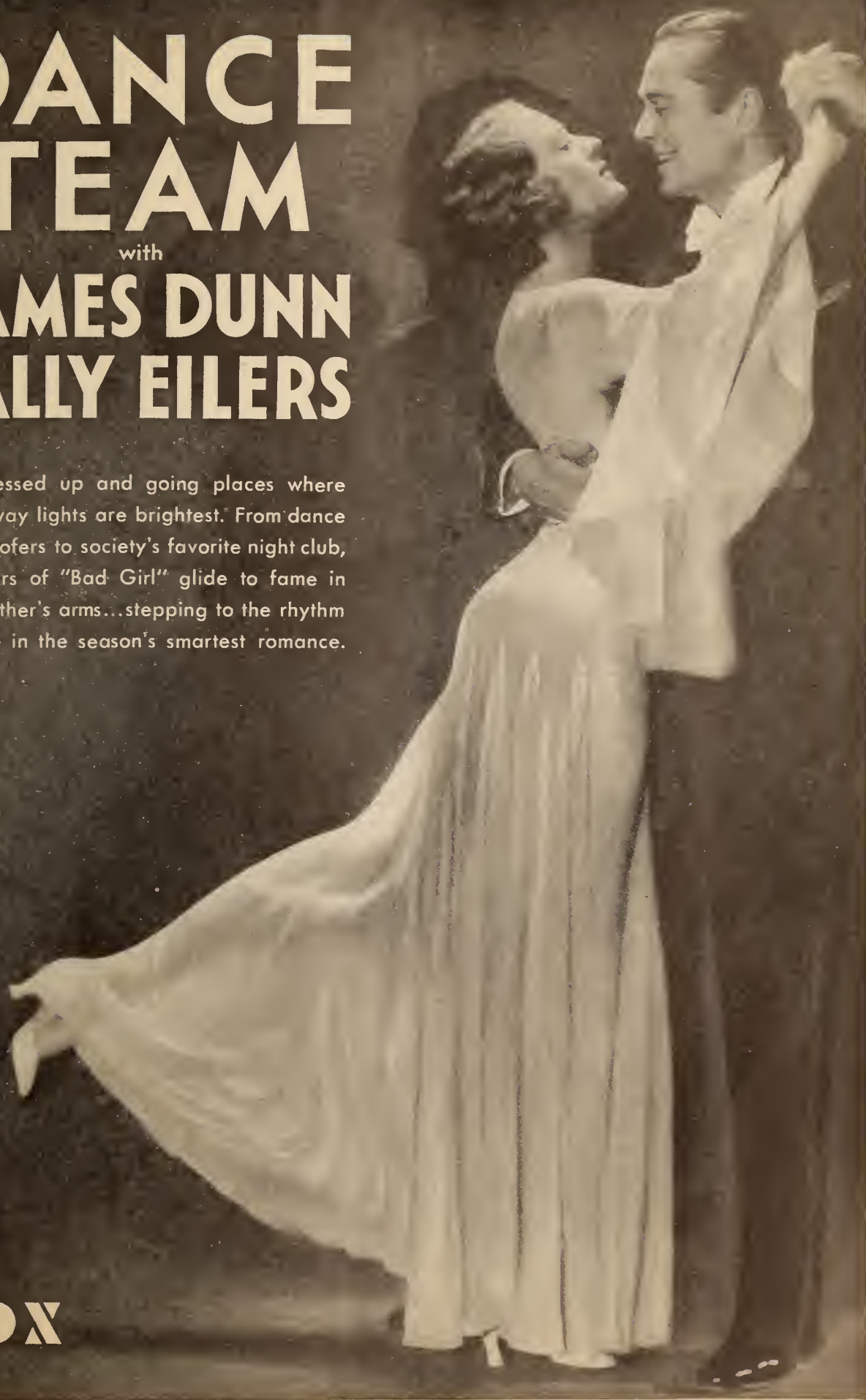
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JAMES DUNN SALLY EILERS

All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society's favorite night club, the stars of "Bad Girl" glide to fame in each other's arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season's smartest romance.



FOX

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PICTURE PLAY

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Swanson-Bennett Feud

What happens when two such stars as Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett are wooed and won by the same man? At different times, of course! Especially when he is the Marquis de la Falaise. They become enemies—friendly, polite enemies. But enemies just the same!

All Hollywood watched the progress of the Swanson-Bennett-Falaise romantic drama. Now the colony is on the alert to see if the shadow of "the other woman" becomes a cloud in the happiness of the new marquise, née Bennett. For how can the marquis forget Gloria?

In next month's Picture Play you will find Elza Schallert's keen analysis of a situation that piques the curiosity of Hollywood.



"Try Everything Once,"

says Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In his insatiable desire to experience everything, young Doug pauses long enough to deny any rift in the happiness of himself and Joan Crawford. Read Ben Maddox's clever appraisal of Doug's unusual character.

Up to the minute in everything! That's Picture Play's slogan for 1932. Happy New Year to fans everywhere!

Marlene Dietrich



CLIVE BROOK

"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men—whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express—seething with intrigue, desire, hatred—hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle . . . Marlene Dietrich in the year's greatest melodrama—another Paramount "best show in town!"

象形

Paramount  Pictures

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

What the FANS Think

Let Tallulah Be Herself.

THIS is written in answer to Jeanne Browne's letter in November Picture Play, regarding Tallulah Bankhead.

In the first place, it is not fair to blame the studios for producing the type of picture which the public, by its patronage, shows a preference for. The studios are to be blamed, however, for trying to make all stars conform to the Greta Garbo pattern, thus losing individualities which the new stars may possess, and arousing the antagonism of other stars' admirers, who, if approached in the right manner might and probably would become admirers of the newcomers for their own sake.

If there is a fundamental resemblance between a new player and a popular, well-established star, why could it not be possible for the studios to go about the matter subtly? Why not play up the new star for herself, and rely on the resemblance to draw the fans to her? This plan would, in my opinion, gain more followers in the long run than the present system of immediately announcing to the world that a new Garbo or Dietrich has been found.



Let us take the case of Tallulah Bankhead.

Miss Bankhead, who is quite out of the ordinary and certainly intriguing, was press-agented as another super-sophisticate, another rival for Garbo. "Tarnished Lady," was very bad, and a great handicap as a first picture. Admitting that the picture was inane, the critics were still forced to admit that Miss Bankhead possessed an appeal and fascination, and a voice which was alone worth the price of admission.

Then along came "My Sin," in which Tallulah showed considerable promise. The film was less shoddy than the other, but this, too, did not give her a chance to put over the acting of which she is capable.

Now, of sophistication Tallulah possesses a totally different brand than that of any star which we have had. It is *not* a matter of poses, but of being herself.

To pose her with her hair slicked down behind her ears and wearing a bored expression gives me the impression that she is highly bored with it all.

If you will notice, you will observe that any informal snap taken in the studio will reveal a far more interesting person; a person with a fascination and an originality that is wholly submerged in the posed portraits of her which are distributed.

VIRGINIA PARTAIN.

1440 Clay Street, San Francisco, California.

Show Some Pep, Anita!

IN response to the plea made by Ben Maddox for Anita Page and Buddy Rogers in November Picture Play:

Such niceness, restraint from blatant notoriety, and the clean habits of Buddy are indeed refreshing. I, for one, do not think his descent from popularity due to any of these, but to the silly parts that he has been playing lately.



Now for Anita. I have never liked her, but it was not the result of any article condemning her as too nice.

Anita is a big, plump baby doll. If she has any exuberant vitality, I have never seen evidence of it. I say to her, show some pep, and instead of soft plumpness, put on a little muscle. It won't make you look masculine, but will make you more our ideal American girl.

D. B. M.

Shawnee, Oklahoma.

"Caviar to the General."

GILBERT ROLAND'S sensational success on the stage in Los Angeles pleases me all the more because a lot of snooty customers have just as good as said at various times that he never could have done it. My own conviction has always been, ever since the dear dead days of pictures like "The Blond Saint" and "Rose of the Golden West," that if Gilbert Roland didn't become an outstanding figure in pictures, Twenty Grand is an oyster.

And now, because pictures have succeeded thus far in their determination to ignore him, I am hoping, with a leer, that he, with a superb gesture, will proceed to ignore the studios.



It may rob a few unluckily appreciative people of a passionately fine artist and a vigorous personality, but on the leeway it will preserve him for those who *will* give him justice. If fire, and sincerity, and color, and background, and dignity are some of the attributes that make a theatrical celebrity, then certainly here is one—but not for an unimaginative audience. People who want nothing more than an ordinary existence, and prefer sardines to caviar can't suffer—nor, while I think of it, appreciate such wildness.

I have seen "Camille," and can vouch for anything I'm saying. Jane Cowl herself got little more applause than her splendid *Armand*.

Yet motion-picture audiences, I know, will always prefer their Novarro and their Chevalier. Didn't they let Leslie Howard go?

DAN ROHRIG.

605 West 9th Street, Upland, California.

Stanwyck's Appeal Slipping.

RECENTLY I've been reading lots of praise thrown in the direction of Barbara Stanwyck. No, I'm not going to say she isn't a capable actress, but I do say that she has lost much of her original appeal. I first saw Miss Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure," and from then on she has been one of my favorites, but with each succeeding picture she seems to get less convincing.

She has got what Hollywood so boastfully calls sophistication. In her first rôle she played the sort of character to which she is most suited. If she could get another suitable rôle or two, she might regain her old appeal, but as it is, I don't care about seeing any more of her pictures.

JACK HITT.

General Delivery, Houston, Texas.



Tully Is Weary.

IN the words of an English king, "Will no one deliver me from this man?" I mean Barry Norton. I seem to have stirred up a hornets' nest when I said I didn't like Barry.

Should I have kept it secret? Well, I just couldn't. And here's another secret I can't keep. I've discovered a brand-new star!

Tall, dark, and steely-eyed, he walks among men, yet strangely apart from his fellows. One minute a nobody, and then—a giant of the screen! Just one more actor looking for his coffee and cake, and then—a star of stars! Strange though it may



Continued on page 9

THEY HOOTED

when I offered to play —

but after the first piece...

LOIS was almost in tears. It was her first big party, and I knew how she prayed that everything would be all right. And—of course, the radio had to pick just that night to go on a vacation!

Poor Lois! I shall never forget the expression on her face as she saw the whole room-full of people sitting around, bored, trying to make conversation, hardly knowing what to do with themselves.

"Oh, Jack," she told me, "I'm nearly sick. I don't know what to do. Everybody is having a terrible time, and I did so want this to be a good party. Now everything is spoiled. We can't dance or anything."

"Well," I offered, gathering my courage, "I'll play for them to dance."

"You!" she exclaimed. "Why, you can't play, Jack. It's awfully sweet of you, but . . ."

"Watch me," I said. I faced the room and called out in a joking manner: "Folks, you're going to have a treat. I'm going to play."

There was a chorus of good-humored hooting.

"Maybe I've got a tin ear or something," Ed laughed. "Did anybody else hear what I did?"

"I heard it, but I don't believe it," Joe said.

Bill stood up and scowled with mock seriousness.

"Jack's a magician," he announced. "It's all done with mirrors."

There was a gale of laughter during which I seated myself before the piano. I played up to the farcical mood of the others, swept my hand over my hair as though it were very long, made a few grotesque flourishes in the air, and banged heavily on the bass keys. There was another burst of laughter.

"Atta boy, Paderewski!" Ed hooted.

Suddenly I swung into the quick, joyous notes of "Happy Days." This was real playing and suddenly the laughter ceased. They sat spellbound, and at last I felt the thrill of being able to entertain, of contributing to the party.

When I stopped there was a moment of silence, and then, I was deluged with questions. *When had I learned to play? Where had I studied? Who was my teacher? Where had I been hiding my talent all these years?*

How I Learned To Play

I told them the whole story, how I had always longed to be able to play the piano but had never had the time or the patience to sit down for hours and practice tedious exercises. Besides I could not have afforded to pay a private teacher.

But one day, while looking through a magazine, I saw an advertisement of the U. S. School of Music. The ad offered to send a Free Demonstration Lesson to prove how easy it is to learn to play at home, without a teacher, in one's spare time.

"Do you mean to say you learned to play without a private teacher?" Joe asked, incredulously.

"Absolutely. When that demonstration lesson came I saw at once how really easy and interesting the course was, and so I sent for it.

Learning to play was actually fun—no finger-twisting exercises—no long hours practicing scales. It was as easy as A-B-C.

"In a surprisingly short time I was playing many of the pieces I had longed to play—classical, jazz, almost anything. But I didn't tell you folks, because I wanted to be sure of myself first."

They could hardly believe me. But in a few minutes they begged me to play more,



Pick Your Instrument

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Piano | Violin |
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| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | Sight Singing |
| Voice and Speech | Culture |
| Harmony and Composition | Drums and Traps |
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and every one danced. Lois was happy and grateful. She said later that I had saved the party. . . . And now that people know I can play—*really play*—I have invitations out practically every night.

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To prove how really easy this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged to send you a Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet—free! They will show you how to play your favorite instrument in less than half the usual time, and at a cost of only a few cents a day. The booklet also explains the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

If you really want to learn to play—if you want to be popular and have a host of friends—fill in the coupon below and send it in—*at once!* Don't delay—you will not be obligated in any way. Instruments supplied if needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 532 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By the Oracle

ERLE OF SOUTH DAKOTA—Been saving a lot of questions for me, have you? Well, here are the answers. Juliette Compton played *Piccadilly Bessie*, in "Kick In"; Paul Hurst, *Whip Foggarty*; Wayde Boteler, *Diggs*, the detective. James Crane was *Blaze Denton*, in "Dude Ranch." The principal players in "The Night Club" were Vera Reynolds, Raymond Griffith, Wallace Beery, Louise Fazenda. That smiling face in the lower left-hand corner of page twenty of the February, 1931, Picture Play belongs to Eddie Nugent. Wynne Gibson pronounced her first name "Win."

LEMUEL T. HALE.—A reader has supplied the information that Marguerite Clark, since her marriage to Harry Palmerson Williams, a wealthy New Orleans man, has been living in that city.

PEG.—Like so many of our old favorites, Anita Stewart seems definitely to have retired from the screen, just as Carol Dempster, Louise Huff, and Bessie Barriscale, who once held first place in the hearts of many fans, have married and are giving their attention to things domestic.

BILLIE F.—"Eleven Who Were Loyal," a German film, included Mary Nolan, Ernest Rueckert, Gustav Semmler, Fritz Alberti, Greta Reinwald; "Sorrell and Son," Mary Nolan and Nils Asther; "Good Morning, Judge," Mary Nolan and Reginald Denny; "The Foreign Legion," Mary Nolan and Norman Kerry; "Silks and Saddles," Mary Nolan and Richard Walling; "Undertow," Mary Nolan and John Mack Brown. These were all silent pictures, with the exception of the last.

LEONARD FEIGENBAUM.—There is a Richard Dix Club with Harold Revine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. For his photograph, write to the RKO Studio, 780 Grower Street, Hollywood. You know, of course, that Mr. Dix is no longer the screen's most eligible bachelor, having married Winifred Coe, October 20th. It seems to me that your opinions about the various players should be directed to "What the Fans Think." Why not submit a letter written expressly for that department?

ELLEN WILLIAMS.—Pauline Frederick was christened Pauline Libby, but I do not know the nationality of her parents. She was considered a great beauty in her youth. Didn't you enjoy her performance in Joan Crawford's "This Modern Age"? She will also have an important part in "Wayward," with Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen.

RUTH TEWKSBURY.—There are Buddy Rogers fan clubs with the following: Bertha Weiss, 143 Sterling Street, Brooklyn, New York; Marian L. Thornburn, Paisley, Ontario, Canada; William J. Frank, 2271 W. Philadelphia Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; Randolph Tye, 708 S. Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas. To form a fan club, get a group of your friends

together. Write to the star for his or her cooperation, elect a president, and, through fan magazines, invite others to join. Leslie Howard is married and has two children. There is no club in his honor.

A MONROE OWSLEY FAN.—If Mr. Owsley is a cousin of yours, surely you ought to be able to tell me his right name: He is indeed a very talented actor. His films include "Holiday," "Free Love," "This Modern Age," "Indiscreet." Address him in care of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

STANLEY.—Eddie Tamblynn was *Wilky* in "The Flood"; Ben Alexander, *Ted Coster* in "Many a Slip." Rex Lease was fea-



Richard Dix is no longer the most eligible bachelor of the screen, having married Winifred Coe on October 20th.

ured in both "Is There Justice?" and "In Old Cheyenne." Stanley Smith will do a Paramount film, after a year in musical comedy. Clark Gable seems to be the most popular player these days. He has been given one of the leading rôles in "Turn to the Right." James Dunn, having done so well in "Bad Girl" and "Sob Sister," was given a part in "Over the Hill."

RITA HASSAN.—Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York. Her father, Robert Bow, is of English and Scotch extraction. Her mother, who died years ago, was Frances Gordon, of Scotch and French parentage. Barbara Stanwyck, whose real name is Ruby Stevens, was born in Brooklyn, and is of Scotch-Irish descent.

LA JUANITA.—Bela Lugosi, better known as *Dracula*, seems to have made an impression upon the fans. Hungarian

by birth and education, he took up stage work at the age of twenty. His first screen appearance was in "Dracula." He can be reached at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California, where he has just completed "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

RUTH E. C.—The young lad who played the part of *Alexander*, Lois Moran's brother, in "The Spider," was Howard Phillips.

EDDIE QUILLAN FANS may join a club in his honor by writing to Margaret Crabtree, 415 Mesquite Street, Arlington, Texas.

DIANE.—And did you see the Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business"? There were enough laughs in that to cure the worst case of blues. Their names are Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo. "She Wanted a Millionaire" is Joan Bennett's latest offering.

G. M.—If you are interested in a particular player, and would like to exchange opinions with other fans, why not join one of the clubs and correspond with its members? If you will send me your full name and address I shall be glad to forward you a list of clubs.

THERESA M. DU BROCKY.—Joan Crawford's latest picture is "Possessed," originally titled "The Mirage," with Clark Gable opposite. Joan was born in San Antonio, Texas, on May 23, 1908. Address her at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California. There is a fan club in her honor with Marian L. Dommer, 9717 Eighty-first Street, Ozone Park, New York.

JOHN B.—Betty Compson played with Richard Barthelmess in "Weary River." And is that all you want to know? My, but that was an easy one to answer!

GONE COLBERT.—So you think Claudette Colbert has been neglected in these pages, do you? Well, we'll remedy that right here and now. As you know, she was born in Paris, France, of French parents, and there attended the public schools. Coming to New York in 1913, she continued her education at the Washington Irving High School. Since arriving in America, Miss Colbert has always lived in New York City. Her first stage rôle was a small part in "The Wild Westcotts," in 1924. Not being pleased with her first picture, "Love of Mike," she returned to the stage. With the coming of the talkies, Paramount offered her a featured rôle in "The Hole in the Wall," followed by "The Lady Lies," since when she has been under contract to that company. Her latest is "His Women" with Gary Cooper, to be followed by "Her Confession," with William Boyd and Lilyan Tashman.

W. MENDO.—Walter Pidgeon, Bernice Claire, and Alexander Gray are not active in pictures at present.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

seem, he does not come to us from far-off Spain or mystic Madagascar, but out of our own Middle West.

The physique of a Dempsey, the gifts of a Barrymore, and the magnetism of a Valentino—he possesses all these, and more. His luminous gray orbs attract even when they should repel. His smile is a mixture of honey and hemlock. His voice changes in a split second from that of pleading lover to the haunting tones of a man who has lost his way along the road to hell.

Fans, I give you Clark Gable. May his shadow never grow less.

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

Robinson's Versatility Challenged.

PICTURE PLAY at ten cents is even better than it was at a quarter. I enjoy it from cover to cover, especially the editor's reviews of new films.

I have read a lot about James Cagney going haywire and holding out for more salary. How does he get that way? I saw "The Public Enemy," and it was good, as was Cagney, but even Buddy Rogers could have played his rôle, for it was actor proof. I like Rogers, too, but I'm sure none of his



friends—even his best ones—think he can act.

At present my favorite is Edward G. Robinson, but all his rôles have been much the same. I am anxious to see what he can do when his versatility is put to the test.

Among the new feminine charmers I think the best by far is Evalyn Knapp. Not only is she the sweetest girl since Sue Carol made me sit up and take notice, but she really can act and her voice is just as it should be.

Harking back to the past, what has happened to Montagu Love? Must a man be under eighteen to get any chance in Hollywood or the fan magazines?

L. EARL YOUNG.

Pittsburgh (9), Pennsylvania.

Lydia Loses a Bet.

WHY all this speculation about Constance Bennett marrying the marquis or anybody else? What has any man to offer this Park Avenue of screenland?

Here is a girl who has everything and has done everything. Constance Bennett has brains, beauty, and breeding. She has already given to marriage love, companionship, and passion. She has wealth, social position, and success. She has traveled extensively. She maintains homes in both Europe and America. She possesses expensive jew-



els, furs, and cars. Her wardrobe equals that of a princess. She has the emotional and mental companionship of brilliant, cultured, and interesting men here and abroad.

Constance Bennett is a very smart girl. Do not bet on her marrying, unless you are prepared to lose your money. Her best bet is herself.

LYDIA HOLLINGSWORTH.

Mandeville, Louisiana.

A Sincere Hero Found.

THE movies are becoming more and more stilted. There is no sincerity in the performance of many of our many idols.

We sit in a theater enthralled at passionate kisses and ardent caresses bestowed by some handsome sheik upon the dizzy heroine.

We lean back and dream—switching places with the lucky recipient of affection. At the end of the performance we gather our wraps, sigh, and depart, enraptured by the gushy love-making of Mr. Idol.



I, too, went that way, but I saw a player that made me change my mind. Instead of sinking into a reverie, I sat up and took notice.

Who was this young Englishman of slender build with twinkling eyes and mirthful mouth? Who was this man who was ardent, possessive, yet sincere in his love-making?

Here was sincerity. Every fiber in me thrilled to Leslie Howard's magnetic, clear voice. Here was a man who was a true, sincere artist. Nothing synthetic about him.

Take notice of this man. Bring him up to the standard he deserves. Let sincerity be your battle cry, and let Leslie Howard be your leader to better pictures.

RUTH SACHS.

739 Rosedale Avenue,
New York City.

No Romance in Criminals?

WHY, oh, why, did they put Ronald Colman in such a picture as "The Unholy Garden"? Ever since Ronald played in "The White Sister," with *la Gish*, he has been the one and only actor that has held my esteem and admiration for his unusually splendid portrayals.

But to see Ronald Colman, that fine, clean, polished, handsome gentleman, being a criminal throughout an entire picture is too much to bear. He is the most accomplished actor on the screen to-day. His voice is clear and fine. I don't want him to be a criminal.

"The Unholy Garden" is a lovely title for a terrible picture, a picture unworthy of the ability of Ronald Colman. If it's all the same to every one else, I'll take my Colman in a tux, or in a rôle similar to the one he played in "Beau Geste." We want Ronald Colman romantic—and who the deuce can find romance in a criminal?

JOAN KNIGHT.

Box 22, Route 1,
Hanover, Maryland.

Real Singers Would Go Over.

THERE appears to be a controversy raging as to whether singing films are wanted or not. I think this all depends on the type of singing. If it is a Buddy Rogers, a Nancy Carroll, or a Janet Gaynor singing film, by all means no, but if we are privileged to hear Lawrence Tibbett's magnificent voice, the producers need have no fear that musical films are on the wane.

When I saw "New Moon" there was prolonged applause—proof positive that the audience was carried away by the beauty of the singing.

I see that Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Cuban Love Song," is to be an American marine—Heaven forbid! Such a voice as his belongs to cultured and romantic backgrounds, not to the rough atmosphere that inevitably permeates films dealing with soldiers.

Why doesn't he insist on making "Robin Hood," as was at first intended? Also,



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Address.....

What the Fans Think

why not have a screen version of "The King's Henchman," the opera in which he appeared with such success in New York?

RUBY DEERE.
234, Munster Road, Fulham, S. W. 6,
London, England.

Tallulah Upsets Some Thrones.

LIKE thousands of other American fans, I had never seen or heard of Tallulah Bankhead until I saw "Tarnished Lady." And even though it was a poor picture, it made me sit up and take notice of Tallulah in a big way.

Recently I saw her in "My Sin," and with a crash all my former favorites came toppling from the thrones upon which I had placed them. For me, Tallulah now reigns alone, having supplanted such charmers as Bennett, Dietrich, Chatterton, and Garbo.

I have heard people compare her to all these stars, but to me Tallulah Bankhead is incomparable. Those gorgeous, inscrutable eyes; that indifferent, almost contemptuous manner; her easy assurance; her insolent, yet captivating personality; and her fascinating voice all combine to make her the most brilliantly different actress on the screen.

With a little more publicity and one really good picture, I predict for Tallulah an even greater success on the screen than she enjoyed on the London stage.

SIDNEY WILLIAMSON.

Hope, Arkansas.

Sticking up for a Fan!

WHEN I read the attack made on Richard E. Passmore by Betty Dolan, I had to write.

I have always read his letters enthusiastically, for Garbo is my ideal also, and I think he can express most beautifully his thoughts about her. I like Joan Crawford fairly well, but think the criticism was perfectly true. Her acting embarrasses one, and that is not true art.

And why the dyed hair? Why doesn't she keep her individuality, instead of following the crowd?

A "blue-nose" could hardly write so expressively and so understandingly as Passmore. If Betty would read a few more of his letters, she would soon find out that he hasn't a heart of cement, but a heart full of beauty and feeling for the real.

ANICA B. FABRY.

62 West 192nd Street,
New York City.

"Daybreak" Argument Goes On.

JACK HILT'S letter in a recent Picture Play concerning Helen Chandler who, according to him, ran away with the honors in "Daybreak," annoyed me very much, for I entirely disagree. To my mind Miss Chandler gave a very amateurish performance compared with Mr. Novarro. She may be a good actress, but she certainly did not prove it in "Daybreak."

Mr. Novarro, however, although he had to struggle through a very weak story, acted superbly. What other screen hero could cut his hair, or rather shave it, grow a mustache and act such an unsympathetic rôle as he had in the first part of the story?

Imagine Robert Montgomery, Charles Rogers, Farrell, or Colman in such a part. They could not do it nearly as well as Mr. Novarro, and get the sympathy as he did.

"Cherry Valley" says that Ramon is still her favorite in spite of bad stories, et cetera.

Well, so he ought to be! That any Novarro fan would think of deserting him because he has had bad stories seems ab-

surd to me. Ramon has had rotten stories lately and it is just now that he must feel he needs loyal support.

I agree with Cherry Valley that we want to hear as much of Ramon Novarro's voice as possible. It is quiet and clear, and he never shows off its power as stars such as Tibbett are inclined to do.

NAN WRIGHT.

Whitecrofts, Woodside Lane,
Finchley, London.

Why Buddy's Father Is Proud.

BUDDY ROGERS'S father was interviewed when the former first became popular about five years ago. In that interview, Mr. Rogers said that he thought more of a statement that Buddy had made than a gift of a million dollars.

Buddy had received more letters that month than any male star ever had, including Valentino. When asked what his reaction was to all the fame, wealth, and fan adulation, Buddy replied, "It may sound funny when I say it, but the truth is that the public has been so kind to me, that my ambition is to return some of that kindness by being thoughtful and considerate of every one with whom I come in contact. I'd like to prove by my conduct that I sincerely appreciate the good fortune that has come to me."

To-day Buddy is still doing just that. He has been going through a very trying period of adversity, yet he has never caused us fans to regret that he is our favorite. The inane rôles given him prior to "The Lawyer's Secret" were not his fault, yet he was continually criticized.

Buddy took it like a man, so thank Heaven he's coming back strong. It has taken his fans a long time to convince Buddy's producers that he was capable of better and more serious rôles—we knew it all the time—and now it has come to pass.

JEAN HAEHNGEN.

1206 Washington Street,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

Hooray for Wally Wales!

EVERYBODY having had their say about their particular favorites, I've decided to bring my favorite, Wally Wales, into the limelight. Perhaps you have never seen him. In that case, I'll have to tell you about him. He plays in Western pictures for Big Four, and he's a real cowboy, too, for he was born in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Handsome? Yes, he has brown hair and deep-blue eyes. His smile will take you clear to Hollywood. Married? No.

Some of his most recent pictures are "So This Is Arizona," "Rider of the Cactus," and "Flying Lariats." Of all the pictures I've seen him in, I think I liked "Trails of Danger" best.

Are his photos and information about him scarce? Just try collecting them and you'll see.

I hope Wally Wales will be successful. At any rate, here's wishing him lots of luck, which he certainly deserves.

HELEN SCHWARTZ.

712 Genesee Street,
Buffalo, New York.

Tired of Exotic Ladies.

I TOO, am tired of exotic mystery ladies. Jean Browne, shake. I'd give anything to see a real, natural, appealing, human girl on the screen again—and when I say that I mean Clara Bow.

You can bet your boots Peggy Shannon can't take our Clara's place. I've seen Peggy and I've seen Clara. Neither Peggy or any one else can ever take our red-headed darling's place. There's only one Bow.

SALLY MEYERS.

Buffalo, New York.

Joan, How Could You?

WHAT a shock it was to discover our youthful Joan Crawford with bleached hair and artificial eyelashes, aping the posing Garbo, or was it the leggy Dietrich?

How could any girl privileged to be in intimate association with the exquisite Mary, the zestful Doug, and Doug, Jr., as fine an actor as any man on the screen today, become such an artificial creature as she appeared? Joan had undeniable charm—her fine eyes, splendid figure, and rich dark hair—and how could she spoil them?

We need more actresses on the screen, rather than "movie queens." Artificiality, posing, and ballyhoo spoil the screen for lovers of true subtlety.

MISS R.

Pueblo, Colorado.

Marion's Outburst.

IT'S some time since I've had an outburst, but I simply have to get the following off my mind:

Things I'd like to see happen:

Dorothy Sebastian get a real break in a first-class picture, instead of wasting her time in second-rate pictures for a second-rate company; ditto for Jean Arthur.

The return of Alice White to triumph on the screen—something to make the knockers sit up and take notice.

Lots and lots of Madge Evans, whose acting ability and unaffected manner are endearing her to all fans—and Tallulah Bankhead, who is a very interesting personality and fine actress. More pictures in which Ruth Chatterton can use that marvelous sense of humor of hers, instead of her weeping useless tears all over the place.

Another rôle as worthy of Lois Wilson as hers in "Seed."

A real chance for Karen Morley, who shows great promise.

More extra-fine rôles for Richard Dix. Nils Asther's return to his former position on the screen.

Pauline Frederick in more big rôles—she is always welcome. I saw "Modern Age" twice for her, although I am a Joan Crawford fan.

Fredric March, Ralph Forbes, and Neil Hamilton without mustaches—impossible, though, I fear.

And less talk about Loretta Young, who takes first prize as the screen's most insipid actress—if she can be called an actress.

I rise to defend Claudette Colbert. The nerve of some people! I mean Jack Cochrane. You amuse me, lad. Claudette is a grand actress and person. She is by no means resting on any past laurels, nor are they slight. Miriam Hopkins was good in "Smiling Lieutenant," but Claudette was grand and glorious. I love her singing. I really can't see enough of her.

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Our Wishing Post.

I WISH:

People would stop talking about John Gilbert's voice. His voice is just as good as any in Hollywood. I can at least understand what he is talking about, which is more than I can say for some of these English accents.

That the fan magazines would quit predicting that each new movie marriage is the ideal match and is surely going to last, because in the next number comes news of divorce or rumors of divorce.

That they also stop suggesting that Mary Pickford leave the screen on account of her age. You would think she was a centenarian to hear them talk.

Continued on page 12

Keep his head up and we'll all come through!



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

*The President's Organization on
Unemployment Relief*

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nationwide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Surely she is not any older than Betty Compson or Ruth Chatterton.

That we could have some good-looking leading men in pictures. Besides Novarro, Lebedeff, Colman, and a few others, they are few and far between. I can't understand all this fuss over Clark Gable. A good enough actor, I'll admit; but terrible-looking. Those ears!

That we could have Nils Asther in pictures again. Now, there's a chap who has looks and can also act.

That they would let Ramon sing in his pictures. Mrs. M. C. M.

Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Yearning for Better Things—

FOR the past year I have been wanting to write a fan letter expressing my wish that Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald would costar in "Romeo and Juliet." Now that gangster stories are out, for a time at least, I dare to express my wish.

"Romeo and Juliet" photographed in Technicolor—what real beauty could be put into it! The dark, handsome Novarro would be a perfect foil for the fair Jeanette.

I picture Ramon in doublet and hose—his really magnificent legs showing to the utmost advantage—and Jeanette with Juliet's cap of pearls resting upon her bright curly head.

Jeanette was so beautiful in Technicolor in "The Vagabond King," I shall not rest until I see her in another all-color picture.

Both possessing fine singing voices, Jeanette and Ramon would be ideal in this old, yet ever new, love story of the man and maid of Verona.

JANICE HOLMER.

7919 Drexel Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

If Marie Dressler Bleaches!

WHY, oh, why, are all the stars going blond? I could name a dozen or more ex-brunettes, and in my opinion they are not nearly so attractive with blond tresses. For instance, Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford, and Clara Bow.

If Lois Wilson, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, or Marie Dressler ever become platinum blondes, I'll stop seeing movies.

I suspect that platinum panic, Jean Harlow, of being the inspiration for brunettes changing into blondes. Why can't some stars realize that it spoils their looks when they bleach?

Oh, well—I never wanted to believe that "gentlemen prefer blondes," anyhow.

LILLIAN WILLIAMSON.

Nanipa, Idaho.

How To Get Even.

HOW can the fans possibly keep on admiring Nancy Carroll? It is quite plain that popularity has gone to Miss Carroll's head. She is not an actress, but is merely an adornment in a picture. After reading the comment on Nancy in November Picture Play I just boiled. It would be good for the fans to avoid her future pictures, because she avoids the fans.

Likewise, Helen Chandler claims fatigue when asked for her autograph. Miss Chandler should be wary, because the public decides the fate of the players, and she is not—or at least I hope she isn't—a permanent fixture on the screen.

As to the Garbo-Dietrich controversy, down with Garbo and up with Dietrich! This aloofness of Garbo is for publicity and is not her real self. Dietrich is far more beautiful and is a clever actress and

natural. Miss Garbo should be knocked from her pedestal and Dietrich be raised to it to remain there as long as she will.

ELIZABETH BRECKER.

Brooklyn, New York.

Over Miles of Broken Glass!

AFTER seeing Kent Douglass in "Waterloo Bridge" I cannot refrain from commenting upon him. To me his *Roy Cronin* was one of the sweetest characters ever portrayed on the screen, and his acting nothing short of marvelous.

I admire this young artist tremendously, because he is refreshingly different, playing his rôles with a great deal of warmth, enthusiasm, and a subtle fineness seldom seen. And if he had not returned to the stage, he would have soared to the heights.

I would walk over miles of broken glass in my bare feet to see him, and I wish for his speedy return to Hollywood and the films.

JANET COATS.

120 Pico Boulevard,
Santa Monica, California.

Ramon's Artistic Courage.

NORBERT LUSK'S review of Ramon Novarro's "Son of India" delighted me because it clearly expressed my sentiments.

To star in a thing of such spiritual beauty for the entertainment of the sophisticated, materialistic American public shows splendid courage.

Mr. Novarro can always be depended upon to give a wholesome, delightful characterization, and I wish the producers would give us more of him and allow him to sing. Mrs. FRANCES ENGLISH.

Memphis, Tennessee.

Star-gazing in London.

UNTIL a couple of years ago we fans in England very rarely had an opportunity of seeing your favorites in person. But recently England seems to have become quite popular with stars. During the last year I have seen stars whom I never dreamed I would ever see in the flesh. It may interest American fans to hear about it.

First and foremost, in my opinion, is the one and only Maurice Chevalier, who visited us for two weeks. Every one in America must have heard the details of his tremendous success in London. I was present at his first night, and was lucky enough to meet him.

Soon after, Charlie Chaplin brought "City Lights" to the same theater at which Maurice appeared. The first night saw a few thousand people standing in pouring rain outside the theater, waiting for Charlie's arrival. I was among these—idiots, in the opinion of many people.

After about two hours of waiting—during which time a hoaxer, dressed as Charlie's famous character, caused a stampede—a rumor spread that Charlie had been inside the theater since late afternoon in order to avoid mobbing.

However, he was sport enough not to disappoint us, and came out onto the balcony over the entrance. Standing up there in the rain, with lights full on him, his silver hair and white teeth gleaming, waving and shouting down to us, he made a delightful picture, well worth the long, wet vigil.

The same theater was soon afterward the scene of Gloria Swanson's appearance with "Indiscreet," a film which gave me more happiness than any other for years. We caught hardly a glimpse of Gloria as she scurried into the theater, as shy as a mouse.

Again, for the last two weeks, the attendants have had a hard time dealing with mobs, on the occasion of Jeanette MacDonald's appearance. This delicious

creature, my favorite actress, has been an overwhelming success.

Although I knew she was very popular here, I really did not expect she would be given such an ovation, which equaled Maurice Chevalier's. Every one fell for her good and hard. She was utterly lovable, with her girlish yet regal figure, flaming hair, big sparkling eyes, and deliciously big mouth. I managed to get near enough to her afterward to have my program autographed and to shake her hand.

Lillian Roth was scheduled to appear at the Plaza, but walked out at the last minute after she had been billed, which I think was a rotten action. Her reason was that she hadn't received enough publicity!

George Arliss, bless him, can be seen any day strolling along Piccadilly, and a fine sight he is, too.

We fans are having a splendid time now, and we hope they all come over. There'll be a welcome for every one of them!

"STAR GAZER."

26 Chaucer Road, Forest Gate,
London, E. 7, England.

Chaplin's "Genius" Questioned.

THE unthinking have pronounced Chaplin a genius. Genius? It gives the word a rather broad meaning, don't you think? Chaplin's so-called genius is nothing more or less than a sound knowledge of what it takes to make a sure-fire picture, for, in the last analysis, a Chaplin picture is only a series of carefully planned gags varied somewhat with old-fashioned hokum.

I suspect that Chaplin himself finds it increasingly difficult to live up to all the word "genius" implies. We are continually reading of the great things he is going to do. He spends years making a single film, and expectations run high. When finally released, however, it is no better and no worse than current achievements.

Chaplin, for some vague reason, does not allow his voice to be heard. The result, though quaint, is hardly compatible with the idea of leadership in the motion-picture field. A. MARTIN OLIN.

4220 Thirty-first Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Razzing the Unrazzable.

IS Universal Studio trying to win a booby prize? It has been turning out the worst pictures of the century. Other studios have been trying their best to do their worst, but so far Universal has managed to provide most of the excuses that make critics boil and say that pictures are still in their infaney.

There have been a few good pictures. They were "Merry-Go-Round," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Waterloo Bridge."

What a record for a company that has been producing ever since pictures began to move! A failure will happen even in the best managed studio; but, for goodness' sake, don't make a serial out of it.

Then, too, look at the promising careers that Universal has put an end to. Mary Philbin, who sealed her own doom when she signed her Universal contract. Also Glenn Tryon, Norman Kerry, Laura La Plante, Mary Nolan—what's the use of going on?

The only success Lew Ayres has had since "All Quiet" was "The Doorway to Hell," and that was made at another studio. If Lupe Velez's fans ever forget her Universal pictures, she may stay on the screen; but I doubt if she will ever be a star again.

Metro sends a company into the wilds of Africa to make a picture, and Universal—ever ready to steal the other fellow's thunder—sends a company to Borneo, with the words, "Never mind the story; we'll write that while you're gone."

What happened to Dorothy Janis, who went to Borneo to play in the picture? Replaced by Rose Hobart, who didn't go out of California to play her part. And the story? It isn't a story; it's a calamity. It's too bad to throw into the garbage, so they release it and call it a work of art!

RKO, on the whole, turns out better pictures than any other studio. Not that other studios can't turn out good ones, too; but RKO does them one better. The studio also deserves a big hand for giving "Cimarron" to Richard Dix. It couldn't have picked a better story.

Metro doesn't do right by Ramon Novarro, William Haines, and Anita Page. Especially Ramon. And what is this I hear about Ramon being a mere leading man in "Mata Hari" with Garbo? He should costar, please! Another picture like "Daybreak" and I'll know why the Metro lion roars.

ROSIE JUNG.
605 Thompson Place,
San Antonio, Texas.

Old Meanie's Will Talk.

THE fans seem to be quite concerned over the health and appearance of Joan Crawford. Some of the letters are intended to be helpful in their criticism; others are downright mean.

Eileen Stephenson's, in October Picture Play, is of the latter type. Without a doubt, Eileen has no liking whatsoever for Miss Crawford, and so writes an unkind letter, not caring whether her cruel remarks may hurt Joan.

After seeing "Laughing Sinners," she rushes to Picture Play to tell the public how awful Joan's acting was, and how—to use Eileen's own expression—ghastly she looked.

Any one who has not yet seen the picture will go expecting to see Miss Crawford giving a very poor performance and looking as though she were ready to step from this world into the next. This is the impression one gets from Eileen's letter.

I don't need to say anything about her performance. Norbert Lusk's interesting and well-written review is the answer to any criticism of Joan's work in "Laughing Sinners." I suggest that Eileen turn to page 49 of October Picture Play and read it.

ETHEL M. SCHILLING.
Boston, Massachusetts.

An Englishman's Pal.

THE peculiar arrogance of the English always amuses me. Thus certain English fans resent the slightest criticism of Richard Barthelmess, possibly because the information has been broadcast far and wide that Richard is a friend of Ronald Colman. True, Mr. Barthelmess has protested that he has many other friends; but nothing will prevent screen writers from celebrating the three musketeers—adding Powell.

One would imagine, from the tone of Linda Maxwell's letter directed at me, the birthplace of the adored Richard to be England and not America. Let me assure the British maiden that I once admired the acting of Barthelmess, especially in "The Enchanted Cottage" and a few other silent pictures, as much as she does his personality. She evidently regards acting as of little consequence. This was in pretalkie days.

As for any one—even Ina Claire or

Katharine Cornell, my greatest idols—being a perfect player, it is not possible.

It is both silly and prejudiced to write as if no American actor had an agreeable voice except Barthelmess. John Barrymore is no great favorite of mine, but he comes nearer being a finished player than Dick. If L. M. ever listened to Warner Baxter—but what's the use? I despair also of making Linda understand what romantic parts are.

S. WATSON.
1026 South Frazier Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Tired of Tarnished Ladies.

RAMON NOVARRO is, perhaps, of all the stars, the one most idealized by his fans, and all he needs is a good story, a good director, and a chance to sing as splendidly as he did in "Call of the Flesh." And these are not too much to ask. They are due any star.

Tarnished ladies, gangster pictures, or Maurice Chevalier and his grinning leer and French-music-hall entertainment may please Broadway and a certain class of the crowd, but it isn't progress.

Please give the rest of us a break. Give us Novarro with his music, his dreams, his beauty, and his superlative charm. I had so hoped to hear him sing "Song of India" and the "Bedouin Love Song" in his "Son of India," for his voice contains:

Something more than the lilt of the strain,
Something more than the touch of the lute,

For the voice of the minstrel is vain
If the heart of the minstrel is mute.

GRACE V. HUGHEY.
24 Hardy Pond Road,
Wellington Grove,
Waltham, Massachusetts.

Paging Dorothy Sebastian.

WHY don't we see more of Dorothy Sebastian? She is certainly more beautiful than any of the leading ladies that we see more often. She has a lovely speaking voice and is a talented actress. Yet we see her only in pictures of little or no importance, and which play only at the little neighborhood theaters.

LOUISA.
Chicago, Illinois.

All for Tibbett.

FOR a long time now I have read the letters in "What the Fans Think," and have been very disappointed that so few of the fans ever praise Lawrence Tibbett.

I am a great admirer of Mr. Tibbett; he has such a wonderful voice and personality, and I think his acting is most delightful and natural.

Since I saw "The Rogue Song," I have collected fifty-eight photographs of him, and have six gramophone records of his voice. Also, I might add, I have seen "The Rogue Song" six times, "New Moon" ten, and "The Prodigal" four.

I was pleased to read the letter written by John H. Clifford concerning Mr. Tibbett, and join with him in wishing that Mr. Tibbett's successes increase and that his producer gives him pictures worthy of his talents.

CICELY PORTER.
39 Braham Gardens, Earls Court,
London, S. W. 5, England.

Byron Is Neglected.

NOW, I'm not insane or romantic, but every time I see Walter Byron I think of the big chance producers are losing. Honestly, fans, don't you think he's worth better chances and bigger parts? He seems to have everything an

actor needs—good looks, culture, acting ability, and a fine speaking voice.

What more do producers want? He's got heaps of fans over here in his own country. I wonder how many more fans feel the same as I do about him

MISS B. SWALLOW.
43 Morden Road, Caerleon Road,
Newport, Monmouthshire, England.

Bad, but Never Cheap.

THE battle continues to rage about Garbo and Dietrich, but it will take something more than "Morocco" or "Dis-honored," to overshadow "Anna Christie," to mention just one Garbo success.

Garbo can be bad, bad, bad; but she is never cheap. She never lets herself become really soiled. Garbo at her very lowest is something for men to look up to, because of a certain something in those mysterious, age-old eyes, which for the lack of a better name I will call a clean soul.

As for Dietrich, the best we can wish for her are the breaks that Garbo has had. Comparisons are odious, and only time will tell.

The thing that burns me up are these suggestions of love affairs between Greta and each new leading man. If she makes her character live, she is accused of falling—such a cheap word to use in speaking of Garbo—for her leading man. Now it is Clark Gable—a married man! To say this thing of Garbo is to classify her with flapper schoolgirls.

ANNEKEPAN MAXSON.
12417 Northlawn Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Clara's Done No Wrong.

I WOULD like to meet any one who can say Clara Bow has done any wrong. Just because she has been too good to some people, too good for her own benefit.

If Clara wanted to buy gifts for her friends, it was her money that paid for them. Why should other people butt in?—and as for her love letters, there was nothing in any of them that any good girl would not write.

I am so sick of these goody-good people, who see wrong in everybody but themselves.

There is no one in the whole world who can fill our Clara's shoes. And we want her back, with that sweet smile and gay manner. When we see her pictures, we don't have to have any one knock us on the head to keep us awake. So please give us our little Clara.

MISS E. G. KLAGES.
1027 Twelfth Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Who Selects Garbo's Stories?

I HAVE recently seen Greta Garbo in "Susan Lenox," and though I always enjoy seeing her, I must express my disappointment in the poor stories she gets. Most Garbo fans, like myself, enjoy her pictures whether the story is poor or otherwise, but those who are not enthused at the mere presence of Garbo make no effort to see her.

I have often wondered if Garbo chooses her stories and leading men, or if the studio selects them for her. Many will remember "Inspiration" and how pathetic Robert Montgomery appeared opposite Garbo. If Clark Gable had played his part, the picture would have been excellent entertainment.

MARTHA ALICE TRIFERO.
6 Jenness Road,
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Continued on page 61

Introducing the First Star of 1932



MARIAN MARSH

in **"UNDER EIGHTEEN"**



"I see the first star . . . The first star sees me . . . she's under eighteen . . . amazingly lovely . . . a creature of fire and emotion . . . blonde . . . petite . . . talented . . . This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final" . . . You made Marian Marsh a star . . . Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love . . . Superb drama! Superbly acted!" » » » » »



WARREN WILLIAM
REGIS TOOMEY
ANITA PAGE
NORMAN FOSTER
JOYCE COMPTON

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyan and Maude Fulton . . .
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

VOLUME XXXV
NUMBER 6

STREET & SMITH'S
PICTURE PLAY

FEBRUARY
1932

JACKIE COOPER takes a boyish bow for his phenomenal performance in "The Champ." All the world wonders at the marvelous cleverness of this eight-year-old whose acting baffles critics who mingle their reluctant tears with those of more susceptible fans. And for all his technical skill, Jackie is always just a little boy who does the best he can without knowing why. "Sooky," a sequel to "Skippy," is his next, with Robert Coogan.



INFERIORITY

Yes, even the stars are not always sure of themselves. This tells what they do to build up self-confidence.

By Samuel Richard Mook
and Jack Jamison

HAS Hollywood an inferiority complex? You laugh, you smirk, you sneer at the idea that possibly the great of the screen—the idols of the world, with the adulation of the universe at their feet—may suffer from a delusion that they are less perfect than you or the man next door.

Well, how do you account for the fact that Clara Bow, who has had more proposals than the rest of filmdom put together, had to be taken out of two pictures?

She had nervous breakdowns, they said. Yes, but as soon as she found she wouldn't have to make the pictures she recovered so quickly it was little short of miraculous.

Clara was *scared!*

Take the last picture she was supposed to make, "The Secret Call." She had a breakdown and the doctor announced she would have to be in a sanitarium for six months, at least.

Clara went to the sanitarium and Peggy Shannon was rushed into the part. The instant the picture was under way Clara recovered. She stayed in the hospital less than a month!

Or take the previous picture, "City Streets." Director Mamoulian asked for two weeks' rehearsals, instead of the customary one. Said he, "Clara thinks she's suffering from microphone fright, but she isn't. It's an inferiority complex, and I've got to cure her of it before I can turn out a good picture."

Yet why should Clara suffer from an inferiority complex?

A junior clerk who takes insults from the men above him, yes. We can understand why eventually the idea would be inculcated into him that maybe he wasn't so good.

But, as a rule, even in those clerks there is a psychological attempt to prove to themselves that they really aren't inferior, by going home and bullying their wives.

A longshoreman knows he'll never be anything more than just a longshoreman. Yes, we can understand his inferiority complex.

An undersized man who is jokingly or sneeringly referred to by his companions and associates as "Shorty"—yes, we can understand his inferiority complex, too, although short men usually strut like bantam roosters in an effort to attract notice to themselves.

But Clara? Nor is Clara the only one!

Take Joan Crawford. A writer once showed her a story he had written about her in which he said that she had an ambition to wield the social scepter of Hollywood. Joan scanned the piece hurriedly.

"I wish," she said, pointing to the sentence, "you'd leave that out. Social life doesn't mean a thing to me."

Joan Crawford denies that she aspires to wield the social scepter, but her guests are chosen with an eye to the value of their names.

Photo by Horrell



Complex —What?

But look! Glance carefully at the guest list of any affair given by Joan and Doug, and you'll see marked evidence of a desire to take their places among the élite of Hollywood.

A desire that a psychologist might construe as an endeavor to cover up an inferiority complex—a desire to bolster up an inner feeling that they may not be quite at the top of the ladder.

For at their social functions one meets only people whose names will look well in the columns of the papers!

At their second wedding anniversary, Joan's brother was conspicuously absent. So was Doug's uncle, G. P. Sully, who works in the same studio as Doug. So were several other people who by all the laws of logic should have been there.

At the same time, among the guests one found people whom Doug and Joan knew but slightly—Helen Hayes and Charles McArthur, for instance, both of whom had but recently arrived in Hollywood.

Again, at the opening of Doug's play, "The Man in Possession," among the invited guests were Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, than whom there are none whomer in New York.

It was quite a feather in Joan's cap to have them as her guests. Yet Hollywood gossip says she all but had to explain who she was when she extended the invitation.

Still again, at a Mayfair party their table was graced by such people as Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Gloria Swanson, Gene Markey, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, William Bakewell, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor.

Once Joan introduced a friend to a young man who

Wasn't it the suspicion of an inferiority complex that caused Pola Negri to marry a prince and exult in a title?

When married to the Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria Swanson insisted that her household speak of her as "the Marquise," and not as Miss Swanson.



Photo by Ball

had come to visit her on the set. "He's the oldest friend I've got in Hollywood," she explained.

"He used to know me back in Kansas City."

But one never reads of this young man being at a party she gives, however large.

There is Neil Hamilton. Of all the people in Hollywood, none suffers more from a genuine inferiority complex than Neil. Why, no one knows.

There are few people in pictures with his high spirits, and he has much more than average intelligence. Yet when Neil gives a dinner party he is afraid he may not be a good host, may not be able to keep the conversational ball rolling.

Ironically, he is scared to death of his own parties!

After viewing his performance in "Strangers May Kiss," Louis B. Mayer said to him, "If you could only learn to relax, we could make you one of the greatest stars in pictures!"

But Neil can't. And he endeavors to cover up this feeling of inferiority with an air of bravado which he is far from feeling, and which misleads people who do not know him well.

When he was cast opposite Alice White, in "The Widow from Chicago," Alice, whose

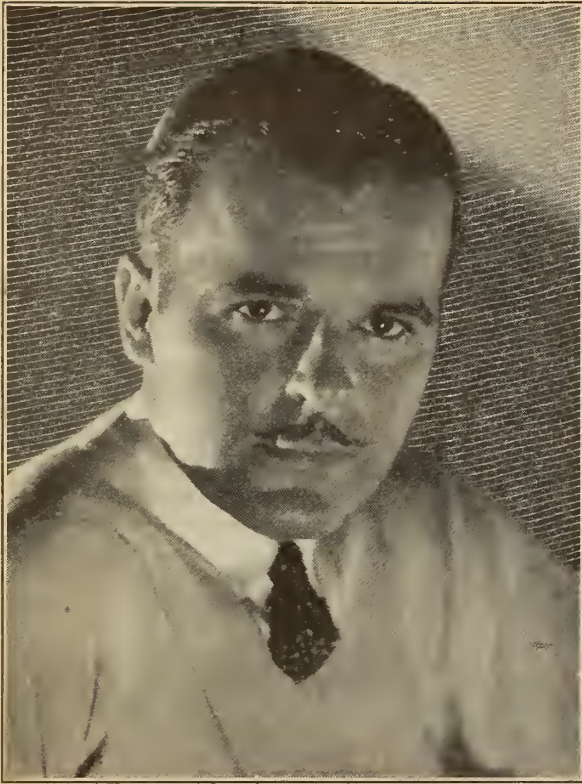


Photo by Hurrell

knowledge of him was gleaned solely from seeing him on the screen, went into the front office and asked—nay, demanded—that he be removed from the cast.

"You always seemed to have such a superior air," Alice told him afterward, when she had got to know and like him. "I always thought you were laughing up your sleeve at me and everybody else in the picture!"

Possibly one reason for the marked inferiority complexes to which so many of our stars are subject is the fact that they come from middle-class families.

They hear the terms "nouveau riche" and "bourgeois" applied to them behind their backs. It makes them self-conscious, and they realize they haven't the social position of the Astors and Vanderbilts. Money alone, or fame, isn't enough to get them into such society.

There is little doubt that it was largely this feeling which prompted Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, and Mae Murray to marry into titled families. It was simply an unspoken determination to prove to themselves they were the equals of nobility.

Psychologists say that if the stars were honestly convinced they *are* as good as princes and dukes, they wouldn't have to have their pictures taken with them to prove it.

Look at Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Let any one from English nobility to the fourth assistant secretary of state of the kingdom of Montazulu set foot in Hollywood, and he is wined and dined at Pickfair, and enough pictures are taken of him with his hosts to keep the magazines flooded until the next distinguished visitor arrives.

One cannot help but wonder how the stars in general must feel when the blue-blooded personages return to their homes and speak of them as they might speak of an interesting collection of zoölogical specimens!

There is a story told, although we have no way of proving it, that on the Fairbankses' last visit but one to Paris, Doug paid an agency a sizable sum to provide extras to swarm outside the theaters he and Mary attended to cheer them as they came out.

And the show-offs! Without mentioning too many names, we'll say that Hollywood as a town has the show-off bug.

Nowhere else in the world will you see such big cars, so many fancy headlights, such super-French horns, so much chromium plate.

Nowhere else will you see women dressed and overdressed in such elaborate gowns, nor men wearing blue shirts and sulphur neckties, worn with slave bracelets and forty-dollar sun goggles.

And when a new theater, a new picture, or even a new vegetable market or telephone booth opens, sun arcs shoot dazzling beams into the sky and jazz bands play through loud-speakers.

That is showing off, just as much as is driving a ten-thousand-dollar car while you rent a thirty-dollar apartment—a common Hollywood custom.

Nowhere else in the world is so much money spent on display as in Hollywood. And every one knows that a show-off, like a boaster, is a person not very sure of his own worth but is out to convince the world of it.

Could you find another party anywhere to equal the one given by William Haines, one feature of which was four hundred orchids, and thousands of gardenias, *rented* for the occasion?

Hollywood's clannishness is another evidence of an inferiority complex, if we may believe the modern school of psychology.

In Hollywood many a man gets—and keeps—his job only because he has a lot of friends and relatives in the industry.

When the talkies arrived, and stage actors and playwrights began flooding the town, they met—what? Suspicion, resentment, and downright hatred!

The Hollywood lads and lassies, you see, were afraid of competition. They weren't so sure they could hold their jobs against it. And when a man is afraid of competition, it means he isn't

so sure he's good. If he were, he would have no fear. And to say that a man is afraid of others is another way of saying that he has an inferiority complex.

And how about those ceremonies at the railroad stations, when stars returning to Hollywood are met by brass bands, floral wreaths, and newsreel cameramen?

How about those banners strung across the Boulevard, bearing exclamations, "Welcome Home, Gloria!" and "Welcome Home, Sid!"

In the latter case, Mr. Grauman had never been out of Hollywood. After selling his Chinese Theater, he

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Neil Hamilton is actually afraid of his own parties, but bluffs and scares actresses with an inferiority complex greater than his own.

William Haines must have been low in his mind when he rented four hundred orchids for a lavish party.



NOT A DRY EYE!

What's all the weeping for? Now, girls, be brave and our sob-sister recruited from the fan ranks will gloat over the fall of your favorite bachelor.

WELL, girls, it's all over. There's nothing to do but dust off Aunt Minerva's

crêpe bonnet and lay in a fresh supply of hankies. The wailing wall is the first door to your right. Go to it, my dears, and remember, I'm with you!

After all these years, your favorite bachelor—and yours and yours—has gone off the deep end without a struggle. And—this is going to hurt—he's so blissfully happy that it's pathetic.

All of you who have scoffed at Santa Claus and sneered at the Easter bunny, lend an ear. Walk the plank and like it! The romance of Richard Dix and Winifred Coe was a case of love at first sight—and genuine enough to stand a second look.

Miss Coe was, and is, a friend of Dix's sister-in-law, Mrs. Brimmer, Dix, as you probably know, having been christened Ernest Carlton Brimmer. If *that* isn't original, I'll go back to my old job in the laundry.

Their first meeting was prosaic enough. Our hero neither jumped from a pier to drag the girl of his dreams from the briny deep as she was going down for the third and a half time, nor threw himself in the path of a runaway horse and buggy as it was about to plunge over the edge of an eight-hundred-foot cliff.

No breathless preliminaries marked the preview of this rhapsodic romance. Instead, they were formally introduced at a party given by Mrs. Brimmer in her Hollywood home, and the introduction followed the usual stereotyped formula, "Miss Coe, I want you to meet my brother-in-law, Richard Dix. Mr. Dix—Miss Coe, blaah, et cetera."

But, blaah or not, Dix took one look at them eyes, those hair, that teeth, and *wham!* The fall of Rome was as an insignificant feather dropping to earth in comparison with the nose dive done by Mrs. Brimmer's boy Ernest!

They danced together again and again, until the cats against the wall crossed their fingers and toes, murmuring desperate abracadabras as their flickering hopes sputtered and died before their very eyes.

It was a critical moment, but the wary gentleman, wise to the deceitful fluctuations of the old blood pressure, refused to crowd the fates, permitting the heroine to pass out of his life—for the moment—without uttering a single "see you later!"

He wanted to be sure, for in his heart he was always determined that when he played at matrimony it was to be for keeps. No return ticket to clutter up the pockets of his Sunday suit. No parlay, win, show, or place. It was to be for always, right on the nose—win or lose.

So he went home and thought things over. I didn't ask him if he dreamed at night of the fair Winifred. One look at the brown-eyed benedict will assure you that if he didn't then he is certainly making up for lost time now. And whether or not winsome Winifred haunted his nocturnal slumbers—and I'm betting 20 to 1 on the affirmative—you may rest assured that he was doing a lot of heavy

By Barbara Barry

thinking, and it wasn't about the depression, either.

Two months after their first meeting, again he was invited to a dinner

party at the Brimmer residence and, to his surprise and delight, Miss Coe was again among those present.

After the party they went for a long drive away from the noise of the city. Perhaps they drove to some distant hill, there to gaze pensively at the myriad lights of Hollywood.

The glamour of the scene surely must have entranced them, for Hollywood at night is an iridescent jewel box filled with ruby, topaz, and sapphire lights.

In the fragrant silence their hearts must surely have spoken to one another in the tender language that is as old as the world. Lay out my piccolo and them thar seven veils, mother. I'm about to go into my dance.

Aw, I can't go on! No, Mr. Pantages, not even for that three-dollar raise. Let us away—quietly—that no unpropitious crackling of a twig disturb their lovely dreaming. Hey, you! You heard me! Scram!

Well, girls, there isn't much more to tell. From then on it was Winifred and Dick—a perfect song, without a single variation.

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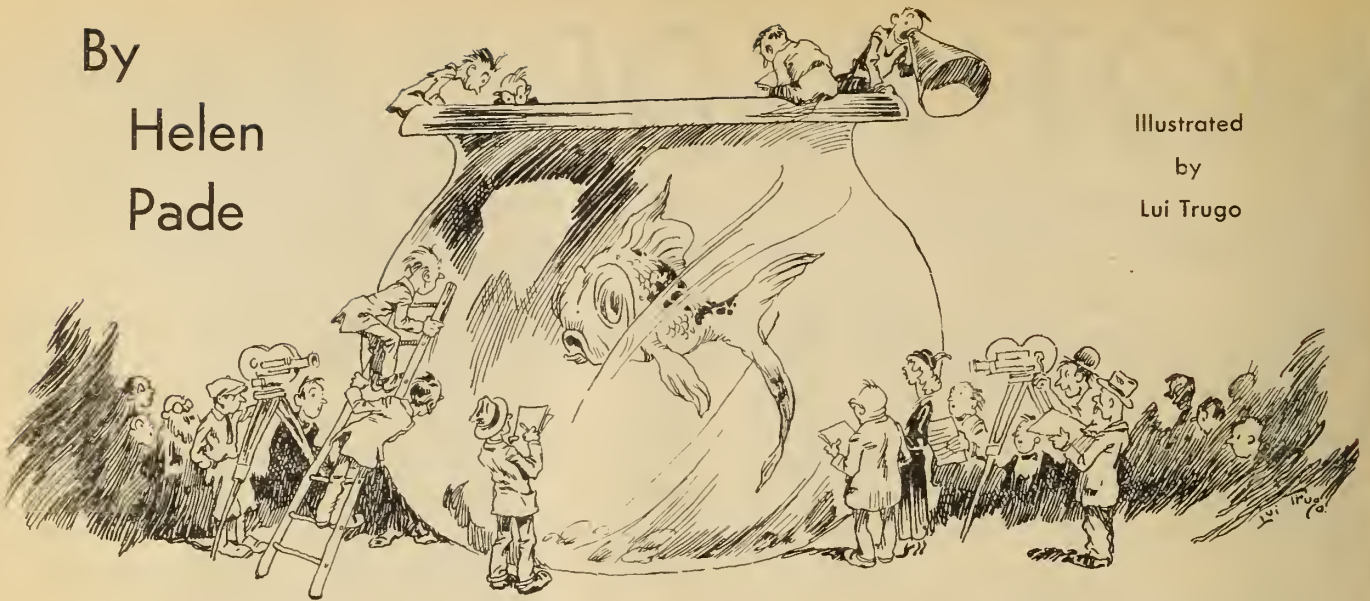
Richard Dix was not destined to stop a runaway horse to save Winifred Coe, but once met he surrendered without a struggle.

Photo by Bachrach



By
Helen
Pade

Illustrated
by
Lui Trugo



Why GARBO IS MUM

The most unmysterious star does not have to talk, because every detail of her private life is known.

GRETA GARBO has about as much privacy as a goldfish in a bowl.

Irvin S. Cobb's simile is pilfered unblushingly, because nothing else does justice to the case. The only human beings to which one can compare Greta are the pole sitters and Mona Ross who lives in shop windows to save rent, advertise wares, and earn her way.

Peeping Toms bother other beautiful women, but those who pester Garbo when she takes a sunbath in her own back yard are armed with cameras. They try to snatch pictures, not for their own delectation, but that of millions of Garbo enthusiasts.

So the real mystery of Garbo deepens. It is this: How can a woman have so little privacy and yet be mysterious?

Greta never talks of her private affairs. She doesn't have to. The world does it for her. Her life is an open book to all, with the possible exception of a few Australian bushmen.

We all know that Garbo takes a Turkish bath once a week, and at least two shower baths a day. Now Clara Bow is an exceedingly well-known actress, but the details of her bath life have been kept from us.

How many cookies does Pola Negri beg from Mandy when they are pulled fresh from the oven? No one knows. How many cookies does Garbo beg for—and get? We clap our hands in glee and gloat over the fact that we *do* know. Ten, of course. Never less.

Mary Pickford drinks coffee, but can you rattle off at random how many lumps of sugar she takes, and what grade of cream, if any? These facts have never reached print during her long career as the world's most widely known actress.

"But," you boast, "I know how Garbo drinks *her* coffee! Three lumps of sugar, and plenty of rich whipping cream."

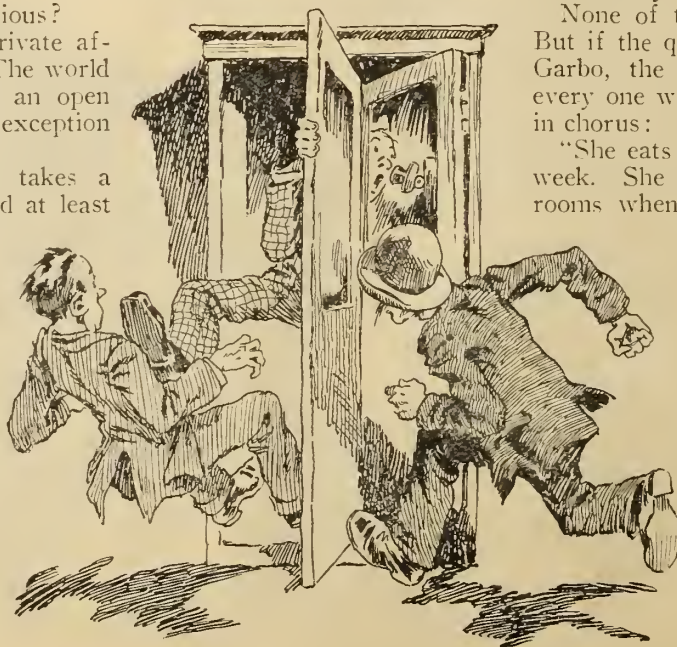
Richard Barthelmess may like chipped beef, but how many times a week does he eat it? What does Joan Crawford like for luncheon when company comes? Does Elissa Landi bring her lunch to the studio, or buy it in the commissary?

None of the answers are on record. But if the questions pertained to Greta Garbo, the mysterious, the unknown, every one within hearing would answer in chorus:

"She eats chipped beef three times a week. She likes an omelet with mushrooms when company comes, and she brings her own lunch to the studio."

Once an actor called her "honey"—not in a movie scene. Soon the printing presses were rolling out an account of the whole dramatic affair. But when a man who was almost a stranger called Constance Bennett "my darling," no ripple of the event disturbed a quiet week among the newspapers.

If Greta happens to exclaim "Geel!" or laugh aloud, the whole story is rushed to the newspapers.



A writer followed Greta down the length of Hollywood Boulevard, dogging her footsteps, entering every store she entered, noting what she purchased, how much she paid; observing the folk and sights she cast eyes upon along the way, and trying to fathom her mental reactions moment by moment.

Then he wrote a diary or log of the experience in minute descriptive detail. Probably a million persons read that account.

Many a man has followed Marlene Dietrich down Hollywood Boulevard, but the mere fact that she chose to stroll on the film highway would cause no one to log the trip.

It seems that Greta laughed aloud one day several months ago. The happening was given more newspaper comment throughout the country than many another star might have earned by laughing herself to death.

The size of a lady's foot is usually considered her own business, outside of a shoe store. But Greta's pedal measurements have been more widely aired than the size of Joe E. Brown's mouth. There are several other notables who take a No. 7, but the public doesn't know who they are!

"Garbo loves her family!" jumps at one in large type. There follows after this startling announcement an intimate history of the Gustafsson family. The families of other stars have broken into print. But how many fans know the histories of families of such favorites as Billie Dove, Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, and Marion Davies?

Greta said "Gee!" The exclamation sent three newspapermen scurrying to the telephone, and through them it went ringing around the world.

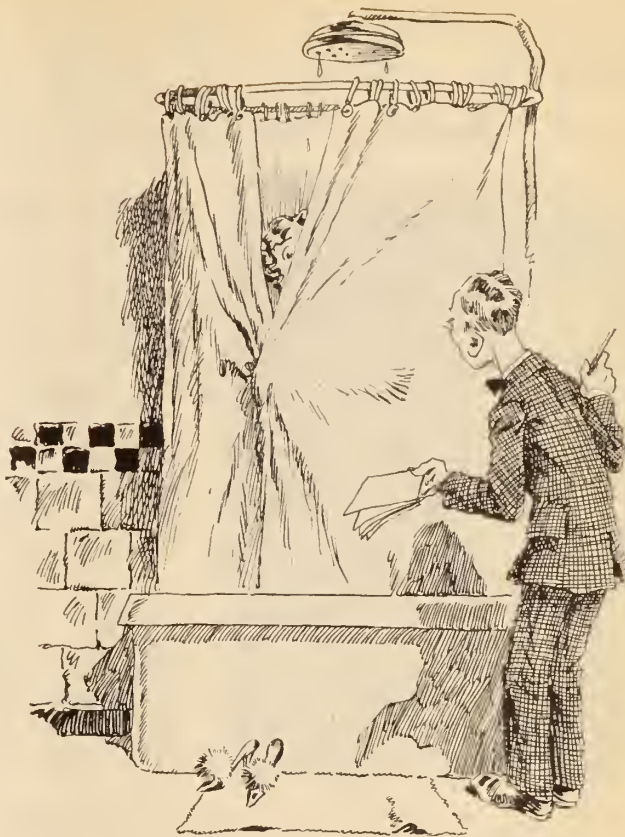
Yet Ruth Chatterton, broad-a wielder de luxe, once said, "I don't wanna." That was like a man biting a dog, but the reporters failed to get excited.

Tales of Garbo's shyness have been legion. But not a word ever crept into print about the time Gloria Swanson hid in her dressing room for an entire afternoon because she was too shy to meet a group of important and critical visitors.

Like Calvin Coolidge, Greta once made a fifty-word speech. It was to a friend, and it concerned the reason she hadn't seen "Anna Christie," until it was playing in the principal theaters.

Few remember what Coolidge said to the assembled multitude, but probably more persons know what Garbo said to her friend than what Lincoln said at Gettysburg.

Even Garbo's habit of wearing sport clothes and flat heels on almost all occasions is known around the globe. Now is Janet Gaynor or Dolores del Rio or Lilyan Tashman given to wearing sport clothes? Does Marie Dressler or Irene Rich or Elissa Landi wear flat-heeled shoes? You tell!



Every good fan knows Garbo's bath life—a Turkish bath once a week and two showers daily.

Common things we know about Garbo, such as the fact that she exercises with a heavy medicine ball and likes to go swimming, could be recited about many another star as well. But wait! Do you know about other stars such intimate details as these widely published Garbo data? She loves to whistle to herself when she walks. She hates buttoned shoes. She adores roller-coaster rides. She abhors small talk, dentists, stockings. Smokes nicotineless cigarettes!

Startling things are printed about the most personal sides of Garbo's life. The following statement about her was read breathlessly, and we hope a bit skeptically, by countless fans not long ago, "She has never experienced a sex thrill in her life."

Once Jack Gilbert and Greta were that way about each other, or so we were told. It was said that they nearly eloped on several occasions, although why one should elope from Hollywood is another mystery. At any rate, the affair gave many a printer a sore back, with

Continued on page 68

Every slant on Garbo except that of the worms in her garden has been recorded and discussed.



HOLLYWOOD



Chronicling the feverish gayeties of a dizzy realm.

ning. About the only person to whom they gave one hundred per cent attention during the session was George Arliss, whose talk was sparkling until he overdid it.

"Fire-horse" Dressler.—Norma Shearer was warmly applauded, too, in her presentation talk tendering Marie Dressler the prize for the best performance of the year. In her speech, Miss Shearer referred to Miss Dressler as "an old fire horse." The manner in which she coined the phrase made it sound somewhat better than it appears in cold print.

Anyway, the Academy did everything but receive recognition by the League of Nations.

Give Marlene Dietrich a big hand for originality. Far from hiding her daughter, Maria Siebert, she loves to be photographed with her.

Wilder and Dizzier.—Hollywood has gone socially mad again. Apparently even the starving stars feel that they may as well fling the last remaining shekels to the four winds and have a good time while doing it.

The Mayfair Club cut its price twenty-five per cent because of changed conditions. A place at this lustrous dinner dance now costs \$7.50 instead of \$10, and perhaps partly on this account a crowd of 720 persons surged into the club ballroom at the initial party and all but sat on each other's necks in their efforts to find table locations.

EVENT of events! We saw Anita Page smoking a cigarette at a Hollywood party, and we rush to tell you the news because Papa Pomares asserted only a month or two ago that if his daughter's future depended on listening to dirty stories, petting, and indulging in cigarettes, she would quit the screen. Either papa has had a change of heart, or Anita is up to monkeyshines. Now we leave you the choice of which.

Courtesy to Spellbinders!—Speech makers who come to movieland should put cotton in their ears. Then they can drown out the noise of conversation that goes on while they are talking.

After attending a banquet given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, we wonder just what the idea is of anybody trying to spellbind a large group of film people. Not that we blame the cinemites for getting restless during a long series of tedious addresses.

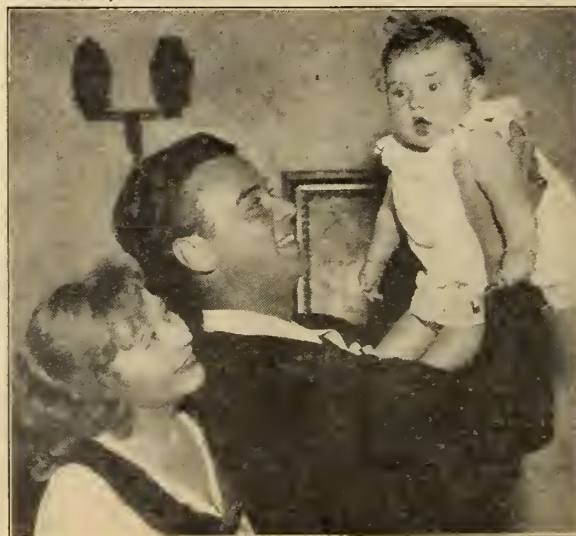
But where, oh where, are the company manners of the colony?

Political Conclave.—On the program at this function were such national celebs as Vice President Curtis, Mabel Willebrandt, Mrs. Dolly Gann, and the inevitable Will H. Hays, czar of the industry. The movie folk paid them the courtesy of listening to most of their opening remarks, and then turned to the business of making smart cracks and exchanging gossip.

Among other things, they expressed curiosity as to whether or not Mrs. Willebrandt had brought a wine brick with her. They buzzed considerably even during the vice president's oration, who is known as something of a wit, but was not in a humorous mood that eve-

Evelyn, pride of the Asthers, here makes her bow to the fans while Nils and Vivian look on.

Photo by Wide World



No previous party has ever drawn so many people, and none has ever lasted so near daylight. We couldn't begin to tell you half that happened, or who was the best dressed, or even who was there. We have a kaleidoscopic series of impressions of Pola Negri wearing a Juliet cap of iridescent brilliants, and goldeny Anita Page being a guest at her table—what strange combining is this!—Howard Hughes and Billie Dove together, Lois Wilson beamed by a wealthy automobile man, Winslow Relix; of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, entertaining Grace Moore; of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Lydell Peck, and Virginia Valli, composing a happy foursome; of Ricardo Cortez escorting Loretta Young, Mervyn Leroy attending the volatile Ginger Rogers, and Marie Dressler entertaining Lady Ravensdale and the Countess McCormick.

A Love That Will Last.—We've discovered one Hollywood match that will be a genuinely happy one—Richard Dix and Winifred Coe. They have been charming everybody who meets them. The refinement and culture of Richard's bride, and the apparent sweetness of her character, have won her throngs of friends already.

Dix has often asserted that he would not marry in the profession. He does not believe that marriage and two careers can be satisfactorily mingled.

Time and again it looked as if Dix might throw aside his

HIGHLIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

own theories, especially in the days when he and Lois Wilson were devoted, but eventually he chose his bride from outside the professional world. Mrs. Dix seems to find the greatest delight in meeting film folk, and we believe this both intrigues and amazes Richard. We suspect he had a secret belief that she would not be so fascinated by the life of Hollywood.

Maurice and Schnozzle.—Socially, Maurice Chevalier is the quietest and most retiring star in Hollywood. Contrastingly, Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante is the noisiest. He is a sort of modern descendant of the wild man from Borneo, or maybe it's the wild bull of the Pampas. His personality gets over in pictures, but not as in person. He is one of the best informal entertainers who has come to the crazy world of the movies.

Chevalier and Durante were on a program one evening at the Coconut Grove party given for the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Both were enormous hits. Durante turned the place into a near riot when he commenced to tear the piano apart, and threw the orchestra music all over the place. His goofy entertainment reached its peak when he shouted, "Somebody asked me whether there were any stars here to-night, and I told 'em, I told 'em—the place is lousy with 'em!"

Sweet and Low Accompaniment.—Barbara Stanwyck is beginning to share honors with her husband, Frank Fay, in doing the master-of-ceremonies stunt at film parties. Frank is one of the cleverest men in this field that we have ever seen. He didn't have much luck in the movies, but is endeavoring to recoup now.

Barbara meanwhile assists him in his public appearances by providing soft music to his talks, singing "Suwanee River" and other old-album ballads. It is strange how a girl as shy as Miss Stanwyck is at almost any gathering, can assume the most admirable poise when called upon to do anything of a professional nature.

Buddy, the Virtuoso.—As long as we are talking about the capabilities of the stars that are not revealed in pictures, we might as well toss a bouquet to Buddy Rogers, who is soon to go in the "Follies," anyway. He does an act with orchestra that is a sensation at any gathering—playing the various instruments in the band, conducting, and singing. It is possible that some of you fans have seen his one-man show during his vaudeville tours.

Maturity, by the way, is making Buddy an entirely new, and far more interesting, person even than he was in the past.

Nip and Tuck, Always.—Twelve marriages in a single month is very nearly a filmland record. Gloria Swanson did the unusual, of course, by be-

A vigilant wife: Mrs. Gable keeps an eye on Clark, as the majority of Hollywood belles show signs of swooning at his feet.



Photo by Wide World

ing married the second time to the same man, and it's generally conceded that she is at last Mrs. Michael Farmer. Constance Bennett did not waste much time either in becoming the Marquise de la Falaise, et cetera. She was married to him within a week or two after he secured his final papers of separation from Gloria.

So now everything should be peaceful for a while, even though Miss Bennett has a slight advantage in having bagged the title, La Marquise.

Other bridegrooms and brides are Walter Huston, Dorothy Mackaill, Leatrice Joy, Marjorie Rambeau, and Arline Judge.

The Charming Dagover.—Lil Dagover is a hit in her first picture, "The Captain's Wife," and will stay on. Miss Dagover, whom we remember from her previous visit during which she never made a picture due to some peculiar studio quirk, is more beautiful than ever. Her quiet sincerity cannot but impress one favorably. Her thin, finely formed face almost recalls the word "patrician" so often used at one time to describe Elsie Ferguson. However, Miss Dagover, is patrician in a differ-

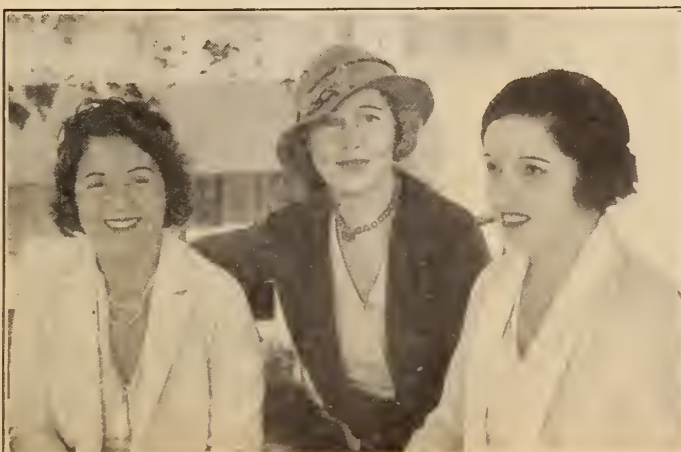
ent, and, naturally, Continental way. She is married, but her husband remained in Europe. She speaks English with a marked, though alluring accent.

Pola Flits Quickly.—The quick disappearance of Pola Negri from a party in Hollywood a few weeks ago excited no end of comment. La Negri, looking gorgeous and alabaster, as is her wont nowadays, mysteriously vanished after a sojourn of only a half an hour or so.

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Herbert Brenon's tennis tournament brought together Norma Talmadge, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Alice Joyce for a happy reunion.

Photo by Wide World



GUM-CHEWING

An amazingly intimate view of Ruth Chatterton reveals that she is shy and homy, and chews gum to preserve her chin line.



Photo by White

Brenda Forbes, Ralph's sister, says that Ruth's idea of a holiday is to slip away to the slums.

YOU have met Ruth Chatterton, who is called "first lady of the screen." You probably have read of her culture, her knowledge of music and poetry, of her fluent French, and of her great intelligence. You have admired her supreme poise, delighted in that beautifully modulated voice, and enjoyed her acting.

You have heard that she is a descendant of Thomas Chatterton, the English poet. And that she comes from a family who have been established in New York for several generations. That her maternal grandfather, Thomas Reed, was a ship builder. And that he brought from Egypt on one of his ships Cleopatra's Needle, the obelisk which now decorates Central Park, New York, the gift of a Vanderbilt.

You have heard that her parties are exclusive, and that some have accused her of being high-hat. But you probably don't know "Ruthie." Ruthie who is Brenda Forbes's sister and Ruthie who is Aunt Ada's darling.

To the screen and to those who don't know her intimately, she presents a highly polished sophisticate, a woman who charms by her cultured air of worldliness. Perhaps you get a glint of her keen sense of humor, almost cynical, in that twinkle in her eyes and in her rueful smile on the screen.

But don't be misled by all this surface sophistication for the grand manner is but a wall to protect a really tender nature.

Ruth Chatterton looks out upon the world with clear eyes that see quickly the basic truth of a situation. Not the tenderness that cloys, but rather the sweetness of one who thinks straight and acts with understanding.

I have interviewed Ruth Chatterton several times, and though I did not think her high-hat by any means, still the grand manner somehow clung to her.

A lifelong friend told me she was really shy, but I could never believe it until I saw her become tongue-tied with confusion.

The occasion was a small bridge party. Unexpectedly Ruth dropped in.

It was on her last visit to New York and she was at the height of her popularity. Warner Brothers had just stolen a march on Paramount and signed her to a contract which ranked her among the highest-salaried stars.

She came sweeping into the room with perfect poise—her grand manner at its best. The guests, surprised to have a celebrity in their midst, were more or less speechless. Sensing the situation, Ruth dropped the grand manner like a cloak. She flushed like a schoolgirl and of all of those present she seemed least at ease.

As long as I am believing, I decided to get the low-down on the real Ruth Chatterton from those in the know.

The Countess de Lasheau, a schoolmate of Mrs. Chatterton, tutored Ruth in her childhood. The countess is a Ruth Chatterton at the age of seventy—a charming, sweet-voiced woman of culture.

"Yes, Ruthie's sophisticated manner is a foil for her diffidence. In fact, she is a great home lover and dislikes formal parties. I have been in her home when she was obliged to attend some social function. Leaving with reluctance, she would entreat, 'Don't leave—stay until I come home. I'll get it over in a jiffy.'

"I would say that Ruth is a lyric type, that is she is inclined to the spiritual things of life, with a keen conception of the beautiful.

"No," she said in answer to a query of mine if she had guided Ruth in her taste for music and literature; "I was more of a companion to her. Her love

It is hard to believe Miss Chatterton is shy until one has seen her confused.

Photo by Longworth



of music and the beautiful is innate. Both her parents were musicians. Ruth's earliest recollections are

SOPHISTICATE

By Dana Rush

of her mother, who is a gifted pianist. And her father, a man of great charm, was an aesthete.

"When she was a child learning to play the piano from her mother, she would play again and again some bar of music, because the melody appealed to her. And now she improvises for hours beautifully soft things.

"She has composed dozens of songs for the mere love of it, for she never has tried to have them published. I am sure she would have made a great pianist if she had not turned to the stage. Even now she has almost as thorough a knowledge of opera as a Metropolitan star."

Thoroughness is another trait of her character. She has not become successful by chance. Whatever she undertakes to do, she prepares for with a sound foundation. In the days when she was starring in dramatic plays in New York, her hours were crammed with lessons in fencing, dancing, and gymnasium work, so that she might have perfect body control and thereby gain grace of movement.

Edna West, the character actress who played the missionary in "The Right to Love," has known Ruth since childhood. She says that as her air of sophistication hides a childlike wistfulness, so her apparent nonchalance disguises her thoroughness.

Though she never seems to be striving for anything, she outlines her ambitions and moves in a straight line for their execution. Then she accomplishes things as if by magic, or rather soul magnetism, and draws the things to her which she desires.

And speaking of personal magnetism, though Ruth is not young or beautiful according to Hollywood standards, nevertheless, when she enters a room where the beauties of the film colony are gathered, she seems without effort to become the center of attention.

Edna West tells me back in those days when she was in New York and Ralph Forbes was in Hollywood soaring toward stardom, Ruth, in the company of a young woman who had achieved some success on the screen because of her beauty, said, "I believe I'll go into pictures."

The beauty laughed at her. "You wouldn't get over on the screen. The camera is merciless—it demands perfect beauty."

The remark didn't seem to penetrate Ruth's hearing for she continued, "Yes, I'll sign with Paramount." And those present knew that it would be accomplished.

Ruth was once told that she would not succeed because she was not beautiful enough.

Behind the Chatterton grand manner hides a wistful lover of simple joys, her intimates say.



Every one has heard how she moved to Hollywood when she was, as some one described it, "as low as a snake's belly." And though she didn't fulfill that remark for many weary months, she did sign with Paramount. The rest is history.

It took courage to leave the New York stage where she had reached stardom and begin in a field where her name meant nothing to the public. But her courage is another quality that Ruth doesn't parade.

Not only courage to face financial and matrimonial disaster with a smile, but physical courage as well.

The Countess de Lasheau tells a story of this physical courage. Walking with her dog one day, a Pom, the animal was attacked by a great Dane. The pitiful yelps of her canine gathered a crowd. But no one dared break the hold of the great Dane. Without hesitating, Ruth jumped between them and, yanking the big dog's tail, broke the hold.

Since we are telling animal stories, perhaps one that the countess told me of a pigeon will throw a light on the tenderness of the Queen of Sophisticates.

Ruth and Aunt Ada, whom by the way, Ruth addresses as *la comtesse*, were driving down Madison Avenue. Suddenly Ruth called to the chauffeur to stop. In the midst of the heavy traffic was a young pigeon. The space be-

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EX-CHILD

Having gracefully outlived her past as a baby actress,
Madge Evans blossoms out as an ingénue to rave about.

By Edward Nagle

I HOPE your life story is sad," I said to Madge Evans as we settled on the divan in M.-G.-M.'s gaudy confessional. "I haven't had a good sob in days." It was a banal greeting, but Madge laughed. Schubert must have written Madge's laugh.

I'd been hearing about Madge for months. At parties friends would shove me into a corner and rave about her beauty, charm, and wit.

"Here," they said, "is an ingénue who is different." To which I'd reply, with that flair for brilliant repartee which even long residence in Hollywood hasn't dulled, "Oh, yeah?"

But they were right. Madge is different—a far cry from the average Hollywood blabnde. Her beauty is a testimony to nature's generosity, rather than to Max Factor's genius. Her chief charm is her femininity—an excellent thing in a woman.

She has poise, and I don't mean what Hollywood calls poise—a manikin gait, monotoned voice, and dead pan. Madge is all animation.

Her voice, when the conversation grows exciting, goes into crescendo. Her accent is delightful. She softens her r's, and her a's have a civilized breadth without reminding you of provincial relatives who have picked up culture at the talkies.

That appalling *tadium vita*, which is the penalty for tarrying long in pleasant climes, has not yet overtaken her. Her mind still has an edge on it.

Madge was a child actress, but as she says, it could have been worse. "I might have been a child prodigy, you know." At five Madge was nationally known as the trade-mark of a widely advertised soap.

A director for World Films happened to be living in the same apartment house as Madge's parents. He persuaded them to permit him to use Madge in a film.

Proving a success in the part, she was put on the studio pay roll and used in support of such stars as Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, and Montagu Love.

When William Brady decided that the movies needed a child star, Madge was chosen for the position, to which Marie Osborne, Baby Peggy, and Mitzi Green have succeeded.

The years between seven and fourteen Madge spent on movie lots, but she doesn't wail about having missed measles, home work, Sunday school, and other joys of normal childhood. She had a splendid time.

She was educated privately, as the press slips say. That is, her mental development was attended by a succession of romantic governesses who taught her to speak French badly as a native, but who utterly neglected to initiate her into the art and mystery of parsing verbs and dividing fractions.

There seems to be a theatrical tradition that fourteen

is an awkward age, so Madge was retired at that time. She returned a year later to play the lead opposite Barthelmess, in "Classmates."

"My hair was miles long at the time, and we couldn't find any one who could dress it attractively without cutting it, which mother wouldn't permit. The result was that I photographed like nothing human.

"When the picture was released, the shock was so great that mother rushed me off to England to forget. For a long time after that, I had a nervous breakdown if anybody even pointed a kodak at me."

Madge returned from Europe at sixteen, modishly dressed, correctly coiffed, and properly accented, and went to William Brady, who had remained her best friend since the day eight years before she had signed her first contract sitting on his lap.

The story of what Brady has done for Madge Evans is as beautiful a tale of patron and protégée as I have ever heard, but I can't do justice to it in this space. He coached her privately, and wrote glowing letters describing her gifts to all the producers on Broadway.

When Madge went the rounds of the agencies and they wanted to know what she could do, she would refer them, quite grandly, to Brady.

It wasn't long before Brady's plugging provided an entrée, and Madge was soon gracing Broadway.

The reviewers managed to retain their equanimity. Their praise was polite rather than passionate, but that didn't faze Madge. On Brady's advice, she went to Denver and joined

one of the best stock companies in the country, remaining a year.

Returning to New York, she was cast in "Phillip Goes Forth." Harry Ellerbe, the boy who starred in it, was a sensation, and the movie producers camped at the stage door to take tests of him.

Madge, however, refused to share the tests, because she hadn't recovered from her cameraphobia. But Ellerbe begged her to share the M.-G.-M. test to give him confidence.

Ellerbe didn't photograph well, but the studio was quite excited about Madge. Madge wasn't enthusiastic about the movies and wouldn't have signed a contract, if there had been any alternative except returning to stock.

The day after she arrived in Hollywood, she was put to work opposite Ramon Novarro, in "Son of India." She refers to him as Mr. Novarro. It must be a quaint Eastern custom.

"Weren't you thrilled playing opposite Novarro?" I gushed.

"I was too tired from the trip to be thrilled at anything, but Mr. Novarro was very kind, a fact that I appreciate more as I meet other players."

[Continued on page 66]



Photo by Hurrell

Madge's beauty is a testimony to nature's generosity, not to make-up genius.

MADGE EVANS says her life would be perfect if people would only allow her to forget that she was once a child actress. And so, Edward Nagle, on the opposite page, in one of the most brilliant interviews Picture Play has ever published, describes the young actress as she is to-day. Convincingly he points out why she is different—a far cry from the usual Hollywood blahnde. Now read the story, for it, too, is different.





Photo by Pere

WITH becoming modesty Lil Dagover, the German film celebrity, lowers her eyes to receive the verdict of American fans, knowing that she will rise or fall as the result of it. Distinguished in Europe, what will her fate be here?



MAKE your curtsy to the new Marquise de la Falaise, for if Constance Bennett does not change her mind she will have married the marquis when this is published and her new picture, "Lady With a Past," will be ready for your cheers.



Photo by Hal Hyde

PAUL CAVANAGH'S fans are loyal and persistent. They would not rest until Picture Play promised them a photograph of the handsome Canadian whose fine diction and commanding presence keep him in film after film.

LOVE

By
William H. McKegg

Janet was attracted to some one else, and Charlie was crazy over Virginia Valli. They went out with their respective captivators and never bothered about any one else.

Even though Janet afterward met and married Lydell Peck, and Charlie wed Virginia Valli, the fans seem to think something went wrong.

It should be understood that had Janet and Charlie been madly in love with one another and wanted to marry, they had plenty of time in which to do so.

Dixie Lee surprised Hollywood by marrying Bing Crosby. He was then singing in the Coconut Grove, and drawing the crowds. It drew Dixie. Naturally Bing saw Dixie, and love swirled them into a heap. Then the official forbidding started.

Fox was pushing Dixie ahead. The studio somehow resented the Lee-Crosby love. Whether a soul match or not, the executives were peeved. They declared that marriage breaks up a budding career. They may have been right.

Dixie's parents joined their opinions with the studio's. In the first place, said they, Bing worked at night. Dixie would be away from home all day at the studio, coming home just when her husband was leaving. No one could expect a young girl to sit home alone night after night.

Bing Crosby's singing in the Coconut Grove lured Dixie Lee to disobey studio and parents.



Fox lifted stern eyebrows at the Dixie Lee-Bing Crosby love, but romance won over career.

The Fox executives—who, one might surmise, are very hard on young lovers—believed it would spoil their careers if Sue and Nick married. But it takes a lot to prevent love from being fulfilled.

Suddenly, like a flash from the sky, it was known that Sue and Nick had been married for some time. Whether Fox resented this elopement and the secrecy is not known. It is known, however, that those in power weren't thrilled, and that they did nothing else for the young lovers. In fact both contracts were allowed to expire.

Alice White's career certainly seems to have suffered since she met and loved Sy Bartlett. This young fellow came from Chicago with about fifty thousand dollars quickly made in the Stock Exchange. And which he as quickly lost on the turf at Tiajuana. But Alice and Sy were lost in love.

First National, where Alice was working, did not smile on the *romanza*.



Stardom as an unsophisticated girl was within reach of Loretta Young until she became Mrs. Grant Withers, then his ex-wife.

She'd want to go places. In that lay the danger. Other reasons for the forbidding were given.

Miss Lee, being an artistic soul, was swept away by love. One morning she phoned her friend, Sue Carol. "Bing and I are getting married to-day," she said. "We want you and Nick to be with us."

So Sue and Nick attended the wedding and the young lovers went to the Carol-Stuart estate until their own was prepared for them.

Since their marriage, Dixie and Bing were separated for a while. Now they are together again. But Dixie's career seems to be back-sliding since love knocked her all in a heap.

Maybe Sue and Nick felt a bit of sympathy for Dixie and Bing. Their own love, you see, had been forbidden. Sue came out to Hollywood after a brief married life. Nick had just been discovered existing as a prop boy on the Fox lot, and was being turned into an actor.

The Fox executives—who, one might surmise, are very hard on young lovers—believed it would spoil their careers if Sue and Nick married. But it takes a lot to prevent love from being fulfilled.

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Continued on page 61

CLARA COMES

After a long holiday, the one and only Bow returns for "just one more picture."

AWAY out on a Nevada plain, miles and miles from any city, Clara Bow has weighed life.

For six months the sorely tried and unutterably hurt girl hid herself from prying eyes and picture contacts. Her cheeks pale, her eyes dull and listless, her nerves racked from insomnia, she said when she went out there, "I don't want to see anybody. Please! No one!"

She had laid away all her expensive dresses, her imported hats, her custom-made shoes, her jewelry and furs and luxuries, to don overalls and a man's felt hat.

Thereafter she thanked God for the solitude.

She had a decision to make.

Rex Bell, to whose ranch she had fled, saw her walk from the low, rambling house out onto the mesa, her first day there. Mrs. Brock, her housekeeper and companion in Hollywood for years, watched her as she strode alone toward a little group of trees.

The two saw her lie down in the shade of those trees and look up into the sky. In the distance a herd of cattle grazed in placid contentment. The wind blew locks of the tired girl's hair about her face.

Duke, the great Dane which Harry Richman gave her, came up and stretched out by her side.

She slept!

The afternoon sun was nearing the peaks of the range of mountains when Clara arose and went back to the house.

"It seemed so quiet and restful out there," she said. "And so strange."

This was the beginning of a new era in Clara Bow's life. Day after day, week after week, Clara lay down on the ground to get the restful feel of the earth. Or she mounted Andy, a steady horse, to ride alone over the prairie swells. Sometimes she spent an afternoon lying in a hammock reading and thinking over that pending decision.

When Rex Bell came back to Hollywood from the ranch to make "Forgotten Women" for Monogram Pictures, he told me all about Clara's fight to regain her strength. The fight was essential because she faces a crossroads in her career.

"What shall I do?" she meditated. "What shall I do?"

"The truth of the matter," said Rex

Clara says she will dash back to Rex Bell, Andy, and the rancho, even though fans clamor for more Bow films.

as I sat across from him at a luncheon table, "is this. Just as people 'go Hollywood,' Clara 'went ranch.' She went into it heels over head, because for the first time since she was a child she was unmolested.

"The quietness, the freedom, went to her heart. She didn't want to go anywhere. She didn't want to talk pictures. She didn't want to think of careers.

"When Clara first came she avoided face powder, lipstick, and rouge. Since then the only times she has put on dresses were when she went to Searchlight, seven miles away, to Nipton, California, sixteen miles away, or to Las Vegas, where her father runs a restaurant.

"She took her market basket to bring home things she bought at the grocery, and at Searchlight she struck up an acquaintance with the keeper of the general store. They get a great kick out of each other. People line up at the fence on the ranch to catch a glimpse of her, but she doesn't go out on parade.

"After she had been there a few months, I said, 'Clara, you've got to go to Los Angeles to attend to your business! Now pack your suitcase and get going.'

"I don't want to go to Los Angeles!" she replied.

"But you've got to go!"

"We just had to keep after her and keep after her. She finally went, but was back just as quickly as she could make it. 'Oh, Rex,' she said, 'I can't stand the city again, never! Just let me stay out here with Mrs. Brock and you.'

"Of course, you can stay," I told her, "if you want to. But you'll get tired of living on a ranch."

"I'll never get tired of it!" she insisted. "Would you mind if I built a bungalow here so Mrs. Brock and I won't be in the way?"

"Go ahead," I said.

"So Clara called an architect and has let a contract for a nine-room Spanish house to be built by the side of those trees where she lay down that first day to rest.



BACK

By Dorothy Wooldridge

"It will cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000, and will be supplied with water by gravity flow.

"But the world wasn't ready to let her alone. Earl Carroll's representative flew in and offered Clara and me forty weeks in the 'Vanities' at \$10,000 a week—a total of \$400,000.

"Not on your life!" Clara replied.

"We were promised everything in the way of advertising and billing, but Clara refused. And I knew, too, that if we went it would be the end of everything between Clara and me.

"Then Sam Rork came up to get her to make this picture, 'Get the Woman,' and offered her \$100,000 cash and a percentage of the profits. It would take only a few weeks, he said, and she would have that additional nest egg to lay aside.

"Clara has a trust fund of a quarter of a million dollars which assures her an income the rest of her life. Her personal needs are not great, and she always has protested that the more money she has, the harder people try to get it away from her.

"She says she's through. But——" And if Rex Bell can't say, who can?

"What'll I do, Rex?" she asked me in perplexity.

"We went out on the plain and talked it over from every angle. Clara hitherto had turned down all offers to make more pictures.

"She was beginning to regain her health and strength. She was happy in the solitude. She still felt the hurts and wounds she'd suffered in Hollywood. And away from me, she still seemed afraid of people.

"I don't want to go back," she insisted.

"You don't have to," I replied.

"But we decided it might be well for her to pick up that \$100,000 or more while opportunity knocked.

"But Rex," she pouted, 'this can be my last, can't it? I won't have to go on and on in the studios? I'm so tired of them! I won't need any more money.'

"She signed the contract.

"Just this one picture," she later said. 'Just one more and then I'm done. This is the decision I've been seeking. I'll make that picture, and then I can come back to the ranch—back to Mrs. Brock and you!'"

What an unusual and beautiful friendship between a tired little actress and a six-foot, 170-pound young man out on a ranch!

Before Clara left Hollywood she said, "I'll not be married to any one before I'm twenty-six. I'm twenty-five now. When I do marry, Rex certainly will be the man."

But Rex, who has just turned twenty-six, smiles tolerantly and says that while he loves Clara devotedly, he doesn't think they ever will marry.

"Clara isn't the type to get married," he explained. "She likes her freedom too well. No one could ever make her happy. You know Clara—up in the clouds one minute and down in the depths the next, when nothing pleases her.

"I used to think that a break between us might come at any time, but now it's gone on so long! If it came I could only look back on it as a wonderful experience.

"We will always be partners. Clara may keep her



home on the ranch forever, if she wishes, and we'll be friends. I'm not one to quarrel. If I've been any help to her, I'm glad. She's a marvelous girl."

Rex and Clara met at the home of Buck Jones four years ago. They weren't particularly attracted to each other. He played a bit in her picture, "True to the Navy," and was courteous toward her, but reserved.

Perhaps his attitude piqued the little redhead. At any rate it was she who invited him to go with her to a party and he went.

Then came Clara's trouble with her secretary, Daisy DeVoe, and Rex went to her in her hour of trouble. He took Clara under his wing, just as a big brother might do, and she has since nestled under that wing and relied upon it for protection.

Rex opened the doors of his ranch house, gave up his own quarters, has seen the "It" girl go through a transformation. He has seen her in the kitchen cooking soup, potatoes, and biscuits. He has watched her set the table at suppertime and wash the dishes afterward. He has helped her list her Beverly Hills home for sale, agreeing, if it isn't sold promptly, that it be offered for rent furnished.

When recently she remarked that she would enjoy a trip to New York and there see Harry Richman, Rex replied, "Go ahead! And why not have him come out to the ranch? I'd like to meet him."

Which isn't the way a lover should talk, and it probably made Clara look quizzically at him.

"And do you think this picture she's to make really will be her last?" I asked.

"Her home is for sale," said Rex. "She's building a new one on the ranch. She hates the city. She says she's through. But——" he qualified.

The sentence was left unfinished.

Time and again her fans have called for the return of the redhead, insisting that no other can take her place. Rex's quizzical smile seems to indicate that she really will come back.

Clark GABLE'S Story

Finishing the account of his climb to success, Clark drops his reserve and tells what he thinks of it all.

PART III.

WHEN "Machinal" closed, Clark found little trouble in getting another engagement. He went into a play called "Gambling," which George M. Cohan produced. Clark played in it for six weeks while Cohan whipped it into shape. And then

By Romney Scott

when they were ready to open in New York, Clark was handed his notice and Cohan himself starred in the play for a season.

Clark had nothing to worry over, however. David Belasco, who had seen him in "Machinal," remembered him and engaged him for the lead in "Blind Windows."

Following that he played in "Hawk Island," which was later made into a movie with Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor in the leads. In making this picture their famous—but now dead—romance started.

"Hawk Island" was not a glowing success as a play, and after a few weeks Clark found himself playing opposite Alice Brady in an opus called "Love, Honor, and Betray."

"It was during the run of this play," he said, "that I got a phone call that changed my whole life. It was from Los Angeles offering me the part of *Killer Mears* in the West Coast production of 'The Last Mile.' The Brady show was about ready to close, so I took it and came out here."

The play ran for about four weeks in Los Angeles. A scout for Pathé saw him and he was signed to appear as the heavy—his second rôle of that sort—in "The Painted Desert," with Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees.

When the picture was released Clark got excellent notices for his work. He was a new kind of villain.

It was shortly after that that I first met him.

"I liked you in your picture," I remarked.

"Thanks," Clark grinned, and added, "I was so damned good in it that I'm getting some clothes together so I can go back to New York."

It was the beginning of the worst theatrical season the New York stage has ever known. The talkies were going strong and every actor and near-actor on the stage was hotfooting it to Hollywood.

"You're going back to New York?" I echoed incredulously.

"Sure," said Clark. "Four years ago I was out here trying to break into the movies. I couldn't even get a once-over from a producer. I thought this time, with a slight New York reputation behind me, it would be different—but it isn't."

"I've made this picture, got good notices, and now that it's over I'm right back where I was before. I still can't get a once-over from these fellows."

But before he could leave for New York, some one from M.-G.-M. studio saw him in the picture, liked him, and he was signed on a contract.

His first picture for them was "The Easiest Way," followed by "Dance, Fools, Dance," after which he was lent to First National for "The Finger Points" and "Night Nurse."

Returning to M.-G.-M., he made "The Secret Six," "Laughing Sinners," "A Free Soul," "Sporting Blood," "Hell Divers," and "Susan Lenox" in rapid succession. He has just completed "Possessed," with Joan Crawford—his third picture with her.

There have been few successes in pictures as sudden as his. Yet his hit has left him singularly unmoved. The one thing about Clark Gable on which all writers have agreed is that Hollywood hasn't got him fooled.

In speaking of this, he said, "If I hadn't been out here before, or even if I hadn't been such a fizzle the other time, probably I would have been just like every one else. I might have got



Clark says that he is uncontented, rather than discontented, and his grin makes you wonder if he is kidding.

the idea that I'm pretty good and taken all this back-slapping and 'Hi, pal!' business seriously. But I *was* out here before and I *was* a fizzle, so now I go around with my tongue in my cheek. I know that it's chance that makes you a hit in pictures, that it's only a break that separates success from failure."

There are times when he is singularly inarticulate—usually with writers. So inarticulate, in fact, that there has been talk around the studio of not permitting him to be interviewed any more, because several reporters have described him as dumb.

Clark Gable is a long, long way from being dumb. He simply won't give out a good interview.

His life has been a pageant of brightly colored events. The high lights and deep shadows are there—but he won't talk about them. He tries to make you believe that his existence has been one of drab monotony—a dull gray.

He's afraid of writers. "They come out to see you as friends," he commented. "Well, not exactly as friends, but at least their attitude is friendly, and you start chatting. Months later the interview appears and you find that instead of writing the things they got you to talk about, they've crucified you.

"If your views don't happen to jibe with theirs, you're dumb. They ignore everything you've said and start picking you to pieces.

"One interview, written by a man I've never even met, made a great to-do over the fact that I had my teeth straightened. What of it? My teeth have nothing to do with my ability as an actor.

"It wasn't my fault they grew in crooked, nor did I regard it as a disgrace to have them attended to. There were a number of other defects which were picked apart and held up to the light of public inspection. No one likes that sort of thing.

"If they don't do that, they start probing down inside you for personal things you like to keep to yourself. I've had lots of things happen to me that were amusing, or that I like to remember. And every once in a while I like to trot them out in my mind's eye and have a look at them. I can spend many a pleasant hour that way.

"If I told about them and they were recorded in print, they wouldn't seem half as amusing to any one else as they do to me. Once they're published, they're no longer wholly mine, and it's no fun playing with them.

"You come out of these interviews in a sweat and think to yourself, 'Holy gee! He almost got that away from me,' and it leaves you with a sort of panic-stricken feeling that some other time you may not cover up so quickly."

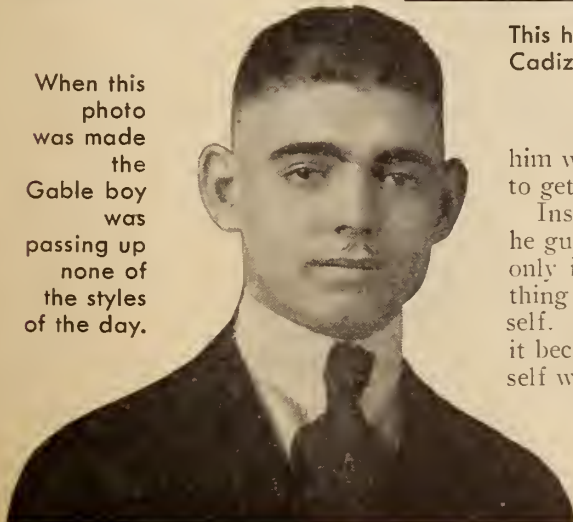


At the age of two Clark could face a camera with a slightly amused look.



This house on Charles Street, Cadiz, Ohio, is Mr. Gable's birthplace.

When this photo was made the Gable boy was passing up none of the styles of the day.



When Clark said he comes out of an interview in a sweat, he spoke the truth—literally. I remember the first time I interviewed him. He sat tensely, albeit with a smile, chatting and answering questions, volunteering little information.

Suddenly the smile faded and he leaned forward anxiously. "You must have pretty nearly enough for your story, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I laughed. "Why? Are you nervous?"

"Yes, I am," he confessed. "These interviews are a terrific strain on me. When I know the interview is over, I can relax, and then I really enjoy talking."

It was after the interview was officially over that I got the material for the story.

On another occasion before I knew him well and knew how he felt about such things, I spent an hour trying to get him to tell me some anecdotes of his early struggles.

Instead of telling me frankly how he felt about that—as he did later—he guardedly replied, "Somerset Maugham said in his biography, 'I lived only in the future. I was always looking forward—generally to something I wanted to do in some other place than that in which I found myself. And no sooner was I there, doing what I had so much wanted, than it became of small account, for my fancy raced ahead, and I busied myself with what next year would bring. I never enjoyed the daffodils of today, because I was always thinking of the roses of to-morrow.'

"That expresses my sentiments better than I ever could myself. I don't want to live in the past. I want to wait until I'm too old to do anything else before I start remembering things that have happened to me along the way.

[Continued on page 69]



The SCREEN

Checking off the new films for exactly what they are worth.

delinquents. Here their waywardness is glaringly portrayed in a finely directed, though overwrought, picture. Not content with letting the faults of the young people speak for themselves, a preaching is thrown in to make doubly clear to the rising generation that the wages of sin is death. The Lord's prayer, accompanied by a celestial choir, is further included as a parting utterance of the youth on his way to the electric chair.

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper make "The Champ" one of the few real hits of the month, a picture everybody should see.

Nevertheless this is no ordinary mixture of hokum and sure-fire devices. Much of it rings true through all its frenzy. For one thing, it is directed by Wesley Ruggles, of "Cimarron."

HIGH as your enthusiasm was for Jackie Cooper, in "Skippy," it will mount surprisingly when you see him in "The Champ." Though the latter is not so good a picture as the juvenile film, it teams Wallace Beery with the boy actor. And that's saying much. Between them they do marvels with a lot of hokum and by the sheer artistry of their efforts the picture becomes one of the big hits of the month. Without them—but we won't dally with that disturbing thought.

Enough to say that the boy proves that his *Skippy* was no accident, that he is no one-rôle performer, but an actor of mature power, of inspiration that approaches genius, and always there is that supreme gift—naturalness. He is one of the important personages of Hollywood and don't you forget it.

Of course Mr. Beery is, as you have reason to know by this time, the *ne plus ultra* of robust actors. He's never surpassed his performance of the drunken ex-champion who falls by the wayside regularly, with the loss of everything except the worshipful faith of Jackie, his son, whose belief in his father's comeback never falters. And the ex-champ does recapture his lost glory for a fleeting moment, leaving Jackie to mourn his death in a frenzy of grief that shocks the spectator by its naturalness and depth of emotion.

Another startling scene occurs when Mr. Beery strikes his son in a pretended effort to cure him of his hero worship. This is superbly carried out by both.

There's a thin little incidental story involving Jackie's rich, divorced mother, but it doesn't matter, except in making possible some of Mr. Beery's and Jackie's good scenes. It's their picture first, last, and always.

"Are These Our Children?"

Well, we can't disown them if we piece together what we read in the newspapers about juvenile

and introduces a young actor named Eric Linden who gives a startling performance. More realistic in depicting the unpleasant side of the character than in winning sympathy, his acting is still one of the surprises of the month. He is a sort of junior Cagney—high praise indeed—and his portrait of the schoolboy who is enticed into night life and unwitting murder is well done.

Especially fine is the courtroom sequence in which the boy, carried away by the publicity he has received, questions the witnesses and succeeds in influencing the jury when a sudden turn of affairs drives him to a frenzy of defeat.

A point of superiority in the picture is the fact that it is concerned with children of poor parents and not those spoiled by too much money. There are many homy, touching details of humble life and the acting is in keeping with careful direction.

The young people are represented by Arline Judge, a baby vamp who has all that it takes, Rochelle Hudson, Robert Gale, Mary Kornman, Ben Alexander, Robert Quirk, and Billy Butts. All are well cast, together with Beryl Mercer and William Orlamond.

Eric Linden gives a startling performance in "Are These Our Children?" and Arline Judge is very effective.



"Around the World in Eighty Minutes."

Douglas Fairbanks's travelogue has its points and also its defects. Mr. Fairbanks is responsible for both. Well photographed and possessed of liveliness and variety in the scenes, it suffers from the star's insistence on being in nearly every shot and in describing everything whether he is visible or not. Mr. Fairbanks's rôle of lecturer is perhaps the least satisfactory he has ever played. His voice is thin and for the most part colorless, his remarks are frequently trite—as, for example, when he tells us that elephants are intelligent—and his humor is feeble. However,

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk



If you have tears prepare to shed them when you see Helen Hayes, in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," with Lewis Stone.

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Helen Hayes will tear your heart out in this, her first screen appearance, whether you are willing or not. With Ruth Chatterton, she is the only wayfarer from the stage to go over in a big way at the start. And what a big way it is! She goes through all the phases of our old friend *Madame X* with such delicate, yet sure, artistry that one is held spell-bound and freely yields tears that would be denied another star in a shallow, theatrical yarn about mother love.

But no such evaluation of the picture can be made while Miss Hayes lives the joys and sorrows of poor *Madelon*, whose story parallels that of *Madame X* in exploiting a mother who denies herself to her son in his youth and who is befriended by him when he has achieved eminence and she has sunk to degradation.

Perhaps the finest scene of all occurs when *Madelon*, released after years in prison for a crime she did not commit, visits her son at school and there decides to conceal her identity. The heartbreaking poignance of this depends on no dialogue, no straining of the boy to her bosom in the accepted manner of actresses in the throes of frustrated mother love.

Miss Hayes does nothing while conveying everything. It is terrific in its emotional evocation. And, before opportunity passes, let me ask you to share my enthusiasm for Frankie Darro, the boy. Only see him and you will need no urging.

Lewis Stone is also exceptionally fine as *Madelon's* kindly lover whose dishonesty causes her prison sentence, and with Neil Hamilton, Karen Morley, Jean Hersholt, Marie Prevost, and Robert Young the excellence of the cast is assured.

"The Cuban Love Song."

Lawrence Tibbett is the only star who can make a singing picture that isn't operatic, now that they won't let Ramon Novarro raise his voice in song any more. And this is pleasing without being sensational. It is comparable to "The Prodigal." Which is to say that it presents a romantic story enlivened by comedy and human touches, as well as Mr. Tibbett's

songs in lighter vein. He is a marine in Cuba with Ernest Torrence and Jimmy Durante. His romance with Lupe Velez, as a peanut vender, ends abruptly when he is sent to France. Ten years later, married to an aristocratic wife, he returns to Havana haunted by Miss Velez's song and there discovers her married and the mother of three children, the eldest of whom is called *Terry*, his own name.

Mr. Tibbett is likable and human, his voice is beautifully recorded, and Miss Velez is at her vivacious best. Mr. Durante supplies inimitable comedy and Karen Morley is really patrician as the wife.

"Touchdown."

If you care for football fiction, this is the best ever pictured. You have only to think back on the countless pigskin dramas you have witnessed to realize that ultimate praise is intended.

It isn't that the ball is kicked with more vigor than usual, nor that the last minute to play yields new thrills.

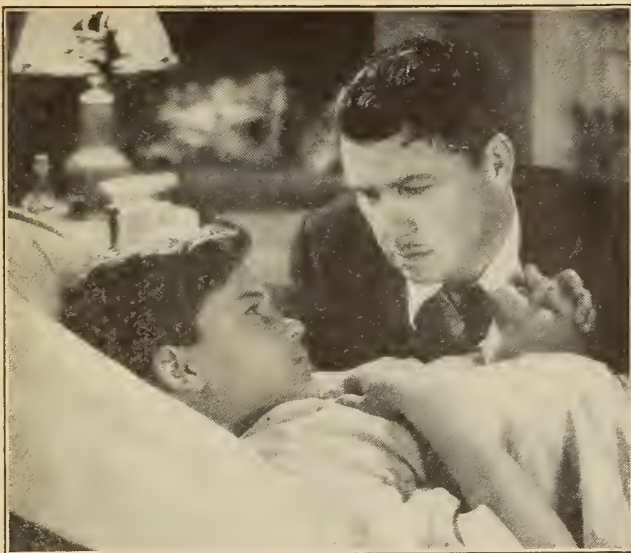
In fact, the hero loses the game! That alone is a startling innovation.

What really makes the story interesting is its revelation of character. The young coach offers a fascinating study in psychology, another unprecedented novelty in sport stories on the screen. Here we have an enthusiast carried away by his will to have his team win at all costs. He does not stop at unethical methods to bring this about. Suspense comes more from the struggle of the coach with his conscience than the outcome of the game itself. And because Richard Arlen gives such a forthright, convincing performance of this character our sympathy hangs in the balance as it would if he were a friend facing temptation.

The entire picture is charged with realism and intelligence, Jack Oakie becoming, next to Mr. Arlen, the outstanding member of the cast in as deft and engaging a rôle as he has ever played. Regis Toomey

Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez further popularize the "peanut vender" melody in "The Cuban Love Song."





It is well worth seeing not only if you like a highly charged plot—one that dovetails in the manner beloved of old playwrights—but on account of Lionel Barrymore and a new hero, Laurence Olivier, who will remind you of Kenneth MacKenna.

Between them they play it to the hilt, particularly Mr. Barrymore as a sort of Russian *Barron Scarpia* who corners the décolleté lady in his study and is murdered for his pains. Whereupon, unlike poor operatic *Tosca*, she escapes across the border with her newspaperman lover.

The scene is Russia in the czarist régime when the Jews were persecuted. Miss Landi, a virtuous Jewish maiden, accepts the yellow ticket which brands her as a woman of ill fame in order that she may visit her dying father, this being the only form of passport issued to her race. You can just imagine how she suffers under the stigma, but she curiously manages never to deserve it.

George Bancroft is finely supported by young David Durand, in "Rich Man's Folly."

The picture is richly produced and is well acted with suspense and conviction. Mr. Barrymore

throws himself into his part with such unwavering zest that he keeps you wondering in what extravagance of acting he will next indulge himself, but he is always arresting and often amusing. Still, the picture is most important because it vindicates Miss Landi.

"Rich Man's Folly."

George Bancroft's new picture is of the powerful school and rather good it is, too. It's about a ship-builder who places money above any human feeling and loses out. He is deprived of his son by death, his daughter falls in love with his rival, and he is snared by a predatory siren who forsakes him when he's on the rocks. His regeneration is brought about, however, when he destroys a ship in order to make possible the success of his rival, in this way gaining his daughter's love.

The heavy story is well acted and carefully produced. Mr. Bancroft is familiarly masterful and domineering, Frances Dee acquits herself well as his daughter, and the late Robert Ames is his capable self as the man she loves. The most appealing figure in the tale is David Durand, Mr. Bancroft's son. Juliette Compton is the guilty-looking gold digger.

"Girls About Town."

As if to take the edge off "The Greeks Had a Word for It," comes this rollicking saga of gold diggers by the same author. Also, as if to atone for her lapse from grace in "The Road to Reno," comes Lilyan Tashman with the very best performance of her career! Congenially cast as a predatory lady with a sense of humor, Miss Tashman contributes a characterization that is nothing short of a masterpiece of shrewd and knowing comedy. She's terribly funny!

The picture on the whole is good, too, with Kay Francis as a virtuous vamp and Eugene Pallette at his best as a playboy who wants his fun without paying for it. Joel McCrea is

Continued on page 62

likewise is excellent, with J. Farrell MacDonald. Charles Starrett and Peggy Shannon are pleasing, too.

"Over the Hill."

Hardly a critic's delight when it was filmed under the merciful protection of silence some years ago, the new and audible version is not a picture to cause us to exult in the progress of the screen. A money-maker then, it probably will be the same again, and might be successful if another cast were assembled in a few years, the trials and tribulations of motherhood being what they are. Only no mother I ever heard of was so wretchedly set upon as this inoffensive one. All she wants is to work and sacrifice, but what does she get? Her husband is a loafer, her eldest son cheats her of money that would save her from the poorhouse, the wife of another son turns her out of the house—and the son lets her go. And so on. However, she is saved from pauperism by the return of her good son. You feel there's no telling how mean her grandchildren may be, if she lives long enough. And you feel she will, for her capacity for bad breaks is unlimited.

All this is expertly put over. Mae Marsh is entirely sympathetic toward the rôle of *Ma Shelby*. She is a pitiful figure in black—slight, bent, quivering, toiling along with her straw suitcase, unwanted, unloved. But why?

James Dunn and Sally Eilers have no such opportunities as came their way in "Bad Girl," but they do as best they may with conventional rôles, and Joan Peers is briefly attractive.

"The Yellow Ticket."

Elissa Landi's best opportunity finds her wanting nothing to play it handsomely and with fine distinction. She gives a notable performance in the old melodrama which has served its time as screen material, but has never been as tastefully done.

Elissa Landi at last has a picture worthy of her. It's "The Yellow Ticket" and Lionel Barrymore scores, too.





The cast of this drama without a climax are, left to right, Howard Hughes, Barbara Weeks, Dorothy Jordan, and Donald Dillaway.

CUPID BITES the DUST

The romantic old boy put up a long hard fight with Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway before taking the K. O.

BACK in New York a few years ago Donald Dillaway was a juvenile leading man and, incidentally, quite the man about town. Don was as impressionable as *Don Juan* ever was. There was a standing joke among his friends that no actress on Broadway from eight to eighty was safe from him. Don was hitting the high spots and loving it.

At the same time Dorothy Jordan was a chorine in "Twinkle, Twinkle"—unknown. She was a quiet little girl from a small-town Southern family. She knew little about Broadway's night life and cared less. All she wanted was to get ahead.

They met once at a party, were introduced, and promptly forgot all about it.

Dorothy was signed to a contract by M.-G.-M., brought West, appeared in three pictures with Novarro, and her career was started. But romance hadn't touched her. Still her career was all that mattered.

Don came West with Otis Skinner. And Don, let loose in Hollywood, was like one of the early Christians thrown to the lions.

RKO signed him for the part of young *Cim*, in "Cimarron," but before they needed him for it, they began lending him out to various other studios. Eventually he landed with M.-G.-M., playing the part of *Dick Cameron*, in "Min and Bill."

He met Dorothy again, but neither of them remembered the previous meeting. Besides, Don was infatuated with another of Hollywood's beauties at the time.

The first day on the set, when supper was called, Don jumped into a taxi and dashed over to this other girl's home to tell her he would have to work that night and couldn't keep the date he had made with her. He stayed to dinner and got back to the set half an hour late.

The director and assistant were in a fine frenzy. Production was being held up, and the rest of the cast were sore, because it meant working that much later. Don was about as popular as a case of smallpox.

Suddenly out of the mob of scowling faces, Dorothy flashed him a smile—winsome and sympathetic.

By Everett Blagden

And that started it. When the picture was finished the other girl had been forgotten, and Dorothy and Don had discovered that

life held something for them they had never known existed before they came to know each other.

There were drives along the ocean in the moonlight, waltzes at the Coconut Grove under the softly lit palms, swims in the ocean in front of Dorothy's house.

Don's life began to take on a purpose and there was a depth to Dorothy's work that hadn't been there before.

For the first time in his life, Don was genuinely in love.

They went out with other people occasionally, but the evenings they were with each other were the only ones that really mattered during that year and a half.

Toward the end of that time, Howard Hughes discovered Dorothy and promptly beat a path to Metro studio. But Don didn't mind. As far as he was concerned, Hughes was just like anybody else—one of the crowd of men in Dorothy's life.

Then a number of people saw Howard and Dorothy together on several occasions at a certain well-known night club in Hollywood. Don had a sickening feeling at the pit of his stomach.

It is true, Dorothy wasn't drinking—she never does. But Don didn't feel it was the proper place for a nice girl to be, and told her so.

She was never seen there again and everything was just as it had been before.

But she was seen more and more with Howard Hughes. One cannot help but wonder if all is still going smoothly in this romance that Hollywood has watched with so much interest, and smiled on so benignly. They seemed so suited to each other.

And suddenly people were seeing Don here, there, and everywhere—always with a different girl—just as he was in New York. A week-end party at Billie Dove's beach house, dancing at the Embassy with Joan Marsh, and at the Grove with Barbara Weeks.

For a while one wondered if there mightn't be a little ache in his heart. But lately he has been seen more and more with Barbara.

[Continued on page 65]



They Say in

Visiting players flock to the theaters, some with serious intentions.

house leaked out and ended all speculation about the matter, and settles the question of the Lupe-Gary romance.

The Crowd Still With Them.—Reporters have grown a little blasé about Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. No longer do they rush to see them on their arrival in New York to learn about their plans for world tours, or Mary's stage ambitions.

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were remarried in her fifth wedding ceremony.

But whenever they set foot outside their hotel a mob descends on them. Getting into a theater and out unmolested is no mean trick for them. Between the acts the audience streams down the aisle to stare at them while Mr. Fairbanks squirms, smiling as if it hurt, and Mrs. Fairbanks maintains superb poise.

IGNORING for the moment the somewhat tepid response of the public to the stage appearances of Fay Wray, Vilma Banky, et al, a new delegation from Hollywood has decided to go on the stage. Of them all Norma Talmadge is perhaps the most promising, Sue Carol is the youngest, and Dixie Lee is the cutest.

Lawrence Gray has already made the jump from the screen to the stage. He is appearing in "The Laugh Parade," and a more self-conscious and unhappy-looking young man is hard to imagine.

One of his infrequent lines in the show has to do with the comparative comfort of making pictures, because there is no audience to face. But Ed Wynn offers him solace of a sort by assuring him that the theater is not noticeably different in that respect nowadays.

A Cynic, Perhaps.—While making plans to go on the stage, Norma Talmadge, pessimistic about the chances of a long run, perhaps, is also toying with the idea of signing a contract to make two pictures. These are not to be made under the auspices of her old company under the leadership of her husband. It is difficult enough to make pictures even when the star and the producer do not stop speaking to each other until they are nearly finished.

Lupe To Be Glorified.—Other Hollywood belles may go in for serious drama, but Lupe Velez is content with a contract that calls for her to be featured in the next Ziegfeld show. Possibly Buddy Rogers will be in it, too. After skipping merrily about the Riviera under the chaperonage (?) of the Dolly Sisters, Lupe returned to New York recently. John Gilbert was on the same ship. Often recently he has seen fit to change his plans so that he goes where Lupe goes.

Lupe's best friends—and aren't they always the ones to carry bad news?—report that from now on she will consider only those admirers who are orphans. It seems that during her absence abroad her home in Beverly Hills was stripped of all the gifts Gary Cooper had given. Somehow the fact that Gary's mother had a key to the

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Their departure from Ed Wynn's show was interesting to watch. A Rolls-Royce whizzed up to the entrance, and while it attracted the crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks sped out of a side door, crossed the street, and ran for dear life toward Sixth Avenue and a taxicab. It was easy enough for him, but she was wearing a velvet evening frock with long skirts, and an ermine jacket that stood out like a sail in the breeze.

No Rest for Mary.—During her stay in New York, Miss Pickford came forth nobly to aid the cause of unemployment relief drives. At a luncheon of the campaign committee—Ilka Chase says they are all eating themselves sick attending luncheons, which in some vague way are linked up with collecting money for the poor—Mary made a speech in the course of which she remarked that she knew what it was to face the tragedy of having one's only pair of shoes give out. She told of the turning point in the fortunes of a poor widow with three children when a man gave them twenty-five dollars. "I was one of the children," she added.

Within five minutes after she finished speaking, half a million dollars had been subscribed.

When the president was asked if he would see some one from the picture world to discuss with them their particular branch of relief work, he said that he would like to have Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks come to the White House for luncheon. There are lots of people who would be willing to discuss practically anything, if they could do it facing those two at luncheon. Miss Pickford accepted the invitation, but Mr. Fairbanks was detained elsewhere for one reason and another. That's independence for you.

Mary Pickford attended two luncheons in the cause of unemployment relief.



The Awful Truth.—If your conception of a studio press agent is a respectful little man who ap-

New York! Sharon

By Kare

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Gloria and Mr. Farmer expect to sail for France almost any day now to be gone for several months. She has finished filming "Tonight or Never," and does not plan to make another picture until next spring.

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Photo by Aeme

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Brief, But Widely Advertised

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Continued on page 65



Sally Eilers always wears a small ring her mother gave her.

RINGS of sentiment. Rings of good luck. Big rings. Little rings. Cheap rings. Grand rings. You can find them all in Hollywood.

Almost all the stars and players in the colony have rings which they treasure above their actual worth for various reasons, all good ones.

When Mary Astor became John Barrymore's leading lady several years ago, he gave her a good-luck ring. It is an inexpensive one, having a huge turquoise set between two small emeralds and mounted on silver. But Mary wears it on all auspicious occasions, just for luck.

Kay Francis has a fine old cameo, set in an engraved silver mounting. It was once the property of her ancestor, Governor De Witt Clinton, of New York. She often wears it as a dinner ring.

She also has a large bloodstone set in a ring which once belonged to the wife of her governor ancestor. She has never failed to wear it on the day she begins and the day she ends a picture, because there is a legend that says the ring brings good luck to its wearer.

Lilyan Tashman has a gorgeous creamy pearl, the second wedding anniversary gift of her husband, Edmund Lowe. Their anniversary and the signing of Edmund's first big contract occurred on the same day. Therefore, the pearl is doubly significant.

Sally Eilers—Mrs. Hoot Gibson at home—has a small dinner ring of three chip diamonds, which has become her favorite good-luck piece. It was her graduation gift from her mother and she wears it continually.

Betty Compson has a ring which she prizes above all her other ornaments, because it was the gift of her discoverer, George Loane Tucker.

The ill-starred romance of Betty and Tucker is one of Hollywood's most beautiful idyls. Tucker chose Betty for the leading feminine rôle in "The Miracle Man." During the course of this production they fell deeply in love, and became engaged, but illness overtook Tucker before the marriage could be consummated.

Instead of winning back his health, he sank into a steady decline. Finally sickness had made such inroads upon his health and appearance that he asked Betty to allow him to have a screen placed about his bed, so that she might visit him without seeing how ghastly he looked.

7.Y About

together for sentiment
not part



Betty went daily to his bedside. Sometimes they talked together, and sometimes they merely sat alone together. Finally when he became too weak to talk, Betty would bring her violin and play for him.

On the third from her last visit to his bedside, Tucker gave Betty a little ring, a turquoise encircled by chip diamonds, which had belonged to his mother, an actress. Betty promised to wear it always. She has kept her vow. When scenes require that her hands be photographed without rings, Betty puts the ring on a small gold chain and pins it to the underside of her dress, just above her heart.

Bela Lugosi wears a bat ring which was presented to him by the members of the cast of "Dracula," at the conclusion of its New York run. He never takes it off. It is a grim sort of ornament, of green gold. The bat's eyes are two flaming rubies.

Edwina Booth, of "Trader Horn" fame, was given an elephant tail-hair ring and a zebra hair bracelet by a native chief when she was in Africa. The chief gave her a number of presents and admonished her particularly to wear the hair ring and bracelet as long as they hung together, as they would preserve their owner from evil.

He also warned Edwina that if she were to take off such a charm after it had been worn, some disaster would overtake her.

Edwina thanked the old chief and forgot about the superstition. When the tail-hair ring began to irritate the skin between her fingers, she took it off. The following day she was laid low with jungle fever and barely escaped with her life. She still suffers from intermittent spells of the fever.

She lost or threw away the ring. She doesn't remem-

RINGS

By
Mary Sharon

or for luck, they'll
with them.



Two events are associated with Lilyan Tashman's creamy pearl ring.

Norma Shearer's engagement ring was a town topic for a while.



Marjorie Rambeau is mysteriously silent about her dinner ring.

ber what became of it. But she still has the zebra bracelet, which she wears with her street and sport

the face of the mounting remains unchanged.

Louise Fazenda has several rings which she cherishes. Her most highly prized one is her wedding ring, of course. She is married to Hal Wallis, First National executive. Her wedding ring is of platinum, with two hearts entwined cleverly together.

Another ring which she wears often is an opal with a setting formed of two hands holding up the stone. On the inside of the band in hieroglyphics is the Egyptian proverb, "Your fate lies in your hands."

Another ring, which is a favorite of Louise's, is a jade one that has been in her possession since she was a little girl. It was given to her by an old Chinaman who was allowed credit at the store owned by her mother and father, while he was ill and was waiting for money which had been promised him by relatives in China.

When he paid his bill, he gave the ring to Louise as an expression of his gratitude. Louise insists that it is a real lucky piece, because the first time she wore it she got extra work at Sennett's, which was the starting point of her career.

Irene Rich is inordinately fond of sapphires. She has one sapphire ring encircled by diamonds and set in platinum, which her mother gave her on her fourteenth birthday. Irene says she was very proud of it at the time, because platinum was then first coming into use for rings.

At a beach party last summer near Santa Barbara she lost it in the sand. She felt so badly about its loss that the entire party spent several hours searching for it, without result.

Several weeks later she and the same group of friends were picnicking at the spot where the ring had been lost.

Continued on page 74

Renavent wore the jewel in "East of Borneo."

He was told by the king's messenger that to the Siamese position in wearing jewels means everything. If a ring is worn on the first or index finger, it means that power will come to its wearer. If worn on the third finger, it means that the wearer has met with misfortune

BILLY GETS WISE

William Haines was about to get the gate, but snapped out of it in time.

BILLY HAINES and M.-G.-M. have recovered from the headache each gave the other and given the air to their separate differ-

ences. Billy is as good in pictures as ever he was, only who wants to see his favorite star in the same picture time after time? Nobody does. Every one got tired of seeing Bill Haines do the same fresh stunts. About the only difference was the change of title and the people in the cast, except Leila Hyams.

Metro thought it was Bill's fault, until some one told them different. Things have been learned on both sides, I imagine. That's what usually happens in these cases of adjustment.

Now everything's lovely and Bill is on the road making personal appearances which will familiarize him with audiences, a very important part of an actor's training. Bill never had been on the stage and somehow, with the necessity for speaking lines, the best way of handling one's feet and hands and elbows and ears became confusingly important.

On the silent screen Bill didn't know he had hands and feet. All of a sudden they jumped out at him and said, "Hey, young fellah, what are you going to do with us while you're rolling those choice new pronunciations over your tongue? We have some rights, I guess."

And Bill had to admit that they had.

Just why these things suddenly should become a matter for embarrassment Bill did not know, but there it was. He began on the thing that had started it all—diction. Bill is a Southerner and speaks perfectly good and attractive English without a too pronounced drawl.

In fact, one might almost think he hailed from the home town of brown bread and baked beans. But one becomes careless in diction, unless one's business requires one to be always on the job, and Bill began brushing up.

While he was about it, he took a few tips from our friends across the pond and "necessary" became "necess-sry," if you know what I mean, and if you don't, see his next picture "Turn to the Right," and you'll find out.

"I wonder, though, whether American audiences care whether perfect English as Englishmen know it is handed to them from the screen. I'll bet they often think we're putting on an awful amount of dog.

"I think there's a happy medium. If words are well enunciated and pronounced in Webster's best style, I don't see why we shouldn't get by."

This business of what English to use is very puzzling and hasn't really been settled yet. It was the same with the Spanish pictures, only worse. The argument as to which accent should be adopted for general use for Spanish-speaking countries grew so heated that one of the board, trying to drive his argument home, fell over dead.

In future, Bill is to play the type of parts that is more like himself. Naturally every one

By Helen Ludlam

who knows his work believes him to be a smart-Aleck in real life.

He is, you may be surprised to hear, a rather serious young man. He

loves fun, but not at the expense of the other guy.

"I've never played a practical joke in my life. I hate practical jokes," he said when I asked whether he was still the village cut-up, and he told me rather sulkily that that palm now went to Jack Oakie.

I can't remember that I ever heard Bill blamed for a practical joke, but every one thinks he is going to play one, which is as disconcerting as though he actually went through with it.

In Hollywood he always had his host on the qui vive wondering what boner he would pull next. The curious thing about it was that the boner never was pulled. He had the master touch of keeping up the suspense to the breaking point and never doing anything that any one could really object to.

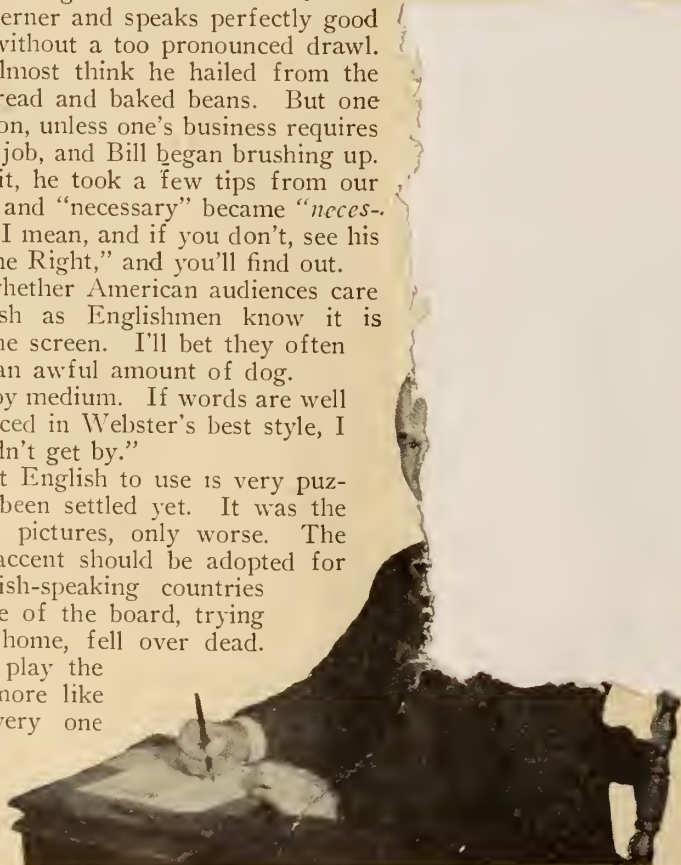
In his dressing room at the Capitol Theater, New York, where he was making a personal appearance, he told me he was homesick for Hollywood and pictures.

"We are creatures of habit after all, aren't we? I used to think I'd love to get away from studio life for a while, but now I see how much it is a part of me and how greatly picture people are blessed.

"I like the domestic life pictures permit one to live. I like being able to go to my comfortable home every night and to drive through the cool, pure California air which still retains some vestige of a perfume from flower-

Bill now yields the palm to Jack Oakie as the Boulevard cut-up.

Photo by Apeda



"Why—a—I don't think they feel it much," he said. "They are working, they get their salary just as they always have and living ex-

Continued on page 66



Photo by Hurrell

WILLIAM HAINES faced a crisis when his contract wasn't renewed and a European vacation loomed before him. Suddenly the studio changed and Billy was clapped on the back and sent on a personal-appearance tour. Helen Ludlam brings him to you, opposite.



HORROR

Dorothy Mackaill is starred in "Safe in Hell," the scene being an island in the Caribbean, the haunt of criminals.

DONALD COOK, the hero of the tale, is seen with *la* Mackaill, above, while Victor Varconi, too long absent from the screen to suit the majority, is a likable rascal, right. Others are Ralf Harolde, Jahn Wray, and Nina Mae McKinney, who electrified us in "Hallelujah."





RALLY 'ROUND

SOUND the cymbal, beat the drum and open your purse, for here come Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, in "Possessed."

MISS SWANSON'S leading man, Melvyn Douglas, is new to films and was chosen because of his capital performance in the stage version. Incidentally, take a look at Miss Swanson's tricky eyebrows. Something like the antennae of a butterfly, aren't they?



PRIMA DONNA

Every inch a songbird, and a regal one at that, is Gloria Swanson, in "To-night or Never," a worldly comedy of an opera singer who steps out of her hot-house existence in search of a forbidden thrill.



"WORKING GIRLS"

WITH a title such as this, and such principals as Dorothy Hall and Judith Wood, the picture is bound to be lively.



BESIDES the two attractive heroines there are Paul Lukas, Stuart Erwin, Buddy Rogers, and Samuel Barrymore Colt, son of the famous Ethel, who is glimpsed above.



REDEEMED

"THE FALSE MADONNA" gives Kay Francis a strong rôle in a crook melodrama and brings Conway Tearle back to the screen. Also, Miss Francis plays a mother for the first time, her supposed son being played by John Breeden who is seen in the circle.



THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME. men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.

Greta

It was beyond the powers of mortal man to withstand the lure of this siren.



The lives of a million men—the destinies of nations—these were the stakes she played for.

IN **GARBO** • *Ramon* **NOVARRO** **MATA HARI**

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
and
LEWIS STONE

Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Incomparable

THE one and only Maurice Chevalier offers a new portrait of himself as a friendly warning that he is about to appear in "One Hour With You," in which he is again teamed with the charming Jeanette MacDonald, to say nothing of Roland Young, Genevieve Tobin, and Charles Ruggles.

Continued from page 37

It seemed that Mr. Bartlett was cropping up into every event. Once the publicity department sent a messenger to the White set. Some of *la White's* original opinions were requested for a special story. So lost in love did Alice seem that she had come to regard Sy as her *alter ego*. "Ask Sy," murmured she in a daze. "He knows what I think about everything." And forthwith lover Sy expounded.

Then the bang-up occurred. The publicity department said its say in no veiled words. Then *la White's* standing as a star began to fade. Yet Alice refused to give up Sy. They are more in love now than ever before, proving that even a career is as nothing compared to forbidden love.

Once more we find the Fox officials snarling over a romantic duo, namely, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow.

"Maureen," the cry went forth, "is a beautiful young thing, fresh from Ireland. We want to build up her career as a fragrant young flower. Now Mr. Farrow is a captivating young blood, we reluctantly admit, but his reputation as a lady-killer is as well-known as the existence of Movietone. His name has been coupled with every young unattached girl in Hollywood."

The O'Sullivan is all Fox said of

her. But the officials forget that Maureen has a very determined brain in her pretty head. She is no weakling. She knows what she wants and will get it.

Nevertheless, it will be recalled that Maureen was given a holiday back to Europe. It was also rumored that Fox went so far as to hint to fiery lover Farrow that if he did not keep away from the O'Sullivan he would be fired.

Maureen is now back in Hollywood. Mr. Farrow is still writing scenarios. What will the outcome be?

Perhaps the Cooper-Velez romance caused as much comment as any other. No fan could seem to understand how two souls so opposite could find attraction in each other. But love springs up in strange places. Gary declared he liked Lupe's frankness. That, of course, is merely a matter of taste. Others do not find it so enchanting. Lupe vowed her Gareae is wonderful, a real man.

No definite objections were issued by Paramount against this Montanian-Mexican *romanza*. But whispered rumors have it that objections were voiced. To-day Gary is not seen with *la Velez* and complains that he finds her wherever he goes in New York. Yet this "separation"

may be a good piece of Montanian diplomacy.

When Rex Bell first appeared on the Paramount lot and saw Clara Bow, love flared to its heights. Rumors spread. Fox felt annoyed that one of its children should be led astray. Paramount ha-ha'd the idea. "It's the old gossip," they said. But the rumor turned out to be true, and then the boot was on the other foot.

Clara's career has recently suffered various upheavals in her domestic life. Hardly any fault of hers, but annoying nevertheless. And Rex, since love smote him all in a heap, seems to have slipped from screen honors.

Possibly the outstanding forbidden lovers of Hollywood are Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Every one, so it appeared, gasped at the affair. Every one forbade the marriage. Joan was told her career would suffer when the fans knew she was a married woman. Doug, Jr., was told similar things.

Since their marriage, strangely enough, both careers have prospered. The fans have increased their adoration and everything seems fine, except for occasional rumors.

Of course not all lovers are so fortunate as Joan and Doug. Love comes along and careers are crippled and ruined.

The forbidding still continues—but so does the loving.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

That Disgusting "It."

WHAT do people see in Clara Bow? Some say she has talent. I do believe she has some, but her cheap "It" offsets what little she may possess.

Alice White is an exact replica, in this same atrocious manner. Her part in "The Girl From Woolworth's" fitted her perfectly. They should have kept her there. It's where she belongs.

What great heights have they achieved? The only height is the popularity with people who don't care for the finer things in actresses.

If any one disagrees with me, isn't this proof? The cheapest scandal newspaper in Chicago held a movie contest, as did several of the better Eastern colleges. Who won? In the newspaper contest it was Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, while the colleges chose Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman.

Let Clara stay on the ranch. Give me Crawford, Bennett, Lombard, Garbo, Sidney, and Stanwyck.

RUTH ANDERSON.

394 Center Street,
Winnetka, Illinois.

The Georgia Peach.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, our lovely blond aristocrat, is from Savannah, Georgia, not Alabama. I met her when she came North with her mother and sister. She was just fourteen and a little beauty, with her long blond curls, and cheeks like red Georgia peaches. We hope Hollywood

will not cause her to lose that lovely soft voice of hers.

We are just waiting for her next picture. She simply walked away with the honors in "The Smiling Lieutenant." Her acting is always exquisite.

DIXIE CLUB.

New York, New York.

Loving the Wrong Man.

VICTOR VARCONI is my subject. I have just seen him in "Doctors' Wives," and I'd like to choke the fellow who didn't give him the lead. With eyes and a smile like his, he deserves a break. If some one would flash a smile like that at me, I'd think I'd come to the end of the rainbow.

Warner Baxter makes a nice hero, but he'd make a better villain. I think Varconi stole the honors from him. If the company doesn't want fans to fall in love with the wrong man, it would pay to be more careful in casting.

MARGUERITE J. FITCH.

Montpelier, Indiana.

Prayer for Happy "Stupidity."

SOME fan wrote in "What the Fans Think" that *Willi Kasda* in "Daybreak" was the most stupid rôle Ramon Novarro has ever played. A prayer then, say I, for more of that "stupidity," and may we all be spared from the high intelligence of some of his former rôles.

I thought "Daybreak" was exceptionally good and Ramon Novarro perfect in it. What matter that the ending was silly,

when one considers that the cast was good, the atmosphere charming, and the situations plausible? Even the title was appropriate and nonsensational.

There seems to be some argument about Helen Chandler. I thought she did very well, although the recording of her crying sounded like a sea lion's roar. Where were those sound experts at the time? To me there seems to be no ground for Jack Hilt's harangue. If Mr. Hilt thinks Helen Chandler eclipsed Novarro in that picture, that's his opinion, but when he injects spite into it, he weakens his own argument.

GRACE R. SANDER.

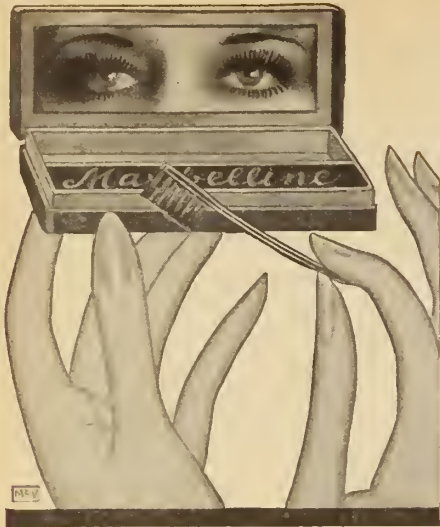
New York City.

Carrying English to England.

AS an interested reader of "What the Fans Think," I should like to tell our American cousins what I think of their films, and please take my letter as an average Englishman's views, that is, the picture-going multitude—about 99.9 per cent. I must say that American films hold sway over here for the simple reason that they are good. Sometimes we produce a good talkie, but the average British film is terrible. They seem to delight in showing the world that an Englishman must either speak "higgerantly" or "so very refanedly." Now, thank Heaven, the American films show the English how to speak their own language. True, you have some examples of real Englishmen over there—Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, and others.

I am sure if you see certain British

Continued on page 72



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Gum-chewing Sophisticate

Continued from page 25

tween the cars was too narrow to permit the bird to raise his wings for a take-off.

Ruth got out and, edging between the cars, held up traffic while she rescued the bird. Discovering that he was unharmed, she directed the chauffeur to return to Central Park where she set the bird free.

A cast of twenty people had been held up for an hour—but Ruth saved the pigeon's life.

"Is it any wonder," says the countess, "that she charms people? You know that you like her, though not knowing why."

But so you will know that her friends are not trying to establish Ruth Chatterton as a sweet young thing who passes her time protecting dumb animals, there is another side that Brenda Forbes, Ralph's sister, tells.

Brenda, a blue-eyed English girl just over from the other side and playing in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," bubbles over when she speaks of Ruth.

"She's great fun—never likes to be alone and never wants to go to bed. When I visited her she would come to my room after every one else had retired and tease me to play Russian bank with her. And over a high ball

she will tell you some of the spicy stories she hears from Ralph.

"She and brother are great companions, though their tastes are not alike. Brother loves sports, hunting, fishing and things like that which don't attract Ruthie. Ruthie is a dreamer, while brother is more matter-of-fact. I believe it is this quality as well as his jolly boyishness which attracts Ruth.

"Their idea of a holiday is to slip away to the slums. In fact, Ruth says when she retires she will make a trip around the world and visit all the funny places, meaning the Barbary Coasts and the Boweries.

"And every prize fight held in Hollywood finds her in a ringside seat cheering with friend husband. She is an inveterate smoker, will answer a call at any hour of the night for a bridge game—and chews gum."

But Brenda says every one in Hollywood chews gum. It keeps the chin line firm. Not that Miss Chatterton needs to worry about that. She has a complexion like peaches and cream.

And she gets up in the morning looking as fresh as other women do after an hour before the mirror.

All in all, it seems that Ruth Chatterton is a whole-souled, regular woman who improves on better acquaintance.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 23

At the same affair were Marlene Dietrich, Miss Dagover, and Nora Gregor. Was there, by any chance, too much European atmosphere about the event?

Dot Ends Wild Course.—Dorothy Mackaill's madcap series of romances have finally culminated in her wedding to Neil Miller, formerly of the Hawaiian sugar plantations, and now a singer. Miller caroled and crooned at the Embassy Club about the time of their elopement to Yuma, Arizona, the new Gretna Green of movieland. Dorothy attracted attention by being a daily patron of the establishment. Her former husband, Lothar Mendes, will soon marry Lady June Inverclyde.

Her Gridiron Hero.—The romance between Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield, former football star, must really be serious. They are seen together constantly. Miss Lee will have to wait a few months yet for her final divorce papers.

Are You Sincere, Lupe?—Is Lupe Velez sincere in her affairs of the heart, or does she just crave publicity? Hollywood is inclined to scoff at Miss Velez's romance with Jack Gilbert, and regard it as an attempt on her part to gain front-page newspaper space. Anyway, these joint tours of the world by players are becoming such an accepted thing that they are almost regarded as conventional. We said "almost"!

A Drawn Battle?—The question of who won the Stanwyck-Columbia war will never be settled to the satisfaction of everybody. A majority of people think it was Columbia's victory, but some of Barbara's supporters say 'tain't so. Like most movie battles it probably resulted in what is really a draw.

Anyway, Barbara gets \$25,000 for the first of three new Columbia films she is to make, which is \$5,000 more than she was to have received, and \$15,000 less than she wanted; and she gets \$30,000 each for two others.

At Warners she works for \$35,000 a picture. If she makes films rapidly enough she may clean up \$185,000 during a year. And you can't kick at that.

Learning from Lubitsch.—All the arguments hither and yon led to nothing except that Nancy Carroll has played the lead in Lubitsch's "The Man I Killed." And it's a lucky break for Nancy—no question. There are quite a few things about acting that she will be able to learn from Lubitsch, the eminently clever maker of pictures. And we don't deny, either, that Miss Carroll has her share of talent.

The performance we're looking forward to, however, is that of Lionel Barrymore. He's topnotch in the Barrymore clan ever since he made that big hit in "A Free Soul."

Salary Capers.—For contrast, the Marx Brothers gather in \$200,000 from "Monkey Business," and a

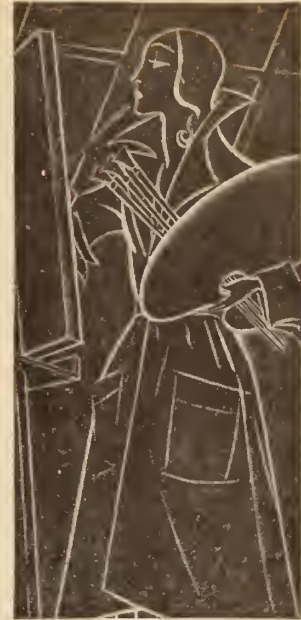
share of the profits. But there are four of the boys to get a slice of the two hundred grand.

Little Jackie Cooper is now a \$65,000-a-year boy. Just about the same as one Marx brother, as far as pictures go. For the Marxes generally only play in about a picture a year, though they have a stage income besides that.

Clara, the Taciturn.—Act first, talk later, is Clara Bow's new maxim. Maybe she learned it in the great open spaces of Rex Bell's Nevada ranch.

Anyway Clara, who has talked volubly in the past, is maintaining a discreet silence regarding her comeback in the films.

She is rested, strong, and happy, and all the other things that Western ranches do for one. It is said that her contract with Sam Rork will give her \$100,000 for the picture she makes for him. Which, in movieland, is generally the important item.



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Cupid Bites the Dust

Continued from page 45

If the wealthy playboy has come between them—and all Hollywood hopes he hasn't—one wonders, once more, if his devotion is as fine and genuine as Don's.

It's a puzzling situation, but it wouldn't be the first time Cupid slipped a cog in Hollywood. Life is like that out here. It does funny things to people.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 47

Elissa Landi paused in town briefly on her way to Hollywood from London. Evidently somebody liked "The Yellow Ticket," because the studio decided to call her back to make more pictures.

The jury is still out on Lil Dagover, Warner's latest import. Having finished her first picture, and having no great love for Hollywood, she will wait in Europe to see whether the public clamors for more of her or not. I think they will.

A Gentleman's Agreement.—When all the ranking stars were massed on a single radio program recently to ask for contributions to unemployment relief, it was agreed that there was to be no exploitation of self or pictures during the addresses—a big order for most actors to fill.

However, all but one on the lengthy program nobly resisted the temptation to talk about their latest or coming pictures. The one exception, my dear children, was not some silly little blonde. It was George Arliss!

Incidentally, the player who gave

most freely of her time and energy—the only one who attended every meeting of the committee on arrangements from first to last—was Nancy Carroll.

Notes and Comments.—Dolores Costello and Billie Dove, heralded on their recent return to the screen by an advertising campaign that more than intimated that they had learned to act, did not even look as beautiful as they did in former pictures. The public must be getting wary of these advance blasts; it was cool toward "Expensive Women" and "The Age for Love."

Conrad Nagel and Joan Marsh will do a dramatic sketch in theaters around New York. Lois Moran, having made a good impression on the stage last winter, will try musical comedy this year. The golfing season having ended around New York, Tommy Meighan has gone West to make another picture and play more golf. He took Gene Sarazen and Tommy Farrell with him.

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Why Garbo Is Mum

Continued from page 21

its original news breaks, its rumors, its follow-ups, and its interminable psychoanalyses by scientific experts.

Charlie Chaplin's marital entanglements and the loves of Casanova were never subjected to such exhaustive scrutiny, and as we all know, the Garbo-Gilbert affair didn't even jell!

There ought to be a climax, a height of something or other, about the publicity invasion of Garbo's privacy.

Here is an incident that bids strongly for such an honor. Not long ago she went into the restaurant at her own studio for luncheon. Of course this unusual occurrence got into print. But the really sensational story her visit provoked was a lengthy discourse on the effect, psychological, physical, and spiritual, that her presence there had upon half a dozen other famous stars who happened to be lunching there at the same time.

Until then we had had every slant on Garbo but that of the inarticulate worms in her garden. All her servants had broken into print, all her leading men. Her relatives and friends in Sweden at least had offers to do so. It was inevitable that some bright writer should force her equally famous stellar contemporaries to be mouthpieces for a new point of view on her!

Yes, there must be some mystery left about Garbo. Surely there is some nook or cranny of her life that has not been exposed, analyzed, criticized, and discussed.

But these Garbo mysteries are getting so hard to find! Why not solve the whole problem by selecting as a fresh, less trammelled mystery, some star about which less is known—perhaps Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks!

That would give poor Greta a chance to rest and recuperate.

Inferiority Complex—What?

Continued from page 18

had retired to the fastnesses of the Roosevelt Hotel, directly across the street.

When a year later, he returned to the limelight to exploit the première of the long-awaited "Hell's Angels," it wasn't the picture that was exploited so much as Mr. Grauman's return to participation in the industry.

He was apprehensive lest the public had forgotten him. Rumor says Sid paid for the banners himself.

Who is it that's coming home? Some one from Hollywood! And who is it who hangs up the banners and buys the flowers? Some one from Hollywood!

One is reminded of the famous French cartoon showing twelve men standing in a circle and patting each other's backs.

"More publicity!" says Hollywood. "We've got to show the public we're important."

Oh, yeah? Well, men who are really important are too busy to waste time proving it to the public or any one else. As a matter of fact, when you're *really* important you don't *have* to show any one.

Are we wrong? Pardon us, if we are. We're just telling you what those old psychologists say. Maybe they don't know what they're talking about, after all.

TO MARLENE

Your eyes are limpid pools of light
Where love and laughter dwell,
And in their wistful, starry depths
Two tender bluebells fell.

Your silken hair a shining veil
That golden sunbeams touch in flight,
Your hands, those fragrant blossoms, hold
The perfume of enchanted night.

You are my radiant, guiding star,
Too high for earthly thought of me,
And in my heart I hold a love
As deathless as eternity.

A. K.

Clark Gable's Story

Continued from page 41

"I'm not exactly *discontented*, but I'm *uncontented*. I guess I always will be. Right now I love this work I'm doing—but I know I won't stick to it forever. I'll never be an old character actor.

"I may force myself to stick at this for a few years—if any popularity I may have at the moment lasts that long—because I want to accumulate enough money to travel anywhere I please without worry."

On another occasion I asked him if he is moody. He looked at me curiously for a moment and grinned. That grin is Clark's armor against being taken seriously. He feels timid about expressing himself on the subject of himself and senses that if he grins you'll think he's kidding.

"Sure," he answered. "I'm moody as hell. I can't give way to it here, but lots of times when I leave the fishing schools and European travel, couldn't stand it when she learned the truth.

The essentials of a good melodrama are here, but opportunities are muffed and issues obscured; consequently we have a tepid picture notable only for a few good scenes now and then. Sad to say, Mr. Huston does well enough, but without that vivid forcefulness we expect of him, although Dudley Digges and Willard Robertson fare somewhat better. David Manners also is present and the ladies are he has underlined passages that appeal to him and which prove conclusively which way his fancy runs.

Whenever he can get a few days away from the studio, he packs up a mule with supplies and goes off on a hunting trip into the mountains. Sometimes Wally's brother-in-law goes with him.

And it isn't a de luxe camping expedition, either. They take no cooks or guides with them. They pitch their own tent and do their own cooking.

When the holiday is over, Clark comes back to the studio, puts the grin back on his face and starts playing heavy to a lot of lovely ladies of the screen.

Trying to break through that reserve of his would be somewhat like trying to get on dropping-in terms with Calvin Coolidge.

And yet, if you ever did manage it, I rather fancy the man you would find behind the reserve would be worth all the trouble you had gone to. As it is, I can think of few men I'd rather spend an hour with than this same Clark Gable.

THE END.

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How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunken PAY CHECK



How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

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Why Garbo Is Mum

Continued from page 21

its original news breaks, its rumors, its follow-ups, and its interminable psychoanalyses by scientific experts.

Charlie Chaplin's marital entanglements and the loves of Casanova were never subjected to such exhaustive scrutiny, and as we all know, the Garbo-Gilbert affair didn't even jell!

There ought to be a climax, a height of something or other, about the publicity invasion of Garbo's privacy.

Here is an incident that bids strongly for such an honor. Not long ago she went into the restaurant at her own studio for luncheon. Of course this unusual occurrence got into print. But the really sensational story her visit provoked was a lengthy discourse on the effect, psychological, physical, and spiritual, that her presence there had upon half a dozen other famous stars who happened to be lunching there at the same time.

Until then we had had every slant on Garbo but that of the inarticulate worms in her garden. All her servants had broken into print, all her leading men. Her relatives and friends in Sweden at least had offers to do so. It was inevitable that some bright writer should force her equally famous stellar contemporaries to be mouthpieces for a new point of view on her!

Yes, there must be some mystery left about Garbo. Surely there is some nook or cranny of her life that has not been exposed, analyzed, criticized, and discussed.

But these Garbo mysteries are getting so hard to find! Why not solve the whole problem by selecting as a fresh, less trammelled mystery, some star about which less is known—perhaps Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks!

That would give poor Greta a chance to rest and recuperate.

Inferiority Complex—What?

Continued from page 18

had retired to the fastnesses of the Roosevelt Hotel, directly across the street.

When a year later, he returned to the limelight to exploit the première of the long-awaited "Hell's Angels," it wasn't the picture that was exploited so much as Mr. Grauman's return to participation in the industry.

He was apprehensive lest the public had forgotten him. Rumor says Sid paid for the banners himself.

Who is it that's coming home? Some one from Hollywood! And who is it who hangs up the banners and buys the flowers? Some one from Hollywood!

One is reminded of the famous French cartoon showing twelve men standing in a circle and patting each other's backs.

"More publicity!" says Hollywood. "We've got to show the public we're important."

Oh, yeah? Well, men who are really important are too busy to waste time proving it to the public or any one else. As a matter of fact, when you're *really* important you don't *have* to show any one.

Are we wrong? Pardon us, if we are. We're just telling you what those old psychologists say. Maybe they don't know what they're talking about, after all.

TO MARLENE

Your eyes are limpid pools of light
Where love and laughter dwell,
And in their wistful, starry depths
Two tender bluebells fell.

Your silken hair a shining veil
That golden sunbeams touch in flight,
Your hands, those fragrant blossoms, hold
The perfume of enchanted night.

You are my radiant, guiding star,
Too high for earthly thought of me,
And in my heart I hold a love
As deathless as eternity.

A. K.

Clark Gable's Story

Continued from page 41

"I'm not exactly *discontented*, but I'm *uncontented*. I guess I always will be. Right now I love this work I'm doing—but I know I won't stick to it forever. I'll never be an old character actor.

"I may force myself to stick at this for a few years—if any popularity I may have at the moment lasts that long—because I want to accumulate enough money to travel anywhere I please without worry."

On another occasion I asked him if he is moody. He looked at me curiously for a moment and grinned. That grin is Clark's armor against being taken seriously. He feels timid about expressing himself on the subject of himself and senses that if he grins you'll think he's kidding.

"Sure," he answered, "I'm moody as hell. I can't give way to it here, but lots of times when I leave the

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How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunken PAY CHECK



How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

When he has underlined passages that appeal to him and which prove conclusively which way his fancy runs.

Whenever he can get a few days away from the studio, he packs up a mule with supplies and goes off on a hunting trip into the mountains. Sometimes Wally's brother-in-law goes with him.

And it isn't a de luxe camping expedition, either. They take no cooks or guides with them. They pitch their own tent and do their own cooking.

When the holiday is over, Clark comes back to the studio, puts the grin back on his face and starts playing heavy to a lot of lovely ladies of the screen.

Trying to break through that reserve of his would be somewhat like trying to get on dropping-in terms with Calvin Coolidge.

And yet, if you ever did manage it, I rather fancy the man you would find behind the reserve would be worth all the trouble you had gone to. As it is, I can think of few men I'd rather spend an hour with than this same Clark Gable.

THE END.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 63

bling, disjointed, and faintly silly, this
yarn of brother officers in love with
the same charmer, the wife of a black-
mailer who profits by his wife's at-
traction for men. There's highly col-
ored stuff in this rather sordid tale,
but somehow it is oftener funny than
exciting in the telling.

Erich von Stroheim contributes un-
intentional comedy by his preference
for caricature at the expense of hon-
esty and credibility. He plays the
blackmailing husband of Lily Damita,
a sinister, arresting figure until he
speaks. Then his voice, with its
Western rather than foreign accent,
gets beyond his control and he never
quite seems to know how to curb it.
But there's no denying that Mr. von
Stroheim puts on a show. That is
more than can be said for Miss Da-
mita, Adolphe Menjou, and Laurence
Olivier.

"Once a Lady."

Too, too sad is Ruth Chatterton's
latest display—that is, sad without
making one weep. But it is always
interesting to regard Miss Chatter-
ton's technique, her means of achiev-
ing an end. Sometimes it leaves one,
as unmoved as when examining the
fine mechanism of a watch. Still, one
does respect the skill of a watch-
maker, doesn't one? This hand-
somerly produced picture does not

whose hardness of heart is matched
by her diamonds.

The story recalls many other purely
theatrical yarns, this being further
confirmed by the plotting that causes
Miss Chatterton to save her grown
daughter from her first false step and
then mournfully leaves the scene
without disclosing her identity.

The most convincing acting is that
of Jill Esmond, of the stage, who
plays the daughter. She's very, very
English, but she's vital and sympa-
thetic. You feel what she feels.
Ivor Novello is listless and uninter-
esting and Geoffrey Kerr is the right-
eous husband.

"Consolation Marriage."

Whether you like this depends en-
tirely on how much you liked "Re-
bound." For the new opus is a car-



bon of the latter. No, you mustn't
ask me why this is so. I know as
little as you about the whims of pro-
ducers. I do know, however, that
this is so replete with whims and
pranks that it makes me realize that
"Rebound" was comparatively a mas-
terpiece, a red-blooded cross-section
of human nature in the raw.

Here the characters are equally in-
tent on being casual and glib, but the
conversation provided for them is in-
ferior. It is studio smartness rather
than the calculated flippancies of a
playwright. Again we have the man
and girl who meet when they have
been thrown over by their respective
sweethearts and again Myrna Loy
tries to recapture her man after his
marriage. He wavers, but returns to
his wife and child. This is supposed
to keep us in suspense.

present Miss Chatterton to best ad-
vantage.

She is a Russian girl with rolling
"r's" and banded hair who marries
into a dreary English family and is,
of course, unappreciated by them.
To make doubly sure of your sym-
pathy Miss Chatterton says she's go-
ing to have a baby and goes wading
later with her little girl. From then
on her goose is cooked and it hardly
surprises when she is separated from
her husband and child by the conniv-
ing family.

While her husband gains political
eminence she succeeds as a courtesan

Simple and trite as the story is, it
is the conversation that irritates. The
characters work too hard at being
quaint, hence they never are convinc-
ing. Instead, the actors seem smugly
confident that they are uttering price-
less witticisms and can toss them off
as if to the manner born. Charitably
I shall refrain from quoting their
whimsicalities.

Irene Dunne, who is starred, gives a genteel, ladylike performance. Don't laugh! How many of our stars are equal to as much? However, it takes more than gentility to be a star. Vitality isn't a bad quality to have on tap. Pat O'Brien is the reporter hero, apparently with no duties except to exchange banter. John Halliday, his employer, the managing editor, is even more occupied with social affairs and quips.

"The Ruling Voice."

Even Walter Huston, fine actor that he is, offers little or no help toward making this good entertainment or credible drama. It is a story of well-dressed racketeers whose speech is refined rather than *Little Caesarish*. Their leader, played by Mr. Huston, has a heart of pure gold and attempts to prove it beyond all doubt by giving up his racket for the sake of his daughter, from whom he is estranged. It seems that she, a product of finishing schools and European travel, couldn't stand it when she learned the truth.

The essentials of a good melodrama are here, but opportunities are muffed and issues obscured; consequently we have a tepid picture notable only for a few good scenes now and then. Sad to say, Mr. Huston does well enough, but without that vivid forcefulness we expect of him, although Dudley Digges and Willard Robertson fare somewhat better. David Manners also is present and the ladies are Doris Kenyon and Loretta Young.

"Compromised."

Rose Hobart as a work-ridden drudge is not exactly an instance of inspired casting, nor does her precise speech add credibility to the character, but she plays with intelligence and sincere emotion. She is easily the chief attraction of the film, which rates as good routine entertainment, neither boring nor exhilarating.

A rich manufacturer forces his artistic son to adopt a business career, beginning at the bottom. The young fellow's girl deserts him for a more attractive life, he takes to drink and is consoled by a slavey in his boarding house. He marries her and his father maneuvers to separate them, his former flame returning from abroad

to exert her old-time spell. When the little family—they have a child—is nearly sundered everything clears up in the way we often see on the screen.

Ben Lyon is pleasing as the hero, Juliette Compton is the luring temptress, and Claude Gillingwater is especially good as the tyrannical father.

"Bad Company."

The pity of this is that it shows evidence of once having been a fine picture ruined in editing, or cutting at the behest of censors. It remains most unsatisfying, yet has merits that many another accepted film has not. It is brilliantly directed—what there is of it—and is well acted, too. But there are gaps in the story and lapses



from plausibility. As well as little or no sympathy for any one. It's a hodgepodge of brilliant flashes, chief among which is a most interesting racketeer played by Ricardo Cortez. He has indigestion and a Napoleon fixation, the most egoistic gangster ever seen on the screen. He is a fascinating character who doesn't quite come through, however, and the fault does not rest with Mr. Cortez.

As nearly as one can make out, Helen Twelvetrees is the ingénue sister of a suave gangster and is innocent of her brother's activities. She marries the boyish aid of Mr. Cortez, without knowing anything about his means of livelihood, either. Miss Twelvetrees is just too innocent of everything to pass muster as a modern heroine. Anyhow, there's a feud, an attempted seduction and what not, with Miss Twelvetrees and John Garrick, the hero, alone at last and happy.

This picture is the saddest mishap of the month.

Strictly Confidential

RKO found that Richard Dix didn't really learn to manipulate a telegraph instrument in two days, for his work in "Secret Service." He learned telegraphy as a boy and, although he hasn't used it since, he has remembered it all these years. What a man!

Junior Laemmle used to have a big fireplace in his office, but following his recent trip to New York, he had it removed and a window put in. The report is he discovered, while in New York, that there isn't any Santa Claus, so what good was the chimney?

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THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Dept. 16 B

Crazy About Rings

Continued from page 49

One of the girls was scooping up sand, when suddenly she felt a lump between her fingers. It proved to be the ring. Irene was overjoyed.

She has another sapphire ring, which, until recently, she wore almost constantly. It was a birthday gift, several years ago, from her divorced husband, David Blankenhorn. While passing an antique shop, he saw the beautiful old ring and decided that it was just the thing for her birthday gift.

It is an oblong sapphire surrounded by diamonds. The mounting is old gold inlaid with blue enamel.

James Gleason has a square emerald set in platinum. He says the sentiment behind it is that he always wanted an emerald ring and when he felt able to buy one, he did. And he wears it continually, because he has an unaccountable fondness for the stone.

Norma Shearer's engagement ring received considerable attention from the press when Irving Thalberg presented it to her. One very good reason for its claiming notice is that it is an exquisite pear-shaped diamond

costing about \$7,500. And another very good reason, it was Norma's engagement ring.

So much was said about the love token that when Rudy Vallée became engaged to Fay Webb and asked her what kind of an engagement ring she desired, she said she wanted one just like Norma Shearer's. And she got it.

Marjorie Rambeau wears a heavy diamond-and-platinum dinner ring. She never takes it off and she refuses to discuss its origin. Friends say that it is loaded with sentiment, because when Marjorie was in need of funds several years ago, she refused to part with the ring.

Most actresses look upon diamonds as money in the bank, and frequently pawn them. And Marjorie is an old and seasoned trouper. Be that as it may, when she could have parted with the jewel for a while to her advantage, she refused even to consider taking it from her finger. If that isn't sentiment, then what is?

Big rings. Little rings. Cheap rings. Grand rings. You'll find them all in Hollywood.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

A JOHN BOLES WORSHIPER.—Yes, John Boles's middle name is Love. He has appeared in the following films, the leading ladies being Gloria Swanson in "Sunya"; Molly O'Day, "Shepherd of the Hills"; Patsy Ruth Miller, "We Americans"; Greta Nissen, "Fazil"; Nancy Carroll, "Water Hole"; Mary Astor, "Romance of the Underworld"; Laura La Plante, "Scandal"; Carlotta King, "Desert Song"; Bebe Daniels, "Rio Rita"; Vivienne Segal, "Song of the West"; Laura La Plante, "Captain of the Guard"; Evelyn Laye, "One Heavenly Night"; Genevieve Tobin, "Seed"; "Resurrection," Lupe Velez. There are five clubs listed for Mr. Boles. If you will send your address, I shall be glad to forward their addresses to you.

A MOVIE FAN.—Tom Mix is playing in a series of six Westerns for Universal, the first of which is called "Destry Rides Again." Every now and then there are rumors to the effect that William S. Hart is to make a comeback. Whatever is holding up the happy event remains a mystery. Harry Carey and Edwina Booth have been playing together in the serial, "The Vanishing Legion."

M. CARINE.—"Street Scene" was filmed in Hollywood. Harpo Marx is not deaf and dumb. He plays the part so convincingly that the majority of the fans think he is. And can't he make that harp talk!

A. C. S.—Jackie Coogan was born in Los Angeles, California, on October 26, 1914. Both his father and mother were professionals, and it was from them that he inherited the gift of mimicry which first attracted the attention of Charles Chaplin who "discovered" the lad.

BETTY.—Douglas Fairbanks and Julianne Johnston in "The Thief of Bagdad." Dennis King is married to Edith Wright and they have two children. Morton Downey played in "Syncopation," "Mother's Boy," "Lucky in Love" and "Devil's Holiday." It was J. Warren Kerrigan who played Will Banion in "The Covered Wagon." Arthur Stone was *The Barber* in "The Vagabond King." Arthur Edmund Carew was born in Armenia; is six feet tall, weighs 165; has black hair and dark-brown eyes.

ANNA MAGNUSON.—Be sure you see Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari." He and M.-G.-M. have come to an agreement, and under the new arrangement he will make four pictures a year. Bob Gilbert was *Tolongo* in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

FILM PER WEEK.—"Paris" was Irene Bordoni's first picture. She is now playing on the stage in "The Improper Duchess." The rest of the cast included Jack Buchanan, Louise Closser Hale, Jason Robards, Margaret Fielding, Zasu Pitts. John Darrow was *Karl Arnstadt* in "Hell's Angels." The silent version of "Riders of the Purple Sage" had the following in the cast: Tom Mix, Beatrice Burnham, Arthur Morrison, Seesel A. Johnson, Warner Oland, Fred Kohler, Charles Newton, Joe Rickson, Mabel Ballin, Charles Le Moyne, Harold Goodwin, Marian Nixon, Dawn O'Day, Wilfred Lucas. In "The Black Camel," Sally Eilers was *Julie* or *Mrs. Denny Mayo*. Some of Marie Dressler's silent pictures were "The Callahans and the Murphys," "Joy Girl," "Breakfast at Sunrise," "The Patsy," "Bringing Up Father."

Pick a Pen Pal

Florence Beckett, 35-06 Thirty-fourth Street, Astoria, Long Island, New York, promises to answer every fan who writes her.

Dugald McAlpine, 149 Alderman Road, Knightswood, Glasgow, W. 3, Scotland, wants to correspond with American fans about twenty-one years of age.

Jan D. Dennanay, 1401 Queen Street, Apartment 3, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, is anxious to build up a world-wide correspondence.

Rosina Munck, Bandon, Box 583, Oregon, would like to have some Pen Pals.

Lucille Roderick, 63 Forest Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts, would live to have some letter friends.

Rosemary Murray, 14 Cliff Street, Newark, New Jersey, desires to exchange letters with fans in other countries.

Elizabeth Patterson, South Berwick, Maine, wants to hear from seventeen-year-old fans.

Marjorie Strauss and Charlotte Kelly, Minonk, Illinois, will exchange letters about any of the stars.

Janet Fosdick, 63 Rhame Avenue, East Rockaway, Long Island, New York, would like to correspond with Richard Barthelmess and Joan Crawford fans.

Mollie Mendelson, 702 South Monroe Street, Tallahassee, Florida, would appreciate some Pen Pals.

Edith Pierson, 790 Line Street, Camden, New Jersey, wants to hear from Clark Gable and Leslie Howard fans.

Corinne Goodkin, 51 Bellevue, South, Elizabeth, New Jersey, asks all the fan readers to write to her.

William H. Brown, 333 Central Avenue, Batesville, Arkansas, wants to correspond with boys of twenty in foreign countries and Chicago.

P. W. Shanks, 2320 Twenty-fifth Street, Granite City, Illinois, would like to hear from some readers.

Welder Daniel, 1303 North Broadway, Santa Ana, California, wishes to write to Garbo admirers.

Joseph Mangicina, 574 Gregory Avenue, Clifton, New Jersey, wants to hear from fans interested in Alice White and the stage.

Doris Lowe, 50 Pember Road, London, N. W. 10, England, would like to communicate with American boys and girls.

Leslie Williams, 150 Moreton Street, Lakemba, Sydney, Australia, wants some Pen Pals of about sixteen.

Ruth Mendelson, 808 Adeo Avenue, New York City, says she has a craze for writing letters and for George Arliss.

Helen Haverly, 246 Locust Street, San Jose, California, would like to hear from fans in other countries.

Arthur E. Knight, Jr., 364 Smith Street, Providence, Rhode Island, wants to correspond with fans who appreciate Buddy Rogers's acting ability.

Alice Clark, 1339 Glenn Avenue, Augusta, Georgia, would like to correspond with Janet Gaynor fans.

Anna Bella, 5 Sixth Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, desires to correspond with New York girls interested in Joan Crawford and dancing.

Bee Gloria Cogan, 511 Lamont Street,

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Are you flat-chested? Do you have ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands. Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase your feminine charm and mould your contours to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.



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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY 900 W. Lake St., Dept. B-212, Chicago, Ill.

Pick a Pen Pal

N. W., Washington, D. C., wants to hear from Garbo fans.

Betty Kohl, 88 Prospect Street, Newburgh, New York, would like to hear from fans interested in Constance Bennett and Robert Montgomery.

Iola Shafer, 205 East Kleinhans Avenue, Easton, Pennsylvania, will correspond with any fans who write her.

Carrie Twirdy, Box 73, Salem, Nebraska, wants to find a few Pen Pals.

Dot Cooper, 1701 North Pulaski Street, Baltimore, Maryland, would like to correspond with boys and girls over seventeen.

Lilo Oyarzun, 21 entre Paseo Y 2, Vedado, Havana, Cuba, wants to correspond in English or Spanish with fans interested in Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, and Janet Gaynor.

Harry Lee Baumgartner, 1406 Kentucky Avenue, Joplin, Missouri, wishes to hear from men and boys.

Helen Polansky, 144 First Street, Coaldale, Pennsylvania, says she'd love to write to fans anywhere.

Kay Glover, 1460 East Colorado Boulevard, Eagle Rock, California, wants some Pen Pals, mid-Westerners preferred.

Jeanne E. Brouillet, 193 Main Street, Athol, Massachusetts, desires to correspond with fans over seventeen.

M. Schlesinger, 5200 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois, wants to hear from fans all over the world.

Euline Beaver, Box 185, Landis, North Carolina, would like to hear from boys and girls all over the world.

Theresa M. du Brocky, 3015 Spruce Street, MacFarlane Park, Tampa, Florida, will answer fans who write her.

Enid Eleanor Reston, Box 143, Springs, Transvaal, South Africa, wants a worldwide circle of Pen Pals.

Marian L. Dommer, 9717 Eighty-first Street, Ozone Park, New York, would like some Pen Pals interested in Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery.

Any fan interested in James Dunn will find a friend in Thelma Wentz, Hickory, North Carolina.

El Zora Anderson, 1815 South Cedar Street, Sioux City, Iowa, will correspond with any fan who writes her.

Fay Zinn, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, New Jersey, wants pen friends in the United States and other countries.

Continued from page 73

of the Flesh" and "Min and Bill," and think that she showed a delightful blend of pathos and humor, which can be done only by a real actress. Please, those of you who have criticized her, think again.

Never mind, Miss Jordan, I and loads of others are rooting for you and will continue to do so as long as you turn out such performances as you have thus far.

R. G. A.

Burlington, Vermont.

Those Unsung Troupers.

MAY I protest against the consistent neglect of some of the finest actors on the screen? There are a large number

What the Fans Think

of fans whose lack of interest in Miss Shearer, Miss Garbo, and Miss Crawford is colossal, but they get the publicity.

Eugene Pallette, William B. Davidson, Hugh Herbert, Charles Sellon, Guy Oliver, Montagu Love, C. Aubrey Smith, Richard Tucker, Victor Varconi, Alec B. Francis, Ernest and David Torrence, Paul Hurst, William Boyd, Wynne Gibson, Donald Crisp, George Irving, Claude King, Alison Skipworth—all these, and many more, are unappreciated adornments of every picture they appear in. They are not young, most of them, nor romantic. They do not appeal to shopgirls, but if the movies are ever to grow up, it will be through these good players.

Why doesn't Paramount make "Babbitt," with Eugene Pallette in the title rôle, or "Dodsworth," with William Davidson? Why doesn't Sam Hardy get a good part occasionally? Why don't Gilbert Emery and Huntly Gordon get some of the parts that Clive Brook ruins with his exaggerations, his condensation?

Occasionally a good actor like Paul Lukas gets a break, but for every one like him, there are a dozen like Nicholas Sussanin—who used to steal Menjou's pictures—who are allowed to slip into obscurity by the lethargy of the public and the reviewers, who are of course themselves the losers. MRS. EDITH K. WILLIAMS.

New York City.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredric March, Richard Gallagher, Phillips Holmes, Wynne Gibson, Lilyan Tashman, Carol Lombard, Tallulah Bankhead, Chester Morris, Jackie Cooper, Judith Wood, Adrienne Ames, Stuart Erwin, Jackie Coogan, Robert Coogan, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, Lewis Stone, Marie Dressler, Neil Hamilton, Polly Moran, William Bakewell, Marjorie Rambeau, Joan Marsh, Clark Gable, Karen Morley, Robert Young, Myrna Loy, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young, Marian Marsh, Joan Blondell, Evalyn Knapp, Bebe Daniels, John Barrymore, Joe E. Brown, Winnie Lightner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ben Lyon, Polly Walters, Walter Huston, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, and Lew

Ayres, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Marion Shilling, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie Quillan, Pola Negri, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Marguerite Churchill, Warner Baxter, Elissa Landi, El Brendel, James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Mae Marsh, Linda Watkins, John Boles, John Arledge, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Rita La Roy, Ivan Lebedeff, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Irene Dunne, Richard Dix, Laurence Olivier, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 179 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Duryea, 5959 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston, Lloyd Hughes, Dorothy Revier, and Lois Wilson, 1839 Taft Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Basil Rathbone, 22 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

Mary Carr, 6113 Dorcas Place, Hollywoodland, Los Angeles, California.

Claire Windsor, The Savoy Plaza, New York City.

Joseph Schildkraut, 24 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WOTTA MAN!

Who is this new guy Gable?

And tell me, is he able

To take the place of Rudy in our hearts?

He's a bold Ohio lad,

And he treats his ladies bad—

Yet he always seems to get the leading parts.

Shearer, Garbo, and now Joan

Have shared their beauty with this chap,

And every day he gets praise from some fan.

So in closing, let me add

The dames must like 'em bad!

Hurrah for Clark Gable—wotta man!

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What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this \$1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc. may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

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The treatment is simple—also pleasant. You merely make a habit of gargling twice a day with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Thus you cope with germs in the mouth. Thus you strengthen the mouth's resistance to germs.

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During these tests, one-third of those observed did not gargle at all, one-third gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day, and one-third gargled five times a day.

Now, note these amazing results:

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Three times as many colds

Those who did not gargle Listerine had three times as many colds as those who



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

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WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins A mighty murder mystery!



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Clark Gable Is In Danger!

The new idol of the screen faces a grave peril. His relatives admit it and discuss it with Helen Pade, Picture Play's clever new writer, who has opinions of her own on the subject.

And what is Mr. Gable's danger? Well, it isn't that he may go Hollywood or become high-hat. Clark is too level-headed for that. But there is something more insidious and just as destructive. Clark himself knows it and fears it. You, too, will know it and fear for him when you read Miss Pade's article in next month's Picture Play.



For Shame!

Hollywood gossip cows and subsides when accused of trying to separate one of the few really devoted couples in the colony—young people you know well. Dick and Jobyna Arlen, of all people!

Happily married for over five years, gossip decided that such a successful marriage was too good to last and set about the ignoble task of breaking it up.

What form the gossip took, what part a certain lovely star played in the plot, and how the Arlens defeated the enemies of their happiness—all this they told Laura Benham who, in turn, will tell you in Picture Play for April. Put that dim idea now!

GAYEST SCREEN EVENT of the YEAR!

Chevalier! Captivating all the world with laughter and love! Gay, irresistible, romantic! *Jeanette MacDonald*—beautiful, tuneful sweetheart of "The Love Parade"! *Genevieve Tobin*, brilliant comedienne! *Charlie Ruggles!* *Roland Young!* What a cast! What a swell time you'll have at this Paramount Picture! What a swell time you have at all Paramount Pictures—always "the best shows in town"!



MAURICE

Chevalier



IN AN ERNST LUBITSCH

PRODUCTION

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

WITH JEANETTE MacDONALD

GENEVIEVE TOBIN • Charlie Ruggles Roland Young



Under the supervision of
• Ernst Lubitsch •
Directed by George Cukor
Music by Oscar Straus

Paramount  *Pictures*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR. PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By the Oracle

MARTHA BRENER.—Yes, my beard is quite long and still growing, thank you. I'll let you in on a secret—it is now platinum blond, and oh, how the ladies admire it! Of course, you wouldn't when it is the dark-haired David Manners you want to know all about. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1905. Educated at the University of Toronto. He played on the stage before making his first screen appearance as *Raleigh*, in "Journey's End." David is six feet, weighs 175, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is divorced. Gene Raymond is now playing in "Ladies of the Big House." Barry Norton is vacationing in the South Seas.

ALBERTO A. POCH.—Irene Rich is now playing in "The Champ," with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

LILLIAN C. FELL.—Louise Fazenda has made the following pictures since 1930: "Loose Ankles," "No, No, Nanette," "High Society Blues," "Broadway Hooper," "Wide Open," "Bride of the Regiment," "Rain or Shine," "Leathernecker," "Misbehaving Ladies," "Viennese Nights," "The Main Street Princess," "Treat 'Em Rough," "The Mad Parade," "The Cuban Love Song."

BILLIE.—How can you call yourself a bother when you ask but one little question? Tom Douglas was *Jeff*, in "The Road to Reno." I might add that he was born in Louisville, Kentucky, September 4, 1906, is five feet ten and a half, weighs 140, and has blond hair and brown eyes. He is the same Tom Douglas who appeared in silent pictures back in 1920. Since that time he made a name for himself on the English stage and returned to America about a year ago to try the talkies.

BLONDIE.—Ralph Bellamy was *Johnny Franks*, in "The Secret Six." He also played opposite Ruth Chatterton, in "The Magnificent Lie." This good-looking young actor is not married. Yes, the Robert Williams of "Platinum Blonde" and "Devotion" died November 3rd. Robert Montgomery's child is named Martha, and Esther Ralston's is called Mary Esther. Raymond Milland played the part of *Charles Carter*, in "Bought." Clark Gable's pictures to date include "The Painted Desert," "The Finger Points," "The Easiest Way," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Night Nurse," "Sporting Blood," "Laughing Sinners," "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," "Hell Divers," "Possessed."

FLORENCE BECKTOLD.—This Gene Raymond lad seems to have attracted considerable notice. He did very well in "Personal Maid," and is now appearing in "Ladies of the Big House." His real name is Raymond Guion, and he is of French descent, born in New York. Gene is from the stage where he played the juvenile lead in several Broadway plays.

SHORTY.—Your first letter to a fan magazine, is it? Well, come again, and

don't worry about your questions reaching the waste-basket. I don't possess such a receptacle. Glad you like Greta Garbo, who seems to gain more admirers with each new picture she makes. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905; has blond hair, blue eyes, is five feet six, weighs 125, and her family name is Gustafsson. Her pictures include "The Torrent," "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil," "Streets of Sorrow," "Legend of Gosta Berling," "Love," "The Divine Woman," "The Mysterious Lady," "Woman



It's just as the Oracle thought—Gene Raymond has caught on with the fans in a big way.

of Affairs," "Wild Orchids," "The Single Standard," "The Kiss," "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," "Mata Hari."

MAJEL FROM CANADA.—In "Ramona," *Alessandro* was played by Warner Baxter, and *Felipe* by Ronald Drew. Mr. Baxter has been playing in "The Cisco Kid" and "Surrender," and is scheduled to make "Alimony Queens" and "Widow's Might." Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1909; Dolores del Rio, August 3, 1905. Miss Velez is appearing opposite Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Cuban Love Song," and Miss Del Rio is now in "The Dove," opposite Leo Carrillo. Lillian Roth is playing in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Dennis King is rehearsing for the musical stage production of "Smilin' Thru."

RUFUS, OF W. V. M.—Janet Gaynor is married to Lydell Peck. In "Riders of the Purple Sage," *Bess* was played by Yvonne Pelletier. Don Alvarado has a daughter, Joy; Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan have a daughter, Evelyn; George Bancroft, a daughter, Georgette; Richard Barthelmess, a daughter, Mary; Joe E. Brown has two sons and a daughter, Joe, Jr., Donald, Mary Elizabeth; Bebe Dan-

iels and Ben Lyon have a daughter, Barbara Bebe; Reginald Denny has a son, Reginald, Jr.; Marlene Dietrich has a daughter, Maria; Ann Harding has a daughter, Jane; Helen Hayes, a daughter, Mary; Buster Keaton has two boys, Joseph and Robert; Winnie Lightner, a son, Dickie; Robert Montgomery, a daughter, Martha; Chester Morris, a son, Brooks; Victor McLaglen has two children, Andrew and Sheila; Zasu Pitts has a daughter, Ann, and an adopted son, Donald Michael; Esther Ralston, a daughter, Mary Esther; Norma Shearer, a boy, Irving, Jr. Constance Bennett divorced Phil Plant in 1929 and married the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye on November 22, 1931. Hardie Albright played in "Hush Money," "Skyline," and "Heartbreak."

EDITH FOX.—So George O'Brien is your weakness, eh? He is nice. April 5, 1900, is his birth date. Born in California, he received his early education in San Francisco. At the start of the World War he enlisted in the navy. On his return he re-entered college. About this time he became acquainted with Tom Mix, who got a job for him as assistant cameraman. It wasn't long before he was cast for several minor parts. His first big part was the lead in "The Iron Horse." He is five feet eleven, weighs 176, and has brown hair and eyes. "Rainbow Trail," with Cecilia Parker, is his latest. I almost forgot—he isn't married.

JUST YOURS TRULY.—Some of Richard Dix's earlier films include "Not Guilty," "Dangerous Curve Ahead," "All's Fair in Love," "The Glorious Fool," "The Christian," "Souls for Sale," "The Woman with Four Faces." There is a Mrs. Dix now, you know, Winifred Coe being the lucky girl.

CHET.—"Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious," opposite Charles Farrell, are Janet Gaynor's most recent pictures. And the good news is that she probably will do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Address her at the Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood; Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, and Robert Montgomery care of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

A RICHARD CROMWELL FAN.—This talented young actor was born in Los Angeles in 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, has light-brown hair and green-blue eyes. He has played in "Tol'able David," "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Shanghai'd Love," to be followed by "Yellow" with Jack Holt. You can reach Mr. Cromwell at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood.

MARGARET KIRCHER.—Joan Crawford was born on May 23, 1908. Her most recent film is "Possessed," opposite Clark Gable. Alice White's birthday is August 26, 1906. She had a part in "Murder at Midnight."

Continued on page 73

**"MURDERS
IN THE RUE MORGUE"**

**CARL
LAEMMLE
PRESENTS**

IN THE RUE MORGUE



The majority of the people love grim and mysterious pictures. I know it from the thousands of letters I have received and from the extraordinary reception accorded "DRACULA" and "FRANKENSTEIN." And now comes the equally mysterious thriller of EDGAR ALLAN POE'S pen, "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," in which these two celebrated players appear:

BELA LUGOSI

The original "Dracula"

and

SIDNEY FOX

Star of "STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"

Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Continued from page 6

anything. All she does is pose. Her voice is an absolute shock—and her hair! How I itched for scissors to cut that hair. If she would only curl it, or cut it, or comb it—anything but that straight unlovely mass slinging around her shoulders.

Wasting Clark Gable in a picture with her—thank goodness he's playing with Joan Crawford in "Possessed."

I'm sick of Garbo this and Garbo that, when to me she is not even neat. She is a clever woman; or else has a good press agent. She keeps to herself so the public will not be disillusioned. She can hide away for all of me; I'll never search for her.

A. FITZ PATRICK.

8540 S. Green Street,
Chicago, Illinois.**Ramon Leaning on Garbo?**

NOVARRO is slipping. A sad fact, but one that his fans should face. Apparently Ramon's producers forgot that he is never superior to his material, and have been presenting him in a series of program pictures, much to his disadvantage.



Casting him opposite Garbo in "Mata Hari" is an eleventh-hour attempt to regain lost ground. A brilliant move, since

Garbo's leading men always share her popularity. Ramon's career hinges on this rôle opposite the screen's greatest actress and the result will be interesting. My prediction is that it will put him back on his feet.

A. M. OLIN.

4220 Thirty-first Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.**Is There No Perfection?**

OF all the films I have seen in my twenty-one years, I am sorry to say I have found no player to whom I might truthfully apply the word "perfection." Always I find a flaw, either in his appearance or acting ability.

A new personality is making his or her début in a film. I go to see it. The first time I am perhaps delighted in every way and think that I am at last satisfied. The following week another picture comes along headlining this player. I take it in, so to speak, and find my ideal has developed one of those terrible cases of egoism, or he might have a face or body defect which I had not noticed in the previous picture.

Oftentimes I wonder if I ever do find one who measures up to my idea of perfection on the screen, how shall I know that he hasn't halitosis, or horrible as it would be, "B. O."?

DON RITTER.

108 East Sycamore Street,
Rome, New York.**Claudette's Laurels Are Real.**

AMONG the letters in a recent Picture Play there was one from Jack M. Cochrane which was intentionally unkind in the criticism of Claudette Colbert, in "The Smiling Lieutenant." Perhaps he should not be blamed for having



been taken in by Paramount's device to create sympathy and popularity for the promising newcomer, Miriam Hopkins, by building up her rôle and giving her all the advantages at the conclusion of the picture. But I am sure that no one will agree with his claim that by superior acting Miss Hopkins stole the picture from Miss Colbert.

It may interest Mr. Cochrane to know that when the script was handed to Miss

Colbert she had the option of appearing in either rôle. It is to her credit that she elected to play the more difficult and less sympathetic rôle of *Niki*, although realizing that the girl who got the hero would gain more favor with the audience.

Miss Colbert is an artist and is above snatching the breaks.

In spite of the sneers of the critical Mr. Cochrane, Miss Colbert's stage laurels were honestly and rightfully earned by almost seven years' intensive application to her work. Her greatest triumph was as *Lou* in the play of carnival life, "The Barker." Her work in this play was hailed as an outstanding acting achievement of the season in New York, and she was later acclaimed in London in the same play.

Critics in New York, Chicago, London, and everywhere she played, emphasized the same point: "This girl can act."

ROBERT B. BYRNES.

2431 Buck Street,
New York City, New York.**Fancy a Turbaned Gable!**

IT seems that of late there has been a popular demand for a talkie version of "The Sheik," with Clark Gable in the title rôle. Oh, please, you movie magnates who make the final decision in these matters, don't do it!

Clark Gable is not fitted to play the part of an Arab chief or any other kind of foreigner. That he is a great actor, a first-rate cave man, and an incomparable lover, no one can justly deny, and at first glance these things do seem to qualify him for the part of *Ahmed ben Hassan*.

But look a little deeper. Clark Gable is first, last, and above all else, a typical American. It is written all over his face and in every accent of his voice. If you put a dozen turbans on his head, you couldn't make him look like anything else. Let us continue to see him in the kind of rôle he was made for—the red-blooded, he-man American.

The Arab dress would not become him, and the Arab speech—oh, give me ether, somebody! Can you honestly imagine Clark Gable forsaking the snappy lingo of his native land for the poetic thees and thous of the Orient—and do it with a straight face?

If "The Sheik" is remade at all, it should be with a star of Latin extraction, as it was the first time. I doubt if it would click so well with to-day's audiences—we have learned to expect so much more of our movies than we did when that far-fetched romance made its big hit. At any rate, it is utterly unworthy of Clark Gable, aside from his personal disqualifications for it.

Nevertheless, if you vote me down and put him in it anyhow, I shall go to see it. I kind of like this Gable fellow.

ESTELLE WADE.

2314 Morse Street, Houston, Texas.

What's a Girl To Do?

WHAT'S all this tommyrot about Joan Crawford going high-hat? Can't a girl elevate herself and better her environment? Why must she be called snooty?

Just because she doesn't go hey-hey-ing all over the place any more people talk, and they would still talk if she did; you can't please every one. Let's give Joan a big hand. She deserves it.

ETHEL BRUCE.

74 Boyd Avenue,
Jersey City, New Jersey.**Old Rough-and-ready Buddy.**

WHY do people rave over Garbo, who is conceited, high-hat, and no better actress than Joan Crawford, Helen Hayes,

Norma Shearer, or Kay Francis? And she is stiff and mechanical.

And Janet Gaynor—it is about time she discarded her ga-ga ways and baby-faced innocence and immature speech, and be what she is, a full-grown mature woman. Cute Dorothy Lee would be better suited to Janet's rôles.

Now a word for Buddy Rogers, whom I have met in person. Buddy is absolutely as much the rough-and-ready man as God ever made. He never has had a decent break. Can he help it if he was thrust into "mamma's boy" pictures, like "Follow Thru"?

ARTHUR E. KNIGHT, JR.
364 Smith Street,
Providence, Rhode Island.**"Weeping Willow" Chandler.**

IMUST express my opinion of an actress, who I think is absolutely silly. That is Helen Chandler. Some one ought to rename her "Weeping Willow." All my friends agree with me. If you saw her in "Salvation Nell" and "The Last Flight," you'd agree with me.

If I ever saw her smile or look happy, I'd faint. Even at the end of a picture she cries because she's so happy. Of all the actresses she's the worst.

Three cheers for Clark Gable, he's a honey!

MARY CASKER.

6011 South Fairview Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.**Apollo Plus Flaring Nostrils.**

IS the sheik article by Madeline Glass about to start a row among the fans, or isn't it?

Boy, howdy! I can just hear all the tumult and the shouting over our fair land when the fans see that their favorite wasn't included in the big six!

I think Miss Glass wasn't far wrong when she nominated Duncan Renaldo as the American Apollo. He has almost exactly the build and general cast of countenance of a classic Greek athlete, except that his mouth is a darned sight better.

His mouth is both strong and sensitive, the mouth of a poet. His eyes are those of an idealist, and I love his nose! The nostrils flare slightly, giving him an earthly, passionate look. Renaldo is very male. He is both boyish and dangerous.

Please, producers, give him a break! Don't hide his light behind a bushel any longer! We want to see him again.

L. B. D.

Fort Worth, Texas.

"Garbo Maniacs" Corrected.

IBEG to differ with Bertha C. Lambert, who said in a recent Picture Play, that Garbo is not so stuck on herself as to have her life story written, and that Dietrich has had hers published in several magazines and papers. She asks, "Has Garbo ever allowed her life story to be published?" I say, "Yes."

Among my magazine files I have two life stories of Garbo. I have them here while I'm writing this. I am sure they would not have been written had not Garbo been stuck on herself enough to allow them to be published. Anyhow, most of that mysteriousness and "all by my alone" attitude is a pose.

The Garbo maniacs act as if she was a superhuman or a goddess. It really sounds silly. She is a good actress, but there are others just as good and better. And please end this Marlene-Greta war. It's getting tiresome. They're both good. One is prettier, and they never fail to give us a good picture. That's all we want. So pipe down, you maniacs, and give some other actresses praise, too.

S. M. P.

Crystal Falls, Michigan.

Continued on page 12

Every Good Boy Deserves Fun

LOOK!



Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

JUST see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"—and there you are. Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is *e*. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is *g*.

And the spaces—just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? Thus whenever a note appears in the first space, it is *f*. Whenever a note appears in the second space, it is *a*.

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No dull and uninteresting scales. No "tricks" or "secrets"—no theories—you learn to play real music from real notes.

You don't need a private teacher this pleasant way. In your own home, alone, without interruption or embarrassment, you study this fascinating, easy method of playing. Practice as much or as little as you like, to suit your own convenience, and enjoy every minute of it.

You learn from the start—Previous training unnecessary

So clear and simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—the most essential principles are taught. Clear, concise, interesting and attractive—that is how each lesson is presented to you. And at only a few pennies a day!

You'll be amazed at your progress! You "get on" so quickly, so easily, to everything that almost before you realize it you are playing tunes and melodies from notes.

The surest way to popularity

Don't be just "another one of the guests" at the next party you go to. *Be the center of attraction!* The most popular one at a party is always the person who can entertain—and there is no finer and more enjoyable kind of entertainment than music.

Learn music this simple way and amaze your friends. Once you can play you will be surprised how popular you become. In amateur bands and at parties you'll find new pleasure and popularity.

Never before have you had such a chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. And this method does not mean that you will be able merely to read notes and play a simple tune or two—but it means you will become a *capable and efficient player*. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

No alibis now for not learning to play your favorite instrument

Like having a phantom teacher at your side every minute, encouraging you, teaching you, smoothing the way so that it becomes so much easier, so much quicker for you to master your favorite musical instrument.

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by graphic illustrations and diagrams you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent". Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the

rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this wonderfully improved method.

Free Book Explains All

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book explains all about this remarkable method. It proves just how any one can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 533 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
533 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You Instrument?

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Pick Your Instrument	
Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
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Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	"Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	
Juniors' Piano Course	

Continued from page 10

Joan's Modernistic Eyebrows.

WHY all this adverse criticism of Joan Crawford's change in appearance? One fan even goes so far as to say she looks popeyed. Almost every star on the screen has her eyebrows plucked till they are scarcely more than a thin line. I, for one, think it enhances their beauty, even though it does not look natural. After all, with all this craze for modernistic effects we must accept the change in women's appearance along with the rest.

Joan Crawford has always been one of my favorites and judging from what I hear, she is a favorite of nearly every other girl. One of the greatest compliments a girl can receive is to be copied by others of her sex, and Joan Crawford is copied by high-school, college, and office girls, and the feminine contingent of the "Four Hundred" of every town. What more could one wish?

Joan still has her vivacious personality, and her acting grows better with every picture. I did not approve of her blond hair, but it filmed well.

MARIE WALKER.

1733 West Fifty-second Street,
Los Angeles, California.**Young Fan and Old Stars.**

BEING only sixteen years old, I am not prejudiced or basing my opinions on memory of the old-time stars when they were favorites. Their charm for me is just as fresh as it was for an adoring public years ago.

There is Pauline Frederick, who gave a fine performance and lent most of the dignity to "This Modern Age." Her authoritative acting, her vibrant voice—she is far ahead of some of the upstarts of to-day.

There are now several actresses, almost her age, who are considered great, but in my opinion can't compare with her. I hope to see her starred again soon. She is an actress.

Elsie Ferguson is my favorite. What a beautiful performance she gave in "Scarlet Pages"! I have been awaiting her next picture, but she evidently isn't making any more. She has real ability, the most cultured voice I have heard, and that strange magnetism that draws people.

Oh, I could use many adjectives, but you



The burdens of office are reflected in the face of this mayor-actor, whose name you surely know.

What the Fans Think

who like that type, don't miss her if you get another chance to see her! Here is a fine example of restrained acting. Miss Ferguson has strong emotional feeling—strongly restrained. Constance Bennett, on the other hand, has no emotion to restrain.

JANET STEWART.

12391 Cedar Road,
Cleveland Heights, Ohio.**A Hand for Gilbert.**

ABOUT four years ago my favorite was John Gilbert. I well remember how thrilled I was over his pictures, especially those in which he played opposite Garbo. To me he was the handsomest, most dashing actor on the screen. I was proud of the photos he sent to me.

When the talkies came Gilbert was out for a time. Then I saw "Phantom of Paris." What a splendid picture! And John Gilbert's performance was perfect. It is proof that Gilbert is every bit as fascinating and appealing as he used to be in the silents.

I sincerely hope he is given good rôles and an opportunity to come back to the great success he had in the past.

ELINOR GARRISON HENDERSON.

521 Puget Street,
Olympia, Washington.**Sheik, Sheik, Who'll Be Sheik?**

IM an ardent Gable fan, simply adoring that hombre, but I do not think he is the type to play the *Sheik*.

Chester Morris? Mitzi Green as *Cleopatra* would be more effective. Some one suggested Barry Norton, and I suggest Don Alvarado, one of the most romantic men on the screen. Of course no one else's performance will make us forget the original and only *Sheik*.

Those who do not understand why ninety per cent of movie fans worship at Garbo's shrine may read this little poem by Robert Burns, and perhaps they will understand.

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
An' never made anither!"

BERTHA C. LAMBERT.

Benson, Arizona.

Who'll Bell the Cats?

THE article "Home Sheiks Versus Foreign" by Madeline Glass was amusing, but as she can speak only for herself, I must take exception to what she said about Ramon Novarro. He is certainly the most perfectly formed man on the screen by fifty per cent. His face is not too narrow, or too anything. He is masculine perfection as to beauty, and if a good picture of him had been used, it would have spoken for itself.

Now won't some one with a facile pen write an article about the physical defects of the writers, especially those with flat heads, big mouths, or floppy ears?

AN AMERICAN FAN.

Waltham, Massachusetts.

Norman Foster's There.

HAVING noticed the efforts of the studios to make stars of less-talented juveniles, I am surprised that Norman Foster has not been exploited. Here is a very personable actor who is talented, experienced, human, and capable. In all his work with Paramount, he displayed unusual ability and never failed to turn in a splendid performance. I have never missed a picture in which he appeared.

His screen performances are, as a rule, so faithful to life that it is possible the fans are unaware that they are seeing real acting and therefore fail to register their approval.

Often the posing and face-making indulged in by some of the players, which is not acting at all, wins the applause of the fans, and then their letters flow into Hollywood like a flood.

ROBERT J. BERNARD.

4210 Woodlea Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Sophistication plus is the impression the artist, Luske, got of this dark-haired lady.

Campus Echoes.

A GROUP of college students, in discussing the stars, asked these questions:

Will there ever be another actress as great as Greta Garbo?

What's so good about Joan Blondell?

Does Joan Crawford imagine she's good-looking as a blonde?

Why doesn't Helen Twelvetrees go ahead and cry?

Why can't one see more of that beauty, Greta Nissen?

Does Constance Bennett really think she's clever?

Why aren't there more actors with the manners of Ivan Lebedeff?

Why doesn't Hedda Hopper have her face lifted?

Why doesn't Nancy Carroll go take care of her kid?

Why doesn't Irene Rich retire because of old age?

Why aren't there more refreshing girls like Dorothy Lee?

Why isn't Dolores Costello given a real chance to come back?

HAROLD SCHNEIDER.

426 South Third Avenue,
Washington, Iowa.**Please Stop Panning Buddy!**

THIS might well be called an open letter to Norbert Lusk, editor of this publication and also its film reviewer, whose criticisms in general are cleverly and interestingly done, boasting in addition that too rare quality—a sense of humor.

But, my dear Mr. Lusk, your adverse attitude toward Buddy Rogers is provoking, to say the least. Is there *nothing* the young man might do that would win him one jot of favor and an occasional word of praise from your typewriter?

Undoubtedly a fan has no right to voice a word against a critic, but truly I know that if one player in a cast of hysterical

and affected people gave a performance containing a measure of welcome restraint and sincerity, such as Buddy did in that sorry mess, "The Road to Reno," I'd hardly pass it off as "quite bad." On the contrary, I'd be fair enough to give the actor a speck of credit.

I do not insist that Buddy lays claim to Thespian genius that should allow him to stand up with such dramatic artists as Lionel Barrymore or Edward G. Robinson. Nor do I expect you to be inspired by the beauty and divinity of his soul, in the manner of the Garboites and Novarroites.

But I do consider Buddy Rogers the finest specimen of American youth ever brought to the screen, as well as the handsomest, with the "nice boy" reputation and character that some of us are still old-fashioned enough to respect; and possessing an appealing and gracious charm, and an earnest acting ability which is entirely as commendable as that of any other young actor gracing the screen to-day.

Therefore, I feel that, rather than the unflagging and discouraging panning you continually hand his work, you might now and then accord him the little word of kindness that he justly earns in some of his pictures.

EVELYN ROSSMAN.

1555 South Thirtieth Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

To Hedda Hopper.

SHE is sophisticated to a human degree—that is, nicely so.

She has that something that makes folks like her—she isn't called "Hopper."

She is almost always smiling a friendly smile.

She plays every rôle as though she had lived it.

She is charming, subtle, and lovely.

She is never connected with scandal, she is always well-groomed, and her taste is perfect.

I wish I had her sartorial elegance and her quizzical little smile.

Here's to Hedda, a lady.

ANN D. INMAN.

505 South Pacific Street,
Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Complaints from Gay Paree.

WHEN fans criticize the stars is it necessary to be downright catty? I am referring to the Constance Bennett haters. My blood boils when I read some of the fans' beastly, catty criticisms. It's her clothes, or the shape of her head or, most of all, her snobbishness. Can these catty people give any proof of their miserable remarks?

Her clothes are the last word in smartness. Any one at all clothes-conscious can see that. I happen to live in Paris and know about all there is to know of smart clothes, and how they're worn.

Now we come to the big question—her snobbishness. They say she is high-hat. To begin with, one has to consider the rôles she portrays. Isn't it a fact that she is generally given the rôle of a society woman or girl? I suppose these precious critics don't know how society people behave, and therefore find fault with portrayals of the "Four Hundred" on the screen.

On the other hand, when given the part of a secretary some time ago. Constance acted so well that no one would have thought she wasn't a real one! Surely that is acting without being "high-hat."

Another thing which I'm all for: off-screen she dresses and acts as any other well-bred young woman and doesn't wear fantastic accessories and freakish gar-

Continued on page 76

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL by ALBERT DORNE

1.

OTHER GIRLS POLITELY
SNUBBED HER



2.

MEN NEVER DANCED
WITH HER TWICE



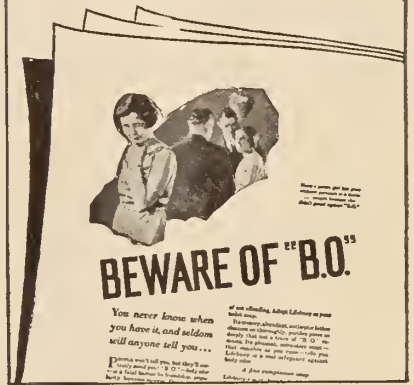
3.

SHE WAS BROKENHEARTED
BECAUSE PEOPLE DIDN'T
WARM TO HER



4.

THEN SHE SAW THIS
ADVERTISEMENT AND
BOUGHT LIFEBUOY
THAT VERY DAY



5.

NOW SHE HAS MANY
INVITATIONS. NO "B.O."
TO KEEP HER UNPOPULAR



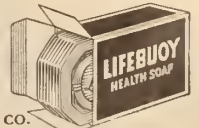
NO ONE IS SAFE!

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O." (body odor) may offend. Play safe!

Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies pores—removes all odor—removes germs.

Wonderful for skin. Complexions stay fresh and glowing with Lifebuoy's care. It's a real beauty and health safeguard. Its pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—

tells you Lifebuoy protects. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

...He takes life's corners
on two wheels!

James Cagney

in

"TAXI"

HONK! HONK! Here comes Jim! . . . Rough . . . ready . . . romantic . . . The fighting-est, loving-est red head that ever skipped a "stop" light . . . He knows what's what . . . He's wise to every bright light on Broadway and speeds thru life to love—after a blow-out or two . . . "Taxi"—a dramatic cross section of life on the wisewalks of New York . . . Speedy . . . thrilling . . . glorious entertainment!

With

LORETTA YOUNG

GEORGE E. STONE

GUY KIBBEE

Adaption and dialogue by
Kubec Glasmon and John Bright

Directed by
ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Photo by Eugene
Robert Richee

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU" seems to be the thought behind the seductive smiles of Genevieve Tobin and Jeanette MacDonald as each looks enticingly at Maurice Chevalier. And well it might be, for that yearning sentiment is, of course, the title of Chevalier's new picture, his first since "The Smiling Lieutenant." Properly enough, it's a musical romance, gay, saucy, and very Parisian, with Charles Ruggles, Roland Young, and Josephine Dunn some of the brilliant cast chosen to support the trio of stars.

THE SWANSON-



Sophisticated rivalry between Madame la Marquise and the ex-Marquise sparkles merrily on, with Henri de la Falaise the cause of it all.

age-old emotions. And it is destined to go down in Hollywood's social history as the high light of the otherwise dull 1930-31 season.

The two queens have played their respective rôles with the finesse of chess players. And the young king of hearts has been as debonair as any man could be who was divorced by filmdom's erstwhile glamorous monarch, and before the decree was granted again found himself eager to offer his title to a newly reigning sovereign.

Hollywood has watched many romantic dramas. But none has been enacted with the wit, the cleverness, and resourcefulness of the Bennett-Swanson-Marquis threesome. By comparison, even the Negri-Chaplin and the Garbo-Gilbert amourettes become obvious, graceless interludes.

Gloria recently received her final decree of divorce from the marquis—"Hank," as she democratically introduced him to America six years ago. But apparently Gloria became confused about the date of the final decree, and in an impetuous moment took unto herself a fourth husband, the handsome young Irish sportsman, Michael Farmer, almost two months before her divorce from the marquis became legal. And then to make doubly sure that she was Mrs. Michael Farmer, she remarried the gentleman in Yuma, Arizona.

Miss Bennett, running true to form in this Swanson-Bennett competition, was soon afterward married to "Or-ree," as she pronounces Henri de la Falaise's name, with a Parisian accent.

Now that all these things have come to pass, all parties concerned should be perfectly happy. But just suppose, for the sake of argument, Constance had not married the marquis. Would she then have been guilty of what some of the fans were accusing her—that her romance with him was partly to demonstrate to Gloria her flair for affairs of the heart?

When Gloria Swanson brought the marquis to Hollywood in triumph, she introduced him as "Hank." Now she says she hasn't the slightest concern in what any one thinks or does.

When Miss Bennett's and Joel McCrea's names were linked in romantic association not long ago, while the marquis stood by complaisantly, some of the franker fans accused her of duplicity, and even went so far as to say that she was only trying to spite Gloria by going with Henri. Silly stuff! Or isn't it?

To contrast that, fans pointed out that when Gloria returned from Europe late last summer on the arm of Michael Farmer, whom she met in Paris, she was only trying to make Connie realize that there were other men in the world besides Henri. Also silly stuff! Or what do you make of it?

Now that Constance has married the marquis, do you suppose she ever contemplates the memory of Gloria as a specter in her new world of happiness? And does Gloria ever contemplate the vision of Constance gracing her former title as distinctly disturbing to her memories?

Both Gloria and Constance are sophisticated, and it is probably broadest surmise to presume that their minds would work in so conventional a manner. However, you can never tell about women's minds. Sophisticated or otherwise, they often function in the most normal and traditional way.

It is not uncommon for women who have been wooed and won by the same man—at different intervals, to be sure—to become considerably aware of each other in a

WHEN two actresses contend for Hollywood's queenly crown they become rivals. Friendly, polite rivals. Of course!

But when they both have loved, and have been loved by, the same man they automatically become enemies. Friendly, polite enemies. Naturally!

At least that is the way Hollywood interprets it. And a drama founded upon this supposition is being woven about Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett, as the principal players, with the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye the pivotal character.

The Swanson-Bennett-Falaise triangle is Hollywood's most subtle to date. It is smart, gay, flavored with intrigue. Its locales fluctuate between Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, St. Moritz, London, New York, Hollywood, and Sylvia's massage emporium.

It is as sophisticated as a Noel Coward drawing-room roundelay in which brittle, ultra-modern dialogue masks

BENNETT FEUD

By Elza Schallert

critical sense. The shadow of the "other woman" has a most persistent way of casting its silhouette.

It may not be sophisticated, but it is very human for the current wife or sweetheart to force the husband or fiancé into confessing that she is quite different from the ex-wife.

And it is also very human and typical of the ex-wife, in meeting the ex-husband and the current wife or sweetheart, to gaze upon both patronizingly and exclaim with due emphasis, "I sincerely hope that you will find happiness." Such things have happened to other women. Could they not also happen to the Misses Swanson and Bennett?

The meeting of the ex-wife and current wife or sweetheart in the same drawing-room, restaurant, or theater is always pulsating drama. Perhaps that is why the air was tense on a certain afternoon last summer in a Paris salon when Gloria, Constance, and the marquis met at a party.

A man told me that a hushed silence, the sort of stillness that often presages an electrical storm, fell over the room when Miss Bennett and the marquis entered shortly after Miss Swanson's arrival. And that after formal salutations between the three of them, Constance and Henri left hurriedly.

"I certainly never made a hurried departure from that party after greeting Miss Swanson, I assure you," Miss Bennett clarified with characteristic candor.

One look in her steady blue eyes and you believe her. Little does she care whether you do or not. That's Constance!

"It was a cocktail party given by a man celebrated in Paris for his hospitality and gay camaraderie," she continued. "A friend of Or-ree's. Miss Swanson was there. We spoke—naturally. Why not? We know each other.

"However, our acquaintanceship has never reached the stage of intimacy that permits two women to rush into each other's arms with 'Darling, the day is complete now that I've seen you.' I don't know many women that well. And if I did I probably wouldn't feel like that about life in general, anyway. Well, to get back to the point, we did not abruptly leave the party. What other guests did, I don't know. It wouldn't have been any concern of mine. After all, I wasn't the hostess."

Talks with Constance Bennett are unusual experiences. She has frankness and courage unmatched by any actress in the colony. Her mind works like a man's, yet she has delightful feminine quirks.

She never dodges a question, no matter how personal it may be. And she is never so conventional, old-fashioned, or naïve as to proclaim, "Hands off that subject—it's my private life."

She's too sane to confuse her private life with her professional. And after knowing how bewildered most Hollywood stars are in determining the fine line that separates private life from professional, one must make



It's Connie and "Or-ree" now, and Miss Bennett's happiness is not marred by memory of "the former marquis."

a bow to the clear thinking and the nimble wit of Miss Bennett, who is never perplexed by any issue.

It is not particularly tactful to ask any actress whether she regards another actress as her rival. I put that question to both Miss Bennett and Miss Swanson, and their reactions thereto would have been meaty fare for the psychoanalysts.

Miss Swanson is intelligent and has the reserve and wariness which result from long experience. She is frank—only, however, with compromise and repression. She has much heart and sentiment, and these qualities become dominant when she discusses subjects that a cold, appraising mind would dismiss dispassionately.

Therefore, when I put my question to her, despite a charming manner, she resented it. [Continued on page 68]

BOY



Eric's self-confidence is a happy relief from the usual inferiority-complex pose.

I HAVE always been a boy wonder," Eric Linden announced casually over cigarettes and coffee. "It has kept me awfully busy."

The tone of his voice mocked the words. His eyes searched mine humorously. But he meant what he said.

Here, for a change, is an actor who does not and need not refer apologetically to the indulgence of the gods. Eric doesn't think he's good. He knows he's great. His self-confidence, because it is justified, is a thing beautiful to behold.

Last summer when every juvenile in New York was taking tests for "Are These Our Children?" not even Eric's best friends thought he would land it. Ethel Barrymore's son, especially, had set his heart upon getting the part, and it seemed likely that he would.

"When I heard that he was serious competition, I went down to watch his test. After he had torn out the third curl, I left because I realized that he hadn't a chance."

But let Master Colt take heart. Eric thinks the kid shows promise.

Eric is the most amazing lad in Hollywood. His appearance alone is startling. Not only do his ties and socks clash with everything, but his suits never fit and they always look as if they had been slept in.

The day I first met him, he was in shocking need of

a hair cut and a manicure. Eric laughed at my expression of dismay.

"I'm just characterizing Eric Linden," he explained. "It breaks mother's heart that I don't dress up, but I can't help it.

"You must meet mother," he went on, "but you'll probably despise each other. Mother is a dreadful cynic—hates every one and everything."

I murmured that I'd adore meeting mother.

Mrs. Linden is remarkable. Some day I'll get her on paper, if Eric doesn't beat me to it. She was born on an island off Sweden, and had never seen a human being except her parents until at thirteen she went to Stockholm to work.

There she became enamored of Eric's father, a pianist and actor in the Royal Theater. So great was her naïveté that she went backstage to meet him. He was touched by the admiration of this child and continued to see her, teaching her an appreciation of music and literature.

On her fifteenth birthday, she married him. They moved to New York, where five children were born to them. When Eric, the youngest, was six, his father left them. They have never heard from him since.

The children were all phenomenally bright. Especially Eric who at five could read and write Swedish and English perfectly. Mrs. Linden resolved to give him the best educational advantages possible, and entered him in the Paul Hoffman, Jr., School, of which Angelo Patri was principal.

When at seven Eric attracted a great deal of attention in New York by the zeal and brilliance of his Liberty Loan speeches, Patri told newspapermen that the boy had read every book in the school library, including Homer, with appreciation.

But while great literature filled his mind, his stomach was often empty. And to relieve its pangs, Eric, with his brothers and sister, peddled papers. "I was the most raucous-voiced newsie on Tenth Avenue," he says. "And the most enterprising," Mrs. Linden adds.

He didn't care much for the street games, so dear to the hearts of young New Yorkers, but preferred to remain in the flat and act Shakespeare and Ibsen with the family. His other enthusiasm was writing.

Even now he can forget time when he gets hold of pen and paper. He has written about sixty short stories, all of which editors have returned with haste and regrets.

Eric broke all academic records at the DeWitt Clinton High School where he was the youngest student. After school he washed dishes in a restaurant.

"Did you mind much?" I asked, remembering with what anguish of soul I had done the same thing.

"Not at all," Eric said. "I love everything—and everybody," he added thoughtfully.

When he was graduated from Clinton with unprecedented honors, every one expected him to step right into great things. But the family funds were low and Eric had to take the first job he could find. So he became an usher in the Rivoli Theater and went from there to the Rialto.

Finally he landed in the Roxy, where his well-knit figure in a skin-tight uniform served as an æsthetic tonic to tired young business women who dropped into the "Cathedral" of an evening.

WONDER

By Edward Nagle

Eric Linden admits—no, announces—that he was always that, and you can't blame him after reading this article.

While basking in the flattering light one evening, he heard a shriek. Turning, he saw his English teacher rushing toward him. She led him by the ear into one of the lobbies and there, with tears, gestures, and muffled cries, demanded to know if this was the depth to which the great Eric had sunk.

All the pent-up disappointment of the two futile years since he had left school moved Eric, too, to tearful expression. He and his teacher had quite a crying spree. When it was over, Eric, moved by the high purpose which usually follows tears, turned in his uniform.

He went immediately to the offices of the Theater Guild and bluffed his way into Philip Moeller's sanctum sanctorum. He reviewed his ambitions, and so eloquent was he that both he and Mr. Moeller were softly weeping at the conclusion. Moeller took him to the casting director, and within a week he was rehearsing for a bit in "Marco's Millions."

The studio publicists insist that he was the boy wonder of the Theater Guild. Having lived so long here in the provinces with no access to city papers, I can't refute them. It is not unlikely.

I do know that he did extremely well in Guild plays, especially in "Strange Interlude." Lynn Fontanne, who coached him, was quoted as saying that, given the right rôle, he would wow 'em.

He did some Broadway things after that, but hungering for the rarefied atmosphere of intellectuality—the phrase is his—he took himself up to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he joined the Berkshire players.

After that he went to Paris, where he performed the juvenile leads in "Road to Rome," "The Barker," "Holiday," and "Beyond the Horizon."

He saw much of Europe on his own at that time, and did all the

things young intellectuals do, including sobbing over Rupert Brooke's grave.

Coming back, he became juvenile in the radio dramas put on by the National Broadcasting Company. The latter work paid handsome dividends, and Eric regrets financially having given it up for Hollywood. But art must be served.

Eric enjoyed characterizing *Eddie Brand*, in "Are These Our Children?" *Eddie* was the answer to a juvenile's prayer—a cross between "Tol'able David" and "The Public Enemy."

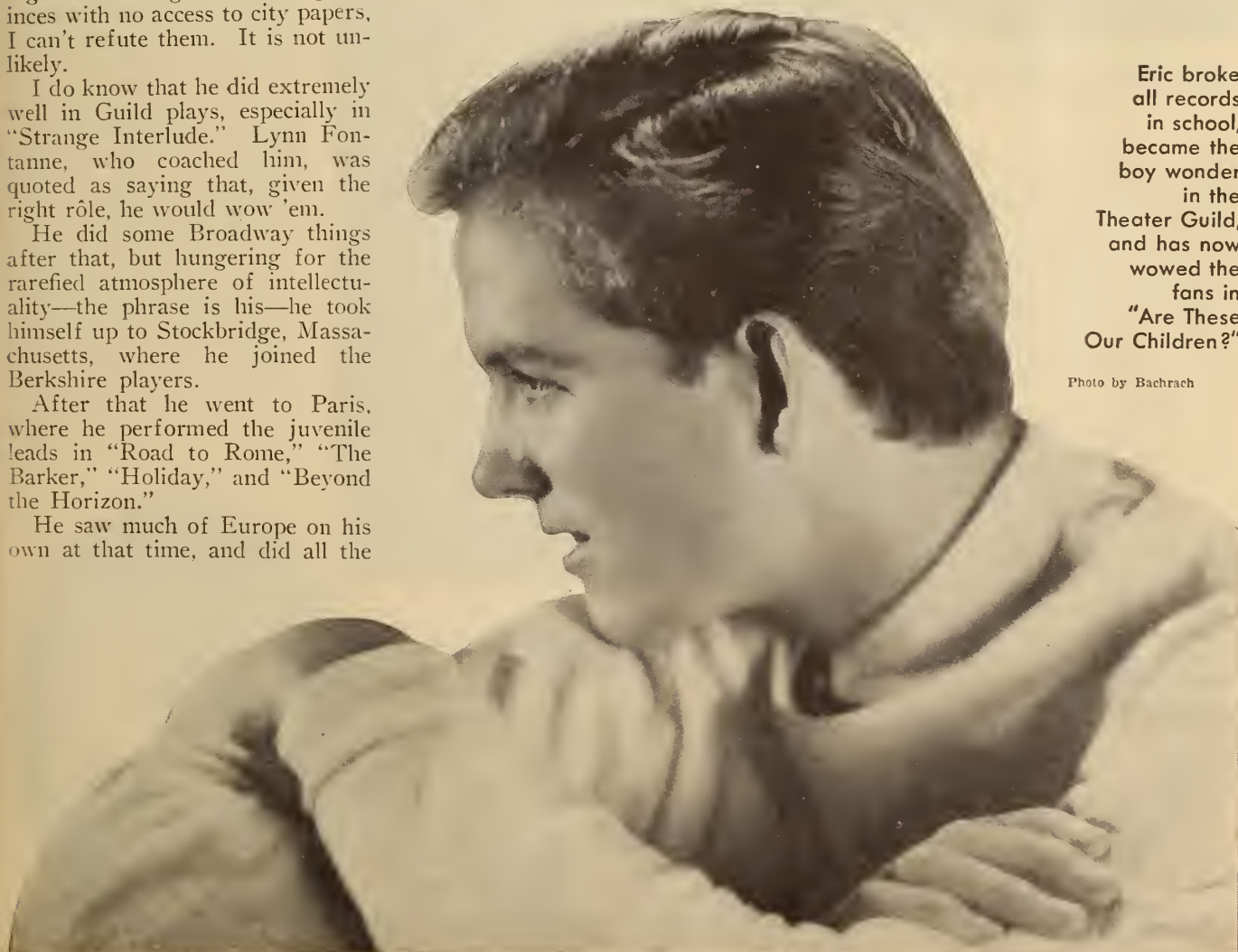
In "Are These Our Children?" he established himself as the first genius among the juveniles.

For all his "intellectuality," there is something undeniably lovable about him. Like all great minds, his is rather simple upon analysis. He writes poetry to Garbo. He keeps a pipe in his mouth, which he does not smoke, because it gives him confidence.

Continued on page 66

Eric broke all records in school, became the boy wonder in the Theater Guild, and has now wowed the fans in "Are These Our Children?"

Photo by Bachrach





Greta Garbo is elected queen of the talkies in a canvass of forty leading stars.

JUST to be specific, who actually deserves the royal title of king and queen of the talkies?

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were the reigning pair of silent days, when personality passed for acting.

You and I and millions of others have our own ideas as to the talking screen's best actor and actress. But why has no one thought of holding a popularity contest among the stars themselves? After all, who is better fitted to judge real ability than fellow artists?

Perhaps, as long as the fans cannot agree, the stars may know best. And it is surprising to discover just whose name in electrics is magic bait to Hollywood's élite. Forty representative stars, chosen from every studio, participated in this poll.

Garbo gets twice as many votes as her nearest rival, Norma Shearer, for the queenship. George Arliss and Emil Jannings tie for the king's crown.

Those who are perturbed by the Garbo-Dietrich controversy may be amazed to learn that Marlene is ranked ace-high by only one star—Lois Moran!

It is equally astonishing to find that Greta's votes come entirely from women—not a male star considers her our best actress! And only one fellow M.-G.-M. player, Joan Crawford, likes Garbo best.

Norma Shearer is runner-up for first place in to-day's line-up. Four women got an equal number of votes,

THE STARS

Hollywood has a popularity contest of its own, with astonishing results.

dividing third place in Hollywood's estimation between Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Joan Crawford, and Marie Dressler.

Fourth place is shared by Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, and Marion Davies. Strange as it may seem, not one star nominated for first place such supposed candidates as Gloria Swanson, Helen Twelvetrees, Billie Dove, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, or Corinne Griffith.

Arliss and Jannings tied for first place as our best actor, but the crown princesship is much more heavily contested, six men getting an equal number of votes to rank them in this position: Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Ronald Colman, John Barrymore, William Powell, and Jackie Cooper.



Photo by Fryer

George Arliss shares with another the honor of being the greatest actor.

And again, odd to relate, none of the stars think that the acting wreath should go to Ramon Novarro, Lew Ayres, Charles Farrell, William Haines, or Charles Rogers.

Getting back to Greta Garbo, Hollywood's apparent choice for queen, her most enthusiastic supporters include Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Billie Dove, Dolores del Rio, Bebe Daniels, Jean Arthur, Evelyn Brent, Marguerite Churchill, and Mona Maris.

Asked the reason for her choice, Ann Harding made a sweeping gesture and answered, "Everything. I admire Garbo's artistry, her indestructible poise, her personality. She is our foremost exponent of repression, and yet plays re-



Strange to say, not one star nominated Gloria Swanson for first place!

Photo by Monroe

GO GARBO

By Ben Maddox

pression to the hilt. She is a fine technician and could be as good on the stage as she is on the screen. I have never met her, but I pay tribute to her for her courage in being absolutely natural at all times."

What fan could be more eloquent than Ann?

Garbo is Bebe Daniels's favorite "because she is the most intelligent actress on the screen to-day; because she lives the rôle she is playing; because she is beautiful and exotic."

Even the stars differ on this question of beauty, though. Evelyn Brent says Garbo is our best actress "because she is *not* a beauty. I

hate to look at a pretty face on the screen. Garbo is the most interesting *type* in pictures to-day, and the character expressed in her face is ten times more fascinating than mere beauty."

Jean Arthur likes Garbo best "because she didn't change her accent, but made it fit her personality." Joan Crawford "because Greta is so dominant." Dolores del Rio and Billie Dove say it's the attraction of opposites so far as they are concerned. Marguerite Churchill clinches the Garboites' claims with the statement that "Garbo is the greatest artist, in the true sense of the word, that the screen has developed."

Constance Bennett thinks Garbo one of our most magnetic and compelling personalities, but for acting she gives Norma Shearer first place.

Norma's particularly en-



Photo by Richee

Emil Jannings ties with Arliss as the screen's leading actor.

None of the stars think Ramon Novarro is the best actor.



Norma Shearer takes second place after Garbo's overwhelming majority.

thusiastic adherents also include Clara Bow, Anita Page, and George Bancroft. Constance says, "I bow to Norma's dramatic depth and acting finesse." Clara finds in Shearer the woman she herself would like to be. Anita is drawn by Norma's cool poise, and George Bancroft coyly admits that Mrs. Thalberg is the supreme screen siren to his way of thinking.

Yet, though Garbo is generally considered to-day's best actress by the stars, and Norma Shearer is definitely second in Hollywood's own line-up, the other leading favorites have many stellar boosters.

Ann Harding is picked as our finest actress by the woman most people consider her greatest rival—Ruth Chatterton. A worthy salute from one princess of the theater to another. Helen Twelvetrees, Ann's studio competitor, likewise generously concedes supremacy.

"Miss Harding can rise superior to the vehicle in which she is appearing," says Helen, "and to me that is the final test of dramatic ability. She has that rare faculty of being able to season drama with whimsicality, and can run the entire range of emotions from the most poignant situation to the lightest touch of tenderness or laughter." Gary Cooper also votes for Ann. Even in his Lupe days he preferred Harding to Velez when theater time rolled around.

The three rivals of Ann Harding for third place in



The Stars Go Garbo



Ann Harding is Ruth Chatterton's nomination for queen.



John Barrymore is the choice of Edmund Lowe.



Is Marie Dressler greatest? Polly Moran says so



Marlene Dietrich is proclaimed queen of the movies by only one star—Lois Moran.



Jackie Cooper is unanimously considered one of the six crown princes of acting.



Ruth Chatterton is voted third place, with others.



Ronald Colman is the ideal of Gary Cooper.



Joan Crawford is our best actress, says Mary Duncan.



the Hollywood rating are Ruth Chatterton, Joan Crawford, and Marie Dressler.

No one gets so excited about a forthcoming Chatterton picture as does Sue Carol. Betty Compson is heart and soul a Chatterton addict. And Warner Baxter, suave and well-groomed, likes Ruth "because she is my kind of woman."

"But Joan Crawford is our best actress!" exclaims Mary Duncan. "She is so exciting to look at, so beautiful in a picturesque, graceful way. Such a competent actress!" Mary Brian thrills at Joan's vividness, too. Needless to puzzle over Miss Crawford's most ardent admirer. "Even though I can see her free every evening," says Doug, Jr., "I want to look at her when I step out to a picture."

Dear old Marie Dressler is beloved by all her fellow players, but her three most faithful admirers are rival comédiennes—Louise Fazenda, Polly Moran, and Edna May Oliver.

Fourth place among the ladies, according to the votes, must be shared with Mary Pickford by Janet Gaynor and Marion Davies.

The Pickford devotees in the film colony are led by Carol Lombard and June Collyer, who insist that Mary has always been first and always will be. It is Janet Gaynor forever with such people as Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson. Frank amplifies, "Simply for the reason every one else is crazy about her. Because she's just swell!" Marion Davies is the acting idol of two such different stars as Mae Murray and Sally O'Neil.

Marlene Dietrich's most devoted famous fan is Lois Moran. "I could gaze at her legs and listen to her voice for years," murmurs Lois ecstatically. But no one else rates Marlene on top.

Ina Claire is our best actress, thinks Elissa Landi, "because of her exquisite finish." Claudette Colbert is Paul Lukas's idea of the perfect actress. Who do you suppose is Clara Bow's biggest booster? None other than Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan is ready to lead the fans who want the Bow restored.

Constance Bennett may earn the highest salary, but as far as Hollywood critics are concerned it's due to sex appeal rather than ability. But Phillips Holmes is one who insists that she is our finest performer.

Pola Negri is superior to any other, Edmund Lowe argues. Mary Astor is the prize packet, according to Ricardo Cortez. But Mary herself insists that Pauline Frederick is the best actress of to-day. Irene Rich deserves the crown, Irene Dunne assures us, despite

Continued on page 64.

Fredric March is king of the talkies, contend Maureen O'Sullivan and Paul Lukas.

William Powell possesses the greatest acting ability, according to Constance Bennett.



SCHNOZZLE

JIMMY DURANTE, the grand new comic, inspires John Decker, the artist, to sharpen his pencil and draw this impudent conception of the comedian after a famous painting—Franz Hals' "Laughing Man," with loving care for Jimmy's nose, easily the most famous protuberance on the screen. Look for Jimmy in Buster Keaton's "Her Cardboard Lover"—you'll die laughing.

REGULAR MUGG

James Cagney is a paradox—soft-spoken but hard as nails.

COME in, sit down, and rest your hands and face," said Mr. Cagney. The public enemy was resting between gatling gun skirmishes. He had just awakened from a sound sleep, but at that he was twice as alert as most stars would be in the middle of the day.

Mrs. Cagney's son is red-headed, blue-eyed, soft-spoken, and hard as nails, if nails are really that hard. He has personality with a punch. Although he is one of the brighter meteors of the moment, one of the more resounding hits of the season, he does not let it fool him. He feels that he is a lucky fellow to get where he has. He believes in the breaks, and a horseshoe isn't a bad omen, either.

Here to-day, here's hoping for to-morrow, is his motto.

In a brief twelvemonth he has vaulted to the top of the movie ladder with a succession of impertinent performances that have broken many of the old rules for success. Chivalry received a terrible bladder whacking when Cagney began operations.

In "The Public Enemy" he won his first acclaim with a vividly antagonistic rôle. Sheerly by forceful acting did he register a personal triumph. In succeeding pictures he has continued to do less than heroic things. He has manifested tendencies that would bar him from church socials; he has been brutal to ladies and gentlemen alike; he has been a thoroughly bad guy. Yet the more he gets away with, pictorially, the more his popularity mounts.

Cagney has specialized in portraying muggs, he admits. A mugg is a ten-minute egg, with mustard. And Jimmy is perfection itself at delineating muggs because he was a mugg himself at fifteen. Mind you, he adds, he was always scrupulously on the up and up. But he was tough.

When he left high school, he found a job that netted fifteen dollars a week. It wasn't enough. A friend suggested that a hooper could earn thirty a week in a vaudeville act that was looking for recruits.

"I met the manager, looked him in the eye, and talked fast," said Cagney. "When he asked if I ever hoofed I said 'Sure!' I got the job. There were six men in the act. And six chorus men. I was supposed to do female impersonatin'." He winced reminiscently. "But thirty a week was thirty a week."

But after a month or two he sought other fields, drifting from vaudeville to advertising, and finally to stock.

His work has been increasingly effective. The first time I ever saw him was on the New York stage in "Maggie the Magnificent," one of George Kelly's minor works. Cagney played a young mugg and Joan Blondell

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

was opposite him in a companion rôle. They made a good team then, as now.

On the stage Cagney impressed me with his sure touch, his genuine feeling for line and situation, his decisive attack. All these things have sent him far in talking pictures.

Cagney is not one of your artistic souls. He has no ambition to do anything other than what he is doing. Of course what he is doing happens to be tremendously interesting—portraying real people, usually tough people, in highly dramatic situations. He is not caught in the sickly sentimental tangle of film that is slowly strangling Novarro. He is not being forced to dig his own grave with a succession of sillies such as swamped Bill Haines. He is not thundering through papier-mâché boiler factories in the Bancroft manner. But this is his good fortune, not his design. He is lucky, and he knows it.

"Public Enemy," he told me, was a surprise hit that startled the entire studio. It had been made quickly, but effectively, as a program picture. Without any warning it became a sensation. As soon as Cagney had registered so indelibly the Brothers Warner decided to stop using him in bits—he appeared for one scene in "The Millionaire"—and to build him up. Build him up they did, with such fast, amusing pictures as "Smart Money," "Blonde Crazy," and "Taxi."

For the young writers of these scripts Cagney had nothing but praise. "Glasmon and Bright are smart," he said. "They build their climaxes better than any one else writing direct for the screen. They know what they want, and better still, they know how to get it. That's why their stuff requires little or no retaking." Moreover, he added, they welcome suggestion. They are not eminent authors. They're Chicago newspapermen who have translated firsthand knowledge of the underworld and thereabouts into terms of the cinema.

Cagney was in New York doing a few weeks of personal appearances before starting "The Roar of the Crowd." Following this he is scheduled to do "Two Seconds." He is delighted that they are not confining him to gangster characterizations. It is his theory that a star has just so many pictures in his system. After these are made, it becomes the star's problem to find a place for himself.

He talked pungently, clearly, on the subject of movies. He knows whereof he speaks. To me he sounded level-headed and practical to a degree. If I may be allowed a guess I should say that James Cagney is storing a

Continued on page 64



Here to-day, here's hoping for to-morrow, is Cagney's motto.



to by Elmer Fryer

BORN in the back room of his father's saloon, James Cagney has indeed risen in the world since his youth in New York's Avenue D. A successful actor, he is also a cultured, gracious fellow welcome everywhere, his personal appearance contradicting the rôles he plays.



A NEW photograph of Ramon Novarro is always an event for the majority of Picture Play readers whose loyalty to their favorite remains undiminished by time. This picture celebrates Ramon's new contract which permits him to direct as well as act.

Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Hurrell

LILLIAN BOND is the striking-looking English girl who made a hit in William Haines's "Just a Gigolo," then returned to Broadway only to be recalled to Hollywood, where she arrived sporting a monocle to appear in "Manhattan Parade."



FOR deft characterizations and a hilarious sense of humor, you will look far for the equal of Wynne Gibson and even then you need not be sure of finding any one like her. You will see her next in "Two Kinds of Women."

Photo by Otto Dyar



by Eugene Robert Richee

WHO better than Jeanette MacDonald is equipped to bring music back to the screen with charm and melody and engaging lightness? Teamed with Chevalier, in "One Hour With You," she is sure to repeat her success in "The Love Parade."



GIVEN a chance, Nancy Carroll will deny that she is temperamental, difficult to get along with and all that. Her critics, then, must realize that there are two sides to every question. One look at Nancy's smiling Irish eyes and you're on her side.

Photo by Otto Dy

THE graceful sweep of satin and the caress of costly fur—these properly frame the luxuriant beauty of Carol Lombard almost as perfectly as the impeccable dinner table of her liege lord, William Powell. But more important to fans and critics is la Lombard's growing importance as an artist who adroitly combines glamour with strict honesty in every portrayal—a rather extraordinary gift in Hollywood. Her next exhibit will be in "Sky Bride."



Photo by Otto Dyar



LAURENCE OLIVIER, a newcomer from the stage, has already clicked with the fans. They will learn, from his story opposite, how his appearance was a detriment when he first tried for a job and what he did to overcome disfigurements.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

'E'S O. K. NOW

The good looks you like in Laurence Olivier were not always his.

By Everett Blagden

YOU'VE heard this story a thousand times: "How did I become an actor? Oh, I suppose I persuaded them. They liked my looks. The opportunity turned up and I chanced to be there at the right moment."

The average young player enjoys relating his saga. It usually implies that he has a striking personality; that he is unearthly beautiful; that he has a profound knowledge of just what to do.

Most stories about Hollywood's gifted run along this line. That is, they did until Laurence Olivier turned up, offering an entirely new yarn.

"Persuade managers?" Olivier echoed. "Why, I could never get near enough to the right people to get a word in edgeways, let alone trying to be persuasive!"

"Then you must have smitten them with what looks you possess," I suggested.

"Looks?" Olivier echoed in a higher tone. "You ought to have seen me when I set out for the stage. Why, I was the most unpromising would-be actor that ever showed himself in a theatrical office. My appearance," the iconoclast added, with very definite emphasis, "was only *one* of my drawbacks."

So that was that! I turned around and beamed on Florence Lake, who was sitting at a near-by table in the RKO restaurant. Flo might have thought my beaming face had been inspired by recognition. I must say now that it was caused by Olivier's frank statement.

"No," he went on, "I looked a sight. At seventeen I was at my worst, but I *had* to act."

"Ah, your people—actors?"

"My father," Larry stressed, "belonged to the church. But you should have seen me then. I had eyebrows at least an inch wide. My two front teeth had a space between them. I also had a silly way of holding my mouth open. It gave me the look of a half-wit."

"Excuse me—you did say you set out to be an actor, didn't you?"

"I decidedly wanted to act, looks or no looks. But it seemed hopeless in London. They didn't even see me. I thought by trying stock for a while I'd get a good chance for work in Birmingham, in the repertory company they have there. Then there'd be a better chance for London. I managed to get in stock and we went here, there, and everywhere over the British Isles."

"And then Birmingham?"

"And then Birmingham. A walking-on part first. Later a part in three words."

"You *must* have persuaded them," I hinted.

"Not at all, I tell you. I had no personality. Can't you understand that? I was very shy and could never persuade any one. I merely got into the Birmingham Repertory Company because—oh, well, one thing led to another."

For the benefit of those who know little or nothing of the stage in Europe, it might be as well to say just why Birmingham seems crucial.

The city has a very important Repertory Theater—like the Theater Guild in New York—which has been the lucky stepping-stone for more than one young man and woman to the lights of Shaftesbury Avenue in London.

Thus it was with Laurence Olivier, though he did not take London by storm.

"I got bits here and there. Small parts that meant next to nothing—but I was on the stage, and that meant everything! Everything," he added with a flourish, "until a certain manager told a friend of mine what was wrong with me."

"He'll never get anywhere with his looks!" this manager said, in stronger words than those. So I set about transforming myself. I spent two hours at a hairdresser's, having my eyebrows thinned down to their present size. I had my front teeth fixed to get rid of the space. I changed my attitude, my looks, and my mind, and set out once more to get a break."

After his metamorphosis a little more attention was paid him. With shyness gone, looks improved, he obtained an engagement with Sybil Thorndyke, England's premier tragedienne. She may be recalled by American fans for her splendid portrayal of *Nurse Edith Cavell*, in the English picture "Dawn," several years ago.

"What a wonderful woman!" sighed Mr. Olivier. "She helped me a great deal."

A chance in pictures cropped up. Mr. Olivier went to Germany and fell in love with Berlin. After working in several films, he returned to the London stage, ready for anything.

"It's a strange thing," he recalled, as if he'd just thought of it, "but I have never been in a financially successful play. I was crazy to play in the stage production of 'Beau Geste.' I managed that all right and signed the contract."

"In the meantime, while waiting, I took the rôle of *Captain Stanhope*, in 'Journey's End.' Nobody expected that play to last more than a few days. It was a success, but I was forced to leave the cast because of



Eyebrows too wide, separated teeth, and a trick of holding his mouth open—these handicaps Mr. Olivier had to overcome.

MEN IN HER

They've all either run away or remained to blush at Lupe's didos.

By Helen Louise Walker



GARY COOPER

Lupe used to bite his ears in public if she felt like it.

THE first time I met Lupe Velez, she instantly took off part of her extremely scant apparel to show me ingenious little cotton pads on the front of her which she said were "artificial sex appeal."

She also stood upon a chair in the restaurant where we lunched and shouted rude remarks at an unheeding gentleman across the room who had the misfortune to be directing her in a picture.

She ate the oysters out of Gary's stew with her fingers and bit him on the ear. She screamed that she "lofed" him. She offered to teach me Mexican swear words and produced several startling samples—with translations—at the top of her lungs.

She arose from the table to shake her small hips in an outrageous, impromptu dance. All of which edified fat tourist ladies at near-by tables and delightfully confirmed the stories they had heard of Hollywood.

"Lupe very naughty girl!" she told me exultingly.

I believed it. As a social occasion, that luncheon was pretty strenuous. As a three-ring circus, Lupe is worth anybody's money.

She goes about chanting, "I'm bad! I'm bad! I'm glad I'm bad!" She writes it on people's walls and signs her name to it with a flourish. Then she proves it with disconcerting thoroughness.

"I do how I feel!" she announces, shaking her mane of black hair. And *how* she must feel!

How she makes other people feel is another matter. Even Hollywood's face is red! "I'm afraid to be in the room with Lupe!" I heard a young woman wail the other day. "You can't tell *what* she may do!"

Howard Hughes could testify to that. At least there



WARNER BAXTER

"Quick, somebody, the Flit," he shouted when pestered by Lupe.



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

"You theenk Lupe is brown all the way—I show you!"

is a tale current in Hollywood just now that Howard invited her to a party on his yacht last fall. He called for her in the afternoon, and on the way to the pier he bethought himself of an important telephone call he must make. He proposed to stop at the Ambassador Hotel to make it. Lupe protested violently. "No! No! I do not *want* to stop at that place! *No!*"

But Howard, who has a mind of his own impervious to ladies' whims, calmly drove into the grounds and parked, whereupon Lupe flopped to the floor of the car and shrieked, "No one mus' see me!"

John Gilbert's car was standing near by.

When Howard came out,



CLARK GABLE

"Pouf! Hees ears are too beeg," said Lupe when she dropped the chase.

Lupe was gone—and so was Gilbert's car. And the next he heard of either of them, Jack and Lupe were aboard the same train, en route for New York, with rumors of an engagement already flying. Was Howard's face red!

All of which would be surprising, were it any one besides Lupe, in view of the fact that when she admitted the rift between Gary Cooper and herself, she announced that she intended to acquire Lawrence Tibbett—just then being divorced—for her very own.

Cast in Tibbett's picture, "The Cuban Love Song," Lupe went vigorously to work at her conquest. Her first step at this delicate task was to say to him, when they were introduced, "Maybe you theenk Lupe is thees brown all the way down, heh? No, thees is sunburn. Farther down it gets whiter—I show you!"

And she slipped her dress from her shoulder with every apparent intention of showing not only Tibbett,

LIFE

but all the interested bystanders, so much farther down that Lawrence beat a blushing retreat, murmuring, "Very nice, I'm sure!" in vast confusion.

He recovered sufficiently, however, to ask her to lunch with him occasionally while they were working on the picture, and all went nicely until—she met Clark Gable!

Clark was leaving the commissary just as Lupe entered, and they met face to face in the center of the room. Some one introduced them and Lupe sidled up with her most devastating look. An instant hush fell over the noisy place. Forks hung suspended in the air. Waitresses



JOHN GILBERT

Lupe no doubt gave Jack some embarrassing moments on their trip abroad.

froze with their trays poised. The commissary held its breath. Sensing the suspense, Lupe twinkled at him, said a demure "How do you do?" and went her way. The M.-G.-M. personnel breathed again.

But—that afternoon she dashed onto the Gable set, plumped herself upon the astonished gentleman's knee and cried meltingly, "You li-ike to kees Mexican girls, heh?"

Just too cuddlesome for anything! Later she changed her mind. "That Gable? Poui! Hees ears are too beeg!"

No one really minds what Lupe does, however—not even the wives of these beleaguered gentlemen. They treat her good-humoredly as people would a lovely, unpredictable, exas-

Continued on page 65.

"Lupe very naughty girl," says *la Velez*.
"I do how I feel."



Photo by Hurrell



Illustrated by Lui Trugo

SWEET and LOOSE

Our screen heroine, long fallen from her pedestal of childish innocence, goes on and on.

QUICK, Henry, my red flannels and ear muffs. I feel it in my bones that there's a long cold spell coming on. Chestnut burs are bigger and gougier, and goose feathers are coming heavy. Bad signs, these, but *snap!* for all of them. What worries me is this: Mary Pickford is growing out her hair again.

After all the flaming flapper pictures of the "It" era and the strayed sisters of the present haywire age, which warm up the most anæmic of us old fans even in arctic-cooled balconies, Mary may attempt to revive her chaste and cool little ragamuffin of the old days.

You know your movie moguls. Let one make a decent profit on a picture with a waterfall in it, immediately competition sticks up its green-eyed countenance, then we get stupendous water "epic" after epic until the last word is achieved in a flood that wipes out everything.

If Mary Pickford ever goes "Annie Rooney" or "Sparrows" again, and gets away with it, and the studios play follow the leader as usual when somebody starts something, fans are in for a lot of pure tears in future. Hot-blooded fans will get chills instead of thrills. Instead of squeezing the hands of their dates, they will be thinking of ragged kiddies to save from drunken fathers or mentally remodeling old barrels into houses for stray cats. If Mary expects to be our sweetheart again—well, I ask you.

By James Roy Fuller

The modern heroine moves in, leaving the old-time vamp out in the cold seeking unemployment relief.

Mary's idea, if it really is her idea, will indeed be a bold one, considering that it has taken Hollywood and the screen years and

years to learn what it is all about.

The big awakening sneaked up in easy and insidious steps from the sweet innocent to the "It" girl, then to the bold loose-lady of the screen to-day.

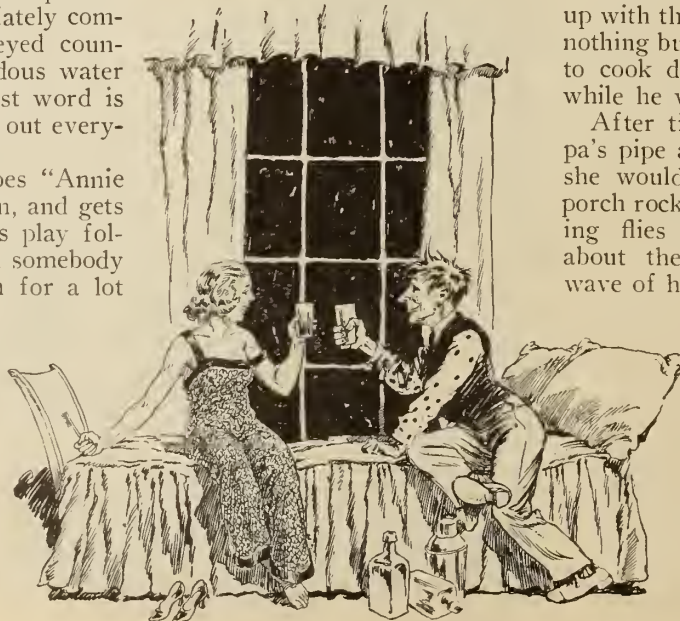
In the old silent days, the little girl of the screen knew no wrong and could never drift, because the hero wasn't that kind of boy. She always made the villain restrain himself or jump off a high cliff.

If the hero should be away being tempted by an awful city siren, our heroine stayed home nights and was up with the larks—or maybe they were nothing but ordinary street sparrows—to cook dear old grandpa's breakfast while he worried about the mortgage.

After tidying up and filling grandpa's pipe and fetching the fly swatter, she would leave the old man in the porch rocker entertaining himself stalking flies and worrying some more about the mortgage. Then with a wave of her bonnet our heroine would

be off to the orchard where she'd dreamily pluck daisy petals and murmur "He loves me, he loves me not," till time to cook grandpa's dinner.

And between daisies she would cast misty eyes over the trail in hope of seeing the big red-blooded hero come riding home after leaving the vamp to the



miserable end prepared for her by fate and the scenario writer, her just punishment for being a bad, bad girl. And finally, just as we suspected, the hero did come back to reward faith and virtue with a great big close-up clinch, his face registering simple innocence.

La Pickford was the perfect little sweetheart of the screen in her day. You older fans wept when she moped her little heart out, sniffled when she blistered her hands on rough garden tools, and blubbered when she waded swamps with miserable little waifs on her back. Then your hearts throbbed and Adam's apples ached when she got her reward, whether from heaven or the hero. But not one naughty thrill did you get.

Her imitators carried on in every studio. Mary Miles Minter and the sisters Gish, for instance, who have given up the movie fight, crowded out by the several waves of sophistication, let's call it, that led up to what our heroine is to-day. The Gishes are gracing the stage now and then and dallying with the intelligentsia, and *la* Minter is all grown up into a plump matronly soul whose appearance would carry influence as the president of a ladies' aid society.

But Mary Pickford is still stubbornly in the race, although she has not hurdled the first post along the screen heroine's realization of life—professionally speaking, of course. Miss Pickford has never achieved the comparatively innocent abandon that was the "It" girl's, although she tried to let go in "Coquette."

Of the present-day stars, I recall three who have come up from the days when heroines knew nothing and didn't even wonder about life—Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, and Norma Shearer. Those who lost out during the "It" days took to butter-and-egg husbands or little shoppes when heroines went haywire.

It's high time we have a look at this "It" or half-way girl. For years heroines were sweet and pure, the heroes manly guardians of virtue, the villains bad eggs with designs on the heroine, the other woman a vile snake in the grass. Then came the flicker of an awakening. "It" was discovered.

This new-found force of life and romance was heralded with much ballyhoo, on billboards from Bangor, Maine, to New Zealand, in trailers from Moscow to Weeping Water, Nebraska.

Elinor Glyn appointed herself oracle of the new revelation and nominated Clara Bow as the personification of "It." Clara startled, perhaps shocked, the fan world by playing a new kind of heroine—one who got her man by pretending to be a bit naughty, but with sharply emphasized reservations. She became the screen's greatest flirt, leading her men on through a merry chase, and if they lost heart or interest, she'd gayly lure them on with tantalizing glimpses of the Bow anatomy.

The Bow films brought in the cash. Every studio got wise to the cash value of sex appeal and soon all the heroines began to snap out of gingham or old laces. Being demure and patient no longer paid the heroine or the box office. The naughty but nice flirt would run away with the home girl's man and the "It" films lured the quarters.

The studios pushed their "Ittiest" players forward to rival Bow. Those best in the old type had to do some real hard thinking, an uncalled-for endeavor



If Mary Pickford revives her pure little girl heroine, fans will be thinking of waifs to save instead of holding hands.

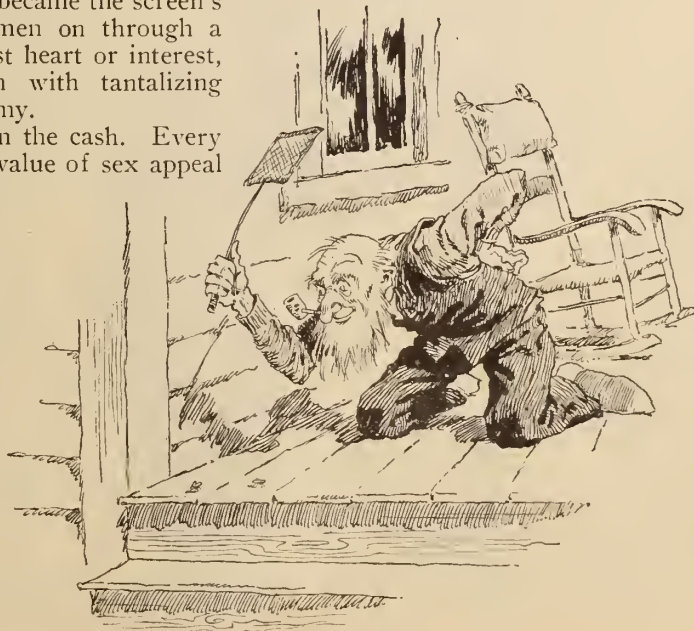
in Hollywood up to that time. However, Miss Pickford's place in the hearts of the fans enabled her to carry on as before all through the "It" epidemic, delaying her thinking days till the talkie jazz lady appeared.

Alice White was Clara's greatest rival. But she raised Clara's bid to such an extent that the others threw down their cards and the game was over.

Scenario writers had long since quit doing right by our little Nell who simpered with delight when the hero shyly kissed her finger tips. Now that the heroine had been given a little rope, going back was out of the question. No more "Clinging Vines" or "Humming Birds" or "Snowbirds" or "Sparrows" after our little sweetie had had her "Three Weeks." What was to become of her?

Well, having gone so far, there was but one thing to do. Perhaps while feeling nervous and irritated over the

Far from making whoopee, screen sweethearts used to stay home and take care of grandpa until the hero came galloping back.



coming of talkies, some daring producer, seeing his duty and suspecting profit, up and kicked the heroine right out on the streets. She immediately drifted down the celluloid path to "Lady of the Pavements," "A Free Soul," "Tarnished Lady," and "The Easiest Way."

The few remaining old-time screen sirens packed their plumes and veils in moth balls. Competition of the heroine herself blew up their racket.

The tables are now completely reversed. While the vamp, if any, stays in the background, the heroine, equipped with toothbrush and a change of stockings, goes out to get her man, and is prepared to stay till she gets him. Look at "A Free Soul," "Daybreak," and "Susan Lenox." [Cont. on page 66]

HOLLYWOOD



Henry Victor finds borrowing a light difficult when working in "Freaks" with the midgets Tiny, Daisy, and Harry Earles.

THE stars are balking at salary cuts. A few have had to accept slices in their income because their options happened to expire at the wrong time, but it is mostly the lesser sparklers that are taking the bumps.

All the smarter luminaries are agreeing to do more work rather than suffer any curtailment of their stipends. Ruth Chatterton, for example, had only six pictures to make under her Warner contract in two years, but instead probably will make seven or eight. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Edward G. Robinson, Ann Harding, and others probably will be good sports and do an extra film or two in the next year or so.

All this is by way of helping Hollywood out of its depression—the worst in years.

High-hat Salaries.—One producer tells us that he thinks the public resents the high salaries of the stars, and that is the reason people seem to be keeping away from pictures. Film audiences have fallen forty to fifty per cent in the past year, and while all this can hardly be traced to the enormous returns acquired by some of the movie celebrities, perhaps some of it can.

The lady who stirred up the most dust with her money-making was Constance Bennett, and she seems still to be very popular. So maybe there isn't so much to the resentment theory.

International Complications.—What has really put Hollywood badly in the hole is the loss of the foreign market for pictures. This used to yield thirty to forty per cent of the total revenue. Now it amounts to little or nothing in most cases.

Sparks of gossip enliven the movie merry-go-round.

A few stars are holding onto their public abroad. Maurice Chevalier and Marlene Dietrich are among the most notable, along with the beautiful Garbo.

"Fatal Three" Bobs Up.—The fatal three superstition has caught the colony in its toils again. The reason is that the deaths of Robert Williams, Lya de Putti, and Robert Ames followed each other in quick succession, and that Tom Mix managed to fight his way back to health when it looked as if peritonitis might result fatally for him.

The sudden death of Ames, according to those who look at things darkly, was all that saved Mix's life. But a more reasonable view is that it was Tom's great vitality that turned the trick. During his illness a change was made in the plans for Tom's first picture. He will be seen in a film of Balkan locale, though the title "Destry Rides Again" has been retained.

A Sad Jewel Mart.—Mabel Normand's beautiful jewels have been going for a song. At an auction of her effects, rings, bracelets, and unset diamonds valued at \$8,000 to \$10,000 each sold for \$1,500 to \$2,500. The bidding was eager but the prices paid seemed hardly commensurate with the values of the remarkable jewelry that the star had collected.

Very few picture people were among the purchasers. Bess Merdyth, a scenario writer, bought one piece for \$900. The majority of the jewels were bought by dealers.

The proceeds of the sale went to Miss Normand's mother. The collection was valued at \$100,000, but was said to have brought scarcely one-quarter of that amount.



Introducing petite Toya Sun, in "The Honorable Mr. Wong," Loretta Young to you.

Jetta's Ironic Victory.—An empty victory, Jetta Goudal's second triumph in her suit for the freedom of the artist.

Miss Goudal had to carry her case against the Cecil DeMille corporation, which is now several years old, to the court of appeals, and was again awarded a decision in

her favor, as well as \$34,531 damages.

The victory is empty in the sense that the first decision in her favor meant little or nothing for Miss Goudal's career. Picture opportunities have been coming to her infrequently of late. But, at least, she has a stronger claim on the \$35,000, although the case may be taken to a higher court.

Those Brawly Amenities.—Hollywood wits are always devising something new to afford diversion at

HIGH LIGHTS

By

Edwin and Elza Schallert

movie parties. Lately Paul Bern, film supervisor, distributed postal cards to movie folk, on which was written the following:

"Mr. regrets exceedingly his deplorable conduct while a guest at your () Dance; () Party, last evening and humbly craves your pardon for the breach of etiquette checked in the adjoining column."

In the column to be checked by the guests were listed the following misdemeanors: Striking hostess with bottle; spanking hostess or female guests; riding to hounds in ballroom; excessive screaming; frequent absence from party; protracted absence from party; extreme inebriation; excessive destruction of furniture; complete loss of equilibrium; throwing glasses; insulting guests; indiscreet petting, and nausea.

Mr. Bern said he had received twenty-five cards listing offenses, none of which had been committed.

Hollywood Geometry.—The most humorous rejoinder that we have heard at any movie gathering lately went as follows:

A scenario writer who was feeling rather happy remarked, "Well, anyway, I can still remember the fifth proposition of Euclid."

And the wide-eyed blonde beside him said, "What, did Euclid have to make five propositions?"

Those Intriguing Bennetts.—Clever checkerboard moves in the game of love seem to be mastered in the Bennett family. You know how it was with Connie and Gloria, and the marquis and Michael Farmer, and how quickly Connie's marriage followed that of Miss Swanson's. Well, here's little Joan Bennett now with rumors of her engagement to Gene Markey, the writer. These have trailed quickly on the heels of the announcement that John Considine and Carmen Pantages are to be married. Not so many months ago John was paying court to Joan.

Is Jimmie Frivolous?—Is James Dunn fickle? We thought he was very devoted to Molly O'Day—and she's Irish, too, of course. But Dunn's latest interest is June Knight, a tango dancer at the Coconut Grove. And she's a beauty!

Would-be highbrows may sniff at whistling, but what do Bobbie Coogan and Maurice Chevalier care? They're pals.

Photo by Archer

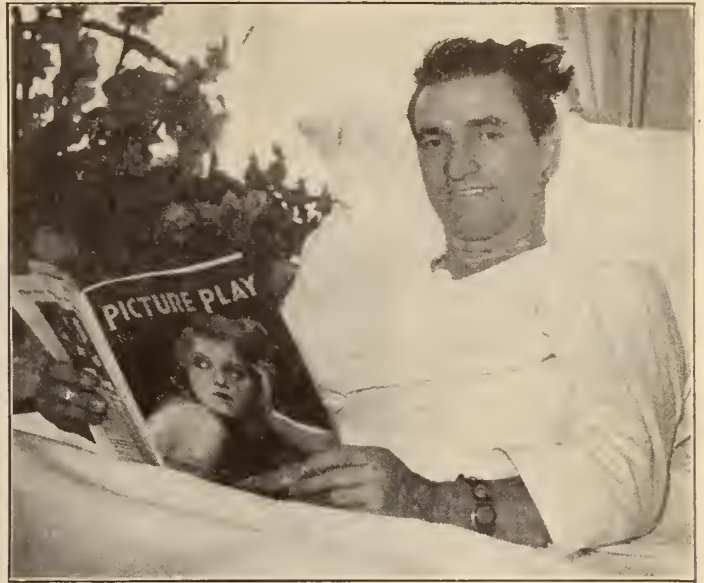


Photo by Jones

Tom Mix's vitality is pulling him through and Destry will ride again on the screen.

Jazzing the Classics.—When we learned that Rose Hobart's dog was named Alcibiades, we attributed great classical learning to her. But imagine our disappointment when we learned that the Scotty had been christened by that high-sounding sobriquet on a dare. Also he is called Alice for short, which is certainly confusing the genders. In case you should be interested, the dog's real name was Tommy Trotter, but then he has gone Hollywood to the degree of changing it for one more elaborate and fanciful.

Name-calling Contest.—A naughty, naughty squabble indeed is the one between Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello who are splitting their marital partnership. Both have filed suits, in the course of which they individually and collectively tell what they think of each other. Sherman said that his wife called him a "fat old ham," that she threw a high-ball glass in his face, and that she tore up her wedding gown. Mrs. Sherman for her part declares Lowell called her vile names, beat her and that even his mother cursed her.

Just one of those good old-fashioned exchanges of pleasantries!

Elissa and Carolina.—A book twenty years old which is on the shelves of the library in Los Angeles is beginning to find many avid readers. This is the autobiography of Elissa Landi's mother, the Countess Zanardi Landi, called "The Secret of an Empress." News of the fact that it was on the shelves was told in a story appearing in the newspapers, with reference to Elissa's royal de-

Continued on page 61

LITTLE CAESAR'S

HE may be *Little Caesar* to you, but he's a very domestic and timid husband offscreen," confided Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. "Why, he's actually afraid of a mouse!"

"Oh," I gasped and immediately called a halt to the interview to give me time to regain my dignity and breath.

Here I had come to the Twelfth Night Club to interview the "gun moll" of the screen's *Little Caesar*, and what did I find? A perfect hostess who is an attractive and intelligent brunette with deep-blue eyes and a flashing smile.

I managed to survive the shock of not finding before me a lifelike *Kiki*, draped in a shirt waist, plaid skirt, and befeathered tam. The substitute was a source of joy, because she could talk and talk well. You see, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson was the former Gladys Lloyd of the stage. She still acts bits in her husband's pictures, but now her chief rôle is playing wife to Eddie.

But after one or two routine questions normally answered, her telling me that this gangster-hero was afraid of a mouse was too much for my composure. She continued to astound me with off-screen images of her husband.

"I don't think he has one trait in common with his characters on the screen except that he does occasionally lose his temper, but he's sorry for these outbursts afterward. He's just like a small boy."

"Doesn't he swagger just the least little bit?" I asked hopefully.

"Heavens, no!" she answered. "Eddie is a very simple person. Maybe that's because his earliest ambition was to become a minister. And do you know, I've often thought he'd

have made a very good one. He prefers a simple life. We both do. We try to lead the same sort of life and keep the same friends as we did when we had no money at all.

"Eddie likes the outdoors of Hollywood, but detests all forms of ritziness, and is terribly impatient with ostentatious people. He can't see why we should buy a new house with an elaborate swimming pool, which real-estate agents keep insisting is fitting because of his salary."

Here I had to snicker to myself, remembering a scene or two of his last pictures. What a whale of a difference a little grease paint will make! In make-up we have a strutting, daring, bloated, and extremely egotistical character. At home we find a simple and delightful human being, if his wife's eyes can be trusted, and looking into their clear blue depths, I think they can be.

"Eddie's a very domestic husband and believes in the old-fashioned kind of marriage and wife. He likes me to dance attendance on him, and I do because I like to. He's a one-woman man and is inclined to be jealous. Consequently, if I meet another attractive man I never talk to him for more than a few minutes. There are lots of attractive men in the world, but only one Eddie. He just about fills the bill of what a lover-husband should be, so I don't mind fitting my life to his. I'd rather have him too domestic than err the other way. By the way, do you mend?"

I looked quite aghast and answered "No!"

Swaggering bully on the set, Mr. Robinson is an old-fashioned domestic husband at home.

Cosmo News Photo



WIFE SQUEALS

The gangster hero is afraid of mice and crowds, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson admits.

By Dena Reed

"Because if you do," she continued, "and would like the unique experience of darning a star's socks, there are a lot of Eddie's awaiting personal attention. I always do them for him. And regardless of his salary, he will not throw out socks when they go into holes."

But I was determined to find a bit of the cinema gangster in this very domesticated star at home. I looked searchingly at the little lady before me, and asked, "Now, Mrs. Robinson, tell me—when Eddie comes home at night with his pockets stuffed out, don't you sometimes find a hand grenade or other such implement of gang warfare in them?"

She laughed—and what a tinkling laugh!

"When I see his pockets bulging, I dash over to him, throw my arms around his neck and thank him in advance, because I know he's brought me some kind of gift. He's always doing that. And the most dangerous things he ever brings home are lace underwear, cobwebby handkerchiefs, the latest perfume in a handsome bottle, or possibly another purse. He buys those by the dozens.

"And he's so very thoughtful. If I've mentioned a desire for some special kind of cheese, he'll run all over until he finds a place where he can get it. If I look at anything that he can get me I'm sure to have it sooner or later. I remember a time when we were window shopping and stopped in front of Ovington's. I admired one particular lamp, but this occurred when we couldn't afford luxuries of that kind, and so we had to pass it by. But when Eddie got his first big check on the stage, I got the lamp. He brought it home in a taxi."

She went on to tell us how this same hard-boiled editor of "Five Star Final" is in reality very shy. He particularly hates two things—crowds and personal appearances. He will ride around for hours before appearing at a theater.

After openings, she has to entertain hordes of people for two hours by herself before he has the courage to enter the room. He is "just too smart" at finding a million things to do, making the delay seem really necessary.

"Why, at one gathering where Eddie was to be the guest of honor, he was completely ready to start, but kept walking round and round the room, gazing intently on the floor. I asked what he was looking for. He said that he'd find it.

Mr. Robinson uses no make-up for his rôle in "The Honorable Mr. Wong," but he's a perfect Oriental.



Mrs. Robinson, an actress herself, now stays at home and darns her Eddie's socks.

Photo by Spurr

"I kept urging him to hurry as we were terribly late, and finally he sent me on ahead. He showed up two hours later, apologizing profusely to the hostess. When I asked him privately what he had lost, he grinned like a bad boy and admitted it was all a stall. Now that it was over, he was so relieved he didn't care if I did know he was faking. And yet I'll wager he'll do the same thing next time."

When asked what their plans were after Mr. Robinson finished "The Honorable Mr. Wong," she said, "We're going to Europe for a rest. Although I doubt if it will be much of a rest, for Eddie has a mania for art galleries."

"Art?" I repeated. "What a terrific disappointment he is!"

"Wait till you've heard all," she insisted. "One of his weaknesses is buying paintings. When we're home in Hollywood, he spends a great deal of time arranging and rearranging the pictures on the wall. Eddie's interested in music, too, and believes that music is the basis of all art."

Yes, Gladys Lloyd Robinson had told a lot of inside

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WHEN WINTER

Dorothy Tree demonstrates the use of make-up which guards against red nose and rough cheeks.



Photo by Dyar

That wind-blown spring complexion can't be far behind, if you're careless with your face.

O WIND, if winter comes can spring be far behind?" I suppose that Shelley, being a poet and romantic, could visualize budding blossoms, sweet-smelling moonlight nights, young love, and all the things that go with spring, even while facing the cold blasts of winter. But ordinary mortals find it hard to do this.

It is true that we who endured the heat of the past summer declared that if winter ever came we wouldn't care how long it lasted, and if spring was far behind, it would be all right with us.

But now, after a month or two of biting cold and blustering winds, we look in our mirrors and are alarmed at chapped lips, red nose, and generally weather-beaten appearance. To say nothing of a dull, sluggish-looking skin, the result of too many parties, too much rich food, and too little sleep around holiday time.

Every season has its problems—trite but true. Spring sees the skin reflecting the body's tiredness and need of pepping up. In summer we must guard against sunburn and windburn. Fall calls for patching up the ruins of summer. And winter, with its sharp winds and sleety days, is for certain skins probably the worst time of all.

The trend for skin care at this season is toward lubrication—creams that nourish, lotions that soothe, creams that cleanse and lubricate and keep the skin smooth and supple. All this is a great boon to winter and helps make the season more popular, for one of the drawbacks to

enjoying it has been that it did such awful things to the face.

Until recently internal methods of skin care, such as diet and exercise, have been associated with the younger, and cold creams with the older generation. Girls were advised to drink lots of water and eat carrots and go to bed early for their complexion's sake—and very good advice it was. But nowadays young skins are being treated both internally and externally. Young skins to

be healthy and lovely must be properly cleansed, lubricated, and protected. A girl is never too young to start habits of healthful beauty care, and never too young to learn to treat her skin on the outside in a beauty productive way.

There are four things that every girl needs if she wants a fine-textured skin, without a trace of the lines that too much sun, wind, and weather trace even on the youngest—a cake of complexion soap, a jar of cleansing cream, one of nourishing cream,

and a bottle of skin tonic.

The dry, sensitive type of skin is perhaps the most beautiful of skins, but it is also the most perishable and must be carefully guarded. Most dry skins resent soap and water, but seem to thrive on cleansing creams and oils. In fact, a good cleansing cream is the modern form of soap.

I don't mean that you are never to wash your face, even though your skin is dry. Wash it twice or three

Tell Your Beauty Troubles to Mrs. Montanye. Describe Your Complexion and She Will Advise You. Send Stamped, Self-addressed Envelope to Her in Care of Picture Play.

COMES

By
Lillian Montanye

times a week with warm water and a mild soap, but once every day may prove too strenuous for a sensitive skin. If your skin is oily, wash it every night, but first remove dust and make-up with cleansing cream.

A good skin must be active, clean, and lubricated. And to keep your skin protected from cold wind, and from the overheated indoors atmosphere requires systematic care.

When you come in from a brisk walk in the winter air, with cheeks flushed from the wind, don't wash with soap and water, but apply cleansing cream to remove the make-up and dust. Be sure to use it as a cleanser, wiping it all off with the dirt and "rinsing" with another layer of cream.

The tiny film of cream left on after the final cleansing keeps it flexible and acts as a powder base. Before retiring for the night, cleanse the face and neck with cream and wash—occasionally if the skin is dry and every night if the skin is oily—with warm water and a mild soap. Rinse well and dry.

After thoroughly cleansing, smooth a little nourishing cream about the eyes, on the neck, over the expression lines and over the cheeks, and leave on all night. Do not leave it on the porous parts, such as nose and chin. As a rule, the young oily skin does not require nourishing cream at night, although a little may be smoothed in around the eyes and retained.

In the morning, cleanse face and neck with cream, apply a little more and let it seep in while brushing your teeth, taking a few exercises and bathing. Follow with a mild astringent lotion that will close the pores and freshen the skin. Apply a thin film of cream and dust with powder.

If you will care for your skin properly and give it right protection, you need not fear the weather-beaten look which is anything but attractive.

One of the commonest ills of winter is a sluggish skin. You can take the best care in the world of your face and still never get the result you are after if the blood is sluggish.

The face is just like the body. You have to wash it and feed it and cover it, and nothing can really feed it except the blood. And nothing can really pep up the lazy circulatory system except exercise.

Begin in the morning before you get up. When you awake, stretch as if you were going to pull your body apart at the waist—long, luxurious stretches, arms above the head. Writhe and twist, this way and that and stretch like a cat, every inch of your body until you are wide awake.



Systematic attention is the price if you would have Dorothy Jordan's unblemished complexion.

Bounce out of bed and stretch some more. Then, standing before an open window and breathing comfortably deep, take a few setting-up exercises. It will help bring your body into line. It will do away with humps, unwanted curves and bulges. It will bring sparkle to the eyes and life to the skin. It will bring the blood up, the impurities out, and give your skin that limpid look that only a thoroughly clean skin and good circulation give.

For those who can take them, cool showers in the morning help to tone the circulation and start the skin's activity. Take some kind of bath every morning, a warm bath followed by a cooling shower, a cold plunge or sponge, and at least three times a week a luxurious hot bath with scented bath salts and lathery soap, and dusting powder afterward.

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"Arrowsmith" is engrossing, disturbing, and exciting, a far cry from standardized entertainment, in which Helen Hayes scores above the star, Ronald Colman.

The Screen in Review

A critic's frank discussion of the new films.

MAGNIFICENTLY Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" comes to the screen and must take its place among the great pictures of the year. In the final reckoning for 1932 it will surprise me not at all if it captures highest honors.

Distinguished from every standpoint, it is engrossing, disturbing, and exciting, a far cry from standardized entertainment and a gallant experiment in bringing a biographical novel to the screen with practically complete success.

By Norbert Lusk

Its excitement is all the more remarkable when you consider that it is chiefly concerned with the career of a doctor and his scientific research. An abstract subject is made personal and thrilling by the magic of direction, photography, and acting, yet, curiously, Ronald Colman, the star, is the weakest unit in a perfect whole.

Earnest, intelligent, and attractive, his performance falls short of the flawless casting displayed in the other rôles. His engaging English accent is unsuited to the speech of a physician from our Middle West, for one

"Frankenstein" superbly realizes all the horrors of the gruesome tale of a monster created by man, with Edward Van Sloan, Dwight Frye, Colin Clive, and Boris Karloff pictured here.



thing, and his debonair nattiness fails to coincide with the accepted image of a man zealously intent on tubes and retorts. Again, Mr. Colman is another hero who is untouched by time. He is the same as a student as when the world honors him as an authority on bacteriology.

Perhaps this is carping criticism in view of his ability to carry the spectator along with him through the long career spanned by the story. Certainly his intellectual grasp of the rôle is firm and understanding, if his physical equipment is not.

Helen Hayes follows "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with a performance in every sense equal to that which established her on her début. She is past describing as *Arrowsmith's* eager, girlish wife. Such adjectives as lovely, poignant, touching, and pathetic acquire deeper meaning when one watches her. They are rejected as too feeble by a reviewer exalted by the beauty and honesty of her portrayal.

Next comes Richard Bennett in the long cast, with an unsurpassable performance as the Swedish microbe hunter. Myrna Loy, Russell Hopton, Claude King, and Alec B. Francis are in rôles which, though lesser, are performed with equal perfection. Altogether this is a picture which, if overlooked, must inevitably be held against the thoughtful fan.

"Frankenstein."

Not alone for its gruesome horrors is this a notable picture. Finely acted, imaginatively staged and lighted, it becomes a dignified and impressive contribution to the screen. Easily it is one of the best films of the month, an extraordinary picture in every way and superior to its companion piece, "Dracula."

Since no one reads the tale on which it is founded any more, the story, as it appears on the screen, is virtually new. Briefly, it concerns a scientist given to

unwholesome experiments who is overwhelmed and nearly destroyed by a monster of his own creation. The scientist robs the grave of a criminal, intending to place in the skull the brain of a normal man stolen from a dissecting laboratory. By a fluke his accomplice obtains an abnormal brain and when the scientist succeeds in bringing the body to life it becomes a horrible monster devoid of human feeling, whose only impulse is to crush and kill. In the end the creature is burned to death, its body hanging on the sails of a revolving windmill aflame—certainly one of the most startling scenes ever filmed.

Now all this is sheer fantasy, I know, but it is projected with such surpassing skill that it becomes real and the terror experienced by the players becomes one's own.

There is a love story, too, with the marriage of the scientist frighteningly interrupted by the prowling monster.

While the utmost credit goes to James Whale, who also directed "Journey's End" and "Waterloo Bridge," there is no denying that his players respond to sensitive guidance. Colin Clive, as *Frankenstein*, the scientist, is attractively eloquent, and Boris Karloff, the monster, achieves a triumph of make-up by which he will long be remembered. Mae Clarke makes a conventional heroine distinguished and interesting, and no fault can be found with Edward Van Sloan, Dwight Frye, and Frederick Kerr. You mustn't miss this, if you like chilling horrors.

"To-night or Never."

Gloria Swanson's new picture is a minor triumph for the popular star. Which is to say that it is a gay, romantic trifle, more substantial than "What a Widow!" and "Indiscreet," but still far from being a riotous success.

No fault attaches to Miss Swanson, her company, or the production, the latter being a richly glamorous series of Continental backgrounds. The deficiency, if one may call it that, is a light-waisted story which permits the



Gloria Swanson and Melvyn Douglas touch lightly upon the amour of a prima donna and a supposed gigolo in "To-night or Never."

imagination of the spectator to anticipate each move of the pawns. In short, there is little suspense except for those to whom the fiction of the screen is new, and none at all, of course, for those who saw the play on the stage. It is brought to the screen intact, even to the placement of a chair. The result is smooth and never dull, but not the least exciting.

Again we have a modern heroine who spends the night with a strange man, her escapade excused when she falls in love with her seducer and marries him. She is a prima donna whose singing lacks that warmth which writers of romantic fiction tell us comes only with love. So she seeks the apartment of a handsome young man who she thinks is the gigolo of a fat, elderly *marchesa*. But he is really a hero, an impresario searching for new talent with the help of his aunt. So you see how respectable it is after all and how the youth and the prima donna were destined for matrimony from the start.

This is told brightly and amusingly, with all the expected whims, caprices, and tempers of an opera singer duly repeated for those who believe that sopranos are more temperamental than fan-magazine writers.

Miss Swanson's performance is adroit and attractive and her Chanel gowns are what you expect, but she fails to suggest a Hungarian or a diva of any nationality, her speaking voice not being of the quality found among singers of heavy operatic rôles. It is light and rather flat.

Melvyn Douglas is the hero, playing the part he created on the stage, has a fine voice and his performance is good, but the camera fails to give his face that clear-cut definition we demand. Alison Skipworth is gustily amusing as the *marchesa*.

"Private Lives."

When a man starts his second honeymoon, life is difficult enough if the new wife persistently harps on No. 1, but to walk out on the terrace for a bit of fresh air and



Airy chatter, expertly exchanged by Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, makes "Private Lives" good of its kind.

find the ex-wife herself right there in your door, also on a honeymoon on the Riviera—well, this is one of those what-would-you-do situations.

Braced by a cocktail while their respective mates are not looking, *Amanda* and *Elyot*—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery—decide that their divorce was a big mistake and run away to *Amanda's* ch[^]let. There they alternate love-making and tiffs until their deserted mates, played by Una Merkel and Reginald Denny, trail them to the cottage. After much glaring and sarcasm, the deserted ones sit up all night watching their respective delinquents. Breakfast is stormy, ending in a climax that presumably will please the modern woman.

Miss Shearer and Mr. Montgomery are in their gayest moods in this fluffy Noel Coward piece. It is sophisticated fare, with the merest trifle of a story to follow. It's all in the lines and situations. Adding to its smartness, Norma Shearer, or whoever plans her costumes, shows a change of taste in clothes, decidedly for the better. I mention this because Norma's chic has lately become a vital issue with the fans, some having razed her recent costumes.

Robert Montgomery, at his best in comedy, outdoes himself here, and happily there are moments when his self-satisfied expression is appropriately missing. Jean Hersholt and George Davis contribute amusing flashes.

"The Cheat."

Tallulah Bankhead's third picture isn't any more satisfying than the rest, nor, for that matter, is she. Every one who has met Miss Bankhead is loud in his insistence that she is a brilliant artist hampered by mediocre films. No one, however, explains what she could offer the screen if given a chance commensurate with her reputed ability. She is an interesting type for secondary rôles, but she hasn't what it takes for a heroine, in my opinion. Individual but not sympathetic, she is casual and blasé—a smart attitude for drawing-room acting on the

stage, I grant you, but Miss Bankhead's screen vehicles require a more sturdy technique to be effective, for they are not superficial comedy but out-and-out melodramas.

Certainly this revival of an ancient favorite is nothing else but. Listen. The wife who speculates with the receipts of a charity bazaar and loses, reluctantly accepting a loan of ten thousand dollars from a man whose only stipulation is that she be "nice" to him. Her husband's sudden wealth enables her to repay the loan, but the villain is all for exacting the full price. When the woman refuses he brands her with a red-hot iron, "Cheat"—in Japanese.

Now this is no casual, glib affair, forced and silly as the situation is. Miss Bankhead does rise to this scene, but it's a long time coming and the approach is slow, probably because there wasn't enough drama in the compact silent version to spread over reels of talk.

Irving Pichel is the villain with a flair for Oriental decoration and he is stiff and self-conscious. The others are recruits from the stage who obviously never should have left it.

"Blonde Crazy."

For racy, knowing entertainment this is one of the month's best. It moves quickly, is full of sophisticated laughs, and is splendidly acted by James Cagney, Joan Blondell, and Louis Calhern—particularly Mr.

Cagney who is virtually the star and, as usual, is impudent, wise, hard-boiled and likable. It's extraordinary how he achieves the latter quality, for the rôles he plays are anything but sympathetic. Nevertheless he remains a darned nice chap and flatters you by making you think he wouldn't double-cross you, ever.

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Irving Pichel and Tallulah Bankhead strive to justify the revival of a former thriller, "The Cheat."

Joan Blondell and James Cagney are happily teamed in "Blonde Crazy," an admirable picture of the hard-boiled school.



Up Pops Arledge

Johnny Arledge, who strode into favor on "Daddy Long Legs," is the cause of all those ah's and oh's.

By William H. McKegg

IN 1931, "Up Pops the Devil" played in Los Angeles. Besides the devil, up popped John Arledge!

Having told Raymond Hackett, the leading man, that I'd go and see his show, I had to keep my word. The house responded to John Arledge and Esther Howard. They were the two high lights of the comedy, in the rôles played respectively by Richard Gallagher and Lilyan Tashman in the trivial screen version.

Being quite prophetic, I could see that Mr. Arledge would make good movie fare. And was I not right?

Fox seized him and gave him the rôle of Jimmy, in Janet Gaynor's "Daddy Long Legs," then as Charlie Farrell's friend in "Heartbreak." Thus you came to see him. And rest assured you will see him again and often.

Later, while devouring Hungarian goulash at the Fox studio, who should pop in, as lively as a bird, but the same Mr. Arledge? I calmly turned to Dorothy Manners, who was daintily eating chop suey opposite me, and said, "I knew that chap would land in pictures. Behold!" *La Manners* cast a slumberous glance his way.

With the general release of "Daddy Long Legs," there were many ah's and oh's from sweet young things. Johnny Arledge had popped into view. His part stood out. And that means everything in the movies.

"I was sick—really physically sick—seeing myself in that part," Johnny seriously declared when I mentioned the prominence it had given him. "I thought I was terrible."

And, children, he really meant it!

But I am ahead of my story.

Months later, starting on my expedition to interview Mr. Arledge, I came to the French Village, near the Hollywood Bowl. The tiny medieval door of the Arledge abode being open, I walked right in and tripped over the bottom step of a narrow, steep circular stairway.

Strains of Tchaikowsky's "E Minor Symphony" floated down to me. Following the moaning harmony I finally reached the apartment—a high-ceilinged, cross-beamed room.

Part IV of the symphony had now run its length. Should I change the record? Better not. I had already made free enough with the place. But just then Mr. Arledge stepped in from the bedroom, where he'd been telephoning.

The ice was broken by music. After saying "hello" to each other, we held an impromptu concert with the phonograph. The gloomy thunders of "Finlandia" echoed over the apartment. Jascha Heifetz played a trivial Debussy waltz. Lawrence Tibbett roared out the prologue of "I Pagliacci."

Mr. Arledge was lying on the rug before the fire. He *tra-la'd* to various melodious passages. He sat propped up on his elbows, his legs straight out before him. Now he'd lie on his side, or sit on his heels, waiting for the record to stop so he could spring across the room to put another one on.

At Mr. Arledge's request, I scribbled out some of the Italian words. Then I got up to leave, for mine host was going to the football game. The last glimpse I caught, before I fell down the medieval stairway, was of Johnny trying to outdo Tibbett in Italian opera.

Another time I listened to the Arledge saga.

He was born in Crockett, Texas. As soon as desires came into his mind, he longed to play the organ. His mother taught music and had instilled a love for it in her son. During his high-school days his father died. Johnny, his mother, and his sister were left alone. Now Crockett is a nice place, but young Mr. Arledge wanted to see the world. He had never been out of his home town.

"I knew there were many things outside," he said, "things I wanted to see and know. My friends possibly thought me something of a nut, wanting to fly into some insecure existence. But I wanted experiences with life. I wanted a chance to express myself in music or acting."

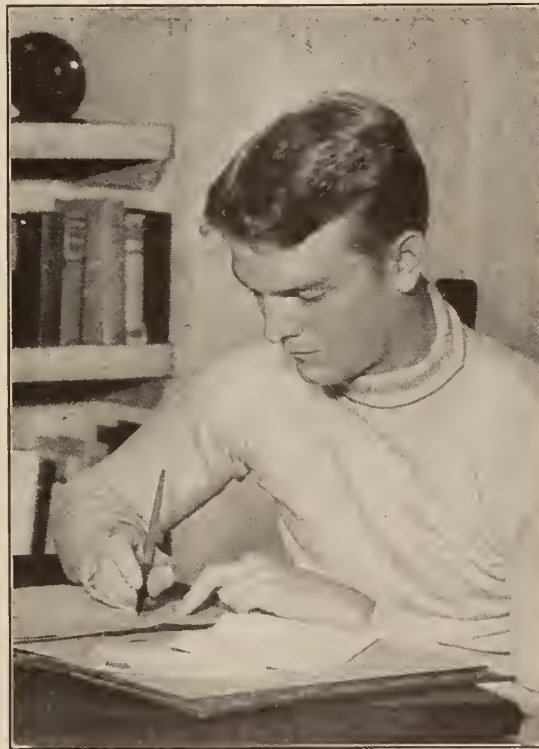
So he packed up and went to the big city of Dallas.

The nearest chance that came Johnny's way there was working in a vaudeville agency. Soon, however, he left the office for the stage, rounding out an act as an accompanist.

Of course he thought of Hollywood, but inhospitable reports prevented him from going there to join the crowd. Out of a job, he accepted his cousin's invitation to take a trip with him to San Francisco. When his cousin returned to Texas, Johnny remained and started for Los Angeles. Rather than starve for art's sake, he took a job as a clerk in a mail-order house.

Who will say Hollywood parties are rowdy and useless? At a gathering some one suggested to Johnny that

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The Arledge saga is short and simple—itching heels, vaudeville, store clerk, stage, and now the screen.

EVERYTHING ONCE

Life is just a bowl of cherries, thinks young Doug, so live, love, and learn while you may.

By Dickson Morley

THERE is a girl in a New York show with whom Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is in perfect accord. Aha, scandal?

Isn't Joan holding her man? Is his fancy drifting? Don't be annoying! The association is purely mental. Her song and his thoughts just happen to coincide.

If he could get away from Hollywood, and if he had a chance to see George White's "Scandals," he would huzzah and hurray when Ethel Merman came on to sing the hit number of the show.

She admonishes musically, "Life is just a bowl of cherries, so live and love while you may!" To which Doug would add, "You're telling 'em, sister!" For such, my friends, is his philosophy in one easy gulp.

He is determined not to miss one of the joys and eccentricities of life, and equally certain that he can protect himself from the hurts such a creed is bound to bring.

There may be a heaven, he figures, but he knows we have a world obviously crammed with exciting objects. A ring on the finger may be worth two under the eyes, but heck, think of how much more fun you have in getting the latter! It's trying the unusual and unknown, with gusto and vim, that makes the studio grind possible for him.

As we had one of our many talks I realized that insatiable curiosity is the most outstanding characteristic he has. "Why" is his favorite word. The boy is positively crazy over answers!

He insists that he can conduct himself abstractly—stand off and watch himself enjoy happiness or suffer grief.

"Nothing," he insists, "really affects me way down deep. I am happy or sad, yes. But all the time I subconsciously realize that these are passing emotions. Really trivial, for they are never permanent.

"I am impervious to shock or surprise. That's because I know that when a thing is done it's done. If some one should come to me and inform me that the world was coming to an end in ten minutes, I wouldn't claw the air. If the statement were true, what good would my anguish do?"

Doug uses the grandest two-dollar words!

"My one fear is that I may miss something vital and thrilling. Life is so short and we are young only once. There are so many things I want to do, so many people I'd like to know, so many places to go. I am afraid I can't get around to all I want. I've an acute desire for experience. I want to try everything once. Excess in

anything, however, seems subnormal to me. A detrimental habit is not an adventure."

This craving for the new has resulted in his being catalogued in various ways. Much to his own amusement, incidentally.

"I was interested in poetry, so I wrote a few poems myself. Ever since I have been a 'poet' and 'dreamer' to some folks. People confuse my curiosity with permanent interest."

Because this flair for novelty is so inherent, there are those who believe he is a little off in the head. I seriously doubt this accusation. Even though he does wear bedroom slippers to and from the studio, there is nothing missing in his brain. In fact, Joan says he has more brains than ten college graduates rolled together.

Doug is taking his stardom with evident seriousness.

"Starting with 'Union Depot' I have the say on story, director, and cast. From now on the credit and the blame will be justly mine. The first two pictures in which I was starred, 'Chances' and 'I Like Your Nerve,' were not of my choosing."

Any mistakes he may make will be acknowledged and then charged up to profit and loss. His own account, I mean. Business is just as much a gamble as everything else to him.

Rumors have been rife in Hollywood that his affection for Joan has cooled. People who think they know this for certain

say that he has fallen for a recent leading lady who played with him. But you know how a story gathers momentum in Hollywood!

The supposedly errant Doug laughs at such talk.

"Certainly I have been in this business long enough to learn a little about actors who step out on their wives! If I were to stray, I can assure you I wouldn't be taking out any beauties in my conspicuous car, as rumored. How *could* I be that dumb?"

The facts are that Doug and Joan are just settling down into real domesticity. And growing up mentally. Why worry if they no longer gush over each other in public or at parties?

"I want to travel," he says. "To go into every nook and cranny of the world. But I wouldn't get a kick if I went without Joan. I can't enjoy things by myself. My father is different. He also loves to travel, but he doesn't care to analyze the whys and wherefores. I must

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Photo by Wide World

Doug laughs at rumors that his affection for Joan has cooled on account of a leading lady.



by Foranc

NOTHING, says Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., really affects him way down deep. He also says he is impervious to shock or surprise. All this is hardly what one would expect of a sensitive actor, but Dickson Morley, opposite, insists that Doug is different.



A SLAVE TO DUTY

MARIE DRESSLER makes her début as a star in "Emma," written expressly for her by her friend, Frances Marion, who certainly knows what it takes to please the public—witness "The Champ"—and whose knowledge of Marie is second to none.



MISS DRESSLER, in the title rôle, plays a servant who has remained with one family thirty-two years! She has seen the children grow up, has stood by them through thick and thin, but is misjudged when she marries their father, played by Jean Hersholt. Only the son, Richard Cromwell, stands by her.

EXOTIC

The newest claimant for a place beside Garbo, Dietrich, and Bankhead, is Lil Dagover. Here the German charmer is pictured in her first Hollywood film "The Woman From Monte Carlo," with Warren William.



THERE is little doubt that Dagover will score a personal success, for she has proved her ability in countless foreign films and is noted for the delicate distinction of her presence. A splendid cast, including Walter Huston and John Wray, surrounds her in a complicated tale of intrigue.







CHINA LADY

Far from being a thing of porcelain, she is Marlene Dietrich, alluring, enigmatic, and pulsing in the long delayed "Shanghai Express," with Clive Brook as her one true love after many experiments.

AS the Shanghai express plunges through the darkness with its cargo of strangely assorted humans, a drama of age-old emotions is played by Miss Dietrich, Mr. Brook, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland, Eugene Pallette, Louise Closser Hale, and Lawrence Grant, with Josef von Sternberg a masterful director in charge of the journey.





TEARS

Ruth Chatterton makes a wife's supreme decision in "To-morrow and To-morrow" and needless to say she does it beautifully.



THE late Robert Ames in this his last picture is Miss Chatterton's husband who does not suspect that Tad Alexander, his supposed son, is the child of Paul Lukas. Yet this is no hackneyed plot—it is that of a beautiful stage play.

BUDDY

Young Mr. Rogers continues to vindicate himself to his fans who insist that he is great in serious rôles such as he played in "The Lawyer's Secret." Here are glimpses of him in his latest, "This Reckless Age," which speak for themselves.



AS the title indicates, this is a picture of the modern generation which you may recall as "The Goose Hangs High" in the silent days. Besides Mr. Rogers, Peggy Shannon, Frances Dee, and Richard Bennett are pictured on this page, with Frances Starr, Maude Eburne, Allen Vincent, and Mary Carlisle also in the cast.



A HOBO'S DAY

In "Union Depot" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the star, plays a tramp whose exciting adventures begin when he finds a suit of gentleman's clothes and a roll of bills. They do not end until he sees fade into the distance the train bearing away forever the girl he befriended, an actress on her way to join her troupe.

PICTURED on this page, besides Mr. Fairbanks, are Joan Blondell, the heroine, Polly Walters, and Mary Doran. Other girls are Ruth Hall, Mae Madison, Lillian Bond, Dorothy Christy, and Adrienne Doré.



STARTING A NEW PARADE

of HITS for 1932!

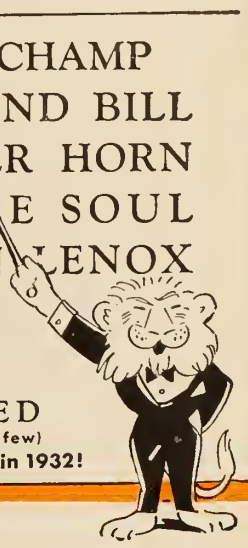
M-G-M BEGINS THE SEASON WITH

TWO

SENSATIONAL DRAMAS

WHAT A SMASHING BOX SCORE in 1931!

THE CHAMP
MIN AND BILL
TRADER HORN
A FREE SOUL
SUSAN LENOX
The SIN of
MADELON
CLAUDET
POSSESSED
(Just to mention a few)
And BIGGER hits in 1932!



Wallace **BEEERY**

The old "CHAMP" himself — greater than ever!

Clark **GABLE**

M-G-M's sensational new star

in THE NEW
MIRACLE
PICTURE—
The THRILL
from the
SKIES!



HELL DIVERS

with
CONRAD NAGEL
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
DOROTHY JORDAN
MARIE PREVOST

a GEORGE HILL
Production

Marie
DRESSLER

THE
GREAT STAR
WHO MAKES
YOU LAUGH
and MAKES YOU
CRY BUT AL-
WAYS MAKES
YOU HAPPY!



in
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

Emma

with
RICHARD CROMWELL
JEAN HERSHOLT

Story by FRANCES MARION
Adaptation and Dialogue by LEONARD PRASKINS
Additional Dialogue by ZELDA SEARS

directed by
Clarence BROWN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

GOOD NEWS

OH, calm those fears, ye fans whose numbers comprise an army greater than the world has ever known—Greta Garbo is not retiring from the screen! When you read this she will have signed a new contract with M.-G.-M.

'E's O. K. Now

Continued on page 35

my 'Beau Geste' contract. Colin Clive took over the part and was brilliant in it. I went to 'Beau Geste,' which turned out a failure!"

The Olivier spirit was by no means dampened. He played with Anna May Wong, in "The Circle of Chalk." Later, of greater moment, with Elissa Landi, in "After All." The Lady Elissa came to New York and scored. A certain other darling, Jill Esmond, likewise came to New York. And that's how Larry Olivier sailed from Britannia's Isle for the land of the free.

He and Jill had first met in Birmingham. Because love had smitten him with such force, he could no

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Hollywood High Lights

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scent from the Empress Elisabeth of Austria.

Miss Landi's mother is with her in Hollywood, and we have met them both. Elissa calls her mother "Carolina," and there appears to be an unusual comradeship between them. The mother has a pungent, clever, and sly wit, and Elissa in her smart and intellectual conversation reminds one definitely of Aileen Pringle. Indeed, she told us that Elinor Glyn, who cast Aileen in "Three Weeks," remarked her resemblance to "her Pringie." Elissa knew Mrs. Glyn in Europe. Incidentally, Miss Landi lives in Aileen's former Hollywood hilltop home.

Re Doug and Mary.—Separations between Doug and Mary seem to be quite the thing now, and are beginning to attract less and less attention. Doug doesn't care very much apparently about further film-making, whereas Mary is still keenly interested. However, she is not taking the least chance on a poor story. Doug's travelogue of his tour round the world has achieved only fair success, which probably explains his disinterest in anything pertaining to pictures.

Bebe Stage Hit.—Bebe Daniels is a girl who does things. She has lately shown this in a most capable stage effort in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Both in San Francisco and Los Angeles she gained warm admiration for this new enterprise.

Many have felt on seeing her that she could become a leading star of the boards, if the lure of residence in Hollywood with Ben Lyon and her little girl, did not exist so strongly.



Photo of Larry Regan depicting how healthy looks win admiration

GAINS 20 LBS. —CLEAR SKIN

..looks and feels "years younger"

Read the secret that
turned the calendar back!

LUCKY fellow—getting a new lease on life! Getting the chance to wipe out those years crippled by underweight, poor complexion, sleepless nights. Getting the chance to show what he can do when he's feeling fit—"better than he has for years."

Friends notice the difference *already!* Tell him how much younger-looking . . . But wait—read Mr. Adams' story in his own words:

"My weight was down to 130 pounds when I started taking Ironized Yeast. After taking three packages, my weight has reached 150 pounds. My complexion is clear. I also have sound and restful nights. In fact I feel better today than I have for the past three years. My friends all tell me that I look years younger." So writes Chas. W. Adams, 321 S. Salcedo St., New Orleans, La., who is only one of hundreds of Ironized Yeast users who report equally amazing gains in health and weight.

New health ahead

No doubt you'd *pay* almost anything to put on some weight. No doubt you'd *do* almost anything to get rid of constipation, weakness or skin and stomach disorders. Yet all Mr. Adams *paid* was the small cost of three packages of Ironized Yeast. And all he *did* was to take these pleasant tablets after meals. So why not follow his example?

Amazing new formula

Ironized Yeast contains specially imported, rich *beer yeast*. Cultured by foreign experts, this famous health yeast, is *concentrated* seven times. Thus seven pounds of raw beer yeast is required to make one pound of the concentrate used

in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that it has recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another unique and expensive process. It is *ironized*—scientifically treated with three distinct types of strengthening, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet which actually revitalizes sick, worn-out systems at the same time it adds pounds of firm, sound flesh. A tonic which has brought radiant health to thousands upon thousands of human beings—once troubled with weakness, skin blemishes, nervousness and a rundown condition.

Results triple-tested

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a medical college, famous throughout the nation!

GUARANTEED! Thousands owe new attractive figures—new glorious freedom from aches and pains—to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer. **AVOID IMITATIONS!** Insist on *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

The Screen in Review

In this he's a bell hop who joins forces with a likely girl in the linen room and proceeds to prey on persons who frequent hotel lobbies. Their adventures are many and all are humorous, especially when Mr. Cagney, who thinks he knows every racket, is neatly trimmed by a smooth crook. With the aid of Miss Blondell, the tables are turned and the crook good-naturedly takes a fall in which he loses to the girl more than he took from Mr. Cagney.

All this is pithily set forth, wisecrack for wisecrack, double-cross for double-cross, a sort of modern "Cheating Cheaters."

Besides those mentioned, Noel Francis, Polly Walters, Guy Kibbee, Raymond Milland, and William Burrell give smooth, credible performances.

"The Struggle."

It's a struggle for the reviewer to tell the whole truth about D. W. Griffith's latest, his first since the memorable "Abraham Lincoln."

One feels there should be a certain reticence in reporting that Mr. Griffith, who has directed some of the greatest pictures, now presents one of the worst, and the reviewer is baffled by the lapse. Still, it is a duty to inform and, if need be, warn. I only wish some one had warned me, for then I should have illusions.

As it is, there is nothing to say except that this picture is dull and uninteresting, trite, and old-fashioned in story, direction, dialogue, and photog-



raphy. Anita Loos and John Emerson, super-sophisticates, are responsible for a yarn that is supposed to point a moral but is found to be pointless. Evidently neither they nor Mr. Griffith had the courage to take sides in this attempted preachment against prohibition, except to show that if a man drinks too much it's likely to become a habit that will cost

him his job and his home. He isn't the normal man, though, for when his wife tries to make him wear a red necktie at a party, he goes out and gets drunk instead of kidding her. Just another step in his downfall.

Finally his sister refuses to marry her young man because she can't bear him to have a wife whose brother is a drunkard. However, in the face of this awfulness, everything clears up nicely when the hero tries to kill his child. This sobers and, presumably, reforms him.

Hal Skelly, Zita Johann, Evelyn Baldwin, Edna Hagan, and Jackson Halliday play the principal rôles. It is their fate to be all pretty bad.

"Possessed."

Not only is Joan Crawford possessed by Clark Gable—and, girls, without a wedding ring, either—but he soundly smacks her face. Here, then, is a vicarious thrill for those feminine fans who pine for a brutal lover who will treat 'em rough and make them like it.



This incident is typical of the picture, a shrewd mixture of tried and true situations that spell box-office success, not the least of which is the presence of the stars. Miss Crawford is a factory heroine who achieves luxury, Mr. Gable her wealthy paramour who scorns the governorship of his State unless he has his inamorata at his side. It isn't made clear whether he is elected under these conditions, but what the heck?

Scenes of Miss Crawford in gingham, Miss Crawford in satin and sables, Miss Crawford singing in French, German, and English; Miss Crawford pretending that she has only been playing with Mr. Gable all along—here is where she gets slapped—and Miss Crawford suffering the anguish of noble womanhood crucified by the man she loves. But all is hunky-dory at the close and a good time has been had by all—except a few of us.

Mr. Gable, though miscast as a

gubernatorial candidate, does his stuff like a racketeer in spats, and who shall say that it doesn't draw the crowds? Try to keep them away!

"Her Majesty, Love."

This is a delightful picture, even though I can find few to agree with me. True, Marilyn Miller, famous as a dancer, dances not at all except to sway through a tango with Ben Lyon, but she sways beautifully. Seriously, though, the picture has lightness, gaiety, and sophistication, though to read the story you'd probably think it had none of these. Then, too, the cast boasts three comedians,



W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, and Ford Sterling, though, if you believe what you hear, none of them is funny! Well, I found them all droll.

Now for the story. A poor but beautiful girl who presides over the cocktail bar in a Berlin cabaret is in love with the youngest member of a vast family of rich manufacturers. About to marry, they are separated by his conniving relatives and in pique the girl marries a rich *roué*. How she weds the man she really loves, with the approval of his family, is just one of those things one finds in musical comedy. For this comes under that heading inasmuch as there are two songs, but no chorus, and nothing is taken too seriously.

Richly produced, with the German atmosphere finely achieved, this is engaging, if not hilarious, entertainment and I, for one, consider Miss Miller a treat.

"His Woman."

Gary Cooper as a pleasantly gruff sea captain and Claudette Colbert as a bad girl of the Caribbean waterfront are principals in this movie. I said "movie" and I mean "movie." To prove that the picture is merely that, I need only mention that a baby is the means of Miss Colbert's reformation into a good girl and it is the infant who brings man and maid together after a tiff over Miss Colbert's scarlet past. It hadn't occurred to the sternly moral seaman that she'd

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When Winter Comes

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In winter a soothing cream or lotion is good instead of dusting powder, especially on legs and ankles which have only sheer silk between them and the cold outdoors.

There's magic in soap and water cleanliness, and it has a tremendous effect on nerves, muscles, and circulation.

If you have a clear, unblemished skin you are the fortunate possessor of beauty's first aid. But even though it is natural beauty of skin, eternal vigilance is necessary in caring for it. Winter is the time when we must attend carefully to internal as well as external cleanliness, because the face in winter is apt to show signs of indiscreet eating and half-cleansing methods.

No matter how good a skin is to begin with, if it is not kept clean it will deteriorate. Blackheads and clogged pores and a sluggish dirty look are the inevitable result.

When these blemishes appear, don't let them go without attention, and don't be aggrieved because your one beauty has gone back on you. It is entirely probable that your neglect of proper cleansing, insufficient exercise, and improper diet brought this about.

Don't let make-up remain on your face from morning until night. Keep a small jar or tube of cream and a bottle of skin lotion in your hand bag, or in your desk, and cleanse your face at least once during the day, twice if

possible, and renew your make-up. Do this for the health of your skin, as well as for its beauty.

There are so few things you need to do for your external selves, but these things are important. It's smart to-day to be healthy, to have a lithe, supple body, to be well-groomed and daintily immaculate.

You may not be a raving beauty, but you may have a skin that's fresh and firm, fine-textured, and smooth. You may have the beauty that comes from wholesome living and good grooming. Creams and lotions help very materially. Powder and a bit of rouge work wonders. But I don't believe that even the soul can be beautiful if we don't eat wisely, exercise properly, and keep our skins clean and healthy.

And now winter is here. We have to meet it somewhere, whether it's Lake Placid or Palm Beach or somewhere between. But wherever it finds you, don't let your face pay the piper. Don't go about with a red nose, chapped lips, and rough cheeks. Learn the protective magic of creams, oils, and lotions.

Let me tell you about them and about protective foundation creams, protective powders, lipsticks that keep lips soft and fresh-looking, cream rouges that protect delicate skins. Let the north winds rage. The right care will keep June blooming in your cheeks in the midst of winter.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 25

Those Mayfair Dances.—The screen has been well represented at the swanky theatrical supper-dance club that meets at the Ritz-Carlton. Mervyn LeRoy and Marilyn Miller were at the last one, and mentioning their names together is a growing habit. Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman had a hilarious group around them as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel were there, as were Estelle Taylor, Bert Lytell, Dorothy Hall, Irene Delroy, and Bert Lahr.

There are no Marquis of Queensbury rules at the Mayfair and repartee on the dance floor frequently carries a sting.

"Oh, Mr. Lahr," a sweet young thing called out. "I've seen 'Flying High.' If you stick to pictures I think you will be as good as Joe Brown some day."

Mr. Lahr has been carrying on a battle with Joe E. Brown for years, claiming that Joe is just a rank imitator who steals his gags and pantomime.

"It seems so nice to see you with your husband again," is one of the stock Mayfair pleasantries.

Not Among Those Present.—Claudette Colbert does not attend the Mayfair dances while her husband, Norman Foster, is on the Coast. Just let her go out for a breath of air with any one else, and it is enough to start tongues wagging about trouble in the family.

There ought to be trouble, at that. He has gone and written a play about which producers are wildly enthusiastic, even in these times of depression, and the old meanie did not write a part in it for his wife. The characters are all Negroes.

Thrill of a Lifetime.—Irene Rich was playing in vaudeville in Cleveland one week, in upper New York State the next, and in between there was just time for her to stop in New York for a midweek matinée of

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How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.



*Let your eyes
speak the full
measure of
their beauty*

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF
THE *New* NON-SMARTING,
TEAR-PROOF *Maybelline*

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the *NEW* Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the *NEW* Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the *NEW* Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

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Regular Mugg

Continued from page 26

goodly portion of the weekly take in one of the safer bank's safest deposit vaults. James is not one of your haywire young actors. He is a canny Irishman who does not think he is Mansfield's logical successor.

Four times a day he was showing himself to the good people of Jersey City. Between shows and after the night's work he was dividing his time between interviewers, managers, racketeers, autograph seekers, and friends who knew him when he was only a hooper in vaudeville.

In his conversation Cagney impressed me as genuine, and although aware of his good fortune, regular in the best sense. He was quick to give due credit to Edward G. Robinson, star of "Smart Money"; Roy Del Ruth, director of both "Blonde Crazy" and "Taxi"; Loretta Young and Joan Blondell, who played in those pictures, and Guy Kibbee, the inimitable character man who came from Broadway to join the ranks of Hollywood's picture stealers.

He had slept very late, he told me, because he had been out with a group of Forty-seventh Street pals, friends of his hooper days. He has a terror of being considered high-hat. He has nothing but scorn for those who go Hollywood.

"It's the nuts, strictly," said Jim. "I've got this racket figured to a fine point. I'm in the money—now. I'm clicking. That's to-day. But to-morrow"—he made a derisive sound with his mouth—"to-morrow I'm all ready to hear somebody say, 'Mr. Cagney, it has been a pleasure to meet you. Scram!' I'm set for that, too. Nothing in the game can surprise me."

He will doubtless be sent on personal-appearance tours often, for his thatch of red hair and his disarming grin are trade-marks of his screen personality that are emphasized when you meet him. Personal appearances should help to intrench him as a favorite.

James Cagney will go far, because his appeal is not limited to the ladies. He impresses the men, too. His rowdy insouciance, his brash confidence, his delightful swagger, all please the male portion of the audience just as his grin, his wink, his boyishness captivate the weaker watchers.

Thus far his career has been aces and better. If he continues to draw bright stories, smart directors, and strong parts he is set for the next two or three years. More power to him!

The Stars Go Garbo

Continued from page 22

the announcement by Richard Dix that no one can excel Miss Dunne herself.

Richard Arlen has an actress wife, but he admits that she cannot come up to Dolores del Rio on the screen. Ben Lyon is more sentimental. From his viewpoint no other girl holds a candle to Bebe Daniels.

Not exactly unanimous, are they?

Cheering George Arliss as king of the talkies are such well-known names as Mary Astor, Mae Murray, Evalyn Knapp, and Warner Baxter. But the colony is sharply split in its idea of our finest actor. Emil Jannings ties with Arliss in the voting, his supremacy being vaunted by a number of authorities, including Ruth Chatterton, Betty Compson, Richard Arlen, and Edmund Lowe.

Evidently we have six crown princes. Ronald Colman, William Powell, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, John Barrymore, and Jackie Cooper have an equal array of stellar fans.

Colman is the ideal of Marguerite Churchill and of Gary himself. "The audience feels and is swayed by his shadow presence to a greater degree

than by any other male star," Constance Bennett says about Ronald. "But," she adds, "William Powell is possessor of the greatest real histrionic ability." Wouldn't you just know that Carol Lombard backs Connie up? To say nothing of Richard Barthelmess.

Gary Cooper is the Hollywood diamond. He may be a little rough, but those super-sophisticates, Mary Duncan and Lilyan Tashman, like their actors that way. Note that Lilyan and Eddie Lowe do not vote for each other. Truly a sophisticated pair.

Fredric March is the man who's king of the talkies, Maureen O'Sullivan and Paul Lukas contend. John Barrymore is undoubtedly our foremost, assert Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Edmund Lowe. And the newest Cooper, young Jackie, stands A 1 with Elissa Landi, Ruth Roland, and Sally O'Neil.

Highbrows shout the praises of Charlie Chaplin. His fellow actors are not so impressed, although Roland Young and Walter Huston lead a small contingent who nominate him for first place. But did you know

that Clive Brook has more "It" appeal than any other man? Clara Bow says so.

Robert Montgomery is not considered our best actor by very many Hollywood stars, even if Phillips Holmes rates him so. More are inclined to agree with Ben Lyon's statement that Phil himself is the real pride of the talkies. Lois Moran brushes aside such contentions with the proclamation, "Lawrence Tibbett is our most natural and charming actor. Besides his perfect voice, he has a grand personality."

Seriously, Richard Barthelmess is unquestionably superior to any other actor. William Powell told me so. These two have sort of a mutual admiration society. If Irene Dunne could get you into her way of thinking, you'd have to nominate Richard Dix. Mary Brian dates the pretty boys, but she makes them take her—not to their own pictures—but to George Bancroft's. And then, just as I was about to come to some conclusion, Ricardo Cortez blandly observed that Walter Huston's right to first place cannot be argued.

Even Mickey Mouse has a few supporters for the throne. Not many, but look who they are—Mary Pickford and Edna May Oliver. Douglas Fairbanks is Ramon Novarro's favorite screen personality and deserves to have his option on the crown renewed. At least, that's Ramon's sincere belief.

Perhaps this liking is due to a dark moment in the Mexican star's life which Fairbanks unknowingly brightened. When Ramon was in Berlin two years ago, bereaved at the sudden death of his brother, he saw "The Iron Mask" and was so cheered by the buoyancy of Fairbanks that he wanted to wire a fan appreciation. He had never met Doug, and bashfulness finally overruled his even-as-you-and-I star enthusiasm.

Well, now you know how the stars rate themselves. The critics and the box office can take or leave Hollywood's inside ranking. And if you've been patterning yourself after your favorite star, maybe you'll want to reconstruct your personality. He or she *may* be better pleased if you imitate his or her favorite star!

Men in Her Life

Continued from page 37

perating child. And exasperating she can certainly be!

There was the time, when she was making determined affectionate darts at Warner Baxter while he was trying to rearrange his make-up, that he cried despairingly, "Hey, somebody, bring me the Flit quickly!"

Strangers are not so tolerant. She went to the commissary one noon to find important visiting personages occupying the table which she had appropriated for her own. Arms akimbo, she glared at them for a moment. Then, snatching two handfuls of crackers from another table, she crumbled them and flung them over the table at which the personages were lunching.

It required the apologies of high executives to soothe the indignant visitors.

Lupe loves to shock people. When she first arrived in Hollywood, she was described as "a natural, unspoiled child of nature." People applauded her pranks, laughed at her, petted her, excused her, as they would have excused a young native of the African bush, if one had appeared in their midst.

But several years in Hollywood apparently have not civilized Lupe one whit, and people do not applaud now with the enthusiasm they displayed at first. Lupe's didos are beginning to seem a little too much like calculated showmanship.

I once introduced her to a distinguished novelist who was seeing Hollywood for the first time.

"How do you do?" said Lupe politely. "I bet I have a prettier stomach than you have!" And she immediately bared her little middle to prove her claim, reducing my famous guest to a complete state of twitters.

Joining a group of magazine writers one day, she greeted them brightly with the suggestion, "Let's play a game. Let's see who has the ugliest feet. I bet Lupe's are uglier than any one's. *Such* corns! See?"

She kicked off her pumps to display her tootsies, and was frightfully cast down because no one else would do likewise.

Every studio at which she has worked has dozens of stories to tell of her. During the making of "The Cuban Love Song," she distinguished herself by painting her motto—"I'm bad!" et cetera—on the walls of the set. They had to be repainted before the shooting could go on.

She passed chocolates loaded with quinine. She put tacks in chairs. She pinched Tibbett during love scenes and made up wicked parodies on his songs. She was restrained with difficulty from having her arms tattooed.

She bedeviled a bashful young electrician with amorous attentions until he threatened to quit. She came to work every morning in a bathing suit. She hid on stages which were sup-

Hollywood's New Kind of MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD—Powder, rouge, lipstick and eye shadow in color harmony for every variation of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead...created to screen



JOAN CRAWFORD
starring in M-G-M's
"Possessed"

Max Factor's Make-Up
used exclusively

star types by Max Factor, Filmland's make-up genius... is Hollywood's new kind of make-up.

Discover the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder...each shade a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will

never make it appear off-color, powdery or spotty. Tested under blazing motion picture lights, and proved perfect for you, by Hollywood's beautiful stars. It produces that even, velvet-smooth make-up that clings for hours and defies detection...even the motion picture camera cannot find a flaw. Now you may share this luxury—Max Factor's face powder, created for the stars, at the nominal price of \$1.00 a box. At all drug and department stores.

Find the way to intensify your personality with your own color harmony in Max Factor's Society Make-Up complete, powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow. Mail coupon below today.

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posed to be closed to all visitors during dramatic scenes, and leaped up to applaud loudly when the scenes were finished.

While she was working for Universal not long ago, she bit a horse. Just what the horse had done to offend her, I do not recall. The horse, I understand, was displeased with her afterward.

"I am not a one-man woman!" she will tell you. "Lupe want lots of men—men who will geeve her nice presents! Not diamonds," she amends, with a sniff. "In Mexico diamonds are cheap. I want emeralds! A great many emeralds!"

And yet she is not stupid, this mad, mad Lupe. She is avid to learn and she is burning with ambition. She studies voice diligently and takes lessons on various musical instruments.

She studies languages—and *works* at them. She reads intelligently. She will pay any amount of money to any one who will teach her a new dance step.

"I will be a gr-eat artist one day!" she says. "I will work *so* hard! But why—why should I not do how I like while I am still young? They want me to save my money—people do. They say I mus' go early to bed and try to act like a lady. 'Why?' I ask them. 'Your future!' they say.

"Pouf! My future will not be very long. When I begin to be old, when the pooblic no longer want to see Lupe, and men no longer want to love her—Lupe will not live any more! I shall keel myself. I shall not need money and I shall not need to be a lady!"

Boy Wonder

Continued from page 19

He boasts of his big sister's prowess as a comptometer operator. She is head operator at Woolworth's with twenty-seven girls working under her. Eric has been in love with each of the twenty-seven. He used to read his poetry to them at the noon hour. When he was playing in New York, they used to organize parties and attend the first nights. Eric loved it.

I went over some of his fan letters with him. He got terribly excited over a rave written by a Chicago man on elegantly engraved paper. "Do you think he's rich?" Eric asked. "Undoubtedly, with that address," I said. "Why?"

"Then I must get in touch with

him. My option may not be taken up, you know."

Eric is twenty-two. It annoys him that the publicity office says twenty. His face—and I mean this not unkindly—has character. He has lived and thought too much to approach the Kansas Boy Scout in comeliness.

But Clark Gable, the answer to the maiden's prayer, exceeds him in virility. So he may never incite the shop-girls to verse. But he has what none of his contemporaries in Hollywood can boast—a first-rate acting talent.

If he can survive the rapidity of social life in our hectic hills, and ward off those whose vanity it would flatter to call him friend, he need not bother about wealthy admirers. His options will always be taken up.

Sweet and Loose

Continued from page 39

Just in order to keep up with the times, even "Sob Sister" must have its all-night party. Producers would now feel quite severe if they cheated the little heroine out of her wild oats.

But never worry about the little girl. Toward the end of the film, just before the surrender of the cagy hero, it is miraculously proved that our heroine is still a whole-souled, unfrayed little creature, even though she may have had affairs with half a

dozen playboys. The hero always accepts this miracle. Consider "Strangers May Kiss."

If Mary Pickford can bring back to the screen her old-time little girl who didn't know what it was all about, in the face of the grown-up jazz-age heroine, there is a miracle for you. And movie-going will again be a coolish and maybe sentimental pastime.

NO YEN FOR HER.

Jack Oakie, singing his new song, "I've A Yen For You," to one of his girl friends, had no comeback when the bright young thing broke out with, "Speak American money to me, big boy!"

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Latest racket in the fortune-telling lunch rooms is to have the seers reveal that the tea leaves show you have exactly the personality of Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, et cetera.

Up Pops Arledge

Continued from page 49

he apply for extra work in "The King of Jazz." He did, and for six weeks he was a movie actor. Another long engagement was given him as one of the million soldiers in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Bits came from here and there, but no particular notice was taken of him.

A call eventually came from the stage. Pauline Frederick was to appear in "The Crimson Hour," and a juvenile was needed.

Johnny went to the theater. Your name? What have you done? Call again Tuesday. Being clever, Mr. Arledge called Monday. "I thought I'd come too late if I waited till Tuesday," was his explanation when a reason for his premature arrival was demanded.

"I was nervous, of course," he related, almost lapsing back to stage fright at the very recollection. "I felt they were all laughing at me. When I finished reading my part, Miss Frederick came over and shook hands. That was one of the greatest things that had ever happened to me!"

The play helped a lot. Then, "Up Pops the Devil" came his way. No one in the company had much faith in his ability to put over such a large rôle. All the same, Mr. Arledge scored.

That was how he came to be signed by Fox and cast in "Daddy Long Legs."

Always a keen fan, he has his favorites just like you, and you, and you. He considers Phillips Holmes one of the finest young actors on the

screen. Of the ladies, he places the late Jeanne Eagels above all.

"She had what no present actress has," he remarked. "An inner flame, a great artistic force. I saw her in 'Rain' and 'The Cardboard Lover.' No two plays could be more unlike—yet she was brilliant in both!"

He saw "The Letter" sixteen times!

Still so completely under the sway of the vibrant Eagel's personality is Johnny that he named his dog Jeanne. Somerset Maugham holds an honored place in his library.

Fan mail is coming in. Johnny gets a thrill autographing his photos. His one sole desire now is to get a chance to show some real marked ability, for he does not want to be typed.

Sensitive, with deep feeling, he is well-fitted for real parts. He would be excellent in "Merton of the Movies."

Recently he returned to his home town of Crockett, for which he has a very deep affection.

"It was wonderful to return after having gained at least a foothold in the work I wanted so much to do," he said in calm reminiscence. "I had set out two years ago, went through the experiences I wanted, and was back at the place I started from."

Silence followed. Then, "Have you heard the new 'Gershwin Concerto'?" A leap to the phonograph!

Behold, boys and girls! Up pops Johnny Arledge!

Everything Once

Continued from page 50

have some one with whom to discuss my discoveries and ideas."

One who is such a confirmed follower of the try-anything-once theory should, according to Hoyle, be a terribly impractical soul. That's how Doug describes himself, but I think he must be the exception proving that rule.

"Joan has a kindred imagination, but she is infinitely more practical than I," he tells me. "She can let her mind dream and yet keep both feet on the ground. I always have one foot on a banana peel!"

Doesn't everything about him refute this claim? At twenty-three he is a well-paid star with a grand future. To this end he has been working for half a dozen years. He chose a very practical wife. They save

their money, living comfortably, not elaborately. His business and his love life are carefully, mentally regulated.

So stop kidding yourself—or us—Doug! You may be a vagabond, but you know pretty well where you are going and what you will do when you get there.

I know a poem which perfectly suits him. If you would know the real Doug, Jr., just picture him reciting this:

As I look back . . .

The deeds that I regret the most
Are those I never did.

Why worry? Life, muses this amazing young fellow, is just a bowl of cherries. Gather your fruit while you may!

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The Swanson-Bennett Feud

Continued from page 17

"The subject is too absurd," she exclaimed with considerable feeling. "I haven't any interest in the affairs of others. I am not a gossip, and I haven't the slightest emotion about what any one else thinks or does. I believe in 'live and let live'."

"The thoughts and conduct of people in relationship to my own life have no more concern for me than that door out there, or that man coming into it."

While she spoke a door leading onto the studio set quietly opened and a prop man innocently entered with a bundle.

We then switched the conversation to such calmer subjects as her European trip, her newly decorated home, the ingratiating qualities of Mr. Farmer, and her present state of complete happiness.

"I have never in all my life felt so happy as I do now," she went on in a more characteristic manner of repose. "And for the first time in my career I really felt gloriously free on my European vacation. I had no business or domestic worries—my children were with me all the time—and on my return to Hollywood I found my home completely done over in light, happy tones and furnishings. I am rejoicing with a new kind of happiness and freedom—and I want to remain this way always."

When I asked Constance, "Are you and Miss Swanson rivals?" she swung one pajamaed leg over the arm of a chair, slid into it, lit a cigarette, and after blowing the smoke high into the air, said:

"Well, let's talk this over. Professional rivals—no! After all, Miss Swanson was a star many years before I entered the game. I don't think I have tried to emulate her screen type, although we have been compared as being of the same screen genre—or what have you?"

"Personal rivals—you mean on account of Or-ree, I presume? I don't think there is anything to that. Certainly I would not have had the wretched taste to announce my engagement while he was still Miss Swanson's legal husband. If I had committed such a breach of propriety, I probably could have been accused of considering myself the victorious rival, and all that sort of thing."

Miss Bennett never hesitated to use Miss Swanson's name in conversation. Miss Swanson never once referred to Miss Bennett by name.

"Now, as far as my regarding the former marquise as a specter in my life with Or-ree—I can't see any reason for it," she replied, apparently

amused. "Look—Phil Plant, my former husband, will possibly remarry sometime. I don't see why the memory of me as the first Mrs. Plant should worry the new bride, for the simple reason that I am no more a part of Phil's life. I simply don't mean anything to him any more."

"So applying the same theory, why should my ghost, so to speak, haunt Miss Swanson, or why should hers harass me? Oh, of course, there are bound to be memories from any marriage for any one. But they shouldn't become bothersome, should they?"

My answer was, "Certainly not!"

Gloria's burning love affair with the marquis started in Paris six years ago. She was then at the zenith of her career—Hollywood's undisputed queen. She and Pola Negri had been running a race for the crown. Gloria won, and it was but a fitting climax to her prowess to return from Europe, after making "Madame Sans-Gêne," with a new husband and a title. She received as big a hand for that from Hollywood as Lindbergh did for flying across the Atlantic.

There are many old-timers in Hollywood who still feel, however, that aside from reasons sentimental, Gloria felt a glow of triumph over winning a title, particularly to the full knowledge of her adversary, Miss Negri. When she answered to "Madame la Marquise," her attitude might easily under certain circumstances have been interpreted as "Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Pola!"

Only a season or two fitted by, however, before Pola topped Gloria's title with that of princess when she married one of the brothers Mdivani, Russian princes from Georgia in the Caucasus. Mae Murray followed suit and became Princess Mdivani to brother David.

Early in 1929 de la Falaise left Hollywood for Paris and, all former rumors notwithstanding, it was generally felt that Miss Swanson and he had come to the parting of ways.

In the spring of the same year, Miss Bennett and the marquis first met—also in Paris. And also, as in the instance of Gloria, business negotiations brought them together. He arranged her contract with Pathé. Business conferences evolved into friendship, friendship into romance, and then followed rumors thick and fast that Constance would become the second marquise.

Simultaneously, the assumed rivalry between the two stars took form. And by the fall of 1929 and beginning of 1930, during which

period they both made pictures at the same studio, it had assumed dramatic proportions. Strange how dramas spin themselves into being, minus a dramatist!

Shortly thereafter loud whispers were heard all over the colony that no lot was big enough to hold Constance and Gloria, and that the latter henceforth would make her pictures at the United Artists studio. Coincidence or irony, Gloria was making "What a Widow!" on one stage, while Constance was working in "This Thing Called Love" on another!

Whether the story of their purported rivalry is fiction or fact can best be solved by the numerologist, astrologist, fortune teller, palmist, or crystal gazer.

And maybe before the lilacs bloom once again in Paris, Constance Bennett—and Gloria Swanson—

Oh, well, if two stars have loved, and have been loved by, the same man, they automatically become enemies. Friendly, polite enemies. Oh, yes? Of course!

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 63

"Brief Moment." In the course of a few minutes she went through all the sensations of stage fright and being crowned queen, for there on the stage was her daughter Frances, who emerged from school just last June. Irene, who would not accept a stage engagement in New York without serving an apprenticeship in vaudeville, watched her untrained daughter speak lines with perfect composure.

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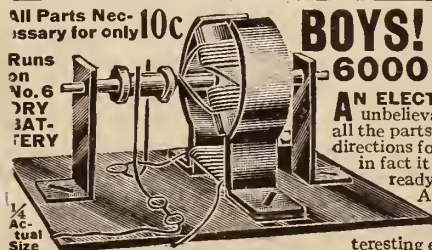
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 62

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had one when she came aboard the freighter in response to his call for a woman to look after the baby he said he found adrift in a rowboat. Neither Mr. Cooper nor Colbert wins laurels in this trite tale and, in



fact, each loses a few. Their characterizations depend on such banal symbols as the gum Miss Colbert chews vigorously to prove that she is no better than she ought to be, and the short skirt tightly wrapped to make clear that she is no lady. The cast is made up of stage players about whom no one will wish to ask The Oracle anything.

"Sooky."

The sequel to "Skippy" is definitely charming and touching, the chief reason being that the incomparable Jackie Cooper again plays *Skippy* and Robert Coogan once more becomes the appealing *Sooky* of Shantytown. Nor are Jackie Searl, Willard Robertson, Enid Bennett, and Helen Jerome Eddy missing from this continuation of the adventures of two children who succeeded in making a kid picture one of the finest documents of the year.

But like many another attempt to bring back to the screen characters who have lived in a preceding film, this lacks the sensational quality of the former. Without being in any sense a misguided effort, the reviewer who has seen both believes that those filmgoers who missed "Skippy" will find most satisfaction in the sequel.

Anyhow, it gives Jackie Cooper another opportunity to show us that he is one of the finest of all actors—and that is a demonstration of which we show no sign of tiring.

"Maker of Men."

Here is another football picture which must inevitably face comparison with "Touchdown," the best of

the lot, and which doesn't approach it. This is safely conventional; the other was a departure from routine. Still, of its kind this is good. It gives us the problem of father and son, the former a successful coach, the other a reluctant, protesting recruit to football who, in spite of disqualifications both mental and physical, nevertheless manages to win the big game and earn his father's gruff forgiveness and commendation. Although, for the life of me, I can't see why a youth's distaste for football should brand him as "yellow" and all the mean names hurled at him by a parent who, for all his prowess as a coach, knows less than nothing about the psychology of youth.

Jack Holt is properly male and bullying as the unknowing father and Richard Cromwell is a sympathetic victim of parental ignorance. Joan Marsh and John Wayne play small parts nicely and the football scrimmages are well managed. This should strike a responsive note in the hearts of all young people who are forced to do anything against their wills, from eating spinach to giving up a party.

"Suicide Fleet."

Moving fast along conventional lines, this is the familiar tale of three pals who join the navy, wise-cracking and pranking until duty calls. Then they are one-hundred-percent heroes. Their exploits both in comedy and melodrama aren't very interesting, but the navy in action is impressive as usual.

Ar... at
see... g and
no... hero, is
V... the face
Some-
but con-

cealed as the love interest, causing you to care not at all whether or not she annexes Mr. Boyd.

"Good Sport."

An amusing, smartly arranged comedy along modern lines, this is bound to please the majority. Especially those who like their heroines loose but pure. Here our lady is a virtuous wife who discovers that her husband has been supporting a love nest, so she rents the apartment of his inamorata in her absence and mingles with the fast set as one of the girls.

Needless to say there are cocktail parties galore, undressing scenes, predatory sugar daddies and their quarrelsome *chère amies*—all, in fact, that goes to make this sort of thing attractive to respectable women.



There is also a heavy lover for the wife, a man as chivalrous as a medieval knight, who is disturbed to find in the noisy, party-mad crowd a girl as nice as the wife, though how he knew it is beyond me as her décolleté exceeded that of any of the mercenaries. Anyhow, they have a hot flirtation in which—well, draw your own conclusions—and the wife patches up her differences with her husband and no one is the wiser.

Linda Watkins, who was only so-so in "Sob Sister," is a clever and charming heroine, while John Boles, minus his song, is all right as the chivalrous swain. Greta Nissen, Joyce Compton, Sally Blane, and Minna Gombell are some of the girls, the latter leaving you wanting more of her drollery, and Hedda Hopper is Miss Watkins' mother, a smartly knowing one, of course.

"Surrender."

Manfully the director, William K. Howard, struggles to make drama where there is none and gives us instead beautifully composed scenes. But even they become monotonous,

because the action of the story alternates between a German prison camp and a castle near by. For this is a war story, with a handsome French prisoner falling in love with a girl of the enemy's country, *Axelle* of the castle, and their conflict between love and duty is entirely unexciting. Far more interesting are some of the other characters, especially Ralph Bellamy as a German officer, his face half shot away, who is trying to get even with life by inflicting harsh discipline on the prisoners under him. Alexander Kirkland is also striking as an officer and Howard Phillips, who attracted attention in "The Spider," is excellent. Curiously, however, the relationship of the characters is never clear and one is uncertain whether Mr. Kirkland is the brother of Leila Hyams or her sweetheart. Miss Hyams, by the way, seems bewildered by her assignment and Warner Baxter, of all persons, is not at ease as the French soldier, the nominal hero. In short, a futile tale unredeemed even by fine pictorial values.

"Hell Divers."

Those who relish drama of the clouds will find here a thrilling demonstration of what the aviation branch of the United States Navy can do when it turns to stunts, with extra gasps thrown in by a professional trick flier who makes a nose dive into the sea. The drama of human nature, however, is slim—only the traditional squabbles over girls between two men in the service, who turn out to be loyal pals beneath hard-boiled exteriors. However, if you like to look at he-men and airplanes, this is your picture.

My New Year wish is that Hollywood would think up a new story for the army and navy films, for in this even Wallace Beery and Clark Gable suffer from stale material. Beery is humorous and at times touching in his performance of the drunken good-for-nothing who gives his life that his rival may live to marry the ingénue, but Beery would be amusing without a rôle to play. Gable as the good-natured enlisted juvenile is the handsome hero.

Besides the featured players, Conrad Nagel and John Miljan are effective as gallant officers of the flying squadron. Marjorie Rambeau as *Mame*, of a Panama beer joint, the sweetheart of Beery, contributes a bright flash of human interest. Of lesser interest are Dorothy Jordan and Marie Prevost, the latter amusing as the traditional sweetie of the sea-going boys. Others include Cliff Edwards, Reed Howes, and Alan Roscoe.



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Little Caesar's Wife Squeals

Continued from page 43

stuff about her spouse. She had shaken all my illusions as to his likes and dislikes, his disposition and his characteristics, but had she told what her star eats? No! And as a professional interviewer, it behooved me to ask in the good old-fashioned way.

"But tell me, Mrs. Robinson, so that I may inform his palpitating public, what does Edward G. Robinson eat?"

"Oh," she laughed. "Eddie's idea of a good meal is a big portion of hors d'œuvres, a salad if it is well-spiced, a cup of black coffee, and a large black cigar. But you can give him hors d'œuvres for entrée, pièce de résistance and dessert, and he is perfectly satisfied. I have to watch him closely and see that he eats nourishing food. He'd skip meat altogether if I'd let him."

So you thought your gangster star lived on raw beef, did you?

Well, anyway, Edward G. Robinson loses his temper once in a while—so that's something.

'E's O. K. Now

Continued from page 61

longer remain in a Jill-less Europe. He packed up his toothbrush and shirt and set out for Broadway. He and Jill—now his wife—played together in Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

"Noel Coward," Mr. Olivier enthuses, "is the most brilliant man I've ever met. He does everything excellently. He has proved himself a splendid actor, a musician, a playwright, an artist, and a poet. He always does the right thing at the right time."

Having heard Ruth Chatterton say the same thing, not to mention Elissa Landi's eulogy, and the significant fact that G. B. Stern even dedicated a book to him, I am forced to agree that Noel Coward is brilliant—*non surpassé*, should you prefer it.

Laurence Olivier is not so bad himself, as you know if you saw him with Landi in "The Yellow Ticket" and in "Friends and Lovers." After his Broadway fling, he was signed by RKO and sent to Hollywood.

"It was funny," he reported, without a forced laugh. "They asked me if I'd take a test. In a rather condescending manner I agreed, for I had never been particularly attracted to pictures; I preferred the stage. I took my wife with me at the appointed time. When they saw Jill they grabbed her and paid no further attention to me! And it was my test!"

Struck with an original thought, I

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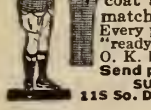


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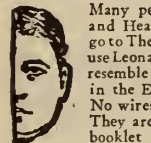
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said, "Tell me, to what must one attribute success in acting?"

Now for the old, old story! Mr. Olivier shot a glance at the clock on the wall.

"To influence, and one's friends to a great degree," he replied.

The English iconoclast rose to depart. I thought of all the many young artistic souls I have often listened to. Of their hard struggles and ability to surmount all obstacles entirely on their own. My Lord Olivier's version somehow rings truer, to my way of thinking.

What about yours?

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

IMPATIENT.—Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on July 22, 1908. He is six feet tall, weighs 155, and has blue eyes and blond hair. Sorry I cannot verify your other questions.

JAMES WRIGHT.—Yes, the late Robert Williams was included in the cast of "The Common Law," playing the part of Sam. "Dishonored" was Barry Norton's last picture.

JUNE B. A.—There is a Dorothy Jordan fan club with Carl Leffer, 819 West Center Street, Decatur, Illinois; June Collyer with Mr. Willfrid, Box 827, Portland, Maine; Ramon Novarro with Adele Yanow, 7416 Jeffery Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. There is no club for David Manners. "Pen Pals" correspond with each other, exchanging opinions about their favorite player and pictures in general.

AL.—I shall be very glad to keep a record of your Clark Gable fan club. Pauline Starke, who isn't active in pictures at present, was divorced from Jack White on June 23, 1931.

R. K.—It was Leni Stengel who played the part of Julie, in "The Beloved Bachelor." Is that all you wish to know this time? My, but you aren't very inquisitive!

PAULINE CLARKSON.—We all mourn the loss of Robert Ames. Yes, he was forty-three years old. Warner Baxter is five feet eleven, weighs 168, and has brown hair and eyes. Sally Eilers was born in New York on December 11, 1908; is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 110, and has brown hair and eyes. Loretta Young was born January 6, 1912.

EXPECTANT.—Mae Madison is under contract to First National. She has appeared in several pictures recently—"The Reckless Four," "Bought," "The Mad Genius," "Expensive Women," "Her Majesty, Love."

BEVERLY HOOK.—Oddly enough, there isn't any club listed for Janet Gaynor. Can't imagine how the fans overlooked her in that respect. Give Lilyan Tashman your regards when I see her? You bet!

GEORGE PHILLIPS.—Miriam Hopkins is from Bainbridge, near Savannah, Georgia; May Allison from Riding Farm, Georgia.

SALLY RUBENS.—The picture to which you refer was called "Trial Marriage," with Sally Eilers, Jason Robards, Thelma Todd (Alison Loyd), and Norman Kerry.

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MRS. EVA M. WHITE, 602 South Main Street, Bangor, Pennsylvania, writes, "I have always been taught that when you ask for something and receive it, the least you can do is to acknowledge it. Evidently some of the Pen Pals who ask for correspondence and then fail to answer are lacking in this knowledge." Well, old pals, what are your alibis? Mrs. White would like to hear from Maurice Chevalier fans and promises an answer to all.

Bessie Shesser, Norton, Kansas, wants to hear from Garbo and Crawford fans—and she promises to answer.

Lugina Getowski, Box 143, Flint Station, Fall River, Massachusetts, would like to work up a circle of Pen Pals who are fond of roller-coasters.

Evelyn F. Smith, 153 West Bridge Street, Catskill, New York, says, "Please, boys and girls between sixteen and eighteen, let me be your new Pen Pal."

Marjorie E. Gregory, 3726 Oliver Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minnesota, wants to hear from fans.

Gertrude Heinig, 212 St. Joseph Street, Louisville, Kentucky, promises to answer all fans who write her.

Gladys Stevens, 18, Lansdowne Road, Walthamton, London, England, would like to hear from Conrad Nagel fans.

T. Mairon Edmundsen, 2510 Donald Avenue, Alton, Illinois, will exchange sketches and movie comment.

E. Lois Siede, Route 1, Dowers Grove, Illinois, wants to hear from fans who have made movie albums a hobby.

Billee O'Hara, Borger, Texas, will welcome some Pen Pals.

George J. Mack, 1729 Notre Dame, W., Montreal, Quebec, craves a world-wide circle of friends.

Johnny Gerggrass, 54 Flowers Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wants to correspond with fans.

Audrey Gay, 368 Eighty-seventh Street, Brooklyn, New York, wants to hear from near-by fans in their early twenties.

Catherine Regina Hollheimer, 203 Avenue M, Brooklyn, New York, writes that she "would like to have a fan from anywhere and correspond about anybody." Maxine Hollheimer, same address, will write to Joan Crawford fans.

Marlin S. Clark, 155 N. West Street, Hillsdale, Michigan, wishes "to be entered" as a Pen Pal.

Connie J. Whitehead, 143 Legrams Lane, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, is hereby listed as a willing Pen Pal.

Wilma Elliott, Short Falls, Box 28, New Hampshire, invites correspondence with Joan Crawford fans.

Dotty Vanderverter, 146-72 Conroy Street, South Jamaica, Long Island, wishes to correspond with fans anywhere.

Alice Preszcatore, 145 St. Julian Street, London, Ontario, wants to hear from Joan Crawford fans, and her sister "Bubbles," same address, is interested in Buddy Rogers fans. There, boys, take your choice.

Roland S. Cabba, 2321 Terrasse Guindon, Montreal, Quebec, asks to be "checked up" as a Pen Pal, to correspond in English or French.

Don C. Lynch, 745 N. Bellevue Place, Indianapolis, Indiana, wishes to hear from any one anywhere.

Beatrice Crow, Box 92, Panhandle, Texas, wants a few correspondents.

Ethel Arnold, Bridge Cottage, Stockton Brook, Stole-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England, wants to correspond with Constance Bennett fans.

Dorothy Colvin, 411 Banfil Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, asks to have her name mentioned as a Pen Pal.

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NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

Aires, Argentina, wants to hear from "other fans crazy about Irene Rich."

Bunny Coffey, Box 20, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, would like to hear from boys who are Phillips Holmes or Richard Cromwell fans.

Jim Stobaugh, Humboldt, Tennessee, wants to hear from some fans.

George G. Gage, 49 Shawfield Street, Chelsea, London S. W. 3, England, would like to hear from Joan Crawford fans.

Dorothy Dietsch, 554 Lucas Street, Toledo, Ohio, will write to Buddy Rogers fans.

Lillian Kerzner, 70 Johnson Avenue, Malverne, Long Island, writes she is "in want of Pen Pals."

Joy Burnett, 34 Wyndcliff Road, and her friend, Kathleen Smith, 62 Wyndcliff Road, Charlton, S. E. 7, London, England, wish to find Pen Pals.

Worth T. Elliott, Ellenboro, North Carolina, would "love" to correspond with movie fans all over the world.

John A. Novak, 29 Edson Street, Amsterdam, New York, wants to hear from some fans.

John J. Lynch, 362 Avenue A, Bayonne, New Jersey, has time to write to a fan or two in every State.

Betty Chesterfield, 2 Bellevue Avenue, Binghamton, New Jersey, would like to hear from some fans.

Marjorie Perry, East County Line, Joplin, Missouri, writes that she would like "to hear from any part of the world and will answer it, too." World, take notice!

Wanda Roedel, 804 N. Twenty-seventh Street, Camden, New Jersey, wants to hear from English and American fans.

Gilbert Settles, 3699 East Olive Street, St. Louis, Missouri, would like to hear from David Manners admirers.

Sarah Badali, 4418 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, says she'd love hearing from Crawford, Chatterton, and Navarro fans.

Frances Perry, Box 606, Bandon, Oregon, would live to have Pen Pals "from all over."

George Olson, 30-65 Forty-ninth Street, Astoria, Long Island, wants to hear from boys and girls from seventeen to nineteen.

Fans interested in "nonsense and everything" will find a kindred spirit in Henla van Guylen, p. a. Nicolaistraat 30, Den Haag, Holland.

Helen Mae Baird, an eighteen-year-old blonde, Bandon, Oregon, "is dying to hear from Garbo fans of any calling from college students to Bing Crosby."

Bert Wes Gober, 503 East Gault Street, Decatur, Illinois, once toured Hollywood and has plenty to tell.

Cherry Fisher, 5812 Julian Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, will answer all fans who write her.

Evelyn Graves, Soldiers' Home, Sandusky, Ohio, wants some pals in their teens.

Emile Gagnor, 3627 Ontario East, Montreal, Canada, says he will write to widowed fans in any part of the world. Luck, Emile, if certain Far East households take you up.

Ruth A. H. Wolf, 1108 Highland Avenue, Pekin, Illinois, complains that Pen Pals are only spoofing when they say they'll answer all letters, adding that she really will.

Arietta Kaniper, 517 Burke Street, Easton, Pennsylvania, wants to hear from foreign fans, especially Spanish.

Patsy Burns, 227 Forty-ninth Street, Newport News, Virginia, would like to hear from Clark Gable fans.

Florence Schmidt, 2125 Pauline Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wants Pen Pals of any age.

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Continued from page 13

ments which make decent people turn round and murmur, "There goes that awful movie actress." So here's my very best wishes and a hug for Constance Bennett—one of the best.

A. J. KEITH-ST. CLAIR.

Paris, France.

Walk-out for Farrell?

CAN'T something be done about Charlie Farrell? After seeing "Heartbreak" I really think something *should* be done. Charlie is and always will be my favorite actor. His boyishness will always appeal to me. He does not need to act—just to be natural—and he certainly is that.

I hear people say, "Charlie Farrell can't act alone—only when he plays with Janet Gaynor and then Janet carries every picture in which they are together." In other words, Charlie can't act at all. They go on to say that proof of Janet's acting was shown in "Daddy Long Legs."

These people should think twice before making such a statement. All they need to



Here is the star who can sink to the gutter as convincingly as she can seem to the manor born.

do is to compare the stories that these two are given when separated. No one could compare "Daddy Long Legs" with "Body and Soul" or "Heartbreak."

Judy Abbott was a character in itself. There was no acting required in it. Then again—look who helped her. None other than Warner Baxter. Also Una Merkel carried off honors.

On the other hand, Charlie's pictures aren't worth wasting the art of acting on. The stories themselves are absolutely silly. As soon as the picture begins, you know exactly how it will end. Also his rôles are utterly worthless. Can't he be anything but an aviator?

So please don't pan Charlie and say he can't act, just because he has never really been given a chance. It wouldn't be a bad idea if he, like Janet, walked out for a couple of months. It certainly brought good results for her.

ANNA LOU ANDERSON.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

For Certain Benighted Souls.

AFTER ages of waiting for some comment on my special favorites in "What the Fans Think," I have decided to flourish a paean or two myself. Why do only the reviewers praise Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Pauline Frederick, and Elsie Ferguson?

Fans must agree that no one could be fairer in reviewing than Norbert Lusk. Very well, then. He says, "The Lunts are unique and extraordinary, truly brilliant actors—intelligent, adroit, personable. Theirs are perfect performances indeed."

Fans who miss "The Guardsman" miss two captivating personalities and the very finest in acting, say I.

Those benighted souls who bewail the invasion of stage actors cannot deny that Pauline Frederick has long been an established screen favorite. Her "flame of talent"—again Mr. Lusk—is never dimmed. Did any one see "Evidence" or "The Sacred Flame" or "This Modern Age"? Does any one else realize that she is utterly magnificent?

I shall always remember Elsie Ferguson's brief stay in pictures. I, for one, saw "Scarlet Pages." Her voice is exquisite and her acting superb. She is truly great. Why are references to her scarcer than hens' teeth?

I do hope admirers of these players will hoist their superlatives and crowd the Gable-Valentino comparisons out of these columns.

MARGARET KNAPP.

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In spite of a modernistic hair cut, the characteristics of this leading man stand out.

SHORT CIRCUIT

Your name's in lights!
You've rung the bell!
And now the head
Begins to swell.

You're getting out
The old high-hat—
You're on the spot
Where Nero sat.

You're dazzling now,
Without a doubt,
But I hope I'm there
When a fuse blows out!
BARBARA BARRY.

TO THE BRIDES

"Santé" to la Marquise Connie,
Of the three-star Hennessey house.
"Mud in the eye" for ex-Marquise
Gloria, now Farmer's spouse.

Now on this rotation of mates
I have a little query.
How come we've never chanced
To "Skal" a Connie Beery?
LEE SMITH.

CONFESSION

I wonder if Carol would like it
If she knew I'm that way about Bill.
I always sit twice through his pictures,
I (lots more than twice) get a thrill.
This suave Mr. Powell has just what it takes,
He puts himself over, deserves his good breaks!
NORMA.

REALLY

If I had the charm of the Dietrich,
And could look like Kay Francis in clothes,
With the elegant poise that is Connie's
And that certain appeal of Garbo's—
With all due respect, if I had all o' this,
I would be like Joan Crawford—exactly-as-iss!
N. M.

TO TALLULAH

Maybe I like just the way she acts—
The years have proven she's grand—
Or maybe it's just the charm of her
Old London couldn't even withstand.
Maybe it's that thrilling, throaty voice—
It couldn't be just her face—
Aw, maybe it's 'cause she's from Alabam'
And I'm from the same grand place!
PEGGY PERT.



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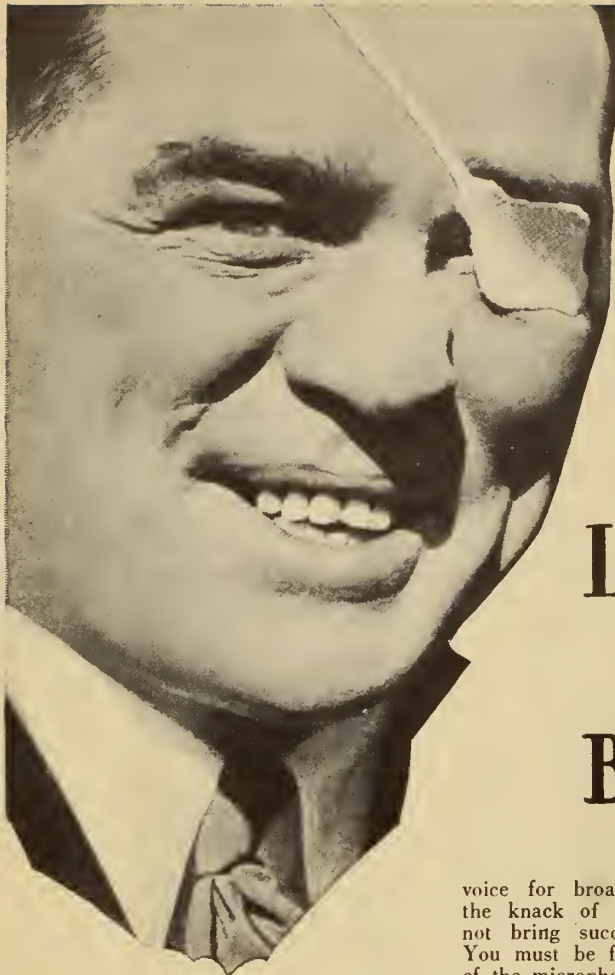
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The Curse of the Platinum Blonde!

Strange to say, she's doomed. As a party girl, she's a hot number. But what of her as an office worker? What of her as a wife? She hasn't a chance! Employers won't hire her, men won't marry her. All men like to be seen with her, but they refuse to take her seriously except as a play-mate.

Now this is a broad statement, but it is borne out by facts. A canvass of employment agencies, interviews with marriage-license bureaus, and talks with men on the subject lead to but one conclusion: The platinum blonde has no standing and no future except as a social figure. It is an amazing state of affairs, but it is confirmed by Virginia Maxwell's exhaustive study of the subject.

In next month's Picture Play she will tell you what she learned about platinum blondes; what the girls themselves told her, what men told her, and what none other than Jean Harlow, high priestess of the cult, confided to her. For Jean is not happy in spite of her success. Though her hair brought her fame, it also branded her, and now it handicaps her as an actress.

Read this extraordinary confession in Picture Play for May! It leads off another great number of the fastest growing fan magazine!



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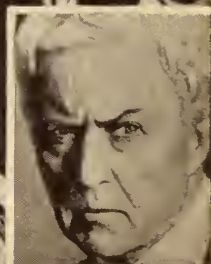
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What the FANS Think

"S. C." Marches Through Georgia.

THE recent letter signed "Kentucky" must have been written—not tapped on a typewriter—in red ink with a stub pen on purple paper. The female of the species is probably responsible for it.

Pause, gentle (?) Kentucky, in your wild tirade against Northern voices and accents—and, by assumption, Western, since they are not Southern. There is, for instance, Una Merkel's accent, which was positively atrocious until reformation set in. Yet Una is, I believe, from what Hergesheimer calls "the deep South."

There is also Dorothy Jordan, whose voice at first was called, by critics as well as some fans, decidedly unpleasant, until, in "The Call of the Flesh," we found it changed for the better.



Having mingled, so to speak, with Southern voices and accents in their native lair, I find them not altogether the same in different parts of the South. What music there is in them is caught and modified from the Negro race.

By the way, Kentucky, have you reflected that the golden voice of Ruth Chatterton is not Southern? A recent article by a dramatic critic alluded to Katharine Cornell and Ethel Barrymore as the possessors of the best voices on the American stage. Miss Cornell is not a Southerner. Ethel Barrymore, born in Philadelphia, living in New York when not a trans-continental trouper, is certainly Northern.

Maude Adams, born in Salt Lake City, was said by many critics to have a more musical and expressive voice than Ethel Barrymore.

Recently, the musical and charming diction of Elsie Ferguson was heard on the screen. Miss Ferguson was born in New York.

Warner Baxter has, in my opinion, the best male speaking voice of the screen. Baxter is from the Middle West.

Some of us even like to listen to Gary Cooper.

John Barrymore's efforts at vocal success are not to be sneered at.

There are others who might be named, but no one can convert a professional Southerner. So, Kentucky, dream on. But remember in your dreaming, the words of one Will Shakespeare, our old school acquaintance. "*Malvolio*," says he, "is sick of self-love." S. C.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Novarro's Silent He-friends.

IN the January Picture Play "La Señorita" of Santa Fe, New Mexico, asks why men don't like Ramon Novarro.

I never heard any sound-thinking man who appreciates dramatic art say anything uncomplimentary about Novarro. True, we may not be as quick as women to defend our stars, for we much prefer physical combat.



Novarro's he-friends have in the past overlooked the narrow-minded mud-slinging of some of the fans. If you think that we are yellow in ignoring the personal remarks made by some of the narrow-minded low-brows, let another one make another wisecrack about him, and watch forthcoming issues for results.

DALLAS LOFLIN.

Edwards Hotel, Jackson, Mississippi.

"Jack" Pungently Answered.

MARY "JACK" MILTON'S letter amused me very much and I think I can answer some of her questions.

First: Why has Joan Crawford gone high-hat? Because *she* thinks she's darn good, but I don't think she's so hot, and besides, she isn't even good-looking.

Why Clark Gable is so idolized? That's easy! Because he's different from the half-baked, sweet-boy type of screen hero. He's handsome, marvelous, wonderful—see "A Free Soul" and "Susan Lenox," and you'll see what I mean.



Why Garbo is so adored? She's not good-looking or great as an actress, but she has a charm that cannot be defined.

Clara Bow will be given a fair chance if her fans have their way. She's one grand little actress and has one of the loveliest, most expressive faces I have ever seen.

Joan Bennett hardly deserves the name of actress and Norma Shearer is called sophisticated because there's nothing else to her but low-cut gowns and a chatter punctuated with silly giggles. Why she's on the screen is a great mystery to me, and the same goes for Constance Bennett.

JOHN NORKEN.

Buffalo, New York.

Deliciously Ugly Man!

POOR J. Ferdinand Foltz seems to have it bad. Garbo—divine creature, marvelous woman, et cetera. Oh, yeah? She's so perfect, according to Ferdy and many others, she'll be sprouting wings soon. Again I say, oh, yeah?



You say, Ferdinand, that most anti-Garboites prefer the gum-chewing type. But many anti-Garboites prefer Marlene.

But why worry about actresses when Clark Gable's around? Boy! Wasn't he grand in "Night Nurse"? Didn't he just walk off with "Susan Lenox"? And

"S. C." doesn't like him! Well, well! Poor dear.

Why, oh why, do people always accuse new finds of being handsome? They even call Clark handsome; I think he's the most deliciously ugly man I've ever seen.

ELAINE.

Mount Royal, P. Q., Canada.

The Most Dazzling Blonde.

I SHOULD like to say a few words in praise of a very lovely lady—namely, Jean Harlow.

Here is the most sensational discovery of the year, and the most dazzling blonde. She is unusual, and how! Besides being gorgeous, she is intelligent, and gives vivid and convincing performances. There is none of the simpering of the usual peroxidized blonde—Jean is natural in both looks and acting. In "The Iron Man" and "The Secret Six" she was splendid, although her rôle in "The Public Enemy" did not give her enough scope to display her talent. Anyhow, she is always interesting, and so very different that she is delightful to watch.



Much can be said in praise of Marlene Dietrich, but I agree with V. K. Sutton that she surpasses Greta Garbo. You can admire Greta, but you can't warm to her as

Continued on page 10

What Will You Do With \$3,000.00 Cash If I Give it to YOU?

I WILL PAY \$250.00
 Just for the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give \$3,000.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. **WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THIS FORTUNE IF I GIVE IT TO YOU?** Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less what you would do with the \$3,000.00—*nothing more to do toward the \$250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. Nothing "fancy" is needed—just tell me in plain words what you would do with the \$3,000.00.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN \$250.00
Nothing More for You to Do!

Costs nothing to win, nothing to buy—no selling—no puzzles—\$250 Prize given just for an answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me what YOU will do with \$3,000.00 if I give it to you. The prize for the winning answer is \$250.00. Just sending an answer qualifies you for an opportunity to win \$3,000.00 in final prize distribution. Think what an amazing opportunity—why, many people work hard for a life-time without ever having such a vast amount of money as you may now win.

Think, NOW, How You Would Spend \$3,000.00

Would you start a business of your own; would you invest in bonds; would you pay off a mortgage on your home or buy new furniture and clothes? Maybe you would use the money for education. Just think what \$3,000.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You \$1,000.00
Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are prompt and win first prize in final distribution. So don't delay. Nothing more to do now or ever toward getting answer prize and qualify for an opportunity to get your share of over \$5,000.00 to be given away. **EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH . . .** Think what you would do with \$3,000.00—write your answer and rush it to me. **SEND NO MONEY . . .** Nothing to buy or sell to get big prize for best answer. No "puzzles," "number paths" or "lucky numbers" to win over \$3,000.00 cash. **BE PROMPT. I will send you \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE.**

Hundreds Have Won

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Thompson just won \$625. Viola Lauder won \$500. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—**ACT TODAY!**

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. \$250.00 given for best answer to "What Will You Do With \$3,000.00 If I Give It to You?" Answers must be postmarked not later than May 15, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.



Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win \$3,000.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over \$5,000.00. Someone is going to get \$3,000.00, all cash. If I gave you the \$3,000 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win \$3,000.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate **AT ONCE!** Here is an opportunity of a life-time. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the \$3,000.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use the Coupon or Write Letter With Your Answer

FOR CASH PRIZE

RICHARD DAY, Manager
 909 Cheapside, Dept. 56-D, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you give me the \$3,000.00 prize I will use it as follows
 (Write your answer plainly in here, in 20 words) : _____

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

RICHARD DAY, Manager
 909 Cheapside Dept. 56-D Cincinnati, Ohio

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

TOMMYE.—Please come forward, Bing Crosby, and take your bow, for our readers want to meet you! We all know, of course, that you made your screen debut in "The King of Jazz," in Paul Whiteman's band, and that later you won the heart of little Dixie Lee while crooning at the Coconut Grove, but after seeing your movie shorts, "I Surrender, Dear," and "One More Chance," all the girls are just cuh-razy about you. And now, Tommye, for that description of Bing. He is five feet seven and has light-brown hair and blue eyes.

LINDY.—So far as I can see, your list of Clara Bow pictures is complete. Her leading man in "Red Hair" was Lane Chandler; in "Wine," Forrest Stanley; "Maytime," Harrison Ford and Wallace MacDonald; "Kiss Me Again," Monte Blue and John Roche. It was while making "The Secret Call" that she had a breakdown. Her place was filled by Peggy Shannon.

BETTY ANN CLARK.—Since your letter was returned, perhaps your answers will reach you this way. It was Frankie Darro who played the part of the child in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." *Doctor Claudet* was Robert Young. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Hardie Albright was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, December 16, 1903, is five feet eleven, weighs 165, and has light hair and blue eyes. He played the lead in the stage production of "The Greeks Had a Word For It." He can be reached at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, Hollywood.

GORDON KING.—It was Thomas Meighan and not Charles Farrell who played opposite Myrna Loy in "Skyline." "Renegades" is the only picture in which she played with Warner Baxter. Write to Miss Loy at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Some of her films are "The Devil to Pay," "Body and Soul," "Transatlantic," "Rebound," "Skyline," "Arrowsmith," and "Emma."

M. KAUFMAN.—Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck have been separated since 1929.

COCK ROBIN.—No, "The Yellow Ticket" was not filmed in Russia. The picture was made entirely in Hollywood. Surprised? Very clever these movie people, eh? Laurence Olivier is just about twenty-four. In London he created the original *Captain Stanhope*, in "Journey's End." It was while playing on the stage in "Private Lives" that he received an offer from RKO. He is very likable, isn't he?

POLLY ANN.—If you want to know what has become of Benny Rubin, just watch for his movie shorts. He has been busy making comedies for RKO, "Guests Wanted" and "Dumb Dicks" being his most recent ones. Others were "Full Coverage," "The Messenger Boy," and "Julius Sizer."

H. G. ALTHERS.—Even jockeys have crushes, I see. For a photograph of Dorothy Jordan write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. This dainty little miss has brown hair and eyes, weighs 100, and is a little over five feet tall. Her latest is "Hell Divers."

BETTY OF INDIANAPOLIS.—Those youngsters have been very busy during the past year. Mitzi Green, in "Dude Ranch";



Fans are taking notice of David Manners in a big way, making the poor old Oracle work overtime answering questions about him.

Jackie Cooper, in "Donovan's Kid"; Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green, in "Newly Rich" ("Forbidden Adventure"); Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, in "Huckleberry Finn"; Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan, in "Skippy"; Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, in "Tom Sawyer"; Jackie Cooper, in "The Champ"; Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan, Jackie Searl, in "Sooky."

ANNE.—Surely by this time you know that Gloria Swanson and the marquis obtained their final divorce decree, and that she and Michael Farmer had to be re-married on November 9th last. Constance Bennett has an adopted son named Dickey Plant. Miriam Hopkins is divorced from Austin Parker. It was while playing in New York in the stage play, "Lysistrata," that Paramount induced her to sign a contract. Her latest films are "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Two Kinds of Women."

H. O'KEEFE.—Lowell Sherman, under contract to RKO, may be reached at that studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. He was born on October 11, about 1887. He and Helene Costello have come to a parting of the ways. Margaret Schilling and Paul Gregory, who played in "Children of Dreams," are no longer in pictures.

BETSY.—Greta Garbo's right name is Greta Gustafsson; Dolores del Rio's, Lolita Dolores Ansunolos; Lupe Velez's, Guadalupe Villalobos; Ramon Novarro's, Ramon Samenigos; Nancy Carroll's, Ann LaHiff; Richard Arlen's, Sylvanus van Mattimore. David Manners is divorced. He was born Rauff Aklom, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1905. He has made "Journey's End," "The Truth About Youth," "Kismet," "Mothers' Cry," "Dracula," "The Millionaire," "The Last Flight," "The Miracle Woman," "The Ruling Voice." The only address I have for Anna May Wong is the Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

ONE FOR DOROTHY LEE.—Dorothy Lee, of the Wheeler-Woolsey combination, was born in Los Angeles, California, about twenty-one years ago, is five feet tall, and weighs 97. She has been twice divorced. "Peach o' Reno" and "Girl Crazy" are her most recent films. Write to her in care of the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

AL.—That was Mary Jane Irving who played the part of *Mary*, in "Tom Sawyer," and Charlotte V. Henry was *Mary Jane*, in "Huckleberry Finn." George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, April 5, 1900, is five feet eleven, weighs 176.

STEPHEN FATULA.—Ivan Lebedeff is still single. Did you see him in "The Gay Diplomat," with Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson? Carmel Myers has been married to Ralph H. Blum since June, 1929.

VIRGINIA SNYDER.—Leslie Howard has returned to the stage in "The Animal Kingdom." I join those fans who hope that he will not desert the screen entirely. Mr. Howard was born in London, England, in 1893, is five feet ten and a half, weighs 145, and has blue eyes and fair hair. Perhaps the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, will be able to supply his photograph. For one of Joel McCrea, write to RKO Studio, Hollywood.

K. M. N.—Doesn't an L belong in there? The cast of "Pagan Lady" included Evelyn Brent, Conrad Nagel, Charles Bickford, Roland Young, William Farnum, Lucille Gleason, Leslie Fenton, Gwen Lee. "New Moon," the following: Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Adolphe Menjou, Roland Young, Gus Shy, Emily Fitzroy.

DON.—Milton Sills's last picture was "Sea Wolf." That was his right name. Doris Kenyon played opposite him in "Men of Steel," the scenes for which were made at Birmingham, Alabama. Charles Stevens

Last Call! Offer to be withdrawn!



10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least \$8.50 if bought separately

The famous Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package which has amazed and delighted hundreds of thousands of women in recent months is about to be withdrawn from the market.

This is the last time this offer will be made in the columns of this magazine. In order to get these ten store-size Milaire beauty preparations for 99 cents and postage, you must clip the coupon immediately, fill it in properly, and mail it to us without delay.

Remember! These are not sample-size packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same fine quality as you would expect to find in your favorite store at the suggested retail prices listed in this advertisement. But instead of paying \$8.50 as you would if you bought each item separately, you get all ten of these exquisite preparations for only 99 cents and postage, provided you fill in and mail the coupon before this offer expires.

Let us remind you that hundreds of thousands of these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages have been sold in the last year . . . and that women from all over America have voluntarily written us, expressing their amazement and delight at the truly remarkable bargain this Treatment and Make-up Package represents.

All This for 99 cents plus postage

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend

has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, not affected by moisture and very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

\$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Coconut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalis—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

99¢

plus postage

**Send No Money
Merely Mail Coupon**

Coupon

For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Picture Play—April, 1932

Continued from page 6

you can to Marlene. She is so charming that you just have to love her.

Last of all, I must sing the praises of Picture Play. It is an excellent magazine, and brings one closer to the stars than any other. Picture Play always gives a big hand to newcomers, and they always turn out to be stars in the near future.

NELLY MAGUIRE.

293 Derinton Road,
Tooting, S. W. 17,
London, England.

That Sophisticated Toss.

I VERY much resented Martha Colbeis's insult to Norma Shearer.

If she doesn't like Miss Shearer that's her business, but I certainly don't see any use in knocking her as she did.



Wasn't it cruel to call her one of the most atrociously dressed women on the screen? When has Norma been atrociously dressed? A few times her gowns have

been cut low, but no lower than a lot of other actresses wear their gowns.

How can she compare Hedda Hopper with Norma Shearer? Miss Hopper is a good actress, but she certainly doesn't rate in comparison to Miss Shearer.

I didn't like that remark about Norma relaxing and letting Miss Hopper teach her a few things. I bet Norma could teach Miss Hopper quite a lot.

I'm also sure nobody thinks it a pity that Hedda Hopper should play in so many of her pictures. To tell you the truth, Miss Hopper made such a slight impression on me that besides "Let Us Be Gay," I can't remember what other parts she has played.

Her remark about Miss Shearer's idea of sophistication certainly appealed to my sense of humor. I love Norma's laugh, and the way she tosses her head. She doesn't use her hands often enough to be criticized.

I think Norma Shearer a wonderful actress, and she is my idea of an exquisite lady.

ESTHER GOLDSTEINE.

3707 Paseo Boulevard,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Men Do Like Novarro.

I S "La Señorita" of Santa Fe trying to arouse another Novarro war like that started by Joan Perula long ago? The señorita asks why men don't like Novarro. She must go about with her eyes and ears shut to overlook the crowd of males who worship at the young Mexican's shrine. Why, in Picture Play itself, half the Novarro letters are from the stronger sex. My own brother, who is not a fan, goes out of his way to see all Novarro films, and my father, with fifteen years of picture-going, can only refer to "Ben-Hur."

But it isn't to answer La Señorita's stupid inquiry that I write this letter; it's to ask what is wrong with Metro-Goldwyn. Surely with such a list of brilliant executives in its employ, M.-G.-M. ought to have better sense than to sacrifice its only great star to the limbo of Garbo musers.

Novarro needs a story specially fitted to his unique personality—he shouldn't be thrown in to supply the love interest in another star's story. If M.-G.-M. is unable to find a story for him, why not let him play some of his old ones—"Scaramouche," "The Student Prince," or "Where the Pavement Ends"? Or one of Valentino's, "Monsieur Beaucaire"?

And now one grumble against Ramon himself. There are other film companies, aren't there? Why did he have to re-

What the Fans Think

sign with the one that treated him so shabbily after his ten years of magnificent service?

D. B. POWELL.

West Sixtieth Place,
Los Angeles, California.

Why Slight John Boles?

HOW come there wasn't one picture of the greatest actor, John Boles, in January Picture Play? There doesn't seem to be any actor that comes up to him. He was wonderful in "Seed," and all his other pictures. I'd love a swell interview with him in a coming Picture Play. I get tired of reading about Gable, Novarro, the Barrymores and all such lesser lights of the screen, while the great Boles is neglected.

Three cheers for Joan Crawford as a brunette again. I was heartbroken when I saw her as a blonde. She sure is my idea of a wonderful actress.

Ann Harding is third on my list. I thought she was marvelous in "Holiday."

LETTIE SATTLER.

116 Third Avenue, South,
Clinton, Iowa.



The numerous admirers of Leon Janney could never fail to recognize him here.

My, My! Laugh at a Marquise?

MAY I voice my opinion of Carol Lombard and Bill Powell? They liked each other and got married. Why isn't that all there is to it?



Why must the fans be bored listening and reading that Bill has at last found the only girl for him?

If I am any judge, I think it has taken him long enough to decide who the only girl is. He had to divorce another woman and leave his child before he finally found whom he wanted.

Also, why do the stars think it is cute to be married to some one for about two months and then divorce that one, and take a new mate?

It's disgusting and laughable the way Gloria Swanson left the marquis for some one else, and Connie Bennett immediately grabbed him. Soon, I guess, we'll be reading that Connie and the marquis are separated, and then Alice White or Clara Bow will want him.

The nicest marriage of the season was that of Lola Lane and Lew Ayres. Yet we hear no foolish talk from them, and even if we did, it would be tolerable in young people who have never been married before. Here's hoping we won't ever read of any separation between them.

M. REED.

453 Spring Street,
Elmira, New York.

Picture Play on Parade.

SOME magazine writers grow duller and duller,

The opposite's true of James Roy Fuller. To the virtues of Picture Play, a marvelous book,

A leading contributor is Samuel R. Mook. "Hollywood High Lights"—permit me to call it

A swelegant series by E. and E. Schallert. Myrtle Gebhart is clever, and William McKegg

Has a grand style of writing and seems a good egg.

My favorite star, there's none in her class, I mean that slick interviewer, Madeline Glass.

What's heard in New York, who's seen at the "Follies,"

We get the low-down from our own Karen Hollis.

Since Clark Gable soared to a very high spot,

We're told how he did it by Romney Scott. Lillian Montanye and Margaret Reid

Are great—to please us must be their creed.

The cover designs are certainly beauties, And the art gallery gives us our quota of cuties.

Although weary, 'tis true, I'd write until dusk,

Hymning the praises of Norbert Lusk.

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

Accent Truth "Dished Out."

AFTER reading that now famous Southern accent controversy pro and con, I write this letter.

I think that an Easterner after crossing the Mason-Dixon line would expect, after reading these arguments, to hear something as different from the Yankee accent as cockney.

It certainly burns me up to hear Northerners imitating the Southern accent in pictures. For instance, the Southern girl in "Secret Service," Bebe Daniels, in "Reaching for the Moon." That wasn't Southern accent; it was stage Negro dialect.

After traveling through the South, I find that about the only Southerners who speak with a decided dialect are the backwoods mountaineers of Kentucky and, after all, that's about one per cent of the South.

Here it is all dished out, as Edward G. Robinson said in "Little Caesar":

A Southerner pronounces his words the same as a Yankee, but instead of the mile-a-minute squeak, he speaks in a slow tempo approximately a drawl, and in lower tones much less trying on the ears.

WALTER H. RICO.

407 West Grayson,
San Antonio, Texas.

You Mean Noah-r, not Daniel!

JUST read "Kentucky's" letter in January Picture Play. Thank Heaven there are very few Southerners in this part of the country, and we are not forced to listen to their lilting drawl.

We pronounce our words in *exactly* the manner that Daniel Webster prescribes. Perhaps she has heard of Daniel Webster's dictionary? No? Too bad, too bad!

Northern speech is curt, correct, and to the point, and I wouldn't call it nasal, either. The difference is in the people. You see we are all hustlers, full of vigor and pep, and mentally *keen*. Naturally our speech is concise. Southerners are slow and languid, and the little word "on," becomes "an-n-n-n-n-n-n."

Continued on page 12



They laughed right out loud..when I offered to play

—but a moment later a hush fell over the entire crowd

LET'S all give my country cousin a great big hand!" cried Helen, dragging me out to the center of the room.

Everyone at the party started to clap. "What's he going to do?" someone called out. "Are we going to be entertained with an exhibition of fancy hog-calling?"

"No—cousin Ned claims that he can play the piano," replied Helen, "but I'm sure he's fibbing. I happen to know that there isn't a piano teacher within miles of his home town."

"Just the same I'd like to see if you big-towners can dance as well as you can wise-crack," I retorted not taking any offense.

"For goodness sakes, please don't play 'Turkey In The Straw' . . . you know this is no barn dance," one of the boys pleaded.

I Let Them Have Their Fun

So they thought I was a "lick"—that folks from the country couldn't learn to play music just as well as people in the city. They thought, too, that they were giving me a great kidding. If they only knew how I had been toying with them right along.

I started to pull out the piano bench and someone started to "moo". "S-h-h-h!—let him have his little joke," said my cousin Helen.

But they kept up the razzing. "Hey there—that's a piano bench not a milk-stool."

"No fooling—and this is a piano, not a writing desk. Honestly, it plays—listen!" And without any preliminaries, I broke into a medley of popular songs. There wasn't a sound in the room. I only wish I could have seen their faces for I knew that I had given them quite a surprise.

"Keep it up—that's great, Ned," shouted the chap who had been doing most of the riding.

"Yes, please don't stop," begged Helen, "we want to dance."

No second invitation was needed. I played every number that they placed before me and if they had had their say I would have been playing until morning. But finally I had to beg for an intermission. Then they started to pump me with questions.

"Put one over on us, didn't you, Ned?" said Helen. "You're certainly the last person at this party I thought could play. How about being a good sport and letting us in on the secret?"

No Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly" I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument by mail in just a few months without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
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Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German	
Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
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Banjo (Plectrum, 5-	
String or Tenor)	
Juniors' Piano Course	

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was jealous because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never-to-come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me, even if I do come from the country."

* * *

This is not the story of just one isolated case. Over 600,000 people have learned to play by this simple method. You can, too. Even if you don't know one note from another you'll grasp it in no time. First it *tells* you how to do a thing—then it *shows* you how in pictures—then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

You teach yourself right at home—without any uninteresting finger exercises, tedious scales or other humdrum methods.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how practical this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have Free. They show how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old slow methods. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control!*

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Continued from page 10

She made a faux pas when she stated that we were *envious* of Southern speech!

You can count movie stars having Southern accents on the fingers of *one* hand! Why?

Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

NORTHERNER.

Who Wouldn't Be Temperamental?

WHY did Paramount turn against Nancy Carroll? The plays she has starred in recently have been very dull. I read a while ago that Paramount was growing tired of Nancy's temper. What star wouldn't be angry if she had to act in such a picture as "The Night Angel"? Nancy is my favorite and I hope she gets some decent rôles. Give us another "Devil's Holiday."

DOROTHY SMITH.

5242 West Harrison Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Just Jealous, That's All.

THOUGH I'm not a man, I am writing this in answer to "La Señorita's" letter in January Picture Play.

The men are jealous of Ramon, señorita. Why? Because he has such a splendid voice, charming manner, and various other talents. They belittle him in the hope of magnifying themselves. Oh, well, you know how boys are, and can you blame them? They don't know any better.

Tck-tck!

And let me add that Novarro is one of my father's favorites of favorites. Of course, pop is past the romantic age, but oh well!

I have never asked any boys how they like Ramon, but I bet in their hearts they think he is fine, even though they are a little envious every time Novarro's pictures come to town.

H. L. S.

Whitehall, Montana.

"Way Down East" for Janet.

I SAW "Way Down East" in a recent revival. While it was overacted, I do think the story, melodramatic as it is, is worth filming again.

Janet Gaynor hasn't had a meaty rôle for a long time, and I should like to see her do the Lillian Gish part. It is perfectly suited to her, requiring the naive sweetness of her "Daddy Long Legs" and the tragic pathos of her "Seventh Heaven."

The part of the idealistic farmer boy would be excellent for Charlie Farrell. How about it, Mr. Fox?

ELEANOR MERRIAM.

4649 Woodlawn,
Chicago, Illinois.

Bouquet for Sebastian.

JUST a small bouquet for Dorothy Sebastian. "Louisa" of Chicago wants to know why we don't see more of Dorothy, and why she isn't given better pictures than they have been giving her. I would like to know the reason for this. I have

What the Fans Think

admired Dorothy ever since "Sackcloth and Scarlet" several years ago.

Won't some of you Dorothy Sebastian fans give her a bit of a hand? Perhaps it might bring an answer to our question.

MARION NEAL.

Broadway, Central Park,
Long Island, New York.

Poor Dumb Male Fans!

EVIDENTLY I have been asleep, for I did not see Mal Kelly's and Jack Hilt's letters in "What the Fans Think." However, I'd like to get into the argument.

What is wrong with Ramon Novarro? Nothing. "La Señorita" asked why men don't admire Ramon. I believe it is because they don't understand him. He is mentally above them and they resent it. He is above the modern generation of *males*.

I don't think he has been given any too good rôles lately. I wish they would give him more rôles like he had in "Call of the Flesh." *And let him sing!* Something simple that men can *understand*.

"KAY."

Fremont, Nebraska.



Mr. Luske, the artist, must have seen Tibbett from the end seat of the front row.

Fans, How Dare You!

WHY all the raving about stage players? From some publications, one would believe that the stage players had all the voice and training, and that our original favorites didn't stand a chance.

To get to the point, I refer to Linda Watkins, the feminine interest in "Sob Sister," with James Dunn. I like Miss Watkins in every way but one. She is beautiful, charming, and interesting, a cross between Constance Bennett and Myrna Loy—I bet that starts something among fans, but if any one chooses to criticize her in any way, you may as well begin with her voice!

How dare you fans laugh at John Gil-

bert's voice, then rave over this "Sob Sister" with her soft little voice which scarcely carries through the theater? And don't say it's the fault of the sound apparatus, because the other members of the cast came through splendidly!

I don't mean to be unkind to her, but her voice doesn't fit her personality or the part she played.

She needs voice training. Thank Heaven, she didn't try to sing! Minna Gombel might better have played the heroine's part, and let Miss Watkins be the friend whose appearance was all too brief. Linda Watkins is a good actress, yes, but if her voice and pronunciation were improved, she might be something to rave about.

And, fans, be kind to Anita Page. Boost her all you can. You know why—it doesn't have to be explained, if you've been reading Picture Play.

LOMAINE MASON.

112 North Sixth Street,
Vineland, New Jersey.

Explanations Demanded.

SOME things that require explanation: Clark Gable as a leading man.

What are his qualifications?

The Garbo-Dietrich controversy. I am neutral. Am I the only one?

The low, degrading rôles being assigned to one who, given the opportunity, can prove herself a very great actress—Ruth Chatterton. At present she disgusts me.

The comparative obscurity of such talented young players as Lois Moran and Madge Evans, when persons like Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, and Jean Harlow hold the limelight.

Why any one should look at Gary Cooper when Dick Arlen is to be seen.

The popularity of the Marx Brothers. Are they funny?

The starring of Elissa Landi.

The banning of musicals for gangster films and sex dramas.

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia,
Canada.

That Funny, Funny Sensation.

I AM writing about the only man in the movie world who gives me that funny sensation when I see him on the screen—Clark Gable. He has "It" and plenty of it.

This may sound unladylike, but I'd like to choke "S. C.," of Philadelphia. If Clark can't act, then she is deaf, dumb, and blind. I'm sure S. C. is a woman.

Mr. Gable, you may be prehistoric in her sight, but she's the only one. We need more he-men like you. The sweet-boy type has had its day.

AGATHA.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Go See a Silent Film.

WHAT has become of the really fine stars? They rose to the highest pinnacle in silent pictures, but with the birth of the talkie—oblivion.

Continued on page 61

Continued from page 8

played the part of *Injun Joe*, in "Tom Sawyer." Yes, there was a silent version of this picture in 1917.

JUST JUDY.—See BETTY ANN CLARK for information about Hardie Albright. I shall be glad to keep a record of your fan club in his honor.

BABS.—Well, if it isn't my old friend back again! Of course, you may have more than one fan club. There is a William Haines Club with Vivian Stephens, 3653 Hughes Avenue, Los Angeles, but there is none listed for David Manners.

Information, Please

To form a club, gather together those friends of yours who are admirers of Mr. Manners, for instance, hold meetings, and exchange opinions about that particular player. Through fan magazines invite others to join.

ERLENE OF SOUTH DAKOTA.—I'm afraid there isn't space for all the casts you wish. These players were in "Silence": Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon, Charles Starrett, Marjorie Rambeau, John Wray, Willard Robertson, Frank Sheridan, Paul Nicholson, John Craig, J. M. Sullivan, Charles Trowbridge, Ben Taggart, Wade Boteler,

Robert Homans. "Honeymoon Lane": *Tim Dugan*, Eddie Dowling; *Mary Baggett*, June Collyer; *Gertie Murphy*, Ray Dooley; *Tom Baggett*, Noah Beery; *Mother Murphy*, Mary Carr; *King of Bulgaria*, Armand Kaliz; *Major Domo*, Adolphe Milar; *Colonel Gustave*, Gene Lewis; *Arnold Bookstein*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Noisy*, George Kotsanaros; *Betty Royce*, Corliss Palmer. "The Telephone Girl": *Kitty O'Brien*, Madge Bellamy; *Jim Blake*, Holbrook Blinn; *Matthew Standish*, Warner Baxter; *Grace Robinson*, May Allison; *Tom Blake*, Lawrence

Gray; Mark Robinson, Hale Hamilton; Van Dyke, Hamilton Revelle; Mrs. Standish, Karen Hansen.

MARY BLANCHE.—You certainly gave me something to do when you asked about a picture released fifteen years ago. Arline Pretty played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, in "In Again, Out Again." The following were in the cast of "My Son": Nazimova, Jack Pickford, Hobart Bosworth, Ian Keith, Mary Akin, Charles Murray, Constance Bennett, Dot Farley.

LEON JANNEY FOREVER FAN.—It is the youngsters who seem to have the spotlight these days—and well they deserve it. Leon Janney is now fifteen. He was born in the Middle West and is half English, half German. His films include "Courage," "Old English," "Doorway to Hell," "Father's Son," "Penrod and Sam."

BETTY COED.—You'll have to ask the powers that be why Neil Hamilton isn't given more comedy rôles. He's an excellent actor no matter what part he portrays. His birthday is September 9, 1899. Marion Davies was born January 1, 1898. That adorable Dickie Moore is playing in "Manhattan Parade," "Husband's Holiday," and will play Barbara Stanwyck's little son in "So Big."

CLARA BOW FAN.—On her next birthday, August 8th, Clara will be twenty-seven. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Virginia, November 5, 1903. She made her first appearance on the screen when but thirteen, playing in Christie, Sennett, and Gayety comedies. Vera is five feet one, weighs 110, and has blond hair and blue eyes. Bernice Claire comes from Oakland, California, where she was born on March 22, 1909. She is five feet two and a half, weighs 116. Our English fans are always welcome. Come again!

M. G. C.—Lola Lane hails from Indianola, Iowa, is five feet two, weighs 120, and has light-brown hair and violet eyes. It was while playing opposite George Jessel on the stage in "The War Song" that she was invited by Fox to make a screen test and the result was the feminine lead in "Speakeasy." "The Command Performance" was released several months ago, with Neil Hamilton and Una Merkel heading the cast.

LINDA FANARIE.—In "Merely Mary Ann," Peter Brooks was played by G. P. Huntley, Jr.

EDDIE SHANNON.—Frank Albertson was born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, February 2, 1909; Loretta Young at Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1912. Sorry, but I do not keep a record of musical numbers from various films.

LA SENORITA.—According to my records, Greta Garbo is five feet six and Ramon Novarro five feet ten. That accounts for the difference in height in "Mata Hari." You might try the Metro-Goldwyn Studio for scenes from some of his older pictures. "Call of the Flesh" was released August 16, 1930.

A HOWARD FAN.—No doubt you can obtain a photograph of Leslie Howard by writing to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Mr. Howard recently returned from Europe to play the lead in the stage production of Philip Barry's new play, "The Animal Kingdom."

BLACK-HAIRED KANUCK.—And here's still another Canadian reader! Welcome!
Continued on page 73

WHY ROMANCE PASSED HER BY by ALBERT DORNE

1.
MEN ADMIRED HER THE
MOMENT THEY SAW HER



2.
BUT IT WAS THE SAME
OLD STORY! THEY CALLED
ONCE—THEN DRIFTED AWAY



3.
AT LAST HER NEW SISTER-IN-LAW
FRANKLY TOLD HER HOW
SHE WAS OFFENDING—



4.
—AND HOW
EASILY
LIFEBUOY
WOULD CORRECT
HER FAULT



5.
NOW SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED.
THANKS TO LIFEBUOY'S SURE
PROTECTION "B.O." IS NO
LONGER A PROBLEM



DON'T RISK "B.O."

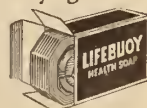
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Laugh with the Clown Prince

Joe E. Brown



You saw him
"HOLD EVERY-
THING" and
"SIT TIGHT"
—"GOING WILD"
at "TOP SPEED"—
so you don't
need to be
"BROAD
MINDED" to
agree that the
"LOCAL BOY
MAKES GOOD"
in a Bigger
Way than ever

IN

"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD"

Wildly hilarious fun with the Napoleon of Nonsense as the fire laddie who plays baseball and blondes—strictly as side line . . . Don't miss the screen's foremost funster in the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw . . . Laugh your way to happiness with Joe E. Brown ▲ ▲ ▲

with
EVALYN KNAPP, LILIAN BOND, GUY KIBBE
Directed by LLOYD BACON



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Photo by Ha

WHAT a long, hard pull Sally Eilers has had to reach the front! Not even marriage to Hoot Gibson advanced her career. Step by step Margaret Reid recites, opposite, the course that Sally took and the obstacles that beset her.



o by Harold Dean Carsey

HELEN TWELVETREES is the only star to retain the name of her divorced husband, probably because she began her career after marriage and a change of name would be confusing as well as less euphonious than her own, Helen Jurgens. Swell trouper!

FORBIDDEN



Photo by Phyfe

The love of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell was only the dream of their fans, who objected to other mates.

CAN love ever be free in Hollywood? It most certainly can't. Flaming passions may surge this way and that, sweeping artistic souls into as tempestuous a whirlwind of ecstasy as any that tossed Paolo and Francesca to and fro. Hollywood frowns upon a match, the lovers must wait a long time. No matter how flaming the love between a man and maid in cinemaland, should the studio believe they know best as to who ought to love, then the path of the predestined soulmates is rough and thorny.

Yet, in spite of all, forbidden love appears to be sweetest among those of the gifted that taste of it. And these defiant lovers go their own blissful way in—one surmises—perfect joy.

A year or two ago Warner Brothers raised startled eyebrows when news circulated that Loretta Young and Grant Withers were here and there, always together. The studio officials did not like it.

They were presenting Loretta to the public as a charming young girl, unsophisticated in every way. She was to be the symbol of eternal sixteen in the Burbank studio. But Loretta and Grant met at a party. Love was so strong that both were swept into its whirlwind.

Now Grant is a nice enough chap. He was, after years of bits, under contract to Warners, coming to the fore. The officials did not like it. In fact they advanced him in his career

The path of romance is rough and thorny when studio executives frown.

for Loretta and Grant taking it into their heads to marry—that was another thing.

In the first place, they said, Grant had been married before. He was the father of a ten-year-old son. Also, he had done plenty of stepping out. Would this do for the girlish Loretta? It would not. Ultimatum was sent to each lover. Loretta was taken to task.

"You will ruin your budding career," the wisecracker declared. "Think, reckless youth, what this means!"

Well, you know what love is, don't you? Loretta and Grant, against parental and studio opposition, eloped and became man and wife.

Rebelling against the sweet young flower pose, Maureen O'Sullivan fell in love with John Farrow.



Photo by Bert Six

Now they are separated. But *la* Young can no longer be presented to the fans as an unsophisticated girl. She is now a divorcee. Grant no longer is mounting to the heights. In fact, he seems to have dropped out of the reckoning, and Loretta's career, so dazzling a year ago, appears to have taken a turn backward. Stardom was within her grasp, but she took love.

Perhaps the most famous love controversy has been that of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. In this instance, the fans are to blame for nominating Janet and Charlie lovers. Their work in "Seventh Heaven" linked their names together. The publicity department saw plenty of copy in this romance and played up the Gaynor-Farrell love interest.

I do not say I can tell just what love really is. One may love one's friends, though not with the love Antony felt for Cleopatra. In the same fashion, Janet and Charlie. "My love," she used to call him.

But to see the controversy for all—let's look back during the heyday of "Seventh Heaven."



Did John's reputation killer career send Maureen O'Sullivan to Hollywood long

Sally Swings High

This tells why nice little "Bad Girl" is nearing stardom.

By Margaret Reid

HE has a pert little face, neatly featured. Her skin is clear and faintly freckled. Her hair has been applauded by such experts as Ziegfeld, who would like to glorify her in "Follies."

She looks about seventeen, is around twenty-one, is the mother—vicariously—of an eight-year-old daughter. Her only child is Hoot Gibson's by a former marriage. Sally's father is now Mrs. Gibson and finds it a pleasant state. "Bad Girl" put her on the cinema map to stay. Until she was in Hollywood had no idea she was capable of such a sensitive, understanding performance.

She was born in New York City, of parents in whose families ran no trace of the theater.

The family occasionally came to California for the winter. During the winter they spent there when Sally was six, she contracted a profound desire to be a movie actress. The Eilers ensemble stayed at the fashionable Alexandria Hotel, where Mr. Eilers met Charlie Chaplin. Sally suggested to the comedian that she would like to work for him. Chaplin was gratified, but advised the six-year-old to wait until she was really sure of her selection of career.

During a later sojourn in Los Angeles, the Eilers family met Anita Stewart. Interested in Sally's budding possibilities, Miss Stewart arranged a test. On a warm Sunday afternoon, Sally was complete with her first make-up and ready for the camera at two o'clock, the time set for the event. At five thirty, slightly nervous, Sally made nervous gestures in front of a camera, a cameraman, two men, electricians, her proud mother, her disapproving father, and a scornful brother.

The test was not good. Sally suggested to her father that it would be best for her to continue in school and private life. Sally's idea was that the test would be a temporary one, but her father did not agree to that.

In 1926 her family moved to Hollywood. Sally was graduated from the Fairfax High School. At this time, the family fortunes suffered a minor reversal. Mr. Eilers wanted his daughter to continue on to college, but, because of the new order of things, college would not have afforded the fun Sally wanted of it.

Rather than go to college without a car, an abundant wardrobe and spending money, Sally decided that this was the psychological moment to begin her career.

After a languid course in stenography, she finally abandoned all subterfuge and conferred frankly with her father. Being an intelligent as well as an indulgent father, he consented to let her try.

She was to have six months in which to make the test. If at the end of that time she had accomplished

nothing, she would give up and go to college.

The first five months brought Sally a few, very few, jobs as extra, jobs lasting a day or so and bringing her no nearer to the camera than the background of a party or a wedding scene.

Discouraged and reluctantly convinced that she was attempting to carve a niche for herself in a granite wall, she was already looking dolefully forward to college when she lunched with Carol Lombard on the Sennett lot.

Midway through luncheon, Sally was accosted by a Sennett aid. He wanted to make a test of her. They needed a new girl, Alice Day having walked out on them rather than wear boy's clothes in a picture.

The test was made and Sally was signed up, with barely two weeks to spare on her six-month parole.

Now securely lodged in the cinema *décor*, Sally permanently withdrew herself from the classification of schoolgirl. Deeply thrilled by her new status, she was on tiptoe to show her family that she was now a full-fledged woman, though she was very young.

Playing the lead in "The Good-by Kiss," one of Sennett's feature pictures, Sally took Hollywood by mild storm. She showed charm and a talent that, while still embryonic, gave promise of something more than ordinary.

But her career proved no exception to the rule when Sennett returned his activities to short subjects and refused to farm Sally out to studios wanting her for good parts in features. After some difficulties with the organization, Sally left.

About this time she also terminated her engagement to Matty

Kemp, who had played opposite her in "The Good-by Kiss." He was twenty, she was seventeen. They had got engaged because it seemed so romantic, but neither had a very clear picture of a future together.

After leaving Sennett's, Sally played here and played there on contracts that were sometimes for six months, sometimes for just one picture. The parts she got were sufficient to keep her going in studio esteem, but not good enough to advance her, or to fulfill the promise she had shown in "The Good-by Kiss."

Hollywood liked her. She had such gayety and candor and sincerity. Hollywood young men liked her. She was to be seen at all the places where smart Hollywood dines and dances—each time, so it seemed, with a different beau.

One blow to her youthful pride occurred when Buddy Rogers took her to a big première. Sally took extraordinary pains with her appearance so that no one should say Sally Eilers didn't measure up. [Continued on page 67]



Sally Eilers at six suggested to Chaplin that he give her a chance.

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XXXVI
NUMBER 2

PICTURE PLAY

APRIL
1932



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

FRESH from her triumph in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" comes Miriam Hopkins, accompanied by Jack Oakie, to show her quality in "Dancers in the Dark." With only five pictures to her credit, the Georgia rose is on the top wave of popularity and stardom is just around the corner.

CLARK GABLE IN



What is the subtle foe that may undermine his popularity?

year-old flapper remark to her girl friend, while watching Clark's performance in "A Free Soul," "He's so rough and brutal, even when he's tender, he thrills me clear down into my shoes!"

"Yeah," giggled the other, "he's got more kick than anything on the screen from Phil Holmes to Vic McLaglen. What a sap he makes of the pretty boys! Who'd want one of *them* when he's around?"

Meet the proud but concerned folks: Harry Urell, Margery Urell, Alice Gable Urell, Margaret "Peggy" Gable, cousins, and Mrs. Elizabeth Gable, aunt.

Gable isn't as big or as tough and battered-looking as McLaglen. He isn't as handsome as most of the screen's romantic leads. His superiority over them is more subtle, and therefore more easily damaged or altered, than mere appearance.

It took him thirty years to get that way.

CLARK GABLE is afraid that Hollywood is getting too comfortable for him.

I have the word of his Hollywood relatives, an aunt and a cousin of his name, for that. And they are closer to Gable than any one except his wife, Ria Langham.

Comparing what these present intimates of his have to say of Clark with what equally close associates of his past—friends, relatives, and his ex-wife, Josephine Dillon—can tell, it becomes apparent that he isn't suspicious of Hollywood for nothing.

His fear of softening is not at all without foundation, although probably few persons not acquainted with all the facts realize his danger.

Perhaps even Clark himself doesn't realize all of it.

His danger lies in the fact that he missed many things during the first thirty years of his life, and Hollywood is ready and willing to supply them.

The things in themselves are innocent enough. They are just comfort, ease, security, rest from the battle of wit and muscle that has been part of his life since infancy. Hollywood is ready to give him luxury instead of poverty, relaxation instead of struggle.

A man is what circumstances make him; an actor, much more so. Hollywood has hundreds of examples of this fact.

Gable's formula is dangerous toughness, thinly veneered with self-education and a bit of hastily acquired culture and polish. The thinness of the veneer is vitally important. So is the brutishness just underneath it. Soften the brutishness, thicken the veneer, and you have a different Clark Gable. And as some fan wrote Gable's studio, "Who wants a different Gable?"

No one doubts that it is the new screen idol's rugged masculinity and sex menace that has placed him on top of the heap. As I heard an eighteen-

months old. He lost his mother at that age. His father, the rough and ne'er-do-well son in a large Dutch family, shortly turned him over to an aged grandmother. Some years later, however, he returned to his father and stepmother.

He got that way battling youngsters around Meadville, Pennsylvania, when they poked fun at his big ears, his overgrown awkwardness, his slowness of speech.

Toughness and bitterness—sex menace—was grafted into the fiber of his soul when little girls laughed at his gawkiness, his bashfulness, and at the ill-fitting clothes he constantly outgrew.

The thing that grinds in his speech on the screen today was ground into him when a brakeman kicked him from a freight train and he rolled over and over down

an embankment; when he learned to heave chunks of coal at the older and huskier mine workers in Pennsylvania; when his father bitterly accused him of being a sissy, because he wanted to go on the stage instead of working as a driller in the Oklahoma oil fields.

Besides work in the oil fields and the coal mines, and toil behind a plow on his father's Ohio farm, young Gable also played one-night stands in countless tank towns, learning what it was to be stranded in far-flung villages, to be hungry and condemned by the virtuous burghers as a penniless ham actor.

Even more heartbreaking, perhaps, was his experience as a film extra. Congressional Medal of Honor men—war heroes—have gone on record as saying that nothing equals that!

He admitted to his cousin, Peggy Gable, that he is vaguely uneasy and suspicious of his new life.

"I'm in clover now, but I can't think it will last," he said. "Such things just don't. I'm going to save my money. Just let me get enough to retire on and travel, and I'll be happy. Of course, I won't give this thing up

The Gable features are seen in his second cousins, Harry and Alice Gable Urell.



DANGER

By Helen Pade

while I'm getting the breaks, but I want to be ready for a change of luck."

A short time ago he reiterated this in a letter to his father, inviting the latter to join him in Hollywood. Incidentally, his letter was never answered by the stern old Dutchman.

Not long ago he sold a big and rather luxurious automobile and bought two Ford roadsters.

"I was getting too soft riding in the big one," he chaffed—probably seriously.

But he has a Chow dog named Teddy, a very temperamental Chow. He is getting in with a certain small Hollywood set socially. He has found a happy and contented domestic life with his second wife, who is a charming hostess.

At the same time he is acquiring ability as an actor; his powers of *pretending* are growing. But every one wise to movie affairs knows that mere acting ability can never have much bearing on the phenomenon of a popularity such as Gable enjoys.

As in the case of Valentino, it is on a subtle, probably fragile, element of his personality, that the great success of the new idol depends. As many a writer has remarked, there is a striking similarity between Gable and Valentino in their appeal to women.

"Clark Gable's thrilling because no girl would feel *safe* alone with him for a minute," is the way a young matron at a bridge table put it, and the way countless thousands of women feel, and the way Valentino's great army of worshippers felt about their idol.

Perhaps the brevity of time a girl could feel safe with him grew not only out of the bitterness of a girl-teased boyhood, but from Gable's experience on one-night stands. Even an actor has to work fast when his romance must be snatched as hastily as a wagon lunch.

Naturally, not only studio yes-folk, but his relatives and immediate family now make a great fuss over him. That was almost totally lacking in his past, except for the remarkable love and devotion of his first wife, Josephine Dillon. There is something almost pitiable in the fact that his *stepmother* was the kindest friend of his childhood days.

A married cousin who thought him the gawkiest country boy she ever saw when he once came to visit her years ago, recently made

Photo by Bull

Continued on page 63

Will luxury and polish cause fans to stop saying, "Clark Gable's thrilling because no girl would feel safe with him for a minute"?

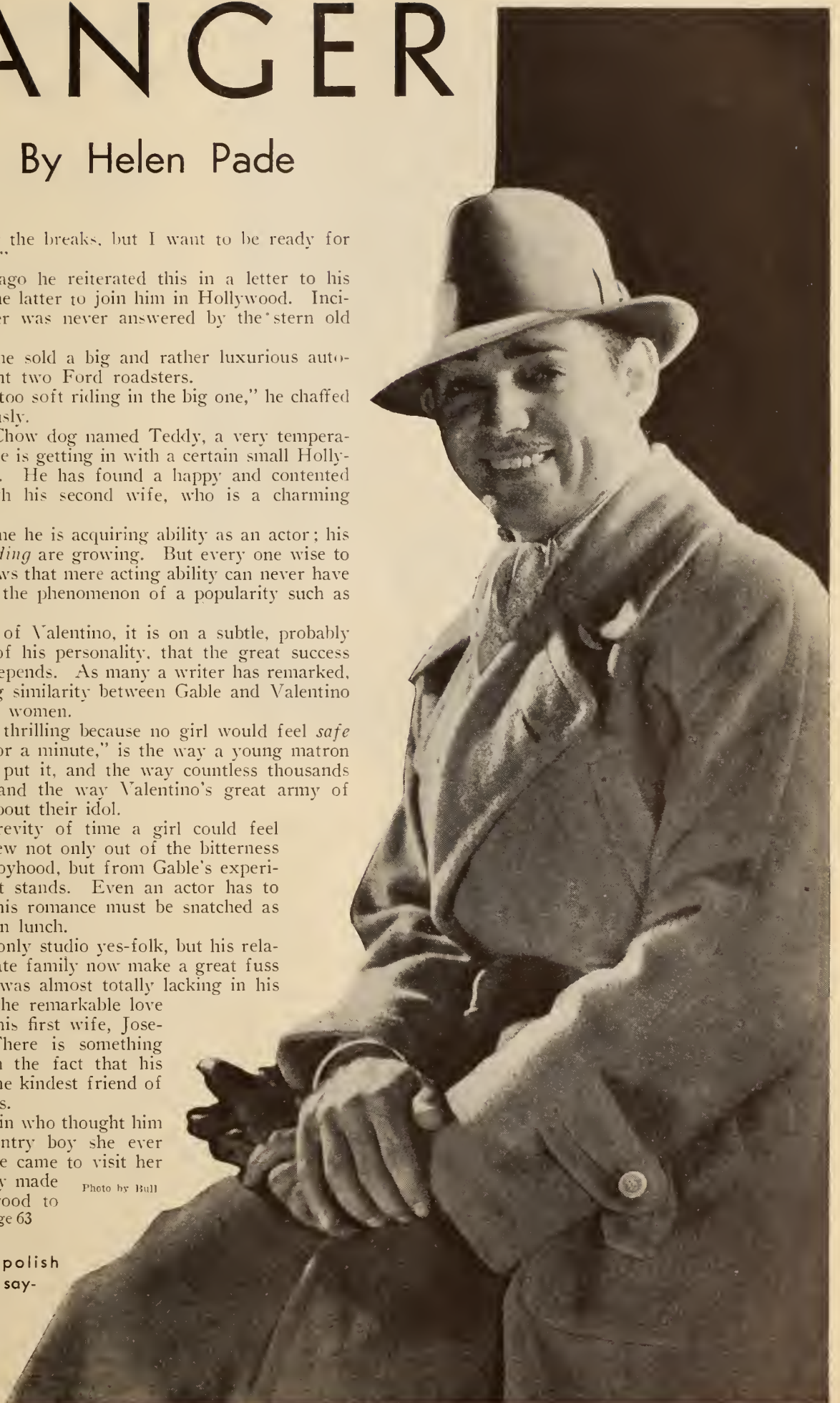




Photo by VieHeux

At Toluca Lake, Richard and Jobyna Arlen are aloof from the mad scramble and its rumors of double-crossings.

HOLLYWOOD is the most difficult place in the world in which to make a success of marriage! All the odds are against you!"

It was Jobyna Ralston speaking. Gentle Joby, who, for all her charming girlishness and naïveté, has steered her own matrimonial bark safely for more than five years. Joby, who, with her husband, Richard Arlen, has managed to retain a simple sincerity and inoffensive aloofness from the mad scramble of the cinema capital.

I had gone to see her soon after she and Dick reached New York. Shortly before their arrival, rumors that all was not well in the Arlen *ménage* had filtered in from the Coast. I wanted to find out about them for myself—and I did!

Before I had talked to Joby for five minutes I was convinced that the rumors were just another manifestation of an old Hollywood custom and not to be taken seriously.

At first we chatted of the usual conventional commonplaces, then I decided to take the bull by the horns.

"I know you must have heard the gossip about yourself and Dick, Joby," I said. "How do you account for it?"

"Of course I knew that Hollywood was talking about us," was the reply. "But I didn't realize that such silly rumors had traveled all the way across the continent and that people in New York were discussing us, too!"

JOBY

Can love survive the fatal influences of the cinema capital? Ask the Arlens.

By Laura Benham

Joby's voice rang with righteous indignation, her bright blue eyes flashed. For a moment I was almost afraid to continue, then I blurted out, "Yes, people here were talking. They were even linking Dick's name with that of a certain young leading woman."

This added the final fillip to Joby's anger. She flared. "It was started by that girl herself and without any justification.

"For some unknown reason she seemed to think it would be great sport to come between Dick and myself. Maybe she really was infatuated with him—or maybe she just thought it would be smart to annex another woman's husband. That's been done before, you know. But regardless of *why*, the fact remains that she did everything in her power to try to attract him.

"Soon after they met, she began to pursue him. She used to get tight and call him up at all hours—two or three o'clock in the morning meant nothing to her—and it made him furious.

"Then she'd go around town saying she had been out with him at times that I knew such a thing was impossible. *For he had been with me on the very occasions she named!*

"It got so that when he'd come home from work, he'd greet me, 'You can't guess what I heard about you and me to-day, Joby!' And I'd usually respond, 'No, but I wonder if it's as spicy as the morsel about us I picked up at the bridge party this afternoon!' Then we'd compare notes.

"The most amusing slant on the whole thing is that when the rumors were fastest and thickest, Dick and I were away on our boat."

"Just why do you think gossip spreads so fast—and so maliciously—in Hollywood?" I asked.

"I think it's because there's so much unhappiness in the picture colony—there are so few successful marriages, that there is a feeling of envy—almost of actual resentment—toward any couple who love and are true to each other!

"The gossips just can't let them alone. They seem eager for something to happen that will give them a chance to shake their heads and mutter, 'See? They looked so very devoted, but in reality they are no better than we are!'

"And if they are not given a real reason to let their tongues wag, they invent one."

HOLDS HER MAN

As a distinterested observer, I had long been conscious of this attitude on the part of Hollywood. But I wondered what reason a member of the movie colony would assign for this general state of meddling in other persons' affairs. After all, *why is Hollywood so fatal to love?*

"Again I can give you only my personal opinion," Joby said. "But it seems to me that it is due to the over-emphasis that is placed on sex!

"It has been proved time after time that 'sex appeal' is just another way of spelling 'box office.' And 'box office' is the most powerful, important word in the film dictionary.

"As a result, girls of the Mary Brian, Fay Wray, and Marian Nixon type have seen their popularity wane. They have been supplanted by the Greta Garbos, the Marlene Dietrichs, the Norma Shearers.

"And this credo of sex has been taken out of the studios and into the homes.

"Not that Hollywood is different from other towns in that respect. After all, screen favorites—the big box-office bets—are elected by popular demand. They are merely a reflection of what the public wants.

"The cinema siren has her prototype in every village in the country. The whole world has become sex-conscious, and too much stressing of sex soon leads to license. And once license is recognized, it soon becomes a habit to suspect every one.

"But in Hollywood, it's the old, old story of having the spotlight turned on continuously. In Elephant Gap, if a husband stays out all night, nobody knows it and his wife can deal with the matter with due privacy.

"But if the same thing happens in the picture colony, the whole town knows it before the wife has even looked at her clock to notice how late it is!

"Frankly, I think the real reason that Dick and I have been able to make a success of our marriage is that we have never become part of Hollywood. By that I mean that we have never let ourselves lose our sense of values.

"We know what we want from life. We feel that we know the difference between the real and the sham. We can recognize the tinsel for what it is. And we will not let superficialities obtrude themselves into our lives to rob us of our appreciation of the real things.

"We live at Toluca Lake, which is entirely different from Beverly Hills or Malibu. When Dick is working, we don't go out at all. Between pictures, we go to a few—a very few—parties and an occasional première, but for the most part we go out on our boat and sail around until time for him to go to work again."

Mention of the boat reminded me of reports I had heard to the effect that Dick was about to sell it, because of the expense of operation. But Joby spiked that rumor, too.

"It's true that we have thought of selling our boat, but not because of its cost. For it has been a profitable investment, rather than an expensive luxury.

"Dick bought it from a man who needed cash. It had cost him \$40,000, but we paid only \$10,000 for it. Since we bought it, we have often

chartered it to private parties at a rate of \$500 a week, so it has more than paid for itself."

What Dick says goes in this family, according to Jobyna, who assured me that she patterned her entire life to conform to her husband's demands.

However, Mr. Arlen himself gave me quite a different version of the matter when I asked him for his side of the recipe for being happily married in Hollywood.

"I think the most important thing is to allow each other personal freedom in little things," he said, looking at me seriously from under level brows. "By that I mean something like this: if a husband tells his wife he's going out to play golf, she should not say, 'But why do you want to play golf to-day. It looks like it's going to rain!' She may be right. But she should let him get caught in a shower and find out for himself.

"In our family Joby is the boss!"

I made a mental note that perhaps herein lay the real secret of the Arlens' conjugal bliss. Each accords to the other the hearthside scepter, while in truth they so nearly agree on everything that there is little question of who reigns.

"You see, I'm a terrible manager," Dick went on. "If I have money in my pocket, I can't keep from spending

Continued on page 64

An actress who tried to annex Dick started a lot of gossip about his straying, but Joby knew better.

Photo by Shalitt



IS RONALD IN

Married twelve years ago, Mr. Colman now seeks freedom from his none-too-friendly wife. And Hollywood believes he is emerging from his shell to marry again.

THE film colony paused over grapefruit at the breakfast table to read the story, a dispatch from France. "Ronald Colman in Europe to Get Divorce," the headline said. The accompanying story recited that Ronald had quit a Mediterranean cruise at Nice to seek his freedom from Thelma Ray, British actress, "who happens to be the none-too-friendly Mrs. Colman."

"Miss Ray," it continued, "is not expected to contest the divorce. It is whispered the final settlement will run into six figures."

My wife and I sat and stared. Ronald Colman seeking freedom! Ronald Colman, "the loneliest man in Hollywood," emerging from his shell! Ronald Colman is coming back to laugh and play and be free from a haunting shadow which has hung over him for seven trying years!

These thoughts were running through our minds. We both knew of the sorrow he had concealed.

By ten o'clock the phone was ringing. "Did you read about Ronnie in the morning paper?" actor and actress asked. "Isn't it splendid? Do you know when he'll be back?"

Not many persons know of Ronald Colman's one great romance—and its collapse. I happen to be one who does. And yet he refused to discuss it with me. "Let's not go into that," he said one day when I broached the subject. "I don't want to talk about it—now."

There was a note of pleading in his voice, something one could hardly ignore. On the screen Ronald always appears as a roguish, devil-may-care, sophisticated gentleman who loves life. But in reality he is aloof, silent—sometimes almost a recluse. He never talks about his private affairs.

But I must tell the story of his one experience with the little god of love.

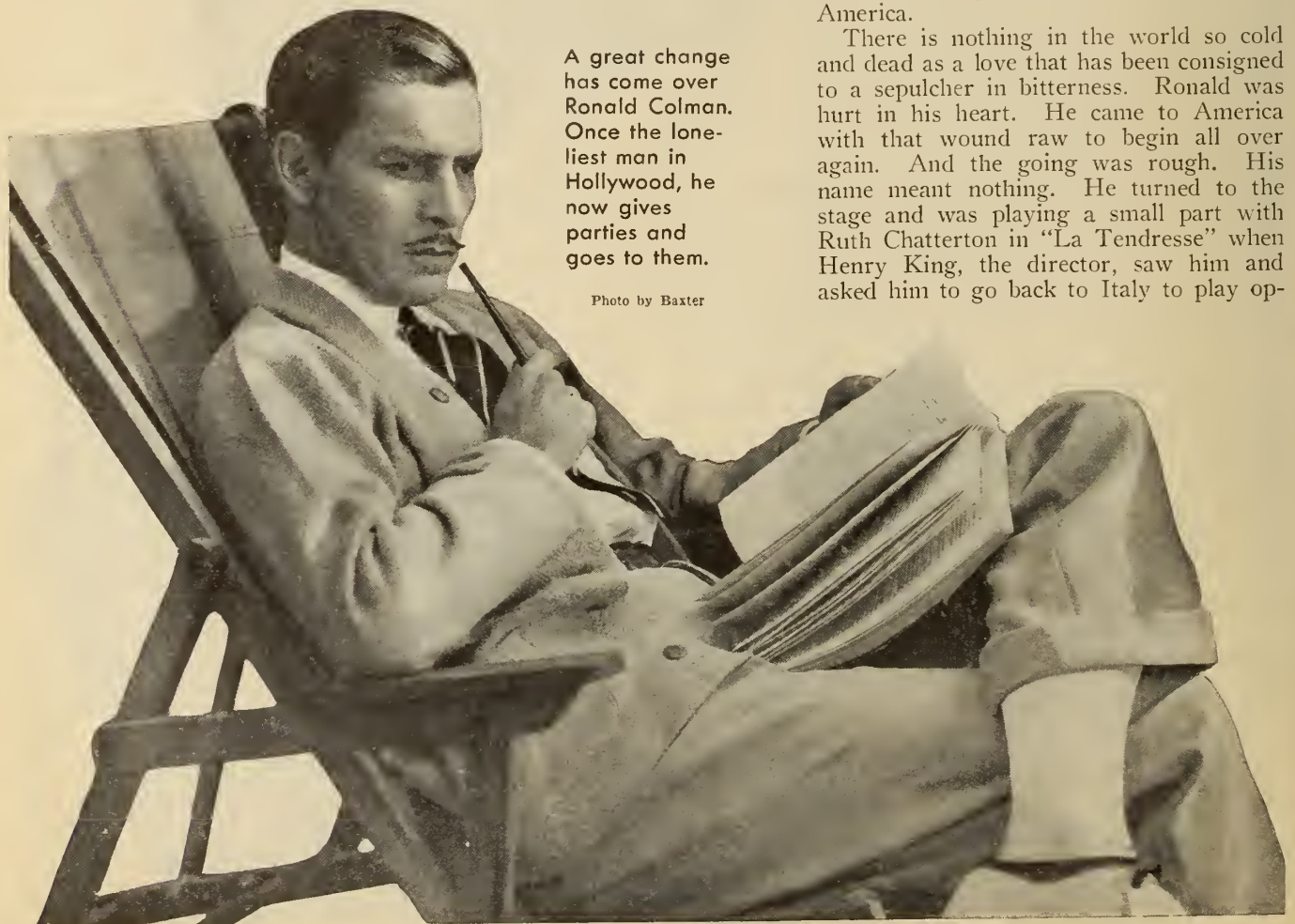
Ronald married Thelma Ray in London, September 18, 1920. She was of the stage, talented, popular, and in demand. He was just a struggling young actor.

They quarreled. Not furiously, but coldly and reservedly. Their splinters of ice stabbed. In Florence, Italy, in March, 1924, when Ronald was making "Romola," he and Thelma Ray came to the fork of the road, and Ronald packed his bags. One report was that he told the hotel porter to advise Mrs. Colman that he was through. And he departed for America.

There is nothing in the world so cold and dead as a love that has been consigned to a sepulcher in bitterness. Ronald was hurt in his heart. He came to America with that wound raw to begin all over again. And the going was rough. His name meant nothing. He turned to the stage and was playing a small part with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse" when Henry King, the director, saw him and asked him to go back to Italy to play op-

A great change has come over Ronald Colman. Once the loneliest man in Hollywood, he now gives parties and goes to them.

Photo by Baxter



LOVE?

By A. L. Wooldridge

posite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." This marked the real beginning of his screen career, for the picture proved a success.

Then he was signed by Samuel Goldwyn at a salary reported to start at \$1,250 a week and increase on a sliding scale to \$4,000 a week in 1928-29.

Ronald Colman began life anew. His first picture with Goldwyn went over with a bang. Hollywood sat up and took notice of the new arrival. Handsome, whole-hearted, widely traveled, he presently was mentioned as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. He probably thought he never would hear from the wife in Italy who he felt certain hated even his memory. That chapter appeared to be closed.

But one day early in 1925, Thelma Ray suddenly appeared. She had come, she said, "on the advice of friends, although there was no hope of a reconciliation." She entered suit in the courts for separate maintenance.

Now let a reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper tell a dramatic story. Quoting Thelma Ray, he wrote.

"Until the other night when I looked into Ronald's startled eyes in a theater, I had not seen him since he left Italy. With a friend I was seated next to a box when, with Lois Wilson, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, and another woman I did not recognize, he came in. Mr. Colman handed the seat checks to the usher, then recognized me, less than three feet away. And I felt so sorry and humiliated when he just crumpled up. He regained his feet and with a word of apology to Miss Wilson, departed. Some time later Jack Holt came into the box and took the seat beside Miss Wilson that Mr. Colman evidently had reserved for himself."

She then recited to the reporter the story of Ronald's departure from Florence and his leaving word with the hotel porter to tell her that he was through.

Legal proceedings came thick and fast in the Los Angeles courts following her arrival. Mrs. Colman tied up Ronald's bank account, got a court order restraining him from disposing of his property or removing it from the jurisdiction of the court, and won an award of \$500 a month for temporary maintenance. Subsequently, attorneys arranged a definite settlement and Mrs. Colman quietly departed for Europe. Just what the settlement was, never has been disclosed.

That was nearly seven years ago. Since then, Ronald Colman has lived alone with his memories. Part of the time he had a little house in a canyon not far from the sea. To it came Richard Barthelmess and William Powell, his closest friends, and together they played tennis. They became known as "The Three Musketeers."



Photo by Miehle

Gossip links the name of Thelma Todd with that of Mr. Colman, but she says there is nothing to it.



Photo by Monroe

Evelyn Laye is England's choice for Mr. Colman's bridal vows.

Then Barthelmess married Jessica Sergeant and began giving his time to her. More recently, William Powell married Carol Lombard and the two be-

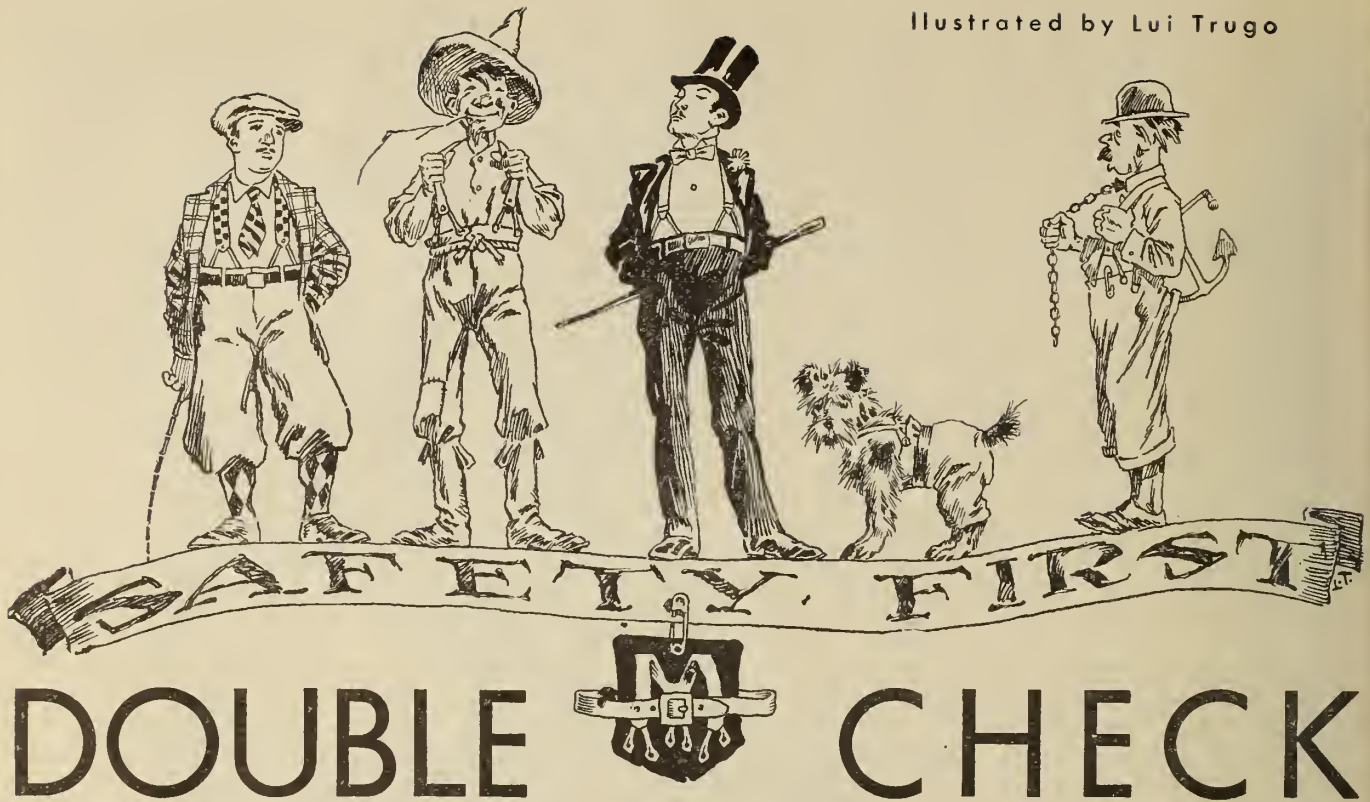
gan their honeymoon at their fireside. Ronald Colman was alone.

Somewhere I heard a song, "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine." That's what happened to Ronnie and I am wondering if that isn't the cause of his seeking marital freedom so that he, too, now may have another mate. He sees Dick and Jessica motoring, sees them dining out and in their beautiful home. He sees Bill Powell and Carol apparently as happy as turtledoves, while he has only his servants and his dog for companionship during long evenings.

Not long ago he gave up his canyon home and took a house high on a hill overlooking Hollywood. There he has been host at occasional dinner parties. From there he has gone occasionally to other homes. He started emerging, in a measure, from the shell in which he had bound himself. He really had been the loneliest man in Hollywood.

Recently Ronald began to entertain at more dinner parties. His guests were Thelma Todd, Joan Bennett, William Hawks and Bessie Love, Clive Brook and Mrs. Brook, and others.

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DOUBLE CHECK

The belt-and-suspender men of Hollywood form that cautious, skeptical ballast that every town must have.

THE man who sports a pair of suspenders in addition to a belt is called a belt-and-suspender man.

For the information of feminine readers, it must be explained that most males limit themselves to one of the two. They either gird their waistline and call it a day, or else they harness their shoulders and think that sufficient to hold their trousers up. The pessimists who don the double armature are in the minority. Still there are a few.

In "The Beloved Bachelor," Paul Lukas is shown to be one. There are several scenes where, being *zu hause*, he has no coat on. The camera then betrays the secret—a horizontal leather band and a vertical pair of braces.

Wearing an outfit like that, you see, is a sort of symbol. It is a symbol that stands for carefulness and all that goes with it—sound financial investments, a spotless reputation, umbrellas on a cloudy day. It's as dead a give-away as the lines in the palm of your hand. If your heart line is all crooked and ramified, any palmist will give the information that probably you will fall in love more than once.

Contrariwise, should you meet a man who is addicted to the belt plus suspenders, you can be sure that he is a one-woman

By George Kay

man. One exposure to the darts of Cupid will be the extent of his recklessness. Do you remember Paul in "The Beloved Bachelor"?

The belt-and-suspender men are careful people. Even in Hollywood they may be so labeled. After one gets better acquainted, however, other tags suggest themselves—thoughtful, dependable, mellow—but judge for yourself.

Here is Conrad Nagel.

"Do I play the stock market?" he echoed. "Trade on margins? No, sir! I don't believe in that. My money is invested in bonds and real estate. I also carry a number of large insurance policies. It is my conviction that no head of a family should do otherwise."

He looked serious. One could feel that he meant what he said.

Mr. Nagel always has been a conservative investor, and it is owing to this prudent policy that he has weathered the depression better than some of his colleagues. In the midst of instability he has stood firm and secure. Others less solidly anchored have looked to him for help and succor.

The Motion Picture Relief Fund, recognizing his sterling qualities, elected him president, bestowing a great honor but also many duties. The recent drive claimed his energies day and night.

Never say yes until you see the horizontal band and vertical braces. Then grab him—he's a one-woman man.



"Time for recreation? Some. I generally manage to get in a set of tennis in the late afternoon."

In this connection a pertinent fact came to light. Mr. Nagel plays tennis from the back line only. Rushing up to the net seems too much like taking chances.

A short digression on bicycling, another hobby of his, disclosed the same talent for caution.

"I never go on a trip," averred the actor, "without my bicycle pump."

The planning of things so they will run off smoothly delights him. He enjoys duck hunting, because the preparation for it requires infinite care. He is not partial to difficult undertakings, but loves to apply foresight to enterprises ostensibly less precarious. Even the comparatively routine matter of going to a football game receives his strict attention, to avoid traffic jams.

Warner Baxter has certain traits in common with Conrad Nagel. Like him he plays tennis mainly from the back line, and like him he inspires confidence. Mr. Baxter is the fire chief of Malibu.

The comparison, however, doesn't go too far. After you have talked for ten minutes or so with the *Cisco Kid*, you realize that the term "careful," for instance, doesn't apply to him very well.

True, Mrs. Baxter makes him wear a red band on his hat when he goes hunting, so as not to be mistaken for a deer—"deer" is spelled correctly—and he obediently does slip on the gay ribbon. And it is equally true that nowadays he decides nothing, or almost nothing, without first sleeping over it—yet these precautions are patina. By dint of hard experience the outer rind has learned a few self-defensive movements. The man within is a babe in the woods.

His is a warm, impulsive nature. He calls himself a yes-man—not in the sense that he yeases his superiors, but that he cannot say no to panhandlers, agents, and hard-luck story-tellers. Warner is God's gift to the walking salesman. As a result of some of his yeases, he owns six radio sets, and at one time was forced to rent additional garage space to take care of his overflow of automobiles. Even the hunting lodge that grew into a mansion in the Jacinto Mountains was started because somebody practically talked him into it.

After that expensive escapade, Mrs. Baxter extracted from her husband the pledge henceforth to take a night's rest before reaching a decision.

Conrad Nagel, a typical gallus plus man, likes duck hunting because he can put infinite care into preparing for a trip.



There are no halfway traits about the man with the two-dimensional trouser supports, Fire Chief Baxter, for instance.

"Somehow I don't think I have been so very successful." She addressed her spouse directly. "What was the large package that came this morning?"

Mr. Baxter wrinkled his brow, trying to bethink himself. "Oh, yes," he exclaimed, tapping his forehead lightly. "It's the new radio set. Dear, you'll like it. The chap who sold it was awfully hard up."

Having let it be known that I was compiling a list of Hollywood's belt-and-suspender men, a snake in the grass pointed out Ivan Lebedeff.

"He is the type of man you are looking for. Dresses carefully. Is careful with women—wouldn't go on a blind date to save Russia from the Bolsheviks. Look him up. He is the typical belt-and-suspender man."

Being almost as easily sold as Warner Baxter, I did look Ivan up.

To be sure he is careful. There's no doubt about that. He is as careful as a tiger just before the leap. During the War he carefully captured the only German general taken at one front, by carefully invading the enemy's territory with a handful of followers, carefully severing the telephone wires of the general's headquarters, and carefully expediting the demise of the sentries.

In battle, when leading his column, he carefully carried his head erect and high,

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Photo by Bull

They Say in

Greta Garbo's visit to Manhattan sets the town agog.

time in Hollywood was appealed to by a clerk, in one of those throaty whispers that could be heard across the store. Miss Garbo cast one frightened glance at her, a confiding appeal for help.

"That's not Miss Garbo," the actress assured the clerk, struggling all the while against a desire to stare at her. "Just a cheap imitation by some little nobody who wants to attract attention." So Miss Garbo escaped.

Puss in the Corner.—Miss Garbo hired a husky woman to act as companion and general protector. Rumor has it that she is a fencing instructor, but I lean toward the opinion that in everyday life she is a stevedore. One good poke from her elbow and reporters fell back out of the way.

So great is public curiosity in Greta Garbo, that a New York hairdresser who attended her became a heroine for a day.

Reporters got annoyed and began playing jokes on each other and Miss Garbo. They sent telegrams to various celebrities signed with her initials or name, and one

of them, Russ Columbo, the radio idol, fell for the plant. Associates of his let the rumor leak out that the great Garbo was in New York because she was just crazy about his singing and wanted to hear him in person. Huge boxes of roses arrived at the hotel for her bearing his card, and newspapers that were not in on the scheme came out with garish headlines proclaiming Garbo's new romance.

A hairdresser who attended her became heroine for a day by virtue of letting out the vital information that a camomile rinse gives her hair that glint and that false eyelashes supplement her own.

Almost every one joined in the game of not letting puss find a quiet corner. Just two old friends stood by her. Berthold Viertel, Paramount director, got awfully vague when any one asked about her, and a young Scandinavian who holds an obscure position with a shoe company saved the day by suggesting an effective disguise. High-heeled pumps a trifle too small for her wrecked the easy gait that is so distinctive, a few wisps of dark, false hair straggling out under an overtrimmed hat, and spots of bright rouge on her usually sallow cheeks transformed her.

Then he got rid of his friends by appealing to them to entertain a cousin of his who was arriving for a convention of Girl Scout leaders. He and Greta went about here and there and seemed to be having a swell time. I owe her something for bringing back to me the glamour that surrounded Mata Hari before scenarists began writing about her.

Lois Moran is the luckiest girl! She chooses Broadway's biggest hit for a comeback.

MANHATTANITES are notoriously blasé, self-important, and busy, and celebrities in their midst are as common as a traffic jam in Times Square. You can launch a new fashion or make ten dollars grow where only one was before, to say nothing of grafting, or murdering your aunt, and after featuring you in the headlines for a day or two, they will let you alone. But they won't let Greta Garbo alone, partly because that seems to be the one thing in the world that she wants.

That's only part of the reason, however. The rest is that she has made a joke of New York's famous capacity for ennui. She continues to be the one attraction who can jam their big Capitol Theater for three weeks. She goes right on being inimitable while thousands of women try to imitate her. She arouses criticism, fury, and an enormous amount of such whole-hearted admiration as mine, but never, apparently, any apathy.

So this is what happens when she comes to New York for a little holiday. She stayed at the St. Moritz Hotel, facing Central Park. (Say "A good place to walk in the rain, and you will go to the head of the class in Garbomania.")

Remaining in her room only a few minutes, she put on a dark sports coat and small hat and walked east half a block to a drug store. In a moment there was as much confusion as if she had descended on the Little Gem Theater at Oskaloosa for a personal appearance. Furious arguments began between strangers over whether it was or was not Garbo. A Broadway actress who has worked from time to



Photo by Vandamm

New York—

By Karen Hollis

The Newcomers.—Paramount is to bring out Sari Maritza, a petite Continental, and RKO has persuaded Helen Gahagan, a nice big girl from the dramatic and concert stages, to see if they are what you have been crying for. I wouldn't be at all surprised if they were, if they get any sort of breaks in the way of scenarios.

Of Miss Maritza's dramatic ability I know only that she put on a good show, as interviews go, when the ship-news reporters met her on her arrival.

To go back to those seagoing scribes of the New York dailies, whose life is just one celebrity after another, they report that she glibly recited a story of her mixed nationality and cosmopolitan life as if she had just memorized it from a cable sent by the enterprising publicity men in charge of selling her to the American public. She is hardly more than five feet tall, which a few years ago would have relegated her to imitating Pickford; but she is Continental in manner, so she is a tentative entry in the Garbo-Dietrich sweepstakes.

As for Miss Gahagan, I had the pleasure of seeing her play with an amateur group and at her professional debut. If the word "triumph" weren't all worn out, that might describe both occasions. At the height of her dramatic success, she retired to study for opera. The late David Belasco lured her back to the stage in "Tonight or Never," which Gloria Swanson recently filmed.

Whether or not she will succeed in pictures only time can tell. Her proportions are more Amazonian than the accepted type of film charmer. And recently, when she played for a week at the Palace in New York, audiences thought they were being patronized. She made a profound impression—so profound that a little pin dropping would have sounded like a clatter of applause.

The Guest Book.—Ina Claire, Billie Dove, and Lilyan Tashman have been in New York long enough to be an expected part of any first-night gathering. Jean Harlow, Marguerite Churchill, and Sally O'Neil are later arrivals; but for one reason and another they do not fit so perfectly into the metropolitan scene. June Collyer is the latest arrival, and, but for the matchless competition put up by Miss Dove, the most beautiful. June came

Jean Harlow's personal-appearance tour of Eastern theaters was a huge success, but her sketch left fans disappointed.

Photo by Acme



Sari—pronounced Shar-ee—Maritza is Paramount's latest discovery to join the foreign legion in Hollywood.



Photo by Shalitt

on to visit friends in the old home town while her husband, Stuart Erwin, works in "Sensation," with Claudette Colbert. Edmund Lowe has come East to play in the picture, too.

Billie Dove Speaking.—Picture reviewers have received threatening letters from fans for less than Billie Dove says about herself as an actress. A theatrical producer went to see her about appearing in one of his productions. "Oh, I couldn't," said Billie with a radiant smile. "I can't act."

A little startled, the producer suggested, "Oh, well, we'll find a vehicle for you that isn't too heavy."

"But comedy is much harder to put over," insisted Miss Dove.

Grimly he tried again. "We'll just fix something up where you can sing and dance as you did in the 'Follies.'"

"Oh, but I can't sing and I never was a dancer," she explained with a patient air. "There really isn't anything I could do on the stage."

Billie has gone into business, and at the moment she is thrilled about that. She and Bebe Daniels have bought a large interest in a cold-cream company in Hollywood. A chemist who has made cold cream for them for a long time gives his formula and services, they put up the money and the prestige, and if any one, after a look at Billie's complexion, doesn't want to do whatever she does for it, they're blind, that's all.

Contract Troubles.—When Fox told Sally O'Neil they could not find any sto-
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LACQUERED LILY

La Tashman is a shrewd, amusing, artificial tiger lily from the Hollywood hothouses.

YOU may be certain that Alice in Wonderland never stumbled upon such a spot in all her travels.

It was a chromium-plated symphony played by clinking glasses, hissing siphons, and rattling ice, with a steady obbligato of laughter.

Three bartenders were performing with all the precision and dexterity of the Flying Gaetanos or the agile Rath Brothers. They were sanitary wraiths robed in white, completely encircled by a gleaming chromium bar, indirectly lighted. About the outer circumference of the circle, on high stools with red leather seats and chromium stems, sat half of Manhattan and Lilyan Tashman and I.

It was a spectacular spot, but recently opened, designed by Urban no less, sedulously attended by the knowing, hard by Park Avenue—not too far uptown—a smart oasis offering balm to eye, ear, and throat.

On a hidden balcony a stringed orchestra played soft lullabies. Huge circular mirrors graced the walls, and behind the bar seventeen long plate glasses ran the entire height of the wall to the ceiling, mirroring every movement of the crowds about the circular fountain.

"Nice place, isn't it?" said Lil. You'd call her Lil. She's not a formal person. "So homelike. I feel as though I were back in the 'Follies' again."

It is perhaps rude pointing to repeat the fairly well-known fact that Miss Tashman is an alumna of the same Ziegfeld series (1914 or thereabouts) that served as finishing school for Nita Naldi, Marion Davies, Olive Thomas, and the statuesque Dolores.

Lil said that she had had a reunion with another member of that famous carnival, Gladys Feldman, now appearing in "Counsellor at Law," which stars Paul Muni. And the unforgettable Naldi is now a staid châtelaine—Mrs. J. Searle Barclay to the press.

"Nita is retired, of course," said Lil, "but her soul goes marching on. She has lost that superb figure, but the old sense of humor is priceless. She said that in New York her nights were as crowded as Madame Récamier's couch. A swell person!"

Tashman has a bold, vivid face that would delight a poster artist and a figure that would please anybody. Her eyes are elongated and narrow and feline, her mouth rather cruel, her neck lovely in its grace. She had just had her currently platinum hair elaborately coiffed in dozens of tight ringlets, artificial but effective. That phrase describes her appearance. She

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

is studied in her style, but the effort is justified.

Although Miss Tashman has perforce resided in Hollywood for the past few years, doing this and that chore for the cinema, she remains distinctly a New York type. She belongs in the spotlight. She is dramatically attractive and dynamically active. She is all for going places and doing things, on the theory that life owes her a good time.

She is still a "Follies" girl. True, she has developed a manner, after a fashion. She certainly has advanced in the world. She is sought after to christen buildings, indorse cigarettes, lend a touch to premières. All of this she enjoys in a singularly naïve way. There is no place for boredom in her make-up. Every party is expected to be the best ever thrown, and every fiesta more amusing than the last.

We debated whether it was good policy to allow the public to know the scene of our meeting. "Perfectly all right," said Lil, munching a *marron glacé*. "If one takes a drop for medicinal purposes who can squawk? But mind you"—shaking an admonitory finger—"never while I'm working on a picture."

It was amusing to talk with Lil. She is a woman of the world, which is another way of saying that she has fun, gets about, and manages at least one good party of an evening. Sometimes there are three or four. People like her. She is an added attraction in any gathering, because she is pictorially arresting—sometimes bizarre—startling in her frankness, and unusual in her whimsies.

If Lil feels like playing the drum in the middle of a dance, you'll see her drumming. If she decided to ride on top of a hansom, she would climb up and ride.

She was toying with the idea of playing a week at the Palace with Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. "I'd like to do it, but it isn't likely. I do 'Confession' East, then rush West to do another Paramount picture. Travel broadens one, but it cramps one's engagements."

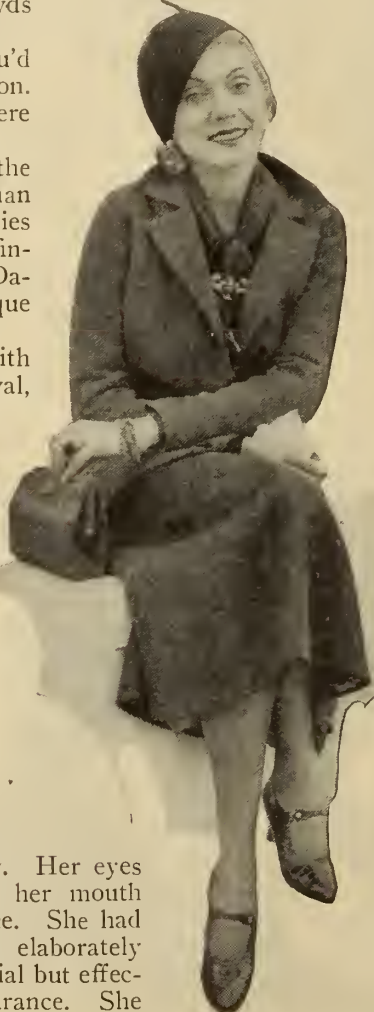
Tashman is a better actress off-screen than on. In pictures I have found her less than convincing. Some of her celluloid performances have been unrestrainedly bad. "Murder By the Clock" provides an excellent example. But in the glamour of an Urban setting, sipping sidecars, she is at her best.

"Stars who take themselves seriously are pathetic," said Lil. "The picture industry,

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"The picture industry is a lovely racket—what could be sweeter than all that money?" Lilyan Tashman asks, with not a murmur about her art.

Photo by Wide World





by Eugene Robert Richee

GAY and glittering worldling that she is, Lillian Tashman will enjoy Malcolm H. Oettinger's shrewd yet sympathetic appraisal of herself, opposite, quite as much as her fans. Let the laughs fall where they may, Lillian enjoys them all.



Photo by Hurrell

BEHIND Myrna Loy's languorous eyes lurks an ambition almost Napoleonic. Determined to be not only a successful actress but a good one, the strangely simple exotic from Montana has risen from a dancer in movie theaters to a commanding position on the screen.



by Ray Jones

A ROSE by any other name may be as sweet, but there is no Rose in the movies with anything near the intelligence and poise of Miss Hobart, who also has gained in beauty since her first appearance in "A Lady Surrenders."



ADRIENNE DORÉ is the latest beauty-contest winner to find her way to the screen paved with photographs in seductive poses. Here's one of the most charming, with the promise that Adrienne will display her acting talent in "Alias the Doctor."

Photo by Elmer Fryer



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

BESIDES offering one of her loveliest photographs, Marlene Dietrich pays tribute to Japan by wearing this magnificent ceremonial robe which was presented to her as a token of her great popularity in the Orient.



THOUGH Regis Toomey seldom appears in the magazines, he never fails to come through with a competent and satisfying performance on the screen. Why little is written about him is sympathetically explained by Samuel Richard Mook on the opposite page.

Photo by Otto Dyar

NINE-O'CLOCK GUY

The Regis Toomey routine would not disturb
the peace and quiet of even Sauk Center.

By Samuel Richard Mook

THERE are three actors in Hollywood who are the despair of all interviewers. Regis Toomey is one, Fredric March is another, and Chester Morris is the third. The despair is occasioned by the fact that all three are well-educated, refined gentlemen. They live exactly the same sort of lives you, or your brother, or sweetheart live, and nothing exciting ever happens to them.

They don't go around with the so-called smart set, they don't put on a show for an interviewer, and they don't squander their money in a manner calculated to attract attention.

Their homes are well run, their amusements simple, and their general routine of living the kind that might inspire envy in the breast of any well-to-do American in any American city—but not the kind that provides material for the tabloids.

Assigned to write a story about Regis, I went forlornly to his wife and asked her to jot down a few notes that might form the nucleus of a story. A few days later she handed me the following:

Regis doesn't like to dance,
He doesn't like toy Pokes,
He often goes to bed at nine
For weeks—and weeks—and weeks.

He likes his breakfast all alone
With the paper, and time to read it.
He loves to take his dog out walking,
But prefers to have *me* feed it.

When he makes up his mind it's final—
Not stubborn, but firm as a house.
He's moody and quiet and thoughtful—
But I've never known him to grouse.

He works with a will—and likes it—
And he always remembers to call
If he's going to be late for dinner,
Or won't be home at all.

He takes hours to don a Tuxedo,
And hates to ride in a plane,
Though he likes long drives in the country,
And can even sleep on a train.

Of course, he has some bad habits,
But they're small ones I don't like to tell—
He's so nice about all the big ones
I don't wonder at all that I fell.

That sums up Regis as well as a volume could.

A person knowing *him*, and *not* knowing his work, would never suspect Regis of being an actor. Yet it was that urge for expression that took him out of the field of business, where you would naturally expect to find him, and put him on the stage.

Working in the office of one of the steel companies in Pittsburgh—his home—he was not a huge success. One of the executives, a friend of his family, knowing Regis's association with

the Cap and Gown Club while at the University of Pittsburgh, called him into the office one day.

"The whole trouble with you is, you've still got that theatrical bug in your bonnet," Regis was told. "Go to New York and see what you can do on the stage. If you make good, O. K. If you don't, come back and then you can settle down to business."

Regis went to New York, then to London, then on the road with various musical comedies, and finally into pictures. Curiously enough, it was an intensely dramatic part in "Alibi," in which Chester Morris also appeared, that got him his contract. Although he has an excellent baritone voice, he has never sung on the screen.

He has never built a home nor even tried to pick up one of Hollywood's famous show places at a foreclosure sale. "Fools build houses for wise men to live in" is a literally true adage, Regis believes.

"Most of the people in Hollywood are living in homes that would take the income from a half-million or million-dollar estate to keep up. When I build or buy, I want to know that I'm going to be able to keep the house after I get it.

"Most actors who buy or build are using their entire incomes to pay for their homes. I'm trying to build up an estate to give me sufficient income to live on when I'm through in pictures.

"Some day, of course, I want a home of my own. I'd like it out in the country a little way, with plenty of ground. I'm not particularly concerned about the house, except that I want it to be rambling, but not too large. But I want a tennis court, swimming pool, gardens, stables, and maybe a little place where I can practice putting and chip shots."

He doesn't ride horseback, but wants a stable. "When I get time I'll learn to ride. And I want to get hold of a horse that would be a sort of companion, like a dog."

Continued on page 68

Of course Regis has some bad habits, his wife admits, but they're little things she won't tell.



ONE-DAY STARS

GENERALLY speaking there are three classes of screen stars: those who last for years, those who last for months, and those who last but a day.

The first group includes Barthelmess, Beery, Dressler, Swanson, and a few others who are capable of giving many great and varied performances.

The second group includes Billie Dove, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow, *et al*, none of whom can be identified with a single great performance but whose personalities won them tremendous popularity.

And in the third group we have those strange "one-day" stars who seem to be physically and artistically equipped for one, and only one, great rôle.

Let's have a look at these one-day stars.

Often the single great opportunity comes to them at the beginning of a career and a new star is heralded. In other instances it appears after years of endeavor and we exclaim, "At last!"

But those who achieved fame in a sudden, unexpected burst of artistic merit haven't since duplicated the performance, and for those who triumphed after years of effort the achievement appears to have been their swan song.

These actors, it seems, had one great rôle to play, and, having played it, their store of artistry is unequal to another of like caliber.

Margaret Mann sprang from obscurity to fame in "Four Sons." To-day she plays mere bits.



So far Arthur Lake has created only one outstanding characterization, Harold Teen.

Take the case of Lois Moran. Lois will resent being classed as a one-day star, yet her career points to that conclusion.

In what part do you best remember her? Unless you are awfully young, her work in "Stella Dallas" springs immediately to mind. In this picture, made about six years ago, Lois portrayed a girl from the age of nine to the time of her wedding. She "grew" before one's eyes in a manner that was simply wonderful. The characterization was difficult—and perfect.

That performance won acclaim for Lois and shortly afterward she was starred. But she has never since equaled that first great performance.

Far be it from me to hold a post-mortem over the career of Richard Cromwell. But his short and peculiar professional life offers food for thought.

During 1930 "Tol'able David," the fine Hergesheimer story, was disinterred and Hollywood was combed for a youth who could portray the title rôle in such a way that it would stand comparison with the matchless performance given by Richard Barthelmess nine years previous.

Young Cromwell was finally chosen and his work was amazingly fine. He deserved, but didn't get, the Academy award. And what happened? Cromwell was kept idle for eight months and has since been playing featured rôles. Is that day of glory to be his last? I hope not. Cromwell is a fine chap—even if he does drink coffee excessively.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" made Lew Ayres famous overnight, but is he as famous to-day?



Were these players equipped for one, and only one, great rôle?

By Madeline Glass

And there was—I say *was* advisedly—Dorothy Janis, as pretty and dainty a little person as I ever saw. Dorothy had her day of glory and has dropped from view. No one could have been more perfectly cast than she as the half-caste girl who shared honors with Novarro, in "The Pagan."

Against the tropical verdure and lovely sunsets of the South Sea Islands, she glowed like a golden lotus flower. But it was months before she received her next assignment, that of the waif in "Lummox."

Though her work was adequate in that picture it was by no means sensational, and many months passed before she was given the lead in "East of Borneo" and again sent across the Pacific to film the picture on authentic locations.

Later the picture was recast and remade on local soil and Dorothy did not appear in even an inch of the finished production.

"Miscast," explains Universal, laconically, though it beats me why they didn't discover their mistake sooner. Anyway, diminutive Dorothy got a lot of foreign travel during her brief career, which is something.

And do you remember "His People" filmed about five years ago? If you saw that perfect picture you have not forgotten George Lewis, who was so utterly captivating as the Jewish lad. It was George's great moment and

George Lewis flashed into prominence in "His People" and then his career dwindled.



every one who saw his work predicted a great future for him. On the strength of that one performance Universal signed him to a five-year contract—and then featured him in a series of frothy collegian two-reelers. George might have survived that had he not lacked that adaptability which separates the one-day star from his more versatile brethren.

He has been making routine Spanish versions for months and I doubt that a rôle to compare with that of the lovable *Sammy Comminsky* will ever come his way. Too bad.

Molly O'Day received her one big opportunity with Barthelmess, in "The Patent Leather Kid." Working with this star has put many a beginner on the road to lasting success, but in this case the charm failed to work.

Molly had other chances, notably in "Shepherd of the Hills," but that first glowing achievement was never repeated.

To-day she lingers on the fringe of the industry, doing bits, living luxuriously with sister Sally O'Neil, in spite of their recent bankruptcy, and wearing evening gowns which reveal too, too much of Molly's buxom figure.

And there was David Lee, the unforgettable *Sonny Boy* in Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool." For a while Davy was known to more people than are Andrew Mellon and H. G. Wells combined, but comparatively few remember him now.

He, like his brother, Frankie Lee, who created a sensation in "The Miracle Man" thirteen years ago, seems to have been born for one exquisite, perfect rôle, and with the doing of that, his star glory is over.

Perhaps in the years to come Davy will

Jetta Goudal has given many brilliant performances but her hit in "The Bright Shawl" was the beginning of an ill-starred career.



Molly O'Day made a hit in "The Patent Leather Kid" and then headed for obscurity.



One-day Stars



Though several long and lucrative contracts have come to Lois Moran, she has never equaled her performance in "Stella Dallas."

again triumph in an unforgettable rôle but such an opportunity has not come the way of Frankie, and it is doubtful if it will come to *Sonny Boy*.

About eight years ago Tom Terris made an exquisitely photographed picture called "The Bandolero." Playing the star part, with Renée Adorée as leading lady, was one Manuel Granado, who had recently arrived from the Argentine. On finding Hollywood cluttered with dark young men wearing Latin names and insinuating expressions, Manuel dubbed himself Paul Ellis in the hope of increasing his distinction.

Manuel, or Paul, did a fine job of his first assignment. Critics wrote praise and the fans wrote letters, but for some reason nothing ever came of that excellent début.

After several years of playing parts that shrank from small

to infinitesimal, Manuel disappeared in the jungles of Hollywood. But what a thrill I got out of his one and only starring picture!

So far Arthur Lake has created just one outstanding characterization—*Harold Teen*. In that rôle he was perfect. Arthur is an odd type, the personification of gangling, self-conscious, likable adolescence. It seems physically impossible for him to develop and mature, and rôles calling for his unique talents are few and far between.

Arthur is a first-class lad, and I wish him well, but I suspect that his one perfect rôle has been played.

The friends of Margaret Mann rejoiced when she won, after years of extra work, the star part in "Four Sons." Her acting as the mother in that picture was excellent, and we expected similar rôles to follow. So far they have not, and Miss Mann has to content herself with extra work and bits. But at that it must be gratifying to have had one great rôle.

John Wayne and Don Terry found their one great chance in "The Big Trail" and "Me, Gangster," respectively. Since that one burst of histrionics Wayne has done nothing of consequence, and his future looks none too promising.

As for Terry, in spite of his hit in the gangster picture, he has had no such opportunity since, and recently he went into business in Hollywood. Two lads who were particularly suited to two particular rôles, but who lacked versatility.

The list of those who won a day or a moment of fame in pictures, and were then forced back to obscurity, is long—heartbreakingly long.

Yet for some of these I have mentioned there is still hope. Perhaps another great opportunity is just around the corner, and a name which is drifting to oblivion will be again lifted to electric. Here's hoping!

Yet, in spite of the chance of a comeback such as Hollywood has witnessed—Lionel Barrymore's is one—it seems that certain players are doomed to play one outstanding rôle.

Richard Cromwell bids fair to live in memory only as *Tol'able David*.



Dorothy Janis was perfect in "The Pagan." Where is she now?



A LADY IN LUCK

To be born beautiful and lucky is a great deal, but add perseverance and hard work, and what have you? Well, look at Helen Twelvetrees.

By Alma Talley

WHOOEVER started the legend that Helen Twelvetrees looks like Lillian Gish can go right out in the garden and eat words. He can, for all of me, be the word-eating champion.

This is all by way of saying that Helen Twelvetrees looks no more like Lillian Gish than a piano looks like a piccolo, or than spinach looks like spaghetti. And, speaking of vegetables, Helen does not nibble raw carrots. Nor does she twitter. And I saw no signs of a canary in her rooms at the Ritz in New York. All I saw were vases and vases of dark-red roses, and dozens of people popping in and out, and Helen herself in a dark-green suit trimmed with galyak, with a hat to match.

The very blond star of "Her Man," "Millie," and "Panama Flo" has a cute little turned-up nose—or shall I be grand and call it retroussé to prove that I know some big words? She has a little round forehead, and oh, such a baby face. But a baby who knows where she's going!

She knows where she's going and has worked hard to get there. But at all the crucial moments, lucky accidents have come along and given her several shoves—in a nice way and in the right direction. Each time work has pushed her a step ahead, luck has pushed her three steps.

As Helen Jurgens, Miss Twelvetrees was an art student when the theatrical urge came.

That's what I call the Twelvetrees luck. That, boys and girls, is what comes of being born beautiful, and don't let your old grandmother tell you that beauty doesn't count. It counts, in Helen's case, right up into a thousand or so a week.

As pretty little Helen Jurgens, she attended the Art Students' League in New York. She had rather a nice little flair for drawing—and still has, for that matter. Once a flair, always a flair. But at that time she rather expected to do something about it.

She also had stage ambitions, but so did I, and probably so did you, but where did it get us? Nowhere at all. We didn't have the Twelvetrees luck.

Helen's first lucky accident was being born in New York, where Broadway is Broadway and there are dramatic schools. There is one such school in fact, right across the street from the art school which Helen was attending. So Helen, on a snowy day and wearing galoshes, crossed the street to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and said, pretty please, could she come to their classes?

She studied there for all of two months, maybe three. If you or I had attended that school and merely waited for stage offers, we'd probably be there yet. But not Helen—not with that face and her luck.



Photo by Schafer

For of course it would happen to Helen that before she had finished even one term, Stuart Walker should come to New York and the dramatic school at the very time when she was appearing in a school play. Mr. Walker, in case you don't know, conducts stock companies in Indianapolis and other inland cities. He is always looking for new talent, and, with the Twelvetrees luck, Helen just happened to be showing her new talent at the very moment he was looking.

He invited her to join his stock company and, needless to say, he didn't have to take "No" for an answer.

All this chatter about the Twelvetrees luck is not meant to disparage her skill as an actress. In "Her Man" and "Millie," her performances were nothing less than magnificent. She has depth, understanding, pathos, and vast emotional power. It was inevitable that, having once embarked on a histrionic career, she should succeed. But it was not inevitable that always, at the right time, the right person should see her work. Several times it was merely her face that brought her good fortune. That is what I mean by luck.

But to go on with the story, after a season in Stuart Walker's stock company, Helen returned to New York. Her father is Brooklyn advertising manager for a

A Lady in Luck



Luck gave Helen Twelvetrees her chances, but she made good on her own.

New York newspaper, so, while Helen expected to struggle like any obscure young actress, she knew she wouldn't starve.

And she didn't even have to struggle. The Twelvetrees luck was with her!

She just happened to go with an actor friend who was looking for a job with Horace Liveright, then producing "An American Tragedy" on the stage. I repeat, she just happened to go. But the moment she reached the producer's office was just the moment when he was looking for a *Sondra* for the road company of the show.

She sat quietly in the waiting room, doing just that—waiting for her friend to finish his interview. They started downstairs after leaving the office. An office boy came panting after them.

"Hey, you!" he called to Helen, rudely perhaps, but she knew what he meant. "Mr. Liveright wants to see you."

Mr. Liveright had seen her as she was leaving the outer office, and one look led to another, as it would with Helen the looker. He hadn't even seen her work. It was just Helen's luck that she was born beautiful.

In that interview with Mr. Liveright, Helen's one season of stock turned glibly into vast stage experience. She probably didn't fool the producer about that. But he needed a *Sondra*, and Helen looked like *Sondra*. So he handed her the script of "An American Tragedy" and told her to read it and come back in an hour.

Around the corner in a hotel, she read the lines to herself. Back in the producer's office, she read them to Mr. Liveright. He pulled out a contract and she put her name on it, and there she was, with no struggle at all, engaged for the second lead in an important road show.

After that tour was completed, she followed the usual Broadway routine in a series of unimportant parts, advancing step by step with the help of those old teammates, Perseverance and Hard Work. But they weren't half as much help to a struggling young gal as the old Twelvetrees luck.

She was to play a small part in "Elmer Gantry." But in the midst of rehearsals a man from Fox walked in. There was Helen acting away for dear life, and at once he asked her to act for Fox.

So "Elmer Gantry" lost Helen's services and the Fox studio acquired them.

"I played in the first Fox talkie, 'The Ghost Talks,'" said Helen. "The director thought it would be a cute characterization if I lisped. It may have been cute to him, but it was an acute crisis for me. I found that out when the picture was released and the critics all said, in effect, 'Helen Twelvetrees is a nice girl. Too bad she lisps.'"

"My next picture was a film called 'Blue Skies,' an unimportant one which was shown almost nowhere and got me the same place. Then in 'Words and Music,' I played the heavy to Lois Moran—I ask you, do I look like a heavy?"

Of course she doesn't, and the big wigs at Fox didn't think she did either, when they saw the film. By that time her Fox contract was up, and they failed to hop onto her option.

"Not that I blamed them," said Helen. "I'd had a pretty bad start in pictures. So I decided to give up and go back to New York and the stage. In fact, I was leaving Hollywood the next day when I went with a friend to the Pathé studio. She was looking for work, but I wasn't. I'd had my chance and evidently I wasn't any good."

But Old Man Luck came along to play another rôle and to see that Helen played one.

She sat in front of the Pathé studio in a car, waiting for her friend. Out came an office boy. Would she please come inside?

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Photo by Schafer



After a bad start in films Helen was about to return to the stage when luck again stepped in.



PARLOR KNIGHT

LOWELL SHERMAN'S inimitable drawing-room characterizations entitle him to that appellation, although John Decker, the artist, sees him otherwise. You will agree that the Sherman personality is capable of variations when you glance at him as he might appear as a cavalier of old, and as he is seen in merciless caricature. But perhaps you will prefer him as he appears in his next picture, "The Greeks Had a Word For Them," which he directed. Incidentally, Mr. Sherman expects only to direct from now on.

HOLLYWOOD

CHOICE of the ideal lover for 1932 has already been made. It's Fredric March. He's heading right up to that torrid sheik's tent where Clark Gable holds court, and he may kick the pegs out from under it.

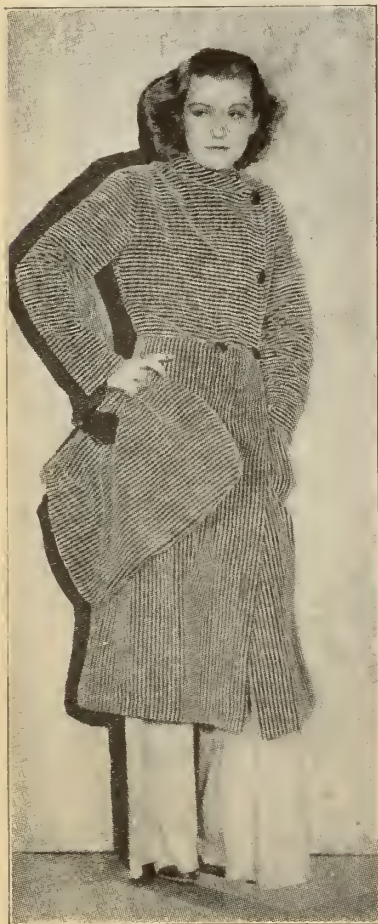
March gives every evidence of becoming a popular idol since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His fan mail is bouncing up to the skies, and he's the talk of the bridge and luncheon tables, and wherever feminine fans meet.

However, what the heck good does it all do?

March is safely married to Florence Eldridge, a wife so devoted that she turned her back on a stage career in New York to be with him on the Coast. They are one couple who seem undisturbed by the frenzies of Hollywood, and who live their own reserved life among friends who, for the most part, are interested in things artistic.

The Love Dynasty.—The succession of palpitation-evokers during the past several years has been about

Photo by Fryer



as follows: Maurice Chevalier; then Gable, and now March. The first rose on the musical-comedy tide; the second on the wave of gangster and other banging melodramas. Meanwhile, March seems to typify something more psychological. Certainly, his victory has been the quietest. Perhaps it will be the most permanent, although we do like our Maurice.

Interview Ban Ennuis.—Is Greta Garbo breaking down on the interview question? It seems silly, all the fuss that has been made about the Swedish star and her craving for privacy. And it sometimes takes on the aspects

Just as Evalyn Knapp got her winter beach costume together along came the first snow-storm in years.



Photo by Wide World

Clara Bow sends photo greetings to her fans, so they may see for themselves how it is with her and Rex Bell.

Spotting the month's parade of gossip, work, and play.

of a big publicity stunt, when a lot of fuss is made over a few words she drops to somebody in passing, or when she goes about disguised as she recently did in New York. The Garbo interviews, it might be said, were never startling when they were granted a few years ago.

Incidentally, it was a shock not long ago when the box-office rating of the Metro-Goldwyn stars was disclosed by *Variety*. Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford, brought in more money on their pictures than Garbo. Partly, of course, this was due to their greater activity. Marlene Dietrich, though, was rated just about as big an attraction.

Beery Proud Papa.—Now say that actors are not influenced by their pictures! Here's Wallace Beery, who enjoyed one of his biggest successes in a father rôle in "The Champ." He turns fond parent, with no fewer than three youngsters, the adopted children of Beery's wife's aunt. They are nine years, four years, and seventeen months old respectively, the two oldest being boys. And Wally already wears the expression of a proud daddy. He's going to see that they are reared right, too, believe you us.

"The Champ" had nothing actually to do with Wally's paterfamilias development, but—who knows?—it may have exerted a psychological influence.

Jeanette Eludes Wedding.—Hollywood is beginning to lay wagers as to whether or not Jeanette MacDonald will marry Robert Ritchie. Jeanette holds a record for a prolonged engagement. Stars are seldom anything but very precipitate in their dashing into marriage, but Miss MacDonald, being of Scottish descent, probably moves conservatively in any such matter.

Here is the latest on her wedding plans, which seems almost to take the form of a travelogue, rather than a scenario of romance: She will stay in Hollywood until June. Then she will start going places, probably to Barcelona and Madrid for concerts, and to Paris to appear in a stage production of "The Merry Widow." Then she may visit other parts of the Continent, and, of course, if anything happens to lure her there, she'll probably also go to the Orient, although she has made no announcement to that effect. After all this is done, she may think of a wedding date.

Anyway, Ritchie has something tangible to rest his hopes on. He is, at least, her business manager.

Pola Pipes a Tune.—Pola Negri startled us beyond measure in "A Woman Commands," by turning into a whistler. We mean by this that in the theme song of the picture, which she, of course, warbles in that famous

HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

bass-baritone, she intersperses her vocalism with whistling interludes.

What next in these débuts!

Operation Ordeals Fade.—Miss Negri has, by the way, just about completely recovered from the severe operation that she underwent shortly before Christmas. Like Tom Mix, she was sustained through the ordeal by her great vitality. The two stars during their illnesses were steadily in the news, virtually every change of temperature being recorded. Few of the newer screen sparklers, under similar circumstances, could elicit so much interest. There is glamour, after all, to these elder screen personalities.

Alas! Lupe Forsakes Men.—Eddie Buzzell and Lupe Vélez together at the New Year's Mayfair party attracted our eye. Eddie, you know, was married to Ona Munson, who may be wed to Ernst Lubitsch, the director, by this time.

Lupe, however, dashed our dreams of a new romance. The heart of the little Mexican firefly, we fear, still lingers over the memory of Gary, and there is something pensive about that. Lupe told us fitfully that she wasn't going out with any men any more, because every time she did she was reported engaged. However, we've heard that resolution many, many times before.

Ruth Bosses Husband.—If Ruth Chatterton's life needs varying, she is properly seeing to it. That's to say, she is quitting films for a few weeks to direct a play, "Counsel's Opinion," in which her husband, Ralph Forbes, and Rose Hobart will appear.

Ruth and Ralph have again been going through mild rumors of separation, but her interest in his stage work is gradually putting the quietus on the reports.

This isn't Ruth's first experience in stage directing. She used to direct once in a while when she was starring before the footlights with the late Henry Miller, under whose management she first rose to prominence as an actress.

Weissmuller Merits Medals.—Poor Johnny Weissmuller! He carries the scars of battle, and ought to be awarded a medal for his wounds. Weissmuller is starred in "Tarzan," and had to be on exceedingly friendly terms with all the animals in the picture. The animals occasionally became too friendly. The monkeys affectionately scratched his face and chest, and the elephants dragged him over the ground with their trunks, the result being that he lost his big toe nails.

A nice unassuming person he seemed, when we talked



Why, it's our old friend Marion Nixon all dressed up for her new kind of rôle in "Charlie Chan's Chance."

to him. Despite the fact that he is a famous swimmer, he detests cold water. Of course, "Tarzan" was made right in the midst of one of the rawest, coldest winters in California history.

He asserted with true good sportsmanship that he did enjoy it—or maybe he had learned by the time we met him that the best thing to answer in a studio is "Yes" to everything.

Inside on Dix's Income.—In case you demand to know exactly what a star is earning down to the last dollar, here are some interesting figures on Richard Dix, divulged during an income-tax inquiry. In 1927 he received \$241,827 and in 1928 the amount was \$305,075. That's what the government asserted, anyway, and Dix himself pleaded guilty to income-tax evasion, laying the blame for whatever was wrong on his adviser, in the making out of the return. The court was lenient with Dix, charging only a nominal fine against him. The judge indicated that artists and actors were not expected to know as much about business as certain other people.

Dix now averages about \$7,000 a week, according to report.

Monetary Tit-for-tat.—And lest we forget it, Pola Negri has been in

the courts, or will be soon, with her ex-husband Prince Serge Mdivani. Each asserts he—or she—is owed money by the other. Pola asks \$80,000 and the Prince \$131,000, so he seems to have about 50 per cent the better of the battle. But there's no telling about the getting!

Woes Aired in Court.—Hard times in the movie colony seem revealed by a variety of odd suits. Noah Beery and his wife were sued by a hairdressing company, and Beery also was complained against for failure to pay two workers at his trout club. Rex Lease has just gone through the

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You can't fool us, Maurice Chevalier, our ranch expert tells us those pants came from the prop room.

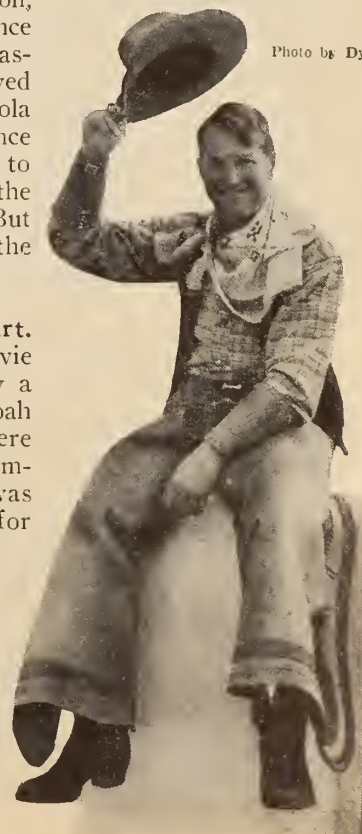


Photo by Dyar

A HANDFUL OF



Photo by Ferenc

The hands are as expressive as the eyes, as Lillian Bond shows, when they are well-groomed and gracefully used.

WHEN you hear that popular song, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," you can close your eyes and visualize dashing cavaliers bowing low before ladies of frail, ethereal charms, whose hands remain white and soft by virtue of the things they never do. But in reality you see nothing of the kind. There are still ladies who sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, but usually it is a useful, not a purely ornamental seam.

Nowadays "ladies" do things. If they don't do anything actually remunerative, they drive cars, play golf, raise Chows or tulips, or something to take to the fashion show. And it is proved every day that hands may be wonderful at work, yet look exquisite at play. They can sew, cook, dust, dig in the garden, or run a typewriter, and yet remain dainty enough to kiss. For it is not use, but neglect, that mars the beauty of hands.

Times have changed and the women have changed with them. Radiant health has supplemented the hothouse type of frailty. During the past few years, out-of-door sports have actually changed the physical structure. Hips are narrower, shoulders broader, hands and feet larger. Number seven gloves are more in demand than number fives. Yet this need not detract from the beauty of a well-groomed hand.

In the most modern analysis, a lady is a woman who does things and does not let them begrime or coarsen her hands. And while the social asset of perfectly kept hands is obvious, the business and professional world as well demand well-kept hands.

Most of us to-day are beauty-conscious about our faces and bodies, but let's take a look at our hands. Hold them up! We want to look romantic and mysterious and much-to-be-desired, and we go to a beauty salon or work hours at home making our faces and hair beautiful, yet often we go about with hands that would shame the scrub woman, doing almost nothing about them.

We can't all have perfectly shaped hands but every one of us may cultivate beauty through care and grooming. A hand may be small and well-shaped, but if it is rough and red, or is tipped with badly cared for nails, its beauty is unnoticed. A well-kept hand looks wholesome and, even though unshapely, may be attractive.

Remember that hands, no matter what your occupation, play an important rôle. They can't be kept out of sight. Whether you're a school-girl, a débutante, or a business girl, they are constantly on display. And with all the wonderful lotions and manicuring preparations, there is no reason at all why your hands should not be as lovely as your face.

The hands are second only to the eyes in revealing personality. A girl of vivid personality always has active, vibrant hands. Her very finger tips are magnetic.

I know a screen star whose lovely, expressive hands were in demand by photographers and artists, and earned a very good living for her years before she had even dreamed of a picture career. And every one of you can name a player whose hands are so facile in movement that they create an atmosphere of beauty in every rôle.

The hands of a warm-natured person gesture freely. In contrast, close, stilted movements of the hands are characteristic of coldness, of a personality whose growth is limited by inhibitions or by pure selfishness.

Have You Found Your Individual Colors and Make-up? Write to Mrs. Montanye, in Care of Picture Play, Inclosing Stamped Return Envelope, and She Will Analyze Your Beauty Problems Free of Charge

BEAUTY

By Lillian Montanye

The modern girl keeps her hands kissable, even though cavaliers are gone. This article expertly tells how.

Learn then to free your hands, to use them gracefully. Train them to be expressive. I don't mean extravagant waving and gesturing—I mean everyday actions, everything you do in daily life. Jerky, tense gestures of the hands indicate a life set to that speed. Poised hands that exert strength when strength is needed, and relax smoothly when they needn't work, show a balance that nothing else expresses quite so well.

There are special exercises for the hands and wrists that help develop expressive grace, which I will be very glad to send if you will write to me.

Hands really need more care, in the name of beauty, than either face or hair. They work harder, they are exposed to more damaging contacts. So now let's consider daily care of the hands and nails.

Wash your hands in warm water—never hot. Hot water coarsens the texture by enlarging the pores, dries the skin and tends to cause lines. It ruins the cuticle, and is inclined to make the nails brittle.

Soak them a moment in warm water, then wet your nail brush, a broad one with firm bristles but not stiff, and using a mild soap, scrub your hands hard enough to bring the blood to the surface and remove the dead skin. Rinse in warm, then cold water. I'm strong for the cold rinse, all over, but especially hands. It's toning, and helps keep them fine-textured.

Dry your hands thoroughly. Moisture left on the hands causes roughness and redness. No matter how many times a day you wash your hands, use a softening cream or lotion. There are excellent lotions one can put on after washing that sink in almost at once and leave no greasiness, yet they counteract dryness. Then there are the lotions a bit heavier in oils for hands which are so dry that they become roughened when they are exposed to the cold. These creams need more time to absorb and should be applied at night just before retiring, because you will want to leave the cream on them all night.

The well-kept hand must have properly manicured finger nails. For the home manicure, simplicity of method has been worked out by manufacturers of nail cosmetics, and manicuring preparations are within the price of the simplest toilet accessories. Minute directions for using accompany all of them.

To keep the nails clean in this dirty age needs understanding and faithfulness. Before

When your hands have been made a charming reflection of your personality, the right kind of jewelry helps, but not every one can be as exotic as Lil Dagover.

filing the nails have the hands clean, not soaked, and perfectly dried. File with one-way strokes on each side, from the side toward the tip. Filing back and forth will not give so smooth an edge. Next shape the cuticle—don't cut it—by working gently around the sides and the base of the nail with an orangewood stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in cuticle remover. Clean the nails with a stick tipped with cotton and wet with cuticle remover, then dry cotton. Remove old polish, dry nails thoroughly and apply polish.

The shaping of the nail, says the smart manicurist, should correspond to the shape of the finger tip. Finger

Continued on page 67



Photo by Perenc



Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo, and they alone, make "Mata Hari" a great love tragedy instead of merely another spy melodrama.

The SCREEN in REVIEW

A critical summary
of the latest films.

By Norbert Lusk

WHAT is there to say of "Mata Hari"? Of Greta Garbo, of the combination of Garbo and Ramon Novarro? It is more successful than "Anna Christie," until now the most popular of all Garbo films, and the number of persons who have seen it is virtually beyond calculation. This is entirely a tribute to the players. Without them the picture is scarcely conceivable, although it is good enough to pass muster as another of the spy melodramas. But Garbo and Novarro give it glamour, poetic beauty and dignity, and thrilling romance. In their hands it goes further and becomes a great love tragedy. What else matters, then?

Certainly it is stretching a point to say that the picture frequently drags, that the story of the woman spy is shallow fiction, and that the pseudo-Javanese dance at the beginning is too long. These defects and others have seemingly drawn audiences rather than diminished them, which makes the work all the more a triumph for the stars, if not for the critic.

All the qualities that have made Garbo the foremost star are here combined in a memorable portrayal and Mr. Novarro is far from overshadowed by his great heroine. He, too, is at his best—sensitive, eager, and ardent. You will think of no one who could have played better the young Russian officer betrayed by the seductive spy, particularly in that beautiful scene when *Mata Hari* visits *Rosanoff* as he lies in the hospital, blinded by her treachery and, again, in their final meeting when the woman goes to her death and the man is ignorant of her fate.

Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Alec

B. Francis—all are in keeping with the magic cast by the stars, and C. Henry Gordon is peculiarly striking as Garbo's *Nemesis*.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Let us honor Fredric March for one of the distinguished performances of the month in a picture that is little short of breath-taking. And while we are about it, let us place Miriam Hopkins high among the gifts bestowed by the stage upon the screen. She is positively brilliant in her rôle of the cockney music-hall girl, but the picture is Mr. March's, as should be the case with a player of the dual rôle of *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

He triumphs from every standpoint in this strange, fantastic study of a man with two selves which, though played on the screen before, is given a new and more intelligent treatment which makes more understandable the shocking transformation of an upright young man into a bestial, ogrelike monster.

Aided by inspired camerawork, Mr. March makes the change before one's eyes not once but several times, and then back again into the smoothly personable mold of the young doctor. More important even than this, however, is his sound artistry in making each character live. His *Mr. Hyde* is no mere example of terrifying make-up, but a vital, if frightening, individual.

So, too, has Miss Hopkins's triumph the same quality. She is no mere distraught ingénue, but a girl whose ability to handle men is lost in her terrified helplessness under the hideous demands of *Mr. Hyde*. So splendidly does she play every scene that stardom seems almost in-

evitable for her. Certainly players have been starred for less.

Rose Hobart, in the minor rôle of the heroine, is also unusually successful, and the entire cast measures up to the extraordinary standard of the principals. Apart from the acting, the picture has unusual merits in direction, photography, and atmosphere. Victorian London is recreated as never before on the screen.

"Ladies of the Big House."

This is keyed to popular taste, which is to say that all the studio resources combine to make a very human picture that is comparable to "The Big House," this giving its attention to women prisoners instead of men. Although played in a depressing atmosphere, it is relieved by strikingly human high lights in its deft characterization of oddly contrasting prisoners. The embittered tough girl, the sneaking stool pigeon, the affectedly elegant grande dame, the frightened Mexican, the easy-going colored woman, and the desperately unhappy heroine who with her newly-wed husband has been railroaded to prison, she to serve a life term, he to be executed for a murder committed by neither.

The picture is largely concerned with the efforts of the young wife to force justice for her husband. You are relieved and happy when she succeeds, so great is the suspense.

In this rôle Sylvia Sidney is at her best—sullen, terrified, resolute, and resourceful, yet helpless under the crushing weight of injustice. It is the best performance she has yet given, because she is ideally cast. Gene Raymond is her husband and he, too, is capital in a mood very different from that which established him as an important newcomer in "Personal Maid." Other rôles are played by Wynne Gibson—she is indescribably good—Earle Foxe, and Rockcliffe Fellowes, while graphic portraits of assorted prisoners are etched by Edna Bennett, Fritzi Ridgeway, Louise Beavers, Miriam Goldina, and Esther Howard.

"The Man I Killed."

This is important! This is big!

You might think, as I did, that nothing more could be said about the War, and that a picture bearing any relation to the subject would be a bore. Far from it! However, I hasten to assure you that this is *not* a war picture in the sense that it deals with the trenches, nor is there an airplane in it anywhere. Rather is it a phase of war's aftermath, tender, poignant, poetically tragic.

Ernst Lubitsch, famed for his recent comedies with music, has directed it with such superb imagination that it becomes his most important work since the screen became audible, if not the greatest of all his fine pictures. And that is indeed a record.

Let me give you an idea of the story; your imagination will fill in the details. A French soldier, young and sensitive, has killed a German. Tortured by conscience, he seeks consolation from a priest and is unsatisfied. Then he goes to the village where the German lived and seeks out his parents, eager to free his conscience from the sense of sin.



Fredric March gives a magnificent performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a breath-taking picture, with Rose Hobart.

But they are too kind to him. They accept him as their son's friend. He cannot speak. The dead boy's fiancée also welcomes him into the family circle, and they gradually fall in love. He confesses to her and is about to go away when she convinces him that it is his duty to remain with the old people as their son rather than leave and break their hearts.

Phillips Holmes is the boy, Nancy Carroll the girl. Both are good. They play their parts understandingly, expertly, and Mr. Holmes exceeds anything he has done. But these are great rôles, extraordinary characters, and I do not think that either Mr. Holmes or Miss Carroll is quite equal to their utmost possibilities. One has only to compare them with Lionel Barrymore, the father, to recognize the superior attainments of a grand actor. But all that I have said gives only a faint idea of a magnificent picture rich in atmosphere, in feeling, and deeply satisfying.

"Dance Team."

Less successful than "Bad Girl," the new film starring James Dunn and Sally Eilers is quite good enough to keep them on the top wave of popularity. Everything has been done to recapture the mood of the earlier picture, but in strict analysis something is found to be missing. Though not, I hasten to add, from the performances of Mr.

Dunn and Miss Eilers. They are quite perfect. But it's the old trouble—story. Then, too, there is only one Frank Borzage. He didn't direct this.

As for the faulty story, it's all right up to a point—the early struggles of the two young people to achieve success as professional dancers. But when they become famous—and it happens suddenly and inexplicably—the story tritely describes the changes in them. They're not nearly as interesting people when in the limelight as they are as happy-go-lucky youngsters watching every opportunity for a break. However, the picture rates as



Sylvia Sidney's best acting occurs in "Ladies of the Big House," and Gene Raymond is headed for great popularity.



James Dunn and Sally Eilers have in "Dance Team" a picture not the equal of "Bad Girl."

Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes do their utmost to live up to the bigness of "The Man I Killed," but Lionel Barrymore takes the picture from them.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Blondell have an amusing, exciting novelty in "Union Depot."

more than ordinarily entertaining, due chiefly to the refreshingly natural acting of Mr. Dunn and Miss Eilers and the ease with which the former captures laughs and tears, first with his bumptiousness and then with his pathetically naïve slant on life and himself.

Another asset is the dialogue by Edwin Burke, who lent his understanding of the vernacular of everyday folk to "Bad Girl." He catches their idioms and crystallizes their wit and simplicity with equal success in this. Whatever may be said in criticism of the picture, admirers of the stars won't leave the theater dissatisfied. Too, they will find added satisfaction in the minor performances of Minna Gombell, Harry Beresford, Edward Crandall, and Ralph Morgan.

"Union Depot."

Something of a novelty is found in the telling of this story, though the result is neither an artistic nor an important picture. But it's worth seeing for the simple reason that it is never tiresome. It's too speedy, incisive, and melodramatic for that. Most of the action takes place in a railroad station, with the camera picking up random characters about to board trains. These persons are sharply individualized. Then gradually the camera centers upon the principals and the play proceeds, ending in a wildly melodramatic sequence and a wistful climax.

The hero is a minor criminal recently out of jail, the heroine a stranded chorus girl unable to join her troupe in a distant city. Each is suspicious of the other until they come to an understanding and the man's base motives are turned into sympathy for the girl, which leads to love.

A serpent enters this bedraggled Eden in the form of a counterfeiter with whom the youth becomes innocently involved. The man checks his violin case filled with bogus money, loses the ticket, and the boy, on finding it, claims the case and proceeds to spend the cash, outfitting the girl, buying her a ticket and what not. Federal agents on the lookout for the counterfeiter trace the money and arrest boy and girl. Although he establishes his innocence by apprehending the counterfeiter, he is held as a material witness. So a wistful ending as the girl goes to the train and the boy to jail.

Every one in the cast is good, though no new heights are reached in acting. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the star, is satisfactory. A little too fluent of speech, a little too airy in his gestures, a little too innocent of counterfeit currency, and a little too insistent on saying he is not a

gentleman, he is nevertheless interesting. Joan Blondell, though better in her own brand of comedy, looks the trouping chorus girl, and Alan Hale, David Landau, and Earle Foxe are only a few in the long cast who are admirable.

"Forbidden."

Barbara Stanwyck is at her best here in a picture which recalls many others, the most recent of which is "Possessed." There's a snatch of "East Lynne," too. The result is a highly effective conglomeration, of especial appeal to women who are easily moved to tears. Never has Miss Stanwyck been more natural, human, and disarming, nor has she ever been photographed to greater advantage. All told, her performance is top-notch.

Her rôle is an exacting one, covering many years in the life of a heroine who begins as a country girl and ends as a murderess pardoned by the governor. Or rather it ends with Miss Stanwyck as a lonely old woman who has lost both her daughter and the man she loves through self-sacrifice.

Adolphe Menjou is exceedingly good as the governor and Ralph Bellamy is capital as a newspaper editor, one of the few to be realistically portrayed on the screen, and Dorothy Peterson is, of course, excellent as the invalid wife of Mr. Menjou.

"Taxi."

Another pungent characterization from James Cagney, who is a hit in his new picture, as any one will tell you. It's all about the taxicab business and the efforts of a syndicate to drive independent owners of taxis out of business, with Mr. Cagney as the leader of the rebels battling for their rights.

Can't you imagine his shrewdness, hardness, and brutality in dealing with such a situation? Especially as he is out to "get" the racketeer who killed the father of his girl.

She is played by Loretta Young, whose ingénue refinement is the only flaw in Mr. Cagney's taste in women, but at least he refrains from smacking or otherwise ill-using her. And I might add that this restraint is something of a disappointment, in view of what he has led us to expect from the parts he plays. Enough to say, though, his performance is brilliant and the picture is swiftly entertaining—better, in fact, than "Blonde Crazy" but of the same kind. [Continued on page 62]

TELL IT TO BERN

The kindest man in Hollywood has helped all who need it from Jim Tully to Jetta Goudal.

RECENTLY I sat talking with a brilliant and tempestuous young woman whose keen insight into human nature is equaled only by her peculiarities. She went into hysterics and refused to sleep in the house for two months when her father blew his nose during a radio rendition of Schubert's "Serenade".

"Whom," she asked suddenly, "do you consider the kindest person in Hollywood?"

"Paul Bern," said I, just like that.

"Oh, I was hoping you'd pick him," said she warmly.

"He was good to me, a stranger, and offered to get me registered at Central Casting, but I don't approve of the way the bureau is run, so I had to refuse."

Paul Bern, in addition to his high executive position at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, is also a sort of one-man employment bureau, charity organization, father confessor and spiritual adviser for all Hollywood. To those who know him, or know of him, he is a haven in a stormy world.

"Get in touch with Paul Bern," is the usual advice given to those who find their lives all awry.

And get in touch with him they do, the rich and important, the poor and obscure, the worthy and the unworthy. No one is so insignificant as to be denied an audience with this retiring humanitarian.

Into his charming home and quiet office they drag their troubles, shy, sensitive strangers, many of them, who would never dream of appealing to any other studio executive. Although thanks are the only compensation he accepts for his efforts in behalf of others, it is gratifying to realize that many of his protégés have reflected credit upon him through their success.

Nearly three years ago Lew Ayres was let out by Pathé after six months with that studio. Having no prestige and little experience, he was literally at his wit's end to know what to do when luckily he remembered and appealed to the brilliant Jewish philanthropist.

Bern obtained for him the juvenile lead opposite Garbo, in "The Kiss." Without that stepping-stone it is extremely doubtful if Lew ever would have been chosen for his unforgettable rôle in "All Quiet."

By Romney Scott

The acrimonious Jim Tully owes much to Bern's assistance. Tully is extremely grateful, although Bern is little concerned with gratitude.

He gave Olive Borden her first real opportunity in "The Dressmaker From Paris." In that picture it was necessary for Olive to wear an evening gown, but she, poor girl, had neither the dress nor the money to buy one. Bern solved her difficulties by buying a gown for her.

After Jetta Goudal played in "The Bright Shawl," it was assumed that because of her skillful and fascinating

performance her career in pictures was assured. But such was hardly the case. Even then her high-handed methods were much in evidence, and directors hastily changed the subject when her name was mentioned for a part. But Bern, ever the champion of frustrated femininity, sent for Miss Goudal to come West and play in "Open All Night," which he was to direct.

Jetta came and began work. Eyewitnesses tell strange stories of what happened on the set, for it turned out that Bern, for all his kindly disposition, has a violent temper. But by sitting down between scenes and counting several twenties he finished the picture without casualties.

A couple of years ago when Miss Goudal found that her fascinating presence was no longer sought in pictures, she turned to interior decorating. And who do you think gave her her first assignment? Why, Mr. Bern, of course. He, you see, is one of those rare souls who actually forgive seventy times seven.

When Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy were in the throes of domestic difficulties they came, from time to time, to weep on Bern's shoulder. Mr. Bern championed neither, but exerted his efforts to smooth out their troubles. But even his efforts were unavailing in that instance. He is to-day a friend of both, although they have long since gone their separate ways.

The great-hearted Mabel Normand, the glamorous Barbara La Marr, the childlike Lya de Putti, the garish Jean Harlow, the brash Nita Naldi, and the lovely, luck-

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Paul Bern is a one-man employment bureau and father confessor, as well as a studio executive.

Gombell—not Dumb-bell

Minna's irrepressible sense of humor carried her through dull months until her break in "Bad Girl."

PRESENTING Miss Minna Dumb-bell," announced Thelma Todd grandiloquently.

I eyed Thelma suspiciously, but she was giving a grand exhibition of her ability as an actress. She didn't crack the ghost of a smile.

More than a year has passed, but I still remember my puzzled embarrassment as I heard the ridiculous appellation applied to the charming blonde whom Thelma was introducing. I didn't know whether to laugh or look sad. "Too bad," I thought, "she's so pretty, too, poor girl!"

It wasn't until some time afterward that I was certain Thelma had been joking. The blonde was really named Gombell—Minna Gombell. And she was an actress of no small fame and ability from the New York stage.

Her irrepressible sense of humor, which has saved her from many an embarrassing situation, was responsible for her acquiring the name of "Dumb-bell." It happened this way.

Minna first came to California as the star of "Nancy's Private Affair," which had a long run in Hollywood. An agent suggested that she try her luck in the movies. Although she had no idea of becoming a film actress at the time, Minna agreed to let him negotiate a contract for her. He took her to interview a notoriously self-sufficient producer.

"I'd like to have you meet Miss Minna Gombell," he addressed that worthy.

The executive scanned Minna doubtfully. "What did you say the name was?" he inquired in a way that would annoy any one.

"Gombell," replied the actress, "Minna Gombell."

During an interview which lasted more than an hour, the executive asked Minna to repeat her name half a dozen times. By the end of her visit she was thoroughly exasperated. Just as she and the agent were about to exit, the producer called them back.

"Just a minute," he said. "Will you please repeat your name for me again?"

"Dumb-bell!" Minna shouted in desperation.

The producer shook his head sadly. "Dumb-bell," he repeated with a weebegone expression. "That's bad. You'll have to change it if you want to get in the movies!" His victim never returned for a second interview.

My initial impression of Minna has not changed since Thelma introduced us. I don't suppose you'd call her beautiful—not from an artist's viewpoint, anyway. But she has an enchanting smile, two big dimples that come and go as her expression changes, and the most fascinating pair of eyes I have seen.

In addition to all these attributes, Minna is a grand scout, the sort of person one cannot help liking at first sight.

By Jeanne de Kolty

Her dauntless courage has stood her in good stead since her film career began. She is known to her friends as the "Once in a Lifetime"

girl, for her year in Hollywood has proved one of the most haphazard farces in this town where ridiculous happenings are daily occurrences.

Arrived in Hollywood a star of the Broadway stage and approached by agents with important-sounding offers, she was riding the crest of the wave. Almost overnight she was shunted from the top of the pile to a spot near the bottom. And it is only after months of heart-break and discouragement that she has finally been able to retrieve something of the fame that is rightfully hers.

Before she had been in Hollywood a month, Fox studio offered her a contract. She was signed with the stipulation that she was to be both an actress and coach for the younger players at the studio.

The first day she reported for work, the studio gateman stopped her and demanded a pass before she could enter the lot. Minna, somewhat taken aback, explained who she was and her business. The gateman searched through a sheaf of passes and finally found one which he handed to her. To her horror, it read, "Minna Gombell, character actress."

This event was trivial, however, in comparison to what was to follow. Minna was given a private office, with her name over the door in gleaming letters, and a secretary, and told to go to work. One of her first tasks was to teach Maureen O'Sullivan, young, inexperienced, and at that time awkward, to act. The result of her teaching is to be seen in any present-day film featuring Maureen.

Finally, almost a year after her advent in Hollywood, she received

a call to make a test for "Doctors' Wives," with Joan Bennett. Her job was to play mother to Joan, who is only a few years younger than Minna at most!

After the preview of "Doctors' Wives," we sneaked out of the side entrance of the theater. Externally, Minna was still smiling, still looking upon the film industry with that tolerant amusement which characterized her attitude from the beginning. Inwardly, I knew that her heart was breaking.

Nothing of Minna's charm, or of her genuine ability was evident in that first picture. In order to make her look old enough for the rôle, the studio makeup department had outdone themselves. Old enough she certainly looked, and pretty awful by comparison to her naturally charming appearance.

Of all her heartbreaks, the worst was yet to come. It was during the casting of "Bad Girl." Minna had cherished a desire to play the rôle of the wisecracking blonde in this production.



Photo by Phyfe

Imagine a pretty girl smiling when listed as a character actress and coach for untrained voices.



Photo by Hal Phyre

WHO is Minna Gombell and where did she come from? That's what fans have been asking since they first saw the handsome blonde whose rollicking sense of humor and inherent sympathy set her apart from the wise-cracking sisterhood. Her story is opposite.



TRAFFIC



THE trials and temptations of a motorcycle policeman are the subject of "Disorderly Conduct," with Spencer Tracy the hero who comes to a tragic end when he is involved with members of the underworld. Mr. Tracy is seen at the top of the page with Sally Blane and Sally Eiers. The latter appears again, above, with Cornelius Keefe and right, with Ralph Bellamy.



A DEAD MAN'S SHOES



TO Fredric March, brilliant actor that he is, falls the task of playing a dual rôle in "The Black Robe," the story of a good brother who steps into the place of his dead twin and, as usual, finds a beautiful wife waiting to be picked. Kay Francis, Juliette Compton, and George Barbier are other principals.





TONG WAR



Another of Edward G. Robinson's remarkable performances will be seen in "The Hatchet Man," in which he and most of the other players enact Chinese rôles, although you will note that Mr. Robinson uses no make-up.

LORETTA YOUNG, as the heroine Toya San, an Americanized Chinese girl, offers an extraordinary example of transforming make-up. Leslie Fenton, too, seated with her at the top of the page, is curiously Oriental



IMPOSTOR

Richard Barthelmess takes his foster brother's name in "Alias the Doctor" and you will never guess the outcome of his deception.



HERE the characters are all simple Bavarian folk. On this page you see Mr. Barthelmess subtly achieving a Teutonic appearance, Lucille LaVerne, and the lovely Marian Marsh.

STOP THIEF!



FOR the first time both Barrymores, Lionel and John, are united in a screen play "Arsene Lupin," and it goes without saying that they will contribute inspired teamwork to the famous melodrama of the gentleman crook who stole jewels, tapestries, and paintings right under the eyes of the police. John Barrymore is, of course, *Arsene Lupin*, Lionel is the bullying inspector, and Karen Morley is the charming and forgiving heroine.





REVIVAL

After all these years "The Miracle Man" is brought back to the screen when the time is ripest for a harvest of fine talent to play the famously effective rôles.



BESIDES John Wray, right, who plays the Frog, the part that catapulted Lon Chaney to fame, Sylvia Sidney, Chester Morris, and Ned Sparks are seen on this page. Others in the cast are Irving Pichel, Boris Karloff, Hobart Bosworth, and the children, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl.





AMBITIOUS

"She Wanted a Millionaire" is the story of a girl who got what she wanted and found that fate had in store for her something far nicer.

JOAN BENNETT is *Jane Miller*, the factory girl who wins a beauty contest and the millionaire she set out to capture at the expense of the poor but honest brakeman played by Spencer Tracy. Truly a child of fortune, she is rid of the rich man after a year of luxury with him and fate further favors her by bringing back the brakeman, now an assistant to the president of the railroad. James Kirkwood is the millionaire and the bathing girl, left, is Cecilia Parker.



MOTHERED BY AN APE-HE KNEW ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE — *to seize what he wanted!*

TARZAN THE APE MAN



with

Johnny WEISSMULLER
Neil HAMILTON
C. Aubrey SMITH
Maureen O'SULLIVAN

Based upon the characters created by **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**



Adaptation by **CYRIL HUME**
Dialogue by **IVOR NOVELLO**

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE



directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**
Creator of "TRADER HORN"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



MARY PICKFORD

LONG uncertain of her future plans, Mary Pickford at last joyfully announces her return to the screen in "Happy Ending," written for her by Frances Marion.

Both star and writer know what the fans like, so here's hoping they give their best in good measure.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

What have we to-day? Actresses like Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, and a score of others. Beautiful bodies to hang beautiful clothes on, but where is their acting ability? They can't act!

For example, Constance Bennett. She made "Common Clay," and because she was mildly successful, she continued to play such rôles. And not only that, most stories are cheap. Who really cares for such pictures as "Bought," "Confessions of a Coed," "A Free Soul," et cetera? They're about as much liked as the gangster films.

"An American Tragedy" was another picture lauded as the greatest film of the year. I sat through that farce bored to tears. My disappointment in Phil Holmes was acute. Probably his poor acting was due to Sylvia Sidney. Oh, well, accidents will happen.

Come on, producers, give us worth-while entertainment and use discrimination in picking the casts. "WISCONSIN."

Port Washington, Wisconsin.

Young, Cheerful, and Innocent.

I JUST want to put in my nickel's worth about Ramon Novarro. There is no better actor on the screen, if he were only given the right stories. I think "Daybreak" was the worst picture he's made, and Helen Chandler certainly didn't help it any. His pictures with Dorothy Jordan were the kind almost every one likes to see, I think—young, cheerful, and innocent. I, for one, am getting tired of these sexy pictures.

So here's hoping Ramon and Dorothy make more pictures together and that we'll also hear his wonderful voice.

ALICE BLACK.

Wenatchee, Washington.

Sacrifice for Art.

HERE is one fan who hopes Leslie Howard doesn't come back to the screen—if he is to be leading man in some one else's pictures. He could spend his entire screen life doing what Clive Brook is doing now—putting over a picture for a less talented star. I usually go to see Clive Brook's pictures three or four times, but "Shanghai Express" is one I won't see at all.

If Leslie Howard doesn't go back to Hollywood, he'll probably appear in a play in New York; and if transportation rates continue at their present low level, I'll go and see it.

GRACE HARRIS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Carry On, Kent.

PLEASE let us have some more of Kent Douglass. I think he is splendid and an actor of great ability. He was wonderful in "Five and Ten," and stole the picture from right under Marion Davies's nose. After this picture was shown in Hamilton, every one was asking who the clever kid was who played Marion's brother. Carry on, Kent; all Enzed is rooting for you.

J. KIRKPATRICK.

Hamilton, North Island,
New Zealand.

Novarro Dethroned?

I HAVE thought for a long time that every one who attended modern theaters and saw modern acting could recognize talent when it was seen. But apparently not in the case of "S. C.," of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She—or he—must

Continued on page 65



Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NOUSE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts—but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 48

George E. Stone and Leila Bennett are good. So, too, is Guy Kibbee, as usual, and there are Dorothy

Charles Ruggles, Maude Eburne, and David Landau have other rôles in this light, though ingratiating, picture of typical American youth.



Burgess, Ray Cooke, Nat Pendleton, and Polly Walters all in the right mood to match Mr. Cagney's sharply pointed acting.

"This Reckless Age."

Here the younger generation is pictured from a rather different angle. Instead of being mercilessly portrayed, the young people are permitted to speak for themselves and in the final count they are shown to be as wholesome and decent as one could wish, their peccadillos being only a surface manifestation of high spirits. In fact the wild young son extri-

"The Woman from Monte Carlo."

An unhappy début must unfortunately be recorded for Lil Dagover, star of Continental films. She is handicapped by a warmed-over version of "The Night Watch," which served Billie Dove a few seasons ago. You may remember the story of the wife of a French naval officer who appeared at his court-martial and admitted that she had spent the night in the cabin of his lieutenant, thus



absolving her husband of negligence while on duty at the sacrifice of her reputation. An involved and unsympathetic story at best, it gains nothing from dialogue, nor do the performances throw new light on the stagy, foreign characters and their futile intrigue.



Yet Miss Dagover is superior to her surroundings. She is interesting, if not cut to the pattern of her sisters from overseas who have captured the American public in a big way. She is an aristocratic beauty rather than a wayward neurotic, she is mentally more than fleshily luring and is, in short, an elegant *mondaine* instead of a sexy siren. She is entirely too cool to be incendiary.

cates his father from a serious difficulty and insures the happiness of his mother.

Of the company, Warren William is best as the lieutenant. He is sincere, intelligent. But such fine actors as Walter Huston and John Wray are wasted, if not altogether lost.

Though weak dramatically, the picture is strong in characterization and the rôles are excellently played by a brilliant cast headed by Richard Bennett and Frances Starr, as the parents. Buddy Rogers, Frances Dee, and Peggy Shannon are the youthful principals who maintain engaging prankishness until confronted by serious issues. All acquit themselves well, Mr. Rogers in particular coming through with a real characterization. Such interesting players as

"Delicious."

They tell me that Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are successful in any picture. I believe it is so. Whenever I see them the theater is crowded with larger audiences than attend more adult films. So there must be something to the legend that the

average American's intelligence is that of a nine-year-old. Only I can't quite believe it.

In this the stars are as you have seen them before, which is to say that Mr. Farrell is the handsome scion of wealth and Miss Gaynor is the poor little girl, only here she wears a plaid and speaks a dialect that must be called Scottish for lack of a better word. She sings, too, and I can't remember if Mr. Farrell does



also. That means that he probably doesn't. A blow or a blessing, according to the way you look at it. Anyway, Miss Gaynor is in the steerage and Mr. Farrell is in the *cabine de luxe*, but it isn't long before

their paths cross and in an hour they're as one for all eternity.

The picture is not without charm and the tunes are pleasing. The result positively will not disappoint any one who likes the sweetly unreal as it is purveyed by this popular pair.

"Stepping Sisters."

Crude though it is, this rowdy, slapstick comedy has its moments of hilarious and irresistible humor, though it will never become famous as the best picture of any week. Purposely I refrain from saying "month." Yet I heard a huge audience laugh as few audiences do nowadays. Perhaps you will get an inkling of the reason when I explain that the comedy deals with a society woman who was once a burlesque actress and is at pains to keep it a secret. Inviting a Shakespearean actress to take part in her charity entertainment, she does not know that the latter was once her companion in burlesque, nor are the two of them prepared for the surprise of meeting the other member of the trio that once was known as "The Stepping Sisters." The three women get tipsy in recalling old times and each tries her skill in doing the "split" with the elasticity of yore, when the staid butler surprises them at their task.

There's a lot more to it than this,

Continued on page 70



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

Clark Gable in Danger

Continued from page 17

see the other relatives. Also, she was intensely curious to see Clark. Probably she wondered what miracle had been wrought in him to make him a screen idol.

His present wife adores him, as did the previous one. Both women are not only older than himself, but have other points of similarity. Both, for instance, had been teachers, Miss Dillon of voice and dramatics.

Their relationships with him, however, are as different as the first hard thirty years of his life from his comfortable but dangerous Hollywood existence.

Josephine Dillon shared the rough struggling days with him, and endured hardship, made sacrifices that seem heroic. But she shared him with no one.

Ria Langham is forced, in a way, to share him with the world. Hers, in part at least, is the responsibility of seeing that he is not softened—that the veneer and polish usually so dear to a woman's heart in the making, but often so undesirable to her when she has succeeded in putting

them on her man, do not become too thick for his screen admirers.

The fact that even masculine screen fans like Gable makes the going harder for him. It is likely to be difficult for him to avoid relaxing all over and basking in the good will and admiration of all, from the warm California sun above him to his adoring dog, Teddy.

Will he continue to stare with the crisp, hard-bitten yet sullen and suspicious challenge in his eyes when he meets nothing but smiling faces, and confronts no hostile stare in return?

Now even the speed cops who force him to the curb grin when they see who he is, and thrust out their hands, and say, "Oh, so it's you, Mr. Gable? I thought it was some one speedin'. Excuse me."

No, it's hard and uphill going for Clark to stay tough when all life is conspiring against him.

But a gray-headed aunt shakes her head and says, "Don't worry. Clark's just as stubborn as Will, his father, and he was so stubborn we folks at Meadville used him to measure stubbornness by!"

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Double Check

Continued from page 23

carefully used to swing his little bamboo baton in nonchalant fashion, because he had carefully figured out the effect of such fearless bearing on his soldiers. When told that he was surrounded on all sides by the foe, he carefully slowed down the tempo of his speech, "Oh—so—we—are—surrounded." In short, you see, Ivan Lebedeff is a very careful man.

"Do you ever gamble?" I asked him.

"Sometimes."

"High stakes?"

"I never risk everything on one card," he explained, "unless a hunch tells me that now is the time to do it."

"Mr. Lebedeff, if you were called upon to head an army for the purpose of driving the Bolsheviks out of Russia, what would you do?"

"I would look into the matter."

You see he would look into the matter. He wouldn't jump blindly. He's a careful man.

"One last question, Mr. Lebedeff?"

"Yes, but won't you try one of my cigarettes first?" He unbuttoned his coat to reach for his silver case. Not having a vest on, he exposed the top of his trousers to my unsuspecting eyes. I took one look—and then my heart stood still. Mr. Lebedeff wore no belt! His basic garments were held up just by suspenders. Here I had found such a nice, careful man only to learn that he didn't—

The discovery paralyzed me. I forgot all about asking that final question and took a hurried leave.

My disappointment was so keen that even the sight of Bert Wheeler, who I know is a knight of the two-dimensional trousers gear, didn't cheer me. However, when I noticed him climbing into a car that carried 4 (four) spare tires for safety, I began to take an interest in life again.

Somewhat recovered, I walked up Gower Street. Rounding the Melrose corner the figure of Eugene Pallette came into view. The wind flapped his loose coat, disclosing the shining buckle of his belt. Another gust and, there at the extreme end of visibility I discerned the reassuring strap of a suspender.

"Mr. Pallette," I hailed him, "I'm writing a story about men like you. Would you oblige the readers of Picture Play by stating what you think of the chap who wears both belt and suspenders?"

"I don't often talk for publication," declared he, "but this is a subject on which I have strong feelings. So tell your readers—there are a lot of girls among them, aren't there?"

"Yes, there are."

"Tell them this: when they sit in a hammock with a swain and don't know whether he is proposing or only making a proposition, tell them to unbutton his vestcoat."

"Mr. Pallette!"

"Of course, they got to do it in a kind of delicate way. But it can be done. If he wears both belt and suspenders—that guy is O. K. Tell them I said so."

Well, there you have it.

Joby Holds Her Man

Continued from page 19

it. But Joby's a grand manager and business woman.

"So ever since we were married she has handled all our financial affairs. Why, I haven't had my hands on any real money for several years. And it's lots more successful that way."

Here was Jobyna Ralston managing financial affairs that must run well into five or six figures—and remaining, to all appearances, the same sweet, guileless child that Harold Lloyd used to woo and win in so many of his pictures.

"Do you think absolute fidelity necessary to a happy marriage, Mr. Arlen?"

Nowadays so many men have such weird ideas of what the little woman should expect of them that I'm always

prepared for any kind of answer to that question.

But Dick didn't disappoint me. "I think it is vitally imperative that absolute faith and confidence should exist between a married couple. Fidelity is part of that."

"But in the final analysis, I think it all depends on one thing."

"You have to be very much in love with each other. Joby and I are that, you know."

I didn't need him to tell me that—one look at the young Arlens and the whole world could tell that here was real love.

"If you have real love, everything else will work itself out," he concluded.

And after talking to Dick and Joby, I believe it will!

Gombell—not Dumb-bell

Continued from page 50

Despite her great longing for the part, she did not complain when the studio ordered her to coach several dozen young players to take tests for it. Day in, day out, she sat on the side lines of the set, watching tests for "Bad Girl." After several weeks and hundreds of tests, Director Frank Borzage was still unable to find a girl suitable for the part.

One day he happened to glance toward the side lines where Minna sat, her heart filled with longing for the rôle which was apparently destined for some less experienced actress.

"Come here a minute," Borzage commanded. "I want you to take a test for this part, Minna."

The result of that test has made film history. No one who saw "Bad Girl" fails to remember the wise-cracking girl friend who played the only important rôle besides those of James Dunn and Sally Eilers.

Even since "Bad Girl," Minna's career has been anything but satisfying. One day she is promised a fat lead. The next day it turns out to be little more than a bit. Still she goes on uncomplaining, laughing at the world and particularly at the topsy-turvy industry which has caused so drastic a change in her position with the public.

Now, after more than a year in pictures, she is reaping some reward

in recent films—"Sob Sister," "Good Sport," "Stepping Sisters," and "Dance Team." Nevertheless, Minna refuses to discuss her future; she has learned by bitter experience that the morrow is ever an uncertainty in Hollywood.

An amusing incident illustrating her infectious humor occurred one night at a party given by Doris Kenyon. As she was leaving, she found herself descending the stairs in company with the stage star, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

"My dear," the latter exclaimed, "what a charming wrap you are wearing! I have nothing but this old piece of ribbon to wear for a wrap."

Having been taught to respect her elders, and having a genuine admiration for this veteran of the drama, Minna graciously replied, "If I could act as you do, Mrs. Campbell, I should be content to own nothing but a piece of ribbon for a wrap."

Assuming an air of stately grandeur, the elder woman remarked, "Come to me, my dear, and I will teach you to act in a week."

With a supreme effort, Minna managed to refrain from laughing. "Thank you," she answered. "You are more than generous."

It was a few days later that Minna took up her position as teacher of dramatics at the studio.

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Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 61

have a one-track mind and judgment registering about zero. Her estimation of Clark Gable is a reflection upon her culture.

Clark Gable is right now where Valentino was at the time of his death. He has his own manner, his own expression—an amazingly different personality. If there ever was a characteristic or trait the public had not noticed in Garbo, Clark Gable brought it out in his work with her—a mere reflection of his own magnificence.

The coming of Gable has raised the level of acting so much that Novarro has been left in the lurch. He'll ever stand on the bottom step leading to the pinnacle occupied by Gable.

MARGUERITE GAMRATH AND HELEN STEED,
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Why Premières Are Like That.

THE premières may be mere "vulgar display" to certain serious-minded writers, but to us fans they are a lot of fun. The enthusiastic crowds, the numerous searchlights flashing modernistic designs in the sky, the radio announcements, and as a grand climax the arrival of the stars themselves! Talk about suspense!

Every one of the players is exquisitely groomed, their good looks enhanced by the

flattering lights, the actress's gowns the last word in style and beauty, every one displaying Sunday manners. To a dyed-in-the-wool fan, all this is an exciting treat, possessing all the thrill of seeing one's favorite screen characters come to life—and it seems almost as miraculous.

I couldn't have received a greater thrill in seeing *Romeo* himself than in seeing Clark Gable, and discovering that he is even handsomer offscreen than on. And Robert Montgomery—good-humored, charming, and apparently enjoying the display as much as the fans. Gloria Swanson tiny and amiable; Loretta Young extraordinarily pretty; Joan Crawford very attractive and more girlish than on the screen, et cetera.

As an enthusiastic star-gazer, here's hoping the premières will continue in all their glory. They may be a lot of ballyhoo, but they are also a great deal of fun.

DEE CHAPMAN.

1337 Shatto Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Ramon Forever!

I WANT to thank "S. C.," of Philadelphia. I think Ramon Novarro is a very fine actor. He has everything. He is handsome, charming, has personality, and a golden voice. I wish he used it more. I,

Continued on page 71



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Lacquered Lily

Continued from page 26

as it is called, is a lovely racket—divine, I call it—but you know perfectly well we mustn't get childish about it. I love it, my dear. I mean, what could be sweeter than all that money for all that work? Granting everything," she shrugged in mock climax, "we're only human after all!"

Tashman is at her best in this vein. Such pictures as "Girls About Town," however inconsequential that may have been, give her her best opportunity. Lil is racy and rowdy and vivid, and she should be kept that way on the screen. When they cast her as a wicked adventuress with an English accent, the illusion doesn't last any longer than a custard pie in a Laurel-Hardy comedy.

Her voice is raucous and discordant, not unlike bells jangling out of tune. But she is vivacious and vigorous and interesting. She tells a good story as well as she enjoys a joke. There is a masculine angle to her humor.

One currently ascendant star she characterized as a bag of bones. On the other hand, she expressed admiration for Marlene Dietrich. She thought "Frankenstein" a good job, and "Reunion in Vienna" was her idea of a delightful evening in the theater. She had been attending the theater nightly for weeks. And she is still enthusiastic about her husband, Eddie Lowe.

"Walter Winchell guessed wrong

when we came back from Europe on separate boats," she said. "He immediately broadcast the tidings that another Hollywood romance had gone on the rocks. We came home separately, because I was sent for by Paramount, and we had purchased return tickets. So Eddie used one of them to save one of the passages. You know vacations without pay are expensive. And we spent two months in Europe living royally."

Enthusiastic contemporary historians have classified Lilyan Tashman among the famous ladies of the make-believe world. They have variously described her as the social leader of the film colony, the best-dressed woman west of the Rockies, the cinema Circe.

After considering the matter judicially, I am prepared to guess that the lady has been seriously overwritten, much to her own amusement, no doubt.

She is not a superlative anything in particular. She is a hardy tiger lily flashing in the Broadway sunlight. She is a lacquered copy of a debutante, figure smartly sheathed, styled up to and including 1933. She is a shrewd, amusing, artificially cultivated flower of the Hollywood hot-houses.

Lil knows her stuff. No one is fooling her. But she enjoys fooling others.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 25

ries suitable for her and would not, therefore, take up their option on her services, she rushed East to confer with the family lawyer. When a corporation hires a girl to make pictures and keeps her off the screen for months and months, Sally thinks they ought to do something about it. Evidently, they forgot all about her, while that other Sally—Eilers—got all the breaks.

Sally Eilers and James Dunn have become such a formidable box-office attraction that Janet Gaynor had better hurry back from Europe and get busy making pictures with her playmate, Charles Farrell.

He Goes His Way.—While the night clubs and speakeasies attract other visiting stars, Ramon Novarro is to be found with the musical and artistic sets. Any one who has heard Novarro sing knows that his is no surface contact with culture. The

most distinguished artists in New York are delighted with him. Opera singers like nothing better than to hear Ramon sing Mexican songs or do ironic imitations for them. When Miguel Covarrubias introduced Escudero, the Andalusian dancer, to a small group of friends, Ramon was among the first to be invited. He patronizes Mary Wigman's dance recitals, Diego Rivera's show of murals, and the opera. Do you think he will be happy when he gets back to Hollywood?

Find the Star.—Jean Harlow decided recently to take a fling in vaudeville between pictures, and while the public has responded enthusiastically, some old Broadwayites are inclined to crab about it. Not about the platinum blonde, let me hasten to assure you, but about her managers. She gave all the cooperation any one could ask. The

trouble was with the sketch she offered. Some ill-advised person thought it would be a swell idea to have Nils Granlund, the master of ceremonies and radio announcer, appear with her. He misinterpreted that to mean that he was to give the show and then introduce her to take a bow. The result is that the promise of seeing her brings the audience in, and they catch little more than a fleeting glimpse of her. They don't see enough of her to judge whether she is good, bad, or indifferent as a stage performer. Their one impression is that she is a stunning and strictly individual beauty.

The Luck of Lois.—Other Hollywoodians can hang around Broadway job-hunting for months and then land in a show that just isn't quite good enough to elude Cain's warehouse. But let Lois Moran decide to go on the stage and she wanders into the smash hit of the year. She is currently appearing in "Of Thee I Sing," warbling sweetly and giving a delightful performance. I think she could give an excellent performance in even a mediocre play. That isn't the point. Every one marvels at the combination of shrewdness and luck that led Lois into a production that is so gloriously

funny that it was bound to be a hit. That's talent, if you ask me.

Wish Them Luck.—Marguerite Churchill and Pauline Starke are to be the next to exchange footlights for the camera. Nine out of ten plays on Broadway this season are dying young or just limping along, so let's hope they let nine productions intervene between "Of Thee I Sing" and theirs.

That grand Ilka Chase, who made a few pictures and then was ignored by producers, is appearing in "The Animal Kingdom," with Leslie Howard, on Broadway. "The Animal Kingdom" is just one big reproach to producers and their ways. Not only are Leslie Howard and Ilka Chase among those present, but Bill Gargan is there, too, giving a great performance.

Some months ago I announced that, since everybody else could point to some one they had discovered for pictures, I was going to make a nomination. Bill Gargan was it. And don't think I am hiding my head because he hasn't crowded Clark Gable off the signboards yet. I'm still shouting that when some smart director gets around to pointing a camera at him, there will be a new favorite on the screen.

A Handful of Beauty

Continued from page 45

nails have a close relation to the hand, just as the hair has to the face. Don't try to make over a round, small nail on a round small hand into an almond-shaped nail. Nails like these should not be pointed. The top curve of the nail should correspond to the lines of the nail and the fingers.

Another thing to remember is that the tips of the fingers should be kept as slender-looking as possible, but nails should not be artificially narrowed by cutting them down too close at the sides.

Make-up for finger nails depends not only on what you like, but also on how you look. Don't go off the deep end and use the fanciful nail polish now startling the world unless you are of a type just too exotic for words, and not even then except for a very special party in a very special costume, and you are sure of your audience. It's not so long ago that we thought liquid polish was a little vulgar, but we use it now because it stays on longer and manufacturers have perfected this nail cosmetic until its natural soft tints blend with any coloring.

The right jewelry may greatly enhance the beauty of the hands and fingers. Large, semiprecious oval stones make the slightly square-tipped hand look more graceful than narrow rings with small stones. While square or oblong stones tend to make overlong fingers seem shorter.

But neither jewelry nor a hasty manicure will ever repair the havoc neglect works on the hands. No where in the lovely ensemble does lack of care show so plainly. From teacups to typewriters, hands play an important part in the day's activities, so let's make them a credit to us.

It is the day of beautiful hands. Make them beautiful if you can. If you can't, at least make them interesting.

In your hands are your chance. Your nose may be negligible, your hair mouse-colored, your eyes an indeterminate green, but if your hands are nice, you need not despair. There is more charm in some girl's little fingers than in the hair, eyes, complexions and ankles of most. Keep your fingers cool, fine-textured, and pink-tipped, and your hands will win.

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Is Ronald in Love?

Continued from page 21

The story got around not long ago that a romance had started between Ronald and Miss Todd. I sought Thelma and asked her if it were true. She replied promptly—oh, very promptly!

"No!" she said, just like that. Then she went on to explain.

"The first time I met Mr. Colman was four years ago at a party. Our paths did not cross again until he started making 'Arrowsmith' and I working in 'Corsair' on the United Artists lot. Naturally, we were thrown together a bit. But I have never dined in public or alone with him. In fact, I don't think any woman has. He is a gentleman to the nth degree, has a glorious sense of humor, and is charming both as a host and as a companion. But there is no romance between us and never has been."

So the Ronald Colman-Thelma Todd story is sunk. Their reputed love affair, Thelma says, is fiction.

From England comes a story that Ronald is enamored of Evelyn Laye—he has long been an admirer—and if he is freed from Thelma Ray their marriage is likely. Miss Laye came to Hollywood in 1930 to appear in "One Heavenly Night." Being English, she quickly attracted Ronald, and after she had gone he made a trip to London ostensibly on business but in reality to see her, the story goes.

Can the breaking up of "The Three Musketeers" and a secret love for Evelyn Laye, have influenced Ronald Colman to visit France and once more negotiate his freedom? Did he weary of existence alone? You answer.

Besides Thelma Ray only one

woman is known to have figured seriously in his life. This was his mother. But even that love ended in tragedy.

In Australia Mrs. Colman visited a theater to see a film in which Ronald was starring. Sound pictures had arrived. As she settled herself in her seat and the picture began to unfold, she heard her son's voice from the screen. The same mellow tones, the same polished diction. And she saw in his eyes that same little twinkle she had known so well.

There possibly flooded before her memories of his boyhood and all that had happened through the intervening years. Ronald's father had failed in business while he still was young, and he was compelled to forgo an education at Cambridge. The mother bore with Ronald a large share of the burden of restoring their fortunes while Ronald attended school. This resulted in a bond which largely accounts for the depth of affection which they held throughout life. The mother had a great deal to do with shaping his career. When Ronald left England not a soul cared, he said. When he returned for his first visit he was mobbed.

His mother knew all this. But as she sat in the theater that night and for the first time heard his voice coming clearly from the screen, she collapsed under the flood of emotions. The strain was too great on her heart. She died almost immediately.

It was a blow which left another jagged wound in Ronald's heart.

If there is to be another love now and he is to emerge, all Hollywood will be glad. Because the film colony loves him.

Nine-o'clock Guy

Continued from page 35

I've never seen any one as crazy about animals as Regis is—dogs particularly. Once when he was visiting Paul and Daisy Lukas, he was petting Paul's police dog. Suddenly the animal sprang at him and bit him in the face. Regis was terrified. Not on account of the bite, but because something he loved had turned on him. He was afraid something had happened and dogs wouldn't trust him any more.

He has known poverty, and for that reason he knows the value of money. He's one of the most generous chaps I've ever known, yet before he spends a dollar on himself he

turns it over a couple of times and figures out whether he will get a dollar's worth of value from what-ever it is he intends buying.

He rarely takes a drink, saying he doesn't get any "lift" from it, and under the circumstances it would be foolish for him to "down the stuff." But there's always a drink on hand for any of his friends who drop in and want it.

He doesn't gamble, because, he says, he can't afford it. He won't play cards, for it's no fun playing unless you play for money, and he won't do that.

There are few actors in Holly-

wood as well posted on current events and the stock market as he. Yet he owns very few stocks. Most of his money goes into tax-free Liberty Bonds.

He doesn't care a great deal about going to parties, but likes to give them. He's as hospitable as any one you'll meet in a day's march, and almost any night the Toomeys are home, you'll find a few friends who've dropped in to spend the evening.

He's a sentimental Irishman and at heart, I think, still eighteen. Coming out of Levy's Tavern late one night last summer, he glanced up at the full moon and turned to his wife and me.

"Next time there's a full moon we ought to plan something. I get romantic when there's a full moon," he admitted shamefacedly.

His favorite sport is golf, but he also likes tennis. When it's too dark or too inclement for either of these, he'll spend hours at a ping-pong table.

Probably his outstanding characteristics are loyalty and patience. He has more of both than is good for a man to have.

He may not be the most brilliant person who ever trod the earth, nor the most amusing, but he's got practically all the homely virtues there are, and in Hollywood, where it's very much every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, it's a relief and a blessing to know a man like that.

I wouldn't trade Regis Toomey and his friendship for any six of the average run of actors I know. And most of the people who *know* him feel the same way.

A Lady in Luck

Continued from page 40

Edmund Goulding had seen her from the window and would like to give her a test for "The Grand Parade."

The rest is history. Luck was determined to push her ahead, with, I might add, great assistance from Helen. It was sheer luck that Edmund Goulding should see her—but sheer ability which later got her a Pathé contract.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 63

including the professional and amateur entertainment put on by the hostess, and a Dutch lunch in the kitchen of the mansion when a Limburger cheese is unhappily hurled in the face of *Lady Chetworth-Lynde*, the Shakespearean. Jobyna Howland in this character is responsible for most of the laughter, her cohorts in rough fun being Louise Dresser and Minna Gombell, both of whom do well. Small parts are played by Stanley Smith, Barbara Weeks, and Howard Phillips.

"Two Kinds of Women."

The combined efforts of the two kinds do not, unfortunately, make a superior picture. Instead, only an ordinary melodrama is the sum total of their contribution. It deals with



the penthouse set portrayed in the stage play, "This Is New York," in which Lois Moran appeared on Broadway last year. But a great deal has happened to the story in its transition from the footlights to the screen. The bite and sting of satire is extracted, the characters are standardized and the picture becomes a conventional thing with a radio attachment.

It's all about a senator and his daughter who come to New York and find the girl's fiancé is married to an adventuress. Some point is given to this by the fact that the senator upholds the virtues of life in the West and decries the evil influence of the metropolis on the youth of the land. In the midst of his radio speech the adventuress falls out of the window of her penthouse. Daughter and the young man are arrested with all others present at the party. However, the senator stands by them and the discovery of the person responsible for the woman's death is clumsily made by the daughter.

Miriam Hopkins, in this rôle, suffers a setback after her brilliant work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." She is miscast as a sweet ingénue. Others who share her lack of distinction are Irving Pichel, Stuart Erwin, Phillips Holmes, Wynne Gibson, and the rest of a large cast.

"Under Eighteen."

The stellar début of Marian Marsh is apt to cause resentment rather than the admiration desired for her. This is due to a shoddy picture which bears the earmarks of having been rushed through the mill, surely a blight on a budding career, though the fault lies not with the star. A charming young girl and talented, she is likely to go the way of other premature stars unless something is done at once to retrieve the damage done to public esteem by this.

The picture shows Miss Marsh as the younger daughter of poor parents disillusioned by the failure of her sister's marriage. So she turns down her neighborhood sweetheart, a grocer's clerk, to visit the penthouse of a pseudo-villain for money to help her sister obtain a divorce. There she finds a party, a typical movie party with a swimming pool, in full swing. Her rejected sweetheart turns up opportunely to sock the host's jaw and everything thereupon turns rosy. Regis Toomey, Warren William, Anita Page, and Norman Foster are in the cast. I'm sure they are willing to forget the picture if you will.

"Husband's Holiday."

Palely uninteresting is this domestic triangle, its chief attraction coming from players in secondary rôles, Charles Ruggles and Elizabeth Patterson standing out in positively brilliant contrast to the leading characters as played by Clive Brook, Vivienne Osborne, and Juliette Compton. The sole claim to novelty in a familiar situation is supplied by the patient wife who makes no outcry when her husband strays into other arms, but goes about her duties in a bun-galow apron confident that her mate will return to her. Which he does—when he is good and ready. Thus we have a happy ending with no assurance, however, that the husband will not try the same thing again.

All this is played slowly, with emphasis on intimate touches such as a canary in a cage and the children practicing their piano exercises, presumably to illustrate the placid routine of an everyday family. But it makes soporific entertainment. In

fact no entertainment at all for the average spectator.

"Girl of the Rio."

You remember Norma Talmadge's "The Dove"? If you don't, it was because it was one of her weaker pictures in the waning silent days. Well, it is revived for no reason that I can see except to accomplish the return of Dolores del Rio in a Latin rôle. Lovely as ever to look upon, charming and magnetic vocally, Miss Del Rio's reëntry lacks the success she deserves. The picture is slow, its



romance synthetic, and its drama singularly tenseless. In short, the narrative has the same demerits of the earlier version. Evidently its popularity on the stage seven years ago is responsible for the poor judgment shown in disinterring it.

The story of the dancer in a *cantina* who falls in love with an American gambler and saves him from the jealous, crafty revenge of a pictur-

esque caballero is neither new nor human. The plot is worked out like a cut-up puzzle. All that is lacking is some one to cry "Eureka!" when the pieces dovetail into a happy ending. Leo Carillo is successful as the caballero after a fashion, but his impersonation is played for broad effects and no shaded ones, while Norman Foster, the American, is conventionally adequate.

"The False Madonna."

Perhaps it is because Kay Francis is highly individual that she is miscast in this and, unhappy to relate, gives a performance of no distinction. But then the picture is slow and the plot is mechanical, yet somehow it is an interesting story and unusual. So something better should have been made of it.

A group of crooks, whose beautiful decoy is Miss Francis, hit upon a scheme to pick up a lot of money. They force Miss Francis to masquerade as the mother of a wealthy blind boy whose real parent is dead. In the course of her deception Miss Francis is touched by the youth's trust and bitterly repents her bargain. And when she defies the chief crook and refuses to go on, the boy's guardian offers himself as her husband and presumably Miss Francis spends the rest of her life in secure luxury.

The defects of the picture are too numerous to catalogue, but it must be said that John Breeden, as the blind boy, gives a touching and careful performance, the best of the lot, while Conway Tearle listlessly contributes the worst. William Boyd stands halfway between the extremes.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 65

too, was disappointed in "Daybreak" and "Son of India."

His acting is wonderful. I see his pictures three times when he sings and twice when he doesn't. "S. C." said Ramon is not afraid of popular stars to play with him. You said it. Why should he be afraid? No one could steal his honors. He is too good an actor for that.

I hope he never quits the screen. I'll die if he ever does, and I am very glad that his greatest picture, "Ben-Hur," is being shown again on Broadway, for I'll see it again.

Come on, you Novarro fans, let us fight his enemies. I wish I could talk better English, I'd show them. They don't like Ramon? Don't make me laugh!

Novarro is old in pictures and Gable is new. Last year they raved about Montgomery and now a new one, but Novarro is still new for his fans and he never will fade.

M. M.

New York City.

Virtue Rewarded.

I HAVEN'T seen much about my favorite stars in "What the Fans Think." I have only two favorites, and they are Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

They always play in *decent* pictures. It's restful to see nice shows after seeing indecent ones. I think Charlie and Janet act well, and as far as I am concerned, they are better than any of the others. I hope they will always play in decent films.

My father and mother don't let me go to some of these indecent pictures, but when Charlie and Janet come to town they let me go regardless of anything else. And when Charlie and Janet come to town there are larger crowds than any other time. That proves that the people like nice pictures. There might be a few that like bad ones, but they aren't going to get far in this world.

That proves that Janet and Charlie are the ones for me.

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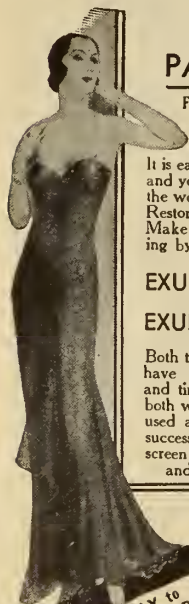
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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 43

bankruptcy court. Norman Kerry has been sued for a couple of small amounts. And Mary Nolan asked more time to settle her wage dispute with employees of her gown shop. The mean cold winter has been on.

Whimsy of Engagements.—Formalities are admirably adhered to by the Bennetts—both Constance and Joan. Constance gave a party for Joan at the time that her engagement to Gene Markey, the writer, was reported. But no formal announcement was made at the time. Joan declared to inquirers that it wasn't the thing to be done, since she had been married once before. Later, capriciously enough, her engagement was proclaimed at a party given by her mother in New York.

The bride and groom-to-be were toasted right merrily at Constance's fête.

Way for Scene-stealers!—M.-G.-M. lived up fully to its promises of an all-star cast in "Grand Hotel," the stage hit of New York. The list comprises Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan, Kathryn Crawford, Tully Marshall, and Robert McWade. Latest reports contained no record of casualties!

Bette All A-flutter.—A shy little girl is Bette Davis, promising ingénue, who looks enough like Constance Bennett, by the way, to be her double in George Arliss's picture, "The Man Who Played God." At the end of the showing, Miss Davis fled across the street from the theater, and from a place of security in

a confectionery store, watched the departure of the throng from the preview theater. Her mother remained behind, doubtless to listen to the comments, and then rejoined Bette, who looked flushed and excited. And who can blame her for that, playing a big rôle opposite the unofficially dubbed supreme actor of the cinema?

Weird Actors Thriving.—There is never any telling which way the wheel of fortune will turn in Hollywood. That's what they're saying about Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Both are getting the breaks, because of the mystery and thriller wave in pictures. They are not idols yet, but they have a chance.

Karloff, who played in "Frankenstein," will be seen in "The Invisible Man," in which he won't even have to work part of the time, but in which he will still be the dominant personality.

The "invisible man," we learn, will be visualized as an empty suit of clothes, shoes minus feet, and hat minus head, all walking around ensemble. That is, if the trick photographic experts can work this all out.

Miriam Sails Onward.—Miriam Hopkins is heading toward stardom. She's rated one of the screen's most versatile actresses. Having run the gamut of comedy in "Smiling Lieutenant," she went in for tortured pathos in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." She has lately finished a picture called "Dancers in the Dark" in which she appears as a taxi dancer, described as having a heart of gold. Just anything seems to go for Miriam.

Tell It to Bern

Continued from page 49

less Mary Nolan—all these women have benefited by Bern's altruistic friendship.

It was Bern, chiefly, who developed the untrained mind of Joan Crawford and who promoted her romance with young Fairbanks. After Bern and Miss Crawford had attended a performance of "Young Woodley," Doug's first stage play, Bern suggested that Joan write him a note of congratulation. Encouraged by the note, the impulsive Lothario came sweeping up to the Crawford domicile to offer his thanks in person, and soon their much publicized romance burst into bloom.

Mr. Bern's helpfulness is not confined to members of his profession. Recently when it was found that many school children in the poorer districts of Los Angeles had little to eat at home, and nothing at all for lunch, Bern promptly organized a relief committee, he alone defraying the expenses. The \$14,000 which was raised was turned over to the Parent Teachers Association for the benefit of the half-starved youngsters.

Paul Bern, one of eighteen children, was born in Wandsbeck, Germany, a small town near Hamburg, and came to America at the age of

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30x5.00-20	2.95	2.95	1.20
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29x5.25-19	2.95	2.95	1.25
30x6.25-20	2.95	2.95	1.25
31x6.25-21	3.10	3.10	1.25
28x5.50-18	2.0	3.30	3.20
29x5.50-19	2.0	3.30	3.20
30x5.50-20	2.0	3.30	3.20
31x5.50-21	2.0	3.30	3.20
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nine. Like the usual poor immigrant, his road to success was a hard and rocky one, and his own tribulations doubtless did much to develop his all-spreading sympathy for his fellow men.

As I know him only slightly, I endeavored to arrange an interview so that I might learn at firsthand the principles and philosophies of this unusual character, but when he heard that I was on the trail of a magazine article, he ordered his doors double barred and his windows walled up.

In the face of his reticence, I could only appeal to his friends, principally Joseph Jackson, the scenario writer, for help in collecting material for this sketch of Hollywood's most sympathetic citizen.

Information, Please

Continued from page 13

We'll just have to tell Charles Rogers that you liked him better with a mustache. Buddy, take notice! It isn't likely that he will be able to send you a snapshot, but for a photograph write to the Paramount Studio. His latest film is "This Reckless Age." Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada, in 1907, is five feet three, weighs 115, has reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. Clara Bow will make a picture for Columbia.

FRANCES GRADY.—Billie Dove is five feet four, weighs 115, and has dark-brown hair and eyes; Greta Garbo is five feet six, weighs 125, blond hair, blue eyes; Joan Crawford, five feet four, weighs 110, blue eyes, and her hair is back to its natural color again—brown; Clark Gable, six feet one, weighs 190, brown hair and gray eyes; Richard Arlen, six feet, 150, brown hair and blue eyes; Gary Cooper, six feet two, 175, light-blue eyes, brown hair; Charles Starrett, six feet two, 180, dark-brown hair and brown eyes; Norma Shearer, five feet three, 109, dark hair, blue eyes.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN THE WOODS.—That's no place to be in this kind of weather, my dears. Not hunting for Clark Gable, I hope? He is much too busy making pictures these days to be anywhere but at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio. His life story has been published in so many fan magazines, including Picture Play, that there isn't anything further I can add. Briefly, he was born at Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901; six feet one, weighs 190, has brown hair and gray eyes. He played in a number of New York stage plays before entering pictures. Mrs. Gable is the former Ria Langham.

NELLIE TAYLOR.—Constance Bennett—now the Marquise Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, you know—can be reached at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California. The cast for "Twenty-four Hours" includes Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, Regis Toomey, George Barbier, Adrienne Ames, Charlotte Granville, Minor Watson, Lucille La Verne, Wade Boteler, Robert Kortman, Malcolm Waite.

MARIE S.—In "Broadway Babies" Alice White was a chorus girl and Charles Delaney played opposite her.

DOROTHY LEE.—Your name has been referred to the "Pen Pal" column. Marlene

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Dietrich's latest is "Shanghai Express." Herbert Marshall recently made "The Calendar," a British film.

FREDERICKA.—You are by no means the only one who would like to see the charming Rod LaRocque in pictures again. The fans continually make inquiries regarding his whereabouts. Mr. LaRocque, please take note! We hope the producers will, too, and encourage him to return to the screen.

BLANCHE KIND.—Louise Dresser makes an occasional picture. Her latest one is "Stepping Sisters," with Marjorie Rambeau. By the way, it was Miss Rambeau who played in the stage production of "Lawful Larceny."

G. B. P.—Myrna Loy has made the following pictures: "What Price Beauty," "Pretty Ladies," "Satan and Sables," "Bitter Apples," "Don Juan," "The Black Watch," "The Desert Song," "The Great

Divide," "Fancy Baggage," "Noah's Ark," "Hardboiled Rose," "The Squall," "Evidence," "Cameo Kirby," "Under a Texas Moon," "Isle of Escape," "Cock o' the Walk," "Bride of the Regiment," "Last of the Duanes," "Evidence," "Outward Bound," "Renegades," "Truth About Youth," "Rogue of the Rio Grande," "The Devil to Pay," "Prodigal," "Women of All Nations," "Body and Soul," "Transatlantic," "Rebound," "Skyline." Address her at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California. Joan Bennett's latest is "She Wanted a Millionaire." Janet Gaynor has been married but once and that was to Lydell Peck on September 11, 1929.

OLGA.—"On With the Show" was released in May, 1929, and included Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, Purnell B. Pratt, William Bakewell, the Fairbanks Twins, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, Thomas Jefferson, Lee Moran, Harry Gribbon, Arthur Lake, Josephine Houston, Ethel Waters.

Pick a Pen Pal

Soledad R. Perez, Box 684, Silvis, Illinois, wants to hear from fans everywhere, especially Gary, Indiana.

Leonard Noyes, 416 Eighteenth Avenue, Sidney, Nebraska, wants very much to correspond with "La Señorita" of Santa Fe, New Mexico, whose letter in "What the Fans Think" intrigued him.

Howard Whitmer, 1115 East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Cleveland, Ohio, and Victor Shmelouis, 7920 Korman Avenue, same city, would like some Pen Pals about seventeen years old.

H. Snell, 1102 Ashmun Street, Midland, Michigan, wants to correspond with Picture Play readers.

Dick Campbell, National Military Home, Los Angeles, California, would like to hear from "broad-minded and professional people."

Mae Rose Scott, 905 Riverside Drive, International Falls, Minnesota, and Dolores Larson, Box 806, same city, want some Pen Pals over eighteen.

Harold C. Jones, General Delivery, Vancouver, British Columbia, would like a Pen Pal about twenty-eight, a boy interested in music and art.

Rose Dubernas, 1270 Bennett Street, Taylor, Pennsylvania, would like to hear from fans interested in the younger set of stars.

Loretta Brown, 89 Robert Street, Waterbury, Connecticut, would like a worldwide correspondence.

Leonard A. Newton, 52 Thorpe Road, London, E. 7, England, would like some Pen Pals, preferring eighteen-year-old blondes.

Mrs. June Johnston, Panposh P. O., B. N. Railway, India, will exchange jungle experience for movie gossip. She is now too isolated to see films often.

Gordon King, Laurel, Nebraska, would like to hear from Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter admirers.

H. O'Keefe, 96 Parkfield Drive, Bradford, England, is an eligible Pen Pal for any fan in the U. S. A.

John A. Bulloch, 970 Bloor Street, West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, will be glad to correspond with several fans.

Adriana Leynaar 6210 Patterson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, promises to answer all fans who may write her.

Louise Wolcott, Box 70, Freeport, Michigan, desires Pen Pals of all ages.

Ken Reigler, Box 170, Freeport, Michigan, will write to fans twenty to twenty-five years old.

Anne Bornstein, 6215 Cobourne Avenue, University City, Missouri, would like to hear from fans who collect autographs.

Jeanne Bennett, 217 Castillo Street, Santa Barbara, California, would "love" to hear from fans in other countries, especially England.

J. R. Davis, 1105 Hutchings Avenue, Ballinger, Texas, says he wants thousands of Pen Pals.

Lily Landnidge, 41 Broadwater Street, East, Worthing, Sussex, England, wishes to correspond all over the world.

Katherine Kopp, 11 Main Street, Platteville, Wisconsin, promises a quick reply to all who write her.

Mildred Schwamer, 921 Green Street, Michigan City, Indiana, is anxious to acquire some Pen Pals.

Helen A. Boyle, 2619 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wants "heaps" of Pen Pals to correspond with her.

Anne and Mabel Galley, 41 Willett Avenue, South River, New Jersey, want to hear from fans everywhere.

Norma Reid, 9115 Colonial Road, Brooklyn, New York, wants Pen Pals in every country but U. S. A.

Richard Graybill, 204 South Sixth Street, Columbia, Pennsylvania, promises to answer all fans who write him.

Jean McVeigh, 2336 Bryden Road, Columbus, Ohio, would like to hear from people interested in Joan Crawford and Warner Baxter.

Lillian Reicher, 50 Wykoff Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, wants lots of Pen Pals—and promises to answer all letters.

Roberta Beckett, 536 Lake Street, Orlando, Florida, would like to have a Pen Pal about thirteen years old.

Betty Mendelson, 702 South Monroe Street, Tallahassee, Florida, would like to correspond with Jewish boys and girls who collect movie photos.

Dianne C. Fox, 48 West Scott Place, Elizabeth, New Jersey, desires to hear from Pals twenty-five to thirty-five years of age.

Marylann Collins, 48 West Scott Place, Elizabeth, New Jersey, desires Pen Pals over twenty-five.

Terry Kosik, 920 Tiffany Street, New York City, would like to correspond with girls of her own age, sixteen.

John Harkins, 7353 Yale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, would like to hear from "talented Pen Pals between fifteen and twenty

—also those interested in Sally Eilers and James Dunn.

Elizabeth J. Yates, 25 South Welles Avenue, Kingston, Pennsylvania, wants to correspond on any topics.

Jean White, 30 South Goodwin Avenue, Kingston, Pennsylvania, desires a few correspondents.

Don Baxter, 2464-A, West Center, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, would like to hear from some fans interested in Tallulah Bankhead and Warner Baxter.

Dorothy van Beyer, 93 Carroll Street, Paterson, New Jersey, would like to hear from Pen Pals about thirteen years old.

Floyd Macon, 330 1-2 West Second Street, Davenport, Iowa, will write to Ken Maynard fans.

Albert McCavage, Sheppton, Pennsylvania, wants all Phillips Holmes fans to write him.

Gertrude Kidder, 18 School Street, Concord, New Hampshire, will correspond with thirteen-year-old fans.

Ruth Balles, 26 Carroll Street, Pittston, Pennsylvania, wants to be a Pal to every one in New York, New Jersey, and Brooklyn.

Ted J. Wassel, 615 Main Street, Simpson, Pennsylvania, wants to hear from fans seventeen and over.

Nina Graves, Box 1078, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, would like to hear from Peggy Shannon fans.

Hilda Langley, 43 St. Germain Avenue, St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada, would like some Pen Pals.

Elaine O. Werle, 217 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, wants to hear from Elissa Landi fans.

Rosemarie Sanbery, 9974 Holmer Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, writes, "C'mon, fans, you'd like me. I know my stars."

William J. Gigenbach, Jr., 311 Evergreen Avenue, Woodlynne, New Jersey, would like to correspond with fans of high-school age.

Muriel W. O'Brien, Shattuckville, Massachusetts, a high-school girl, wants to hear from fans.

Ann Chervounet, 605 Sixth Street, S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota, is in search of Pen Pals.

Ann Inman, 505 South Pacific, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, wants to hear from Karen Morley fans.

Edith Rowe, Balboa, Canal Zone, would like to hear from Clara Bow fans.

Ethel Feiger, 229 First Avenue, Long Island City, New York, will exchange letters with fans.

Ruth Pruss, R. F. D. 1, Westfield, New Jersey, desires correspondents.

Thomas R. Hodge, 594 Linden Avenue, Buffalo, New York, would like to hear from boys and girls of high-school age.

Sylvia "Speed" Tanner, 761 Dickinson Street, Springfield, Massachusetts, will write to fans.

Isabelle Sylvester, 1245 Beaumont Avenue, West Englewood, New Jersey, promises to answer all letters received from fans.

Irwin Landis, 66 West Tremont Avenue, Bronx, New York, desires a few correspondents.

Elaine Forsyth, 135 North New Hampshire Street, Hollywood, California, would like to hear from fans all over the world, especially New York.

Martha Desak, Box 446, Charleroi, Pennsylvania, craves correspondence with fans living on ranches or in foreign countries.

Louise Johnston, 50 Harrington Street, London, N. W. 1, England, would like to correspond with moviegoers in all parts of the world.

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303 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Street.....
City..... State.....

Mrs. C. J. Meadows, 1020 South Adams Street, Fort Worth, Texas, would like to hear from fans interested in Ruth Chatterton and Anita Page.

Giuseppe Farrucia, 65 Ida Toeo (?), Copspica, Malta, wishes to correspond with American fans, especially those living in Hollywood.

Gladys C. Fox, 433 Westminster Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey, would greatly appreciate corresponding with some fans.

June Bower, 144-25 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, New York, would like to correspond with fans from England and California.

May Parker, 153 Lake Avenue, Manchester, New Hampshire, is willing to write to fans from any part of the world.

Kitty Tibbett, 114 Auburn Street, Manchester, New Hampshire, wants to correspond with fans in other countries.

M. Birch, 287 Atlas Avenue, Toronto, Canada, would like some Pen Pals.

Ruth Simand, 9 Gladstone Avenue, Westmount, P. 2, Canada, and Pauline Mendelssohn, 229 Clarke Avenue, same city, wish to correspond with fans of about fourteen.

Orville A. Houck, 517 Burke Street, Easton, Pennsylvania, will answer all fans who write.

Henry D. Schafer, 205 East Kleinhaus Avenue, Easton, Pennsylvania, will correspond with fans interested in stamp collecting.

Anna Allinger, 222 Spruce Street, Ridgway, Pennsylvania, and Helen Anderson, 101 Grant Road, same city, would like some Pen Pals between fifteen and twenty years of age.

Betty Costen, 130 Van Buren Avenue, Ridgway, Pennsylvania, wants to write to fans of high-school age.

Ned Payne, 1 Wyndam Court, Short Hills, New Jersey, would like to correspond with fans all over the world.

Barbara Lee, 24 South State Street, Concord New Hampshire, and Kathrine Lee, same address, wish to correspond with fans in this country. Barbara prefers them from eleven to fifteen years old.

Veronica Sterlinski, 19 Division Street, Greenwich, Connecticut, promises to answer every letter received from fans.

Ena Nicholls, 109 John Street, North, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, will correspond with any girl who wishes a Pen Pal.

Anne Hasler, 50 Queen Street, West, Guelph, Ontario, Canada, will correspond with any fans who write her.

Sadie Simmons, 21 Aparima Avenue, Inramar, Wellington, New Zealand, would like Pen Pals anywhere.

Richard Burdette, Jr., 345 Sumatra Avenue, Akron, Ohio, wants to hear from Greta Garbo fans.

Alberta Julian, 139 Union Street, Lancaster, Ohio, would like to write to Picture Play readers.

Robert Zimmerman, 3318 West Galena Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will answer all fans who write.

Amy Anderson, 208 West Central Avenue, Carthage, Missouri, would like to hear from all admirers of Greta Garbo.

Rosalie Lurie, 3434 Woodland, Kansas City, Missouri, would like to correspond with fans in all parts of the world.

Ruth Hetrick, 13586 Meyers Road, Detroit, Michigan, and Kathryn Drewsen, 13657 Monte Vista Street, same city, would like to hear from Joan Crawford fans.

Dorothy E. Bryant, 341 Ontario Street, Buffalo, New York, sincerely promises to answer all fans who write her.

Theresa Brower, Box 56, Lafayette, Indiana, wishes to correspond with fans about twenty-two years old.

Miriam Whelon, 3020 Walton Place, St.

Louis, Missouri, would like to hear from Joan Crawford and James Dunn fans between the ages of fifteen and nineteen.

Shirley Walker, Suffield, Connecticut, "desires as many Pen Pals as she can get."

Betty Treat, 219-45 One Hundredth Avenue, Queens Village, Long Island, is interested in corresponding about Joan Crawford.

Carrie Cagney, 93 De Hart Avenue, Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York, would like to correspond with boys and girls about movies and dancing.

Jean Joy, 26 Maple Parkway, Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York, would like to hear from boys and girls interested in the screen and stage.

Ione Wilson, Box 1006, Bakersfield, California, wishes to correspond with Janet Gaynor and Charles Morton fans.

Harold Shell, Festus, Missouri, will answer all letters received.

Claire McNamara, 13 Berry Street, Quincy, Massachusetts, would like to hear from any fans.

Clara L. Noffke, 1230 North Temple Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, promises an interesting letter to all fans who write her.

Rolland Aubin, 5273 St. Denis Street, Montreal, Canada, wishes to hear from fans all over the world.



Here is the reigning redhead of the younger set, Nancy Carroll, in mild caricature.

Miss Jo Beatty, Box 67, Pacific, Missouri, would like to correspond with fans over twenty-three years of age.

Apollo N. Zandes, 146-01 Hillside Avenue, Apartment A-1, Jamaica, Long Island, would like to hear from any fan or fanette.

Vera Duval, 12 Foster Avenue, Coaldale, Pennsylvania, will correspond with fans who write her.

Buella Mardorff, 131 Front Street, Brownsville, Pennsylvania, wants to hear from Shearer and Gable fans.

Leo N. Rousseau, 3903 Thirty-ninth Avenue, S. W., Seattle, Washington, wishes to correspond with boys and girls over seventeen.

Louella Rummell, 672 Minnesota Avenue, Buffalo, New York, would like some Pen Pals.

Kenneth Johnson, Box 232, Port Elgin, Ontario, Canada, wants to hear from every one interested in Madge Evans.

W. F. Caldwell, 463 Washington Avenue, Bellevue, Kentucky, will write to any one interested in Mary Brian and Helen Chandler.

George Howard, 4648 North St. Louis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, wants to hear from fans near by who are interested in acrobatic dancing.

Pearl Bolich, 142 West High Street, Coaldale, Pennsylvania, would like to correspond with fans anywhere.

Elizabeth Patrick, Box 643, Leechburg, Pennsylvania, will write to any one interested in Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer.

Dorothy H. DeFrance, General Delivery, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, would like to hear from fans between fifteen and twenty years old.

Rhoda M. Comby, 1561 Merchantville Avenue, Merchantville, New Jersey, would like to have a Pen Pal in Tahiti.

Janet Rank, 915 East Wooster Street, Bowling Green, Ohio, would like some Pen Pals about fourteen years old.

Evelyn Kerzner, 70 Johnson Avenue, Malverne, Long Island, will be a Pen Pal to fans anywhere.

Edna Walters, 300 North Pine Street, Wilson, North Carolina, will correspond about Garbo, Gable, and Gary Cooper.

Rachel Bloom, 49 Mansfield Road, Ilford, Essex, England, would like Pen Pals from all over the world, and will answer all letters.

Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, doubts the existence of Rudy Vallée and Clara Bow fans until she hears from them.

James O. Burns, Coleman, Texas, desires correspondents all over the world.

Vivienne Stiff, 7322 Wyoming Street, Kansas City, Missouri, wants to hear from boys and girls of any age.

Adrienne J. Dommer, 9717 Eighty-first Street, Ozone Park, New York, will answer all letters concerning Madge Evans.

Jeanne Hauser, 424 Monroe Street, Port Clinton, Ohio, wants to correspond with Gaynor-Farrell fans.

Lys. L. de Livi, "Deronda" Apartment 3, 21 Gladstone Avenue, Westmont, Montreal, Quebec, will reply to every fan who writes.

Barbara J. McCaw, 22 Winter Street, Salem, Massachusetts, wants to hear from fans in foreign countries.

Alice Shaver, 3623 Thirty-second Street, Mount Rainier, Maryland, would like to hear from Ivan Lebedeff fans.

John Ross, Box 306, Eufaula, Alabama, is anxious to correspond with fans anywhere.

Rosie Jung, 605 Thompson Place, San Antonio, Texas, is interested in corresponding about Novarro and Colman.

Dot Stahmann, General Delivery, Tallahassee, Florida, is sure she will enjoy writing to fans.

Vivian Wilson, 1067 Henry Avenue, Portland, Oregon, will write to Clark Gable fans.

Dorothy Lee Hall and Irene Gue, Crawford, Nebraska, would like to hear from Joan Crawford and Phillips Holmes fans over seventeen.

Gladys Jean Merrifield, 1028 Third Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa, would like to correspond with Crawford and Bennett fans.

Pauline Marquis, 24 South State Street, Concord, New Hampshire, wants to correspond with fans between nine and twelve years old.

Adeline Hine, 119 Randall Street, Waukesha, Wisconsin, will answer all who write.

Dorothie Rock, Pequaming, Box 88, Michigan, desires some Pen Pals of high-school age.

Bee Chamberlin, 1519 Oakley, Kansas City, Missouri, would like to hear from Dressler and Gaynor fans.

Helen Greeley, 21 Birch Street, Cliftondale, Massachusetts, wants some Pen Pals in or near Hollywood.

Robert E. Sparks, Route 1, Box 168, Millville, New Jersey, will answer all fans over eighteen.

Catherine Hanrahan, 2636 Hemlock Street, Vancouver, British Columbia, wishes to hear from boys and girls in U. S. A. and the British Empire.

Miles Butler, Box 154, Taft, California, wishes to hear from Clara Bow fans everywhere, but write English.

THEIR Confidence was Justified



WHEN 169 RAILROADS FAILED IN 1893,
JOHN H. PATTERSON SAID:

"The year has been unparalleled in the history of the United States. Great questions were to be solved, every industry was stagnant. Some closed down, some lost courage, while a few pushed ahead and worked harder than ever with confidence in the future. We did not let the hard times interfere with our work. When times got duller, we advertised the more and worked the harder."



WHEN PIG IRON DROPPED 50% IN
1907, ANDREW CARNEGIE DECLARED:

"This panic will soon run its course and pass away leaving no impediment to the return, in due season, of another period of wholesome, because needed, expansion of our resources. . . .

"We have had the greatest expansion of modern times. Reaction had to come—will prove healthful. Nothing can stay the rapid progress of the Republic. She is all right."



WHEN DEEP, DARK GLOOM RULED IN 1921,
THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN SAID:

"Our merchants have been buying only what they can sell quickly for cash. The consumer has had to listen to so much pessimistic talk that he buys only what is absolutely necessary. People everywhere have been scared. They are getting over that.

"Our people are the greatest consumers of food and manufactured articles in the world in normal times—and normal times are coming back. . . ."

AMERICA CAME THROUGH!

In 1893 stark ruin stalked through the land. 467 banks failed in a few months. Mills, furnaces and factories shut down everywhere. Bankruptcy was on every hand. America had twice as many unemployed per thousand population as she has today. But she put them all back to work.

In 1907 panic broke loose. The production of pig iron dropped 50% in less than a year. All but the strongest men lost heart—"We are ruined", they declared, "recovery cannot come in our time." Yet in two years prosperity had returned.

In 1921, when many honest and thoughtful people were predicting worse conditions, the country was already beginning to climb to the greatest era of prosperity it had ever experienced.

History tells how America has fought and won 19 major depressions. Good times always follow hard times, as surely as day follows night. Prosperity always comes back. It is coming back *this* time, too.

Above all things, let us have faith.

America Has Beaten 19 Major Depressions
She will Beat this one

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

"As the most nearly self-contained nation, we have within our own boundaries the elemental factors for recovery."

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ONLY genuine Maybelline can give you truly alluring eyes

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stimulate lash growth, ever adding to the actual beauty of the eyes as time goes on. Obtain a package of the NEW Maybelline. Black or brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter. You'll see, after trial, why millions always insist upon the genuine. Perfectly harmless. Send ten cents and coupon for Trial Size.

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STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

MAY 1932


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FRANCES DEE
Painted by
MODEST STEIN

THE CURSE of the PLATINUM BLONDE



Passage to Paris

Patou launches a color called Rose Opaline. Agnes creates a little string beret, and Vionnet startles Paris with her diaphanous evening gowns worn over incredibly brief maillots. Bruyere makes a coat with a scarf, and Schiaparelli sponsors dinner pajamas.

These things happen within the closely guarded portals of the great French houses. Only one woman in a million will see them as the mannequins pass by. But a few weeks later every American who reads this magazine may know as much about the Paris Openings as the fortunate few who actually were there.

Great department stores, tiny specialty shops, alert manufacturers, offer through their advertising what practically amounts to a restaging of these semi-annual presentations. Every successful model will be shown. Every significant trend will be recounted — and America will wear its Basque berets and its evening pajamas as nonchalantly as Cannes or Juan les Pins.

Two generations ago — or even one — this could not have been. And advertising has been a tremendous force in making it possible. Advertising has become the common carrier of fashion. *There's a passage to Paris for you in the fashion advertisements in this magazine.*

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When you ask for a product by name, as a result of advertising, do not accept a substitute — substitutes are offered not as a service to you, but for other reasons.

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Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET
GAYNOR

CHARLES
FARRELL

IN
Rebecca of
Sunnybrook Farm

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

FOX

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Unwanted Mothers of Stars

Time was when every girl in the movies had a mother hovering over her to protect, to counsel, to guide, to chaperon, and to fight for her gifted money-making daughter.

Some of these mothers became landmarks, institutions, or battle-scarred wrecks. Some of them undoubtedly helped their daughters' careers, and some were an actual detriment.

These actually destroyed professionally the very thing they loved by wrecking careers that assured luxury, excitement, and adulation for the mothers basking in reflected glory.

However, those days have passed and the star's once ubiquitous parent is now likely to be kept in the background or accepted only as a social figure. She plays little or no part in studio affairs and is distinctly *persona non grata* on the set where daughter is exhibiting her high-priced art. Hence the unwanted mothers of Hollywood.

Read all about them in next month's Picture Play. Read about some amazing examples of maternal solicitude in the past. Read about the overzealous mothers whose activities cast a stigma on mothers in general and caused the studios to decide that modern daughters are quite able to look after themselves. It's a swell yarn!

"The WORLD and the FLESH"

starring

GEORGE

BANCROFT

with MIRIAM

HOPKINS



Two great stars together in a powerful drama of Red Russia! A story of raging revolution, with its dark pattern of hatred, intrigue and passion! *George Bancroft*, the sailor who leads a blood-thirsty pack of marauders! *Miriam Hopkins*, seductive toast of all the gay theatres of Russia—who finds a new life and love in a strange twist of Fate! "*The World and the Flesh*"! A thrilling adventure you don't want to miss! A Paramount Picture — "*best show in town!*"

Directed by John Cromwell

Paramount  Pictures

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What the FANS Think

Ohio Can Dish It Out.

THIS letter is to one who calls himself or herself "Kentucky" and wrote the letter in "What the Fans Think" in the January Picture Play. I especially enjoy this column, but I must admit that that made me boil.

"How could a lover of beautiful speech prefer the harsh flat Northern voice?"—Kentucky. Bah!



"The soft speech of the cultured Southerner."—Kentucky. A couple more bahs!

I am a movie lover and crave action and laughs, but I would much rather sit at home and struggle with Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" than see a Southern movie. It's boring to hear a Southern actor or actress—did you ever notice how scarce they are, too?—draw out his lines. Why, it gives anybody the heebie-jeebies.

Perhaps the climate is responsible for the slowness and the blurred speech of the South, but who—yes, who—prefers a Southern melodrama of love and romance to a good, witty, quick and alive Northern play?

Dorothy Lee, for example. Imagine her a slow, drawly, sleepy-eyed, lovesick Southerner—no! Fans love "Dot" because she's quick, peppy, and full of life—a living example of sparkling vitality, the heritage of us mid-Westerners!

Everybody loves Marie—Miss Dressler to you. Can you imagine her dragging out her lines in a "soft-cultured Southern voice"? I'm laughing, are you?

For me, I'll take the "harsh Yankee twang," Kentucky. "OHIO."

Barberton, Ohio.

To You-all in Hollywood.

TO me, a Southerner, nothing is more irritating than to go to a movie and see an otherwise good picture spoiled by an absolute misconception of Southern dialect.

This is especially noted in the term "you-all" stuck in at the slightest provocation. This is entirely a wrong idea. Not even the most ignorant "cracker" would say "you-all" except when he means *more than one person*. Never, never in the singular.

Aren't there enough Southern actors and actresses in the profession for these rôles, instead of having an outsider make himself ridiculous on the screen? The supervisors of dialogue evidently hail from Alaska or the Far East, so the big companies would do well to provide their expenses for a trip South before making another Southern film.

MRS. S. A. BARNES.

Fort Pierce, Florida.

Ramon's Bosses for Mops!

GRACE SANDER'S prayer for "happy stupidity" is superfluous, to say the least. As far as screen rôles are concerned, happy stupidity is no stranger to Ramon Novarro. They've been pals for years! I repeat, Grace, that *Willi Kasda* was not only stupid, but positively *asinine*.

So disgusted was I with that picture, Grace, that when I got home, after weeping copiously and venting my wrath on whoever and whatever came my way, I sat down and dispatched three letters. The first was to Herbert Howe, a close friend of Ramon's. I told Herbert the next time he saw Ramon to ask if he'd like me

to send him a rattle. You see, in my wrath I didn't see clearly. I blamed Ramon for a story that was, as I found out recently, as odious to Ramon as it was to his fans. When that was finished, I wrote the letter with which you so strangely disagreed.

So your prayer is for happy stupidity for Ramon! And I suppose you call yourself a Novarro fan. This is *my* prayer, Grace: that Ramon's fans will soon hit upon a plan that will open the way to bigger and better rôles; that he will soon come to be fully appreciated by his producers, who, upon realization of his many talents, will make haste to repair the neglect, the indifference, with which they have treated him.



Until recently I had another prayer. I wanted more than anything to be miraculously endowed with the strength of an Amazon and transported to the M.-G.-M. studio so I could wipe up the floors with Irving Thalberg and a few others who, in all probability, take all the credit to themselves that Ramon has been a star with them for ten years.

They gave him a watch in recognition of his ten years' association with them. Ramon doesn't need a timepiece—he needs a strong story, that's what he needs, not a story such as "Daybreak" that makes one wonder at the mentality of the author.

"The atmosphere was charming," continues Miss Sander. An atmosphere charged with the "wine, woman, and song, live to-day, to-morrow you die" philosophy is not what I would call charming. I see no charm in, to use *Willi's* own words, "taking love where you find it." *Revolting* is the word I'd use.

Your last contention, "the situations plausible." This is not the place to discuss the situations in that picture. The most I'll allow myself to say is this: put yourself in *Laura's* place, do the things she did, then see if your boy friend is waiting with open arms and forgiveness in his heart. My dear, the ending in real life is wrought with disgrace and suffering, in the movies with everlasting happiness. Don't let them fool you. "Daybreak" was hardly plausible, Grace.

"CHERRY VALLEY."

Massachusetts.

Clean Thew and Sinew.

THERE has been little in this department concerning my ideal, Gary Cooper, with which I can concur. Correspondents, especially women, have become ecstatic about him again and again, but they have made no attempt to define those qualities which make him what he really is.

Gary Cooper owes his success to the fact that his coming to Hollywood brought a bracing draft of desert air to that stuffy atmosphere which was polluted with sheiks and sleek matinée idols. The pioneer spirit had made another move westward.

Strong, clean-limbed, and tall; lean as the wild horses he had broken in his boyhood, Gary arrived. And health and wholesomeness came with him. Like a living flame, he purged those about him. His pictures reveal his influence. For, no matter how he is cast—cowboy or cavalier, drunkard or wastrel, there can be no taint of decadence in his work. Something wholly alive, and hence pure and clean, shows through the fogs of his acting.

Continued on page 10

*"I reduced my hips 9 inches
without the slightest diet"
writes Miss Jean Healy!*

Perfolastic Company
41 East 42nd Street
New York City

299 Park Avenue
New York City

Gentlemen:

I am enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle.

It seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous. At least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle.

This reduction was made without the slightest diet, and I really want you to know how pleased I am that at last I have found the Perfolastic reducing girdle.

Very truly yours,

Jean Healy



"Massages like magic" ... writes Miss Carroll ... "The fat seems to have melted away" ... writes Mrs. McSorley —so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with the PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days!

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**REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
or your money refunded**

The girdle is not infallible, but it has reduced so many thousands of women we do not hesitate to make this unusual offer.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips ... and be comfortable too ... for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every move you make.

Stand before the mirror—the first time you wear your girdle you appear inches slimmer! You will be amazed at the improvement in your appearance—and surprisingly soon the fat will begin to disappear.

**Coupon Brings
FREE BOOKLET
and Sample of
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Dept. 665, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle; also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day Trial offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Send for 10 day Trial Offer

★ Not one cent was paid for above testimonial

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By the Oracle

NO. 5069.—Since there has been so many inquiries about Boris Karloff, the monster of "Frankenstein," we'll start this month off right by giving some information about him. He was born in London, England, and educated at Uppingham Kings College. Six feet tall, weighs 175; dark-brown hair and eyes; married. Before going into pictures he had ten years of stage experience. He is busy making one film after another these days, so keep an eye out for him in "Night Club," "The Shame of a Nation," "The Invisible Man," and "The Old Dark House." His earlier pictures include "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Cheated Hearts," "The Altar Stairs," "The Prisoner," "The Cave Girl," "The Infidel," "Omar the Tentmaker," "The Woman Conquers," "The Man from Downing Street," "Burning the Wind," "Little Wild Girl," "Devil's Chaplain," "Behind That Curtain," "Two Sisters," "Phantoms of the North," "Sea Bat," "Utah Kid."

D. N. S.—Ronald Colman is of English descent. Who could doubt it with that lovely clipped English accent? His "Arrowsmith," opposite Helen Hayes, is to be followed by "Cynara."

DE LAURICE.—The good news is that Mary Pickford will make "Happy Ending." Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894; Clark Gable, February 1, 1901. Clara Bow and Rex Bell were married on December 3rd last. The complete cast of "Way Back Home" follows: *Seth Parker*, Phillips Lord; *Ma Parker*, Effie Palmer; *Liz*, Mrs. Phillips Lord; *Cephus*, Bennett Kilpack; *Captain*, Raymond Hunter; *David Clark*, Frank Albertson; *Mary Lucy*, Bette Davis; *Wobblin'*, Oscar Apfel; *Rufe Turner*, Stanley Fields; *Runaway Rosie*, Dorothy Peterson; *Robbie*, Frankie Darro; *Income Tax Man*, Wade Boteler.

UNCLE BOB.—The last time I saw little Shirley Jean Rickert was in an RKO picture called "Everything's Rosie," released last year.

OH KAY.—Why doesn't Ramon Novarro sing in pictures any more? That's just what all the fans are asking, now that still another of his films has been released without a song. He would like to sing, but the supervisor of his pictures won't let him. I understand that Ramon is much interested in Greta Garbo at present. No, Warner Baxter isn't Mexican. He can portray that rôle so convincingly that I don't blame you for wondering.

MARY JONES.—For a photo of Stanley Smith, write to the Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

ANITA LOUISE BOOSTER.—Sorry, but there is no fan club listed in honor of your little favorite. I agree with you that she is one of the sweetest players on the screen.

TRIXIE.—In "Bride of the Regiment," Allan Pryor played the part of *Count Adrian Beltrami*. Others in the cast were

Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, Lupino Lane, Ford Sterling, Harry Cording, Claude Fleming, Herbert Clark. Perhaps when Leslie Howard completes his stage engagement in "The Animal Kingdom," he will be persuaded to return to Hollywood. You can credit that clever transformation of Fredric March, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," to trick photography. His next picture, after "Intimate" with Kay Francis, will be opposite Claudette Colbert, in "Fires of Spring." In his next picture, "Huddle," Ramon Novarro will be a football player. Anthony Bushell was born in Westerham, Kent, England, about twenty-eight years



Boris Karloff has captured the fancy of the fans, one of the few character actors ever to do so. The Oracle tells you something about him on this page.

ago. He is a graduate of Oxford University, and while in school distinguished himself as an athlete. He was on the English stage for three years, his last play there being with James Gleason and Robert Armstrong, in "Is Zat So?" In New York he played opposite the late Jeanne Eagels, in "Her Cardboard Lover," and also in "The Sacred Flame." His first film was with George Arliss, in "Disraeli."

M. S.—Colin Clive has returned to London, so I am unable to give you his studio address.

NAN LEE.—William Haines is still a bachelor. Dixie Lee is married to Bing Crosby, the radio crooner. Joan Crawford will follow "Grand Hotel" with "Letty Lynton." Eddie Cantor is scheduled to make "Ballyhoo" and "The Kid from Spain."

MARY F. CARINE.—Well, if it isn't my little friend back again! Oh, you have it

all wrong. It is *Gladys Lloyd* and not *Doris Lloyd* who is married to Edward G. Robinson. Gladys is a former stage actress and very attractive, too. Thanks for all those good wishes.

DOT MAURER.—Yes, it is true that Buddy Rogers has left the movies to conduct his own band over the radio and in hotels. He is also appearing in Ziegfeld's new musical comedy tentatively called "Hot-Cha." There is a Marion Davies fan club with Eleanor Jacobus, 18 Elm Road, Caldwell, New Jersey. Kate Smith has never made any pictures.

PEGGY.—It was little David Durand who played *Brock Trumbull, Jr.*, in "Rich Man's Folly." Perhaps the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, can supply his photograph.

BETTY AND HELEN.—How are the two little Jersey maids? Waiting patiently for your answers? Marian Marsh is five feet two; Kay Francis, five feet five; Nancy Carroll, five feet four.

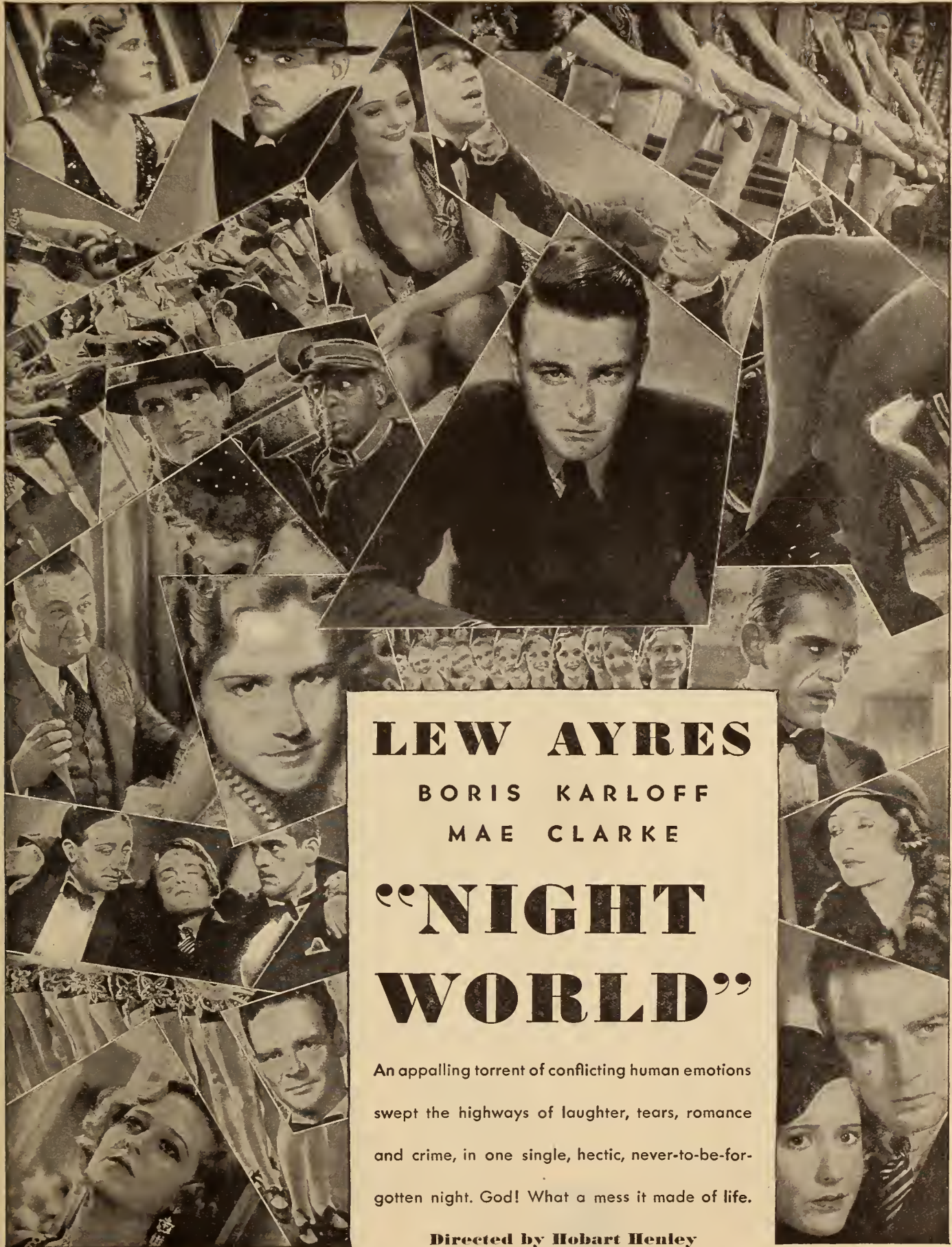
R. L. H.—It is true that Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton were a very good team, but I think Beery has proved himself an even greater actor since he has been starred.

S. F. C.—Jackie Cooper is not related to Gary Cooper. He was born in Los Angeles, September 15, 1923, is four feet three, and has blond hair and hazel eyes. His father is dead and he lives with his mother in Venice, California. I believe he has a brother. Jackie has been in pictures since 1928. His mother was a pianist in vaudeville. Write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, for his photograph.

GRACIE.—Lilyan Tashman was born in Brooklyn, on October 23rd, but she doesn't say what year. She is five feet and a half, weighs 116, and, as you perhaps know, is married to Edmund Lowe. "The Wiser Sex" is her latest, to be followed by "The Flagrant Years," with Phillips Holmes and Carol Lombard. There are no stars whose birthdays fall on December 17th.

ADMIRER OF THE ORACLE.—You flatter me! See "Trixie" for information about Leslie Howard. John Mack Brown was born in Gotham, Alabama, September 1, 1904. "Dance Team" had the following in the cast, *Jimmy Mulligan*, James Dunn; *Poppy Kirk*, Sally Eilers; *Fred Penworth*, Edward Crandall; *Jane Boyden*, Nora Lane; *Alec Prentice*, Ralph Morgan; *Cora Stuart*, Minna Gombell; *Herbert Wilson*, Harry Beresford; *Benny Weber*, Charles Williams.

BERNICE EISENHART.—You may be sure that we didn't intentionally neglect Bela Lugosi in this column. He is a very fine actor and on the strength of his work in "Murders in the Rue Morgue" has been



LEW AYRES

BORIS KARLOFF

MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by **Hobart Henley**

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Universal City, California

Carl Laemmle
President

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

Continued from page 6

This does not mean that he cannot submerge himself in his part, "live his rôle," as the popular expression has it. It means rather that in whatsoever guise we see him, there never descends upon us that dead weight of futility which summons up our apathy for the play and for the fate of its characters.

No, Gary Cooper, hero or villain, always keeps us enthralled by virtue of that dynamic force within him. It is only necessary to compare Gary Cooper with all other stars to realize the quality of his work. He is not handsome. Rather is he a thing of thew and sinew, with the same ruggedness which made Abraham Lincoln beloved.

The imitators of Gary Cooper, and there are many, fail miserably because one can't imitate these things. One must *be* them.

EVA PRATT.

223 West Fifteenth Street,
New York City.

Harlow too Artificial.

I AM the mother of two daughters, seventeen and nineteen. During the holidays when a number of young people, both boys and girls, were at our house one evening, they discussed movies and movie stars.

Most of the criticism was favorable, but when Jean Harlow's name was mentioned, they all agreed with one voice how much they disliked her.

Their criticism was that she could not act, in any sense of the word, and was much too artificial-looking.

Does this not show that the trend of modern times calls for more naturalness, more real art?

These young people have learned to appreciate sincere endeavor and artistic photography, because of the many worthwhile actors and actresses on the screen.

They, furthermore, unanimously said that when Jean Harlow's name is billed they avoid that theater.

Can anything be done about this unnatural and dumb beauty?

H. B. LENTZ.

619 West Fourth Street,
Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Ivan's not a Ladies' Man!

WHY don't we see more of that talented and handsome gentleman—Ivan Lebedeff? Who could ever forget the *Prince* of "Street Girl," the *Marquis* of "They Had to See Paris," *Mischa* of "Midnight Mystery," or *Captain Orloff* of his own "Gay Diplomat"?

Why doesn't some interviewer write a real story about him? He is not a suave hand-kissing ladies' man.



He is an intelligent, warm-hearted, interesting human being. And he is the only player I know of who really takes an interest in his fans. He actually answers our letters personally. And do we

love him? And are we willing to fight for him? We are, and we know that he feels the same way about us, too. So here's to Ivan Lebedeff, gentleman, our love and respect always!

S. G. CONRAD.

4126 Sutherland Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Tallulah Strut.

HOW can any one praise Tallulah Bankhead? Gosh, after seeing "The Cheat" I can't understand it. All Miss Bankhead does is to strut around, look bored, more strutting, et cetera. Besides,

What the Fans Think



she is fast getting the habit, probably acquired from the famous Garbo—accent on famous—of looking at the other members of the cast with half-closed orbs. Furthermore, Tallulah can lay no claim to good looks.

Let others praise this supposed find. Miss Bankhead does not appeal to me, and any other picture in which she appears shall be passed up. Of course these criticisms will uncork a bunch of letters written in defense of Miss Bankhead. So be it. The Georgia girl will need at least a few admirers if she hopes to maintain her present position on the screen.

EDWIN G. HEINTZ.

1206 Seneca Street,
Buffalo, New York.

Gable Doesn't Thrill Her!

I WAS taken aback at the sudden generosity of Frank Tully. He "gives us Clark Gable" and I, for one, wonder why. For the life of me I can't see him—Gable, I mean.

I am unmoved by the appeal of this so-called hero of the hour. I can see only two big ears, a large brutal mouth, black hair, sullen eyes, and a heavy, overbalanced body. Where, oh where, is the voice that can change from the pleading tones of a lover to the agonizing cry of the soul lost in hell, or



wherever Mr. Tully said souls would be lost? Where is the flash of passionate steely eyes, or the tender glance of the lover? Where is the overwhelming smile that is a mixture of honey and hemlock? Seems to me that Frank has been reading novels and bad ones, at that.

Gable lacks polish, the one virtue that all heroes must possess. Here is a man that spells brutality from every feature. There can't be any doubt that he is miscast. A villain, yes, and a darn good one, but lover and protector never.

Why must he always strike his women? I'm sure that isn't necessary. Gable is supposed to fill Valentino's shoes. Well, Valentino never went in for slapping his women—kidnaping, yes, but never once did he show signs of downright meanness. One can't say that much for Clark Gable. I do not say that he is no actor. He is, and a fair one at that, but he is not meant for the drawing-room and milady's chamber. Clark is a menace, not a hero or lover.

Perhaps I'm blind and stupid that I can't see this wonder man of the hour. I only hope that the wrath of Gable fans won't fall on my poor unprotected head.

"THE VOICE FROM CHICAGO."

Chicago, Illinois.

It's About Time—

HERE'S some miscellany for your It's-about-time department.

To inform John Boles to drop out of the picture—any picture.

To call Lupe's attention to the fact she cheapens her "great love for Garee" by broadcasting it.

To give Anita Page a big, fat rôle and allow her to spoil it like all the other parts she ever played.

For Gloria Swanson to have another divorce.

For producers and directors to pay more

attention to the possibilities of Donald Cook and Lester Vail.

To star Marjorie Rambeau. And while they're about it, to explain just why she was removed from the cast and replaced by Pauline Frederick in "This Modern Age." We still think Rambeau can knock the spots off most of them.

JOHN ANDREWS.

Strasburg, Pennsylvania.

Crawford Has No Appeal?

FOR the life of me I can't understand why Joan Crawford is so everlastingly popular. Her pictures actually bore me when I see them. I like to see an actress



with a few feminine characteristics. Joan's physique is similar to that of a tall, slender, Swedish youth. Her mouth is so large that when she opens it her face disappears. Her eyes have no feminine appeal and her nose is entirely too pointed to be beautiful. She walks with a swinging movement like that of a country boy going to school and in no hurry to get there. Even her voice has a masculine touch. She also makes a haggard appearance on the screen and seems to be at a nervous tension.

I have voiced all my dislikes, but I want to use the word "wonderful" sincerely in this criticism. Miss Crawford is a wonderful dancer. No one will disagree with me on that score, but that is no reason why she should head the list of the feminines in the current cinema.

JOHNNIE HANES.

Roscoe, Texas.

Average Man No Tango, Señorita.

IN the January Picture Play "La Señorita" broaches a question which has long been rankling in my mind. Without doubt Ramon Novarro is generally disliked by men, and in my ken at least, by most women, too. The reason is not hard to find. Besides the manly accomplishments which La Señorita details, and which are common to many—though not collectively perhaps, nor in such a high degree of proficiency—Novarro can sing, play the guitar and dance those fascinating Spanish dances, and such things are painfully absent from the average man's repertoire.

Novarro is a delightful comedian. His humor is always sharp, brittle, and spontaneous, never self-conscious or affected. He is equally convincing in tragedy, always passionate and sincere; never melodramatic or mawkish. His versatility is amazing. His facial features and physique are without parallel on the screen, but at no time does he suggest the conventional matinee idol.

I sometimes wonder if his unpopularity with some fans is due to the fact that he is Mexican. The Latin races have never been quite understood by the phlegmatic Celt and Saxon, who hold up to derision that which is beyond their comprehension and powers of appreciation, and this natural Spanish exoticism of Novarro is translated "effeminacy."

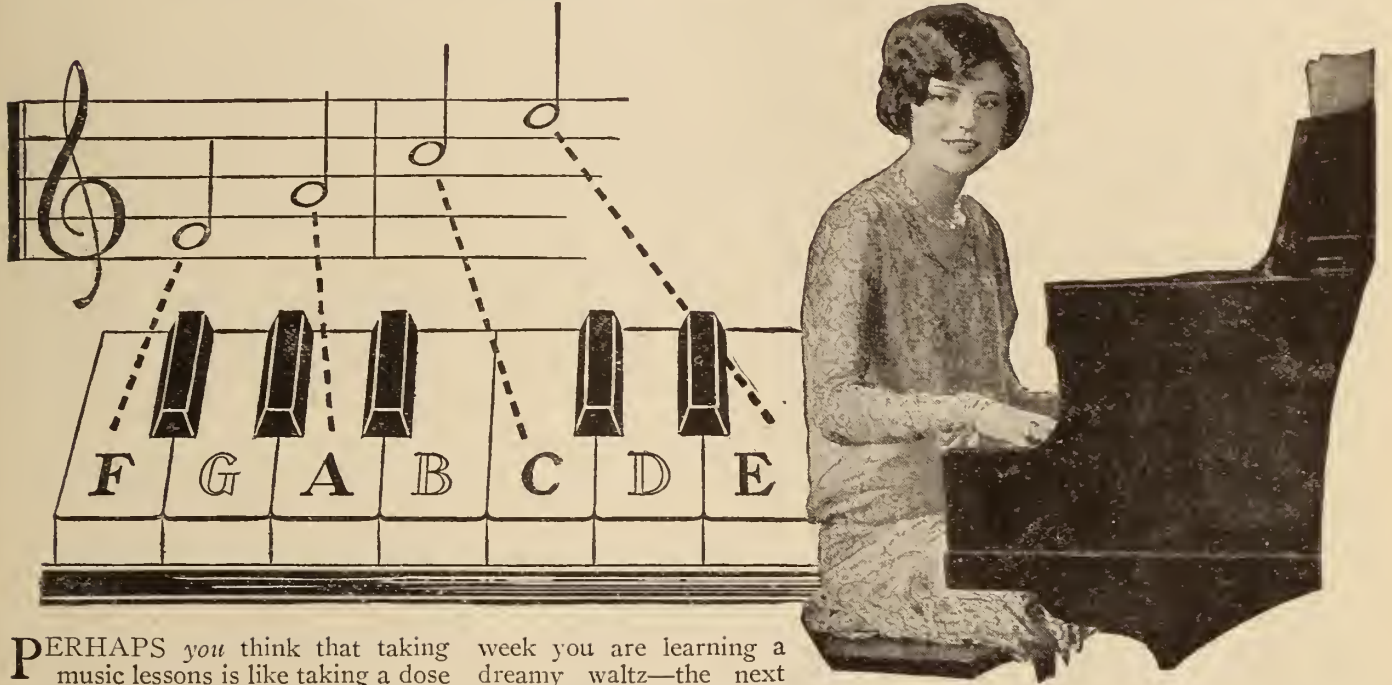
Ramon Novarro's is the misfortune of most truly great men. He will never receive the universal recognition and applause his genius deserves.

CHARLES BANNEMAN.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

Continued on page 12

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times *now!*

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Just imagine . . . a method that has made the reading and playing of music so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Do you wonder that this remarkable way of learning music has already been vouched for by over 600,000 people in all parts of the world?

Easy As Can Be!

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You study with a smile. One

week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march. As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by *actual notes* the classic favorites and the latest syncopation that formerly you only *listened* to.

And you're never in hot water. First, you are *told* how a thing is done. Then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear it*. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

New Friends—Better Times

If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as ea as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which to play, and the U. S. School will do the

rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit, U. S. School of Music, 531 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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| Juniors' Piano Course | |

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given a contract with Universal. He is a Hungarian by birth and his right name is Bela Lugosi Blasko. His stage career began at the age of twenty. "Dracula" was his first picture. Edward Van Sloan played the part of *Dr. Van Helsing* in that film.

A. BAROVERO.—The next time you have a question to ask, do not hesitate to write immediately. It is always a pleasure to serve our foreign readers. In the Italian version of "East Lynne," voice doubles were used, which accounts for the lines being spoken so fluently.

E. MORTON.—Joan Crawford's eyes are blue. Ruth Chatterton is five feet two and a half; Marian Marsh, five feet two; Miriam Hopkins, five feet; Joan Blondell, five feet four.

JAY MORTON.—Are there any more Mortons? By the way, I like that nice green stationery you use. Plenty fancy, I'll say. Constance Bennett is five feet three; Joan Bennett, five feet five; Lola Lane, five feet two; Claudette Colbert, five feet five.

HAZEL TOLLAKSON.—Boris Karloff was the *Monster*, and Colin Clive *Frankenstein* in the picture of that name.

LULA MILLER.—Now you'd better be on the lookout for "Girl Crazy" when it comes to Chicago, for that is Ivan Lebedeff's most recent film. I am surprised that you never saw him until "The Gay Diplomat."

LILLIAN D.—These should be happy days for Paul Lukas with all the nice rôles he's getting. He was born in Budapest, May 26, 1897, and his name is correctly spelled Lukacs. Is six feet one and a half, weighs

Information, Please

185, has brown hair and hazel eyes. During the War he was an aviator. Before that he attended the Austrian Military School. Acted for nine years at the Comedy Theater in Budapest. Arrived in this country in 1927 to make pictures. He is married to Gizella Benes, daughter of a glass manufacturer.

SUNSHINE.—Hope you live up to that moniker. And of course you may write again! Donald Cook was *Horace Purcell* in "Party Husband." He is married to Frances Beranger. Frank Conroy was Helen Twelvetrees's gangster brother in "Bad Company." Mrs. Buck Jones is the former Odille Osborne. Buck has brown hair and gray eyes, weighs 173, and is five feet eleven and three quarters. Write to him at Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood.

MISS INTERESTED.—Eric Linden, who did so well in "Are These Our Children?" was born in New York of Swedish parents twenty-two years ago. The March Picture Play contained an interesting interview with this young player. Eddie Quillan was born in Philadelphia, March 31, about 1906.

A LEON JANNEY FAN.—This clever youngster is just fifteen. He comes from the Middle West and is a mixture of English and German. His films include "Courage," "Old English," "Doorway to Hell," "Father's Son," "Penrod and Sam." The First National Studio, Burbank, California, is the only address I have for him.

M. E. G.—Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908. He has never been married. Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City, August 8,

1910, and is still single. Yes, Molly O'Day was in "Sob Sister."

ENGLISH READER.—After asking all those questions you forgot to sign your name. Hope this comes to your attention, anyway. El Brendel was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, March 25, 1891. Address him at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills. Some of his best films were "The Cock-eyed World," "Sunny Side Up," "Hot for Paris," "Happy Days," "Just Imagine," "Women of All Nations." Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York, August 8, 1905. She is now Mrs. Rex Bell. June Collyer was born in New York, August 19, 1907, and married Stuart Erwin, July 22, 1931. Mrs. William Powell—Carol Lombard—was born October 6, 1909. Mary Nolan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, December 18, 1905. She is now Mrs. Wallace T. Maccreary, Jr.

HELEN E. B.—*Fred Penworthy*, in "Dance Team," was played by Edward Crandall. Good-looking, isn't he? Humphrey Bogart was the villain in "Bad Sister." You fans will just have to be patient about Barry Norton, for he has only just returned to Hollywood from the South Seas.

LA SENORITA.—Raul Roulien, the *Sascha* of "Delicious," was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, October 8, 1905. He has been on the stage since he was five years old. He was known as prince of leading men on the South American stage. Besides, he is a well-known song writer, playwright, and composer. Greta Garbo is five feet six; Ramon Novarro, five feet ten. See "Dot Maurer" for information about Buddy Rogers. His last pictures were "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age."

Continued from page 10

Why the Platinum Blonde?

WHY is Jean Harlow such a favorite? There is nothing the least interesting about her. I've seen her only in "The Iron Man," and have had enough! She probably attracts attention with her platinum blond hair and her "décolleté," but she overacts and has nothing of a real actress in her. Marian Marsh, in my opinion, will surpass her.



I do not agree with Jack Cochrane about Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins. Claudette is my favorite, and I think she should be given better rôles. Miriam was perhaps better in "The Smiling Lieutenant," but that was because Claudette didn't have a part to suit her. It isn't in her to play the kind of girl she was with Maurice Chevalier. If she were given other parts, as in "Man-slaughter," she'd be more apt to display her real ability. She is one of the most natural actresses on the screen.

"Don't any of you fans long to see some of our old favorites, such as Madge Bellamy, Vera Reynolds, Wanda Hawley, Alice Terry, and Corinne Griffith? I'm sure if they scored a comeback it would be with a great success.

CAMEE SEGUIN.

7123 St. Denis Street,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

The Final Analysis.

THOUGH I see many pictures, and am interested in the players as entertainers, I hardly think that I am a typical fan, for I have no misgivings about the

What the Fans Think

superqualities of any of them, and have no patience with the crushes that some of the fans have. Some players bring certain things to my mind as soon as their names are mentioned, and the following opinions were formed after repeatedly seeing them. Here goes:

Ruth Chatterton: superb technique, flawless voice control, the standard by which all other actresses on the screen should be judged. Cultured, poised, intelligent.

Marlene Dietrich: passable actress but overrated. No warmth in emotional scenes.

Lilyan Tashman: mistress of comedy and delicious worldliness. Not suited for dramatic parts. Makes you like her particular type of affectation.

Tallulah Bankhead: charming actress, striking in appearance. Formidable competition for any actress on the screen, except Chatterton.

Gary Cooper: not a real artist, but compels attention and admiration by his sincerity and naturalness.

Greta Garbo: unique as an actress, always excellent in her interpretations. Needs more self-assurance, but the only rival of Chatterton in technique.

Leila Hyams: too bad such a clever girl does not have better publicity, for she is infinitely superior to many other more popular players.

Ramon Novarro: an example of clever publicity capturing the imagination of the adolescent mind. Lacks real poise; not one outstanding quality as an actor. Reminds me of a head waiter promoted to acting.

John Gilbert: "Why bring that up?"

William Haines: Ditto.

Robert Montgomery: excellent actor,

naturalness his chief asset, conceit his chief drawback.

Joan Crawford: the best of the younger dramatic stars. Very smart—a little too theatrical-looking.

Marjorie Rambeau: graces any rôle she chooses to play. Often steals the picture from the star.

Myrna Loy: it is all so affected.

Ronald Colman: a gentleman first, then an actor. Appeals to the better class of fans, naturally.

Richard Barthelmess: marvelous actor, charming gentleman, of the same class as Colman.

James Cagney: the cleverest young actor on the screen. Masterful in his conceptions, clever in his originality of style, appealing in his utter loss of self. Most entertaining man on the screen, but not the best actor.

Lew Ayres: please go back to playing saxophones.

Ann Harding: powerful actress, charming personality, culture, of the Chatterton clan.

Constance Bennett: chic, smart. Mechanical actress, but so striking you almost forget that. Always entertaining. Best-groomed person on the screen.

Edmund Lowe: charming fellow, never is anything but a darn good actor. Spells real entertainment.

Janet Gaynor: too theatrical, tries so hard to be wistful and coy that it is revolting.

Charlie Farrell: hopeless as an actor, terrible voice, awful bore.

James Dunn: good actor, but entirely too well pleased with himself.

Clara Bow: the favorite of the moronic maid, utterly impossible, reminds me of comic strips in the paper.

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt: the most charming two who ever graced the screen. A little over the heads of the average fan.

Clark Gable: commanding personality—has the foundations of becoming a finished artist. Please don't fall for this silly worship stuff.

Norma Shearer: most overrated actress on the screen. Her laugh is awful, very poor actress—Academy take note. The shopgirl's conception of a society girl.

Now, fans, I am sure that all of you will not agree with me, but I have been impartial, and have left out such players as Richard Dix and Helen Twelvetrees, because I dislike them so much I could not be fair with them. AN ADULT FAN. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Blasé Queenliness.

IN my mind there can never be but one real queen of the movies. A queen who, starting in as an extra, worked her way up into the sweetly romantic types which so characterized her parts before the great demon, sound, came in. Then she, in her regal manner which so befits her wondrous form and beauty, changed overnight from the sweet heroine into a blasé, sophisticated woman of the world.

Even as the pictures had left their swaddling clothes and suddenly grown up, her acclaimed popularity is proved by the box-office receipts.

Now ask the patrons of any of the film palaces who he or she believes should reign as queen, and they will reply, as I do, Norma Shearer!

FRANCES ANN NORTH.

1719 Lincoln Street,
Topeka, Kansas.

Everything for a Novarro Song!

WHY rave about Clark Gable? To me he looks terrible. No doubt he is a good actor, but as for his looks I can't understand! Look at his ears. Of course he can't help that, but you'd think he'd do something to make them lie down. He hasn't anything on James Dunn, Donald Dillaway, or Robert Montgomery in looks.

Speaking of Robert Montgomery, what's happening to him? We used to see his pictures in every magazine, every paper, but now if a magazine has one picture of him, it's a treat. Why let him slip out of sight? And Donald Dillaway. Why don't they put him in good pictures?

And please, oh please, do we have to listen to Nancy Carroll, Lois Moran, and Janet Gaynor sing when Ramon Novarro is not allowed to? I would rather hear the golden voice of Novarro sing one song than take a trip to Europe or become a star myself. I surely do agree with Grace Hughey about Ramon.

And to you, Elizabeth Bricker, words can't express what I feel about your letter. I say down with Dietrich and up with Garbo. What if Garbo does avoid publicity and stands aloof? Just put yourself in her place. How would you like to have everything you say, everything you do, printed for the whole world to see and talk about? How would you like to be mobbed by adoring, but inconsiderate fans, and be nearly crushed? How would you like to walk out on the front porch and find hundreds of people tearing up your lawn trying to get to you? You would get pretty tired of it, I am sure, and wish you were some unknown country girl.

Garbo is being torn apart. Why must the producers make her appear exotic? Her pictures surely aren't doing her justice. She is forever appearing as a cold-hearted woman of the world. Why don't they give her some pictures where she

finally says "Yes" to the hero, instead of having her die or vanish to the streets whence she came?

BONEE KILBOURNE.

Frcmont, Nebraska.

Jolly of Bonnie Scotland.

JUST a few questions from a reader in Bonnie Scotland:

Why is Walter Byron so sadly neglected by the producers? This Sam Goldwyn discovery has everything it takes to achieve fame, yet he has had no opportunity to prove his worth.

Why are there so few grade-A musicals like "Jenny Lind," "A Lady's Morals," "The Southerner," and "The Prodigal"? Don't tell me the fans can't appreciate good musicals and prefer hot jazz girly-girly leg shows!

Why do Ronald Colman and Clive Brook always enact themselves no matter what the rôle or setting may be? In my opinion, they have spoiled more first-class acting opportunities than any other stars I know, while other really versatile actors look in vain for worth-while rôles.

Why are Ramon Novarro's sponsors so loath to utilize his attractive singing voice on the screen? Were "The Student Prince" remade as a musical the result would be a box-office hit.

DAVID D. JOLLY.

27 Queen Street,
Forfar, Angus, Scotland.



The Marlene Dietrich controversy seems to have struck a calm.

Interviewers Mean Well, but—

I CERTAINLY enjoyed reading "Star Gazer's" description of the stars who have appeared on the London stage. It would be splendid if all the fans who have seen, or met some of the stars, would give their impressions. Interviewers mean well, poor things, but they can't help being prejudiced by their personal friendships, and they're likely to overwrite them.

To start the ball rolling, I should like to tell about some of the stars whom I have either met or seen. Living in New York has its advantages, for sooner or later, every star visits this city.

I was particularly fortunate in being able to meet Maurice Chevalier. He is one of the most natural persons who have ever graced the screen. We all are familiar with his enchanting screen personality. On the stage, he is even more charming, if that is possible. He appears tall and slim, broad-shouldered and good-looking, with eyes—oh, so blue!

Offstage, you find that he is a trifle shorter, and not at all slim. He is husky and mature, with a ruddy complexion, and a rather short nose. There are plenty of laugh lines around his eyes, but his mouth is almost stern when relaxed. He is rather shy and quiet, at least he seemed so to me when I met him. It would be hard

to believe that he is the same man who played *Prince Alfred* in "The Love Parade," and *Nikki* in "The Smiling Lieutenant," if it were not for those amazingly blue eyes.

Another screen personality whom I have met and seen on several occasions, although perhaps she might not recall the meetings, is the fragrantly beautiful Jeanette MacDonald. I shall never forget how exquisite she appeared the very first time I saw her. She is so velvety-looking, and so gorgeously white, that it seemed as though I must be seeing an angel. Soft, oval face, with lips of rosy hue. Slender, graceful body in its evening gown of shimmering white. Large eyes shining luminously, yet with the very devil lurking behind them. And then—her hair! Gold it was, but not the soft, impersonal hue we all know. It was shining gold, alloyed with flaming copper.

Olive Borden chatting with a soda clerk! Have you got that amazing picture in your mind? Beautiful, dark-haired Olive, with shining eyes and flashing smile, exchanging pleasantries with the man who is preparing her refreshment. With my own eyes, I saw it; with my own ears, I heard it. She wasn't patronizing the soda-jerker, either. She was simply being friendly, and meaning it from the soles of her flat shoes up through her luxurious mink coat to the very tip of her charming turban.

PEARL A. KATZMAN.

71-05 Polk Avenue,
Jackson Heights, New York.

They're Cruel to Gable.

I NEVER miss reading "What the Fans Think," and I can hardly refrain from sending in my say, especially when the remarks are so cruel, and pertain to the players' physical looks.

Take Mrs. M. C. M.'s letter in the February issue criticizing Clark Gable's ears, and saying he is "terrible-looking." How can one be as cruel as she? In my opinion, Mr. Gable is the picture of how a hero should look and act. He is decidedly manly in appearance—nothing effeminate about this Gable boy. Masculinity, the exact opposite of ourselves, is what we femmes want in our movie heroes. Big, tall, and rough.

I didn't like Martha Alice Trifero's letter, either. She also criticizes too severely. In her letter she was knocking Mr. Gable and the film "Susan Lenox." This picture was great, Miss Garbo was great, and Mr. Gable was greater. What did Miss Trifero mean by saying, "If Clark Gable had played his part"? His rôle couldn't have been played better! Miss Trifero must have cried for the moon when she was a baby.

GLADYS ESTES.

West Asheville,
North Carolina.

Who Is Russell Hopton?

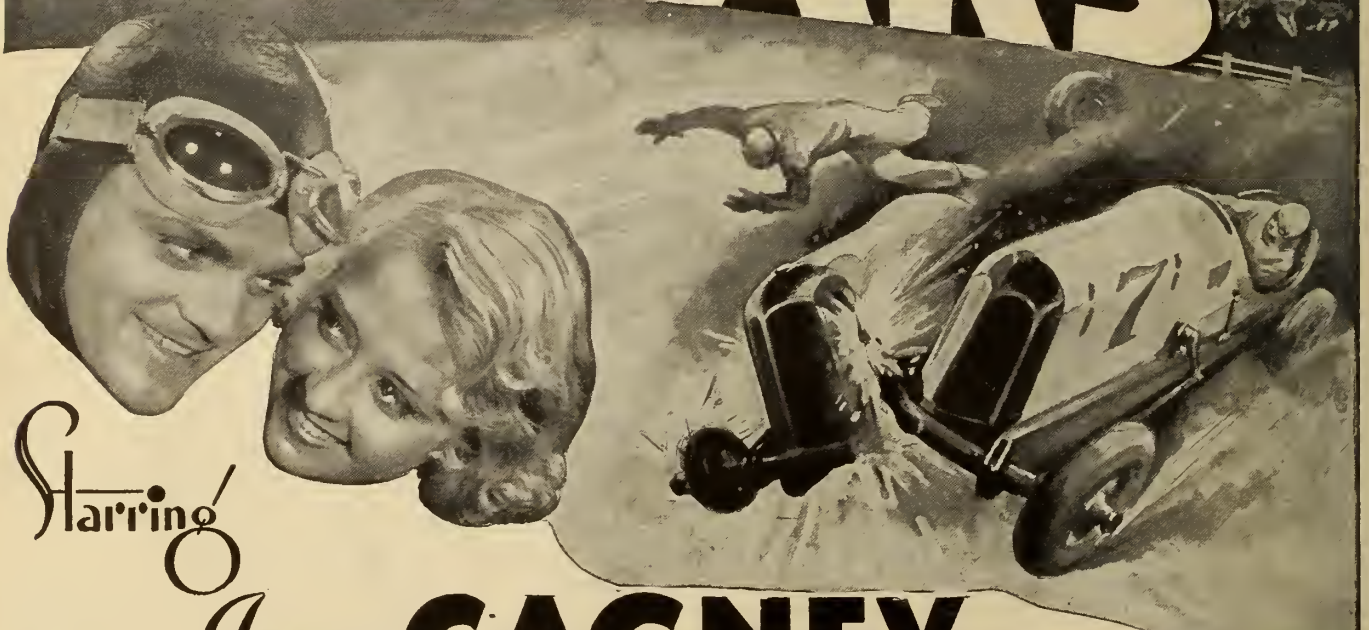
SAY, what's the matter with you fans? Hasn't any one noticed what a really fine actor Russell Hopton is? You're probably saying to yourself, "Russell Hopton? Who the deuce is he?" Well, if you don't know, it's about time you woke up to the fact that he's really good, and interesting. I've been watching him for about a year and a half now.

The only really important parts he's had in all that time were as Guinn Williams's pal in "College Lovers" and as *Deputy Thorpe* in "Star Witness." Now do you know whom I mean? I thought so. You just didn't know his name. I nearly broke a leg finding out myself. But now that you do know, keep an eye on him. He's worth it.

ROSEMARY MURRAY.

14 Cliff Street,
Newark, New Jersey.

THE **CROWD ROARS** **It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!**



Starring!

James **CAGNEY**
Joan **BLONDELL**

with

ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

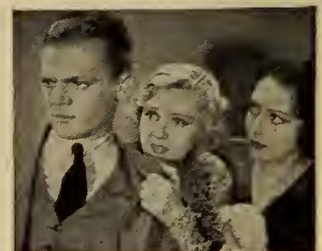
Story by
Howard Hawks and
Seton I. Miller
Dialogue by
Glasmon and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory... Grinning at death... laughing at love!... Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!... Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it... Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!



12 of the world's greatest race drivers in the most thrilling action pictures ever shown!



She fought for her man— with every trick love knows!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.



MARY, Mary, quite contrary—we mean Miss Brian—stayed off the screen too long to suit those of her fans who complained to Picture Play. Her reason was the difficulty in being considered for a sophisticated rôle. Hollywood just couldn't see her except as a rosebud ingénue. Then came the dawn and Mary consented to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "It's Tough To Be Famous." We can't say how sophisticated Mary's part is, but this glimpse of the two shows that she's as charming as ever.

THE CURSE OF THE

By
Virginia Maxwell



Photo by Freulich

"I'd hate to be me and have to work in an office," says Jean Harlow, who started the platinum craze.

WHAT'S the matter with platinum blondes? Nothing! They're all right. Ritzy dames, most of 'em. Honies who know how to make the most of their looks. They're in demand at all parties, for they're known to be good sports. Here's to platinum blondes, and may we have more and more of 'em—you can hear this toast from the lips of almost every collegiate youth. College boys love to sport decorative dames at every prom.

But what about marriage for platinum blondes? Being the best number at a party doesn't always lead down the aisle to the altar. Does the eligible bachelor who admires platinum blondes, with an eye to boasting the most attractive girl in the crowd, think of his platinum beauty as a possible wife?

Platinum hair and poverty, even with love, just don't mix like the ingredients of a good cocktail. And that's what any young man will tell you, if you can get him to speak candidly, when he's looking for a wife.

He may show off a newly made platinum blonde just as he shows off a brand-new sports roadster, but when it comes to

slipping a wedding ring on her finger and giving her his name until death do them part, that's a story of another color.

How do I know? Well, the marriage license clerk of New York, who issues thousands of marriage licenses yearly to every type and class of girl, says so.

The vogue for platinum blondes was a rage in 1931. Hundreds of thousands of girls all over the United States went platinum. And in that year, according to my informant, proportionately fewer blondes were married than brunettes, particularly fewer platinum blondes.

The style for this sort of blondness has also been in long enough now for the girls, too, who have gone Jean Harlow-ish to know a few things about the price one pays for being platinum.

I don't mean the price one pays her hairdresser for keeping hair light and lovely, but rather the price society exacts from girls for the privilege of being platinum blondes.

The other day a sensible-looking business woman sat at her desk in an employment agency in New York, totaling up the number of applicants she had sent out for jobs that day against the number of girls who had been returned to her—jobless.

Something was wrong. Just for the sake of her records, this employment manager telephoned most of the firms where she had sent girls, and in almost every case the prospective employer told her he didn't want any platinum blondes around his office.

Jean complains that she is always cast as a jazz baby, directors refusing to consider her for any other rôle.

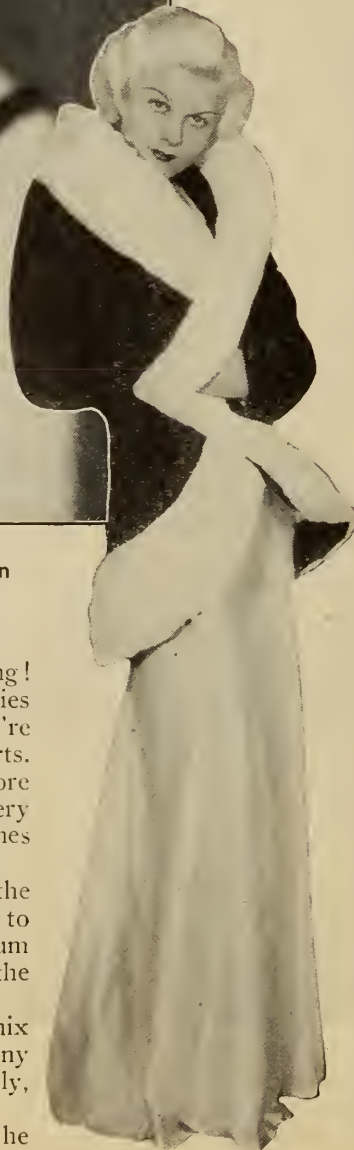


Photo by Mitchell

PLATINUM BLONDE

They're in demand at parties, but wedding rings and jobs pass them by because they're branded as good-time girls.

"But why? The girls are efficient, as well as attractive," the employment manager argued.

"That may be, but who believes it? We've got to have our office *look* efficient, and no platinum blonde sitting behind a typewriter gives the impression that her head is full of business."

So that was why many of the really attractive girls had come back unwanted in business offices.

I chatted with some of these girls who had become platinum blondes, and I was surprised at their experiences. One girl, a dainty creature with dark-blue eyes and flawless complexion, told me she was a target for insult ever since she exchanged her medium-brown hair for the shade she thought would be more fashionable.

"You've only got to walk near a group of men when you're platinum, and you can see their expressions change from mere interest to anticipation," this girl told me. She is letting her hair go back to its natural color in order to command and hold the silent respect of the men she meets.

Somehow, another girl related, men think that platinum blondes are all good-time girls. When you try to act your normal, modest self, they think you're putting on an act. They just can't believe that girls who dazzle with that extreme shade of blondness aren't on the auction block for the highest bidder in the game of the sexes.

Another platinum blonde who had been working in a doctor's office as his assistant was the third to voice a complaint.

She must have been very attractive even with her dark hair, but not one of the doctor's patients made a complaint about her work until she went platinum.

Then the doctor began telling her how Mrs. Blank, one of his best patients, didn't really think the girl handled her as carefully as she used to. Other patients, merely because of the psychological effect the platinum-blond hair had on their minds, complained that the girl didn't seem as dignified in her work as previously.

Women lost confidence in the platinum blonde handling their babies in the doctor's office, so that eventually, for the sake of his business, he dismissed the blonde and got a plain but attractive girl in her place.

It was some weeks after this girl had lost her job that she discovered the real reason for her dismissal, the doctor being too chivalrous to offend her.

I was thinking about this vast army of girls who had gone platinum one day recently, when I chanced to run into Jean Harlow during her visit to New York. Jean looked perfectly stunning in a snug-fitting frock of black crêpe which showed off her platinum-blond hair to perfection.

I told her about the experiences of

the nonprofessional girls I had chatted with, and, to my amazement, the original platinum blonde—the girl who had started all this craze for platinum bleaches—agreed with me!

"I know," she told me, "it's the truth. My being a platinum blonde has branded me as a play-girl. That's why they always cast me in the rôle of a 'love-'em-and-leave-'em' baby when all the time I am trying to convince movie directors I can do heavy, dramatic parts."

"Then you don't approve of girls going platinum to keep up with the trend of the fashion you have set?" I asked.

[Continued on page 62]

Hundreds of thousands of girls who emulated Jean Harlow's platinum hair find themselves unwanted in offices and homes. Both men and women are suspicious of their morals.

Photo by Duncan



THE BATTLE OF



Fans point accusingly at you, you-all, yez—all youse. Can the screen lead us out of the jungle of dialects?

By
James Roy Fuller

WILL the talkies lead us out of the wilderness of accents and unite the Main Streets of Down East, the Middle West and the South in one happy lingual family?

The great war of twangs and drawls has been going on for some months, starting between fans in England and Scotland over whether American films would undermine the purity of English speech. A Scot politely reminded an English fan that anything was better than cockney, and added that all the dialects in the British Isles are absolutely impervious to outside influences.

The Englishman pointed to the London stage and took another slam at Americanese, which drew American fans into it. The fighting front was immediately switched to this country. After that the little war was distinguished by sharp skirmishes between Northern and Southern fans, until "Kentucky" staged a devastating campaign right into the heart of



Doug Fairbanks's thin, tired voice contradicts his virile, athletic personality.

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the North by asking why any "lover of beautiful speech could prefer the harsh, flat Northern voice, without a trace of feeling, color, or emotion, to the soft speech of the cultured Southerner."

She topped this by asking, "Who could prefer Clara Bow's nasal shriek to the music of Miriam Hopkins's voice?" From then on no holds have been barred.

"Kentucky" hurt the feelings of some of the Northern fans, particularly those living in the rolling R belt west of the Ohio River and up to the J-less country. In their enthusiasm to retaliate, they forgot the cause of the war—accents—and got personal.

One fan thanked Heaven there were no Southerners in his part of the country. Northern fans described their own accent—no, snappy speech—as being exactly as prescribed by Webster—she said *Daniel* instead of Noah—and it was clipped because of the pep, alertness, et cetera, behind it. And Southerners drawl because they are lazy.

There are two romantic pictures of Southerners popular in the North, I have learned, if you will allow me, too, to drift away from the subject. Those who take tender loff songs and stories seriously say Southerners are romantic, but treacherous and insincere. You know, you have to watch a Southerner or he'll smash naïve Northern gals.

Others dismiss them as easy-going folk who kill time by fishing and play-

ACCENTS

ing the banjo. And Northerners, in either case, fancy themselves as the hustlers of the nation, particularly from New York City on. All this is reflected in their respective accents, it is assumed.

So there we are, with little hope of compromise. If there is to be a standard speech for the screen, shall it be Bostonian, which is so self-consciously British that it is highly amusing, even puzzling, to a native-born Englishman, because it is based on the dialect of only a small section of England?

Shall it be the New York stage, a cross between cockney, with all its "gao's," and Brooklynese, with the extra R's tacked onto open vowels? Or the lingo of the South, soft because hard consonants are slurred, or dropped altogether, a sloppy but pleasing dialect?

I do not list the dyed-in-the-wool Middle-West accent, because the microphone took that problem in hand immediately after talkies came in, and decided this was not the section to lead us out of the phonetic jungle.

It is a difficult problem for the screen, because neither section will give in to the other, especially the women, who "love" to dramatize their native accents. The pseudo-English accent has the upper hand, however, and certainly that is an advantage, though it doesn't seem to satisfy the fans here or abroad. They say all Americans are nasal, wherever our pictures are shown in Europe, discrediting the noble efforts of our players ("plyers") from Tent Avenoo and the Kansas wheatfields to speak what they think is the king's English. Back on Tenth Avenue and in Kansas they call the native sons' speech affected, no doubt, though the nasal tones lurking behind the broad a's may be looked upon as a lovely home touch.

You see what the poor players are up against. And I suspect that many of the elocution marms in Holly-



Jean Arthur's corn-tassel beauty is spoiled by nasal tones.

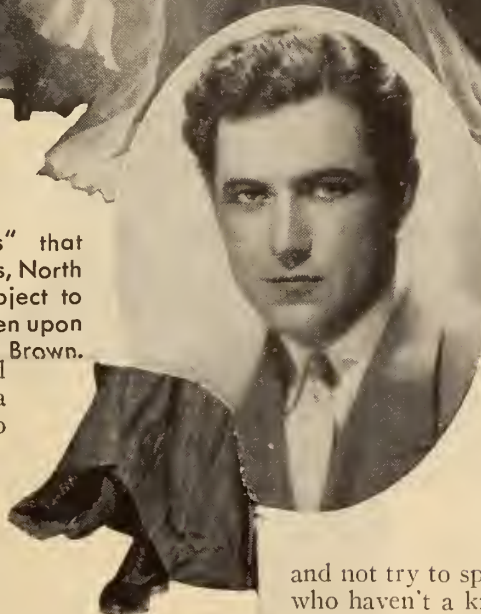
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own for the shame of being a Southern band that is overdone.

Miss Hayes explains to her Madelon Claudet because she did just as she



the com S why we rat sto fir

and not try to speak "nice." I wish a dozen others who haven't a knack for speech would drop their stilted vocal culture—including Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson.

To get back to the fans' argument over the Southern accent, one who signs herself "Northerner" contributes this: "It's boring to hear a Southerner drawl out his lines. Why, it gives a body the heebie-jeebies!"

A Southerner complains that it is positively annoying to hear all those "you-alls" drawled out by players who think they are speaking a Southern accent.

Now what do you make of that? The truth, it seems, is that screen dramas of Southern life please neither Northern or Southern fans. The Southerners howl because it is the traditional stage darkey dialect and not the speech of white folks. It is more drawling than Amos 'n' Andy in their radio Negro sketches. And the Northern fans howl about the awful dialect and thank Heaven there are no Southerners in their part of the country.

The studios put this dialect into the lines of even John Mack Brown, and in one or two films he had to

Continued on page 66

THE BATTLE OF



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wood succeed only in scrambling good, healthy provincial dialects into a pruned-and-prisms stage cockney. If Clara Bow, to mention one, comes back to the screen, let's hope she sticks to her vigorous Brooklynese

and not try to speak "nice." I wish a dozen others who haven't a knack for speech would drop their stilted vocal culture—including Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson.

To get back to the fans' argument over the Southern accent, one who signs herself "Northerner" contributes this: "It's boring to hear a Southerner drawl out his lines. Why, it gives a body the heebie-jeebies!"

A Southerner complains that it is positively annoying to hear all those "you-alls" drawled out by players who think they are speaking a Southern accent.

Now what do you make of that? The truth, it seems, is that screen dramas of Southern life please neither Northern or Southern fans. The Southerners howl because it is the traditional stage darkey dialect and not the speech of white folks. It is more drawing than Amos 'n' Andy in their radio Negro sketches. And the Northern fans howl about the awful dialect and thank Heaven there are no Southerners in their part of the country.

The studios put this dialect into the lines of even John Mack Brown, and in one or two films he had to

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WHO IS HELEN

By Dena Reed

[PART I



Photo by De Mirjian

Helen Hayes believed that "Madelon Claudet" would be a failure, so she went into "Arrowsmith" to prove that the movies couldn't lick her.

I WISH I had known I was to have a real screen career—I might have led a more interesting life and been better copy," laughed Helen Hayes. "None of the actressy things have happened to me at all. I've never been given jewels by a grand duke; no counts ever fought duels over me.

"I've never been divorced or mistaken for a spy, and I didn't even starve. I may have had some bad times, but they didn't last long. My career is really one of chance and good luck. Look at 'Madelon Claudet' for instance. It was almost shelved and I went into 'Arrowsmith,' hoping that by my work in it I could take some of the sting of failure away from me. I didn't want to come back, licked by Hollywood and the movies."

To-day Helen Hayes is far from licked. "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," was released to become one of the season's hits and to make its star as great an emotional actress of the screen as she long has been on the stage.

Helen Hayes
was just
whose par

Overnight, fans the country over have taken her to their hearts. And it is like Helen to put it all down to luck, instead of a talent that is practically genius.

Helen Hayes is simple and straightforward and so honest that she embarrasses those people who are used to great actresses being "actressy." The difference between them and Helen is that in addition to being a great actress she is a great woman.

Helen Hayes was born in Washington, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Brown. Her father was a meat packer for the government. Neither of her parents had any stage aspirations, nor had their families. There is no one to whom Helen can trace her talent.

Her mother loved the theater, it is true, but merely as part of the audience on the other side of the footlights. She attended all the plays given in Washington, but it is doubtful whether she would have thought of the stage as a career for her child had not a friend of the family bought a stock company there as a business venture.

There was a child's part in the first play and no suitable child could be found. Washington, while it has a large floating population, is a native population that is that of a small town. Almost every one knew every one else's business, and so they knew a child was needed for the stock company. "Why don't you see if Mrs. Brown's little girl can play the rôle?" the mother suggested.

"Mrs. Brown's little girl" was Helen, and her mother was delighted when she was asked what her daughter would do. Helen maintains that she herself knows little to know what it is all about. She did what she was told, but she must have done well, for the director, Fred Thompson, was convinced that Helen had talent. For two summers she played about every rôle there is.

In the winter she attended the Convent. She went from the convent and back to the stage again without any apparent change to her. Only once she heard the sisters tell her mother that they'd rather see her dead than acting, and that didn't make Helen very happy. But acting in the summer had got to be a sort of routine. The third year, Fred Thompson persuaded Mrs. Brown to take her daughter to New York "where the managers are just waiting for her."

HAYES?

You know her only as the amazing heroine of "Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith." Here is the fascinating life story of the girl herself.

In New York they found there must be some mistake. No one seemed to be waiting for Helen Hayes Brown. But just as they were about to go back to Washington, Lew Fields sent for her and gave her a part in his revue. For the next three years parts were written for her in the revues, and then she became a member of the Charles Frohman stock company at the age of eleven.

"By this time we all took it for granted that I was to stay on the stage," Helen told me. "But it really was a tragedy for our family. For father had to stay in Washington where his business was, and mother of course traveled with me.

"I made thirty-five dollars a week, but even in those days it wasn't much for two people to live on. Father couldn't afford to send us much. Mother and I shared a bath in the hotel with a sister-act of Russian dancers, and at that time my ambition was to become a Russian dancer, too, because they made a lot more money than I did.

"One day Fred Thompson, who had come to New York to see me act, told mother I could make fifty dollars extra by going over to the Vitagraph Studio and appearing in movies. In those days, pictures were looked upon in horror by those who appeared on the stage. To mother it was like suggesting that she start me on a life of shame.

"But finally between necessity and persuasion, mother was convinced that she ought to investigate movies, at any rate. I was appearing in 'Old Dutch,' at the time and had a straight bob. To disguise me, mother frizzed my hair and took me over to the Brooklyn studio, hoping that no one would recognize me.

"One of the first people we bumped into was John Bunny, who was appearing in 'Old Dutch' also, and who was then an unknown actor trying to make some extra money, too. When he saw us he blushed scarlet and said, 'I won't tell on you, if you don't tell on me.' So I began my movie career in support of Jean, the Rin-Tin-Tin of the day.

"The extra money made up for the shame of being a movie actress—and besides I soon found that it wasn't so bad. Maurice Costello was the current idol, and I had his two little girls, Dolores and Helene, to play with. Every morning John Bunny, Florence Turner, mother, and I would meet at the Brooklyn Bridge station and ride on the elevated to the studio."

At fourteen, it was decided that Helen should give up



Photo by Peterson

Mary MacArthur is the famous "act of God" baby whose birth caused Helen Hayes to cut short the run of "Coquette" after eighty-eight weeks.



Miss Hayes explains the success of her *Madelon Claudet* by saying that she did just as she was told.

her career temporarily and finish her education, for she was at the stage where she was all arms and legs. She went back to the convent for a while, and then, thinking she'd like to see what a boy looked like, she entered the public high school. But she was frightfully shy and awkward, and didn't know how to get on with

the male sex at all, and she was happy to return to the convent from which she was graduated at sixteen.

She looked for a job only twice in her life, both times when she was sixteen. Being a scarce five feet and wearing low heels and her hair down, she looked twelve rather than sixteen, but she hid herself back to the stock company in Washington, where she had made her first success, and applied for a job.

They wanted to give her one, for they knew she could act, but the only part open was the ingénue and she simply didn't look the part. Regretfully they said she wouldn't do.

But Helen, upon being told where she fell down, went home, put up her hair, purchased a pair of high-heeled slippers and went back again. In the face of such persistence she got the job, even though they hadn't ob-

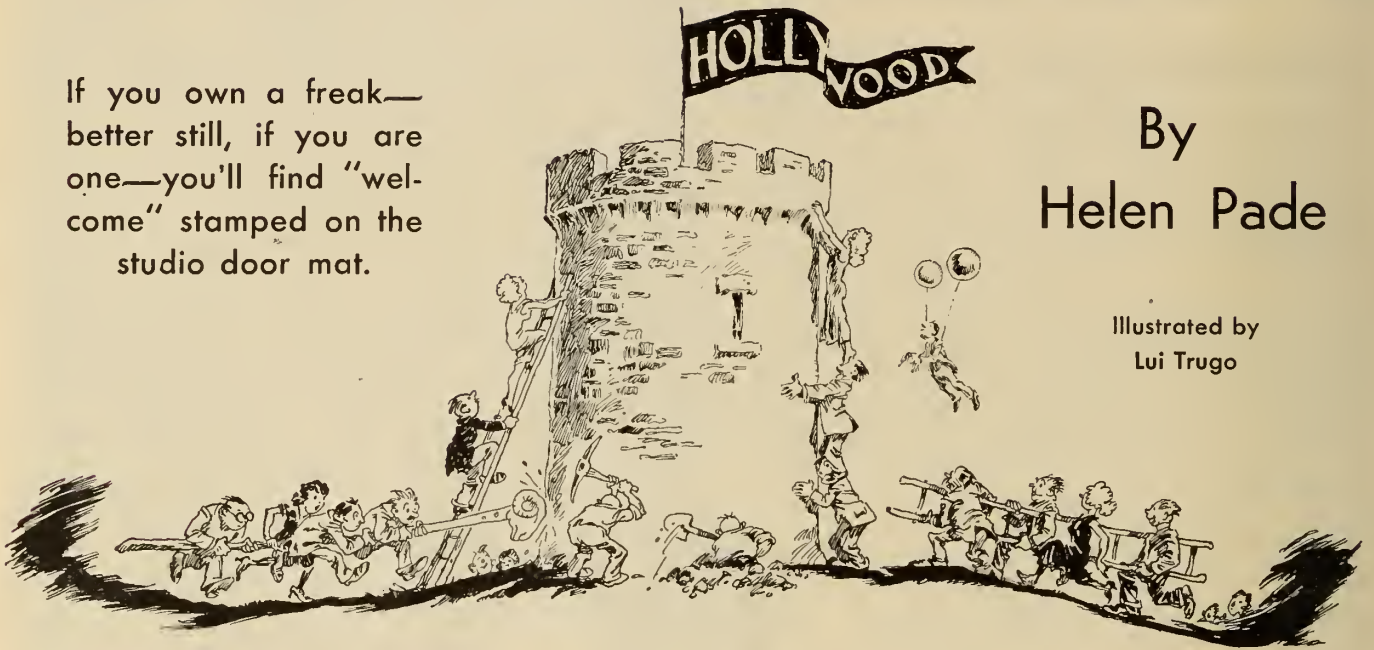
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HOW TO BREAK IN

If you own a freak—
better still, if you are
one—you'll find "wel-
come" stamped on the
studio door mat.

By
Helen Pade

Illustrated by
Lui Trugo



IT'S difficult enough to become a movie actor, but it's almost the easiest way to get into a studio these days. Visitors used to be more or less welcome, but recently the lid has been clamped down so tight that even "One-eyed" Connolly, the famous gate-crasher, stands on the outside looking in.

Newspaper interviewers wishing to query stars on their latest affairs of the heart, exhibitors from distant parts who used to romp at will in the studios, men with business appointments—in fact, virtually every one who cannot show his employee's pass cools his heels indefinitely in the waiting rooms.

But there's still a way to get into the studios. It is not generally known. If it were, no doubt that avenue, too, would be closed by the alert efficiency men.

To accomplish it, you must either be a freak, or own one—mineral, animal, or vegetable. You must also display no slight degree of ingenuity and showmanship. Given these assets and qualities, the studios are yours. You not only get in, but meet the almost unapproachable stars and often are photographed with them!

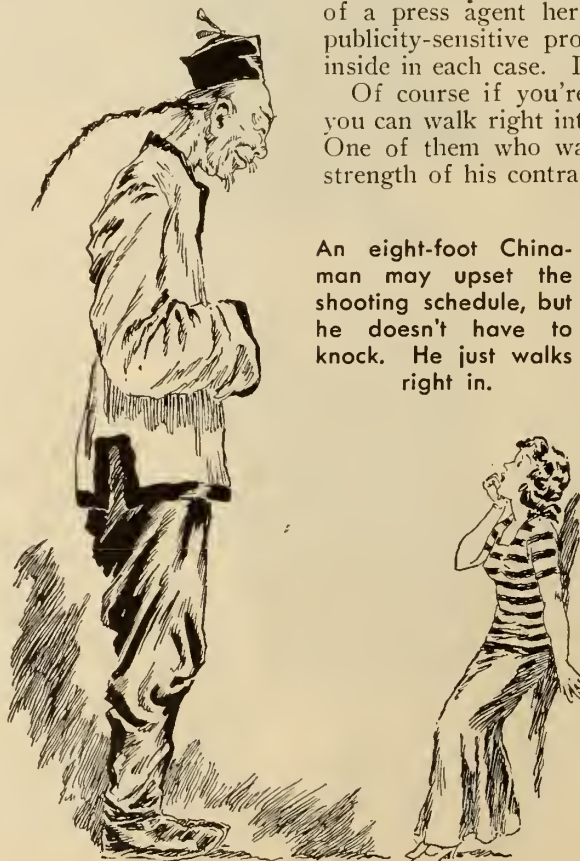
Suppose you are the unemployed owner of a baby elephant. That sounds like hard luck, but it isn't. Take courage. Put on your dinner jacket, take little Jumbo by the trunk, and start out at high noon on the street that leads past the nearest studio.

That's what J. J. Kearns, former circus animal man, did not long ago. He got inside four studios in a day, lined up work enough to last him for some time, got a free lunch for himself and his pet, and was photographed with five stars.

By ordinary methods of approach, that is, through the casting department, he could never have got inside the gates. But by parading the dinner clothes at midday, leading a baby elephant by the trunk, he caught the eye of a press agent here, an alert photographer there, a publicity-sensitive producer farther on, and was taken inside in each case. In fact, almost kidnaped!

Of course if you're a Chinaman and eight feet tall, you can walk right into the studios almost unchallenged. One of them who was visiting a studio purely on the strength of his contrasting altitude and nationality came suddenly upon Pola Negri. The star let out a tiny squeak and tried to flee, but hadn't the strength. She stayed and stared in amazement.

An eight-foot Chinaman may upset the shooting schedule, but he doesn't have to knock. He just walks right in.



It took Pola ten or fifteen minutes to recover sufficiently to return to the set and go on with her work. Perhaps the studio efficiency men figured the cost of the time lost while Pola was recuperating, but they didn't charge it against the pass system.

Then there's the adventure of the runaway ostrich. The bird's owner had gone broke as a lecturing "naturalist," and was about to sell it into imprisonment at the Cawston Ostrich Farm. But the ostrich escaped. With its long legs spurning the pavement, it dashed down Hollywood Boulevard, eluding pursuit

by automobile not only through superior speed in traffic, but utter disregard of stop-and-go signals.

The bird chose the vicinity of a big studio as the place to slow down and take stock of its surroundings. Out of the studio hastened a friendly-looking person, who cooed to it all sorts of blandishments. He had a way with ostriches. It went in with him, and no doubt was thrilled to pose with various players for the publicity pictures.

In due time the owner appeared, and while he had more difficulty in getting admitted, he got work for his pet in a comedy and didn't have to sell it to the ostrich farm.

Another Hollywood financial crisis was averted by an even stranger bird. It was one of those odd Javanese mineh birds, destructive and uncannily wise creatures who are more accomplished linguists than parrots, and whose speaking voices are baritone! His owner was just barely managing to keep a little restaurant business going when Roscoe Ates and Louis Brock, star and producer, respectively, of a two-reel comedy, came in for a hot dog.

"Where did you get that hat?" chanted the mineh bird in its vibrant tones when Roscoe hung his chapeau on the peg near its cage.

"Whu-whu-what?" stammered Roscoe, surprised into using gratis the stutter that is his fortune.

Seeing the comedy possibilities of teaming the bird and the stuttering comedian, Brock hired the mineh and engaged the owner to chaperon it during its career in films.

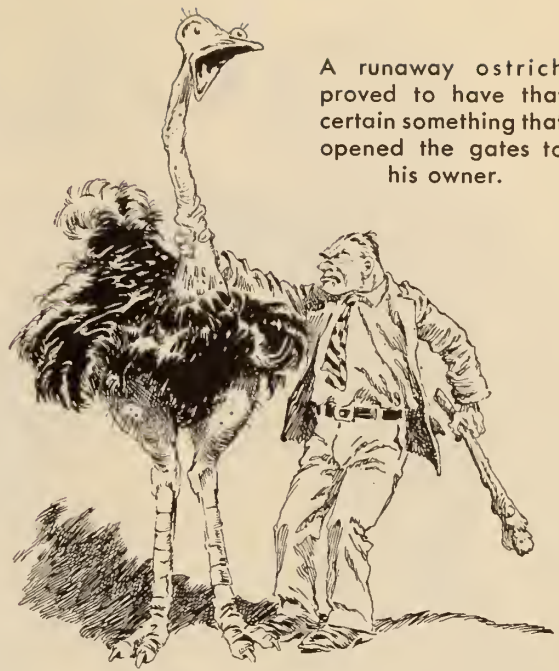
When everything else fails, some gate-crashers resort to magic. A vender of magic supplies gained admittance to M.-G.-M. studio, one of the toughest to enter, by doing his tricks for an hour or so at its main portals. Then he was taken in to be photographed with Marjorie Rambeau, Marie Dressler, and Ramon Novarro. When he got inside he turned camera-shy, but they photographed his paraphernalia!

Gebriel Solodeshin, a knife-thrower who has outlined many a trusting human target with quivering blades for the amusement of "the crowned heads of Europe," failed to get into the Hollywood studios by ordinary means. So he camped outside the auto gate of a film plant and entertained its stolid guards by flicking blade after blade into a post. Of course, only a few minutes elapsed before he was spotted and brought in to pose with Jack Oakie and other players.

Even "Death Valley Scotty" had to use showmanship to crash the gates. He arrived in an expensive car with dozens of labeled money bags heaped around him, and his trusty six-shooter at his side to guard them. He was not only welcomed, but was guided around Paramount Studio by Mitzi Green.

A little kinkajou who lives in Hollywood has been with his master in every important studio, and in the arms of almost every beautiful feminine star, because he happened to be the only one in captivity in California.

While Congressional medals of honor, Victoria crosses, and distinguished service decorations have failed to get their owners through the studio gates, two boys who collected on a motor cycle and side car more than a hundred foreign motor emblems, li-



A runaway ostrich proved to have that certain something that opened the gates to his owner.

cense tags, and permits were welcomed everywhere and photographed with stars.

Formerly an educated goose or intellectual turtle would open the studio gates, and the owner could walk in and dictate a pleasant working arrangement. But it takes more than that now, since the screen has taken a turn toward weird pictures with genuine or made-up freaks. The recently filmed "Freaks," for instance, recruited its midget players from circus and vaudeville, and the synthetic creature in "Frankenstein" sets a pattern for gruesome oddities. However, these freaks are actors, not gate-crashers, and are mentioned only in passing.

The clever fan should be able to find or invent some way to attract the attention of the studios, along the lines followed by the owner of the baby elephant. Naturally baby elephants, birds with baritone voices, and knife-throwing are out. You must think of something new, if you want to get a peek at the inside of a studio and be photographed with the stars. Originality is the thing.

Why not train yourself a nice peppy flea circus and parade it down the Boulevard? I'm certain that if you paused in front of a studio at lunch time, and fed the fleas it would fascinate the press agents. Do you know how the circus fleas are fed? The owner rolls up his sleeves and parks the dozen or so fleas on his bare arm, and the creatures fall to with charming gusto. Doubt-

While wondering where the next peanut was coming from, the owner of a baby elephant staged a dress parade and the studios grabbed them.



less the stars would all flock around you, and you could cherish the many resulting photos in your memory book.

So if you wish to see the studios, take heart. Teach your parrot to sing a hymn, or yourself to juggle peanuts, then board the first train for Hollywood. The rest is easy.

A LADY FOR

By

William H. McKegg



Photo by Richee

"You really must meet me! You'll rave over me! I'm perfectly divine!" says Tallulah hoarsely over the phone, and when you do meet her you agree that there's no one like her.

ACTING is quite natural with me. I have never even studied it, or taken a lesson in my life. I just act."

Tallulah rose from her chair, flung her cigarette into the grate and smoothed her hips *à la Sadie Thompson*, as she drew another deep breath for her continued narration.

"The first recollection I have of the urge to act," she flowed on as she resumed her place and mechanically reached for another cigarette, "was when I was at school. I went to a convent. In early spring the country stirred me profoundly. I remember the very day I stood alone in the garden, filled with this wonderful feeling. Oh, I don't know what it was!" A twist curved her lips. "Maybe it was only an awakening of sex in me and nothing else."

Tallulah with her odd eyes welling old knowledge, her ironical lips painted wickedly crimson, and her glittering, hard finger nails. A vastly different Tallulah must have stood in the convent garden. Yet that pagan name—Tallulah! No wonder the poor sisters felt uneasy about it. "My child," they often said to her in troubled tones, "you really should have a Christian name."

"Tallulah," she mused, with ancient mischief lurking, "is an Indian name meaning 'love maiden.' People always think of

me as Tallulah. In England, in newspapers, in the street, in the theater, they spoke of me merely as Tallulah. Its pagan sound suits me."

The love maiden smiled, but one could not tell whether from amusement or irony, for Tallulah's smiles are not always sincere.

"How can they be?" she inquired, in seeming frankness. "I know I have constantly to sell myself, even if I don't feel like it. Smirking and smiling, sparkling with humor—a gay girl, what? Oh, it's a strain, I tell you. In New York I gave so many interviews during lunch hour and kept my sales personality so well to the fore, that I almost got indigestion. Then I had to see reporters between meals."

One can imagine Tallulah seeing reporters at some time.

"Why, I gave no interviews for the last four years I was in London," she confessed indifferently. "Over here it is necessary. I've got to win a new public, a new following. I want to be known and liked."

Photo by Richee



As I attempted to mention before, Tallulah is really not a laughing lady, yet she possesses a peculiar magnetic power—and how!

"Don't keep smiling all the time," she told young girls in London. "You'll get wrinkles in your face before you're thirty."

Young men got to like Tallulah's unsmiling countenance. They even got to finding fault with their own girls about grinning too much. "You'll be all wrinkled in your face," they warned, parroting Tallulah. Therefore, Tallulah's sphinxlike face became the rage of London flappers and London matrons.

This occurred, of course, after Tallulah had had a brief career on Broadway, some ten

Caught off guard by the camera, Miss Bankhead isn't exotic or strange at all.

LEGENDS

In this amazingly colorful interview Tallulah Bankhead lives up to all that has been said of her and inspires new rumors as well.

years ago. Then, as now, legends whirled around her. Maybe she really inspired them, maybe not. But during that period she found the New York stage a fallow hunting ground for her talent. On the strength of advice, she sought foreign fields.

Knowing earth's strong force within her, since her springtime initiation in the convent garden, Tallulah is a disciple of astrology. Loving material life so much, the stars are of vital importance to her. That's why she went to that arch-astrologer, Evangeline Adams.

"Go to London, my child," urged Evangeline, "even if you have to swim."

Tallulah didn't swim the ocean, but sailed in style. To return, eight years later, in even greater style—flags flying, cymbals crashing, and a contract with Paramount. And that's how, one fine afternoon, with the planets in their proper places, I chanced to await audience with her.

As polite a butler as ever you saw admitted me. A dark head appeared from above. Was it I? Yes, it was. Is he to come up? Wait a moment. While waiting for royal consent to ascend the white stairs to the upper drawing-room, I thought rapidly on some of the less hectic legends of Tallulah's London sojourn.

Of the entrance of a certain young woman into a fashionable restaurant, who walked straight up to Tallulah and soundly slapped the face of the pet of London. Calmly Tallulah arose and left without a word. The slapper was the embarrassed one.

And what of that strange bequest a very young nobleman made her in his will? He left Tallulah his six automobiles. One imagined her driving out in the first, the other five following. What had she done with them?

Again, Tallulah, skirts drawn up above knees, making the kick-off for the biggest football match of the season. Tallulah placing a bet at Ascot. Yachting at Cowes. A lively patron at Ma Merrick's Kit Kat Club in the small hours of the morning. Purple rumors about Tallulah in Paris, Berlin, Rome.

By now the dark head appeared again and turned out to be Edie. I was to go up. As soon as I reached the top of the stairs a door was hastily closed. Nothing more mysterious ever than a silently closing door! Along a landing, flanked with windows, to the drawing-room. And there sprang forth Tallulah. Persephone returning from the underworld, with the stain of the blood-red pomegranate still on her lips, a lady for legends indeed!

What is Tallulah's popularity with American fans and writers? It is something of a phenomenon, for none of her three pictures has been praiseworthy, as she herself admits. Critics may find fault with her lack of dramatic power, but Tallulah is certainly a personality to be reckoned with.

Her greatest attraction is her desire of living. *Lebenslust* governs her. Acting and living are things she not only knows but worships as a religion. It was evidently *lebenslust* which surged through her on that bygone spring day, urging her to act, live, and perhaps love.

"Love?" Tallulah echoed, or scoffed, with that hollow laugh which accompanies much of her discourse. "I am always in love. But what is love? Getting what you desire, I suppose."

She was a tremendous success in London in "The



Photo by Dyar

Odd eyes welling old knowledge, ironical lips painted wickedly crimson, and glittering, hard finger nails—this is Mr. McKegg's description of Tallulah Bankhead.

Green Hat." Michael Arlen might have conceived his naughty *Iris* from Tallulah's philosophy. "*J'ai des envies*," was one of *Iris's* cries about life. Tallulah is always swayed by desire. And if she sees in them the meaning of love, who shall gainsay the daughter of Mother Earth?

"I get most of my desires," Tallulah said, satiety seeming to creep over her body, "sometimes when I don't want them. Something like that happened only the other day," she added, with a weary smile, but refused to say what it had been.

Strangers may consider her insincere, for her mercurial mind causes her to jump from one idea to another. Each new desire forces the last out of her head. She reaches the end of a thing before she even starts it.

Tallulah enjoyed Paris. Also Berlin. Rome was brilliant, but Venice turned out a sad disappointment. "In the first place," Tallulah rattled on, "I was unwell when I arrived there. Second, the smells were so bad it was like eating one's meals in a lavatory."

She is inclined to regard Tallulah with great affection. Like Pola, she contemplates her professional self as a different entity.

[Continued on page 64]

PERKY MERKEL

Una Merkel didn't think she was beautiful enough for pictures, but how she has helped the fifteen she's played in!

WE were lauding the superb talents of Barbara Stanwyck and Helen Hayes—we being Una Merkel and I.

By Madeline Glass

Williams?" or whatever the book is that has come to her attention. If you have not read it, she will explain wherein it is worth while.

"It encourages me to think how successful those two girls are," said Una. "You see, I can't compare with the beauties of the screen, but I feel comforted when I think of Barbara and Helen, for they're not beautiful, either. They're such fine actresses that they don't need beauty.

"When I came to the screen two years ago I thought that one picture would be all I'd get to make. I felt sure that when the fans had seen me once, they'd not want to see me again. And now I find that during those two years I worked in fifteen pictures. That thrills me more than anything else—fifteen pictures!"

What's this, a full-grown inferiority complex? No indeed, my friends. Una is merely modest to a degree that is equaled only by her popularity. She doesn't think she's wonderful, and doesn't try to kid herself into believing that she is. Accepting what one believes to be one's natural limitations prevents unnecessary disappointments and often results in delightful surprises, as in the case of Una and her unexpected success.

While such adjectives as glamorous, seductive, exotic, and mysterious must be saved for the actresses with futuristic eyebrows, Una can be aptly described with such words as pretty, gracious, and lovable. Those widely spaced, twinkling blue eyes, that mass of blond hair, that softly smiling mouth—all these things you admire, to say nothing of her lithe figure and graceful swinging walk.

We had better stick in some personal and biographical data here before we jump to Una's interesting present. Birthplace: Covington, Kentucky. Date: twenty-odd years ago. Height: about five feet, six inches, in size-four oxfords. Weight: just about right. Disposition: sunny and affectionate. Education: high school. Mentality: far above the average. Morals: excellent.

When I say that Una reads widely, I don't want to hear any Bronx cheers from the balcony. I realize that you have been fooled before, but this is on the level. When literature is mentioned, Una is apt to say, "Have you read 'Understanding India,' by Gertrude Marvin

Williams?" or whatever the book is that has come to her attention. If you have not read it, she will explain wherein it is worth while. Once I saw her listen intently while a student expounded a complicated philosophy and its practical results. When he had finished, Una hesitated a moment, then offered an objection to his line of reasoning which was so keen and discerning as to confuse her teacher.

"I lived in Covington until I was eight years old," said Una, when I asked about her life story. "Then father, who was a patent broker, began traveling all over the South and in Europe. I am an only child, and mother

and I went with him. Years later we got to New York, and the dramatic fever, which all along had showed signs of becoming chronic, began to rise perceptibly and I enrolled in a dramatic school.

"My teacher heard that a production of 'Hamlet' was to be put on, and suggested that I try to get *Ophelia*. It looked like a wonderful opportunity, but I didn't know where to apply for the part. My father and Earl Carroll had offices in the same building, so I persuaded father to ask Mr. Carroll about the part, as I thought he would know. After a bit father came back and said, 'I think you'd better go home and forget about this, Una. John Barrymore is to play *Hamlet* in that production.'

But if Una missed playing *Ophelia*, she was successful in getting other engagements. During her five years on the New York stage she appeared in "Pigs," "Two by Two," "Salt Water," "The Gossipy Sex," and with Helen Hayes, in "Coquette."

Coming to the studios, Una was particularly fortunate in being cast to play *Ann Rutledge* in "Abraham Lincoln." Although her debut was made in a tragic rôle, which she played exquisitely, Una has since appeared in so many perky, amusing parts that to-day she is generally classed as a comédienne.

At present Una's life is just one thing after another. Not long ago she surprised all her friends by being the first California bride of 1932. On last New Year's Eve, Una, her parents, and her fiancé, Ronold L. Burla, were at Coronado, California.

Continued on page 64



Una was born in Covington, Kentucky, which explains how she comes by that Southern drawl which sets her apart from every other actress.



Photo by George Murrell

BROUGHT to the screen from the stage to play a tragic rôle, Una Merkel has surprised everybody by becoming a sparkling comédienne with an infectious Southern accent and a droll sense of humor. Her delightful story is opposite.



DAVID MANNERS may keep pretty much to himself in Hollywood, but he does not keep from the fans his real ability as an actor in one picture after another. That's why he is eagerly awaited in "A Dangerous Brunette."



Photo by George Hurrell

SENSIBLE acting, a charming voice, and beauty that is as wholesome as it is real—these qualities have endeared Madge Evans to a public that frowns on the artificial. Her next picture? "Are You Listening?"



ANOTHER entrant among the foreign exotics, this time from Vienna. She is Tala Birell—a nice name for fans to mutter in their sleep!—and she is Universal's blond hope. Her first picture will be "Mountains in Flame."

Photo by Ray Jones



Photo by Freulich

MAE CLARKE—there's an actress for you! She can oblige with a song and dance as a hooper-heroine, or play a high-bred ingénue with charm and distinction. Her best picture was "Waterloo Bridge," her next "Night Club."



Photo by Fer

ALWAYS merry and bright—that's Joan Blondell, whose wisecracks are treasured and whose help to faltering pictures is a tradition in Hollywood. Now she's to be starred, with every one's approval, in "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard."



Photo by Ferenc

GENIAL, glittering, and gorgeous—it wouldn't matter much if Kay Francis couldn't act at all. But because she can, it just makes her one hundred per cent more attractive, as you will see in "A Dangerous Brunette," her first for Warner Brothers.



BARBARA BARRY, in the interview opposite, blames mathematics for the downfall of Warren William as a student and his success as an actor. Nowadays he can count his hits all right, but the number of his fan letters has got beyond his control.

Photo by Feren

GREAT GUSTO

This tells how Warren William scurried to the stage to
dodge mathematics and eventually pounced upon the screen.

IF you want to send Warren William running for the nearest exit, just sneak up behind him and yell "Mathematics!"

By Barbara Barry

he joined a stock company in Erie, Pennsylvania.

He remembers an amusing incident that occurred during "A Stitch in Time," one of his early efforts.

Figures always terrified him. The dear old school days about which poets rave were a nightmare to Mrs. William's blue-eyed laddie, because he never could make the 'rithmetic sums add up to the answers in the back of the book.

Nor could you rightly call him dumb.

His grammar is faultless. He can do cross-word puzzles with a fountain pen, memorize a part in no time at all, and act circles around any star you'd care to mention. But—

Square root, cube root, equations, and fractions are in a class with smallpox and black diphtheria, as far as Warren is concerned.

I believe the crack about "not knowing it was lost," when the teacher asked a boy to find the lowest common denominator, can originally be credited to "that impossible William boy!"

Maybe Warren isn't so dumb, after all. But why spoil a good story?

After graduating from high school, he turned wistful eyes toward West Point. But once again a leering horde of X's and angles sent our hero scurrying for the tall timber—defeated.

There! I've got you all crying! And the story's just begun. Put away your hankies, kiddies, and wait till auntie gives the signal.

Warren's sister, sympathizing with her brother in his trigonometrical troubles—and I'm working without a net!—took him to see a barnstorming star in a stage success of the early twentieth century.

Watching the old maestro emote, it suddenly occurred to Warren that, next to building bridges, here was a business he could care for in a big way. And sister encouraged this budding ambition wholeheartedly.

Out he set then, the fires of aspiration burning high. Before he could get to first base in the game of histrionics—came the World War! A little heavy music, professor. And, like a true son of Minnesota, Warren dashed to the front to see what could be done about bringing up the rear.

It may have been a swell war, but to our Mr. William it was just one cootie after another. And just as he was about bored to tears with the whole racket, a call was issued for a general round-up of entertainers—experienced entertainers.

Hastily, and without batting an eye, Warren presented himself at headquarters and told them what a swell actor he was.

"It was a monstrous bluff"—he grinned across the studio lunch table—"but I got away with it! They handed me a part and I went on and acted my head off. I was either pretty good," he continued, "or the rest of them didn't know any more about acting than I did."

After the War, he set out in pursuit of that elusive will-o'-the-wisp, fame, and his first break came when

"The scene was an artist's studio"—he smiled reminiscently—"and two other chaps and myself were conversing easily, with no thought of impending disaster. Suddenly there was an awful pause. Some one had missed a cue. After a moment that seemed an hour, I awoke to the horrible realization that the error was *mine!*"

"Frantically I cast about for the line that would set me straight. It would not come. I began pacing the stage, next to a 'flat' behind which I knew the director was standing. He paced along with me, muttering my line over and over. But it was useless. I simply couldn't get it!"

"The audience realized my predicament—they always do—and I could feel the wave of uneasiness that swept up over the footlights. The only thing I could think of was my exit speech, not due for several minutes. In despair I determined to use it. Turning on my helpless colleagues, I shouted, 'Come along, boys! We're wasting perfectly good time here!' And the audience howled!"

A complex personality, this Warren William. He is at once sophisticated and naïve. Always a commanding

Continued on page 67

Warren is likely to be riding high when many of the handsome personality boys have been forgotten.





Photo by Schoenbaum

A VERY pretty girl who played small parts on Broadway a few seasons ago left for Hollywood and a picture contract. The studio publicity departments did awfully well by her, but the directors thought that a few views of her lovely face was about all she had to give to a picture. So she returned to New York a few days ago and, quite in the manner of a queen bowing to the will of her subjects, granted that she would be willing to return to the stage, in a good vehicle, of course, and with a salary of one thousand dollars a week.

"Lady," said the theatrical agent, "I can get all the ex-movie stars I want for a thousand dollars a dozen, and if the show looks like a hit I don't need 'em. Most of them will buy a piece of the show and take a chance on getting anything out of it besides the satisfaction of saying that they are working. Come around when you've calmed down a little, and maybe I'll get you a job in a stock company and a chance to pose for underwear ads on the side."

With the help of a writer friend the young woman is now preparing a statement which goes something like this: "When a girl marries, I think that her whole interest should be concentrated on her husband's career. Very foolishly I continued acting for a while after my marriage, but now I realize it was a mistake. The demands on my time were so great, et cetera." She does not really expect you and me and the rest of the public to believe it, but she hopes that her husband will.

Not in Bargain Class.—The agent was exaggerating a little. He can't get *all* the picture celebrities he wants at bargain rates. In fact, there are quite a few that he cannot get at all. If Paramount decided to release her, Lilyan Tashman could get a nice fat salary for

They Say in

Film celebrities are so plentiful Broadway folk are tripping over them.

appearing on the stage in "Jazz City." She has been appearing in a sketch at the New York and Brooklyn Paramounts with spectacular success. Theatrical producers want Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. They want Barbara Stanwyck and Billie Dove.

If Marlene Dietrich would do a play, they would give her a salary with which she could pay off a large part of the German debt, if she so fancied. And if Greta Garbo would consent to act on the stage, they'd rope off Central Park for her to take solitary walks in, and give her the Empire State Building to hide in between performances.

A brilliant opening and quick closing marked Pola Negri's return to the screen.

A Few Brave Souls.—A bad season on Broadway is preferable, a few players figure, to being almost forgotten in Hollywood. Pauline Starke made a brave effort in a weird little offering called "Zombie." Her friends, and they are many, rallied around, but even a lot of flowers and telegrams from Colleen Moore, Ruth Roland, Blanche Sweet, and others, won't compensate for a debut which was dismissed as "adequate" in a play that was feeble. Marguerite Churchill is expected to fare much better in "The Inside Story." The stage always treated her better than the screen did.

And as for Pauline Frederick, in "When the Bough Breaks," which is about to open as this is written, those who saw it out of town say that she is destined to be more than a great tradition. They report that she has that same magic that endeared her to audiences long ago, and that she looks lovely and astonishingly young. Twenty-three years ago she was voted the most beautiful actress on the American stage. A girl of sixteen who saw her last week just won't believe it—says it must have been her mother.

Marlene Dietrich has canceled a visit home to work in three more films.



Seeing the Town.—Screen celebrities have been so plentiful around town the past few weeks that you fairly trip over them wherever you go. Janet Gaynor returned from Europe and paused just long enough to see a few shows and report that she had seen Ronald Colman in Cannes, just before he set out to tour the battlefields of China.

Clive Brook sailed for a vacation in Europe. He wants to get away from it all and ponder over how an established favorite can get somewhere on his own, instead of eternally supporting stage stars in limp vehicles. There has been some talk of reviving "The Admirable Crichton," filmed as "Male and Female,"

New York—

By Karen Hollis

for him, but the notion persists that he would look like the perfect butler all the way through, instead of blossoming out as the dominant hero, once civilization was left behind.

Richard Dix is showing the town to his wife, and Bebe Daniels is catching a few shows and doing some shopping between vocal lessons and rehearsals for a big broadcast. Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay are getting ready for a vaudeville engagement. Marilyn Miller is preparing for an engagement at the Palace, still looking a little younger and fresher, more guileless and interested than the stage debutantes of this season. Fifi Dorsay has been playing there for weeks, and giving unsparingly of her time and talents to benefits, as usual. Conchita Montenegro rehearsed for a few days with a Ziegfeld show, then by mutual agreement she left and went into vaudeville.

Voted the prettiest actress twenty-three years ago, Pauline Frederick still dazzles her fans.



Photo by Seely

Audience Was Dazzling, Anyway.—

To Pola Negri and "The Woman Commands" goes the distinction of having the most spectacular opening. It was only the opening that was spectacular, however. The closing came very quietly a few days later, owing to great open spaces between paying guests in the audience. However, at the opening there was Pola looking quite stunning, if fragile and unhealthy. Our mayor, whose low blood pressure and general exhaustion often make work at City Hall impossible, is never one to say "No" when friends need him for a picture opening or a party at the Central Park Casino. He draws just as big a crowd of admirers on Broadway as Buddy Rogers does, but the honors for the mob on this evening have to be divided, as both were present.

Harsh Words Were Said.—After the opening there was a big party for Pola at the Casino, and everything went off just beautifully, every one saying lovely things about her performance, which was good, and the picture, which was not. But a few nights later she and the mayor attended another party at the Casino which comes under the heading of "Just Too Bad."

You've probably heard about it, as the newspapers gave it only a little less prominence than war cries in China. Earl Carroll, who gets beautiful girls to work in his nasty shows, insulted Walter Winchell, my favorite columnist. Said he was not fit to associate with decent people. Whereupon most of the people present sided with Winchell, Mr. Carroll went out and had a good cry. He phoned his hostess to apologize at a late hour, and the manager of the Casino agreed with

Mr. Carroll and started the row all over again. Billie Dove was erroneously reported as present. She was, but not until after the fight. Then she slipped off to Palm Beach to get some swimming and some fresh air.

Bebe Daniels is catching a few plays between vocal lessons and radio work.



Photo by Fryer

New Vogue in Parties.—The Casino episode was quite unimportant and is reported here only because it was the simple beginning of a new pastime. Any party that seems to be lagging can now be pepped up by a good, rousing game of Casino. This is the way it is played. Every one present draws a piece of paper from a hat. Most of them are blanks, a few are marked "Belligerents" and three are inscribed Earl Carroll, Walter Winchell, or manager. Drawing the first is an open invitation to tell all present what one thinks of them, after which he is sent home. The one who draws "Winchell" is given a few minutes in the adjoining room with a typewriter on which he prepares his answer, which is posted where all the guests can see it. Regardless of what they say, he has to be polite and not talk back. About that time every one else forgets who drew "Manager" and "Belligerents" and goes around trying to pick a fight. Never a dull moment, and quite as good for airing neighborhood rows as Broadway's.

Recognized at Last.—Those hard-working newspaper photographers who snap beguiling pictures of stars as they arrive and depart from New York had their innings a few nights ago. They gave a ball and many celebrities attended. Jean Harlow managed to outshine them all by the simple expedient

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A STREAK

In padlocking the nickel while kissing the dollar good-by the stars reveal pet economies that make you gasp.



Peggy Shannon saves on stockings.

ACCORDING to psychologists, atavism, which is a strong force in every life, is responsible for the fact that wealthy people often are addicted to petty and sometimes amusing economies.

Through present affluence creeps a note of a threatening to-morrow; while the sun shines, umbrellas are stocked in the closets. At least, that urge is the foundation for an economical strain which, however, usually expresses itself in some ridiculous form.

In their funny ways of padlocking the nickel while kissing the dollar a blithe good-by, the stars show a universally contrary human nature.



Clark Gable clings to his old ties.



Marie Dressler is a miser with make-up.

We all have our peculiar traits along this line. I "save" by using little scraps of paper for notes, and offset my smug conscience by buying slippers. Another will spend prodigiously on parties—and hoard bits of string.

I know one famous actor who always asks for extra shoe strings when he buys footwear, of a highly paid scenario writer who stalls as long as she can putting a new ribbon on her typewriter or using a fresh carbon, an actress who limits her luncheon tips to ten cents. Once I saw the wife of a star in the ten-cent store buying "linens"!

Most of them are careful to collect the samples given them by manufacturing concerns for advertisement posing. What they don't care to use themselves, relatives gratefully receive.

You wouldn't think Ina Claire would hesitate to buy an inexpensive string of beads when their bright color or odd arrangement intrigued her? Or that a busy actress, whose day is apportioned among many duties, would drive around town for an hour, exasperated at her inability to find a vacant place for her car, rather than pay the customary fee on a parking lot?

Marie Dressler doesn't believe in wasting make-up. She will save dozens of little boxes in each of which there is barely a smudge of rouge or eye-shadow or grease paint. Norma Shearer loves perfume, but hates to buy it. As long as there is a whiff left in a bottle, scarcely enough for one scenting, she will not throw it away and order a new supply.

Ramon Novarro's economical trend expresses itself in conscientiously turning off all lights not in use. He never allows any of the beautiful lamps in his home to be left lighted unless necessary for comfort.

Despite the fact that he lives in an apartment, and that most of his life has been spent in lodgings and in hotels where such bills are paid, Richard Dix also makes a point of switching out electric lights and turning off the water. A burning bulb not essential, or a trickle in the bathroom or kitchen sink is, to him, the most wasteful extravagance.

An enthusiastic fisherman, Wallace Beery saves tackle and paraphernalia. He hates to discard a single piece of his collection, and when it has served its purpose he puts it away, "because it might come in handy some day."

"When any one in my mother's or my own home throws out an empty mayonnaise jar," Louise Fazenda remarked one day, "the whole family goes into deep mourning. We use them for preserves, and never have enough, with all our watchfulness."

Childhood training by thrifty parents has left its imprint upon Irene Dunne. She invariably eats the food served her to the last scrap through fixed habit.



Time is nothing if Joan Crawford can find a bargain.



Maurice Chevalier drives a cheap car.

of SCOTCH

By Myrtle Gebhart

May Robson will spend a week's salary check on something that she wants, or thinks she desires, and then work earnestly to remove a postage stamp from a letter that wasn't mailed or was misaddressed.

"Why should I give the government two cents for nothing?" she asks. Mary Astor admits that she tears the stamps from the self-addressed envelopes inclosed with advertising circulars.

Robert Armstrong simply hasn't the heart to discard used tires. About thirty of them are stacked in his garage!

Eddie Quillan finds some Scottish forbear asserting his blood when he carefully salvages the separate tops and pegs of celluloid golf tees which have been slightly damaged. He fits them together and uses them again.

Though the prop department has a stock of cigars ready for him, Robert Woolsey insists upon relighting the one he has started smoking and hasn't finished. Warned that this practice may make him ill—he eschews cigars off-screen altogether—he nevertheless is determined to save his company money, instead of accepting a fresh one.

Insisting that a woman does not need baubles to complete a modish appearance, Ina Claire abjures jewelry as much as possible, always keeping her expenditures for such decorations down to the minimum. Yet she lives in a twenty-room house for which one month's rent would stagger most people.

Louise Fazenda and Lew Cody loathe spending more than fifteen cents for parking their cars. Each will drive around the block time after time looking for a place along the curb, and neither goes into "big money" for parking except when forced to do so by urgent appointments.

Though her expensive wardrobe contains the newest models, Lilyan Tashman turns Scot when it comes to hand bags. An oddity, that, for she knows the importance of smart accessories. Some peculiar instinct forbids her to spend more than a certain small sum for a purse. So her husband usually buys one for each new outfit, as he doesn't count the pennies.

Losing gloves with distressing regularity, Sylvia Sidney and Carmel Myers economize by buying the cheapest ones that look fairly presentable. Gary Cooper seldom buys a hat, and when he does it is not an expensive one.

Peggy Shannon and Helen Chandler think nothing of acquiring a few new evening gowns, but don't they make up for it, a *little* bit anyhow, by saving on stockings? They never wear them with sports clothes.

Lucille Gleason made a rigid rule never to pay more than fifty dollars for any gown. Otherwise she will not economize. If she can't afford to satisfy a desire, she waits until she can get the coveted dress at her price.

Fast acquiring a Hollywood reputation as a good dresser, Clark Gable is an easy mark for sartorial salesmen until it comes to neckties, when he rebels. He spends freely on everything else, but wears his old cravats until they are practically decrepit. Buying shoes is a distasteful task to Robert Montgomery. He keeps on his old ones until his wife forces him into a shoe store.

Little Jackie Cooper has his favorite socks and won't let his mother discard them even when they are full of holes. "I can play in them," he insists when he rescues them from the trash heap.

Cheap gloves must do for Sylvia Sidney.



Novarro hates to waste electricity.



Lilyan Tashman stints on hand bags.



Ina Claire looks longingly at cheap beads.



Richard Dix is a big light and water saver.

Continued on page 65

ONE STEP TO



Photo by Richee

Sylvia Sidney could never have come alone to New York to attend dramatic school at the age of twelve.

OLATHE, Kansas, boasts its Buddy Rogers; Helena, Montana, claims Myrna Loy; Durango, Mexico, has Ramon Novarro; even Lithuania has Ivan Lebedeff. But New York has cradled a score of first-rank theatrical celebrities for every one traced elsewhere.

Nearly every protégé of the stage was raised within the shadow of the Great White Way. And though some of those players of New York origin who won fame on the screen and stage might have won their laurels regardless of where they were born and brought up, it is a moot point as to how long it would have taken them, and how many even would have tried for fame.

Suppose, for instance, that Doctor Sigmund Sidney had decided fourteen years ago to set up a dental practice in Duluth, Minnesota, instead of at the corner of Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, a stone's throw from Broadway. Would Sylvia have become a Theater Guild player at fifteen, an experienced actress at twenty-one?

If Marguerite Churchill hadn't been

Why New York has cradled a score of players to every one who grew up far from the footlights.

living with her mother in New York, would she have entered the Theater Guild school at fourteen? And if she hadn't, would she have gone on the stage nevertheless?

If Mr. and Mrs. William LaHiff, the poor parents of Nancy Carroll—Ann Veronica LaHiff—had decided a few years previous to Nancy's chorus début that the air of Fiftieth Street and Tenth Avenue, New York, was too contaminating for their offspring, and had removed them to a farm, say, in Pennsylvania, what then? Would fifteen-year-old Nancy and her sister, Terry, have managed to scrape together fare to New York and the money needed to launch them as actresses?

Would Claudette Colbert have been able to meet the woman playwright who sponsored her early career, if she had been attending a party somewhere in France with Papa and Mamma Chauchoin, instead of in Greenwich Village? And would she, without the encouragement this lady gave her, have decided to try the theater in a serious way?

How would the Brooklyn girl, Lilyan Tashman, have managed to be munching toast and tea in a New York rendezvous for stage folk that eventful day when Ziegfeld saw her and selected her for the "Follies," if she had been living in Vernal, Utah? And if she hadn't met him, would her

vague desire to act have died as she grew older, just as it so often does with other girls?

If Helen Twelvetrees's father, William Jurgens, had settled with his wife and two children any farther away from Broadway than Avenue I, Brooklyn, would Helen have set out to conquer the New York stage at sixteen?

And how about Barbara Stanwyck—Ruby Stevens—who lived in the same block with the Jurgenses? And Eddie Cantor, James Dunn, Ruth Chatterton, Josephine Dunn, Chester Morris, and Helen Chandler? All these knew the dazzling lights of New York at an early age.

Dr. Sigmund Sidney, dentist, believes that Sylvia, like most girls, would have dropped her ambition had he not moved to New York.



BROAD

By Mignon Rittenhouse

And what of Constance Bennett and sister Joan, and Joan Blondell, and all the other girls and boys whose parents and relations were of the stage, and who were initiated into the life before they were out of baby clothes?

Would all of them have taken to the stage? Would even half of them?

Just how big a part proximity to the theater played in deciding the destinies of a long list of present screen favorites, they themselves probably don't know.

Even the few parents of these famous children who still live in New York seemed undecided when I inquired about it. They watched their tendencies from the beginning, listened to their daydreams of the future, and noted with pride their most minute achievements.

Of one thing only are Doctor Sidney and Mesdames Jurgens, Chauchoin, and LaHiff sure. Their children showed talent for acting early.

"But," declared Mrs. Chauchoin, mother of Claudette Colbert, who lives with her daughter and son-in-law, Norman Foster, at 55 Central Park West,

"Claudette was talented in a number of ways. My daughter was valedictorian of her class when she graduated from high school, you know."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jurgens when I questioned her in the home where Helen Twelvetrees spent sixteen years of her life. "Helen, too, was talented in other ways. She loved to draw. If she should stop acting to-morrow, I feel sure she could become a successful artist. I have a trunk full of her sketches."

"Of course she exhibited talent for acting almost from babyhood. But so many children do. I did. Why, I remember as a child giving the kids in our neighborhood pennies to watch me perform. I wasn't given any encourage-



A school play in Brooklyn encouraged Helen Twelvetrees to try for the stage, explains Mrs. Jurgens, her mother.

Coul
wrigl

ment at the
when I was you

Mrs. Jurgens looked rather than like her mother in pajamas, and leaning back on a chair seemed odd to hear her speak of girlhood time "when nice girls didn't become actresses."

"Perhaps it was my own suppressed desire to go on the stage," she suggested, "which made me anxious to help Helen realize her ambition."

"I think it was at a school play in the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, that we first became fully aware of how well suited she was for the theater. Many well-known people who saw her that night told Mr. Jurgens and me that it would be a shame not to allow her to become an actress."

"But perhaps if we had lived far away from the center of things, and she had shown the same tendency, we would have discouraged her."

"It was fortunate that New York was right across the river. Of course, Helen did leave home at sixteen, but she had already attended the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York when that happened. She got an engagement in the Stuart Walker stock company in Cincinnati, and later she played in 'An American Tragedy' in Chicago. [Continued on page 61]

WOOD

gayety of the starry pageant.

d Elza Schallert

Rugged Rebellion.—Generally speaking, the rugged leading men are getting resentful about being compared with Clark Gable. One of the foremost to rebel is George Brent, leading man in Ruth Chatterton's "The Rich Are Always With Us," and Barbara Stanwyck's "So Big."

Brent has made his opposition known since paragraphs commenced appearing in syndicated columns that he is like Gable. It just happened that he had about the same kind of experience starting his career, but that's the end of the resemblance. His life, once mixed up with Irish politics, and later chiefly concerned in stock company engagements, has been entirely different. It's all very irritating—not to say boring!

No Sweet Duet.—Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead are to sing on the screen—but if you ask us, it won't be close harmony!

Rival for Joshua.—And there is the supervisor whose company was on location at Del Monte, photographing some scenes against an ocean background, and who, in excitement over the matter of procuring a certain pictorial effect, suddenly gave orders to the technical director to go down and make the sea keep still!

New Crowns Being Molded.—Star-grooming is becoming a popular pastime again. It breaks out spasmodically. Wynne Gibson is one of those talked of, with the possibility that she may do some of the pictures that Ruth Chatterton would have played had she remained with Paramount. First up is "Clara Deane."

And at last it looks as if Stuart Erwin, that droll *comique*, were going to get a break. Erwin has been one of the screen's funniest actors for over a year, but it doesn't seem to have meant much. He is not unlike Will Rogers.

The Retort Acrimonious.—The most impressive sight that we saw on the elaborate "Grand Hotel" set was Lionel Barrymore peacefully taking a nap in the midst of the madding crowd.

Incidentally, there was a little exchange of pleasantries between Edmund Goulding, the director, and John Barrymore one day, about production expenses. The outcome is that John had the last word. He usually does.

Goulding said, "Barrymore, since

Can you believe your eyes and Max Factor? Here's Marian Marsh all transformed for "Beauty and the Boss."



...—
... trade on
... on. That's flat!
... the law to the studio
... that particular topic right from
the beginning. Furthermore, young
Chaney doesn't give a whoop about
seeing any pictures in which actors
deform themselves. He passed up
"Frankenstein" and one or two
others.

This chap, son of the late Lon Chaney, and hitherto in the water-heater business, has started out to carve his own niche in pictures. He begins with a contract at RKO, ranging from \$250 up to \$3,500 through its term. If he makes good, he'll be traveling right along in his father's footsteps. He's one of those new rugged leading-men types, and the upper part of his face looks decidedly like Lon's.

Here's to the new Chaney!

HIGHL



The gentlemen won't like being told, but separately and collectively. They're Weldon Heyburn, left, whom you'll see in "Careless" and "The Rich Are Always With Us," and George Brent, in "So Big," and "The Rich Are Always With Us."

you've come on the set, it costs about \$100 a minute extra, so we must endeavor to economize on time."

Shortly afterward Goulding went to consult with a supervisor, and Barrymore remarked acidly, "There goes \$5,000 worth of good time."

Apt Title Change.—And speaking of Barrymore recalls that the latest gag title for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is "Dr. Jekyll and Harpo Marx."

Reference is, of course, to the version in which Fredric March appears, although it probably could have fitted just as well for John's.

Doug Seeks Wild Man.—Liveliness is at last being apparent in the quiescent Fairbanks camp. One has almost to say "Senior" to-day in referring to Doug père. The liveliness is borne out by the fact that the father of the Junior Fairbanks has gathered together a real entourage, and has set sail to the South Seas with his aggregation. They include William Farnum and Maria Alba, the Spanish star, among others, and while he is away Doug threatens to add the Wild Man of Borneo to his retinue, if he can find him. We might make the suggestion that if the star can't find him, he can certainly discover his counterpart on his return to Hollywood. There are plenty of wild men at large here, though not of Borneo.

Dolores del Rio sails away to Honolulu to film "The Bird of Paradise," with Joel McCrea and three hundred natives.

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Photo by Acme

aries,
far between
trast, Bebe Danie
experiences prove the point
She receives \$3,000 for ten
minutes' work on the radio.
Who among her sisters of
the screen makes that much
in the same length of time?
Bebe's singing voice, which
means little or nothing, owing
to the dearth of musical
films, has certainly turned
lucrative in her new field.

Companionate Domesticity.—Married life and a career may not coördinate in pictures, but Ruth Chatterton has found a solution to the perplexity. While she

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BE MY

That's what Claudette Colbert, Eddie Cantor, Lilyan Tashman, and Gary Cooper would like to say to celebrities they're crazy to meet.

The first bit of detective work was done on Gary Cooper. When the question was hurled at Gary, he walked nervously up and down the Paramount publicity offices, and looking out over Times Square, confessed that the world contained a person or two he'd like to meet.

Yes, and he'd like to get them together. Gary's idea of a party is not one of these conventional affairs with everybody holding his cocktail glass and tongue properly. He wants *fireworks*. Consider this group, and imagine what would happen if they all collected in one spot, with Gary as host.

Smash-bang, Gary starts off with Garbo—no hesitancy there. She will fill the chair marked "Glamour."

"She has," says Gary, "the trick of being that more than any one else in the movies."

After Garbo—whom? Well, New York's dapper mayor. Sitting on James Joseph Walker's right, Gary

would be pleased to have none fierier than Mussolini.

Coupled with these, he would like to have Aimee Semple McPherson talking shop, with Robert Benchley conveniently around to write it all up for a laugh-hungry public.

And to round the evening off, there'll be Gary to upset them all with a devastating, one-sided smile!

Next I found myself in Eddie Cantor's dressing room. His mind works like Floyd Gibbons's tongue—pretty darn fast, you know.

"Who would I choose for a perfect supper guest?" asked Eddie. "Well, Mahatma Gandhi first, because he doesn't eat much—he brings his own dinner along, you know. Besides, I'd be sure to be the better dressed of the two. But seriously, I would be thrilled listening

to one of the greatest of all beings—a fellow who embodies so much unselfishness."

Cantor got up and looked at the stage schedule over his dressing table. He still had a few seconds.

Next choice—Garbo! The lady who fits into any list. Eddie hasn't met her.

"In all my time in Hollywood," he confessed, "I didn't even see her. Yes, I'd want her there to see if I could break up that Sphinxlike attitude."

Can't you imagine Cantor getting Garbo to forget all about Garbo for one evening!

Seated next to himself, Eddie wants Fritz Kreisler, the violin virtuoso, by all means.



Eddie Cantor would like to have Gandhi and Garbo as his guests, with Fritz Kreisler and Senator Borah.

... salary and ap-
... are enough to make
heart beat happily, chalk
... mts and at least four errors to
your score.

There's many a *Pagliaccio* among the cheeriest players. Bet you never imagined that there was any darkness behind Gary Cooper's smile—no yearning in the hearts of Colbert, Cantor, or Tashman. But I had always had my suspicion that maybe there were some things that even Papa Paramount didn't give his children, and maybe there was a reason for the wistful Cantor look.

And I was right. There are a few people in the world that these high-powered successes would like to round up for a general good time. And if you're making any arrangements, they'd like a party, please, with the persons they most admire present as guests.

Curiosity was creeping over me. Just what kind of a group would these discriminating stars anticipate for a party—what would be their idea of a super-interesting evening?

GUEST

By Rosalie Lieberman

He's a man who can thrill millions and bring out the soul through his fingers."

And now please follow me by taking a big jump. The next Cantor invitation goes to Senator Borah. Eddie raised those famous eyes as far heavenward as the dressing-room ceiling.

"I'd invite him," said Eddie, "with a prayer that he would open up and give me some inside stuff."

"And," said Eddie in exit, "Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics. He's one of the smartest minds in baseball, and I happen to be a baseball——" I didn't catch the last word, but I'm pretty sure it was fan.

Well, the gentlemen stars had been charitable about helping the interviewer earn her daily movie ticket, so I decided to do a little prying on the ladies.

To the Paramount studio and to the ladies. When I started out for the camera country at Astoria, "to the ladies" meant "in the direction of." When I left, the expression had turned into a toast. Two reasons for the change—Lilyan Tashman and Claudette Colbert.

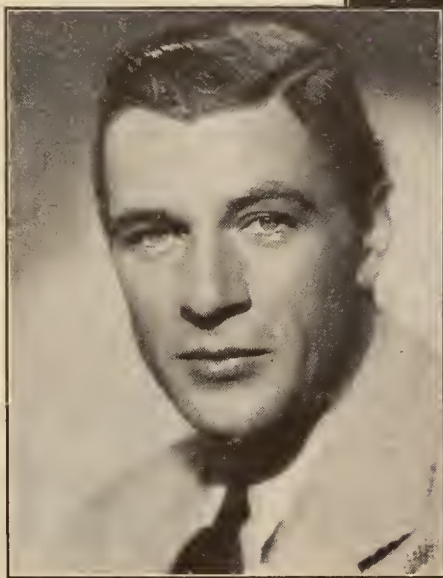
Miss Tashman, recently back from Europe, was enthusiastic about her Agnès hats, her friends, and the kind of party we've been talking about. Regarding the latter, she will take no chances on spoiling her illusions. No invitations to people she hasn't met. They might not be all they're written up to be.

Lilyan Tashman demands one thing to start with, for her perfect evening. There must be a certain fine pictorial quality to the ensemble—not just from the linen, silver, and flowers, but from the guests. The Tashman beauty standards are high. Try and make them.

Ivor Novello, she says, could get in on his pictorial qualities, and so could Cecil Beaton, the British photographer. Mary Garden is decorative enough to rate a place card, too. All these talented people would take care of the beauty requirements, and supply large quantities of personality, as well.

Noel Coward, the playwright, is assigned by Miss Tashman to the job of being brilliant and to "making himself useful after supper by playing the piano."

Elsie de Wolfe, the famous interior decorator, gets an invitation, because says our hostess, "For a woman past middle age, she is the youngest I know. She has a great knowledge of the beautiful—knows every one and



Gary Cooper would like to get together Garbo, Mayor Walker, Mussolini, Aimee McPherson, and Robert Benchley—imagine!

Lilyan Tashman's smartest supper party would include Ivor Novello, Cecil Beaton, Mary Garden, Noel Coward, and Elsie de Wolfe.

almost *everything!*" With which superlative statement, Miss Tashman became a little breathless.

She still had energy enough, though, to throw a final bouquet to Cecil Beaton. He apparently has the amazing ability to be both shy and sophisticated. Well, that Jekyll-Hyde fellow had nothing on young Beaton!

While I was watching Miss Tashman in exit, there entered Claudette Colbert.

Noel Coward, obviously a charming fellow, heads the Colbert list simply because he's her pet playwright, and Edna Ferber, whom she hasn't met, goes in the favorite class under the novelist heading.

"And I'd never have a party without Neysa McMein, the cover artist. She fits in anywhere, gives the most successful parties in New York, and everybody likes her!" Triple tribute, Miss McMein!

Then, of a sudden, a fanlike look possessed the charming Colbert features. Being a fan is like having the measles, I guess. The strongest of us go through it at least once, and the weakest of us a couple of more times.

Continued on page 63



David Manners plays opposite Constance Bennett in "Lady With a Past," a comedy that might have been brilliant.

beautifully acted in luxurious surroundings and costumed by the famed Chanel, of Paris, whose dresses are sometimes unbecoming and always conspicuous.

The story is properly unmoral, being devoid of lofty sentiments, unselfish motives, or any depth of emotion. Why should it be? It deals with girls who live sumptuously by their wits and sex appeal. Their squabbles, jealousies, and double-crossings are shrewdly revealed in dialogue that never fails of its purpose, but is witty rather than humorous. That is why the film may not be boisterous enough to suit the mood of those who expect to guffaw at this low-down on a common racket.

Too much cannot be said of Ina Claire's sparkling comedy. If you thought her ritzy in "Rebound" she will correct that mistake here. She is positively brilliant. Joan Blondell is her usual self, and that is funny, of course, but Madge Evans is not quite satisfying as the "good" girl of the trio. That is to say, Miss Evans is perfectly lovely in every respect, but suggests too nice and too intellectual a girl to do and say some of the things required of her, even though she's the nominal heroine of the piece in that she marries David Manners. Lowell Sherman, who directed, is thoroughly at home in this sophisticated atmosphere and he plays the amorous pianist to perfection.

"To-morrow and To-morrow."

If you have strayed from Ruth Chatterton in her recent pictures, you will return to admire her in this. It is her best since "Anybody's Woman" and it compares with her earlier films. You shouldn't miss it. One of the reasons for its superiority is because the original was a thoughtful stage play. This does not always mean that the resulting adaptation will be a good picture, but in this case the dialogue is uncom-

George Arliss and Violet Heming are appropriately earnest in "The Man Who Played God."

monly fine. Every word reveals a thought of the speaker and when the picture is finished you have come to know all the characters well. They are human beings, not mouthpieces for the babblings of the studio's pet writers. And the acting is worthy of the literary quality.

Miss Chatterton has done nothing finer nor more delicately modulated than her portrait of the wife who is unhappy because she is childless. Nor did Robert Ames ever present a more likable character than the husband in this, the last rôle before his death. And I think that Paul Lukas, too, surpasses himself. He is ideally cast as the Viennese scientist who, as the chance guest of the unhappy couple, falls in love with the wife. However, this is no movie liaison, and you are made to feel by the playwright and the actors that Miss Chatterton's child is the outcome of no vulgar, casual affair, but is the spiritual realization of her yearning for motherhood.

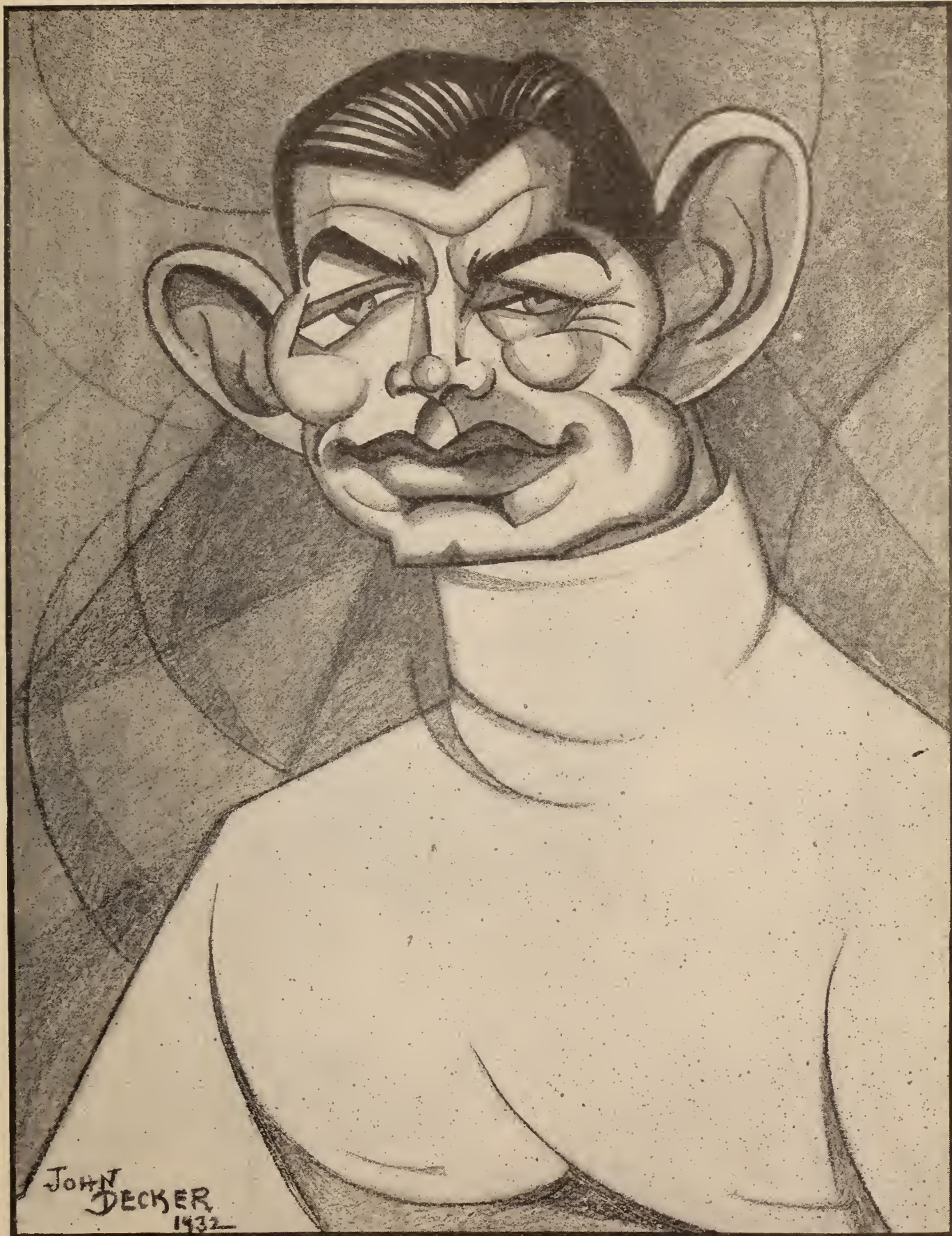
I shall not tell you the outcome, for that would spoil your enjoyment of a picture that is worth while from every standpoint. Down to the smallest detail it is perfect, and it flows as smoothly as a deep, wide stream. Like such a stream, its undercurrents are strong and swift.

"Lady with a Past."

Poor Constance Bennett! Slim, alluring, beautifully dressed, and with a bankroll besides, she is shunned by men at ritzy dances. She would have us believe that she is a wallflower. But Miss Bennett is too limited an actress to do anything special to make the character credible, depending on the scenario writer and director to put the idea over.

Continued on page 70





WOTTA MAN!

JOHN DECKER, the artist, matches the brutality of his pencil with the brutality of Clark Gable's menacing personality and the result is a merciless caricature of the very thing about Mr. Gable that sets maids and matrons wild. Brickbats will be hurled at Mr. Decker in the order received!

A TIRED TITIAN

Peggy Shannon thinks that fan mail is the only pleasant thing in a film career.

AS soon as I saw Peggy Shannon, I knew things were going to be difficult. She was fatigued, and even the most superficial student of human nature will tell you that a tired Titian can be cross.

By Edward Nagle

And Peggy was a good daughter to them. Her childhood was happy, so she never wrote any poetry nor dreamed of becoming an actress.

Her greeting was cordial but not effusive. Miss Shannon is the sort of girl who tells you to call her Peggy in a manner that indicates she will have you thrown out if you go so far as to make it "Peg."

"What is it your public would like to know?" she demanded.

"Our public," I amended modestly.

We went to her dressing room. "Tell me," I said, hopping onto a chair in that boyish manner which my admirers insist is my chief charm, "don't you get a big thrill out of all this?"

Miss Shannon fixed me with a look which if not dirty was at least slightly soiled. "Am I," she said, "supposed to?"

Followed a long silence in which Miss Shannon glared at me hostilely and I, quaking and holding back a sob, decided to give up journalism and go back to the ribbon counter.

"And what don't you like about Hollywood?" I asked.

She shuddered convulsively. "Hollywood," she said.

Peggy certainly does like New York. And what does Peggy like about New York? New York.

Now what can a reporter do with a gal like that?

Peggy Shannon typifies the new order of movie actress. More talented than beautiful and too sane to be glamorous, her name in the newspapers will be confined to the movie sections, one is sure. She is what is known out here as a lady; that is, she knows the right fork, holds her liquor, and never says anything quotable. If she's Clara Bow's successor, I'm Jim Tully.

Let it be said for Peggy, she has no illusions about that. When Peggy stepped into Clara's rôle in "The Secret Call," the brilliant boys of the publicity department sold her to the newspapers as Clara's successor. None was more displeased than Peggy. She stormed and wept, but to no avail.

"I thought that publicity was the height of bad taste, Clara being ill, but the press agents paid no attention to me. 'It's getting printed, isn't it?' they said when I objected."

Peggy was born about twenty years ago in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Her parents were of that type so aptly called the salt of the earth—decent, dreamless folk who loved their home, feared their God, paid their taxes, and sent their children to school.

"I was a most unimaginative brat. I preferred playing house to theater. When other girls talked of becoming actresses, I used to laugh at them. When I thought of being grown up at all, it was as the good wife of some good man and the mother of five beautiful daughters who would always wear pink organdie dresses."

Then one day a breath of the wide world in the lovely person of Madge Evans blew into Pine Bluff. She was making a tour of the mid-West advertising the Madge Evans hat. Both she and Peggy were about ten at that time.

"I had never before seen any one so beautiful," Peggy told me, "nor heard such a lovely voice. I managed to meet her. But nothing came of it, except a determination that my five daughters should look like Madge."

When Peggy finished high school, her mother took her to New York to live. Ziegfeld's secretary, who lived in the adjoining apartment, took Peggy backstage for a thrill.

One of Ziggy's press boys saw the gawky little country girl and conceived an idea. He had a photograph taken of Peggy standing with Ziegfeld, of whom she had never heard, and the next day it appeared in all the papers under the headline, "Ziegfeld Signs Arkansas Beauty."

"I couldn't even walk correctly, let alone dance," Peggy said, "but I went into rehearsal and in six weeks was a member of the 'Follies.'"

From there she went into Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

where she learned even more about life. Any number of playboys sent her orchids which she ignored. Several nice chaps sent roses, and Peggy married one of them—Alan Davis.

Alan, intensely ambitious to do big things in the theater, fired Peggy with the same desire. Carroll gave her her first chance in drama as the ingénue in "What Anne Brought Home." She wasn't ready for it, so she went into stock in upper New York State.

Coming back to New York City, she found no difficulty in finding work. She had the distinction of playing in fifteen flops in two seasons. This made her well-known to the profession and gained her a contract in Hollywood.

So here she is and none too happy about it. Alan hasn't found any work out here, and an unemployed husband is a problem even in Hollywood.

Continued on page 68



Photo by Otto Dyar

"At least I have one quality in common with Clara Bow—I refuse to be hypocritical. I'm myself at all costs."—Peggy Shannon.



Photo by Bert Longworth

PEGGY SHANNON resents being urged as Clara Bow's successor as much as Clara's fans did when they first heard of Peggy. In fact she resents practically everything in the studios and voices her opinions with remarkable frankness on the page opposite.

CINDERELLA

She's an extra girl in a French movie studio who accepts the position of paid "wife" to a gay bachelor on a trip to Venice in "This Is the Night."

LILY DAMITA is this very modern Cinderella whose name is Germaine. You see her in the center of the page with Charles Ruggles as the bachelor's friend.

ON the left are Thelma Todd and Cary Grant, whose resemblance to Clark Gable is something to make you sit up and take notice.



HERE are Roland Young, the amusing hero of the farce, and Miss Damita making the most of her opportunities.



SHEIK

Though Will Rogers is the star of "Business and Pleasure," Boris Karloff, the *Monster in Frankenstein*, plays a desert chieftain as only he can.

WILL ROGERS is a homely razor-blade manufacturer who goes to Damascus to corner the market in steel.

ETTY ROSS, a newcomer, and Joel McCrea play the young lovers as seen on the right, and the picture gains importance by reason of the return of Jetta Goudal to the screen after a long absence.





NO PLACE

After years of renting houses in Hollywood, Neil and here are the first pictures of it. Far from being appearance and atmosphere unusu

IT is interesting to note that a man's home usually reflects the atmosphere of his birthplace, no matter how far apart the locations may be. As almost every one knows, Neil was born in Massachusetts and the cool, white reaches of his residence show plainly the influence of New England.

All photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull





LIKE HOME

Elso Hamilton decided to build one of their very own show place, it has instead an inviting, homelike among new homes in the cinema colony.

Neil's immense atlas pictured on the opposite page is an unusual and decorative addition to the library, which is paneled in knotted pine as are the halls and some of the other rooms. In the picture at the top of the page Patricia Louise, adopted daughter of the house of Hamilton, holds court with Neil and Elso.

All photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull





ALL STAR

"Grand Hotel" brings together almost every prominent player on the Metro-Goldwyn roster, with some outside notables to give the all-star cast an additional luster.

GRETA GARBO is the heroine, a Russian dancer, and other pictured on this page are John and Lionel Barrymore, Lew Stone, Wallace Beery, and Joan Crawford. But they're not the stars—not by a long shot. Some of the others are Jean Hersholt, Robert McWade, Purnell Pratt, Tully Marshall, Murre Kinnell, Rafaela Ottiano, and Kathryn Crawford.



MEXICO

In the setting of her native country Lupe Velez is given free rein to be her primitive, vivacious self as the Mexican heroine of "The Broken Wing."

LUPE VELEZ, matchless portrayeur of Latin beauties, is *Captain Innocencia*, the "bad man" and dictator of the community, while Melvyn Douglas, whom you know from "To-night or never" and "Prestige," is the American aviator-hero.





MONEY

The effects of sudden wealth are melodramatically contemplated in "The Devil's Lottery" when winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes are brought together by chance.

ELISSA LANDI is the star, with the leading men in her support. They are Alexander Kirkland and Paul Cavanagh. Victor McLaglen is the murderous villain, for a change, and Beryl Mercer is his mother. This is Landi's first picture since her return from England and everybody's hoping it will be as good as "The Yellow Ticket."



The magic symbol of
great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE

1928 BEN HUR

1929 ^{The} BROADWAY MELODY

1930 The BIG HOUSE

1931 TRADER HORN

And in 1932

the eyes of the world are again on

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FOR THE SUPREME THRILL OF
THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

A
giant romance
of our times
based on the
SENSATIONAL
NOVEL

by **UPTON
SINCLAIR**

He dared to tell the
truth—sensationally,
dramatically—in one
of the greatest stories
ever written for the
American Screen.



THE WET PARADE

with **Walter HUSTON**

Dorothy JORDAN • Lewis STONE

Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD

John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE



FREE LADY

CONSTANCE BENNETT has earned the right to be as free as she pleases in the selection of stories for her pictures after the popular success of "Lady With a Past." Its attractiveness at the box office explains why she receives the enormous salary that some of the fans resent. "Free Lady," incidentally, is the title of her new one.

One Step to Broadway

Continued from page 41

Then I asked Doctor Sidney, "Do you think Sylvia would have gone on the stage if she hadn't grown up so close to Broadway?"

"She always loved acting," he replied. "There was never a question in her mind as to what she wanted to do. But we certainly wouldn't have let her come to New York alone at the age of twelve. That's when she started in the dramatic school."

Doctor Sidney still occupies the small office on the second floor, at Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, to which he came fourteen years ago, although his home is now in Greenwich Village instead of the Bronx.

The neighborhood where he works is probably much the same as when he came there. The painted signs on his windows still read, "Doctor Sidney, Dentist: Plates Repaired While You Wait: Reasonable Prices, Weekly Payments."

There is an unpretentious movie house downstairs. Around the corner are many theaters which he and Sylvia attended a few years ago. Only one thing denotes the change which the years have wrought since he, a newcomer, was faced with the problem of taking care of a wife and daughter in what has been called the most indifferent city in the world. As you glance from a window of his office to the theater downstairs, an electric sign proclaims "Ladies of the Big House," with Sylvia Sidney."

Had Doctor Sidney been able to peer into a crystal globe on that day he first came to New York from Roumania, and witnessed in how spectacular a manner his daughter's fame would be brought to the very door of his workshop, would he have believed his own eyes? I was curious to know.

"Probably not," he smiled in reply to a question, "Sylvia has been responsible for so many happy surprises in Mrs. Sidney's life and mine. I certainly couldn't have imagined any street in New York turning out to be friendly when I came here. Yet this section now seems very homelike to me. Naturally Sylvia's pictures draw big in this vicinity.

"I can't help but be glad for having settled in New York, instead of in some other place. The city has been kind to me, as well as to Sylvia. And there is always the chance that if I'd been frightened away from it in the beginning because of its bigness, Sylvia's story might read very differently now. And I think it reads nicely the way it is, don't you?"



WHY TAKE CHANCES?

. . . . You really don't need to with this totally different way in feminine hygiene!

So many women risk their precious health again and again . . . relying on old-fashioned feminine hygiene methods. Now it is so needless to endanger youth and loveliness, because Zero-Jel, the German medical formula for positive feminine hygiene, can be had by women everywhere!

Zero-Jel is dependable. Zero-Jel will not irritate or injure those sensitive tissues. Zero-Jel ends suspense about antiseptic cleanliness . . . while reducing the uncertainties of those old antiseptic methods to Zero!

Zero-Jel is not a liquid, suppository, powder, or tablet . . . but a delicate, greaseless jelly prescribed by physicians for years (under a medical name.) Applied full strength, direct, with its own convenient tube and special life-time applicator, its powerful antiseptic action *continues for many hours*. In addition, it forms an imperceptible film which germs cannot penetrate. With this *double* antiseptic safeguard, Zero-Jel dependably *maintains* the germ-free condition women seek in feminine hygiene.

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"for Positive Feminine Hygiene"

FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If your druggist does not yet feature Zero-Jel, you need not wait to find out how much this amazing preparation can mean to you. For a limited time only we make this special offer. Send only \$1 for the full size tube of Zero-Jel (sufficient for twenty applications). With it we will send you *absolutely free* the ingenious life-time applicator (50c value) and the booklet "A Completely Different Method for Feminine Hygiene." If for any reason you do not find Zero-Jel is all that you think it is, we will gladly refund your money.

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I am enclosing \$1 (cash, stamps or money order) for which please send me full size tube of Zero-Jel and free 50c life-time applicator and booklet "A Completely Different Method for Feminine Hygiene" (as per your special introductory offer.) The package to come in plain wrapper, postage paid.

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City _____ State _____

Continued from page 17

"If they are natural platinum blondes, that's their hard luck," Jean said. "They'll always be looked upon as jazz babies wherever they go. Socially, being a very light blonde is somewhat of an asset. Men are immediately attracted to you. After they follow you around all evening, you can sometimes convince them that you're quite as nice as you're platinum. But in business"—she rolled her eyes to heaven—"I'd hate to be me and have to work in an office!"

Jean's mother was with her at the time we chatted and she, too, agreed that it did not pay for a business girl to bleach her hair to the sensational lightness which Jean's publicity man had named "platinum."

"Aside from the heavy expense of

this process, which every girl who attempted the change must be acquainted with now, I think most girls look very sallow with bleached hair. The skin appears darker against the whiteness of the hair, and a fairly light complexion is ruined by the contrast," Jean's mother explained.

For it is Jean Harlow's mother who keeps her daughter's hair so daz- zlingly attractive. Her mother in- sists Jean's hair is naturally light, al- though it takes a shampoo every three days to keep it looking lovely. In Pittsburgh, when they were on a vaudeville tour recently, Jean's hair had to be shampooed every day to rid it of the soot and grime which showed up like a smudge on white satin.

When Jean Harlow holds her head

under the strong electric light, her hair shimmers like silver and is so live that one doesn't stop to wonder whether it is natural or bleached. Bleached hair just couldn't keep its babyish softness and luster as hers does, not when the platinum bleach is known to be the strongest hair bleaching process yet invented

So, girls, if you want a wedding ring or a job, don't go platinum! And if you do, in spite of what these other girls have found out about being a platinum blonde in love or business, prepare yourself with a volley of flip retorts, for you're sure to get a lot of flip remarks handed out.

Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but going to the extreme of being a platinum blonde is like waving a red flag at a bullfight.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 37

of wearing a truly distinguished frock of black and white. She told the gathering that she was there to thank them for all they had done for her. "Without you," she said candidly, "I would not have got anywhere."

June Collyer was there in a dress of pale green, a white rabbit jacket and lots of make-up, to say nothing of an awfully sweet manner.

Billie Dove dropped in for a few minutes, and the boys were so pleased they decided to do something really big for her when she left for Palm Beach. They would take such gorgeous pictures of her as had never before been seen in newspapers. One was detailed to do the job up right, and he got so nervous over the im- portance of his assignment that he forgot to put any plates in his cam- era.

Via Hollywood.—Broadway's fa- vorite story at the moment comes from Hollywood, and concerns Greta Garbo. (Do I hear you saying "Of course"?) In a scene for "Grand Hotel," she is supposed to hurry through a hotel lobby, utterly weary and distracted, with admiring throngs trying to clutch at her. "Shall we rehearse the scene now?" the direc- tor asked. "No," said Garbo, "I had plenty of rehearsal for that in New York."

Smoke Screen.—You may have

heard that Ann Dvorak is to get the rôle of *Sadie Thompson* when Lewis Milestone films "Rain" for United Artists. It will be a marvelous op- portunity for the young actress if it happens. Mark it down as a large *if*. The one who is really wanted for the rôle is Tallulah Bankhead. If Paramount fails to take up their op- tion on her services when the first year of her contract expires, United Artists will romp in and offer her the part that would undoubtedly es- tablish her as a big attraction. They're just pretending that the part is all set to mislead Paramount.

The actor wanted for the rôle of *Handsome*, which Raoul Walsh played in the silent version, is Wil- liam Gargan, of whom you have heard a great deal, if you give so much as an occasional glance to this column. He has made such a hit on the stage in "Animal Kingdom," and Leslie Howard, star of the play, was so generous about having Gargan's part built up, he says he won't go to Hollywood until the play closes. Meanwhile, he is playing a small part in "Sensation" at the Paramount Long Island studio, just to get used to cameras.

No Time for Vacationing.— Marlene Dietrich planned a nice long spring vacation in New York and Europe, but it is all off now. She will make three more pictures in Hol-

lywood, taking about a year, before she leaves. Prolonged vacations seem a little foolish when you are at the height of popularity. Then, too, there is always the veiled threat that there might be a law of some sort about foreign actors. There would be, if our natives knew how to get one passed.

Meanwhile, Marlene has found some congenial playmates and is hav- ing great fun. Albert (Fourth Di- mension) Einstein, Mary Wigman, the great dance artist, and Ramon Novarro make up with Marlene a quartet that is doing the town. All famous, all misunderstood, all a little confused at the weight that is given their slightest utterances, they have at last found in each other kindred spir- its with whom they can feel per- fectly at ease.

Fashion Forecast.—From Paris comes news that the spring and sum- mer styles launched by Chanel follow the lines of the dresses she designed for "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." But stop! Before you rush out to copy anything worn by Ina Claire or Madge Evans, let's wait for the Chanel sketches. There is a wicked rumor to the effect that Misses Claire, Evans, and Blondell took the Chanel creations made for them and had a village dressmaker alter them so much that little was left but the label.

LITTLE ACCIDENT

A sophisticate, a lady fine,
Trips grandly past the "silence" sign.

The arcs are gleaming, the lens is set
To catch the face of the public's pet.

The director signals, a dead hush drops,
The crew is awed from boss to props.

Pop, pop!—gay sounds in all the glum—
Ruth Chatterton forgot her chewing gum!

—LEE SMITH.

Be My Guest

Continued from page 45

Claudette's enthusiasm is as earnest as a schoolgirl's, and it's all for Helen Hayes. I believe she'd be the honor guest, if the Colbert party materialized.

It seems that the wear and tear on the Colbert emotions is something terrific when Helen Hayes acts even the smallest scene. And consulting the Colbert dictionary, I believe you'd find that that's the definition of "great actress."

"And she is, besides," continued my subject, "so little and luminous and appealing." That's Claudette Colbert, the fan, speaking.

"I'd want Alfred Lunt, too—he's really brilliant—and I guess that's about all."

Whereupon giving *me* an invitation to lunch with her soon, she left to finish some of the five hundred and thirty-seven things in a star's daily schedule.

No doubt about it—the stars are *not* immune to fanlike enthusiasm, and they're not ashamed of it. Remember that when you're desperate to meet your favorite. Remember, these boys and girls have their yearnings and are waiting for their big moments, too.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 43

was working on her first film for Warner Brothers, she maintained what she termed a hideout in the vicinity of the studio. Ruth declared the reason is that "Rafe," as she calls Ralph Forbes, and she have too much in common, and are likely to converse about the events of the day until dawn around the family hearthside. Consequently, she just has to get away from home when she is in the midst of work.

Now, we ask you, isn't that a neat way of settling a domestic difficulty?

Monocle Lady on Screen.—Heather Thatcher—we just love that name!—the "lady with the monocle," who has long interested Hollywood by her social appearances, is at last to materialize before picture-goers. She is playing a rôle in "The Truth Game," starring Robert Montgomery. Miss Thatcher is an English actress.

In this picture, Eleanora Gregor, the European actress, also makes her English-speaking début. Miss Gregor waited for months for this chance. She is the most ethereal of the foreign stars, and attracted attention

Continued on page 65



What embarrassing accidents unsteady hands may cause! Photo specially posed by Miss Betty Russel

Thin ... and so nervous —her hands SHOOK like a leaf!

Now has steady nerves
—and a figure with curves!

OLD before her time. Wrinkles around her eyes—her cheeks pale and drawn—her neck and chest actually bony. Her hands shook and trembled so she was always spilling things. How could she keep up with young friends?

But now meet the *new* Mrs. Williams—the *young* Mrs. Williams who today is boss of her nerves. Let her tell you her secret—about her new girlish curves, too:

Her thrilling story

"I was in such a rundown condition! For months my weight had steadily gone down. I suffered from headaches, was frequently constipated, slept badly at night and scarcely ate anything. I was just a bundle of nerves. My hand shook like a leaf, so that I often spilt things.

"Today, after taking several packages of Ironized Yeast, my nerves are steady and my hands never tremble. I rarely have a headache, am almost never constipated and I sleep fine. I look much better for the flesh I've put on—5 lbs. in 3 weeks." Mrs. G. W. Williams, 535 Day Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Scores gain quicker

Almost two pounds a week is a quick gain for a person who's been losing weight for months. Yet scores of Ironized Yeast users report even *quicker* gains—10 lbs. in 4 weeks, 8 lbs. in 15 days, etc., etc. And not only do they round out scrawny figures—but also quickly overcome constipation, sleeplessness, weakness—skin and stomach disorders, too!

Ironized Yeast contains the finest yeast money can buy—"beer yeast," a special

kind of yeast which doctors say is extra rich in health-building value. This yeast is cultured by foreign experts. We concentrate it by a process so valuable that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

We take seven pounds of "beer yeast" to make one pound of the *yeast concentrate* used in Ironized Yeast. We then *ironize* this powerful concentrate with three distinct types of iron. This enables Ironized Yeast to help put good red blood in your veins—the kind that gives pep!

Triple "feeding" tests

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Literally *thousands* of once-skinny, once-sickly folks owe their present glowing health and attractive figures to Ironized Yeast! If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be promptly refunded. **ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.** Cheap imitations can't compare with the *genuine* Ironized Yeast—stamped "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form



Treat... your Eyes to Beauty

safely, simply and smoothly
with the NEW
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Perky Merkel

Continued from page 26

"Ronnie and I had planned to be married soon," said Una, "but not as soon as we did marry. My parents and I have always been so close that I dreaded telling them that I planned to leave them. New Year's Day was mother's and father's wedding anniversary, however, and when we were talking about it that night, Ronnie and I told them that we were going to be married.

"Dad himself suggested that we marry on New Year's Day, as he and mother had done. As we couldn't marry in California without waiting three days after getting the license, we decided to go to Mexico for the ceremony. We didn't like that Tiajuana touch, but it couldn't be avoided, if we were to be married on January 1st. So the next day we motored across the border, and mother and dad were our witnesses at the ceremony.

"Since coming back, Ronnie and I have been living at my home, and will continue to do so for the present. While I am working so steadily, I haven't time to choose a house, furnishings, and everything, and take care of a home as well."

While Una talked of her marriage,

I recalled two previous romances in her life—sad romances of which she almost never speaks. The first ended unhappily, the second tragically when the young man died on Christmas Day of 1930.

Una's sudden marriage caused me to wonder about her friendship with John Arledge, who I had thought was her favored beau.

"Johnny?" said she. "Oh, we're still good friends. My husband isn't jealous. Shortly after we came home from Mexico, Johnny and another boy I used to go about with came over to spend the evening. Ronnie was so tired that he went to sleep, and the other boy read a book while Johnny and I played Salvo, a pencil and paper game."

Una speaks with pride of her husband's work and ambitions. Although he is an aviation instructor, Una has never been up in a plane. Mr. Burla, senior, was for ten years United States senator from Montana. The two families are the best of friends, the newlyweds are radiant, and it looks as if Una's third romance will be as successful and happy as the other two were sad. I, with a million other Merkel fans, hope so.

A Lady for Legends

Continued from page 25

"You really *must* meet me!" she'll say over the phone, in ecstatic, throbbing tones. "You'll *rave* over me! Everybody is *crazy* about me! I'm perfectly *divine*!"

It sounds overwrought and incredible, but you believe it yourself when you've met her. She has the diplomatic knack of making you believe that you are the first real confidant in her life—that she can say things to you that she could say to no one else. She talks rapidly of many things. If you can get a word in edgeways, or question her about those wild legends, you are lucky.

She greatly admires Jackie Cooper, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, and Garbo. She has met the first three, but not the last. Remarked Tallulah:

"A writer said to me in London, 'Garbo could not help but be adored—she appeals to the highest and the lowest.' That's a most divine thing to have had said of you. If you can spread your appeal over so vast a range you have reached the top. That ought to bring satisfaction to any artist."

But Garbo is unhappy, I told her.

Thus happy moments sprang into the talk.

"What should have been my happiest moment was the most frightening," Tallulah recalled, with a tinge of sincerity. "You know how a European audience will hiss and boo a play and a player they don't like. After the final curtain fell on my first London appearance, I heard what sounded like all the catcalls in the world. Even when others told me the shouting was just the reverse, I felt no better, for I had been scared to death! I acknowledged their appreciation with knees trembling, tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Say what you like," Tallulah challenged, her gaze wavering between me and the lighting of a fresh cigarette, "it is not the people in the boxes and stalls that make an actress, but the masses in the gallery. Whenever I felt that inner response from the people near the ceiling I knew I and my play were a success."

Tallulah does not like drinking in the daytime, nor large parties, she said.

"Champagne in the evening is all right," she asserted, "and two or

three friends are enough. A room full of people is enervating," she added, pronouncing the last word as it should be pronounced, with the accent on the second syllable. All the same, a party was on tap that very night. She had to rush to the hairdresser's for a shampoo and to have her ash-blond tresses *bien coiffés* for the occasion. We said good-by three times before relinquishing each other's company.

"Don't forget to see my portrait by Augustus Johns as you go out," Tallulah called over the balustrade.

The silently smiling and indispensable Edie had by now shown me downstairs. I gazed at the portrait hanging in the lower drawing-room.

If you like Johns's attenuated, angular lines, it's all right with me. At least give him credit for depicting the

dominating trait, rather than the material likeness, of his subjects. He portrays Tallulah the divine, dressed in a loose pink gown, sitting rather meditatively in a chair, gazing downward in silent wonder, as if she saw all the mystery of the universe springing from the earth—just as she might have done when she stood transfixed on that spring day in the convent garden.

In the hall hung another Augustus Johns portrait of a young man. Was he, I wondered, the defunct noble who bequeathed his six cars to Tallulah? I cared little, for the vital thrill of the afternoon was over.

You are right, Tallulah darling. People *rave* over you. Every one is crazy about you. In short, you really *are* divine! A lady for legends indeed!

A Streak of Scotch

Continued from page 39

Sports clothes being her favorite, Joan Crawford will spend hours and drive miles to out-of-the-way shops, seeking good-looking things at bargain prices. In this way she picks up many stunning sweaters at half of what she would have to pay on the Boulevard—not counting the time and gas, of course.

Having had passes given him for so many years through his theatrical connections, it actually goes against the grain for Jimmy Gleason to pay his way to see any show. He says that his Irish goes violently Scotch when he has to dig down for theater tickets.

Irene Purcell puts a lot of pennies in the bank by washing her own hair—so she has that many more coins for other things than shampoos.

Frances Starr, accustomed to a substantial salary in the theater for years, is determined to drive only a Ford in Hollywood.

Generous in the furnishing and running of his home, and not hesitating over the price of a plane, Paul

Lukas insists upon owning only medium-priced cars, and he drives each two or three years. Russell Gleason also passes up the swanky cars that many young blades of Hollywood consider essential to prestige and drives a two-year-old Ford roadster. Chevalier continues to pilot himself about in a plebeian conveyance.

Bela Lugosi won't own one at all, believing it cheaper to hire one of those U-drive-'ems by the mile.

Angered at the exorbitant charges of plasterers and plumbers, Richard Arlen does most of the repair work around his home, though he will fork over for a new boat without much haggling.

Bill Boyd, too, built his own beach cottage himself and attends to any necessary repairs, and prides himself that he is keeping his bank account healthy, even though the roof may leak in the rainy season and something go wrong with the plumbing.

By their oddities of penury may you know that the glittering stars are just human folks, after all.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 63

when she played with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on the stage last year in "The Man in Possession."

A Little Social Duel?—Carmen Pantages is married and honeymooning, and Joan Bennett perhaps will be, about the time this is published. Thus endeth a chapter in Hollywood's romantic annals. For you will remember that Carmen and Joan were successively reported engaged to John

Considine, and then finally Considine became reengaged to Carmen.

A funny little incident occurred shortly before the wedding of Carmen, one day in the Assistance League Tea Room, where, to aid charity, the girls of Hollywood occasionally go to wait on table. Carmen was serving, when in came Joan who sat down at one of her tables. Did Carmen serve Joan? Now we

Continued on page 67



How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency — as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—from *suffering at all*.

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The Battle of Accents

Continued from page 19

lazily drawl countless "you-alls" which no Southerner ever says—except, of course, when he means it in addressing several people.

A fan in Texas, where, according to Otis Skinner, the atmosphere seems to have a beneficial influence on vocal effort—after seeing Speaker of the House Garner in a news reel, I disagree—offers a palm of peace, even though he may be accused of being pro-Southern:

"It burns me up to hear Northerners imitating the Southern accent on the screen. For instance, Shirley Grey, in 'Secret Service,' and Bebe Daniels, in 'Reaching for the Moon.' That was not Southern accent; it was Negro dialect."

On the other hand, to give the Northern fans the floor, "S. C." of Philadelphia says, pointing to Una Merkel as an example of the horrors of the Southern accent, "she was positively atrocious until reformation set in."

So it seems that those who have it get rid of it, and those who don't, have occasion now and then to imitate it.

Anyway, I think the screen is making us speech-conscious. The sparing of Northern and Southern fans over their accents is a wholesome exercise, which will not change the screen or the home vocals one iota. But it shows that people are thinking, even if it is thus far a heated defense of the fans' own accent and a razzing of the others'.

Rather it is this: The fan who gets the heebie-jeebies over another's accent does not realize that he has a provincial accent at all—a tall, if you prefer Joan Crawford. It's the other fellow who is out of tune. Stars who have a trace of your own accent are all right. Those whose speech is flavored with the tonal quality of another section are all wrong. For instance, I do not like Conrad Nagel's voice. Others "love" it.

Then evidently what we need is a good clear speech that is not stogy, or Northern, or Western, or Southern, if the screen is to teach us better English.

A foreign fan, reading these discussions, might reasonably conclude that an American must carry—"Aha! A Southerner yourself, are you?" Well, in New Yorkese, *uh yam*—an interpreter in traveling from one section of the United States to another. Our foreign fans may rest assured that such is not the case.

A Georgian is understood perfectly

in the North, provided he stays sober and doesn't start playing up his drawl. But Southerners are likely to get that way. I heard more drawling from one North Carolina blonde in one evening at a party in Greenwich Village than I heard in all my quarter of a century below the line.

And people from other sections are just as proud of their vocal peculiarities. A Brooklyn goil just loves to say "urster" for "oyster," "nurt" for "nut" and "url" for "oil," even when she knows better. And she clings to the extra R, making "sor" of "saw" and "Shor" of "Shaw," with the same stubbornness that a Southerner says "cawn" for "corn."

The letter R is the real dividing line between the North and South. There can be no compromise back home, no matter which way the screen turns.

"Kentucky" started it all by asking whether to twang or to drawl. Certainly neither has a place in straight rôles on the screen. But in characterizing a Southern girl, for instance, the lines and accent should be the real thing, not a long-drawn-out line such as "Wha you-all goin', honey?" That is the thing that annoys both Northern and Southern fans, the former because they think it is true, the latter because they know it isn't. But by some mysterious system of casting, the lead in a Southern story is likely to be played by a girl originally from Canada. Mary Pickford in "Coquette," for instance. And if there is a Southern girl in the cast, she will play a stenographer from New York. And so it goes.

On the screen the real question, taking distinct enunciation for granted, is whether a player's voice is pleasing and expressive. It is not a question of geography. Nor is it altogether a matter of stage training. It is the something that separates Clara Bow, Helen Chandler, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jean Arthur from Ruth Chatterton, the Barrymores, William Powell, Lynn Fontanne, and Alfred Lunt.

Whether the talkies ever serve as an academy of speech or not, they have set the public to talking about accents.

Meanwhile, the screen brings to Main Street much underworld slang and Americanized cockney. I doubt if it ever will improve our Amurrican speech any more than have Al Smith's raddio harangues. So carry on, fans, among yourselves—unless, of course, you want to make a law-r about it and take the fight to cou't.

Great Gusto

Continued from page 35

figure, you feel that his entrance into a room should be the cue for a burst of applause. His slightest gesture is significant, vigorous. In fact he broke the point on my pencil just signing the lunch check.

On the set he is a dynamo. His emotional intensity, the bombastic gusto with which he swaggers through a part, smacks strongly of John Barrymore.

At the height of his success, while playing in "The Vinegar Tree," a Warner scout saw him and persuaded him to transfer his talents to pictures.

For which we are duly grateful.

Warren William is a highly romantic type. One about whom you can imagine all sorts of emotional intrigue. And he likes the girls!

"Blondes or brunettes?" I inquired eagerly.

"Yes!" he assured me definitely.

But stand back, ladies! There happens to be a Mrs. William in the immediate offing. And Warren is genuinely devoted to her.

They met—if you must know—in New York, shortly before he sailed for France.

She was a charming young thing, and the memory of her, together with the cheery letters she wrote to him Over There, served to brighten the dismal days until Kaiser Bill decided to call off his dachshunds and retire to his woodshed.

Home again, Warren lost no time in looking her up and found the little lady still charming, still unattached, and with a certain look in her eyes that did things to his blood pressure.

It didn't take a crack mathematician to figure out the answer to that

one, and before long Warren was going around tearing daisies apart and walking into the sides of street cars, a marked man.

That was twelve years ago. And in this strange land where a return ticket is issued with every marriage license, the Williams may be referred to as an example of how to be happy, though married.

In the short time he has been with us, Warren has made a lasting impression on the movie-going public. We like him because we can't help it.

No flash in the pan is this fellow. He is here to stay. The position he now enjoys has been honestly won through real ability, and he will be riding high when a great many of the overnight successes have been long forgotten.

We had been chatting pleasantly on the "Beauty and the Boss" set when the director gave the order to shoot. In a flash, Warren was in position and character. Cameramen, electricians, in fact, every last one of us, stood at attention.

Warren William had effaced himself completely. And in his place, at an elaborate desk, sat a typical business man—an utter stranger!

Spinach may have "It," rice flakes may have "It," but Warren William doesn't need "It," or any part of "It" to put himself across. And when the pretty boys with *beaucoup* s. a. are cutting grass at the poor house—and having a heck of a time keeping their long beards out of the lawn mower—Warren will still be ringing the bell for all to hear, thanks to an abundance of good old ability. At least that's my guess.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 65

ask you! And was it an accident that Joan sat there? Answer that one, too!

Wigman and Relativity.—Latest craze of the colony artistic seems to be Mary Wigman, the German dancer. A turnout of stars even to and including Greta Garbo greeted her first appearance, and Garbo sat in the front row most of the evening. She had been a few rows back at the start, but as members of the audience became too excited over recognizing her, with customary skill at both avoiding and attracting attention, she changed her place. Most amusing was the apparent debate that went on between Marie Dressler

and Professor Einstein, who occupied adjacent loges. Wonder what Marie asked or told Herr Professor? Probably something about movie relativity!

Nicknames for Houses.—Strange names are being applied to domiciles in movieland. We recently learned that a beach cottage occupied by Norma Shearer was called the "Rat Hole," and one of Bebe's several domiciles in the same locale is known as the "Louse House."

If we must explain, the reason for "rat hole" is that the whoopee room is in the cellar, and is reached only by a climb down a ladder that re-

Continued on page 69

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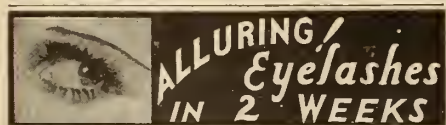
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Who Is Helen Hayes?

Continued from page 21

served that she didn't know how to stand on high heels.

Unfortunately, the second week she was there she was required to play a tough New York telephone operator. Being fresh from the convent, her idea of how to be tough was far from convincing; in addition, she couldn't stand up on her French heels, so she was fired. It has been the only time in her life that it happened, so perhaps that's why she says her career is built on luck.

So the "grown-up" Helen, accompanied by her mother, came to New York once more. And once more Helen entered the movies. This time she made a picture called "The Weavers of Life" for an independent company. It was pretty awful and was promptly shelved until Helen became a star—but more about that later. Helen did not know it was shelved, for as soon as she finished it she went on the road in "Pollyanna." It was this experience, she says, that made her a real trouper. She played one-night stands way out to the West where men are men and like their likker hard.

Their idea of a good time was to come to the local opera house and shoot up the place. Helen's knees were weak, but her voice was firm as she said her lines which consisted mainly of "I'm glad," and to her amazement she reduced the hard-boiled rip-roaring cow-punchers to tears. She considers that her diploma in the school of acting.

When she returned she scored a big hit in "Dear Brutus." But the thrill that comes once in an actress's lifetime came to Helen when she was given the star part in "Babs," with her name blazoned forth in electric lights for the first time.

"As soon as the producers of 'The Weavers of Life' saw that," Helen

laughed, "they resurrected the picture from the ash heap and put it in a theater across the street from where I was playing, 'with Helen Hayes' in lights once more below the title.

"One afternoon after the matinee, with my leading man for moral support, I went to have a look at the film. We sat directly behind a sailor who would watch the picture for a while and then squirm, turn away, and groan. Then he'd watch it again and repeat the process. Each time my heart sank more and more.

"But the debacle came when the sailor, unable to stand any more, turned to us in his misery and said, 'This is the worst picture I ever saw,' and stalked out of the house. From that time on, pictures always seemed to be a good thing for me to keep out of, no matter how successful I was on the stage. Besides, they always seemed to be a field for beauties, and I knew I didn't fit into that class."

Her rise on the stage has made theatrical history. There were always more jobs than she could fill. Her greatest successes include "To the Ladies," "What Every Woman Knows," "Coquette," "Petticoat Influence" last year, and this year "The Good Fairy."

It was while she was playing in "To the Ladies" that she met the well-known playwright, Charles MacArthur, author of "Lulu Belle" and "The Front Page" and it was while she was playing in "Coquette" that she married him. It was her famous "act of God" baby that closed

"Coquette" after a run of eighty-eight weeks. But I'll tell you all about the great romance of Helen Hayes next time. And how she happened to go into the talkies and do "Madelon Claudet," too!

TO BE CONTINUED

A Tired Titian

Continued from page 50

what happened to Clark and Helen Twelvetrees under the same condition, Hollywood says it won't be long now.

But Hollywood is wrong. Peggy and Alan are very much in love and avoid the poisonous people with whom home-breaking is a sport.

"We have only a few friends, mostly young writers and exiled New Yorkers. On holidays we hike in the hills and plan what we'll do when the theater comes back. No, Hollywood will never come between us."

Peggy's popularity with the fans is in the nature of a triumph, because they resented her so much at first. "The first letters I received were so bitter, rebuking me for taking Clara's place. But now that several of my pictures have been released, they are kind. Sometimes I think fan mail is the only pleasant part of a film career. Some of the children write the sweetest letters. I got one to-day. Would you like to see it?"

Her face lost its weary expression and took on a tenderness which made

me suspect that Peggy still has a maternity complex.

Peggy in that mood is infinitely attractive. She shouldn't allow herself to lapse into ennui, especially when gents of the press are calling. I told her so.

"But I get so tired," she replied, "and I refuse to be hypocritical. At least I have one quality in common with Clara. I'm myself at all costs."

Now there's no one more annoying than a movie queen bored with her blessings, but I'm the first to grant that some of the duties of picture playing are as arduous and banal as those of a cash girl at Woolworth's.

Peggy was in a good mood at the conclusion of our interview, and then one of the geniuses from the publicity department had to spoil it all.

"Peggy," he said, "we've got a perfectly stunning idea for a publicity still. You're to pose on a flagpole in a bathing suit. Don't you think that's a brilliant idea?"

Peggy tried hard to smile, but the effort was too great. Her mouth drooped at the corners and her shoulders slumped. "Am I," she said in a voice of ice, "supposed to?"

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 67

quires almost acrobatic dexterity. The "louse house" gained its name because it is the smallest of several that Bebe owns.

Talmadge - Schenck Divorce.—Rumored often, and therefore not unexpected, was the announcement of Norma Talmadge's divorce plans. It was known that she had been separated from Joseph Schenck for several years, and though she had frequently denied that the break up of their marriage would ever lead to the courts, a majority surmised that it would eventually reach that goal. Even Paris has often been pointed to as the locale that would be chosen.

For a long time mutual business interests kept Schenck and Miss Talmadge together officially, but that reason has for some time been non-existent. There is very little likelihood of the erstwhile popular star appearing in any further pictures. Also there is very little likelihood of her wedding Gilbert Roland. That romance seems also dissolved.

An Artistic Disappointment.—One dream of Marlene Dietrich is shattered. She once told us that she had her heart set on appearing in a screen version of "Nana," by Emile Zola. But now the picture is to be produced by Universal, with Tala Birell in the leading rôle.

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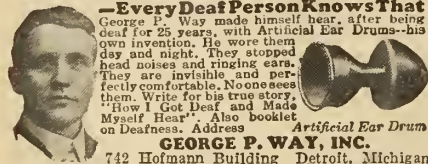
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 48

Jilted by David Manners, she goes to Paris and meets Ben Lyon, an engaging and witty American who is stranded in the *Café de la Paix*, whereupon Miss Bennett hires him as a gigolo to take her places and introduce her into some "set." He does it with such complete success that she gets her name in the papers through being seen with a man who kills himself because of another woman, and when she returns to America with Mr. Lyon, his wife sues her for alienation. Mr. Manners, who formerly thought her too tame, now upbraids her for loose conduct; but as she is as innocent of sin as she was conviction as a wallflower, it surprises no one when they pair off for a sophisticated pre-nuptial kiss.

All this is told with a certain liveliness and easy-going informality, with some bright dialogue of the studio wisecracking school, numerous smart dresses for Miss Bennett, an excellent characterization by Mr. Lyon, and glimpses of interesting players such as Don Alvarado and Florence Britton in minor rôles. But it remains a superficial picture that might have been a brilliant minor comedy had better writing gone into it.

"A Woman Commands."

What a shame that Pola Negri couldn't have commanded, or commanded, a story worthy of her début in the talkies, or at least a rôle that would have made sense! But she failed to do either, consequently little can be said in favor of the enterprise. That little concerns *la Negri* alone.

Her voice is deep and arresting, her accent slight, and her singing and whistling are pleasing. Moreover, she retains her glamour and magnetism, to say nothing of her dramatic power, and deserves a better break than is found in this confused mixture of comedy and melodrama, a picture without form, undecided and aimless for all its handsome settings and expensive, though mostly unbecoming, costumes for the star. Even in that latter detail Madame Pola suffers for some one's poor judgment.

It's hardly worth reciting the plot, for it would make less sense on paper than it does in action. Enough to say that Roland Young, delightful comedian that he is, here becomes a chief defect. He begins as a nonchalant king given to airy wisecracks and ends as a villain intent on Pola's downfall as his queen. Nor is Pola

herself any more certain of her character. She marries the king because he is a king, but we are asked in the end to believe that she played the adventuress out of pique with her lover. It's all beyond me. And the cast doesn't help at all. Basil Rathbone, H. B. Warner, and Anthony Bushell are stuffed figures in uniforms. Let's beg another chance for Pola, though.

"The Man Who Played God."

A rather negative report must be given to George Arliss's latest. It's only tolerably interesting, yet it has the basis of perhaps the best and most dramatic story he's ever offered. But somehow it doesn't come through and the result is an unexciting, stagy picture that enables Mr. Arliss to portray all those qualities that have made him famous without, however, bringing him additional renown.

He's a famous pianist who loses his hearing in a bomb explosion and, embittered and disheartened, rails against the injustice of God. He is saved by the discovery of other people's troubles when he reads their lips by means of a powerful opera glass directed from his window overlooking Central Park. He gives time and money in relieving distress, thus assuming the rôle of a beneficent Providence. It is a gracious part for any actor, but the situation is strangely undramatic as pictured on the screen.

Nor is Mr. Arliss altogether successful in creating the illusion of a fifty-year-old musician whose feminine adorers remain steadfast through the years. Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale, Ivan Simpson, and Donald Cook play leading rôles and play them well, but their combined efforts achieve nothing more than a tolerable picture.

"Hell's House."

This might have been a boys' "Big House," but unfortunately it falls short of that. Yet it is unusual and worth seeing, particularly if you like Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien. They are teamed here and they love it, for each gives a striking performance and their coöperation is grand—quite as perfect, in its way, as the joint acting of Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

The picture is depressing in spite of its occasional light touches, for it grimly sets forth the evils of reformatories for children or, as they call it here, an industrial school. Its pur-

pose is to disturb and it certainly does that, for I can think of no spectacle more melancholy than boys subjected to the demoralization of prison routine. And with Junior Durkin as the chief victim it is doubly harrowing, for he is a talented juvenile actor with none of the earmarks of the precocious professional. He even makes believable the implausibilities of the action, or rather you don't notice them till after his tribulations are over.

He is a homeless boy employed by a bootlegger to answer the latter's phone. When prohibition agents pounce on the set-up, Junior is haled to court and rather than betray his supposed benefactor he takes it on the chin without a murmur.

Pat O'Brien, the bootlegger, gives a rare picture of the glib, smooth law-breaker who doesn't know what he's letting the boy in for. Others are Junior Coghlan, Bette Davis, and Emma Dunn. They're all capital.

"Lovers Courageous."

It's the way it's written and acted that makes this picture superior to its banal title and one of the best offerings of the month. Consider the story alone and you'll shudder at its tepid conventionality. The cleverness of the playwright, Frederick Lonsdale, lies altogether in the dialogue and the success of the film is tribute to the ability of Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans to make the most of the lines provided for them. Their performances are a joy. So, too, are those of Roland Young

success of his play brings them together, of course.

You wouldn't think from this that a charming, touching, and believable picture could result. But it does. The action is slow, the photography ordinary, and the direction is undistinguished. Yet from this miasma emerge two of the most genuine and appealing characters and one of the tenderest and sweetest love stories imaginable.

Mr. Montgomery surpasses his glib hero of "Private Lives" and recaptures the engaging quality that caused excitement in his early film career and which was brushed off in some of his later self-satisfied appearances. As for Miss Evans, she is the ingénue *par excellence*. Beauty, intelligence, magnetism, ease, a sensible and lovely voice—I can't think of a quality wanting in her perfection and I've refrained from mentioning some of them.

"She Wanted a Millionaire."

What happens when a beauty-contest winner marries a rich, elderly admirer is shown here in rather entertaining fashion without reaching any high levels. Maybe it's a warning to poor girls not to marry any one but the boy back home. He happens to be a locomotive fireman in this case, played by Spencer Tracy, and the millionaire who wins *Jane Miller* is James Kirkwood. Which may prove that beauty-contest winners are no judges of acting.

At any rate, the sequences dealing with the bathing-beauty racket are excellently set forth and are an illuminating commentary on this strange phase of American life. Shifting from this mood are the later episodes which deal with *Jane's* experiences as the wife of the millionaire. They are grimly terrifying, for he is an abnormal who should be in a sanitarium instead of inflicting tortures on humans and animals to gratify his morbid passions, with his wife as his principal victim. This lapse into the pathological, superficially treated as it is, throws the picture out of balance and makes it neither comedy nor drama. After the wicked husband is killed off, the rejected suitor of happier days turns up, not as poor as formerly but just as rugged, and reclaims the ex-bathing girl. How much her nightmare with the millionaire will affect her life with the fireman—but we mustn't ask embarrassing questions of any "happy" ending, must we?

Joan Bennett is lovely and appealing as the heroine and Una Merkel is her stimulating self as the newspaper girl who nominally chaperons her at Atlantic City.



and Frederick Kerr, with not nearly enough to do to suit most of us.

These are the principals in a romance that I'm ashamed to recount and wouldn't were I not a slave to duty. An admiral's daughter falls in love with a poor young man and runs away from her wedding to a rich numskull to propose immediate marriage to her hero. The latter is a playwright who can only offer her poverty. They experience want and misery and the young husband sends his wife back to her family. The

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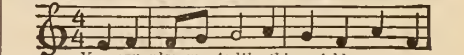
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"High Pressure."

William Powell's best picture in months—nay, years! It's a swell comedy, dashing along at a pace that never lets up and permitting Mr. Powell a rôle that is as suavely sophisticated as any that he has played, but livelier and more amusing than his recent ones. He gives a great performance as a glib promoter of phony deals that barely escape Federal interference. In fact the inspectors do visit his ornate office, but fortune favors *Gar Evans* and Mr. Powell escapes the consequences of his wild scheme to float a company engaged in manufacturing rubber out of garbage.

That is what the story is about and it is embellished with numberless details, all smart and shrewd and up to the minute, so that the picture sparkles with wisecracks, deftly funny characters and dialogue, as well as the aforementioned speed. It's the fastest picture of the month and should certainly be seen, if at the risk of losing your breath.

Besides Mr. Powell there is Evelyn Brent, whose portrait of his skeptical, hard-boiled lady love who is taken in as easily as the rest, is among the best exhibits this clever actress has ever given. Evalyn Knapp

the latter's departure to Lao Bao to take charge of the post there. Unable to bear the separation, she joins him a year later to find him a sottish



wreck, irritable and unreasonable, hated by the natives and loved only by his faithful servant. She endeavors to reform him but without success, until the last five minutes when a revolt on the part of the native garrison and the prisoners, coupled with news of his transfer home, bring him to his senses.

The story is tedious and without climaxes, but the film is notable for some of the most beautiful photography ever shown.

Miss Harding's silvery beauty is not enhanced by dowdy dresses, but her voice is as bell-like as ever, and Mr. Douglas, though mechanical, has the making of a popular leading man. Mr. Menjou might just as well be at home reading a book for all that he matters.

"Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Designed, no doubt, as a companion piece to "Dracula" and "Frankenstein," this is inferior to its predecessors in the cycle of gruesome films. And, incidentally, it bears faint resemblance to Poe's famous tale, if that matters to you. "Frankenstein" was a free adaptation, but no one quibbled because the picture had color, beauty, and was genuinely frightening. No such qualities are found in this, however, and over all hangs the pall of artificiality. So much so that Paris in 1845 has the atmosphere of old-time comic opera and one expects the merry villagers to burst into a chorus from "The Chimes of Normandy."

The story concerns a crazy pseudo-scientist and animal trainer who desires to mate his gorilla with a girl. Now don't get excited. He attempts it by some hocus-pocus of blood transfusion. Both the trainer and his pet have their eyes on Sidney Fox



and Ben Alexander are perfect as the young sweethearts, and George Sidney, as Mr. Powell's partner and dupe, is indescribably funny. The brilliance of the entire cast is best proved by the fact that such leading lights as Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, Alison Skipworth, Harry Beresford, John Wray, Lucien Littlefield, and Charles Judels play minor rôles. And how they play them!

"Prestige."

The idea behind this story is that even in the tropics officers and their wives must not lose caste, but must struggle to uphold the "prestige" of the military service.

Ann Harding, daughter of a ranking officer in the French army, marries Melvyn Douglas on the eve of

as the perfect victim, but she eludes them. Finally the animal invades her bedroom and bears her away to his master's laboratory, the rescuing party causing the gorilla to scale rooftops clutching the limp dummy of the hapless heroine. He's shot just in time and the girl is saved by the hero from rolling into the river. It's all faintly silly.

Nor do the players help. Bela Lugosi, erstwhile *Count Dracula*, tries to be terrifying but is only eccentric, and Miss Fox is too sugary sweet to awaken any dread of the gorilla's amorous embrace. I'll let you form your own opinion of Leon Waycoff, a newcomer, as the hero.

"The Hatchet Man."

If you like Chinese decorations, with screens, tapestries, incense, lanterns, and sliding panels you will enjoy the backgrounds here presented. They are beautiful and they seem to me authentic. Anyhow, I enjoyed them slowly unroll, but I found not much drama to justify them and scant opportunity for the exciting acting expected of Edward G. Robinson. He is excellent, of course, as the hatchet man doomed by his Tong to kill his best friend, but I felt that in editing the picture much was cut out to fulfill somebody's idea of what should be left in. Consequently we have a picture that halts and staggers while doors slowly open and shut and incense curls.



The gist of the plot has Mr. Robinson pledging himself to look after the daughter of his murdered friend and make her happy. So he marries her and all is bliss until a youthful rival appears and the wife elopes. Eventually Mr. Robinson finds revenge by means of his little hatchet and his repentant wife is restored to him. No, it just isn't one of Mr. Robinson's best pictures.

Loretta Young as an Americanized Chinese girl is extraordinarily effec-

tive in make-up and her performance is good, too. Leslie Fenton is striking in acting and make-up, but this is not enough to make the picture exciting.

"Charlie Chan's Chance."

If *Charlie Chan*, the Chinese detective, is a favorite character of yours, you will find him more entertaining than ever in this. The mystery he sets about to solve is perhaps too complicated to make a well-balanced picture—at least so it seems



to me—but it is possible that specialists in detective movies will not find this fault. At any rate, they will be kept in a fine state of suspense and they will enjoy, as I did, *Charlie's* technique, which includes constant use of those proverbs you expect him to scatter along the way toward unmasking the criminal. As played by Warner Oland the character is definitely charming, causing one to question not at all the continued vogue of the suavely humorous and pleasantly pedantic Oriental.

I shall not tell you anything at all about *Charlie's* problem, nor the manner of its solution. Take my word for it that the picture is worth while, especially with Alexander Kirkland, Marian Nixon, H. B. Warner, Ralph Morgan, and Linda Watkins involved, not to mention Jimmy Wang, as a Chinese boy scout.

"The Silent Witness."

A theatrical British melodrama, this is interesting and absorbing though hardly inspired. Perhaps it doesn't pretend to be. Anyway, it is worth seeing as an overwrought, calculated example of plotting and acting. Then, too, it has additional thrill in a newcomer who bears a startling resemblance in feature and voice to Clark Gable. His name is Weldon Heyburn. Close your eyes and you'll think it's Mr. Gable speaking; open

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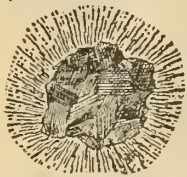
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them and you'll see some one who looks much like him.

Mr. Heyburn plays the villain, Lionel Atwill, from the stage, the hero, a sacrificial father who mounts the witness stand and attempts to prove that he killed the woman murdered by his son. Mr. Atwill repeats his success on the stage in the same piece, his acting being smooth, his changing moods skillfully managed, and his deportment beyond reproach.



He is what is called a "polished" actor, if you know what I mean. Greta Nissen is highly effective as the woman in the case, the treacherous blonde who is choked to death, but not by the man suspected. Bramwell Fletcher, whom the fans are beginning to notice, is the neurotic son with the proper emphasis on hysteria. However, I think it is Mr. Heyburn who attracts more attention than any one else in the capable cast.

"Wayward."

Tch! Tch! With Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen, and Pauline Frederick in eclipse, this is a sad excuse for a picture. In fact no excuse at all, so far as I can see, and the fault lies not with the players. Their handicap is a miserable story, awful dia-

logue, dreary direction, and clumsy characterizations that never ring true. Hence there is no sympathy for Miss Carroll as a heroine whose trials and tribulations outdo those of *Lady Isabel* in "East Lynne," nor for Mr. Arlen as her husband who is the weak tool of his mother's fiendish machinations to separate him from his wife. There isn't any explanation why Miss Frederick makes her character a domestic fury. She appears to be an ultra-modern matron, smartly gowned and sophisticated—the sort of woman who might be interested in clubs and civic affairs, or at least the local Little Theater. Instead, her energy is centered on making life hell for Miss Carroll. She even goes so far as to push her rudely out of the house and close the door on her. At midnight, too. Struggling with such characters as these, the efforts of favorite players to make them human is hopeless.

"Panama Flo."

The plot of this one is too involved to go into here. It starts in a New York speakeasy and shows by means of flash-backs the story which brought Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Bickford to New York. Back in New York at the end, they quarrel and Helen walks out with Mr. Bickford hot in pursuit, just as he has been through the preceding reels.

The picture is better than most of her recent ones, which isn't saying much. Miss Twelvetrees gives a thoroughly engaging performance and Mr. Bickford contributes another of exactly the same kind he has been contributing ever since he came to the screen. Robert Armstrong starts out to be the hero and ends as a villain. And a poor job he makes of it, too.

It is an obvious attempt to recapture the dramatic tang of "Her Man," an earlier success of the star's, but although it falls short of its mark, it is still worth seeing.

Pick a Pen Pal

Marjorie Shorkey, 64 Newton Street, Hartford, Connecticut, asks to have her name put among the Pen Pals.

Dolly Chalmers, 2042 Francis Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan, desires to correspond with fans all over the world, especially those farthest from her own State.

Ora Spink, 1718 Potomac Drive, Toledo, Ohio, would like to hear from Constance Bennett and John Boles fans.

John Pac, 2403 South Ridgeland Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois, requests that his name be "advertised" as wanting to hear from fans all over the world.

Vera Burton, Apartment 3, Duckcreek and Ed. Road, Cincinnati, Ohio, would like to hear from fans everywhere.

Eleanor M. Kane, 164 Marlborough Road, Rochester, New York, wants some Pen Pals of high-school age.

Gertrude B. Perkel, 973 Fox Street, Bronx, New York, would like to hear from Dorothy Jordan and Clark Gable fans.

De Ath Holland, 136 Houston Street, Providence, Rhode Island, wants to hear from Greta Garbo and Nils Asther admirers.

Eva Werner, 410 8-Grizella Street, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wishes to hear from fans.

Dorothy Thompson, 718 North Sixth Street, Superior, Wisconsin, wants some pen friends.

Harry A. Merryman, Box 166, St. Paul, Minnesota, would like to correspond with fans "of all the stars."

Grace Thickett, 5, Osborne Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield, England, would like to correspond with people interested

in production, scenario writing, and dress designing.

Emily Meschko, 183 West Cliff Street, Somerville, New Jersey, will write to fans wishing to hear about the stars she has seen.

Mona Origer, Stuart, Iowa, asks to have her name mentioned in this column as willing to write to any one anywhere.

Bonnie Woodbury, 154 Orchard Street, Watertown, Massachusetts, would like to hear from Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell fans.

Arthur A. Dade, 46, Upper Grovesnor Street, London, W. 1, England, would like to correspond with Jeanette MacDonald and Ruth Chatterton fans.

Goldie H. Rabinovitz, 141 Enfield Street, Hartford, Connecticut, will be happy to answer every one who cares to write.

Freda Gross, 3291 Verdun Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, would like to receive letters from girls eighteen to twenty-two.

Ann M. Nemeth, 1510 Kemble Avenue, South Bend, Indiana, "desires to become a friend to some fans through the mail."

Rossane Wooke, 218 South Sixth Street, Butler, Pennsylvania, says, "Gee, I really would like to get letters."

Yvonne Langlois, 41 Boisseau, Quebec, Canada, will correspond in French or English about Claudette Colbert and Fifi Dorsay.

Betty Carroll, 61 Burling Street, Flushing, Long Island, New York, promises to answer all fans.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, 80 Vives Street, Ponce, Porto Rico, will correspond with fans in Spanish.

Vivian Greene, 1705 Pulaski Street, Baltimore, Maryland, says it would be a great pleasure to correspond with Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke fans.

Pauline Carr, 18 School Street, Concord, New Hampshire, wants some Pen Pals above fifteen years old.

Patricia Craig, 409 Georgetown Avenue, San Matro, California, would "love to hear from fans in Wyoming—just Wyoming."

Henri Sabin, 1975 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, California, says in capital letters he is a movie extra and artist and knows the stars intimately.

Elsie M. Alson, 158 Pomona Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, will be a Pen Pal to some good fans.

Donald Bardaley, 5 Eastern Avenue, East Providence, Rhode Island, wants to hear from Hopper and Haines fans.

Virginia Hitchcock, 250 Savannah Avenue West, Detroit, Michigan, writes, "Tell the Pen Pals I will gladly trade their favorites for mine."

Marie E. Monsler, 107 East Wilson Avenue, Girard, Ohio, craves a lot of Pen Pals.

George Kocisko, 3125 East Ninety-third Street, Cleveland, Ohio, will exchange letters with fans.

Dorothy E. Doege, 2876 South Forty-fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, wants some Pen Pals.

Mary Mueller, 12623 Iowa Avenue, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio, anticipates chummy correspondence with fans who like Richard Dix and Edward G. Robinson.

Gertrude Doherty, 415 North Colorado Street, Kansas City, Missouri, "writes for some Pen Pals."

Annette and Alyce Trombley, 56 Hudson Avenue, Glenn Falls, New York, promise quick replies to all fans.

Thomas A. Dodds and Ronald T. Drew, Ninth Armored Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, Kirkee, India, wish to hear from some Pen Pals.

Arlene Byrd, 24 Hartford Avenue, South

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Pick a Pen Pal

Milford, Massachusetts, would like to hear from some fans.

Rose "Fifi" Mantley, 725 West Avenue, Buffalo, New York, wants very much to be a pal to some fans with a flair for writing.

Dorothy Jacob, 3608 Callaway Place, Ashburton, Baltimore, Maryland, will write to any one sincerely interested in Ramon Novarro.

E. Claire Graham, 801 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, offers "faithful friendship" to all fans who write her.



Why Novarro is not allowed to sing is the burning question with countless fans.

Jack Eno, 312 East Pleasant Street, Taylorville, Illinois, will answer all fans.

Fans of high-school age are asked to write to Mabelle Poole, 171 Inglewood Drive; Jane Hammon, 179 Bartlett Street, and Sylvia Thomas, 817 Exchange Street, all of Rochester, New York.

Verna Adams, Box 335, Bandon, Oregon, would like to hear from Clark Gable fans.

Reba Robinson, 2006 Grand Boulevard, Schenectady, New York, would like to discuss any star by letter.

José Antonio Velazquez, Box 3711, San-tuice, Porto Rico, will correspond with fans in Spanish or English.

Nellie Taylor, 17 Wycliffe Road, Wimbledon, S. W. 19, London, England, wants to correspond with boys and girls.

Dorothy Lee, 1130 West Ninth Street, Medford, Oregon, would like to be a Pen Pal to some fans.

Pauline Clarkson, General Delivery, Gary, Indiana, wants to hear from fans anywhere.

Frances Grady, 11 West Street, Bangor, Maine, will write to fans from twenty-one to twenty-eight.

Margaret Kircher, 3722 Manola Place, St. Louis, Missouri, craves a few Pen Pals.

Faye Ackerman, 3215 W. Flournoy Street, Chicago, Illinois, desires a few correspondents.

Martha Brewer, 804 Oakland Avenue, Port Washington, Wisconsin, will correspond with some fans.

Ida Iverson, 918 Woodbridge Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, will exchange letters on movie topics.

Pauline Detman Sheldon, 424 Robb Avenue, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and Dorothy Wiegand, 420 Robb Avenue, same city, wish to hear from some fans.

Gene Louise Braswell, 2616 Dillard Street, Shreveport, Louisiana, wants some Pen Pals, but adds that in these times she'll be pleased to have even a Pencil Pal.

Charmy Saint Croix, 23 West Ninety-fourth Street, Apartment BB, New York City, would like to correspond with fans all over the world.

Jean Tanguay, 149 Essex Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts, wishes to hear from boys and girls over eighteen.

Dorothy Reid, 17 Royal Parade, Caul-

field, S. E. 8, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, would like to have a Pen Pal about sixteen, who likes Norma Shearer.

Bess Brady, 3472 Livernois Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, promises to answer all letters she receives.

Margaret Benson, 3418 Livernois Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, is looking for Pals about twenty-three years old.

Doris Dunmire, Route 1, Bridgewater, South Dakota, prefers a foreign Pen Pal.

Elizabeth Lange, Box 202, St. Francis, Wisconsin, would like to have a worldwide circle of correspondents.

Kathleen M. Carraway, 614 West Twenty-seventh Street, Norfolk, Virginia, promises to answer all letters from Pen Pals.

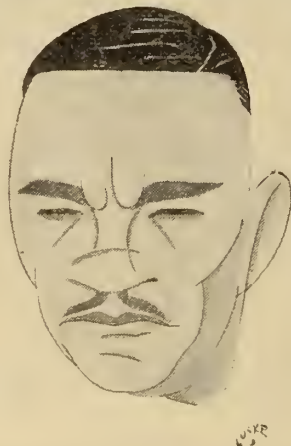
E. Evelyn Rogers, 114 Clifton Place, Jersey City, New Jersey, wants some fan correspondents.

May Dickinson, 9 Claughton Drive, Poulton, Wallasey, England, would like to correspond with readers abroad, aged twenty-four to thirty.

Hudson Pope, 82 South Drive, Toronto, Canada, wishes to hear from Leon Janney and Jackie Cooper fans.

Maxine Whiteside, 79 1-2 Roncesvalles Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and Elsie Metcalfe, 184 Annette Street, same city, promise to answer all letters received.

Phoebe McCarthy, 79 West Tremont Avenue, New York City, will answer all twenty-year-old fans who write her.



Bad Man Walter Huston gives the artist—and you and you—a dirty look.

Clara White, 208 East Hobbs Street, Athens, Alabama, wants to write to fans in other countries.

Rose Lou Zanelli, 687 Bloomfield Avenue, Verona, New Jersey, would like to correspond with fans all over the world.

Flora Viezzoli, 1125 West Sixty-fifth Place, Los Angeles, California, "is crazy about Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable" and will write to other fans who are.

Frances J. Hill, 831 Scudder Court, Kalamazoo, Michigan, wants to hear from fans everywhere.

Patsy Patrick, Box 188, Steger, Illinois, and Eva S. Kreager, Box 195, same city, would like a great many Pen Pals.

George Kresge, Jr., Greene, Rhode Island, wants to hear from all Clara Bow fans.

Duella Troy, 459 Finchley Road, Hampstead, London, England, will exchange letters with fans who do not like Clark Gable.

Grace Weeks, 204 West Thompson Street, Harvard, Illinois, will correspond with any one.

Helene C. Boyer, 280 Bissell Avenue, Buffalo, New York, will write to admirers of Bodil Rosing.

Virginia Retalich, 179 Elliot Street, Brockton, Massachusetts, would like to hear from fans anywhere.

Claire McNeil, 938 St. Julie Street, Three Rivers, P. Q., Canada, promises an answer to every one who writes.

Margaret Oliver, 827 Potomac Avenue, Buffalo, New York, wants some Pen Pals sixteen or over.

Mildred Palmatier, 18 Hungerford Avenue, Waterbury, Connecticut, wishes to hear from girls about sixteen years old.

Morgan Dickinson, Box 126, Hume, Missouri, desires to hear from Latins living in the United States.

Eva Mihaly, Olleros 3951, Apartment 36, Buenos Aires, Argentine, would like lots of Pen Pals about fifteen years old.

Edna White, Box 684, East Liverpool, Ohio, wants to hear from young fans interested in Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

Ben J. Ames, General Delivery, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, wishes to be listed as a willing Pen Pal.

Beth Colton, U. S. V. B. Hospital, Fort Snelling, Minnesota, would like to hear from fans all over the world.

Miss Beverly Smith, Westminster Street, Westerly, Rhode Island, promises to answer all letters.

Miss F. M. Doyle, 29 Division Street, Peekskill, New York, will correspond with fans interested in Janet Gaynor and Sue Carol.

Michael Matwy, 7 John Street, Carteret, New Jersey, wants to hear from boys and girls in their teens.

Stella F. Saul, 1926 Pauline Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, would like some Pen Pals from eighteen to twenty-eight years old.

Genevieve Schluchter, Port Hope, Michigan, wants to hear from fans born April 11, 1916.

Camille Bertan, 140-17 Cherry Avenue, Flushing, New York, would like to correspond with fans all over the world.

Frank E. Winslow, 52 Sassafras Street, Providence, Rhode Island, will correspond about Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Farrell.

Mary Joyce Pickering, Columbus College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, wants some Pen Pals.

Roberta McGovern, 739 Forty-first Avenue, San Francisco, California, will try to answer all letters.

Mabel Rogers, 369 Chittenden Street, Akron, Ohio, would like a correspondent from abroad.



Here is a profile for you, not to mention Dolores del Rio's spit curl.

Helene F. Murray, 3537 South Salina Street, Syracuse, New York, wants several correspondents.

Marcella Meyer, 2647 North Booth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will write to Norma Shearer fans.

Margaret McIntyre, 49 Craig Place, Plainfield, New Jersey, wants some pen friends.



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Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickenening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

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Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Owing to tremendous demand the price is much less in this country. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick—lip and cheek rouge. Remember—Kissproof gives you imported lipstick quality without imported prices. Money cannot buy a finer lipstick.

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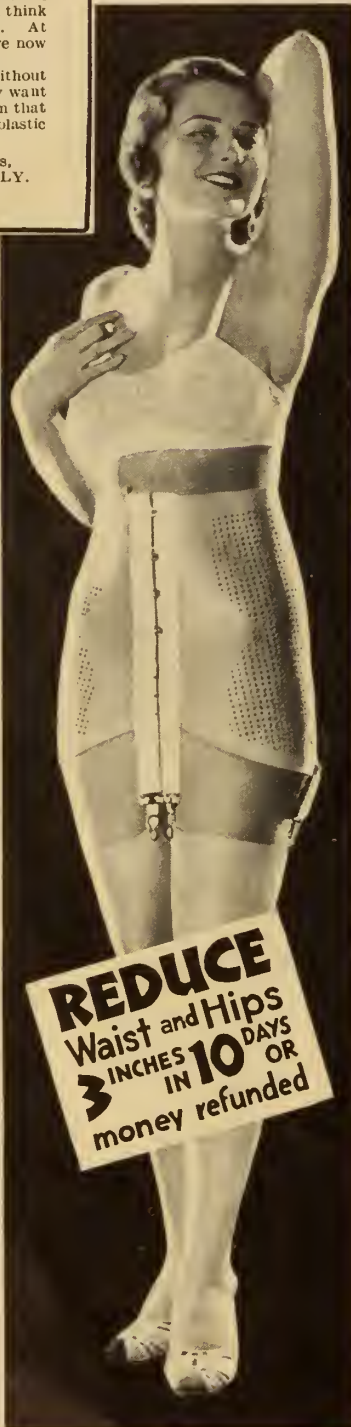
It seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been **reduced nine inches**. I think this is perfectly marvelous. At least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle.

This reduction was made without the slightest diet, and I really want you to know how pleased I am that at last I have found the Perfolastic reducing girdle.

Very truly yours,
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"I reduced my hips **NINE** inches with the **PERFOLASTIC REDUCING GIRDLE**"

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REDUCE
Waist and Hips
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR
money refunded

Read What Our Customers Say



"Immediately became three inches smaller in the hips . . . without your girdle I am lost" writes Mrs. Ouida Browne . . . "Having reduced to such extent through hips and waist my girdle is entirely too large" says Mrs. Geo. R. Bergen . . . "Without effort or inconvenience I reduced almost twenty pounds" claims Mrs. K. McSorley . . . Miss Carolyn Jennings says "I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller" . . . "Reduced hips from 43 inches to 34 1/2 inches" writes Miss B. Briau . . . "Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline . . . it massages like magic even while breathing" writes Miss Kay Carroll.



Not one cent was paid for above testimonials.

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Kidnapers in Hollywood!

The kidnaping bugaboo, which has terrified Hollywood from time to time, is back again. The children of such stars as Harold Lloyd, John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, and Bebe Daniels are under police protection. Nor are the stars themselves free of the fear of being spirited away.

That is why even some popular and rich players who are not stars never go anywhere without a trusted companion or an employee.

This amazing and disturbing situation is absorbingly featured in next month's Picture Play, with a full account of attempted kidnapings and the dramatic exposure of some plots that failed.

Don't miss reading about this new menace to the happiness of the stars and what they are doing to combat it.

The pages of Picture Play for July teem with timely topics and lively exposures. You owe it to yourself never to overlook

The Best
Magazine
of the
Screen!

*Love
consumed
her!*



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom love consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from "Thunder Below"—a great Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount  Pictures

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What the FANS Think

Madge Evans Is Grand!

AS the heroine of "Lovers Courageous," Madge Evans gives another stellar performance as a reward to her fans who have watched her talents unfold rapidly as she stepped from minor rôles to her position as the screen's foremost newcomer and leading lady.

The highest compliment that I can pay Madge is to say that I forget that she is acting her rôles. She gets under the skin of the character she is portraying and makes it a very believable one. Her clean-cut beauty, her fine mentality, her unusual sense of humor, her vivid personality, the sweetness of her nature, all combine to give her a depth of charm not often found in a girl of twenty-two.



She has been likened to Norma Shearer. Resemblances usually are fatal in the movies. If two people are similar in physical features, they are expected to be alike in personality, charm, habits, and appeal, and it so happens that the second comer gets little or no credit for her own talent and characterizations, however splendid and distinctive they may be. But Madge Evans is *not* another Shearer. By hard work and sheer determination, she has developed a personality all her own, which has in it enough magnetism and distinction to overcome that comparison.

Madge Evans is so far above the other ingénues of Hollywood that to place her in the same class with Anita Page, Joan Marsh, Marian Marsh, and Mary Brian is really absurd. Her poise, her versatility, her utter lack of ego, her naturalness, her maturity which may so easily be converted into youthfulness of a naïve character, place her in a class by herself.

She has done splendidly in her few months of work, and it is my belief that, if given the right stories, Madge Evans is headed for a tremendous career. She can top them all in acting if given the chance. There is something terrific about her. She's grand!

DOROTHY ROGERS.

8545 Dumbarton Road, Detroit, Michigan.

William the Conqueror.

JUST can't wait another minute to write about the most captivating new actor who is blazing his trail in letters of fire across the movie sky. Ask me whom I'm talking about? You've guessed it, he is Warren William, who comes mighty near being absolutely perfect already. What will he be when he really gets a good part! Oo-la-la! It leaves me breathless even to think about it.



Just found him fencing his way through "Honor of the Family," and although some say it's brutal, I think it was grand. He is surpassing all the other strugglers who are trying to gain a foothold on the ladder of success. You may rave over Clark Gable, and I do, too, but Warren is passing him up like the winner of a motor-speedway race.

There's only one he has to conquer yet, so far as I'm concerned, and that is Ronald Colman, who has been king of my heart ever since he breezed across the ocean. His majesty still stands unwavering, but Warren is running him a close second.

Warren's voice is perfect, his enunciation fascinating, and his acting superb. What's to keep him from rising to the tip-top peak of success? I'm not worried. I know he will—and soon!

CLAIRE LA NUE.

1230 N. Temple Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Too Thin for Models.

BEING an advanced art student and having studied the human anatomy, I was very much amused to see Constance Bennett's "The Common Law." Miss Bennett is entirely too thin to fill the rôle of a model. No artist or art school would have such a girl to pose. I know the type of woman chosen for models. I saw Corinne Griffith in a silent film long ago, and if I remember, she had a better figure for the rôle.



In response to D. B. M.'s letter in the February issue about Anita Page's plumpness, I wish to say I hope she doesn't get thin and put on muscle as D. B. M. wants her to do. She will not look like our ideal American girl if she does this. She will only be out of style, for leanness and muscle have gone out for women. To be feminine is now the style, D. B. M.

As to Joan Crawford, though I like her very much, she is too thin. Joan would be simply delightful if she put on more flesh. I don't believe half the movie queens eat anything. It really is pitiful that they have to look like starving Armenians to get across with the public.

Do not think I am partial to stout women, for I'm not. I'm only partial to beauty.

C. P. L.

1435 Seventeenth Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Actors, not Types.

AFTER reading in "What the Fans Think" so many suggestions that this actor or that actor be given a chance, I wonder when producers will realize the opportunities they have in Donald Cook. Here is a player who is capable and clean-cut, and has an excellent voice, one who knows his theater.



We are always hearing of some one getting into pictures by a lucky break, some one who had previously worked in a candy factory or had been a salesman. They usually show themselves up in time. I like a trained actor who gets his inspiration from the love of his work, rather than some one who blunders into pictures and then through them, because he happens to be a type.

CORA HARRIS.

147 West 55th Street, New York City, New York.

Like Stalking Cranes.

MAY I be allowed to express my opinion of a few players who, for sheer physical ugliness, deserve a medal? The American public goes to the movies not to see ghastly, emaciated actresses stalking like cranes across the screen, but on the contrary, to see players who have a normal appearance.



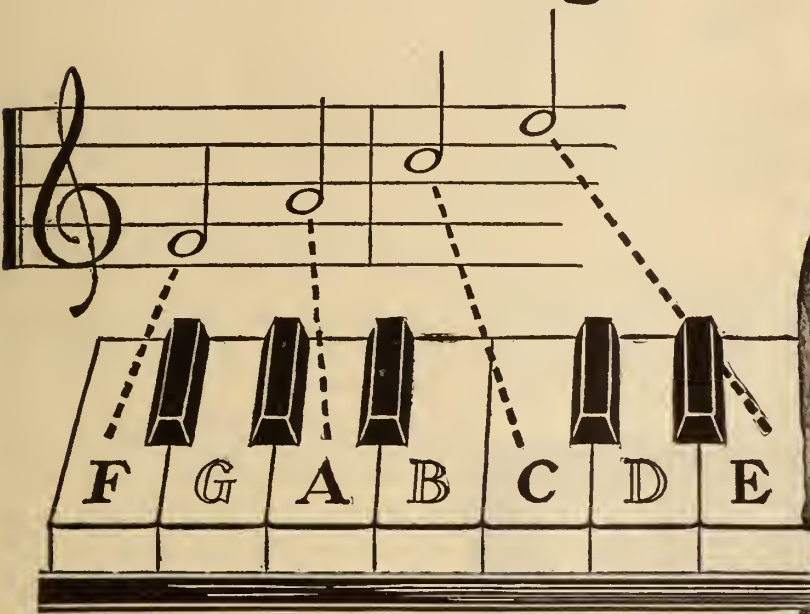
I suggest that Joan Bennett, of the irregular features and general washed-out appearance, be forced into permanent retirement. Ann Harding, with her hideous, strawlike hair has ruined many good pictures for me. As for the so-called beautiful Joan Crawford, the idiotic effect presented by her bulging eyes, strained expression, and lumbering gait arouses my earnest sympathy. The sooner these players are compelled to leave the screen, the sooner more actual enjoyment will be afforded to theatergoers.

PAUL BORING.

Hotel Seville, Daytona Beach, Florida.

Continued on page 10

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times *now!*

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

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week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march.

As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by *actual notes* the classic favorites and the latest syncopation that formerly you only listened to.

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Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

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If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious

because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

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Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

REM.—Well, at least I haven't failed you, even though there isn't space to answer all your questions. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven; Leslie Fenton, five feet nine; Harold Lloyd, five feet nine; Tom Mix, five feet eight; Gilbert Roland, five feet eight; Roland Young, five feet six. Anthony Bushell was born May 19, 1904, at Westerham, Kent, England, and educated at Magdalen College School and Hertford College, Oxford. He is formerly from the English and American stage, and is married to Zelma O'Neal. Hardie Albright was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, December 16, 1903. He is five feet eleven, weighs 165, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Played the lead in the stage version of "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Signed by Fox in January, 1931, now free-lancing.

LETITIA.—What a lovely name! Now for all those birthdates. Ronald Colman, February 9th; Marian Marsh, October 17th; Fay Wray, September 15th; Jean Harlow, March 3rd; Lois Moran, March 1st; June Collyer, August 19th; Edwina Booth, September 13th; Dolores Costello, September 17th; Frances Dee, November 26th; Greta Nissen, December 30th; Lila Lee, July 25th; Betty Compson, March 18th; Billie Dove, May 14th; Doris Kenyon, September 5th; Leila Hyams, May 1st; Mary Astor, May 3rd; Ben Lyon, February 6th; Ona Munson, June 16th.

V. K. SUTTON.—I must repeat that I do not keep a record of the musical scores from pictures. However, I happen to know that the theme song of "Possessed" was "How Long Will It Last?" The lyrics for "Her Majesty, Love," were by Al Dubin.

BLONDIE MALONE.—The cast for "He Knew Women" included Alice Joyce, Lowell Sherman, David Manners, Frances Dade. The following were in "Rich People": Constance Bennett, Robert Ames, Regis Toomey, Mahlon Hamilton, Ilka Chase, John Loder, Polly Ann Young.

DYING TO KNOW.—Never be nervous about writing to us. We want all our readers to take advantage of the various departments. In "Travelers, Husbands" the part of *Ben* was played by Carl Miller. Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. Her latest films are "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," "Lovers Courageous," and "Are You Listening?" Lilyan Tashman and Sally O'Neil were born on October 23rd; Elliott Nugent, on September 20th. Mary Brian's right name is Mary Louise Dantzer. Her birthdate is February 17, 1908. Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles, September 15, 1923. Buddy Rogers is playing on the stage in "Hot-Cha!" so it doesn't look as though he will return to pictures for some time.

BARBARA BULLIS.—No one other than Fredric March himself played the double rôle in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Richard Dix's latest pictures are "Lost

Squadron" and "March of a Nation"; Maureen O'Sullivan's, "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Of the two actresses you mention, I believe Ann Harding receives the most fan mail. How many straw hats has Maurice Chevalier? I give up. How many?

MAY J.—You can reach Gloria Swanson at the United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood. Some of her earlier successes were "Beyond the Rocks," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "The Humming Bird," "The Coast of Folly," "Madame Sans-Gêne," "Loves of Sunya,"



Judging from questions asked of The Oracle and letters written to "What the Fans Think," Madge Evans is the best liked of young newcomers.

"Sadie Thompson," "The Trespasser." Her most recent film was "To-night or Never."

E. J. Y.—J. Warren Kerrigan hasn't been active in pictures for some time. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 25, 1889, and educated at Chicago University. A few years ago he resided at 1743 Cahuenga, Hollywood. You may still be able to reach him there.

MRS. F. A. H.—It was Humphrey Bogart who played the part of *Jim Watson*, in "Body and Soul," and that of *Steve*, in "A Holy Terror." Mr. Bogart was born in New York City, on January 23, 1899; educated at Trinity School in New York and at Andover College in Massachusetts. Left school to join the navy during the World War. Made his stage debut with Grace George, in "Drifting." His latest picture is "Love Affair," with Dorothy Mackaill.

MARION PHELPS.—Shirley Grey, Richard Dix's leading lady in "The Public De-

fender," also played the leading feminine rôle with George M. Cohan in his revival of "The Tavern." She is the daughter of a Swedish Lutheran minister whose name is Zetterstrand.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Sorry, but I do not know the home address of little David Durand. Address him at the Paramount Studio.

G. B. G.—If you will send me your full name and address, I'll be glad to mail you a list of fan clubs. There are too many to publish here.

ELOUISE JOHNSON.—You can reach Gene Raymond at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, and Melvyn Douglas at the same.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.—In Tom Mix's silent picture, "The Everlasting Whisper," Alice Calhoun, Robert Cain, Karl Dane, Walter James, George Berrell, and Virginia Madison were the other players. When Baby Peggy appeared in films several years ago, she made both features and comedies. "Bad Man's Money," "Arizona Days," and "West of Santa Fe" were some of her last pictures. Bert Lytell has not made any picture since "The Single Sin." He has been too busy playing in the stage production, "A Church Mouse." Barbara LaMarr played in "The Three Musketeers," with Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte; in "Trifling Women," with Ramon Novarro; "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry, and "Strangers of the Night," with Matt Moore, and "The Girl from Montmartre," with Lewis Stone.

J. E.—The name of the piece played by Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored" is called "Danube Wave."

JACKIE WONDERER.—Here's hoping you won't have to wonder any more about those questions you ask. Clark Gable was born February 1, 1901, in Cadiz, Ohio. He is six feet one, weighs 190, has brown hair and gray eyes. His films to date include "The Painted Desert," "The Finger Points," "Night Nurse," "The Easiest Way," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Sporting Blood," "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," "Laughing Sinners," "Possessed," "Hell Divers," and "Polly of the Circus." Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, May 23, 1908; five feet four, weighs 110, and has blue eyes and reddish-brown hair. Her right name is Lucille LeSueur and she is married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899; five feet ten, weighs 160, and has black hair and eyes. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" had the following cast: Norma Shearer, Lewis Stone, H. B. Warner, Raymond Hackett, Lilyan Tashman, Olive Tell, Mary Doran, Adrienne d'Ambricourt, Dewitt Jennings, Wilfrid North, Landers Stevens, Myra Hampton, Westcott Clarke, Charles Moore, Claud Allister.

Continued on page 74

IN times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help—money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

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Continued from page 6

Mae Marsh's Triumph.

MAE MARSH'S triumphant return to the screen in "Over the Hill" is a remarkable testimonial to her early training. After ten years' absence, and with no training in the use of her voice, she has given a characterization which is overwhelming in its pathetic power, and which surpasses even the redoubtable Helen Hayes's portrayal in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." This is about as high praise as could be given, since Miss Hayes's performance is the most notable exposition of mother love we have had for some time, and also because she is rated as one of the foremost stars of the stage.

Miss Marsh's acting might easily have been old-fashioned, but there was nothing in it that was not intelligent, and the one trait which has survived from her early days in pictures is the trait which made her performance superior to that of Miss Hayes. This is the power to convey emotion, emphasize mannerism, and give a complete picture of the pathos of old age by tiny movements of the lips and eyes, by expressions so nearly imperceptible that only the camera can catch them.

It is because Miss Marsh, in those early days when the camera meant everything, learned to act with her under lip and her eyelashes that she has triumphed so impressively in what would seem at first an unfamiliar medium. As long as a simple gesture remains more expressive than a thousand words, her talent will remain pre-eminent.

I hope she will receive rôles more worthy of it, in future, than the too-sentimental one she was given in "Over the Hill." And if she is well managed by her producers, I venture to predict that she will take us back to the days when Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, and Richard Barthelmess made pathos on the screen sublime instead of sentimentally ridiculous.

R. E. GRIFFITH.

15, Founders' Hall,
Haverford College,
Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Three Cheers for Karen.

I HAVE seen "The Cuban Love Song" and I would be willing to bet that not one out of ten persons could guess what appealed to me most. Stop guessing. It was Karen Morley, the girl I predict will be a star before another year passes.

There is no doubt that this charming young lady has the most appealing voice of the movies. Her voice is not her only asset, for her figure is beautifully slim and she knows how to carry it in a way which is unique. Originality is her motto, for she does not try to imitate Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich—she is



her own sweet self, a new screen personality who should be pushed upward to stardom.

The directors know this better than I do, and they will take advantage of this glamorous personality by placing her in better and bigger rôles. Three cheers for Karen Morley!

RODOLFO ORTIZ.

Jackson Heights,
Long Island, New York.

The Harlow Display.

WHY isn't there a law against Jean Harlow? She has spoiled many pictures for me by her cheap display of feminine wiles that passes for acting. Her

What the Fans Think

brilliantly white hair is artificial, her dresses, what there are of them, atrocious, her hips too large and her acting—but she can't act! I say down with her sort of brazen display, and more glory to the less flaming ladies who have real talent.

Why isn't Joan Crawford given a real break? Instead of realizing that they have a real dramatic star in their keeping, M.-G.-M. puts her into one cheap sexy yarn after another. I claim that she is a potential Garbo, and if given a break—oh, why are producers so stupid? Maybe it's box office, but don't tell me the public wouldn't flock to see her in an honest-to-goodness story, and sans the brute heroes now considered so necessary.

HAROLD V. HARDING.

12 Burtis Avenue,
Highwood, Illinois.

Imagine Our Consternation!

HERE are two fans who do not know what to think. A girl friend and I recently saw "Delicious," starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. We enjoyed the picture very much and the music was wonderful.

Imagine, if you can, our consternation upon hearing one of our favorite actors, Charles Farrell, remark in a nonchalant tone, "I don't even remember what chord it is in." He was speaking of the "Star Spangled Banner."

He pronounced "chord" as if it were "charred," instead of "kôrd," as per Webster. Besides, one does not speak of the "chord" in which a piece of music may be written, but in what "key." Not only that, but he leaves the preposition "in" dangling at the end of the sentence!

Just then, his valet brought him a message. He had lost the radiogram itself, but gave the message verbally. The beautiful companion of Charles Farrell turned to him, and commented upon the action of the "valet!" We are very sorry, but we thought the word was pronounced "vôla."

This is just friendly criticism, but when we know the wonderful opportunity the screen has for improving the speech of young Americans, and see that the opportunity is neglected, we want to do something about it, if it is nothing but to attempt to warn the directors or the scenario writers to be more careful.

GUSSIE INSALL.

De Leon, Texas.

Stick to Comedy, Norma.

WHEN will Norma Shearer get wise to her limitations? First we read she is to make "Smiling Thru," then "Grand Hotel," and—ye gods!—"Strange Interlude."

Evidently Miss Shearer thinks she is a combination of Janet Gaynor, Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo. It seems as if Mrs. Thalberg takes her pick of the best stories M.-G.-M. gets.

Norma is an excellent technician, but she has neither the depth nor ability to attempt such widely divergent rôles. Her forte is light comedy—"Private Lives"—and she should stick to it.

If Constance Bennett is as clever as the magazines say she is, why doesn't she devote some of her time to learning how to act? She just saunters through her parts, modeling gowns, and looking extremely bored. It takes a great deal more than wealth and finishing-school deportment to make an actress.

Constance could learn plenty from Joan Crawford, whose sincerity and vibrant

earnestness, no matter what part she plays, reach right out from the screen and command attention and admiration.

It is surprising, too, that a number of prominent feminine players think that sex appeal consists of obvious situations, trick hair dyes and seminudity. This applies to the Misses Shearer, Bennett, Harlow, Swanson, and of late, Billie Dove; the last three approaching vulgarity.

Successful sex angles need a great deal of subtlety, a quality these ladies do not possess.

Why are most screen stories so poor? Good stars are spoiled by inferior material. It is a pity when, after working hard for years and reaching the top, they get such poor material.

MARIE BROWN.

7 Tara Hall Avenue,
Montreal, Canada.

Mighty Lak a Tide.

I HAVE read many criticisms on the acting ability of Ramon Novarro, seventy-five per cent of which are in his favor, and the other twenty-five per cent would like to be.

May I say this for the greatest and noblest portrayal of human emotions that ever graced screenland?

He has the most magnetic personality of any film actor—a something indefinable wrapped around his whole being that forever draws smiles, sighs, tears, and laughter from his spellbound audience.

He possesses just that perfect touch of boyishness that endears him to fans all over the world.

His eyes—well, surely they are mirrors of a beautiful soul, an understanding heart, and a gentle manner.

A voice as charming and expressive as any voice could be, the voice of a lover of music and beauty.

A regal carriage at all times, combined with such grace of movement that only Ramon can exercise.

Often has he been described as the "perfect lover." That seems a poor description for one so great.

Do we hear of the rise and fall of his fame, the sort of thing that happens to all other stars? No! Ramon is Ramon always and as continuous as the tide of the ocean.

He has my greatest and sincerest respect, for often in daily life the trivial and irritating happenings that occur almost every day have been turned to pleasure by the vision of Ramon, which I always call upon to help me over disagreeable hours.

"A LONDON GIRL."

North London, England.

Passion and Splendor.

HURRAH! The queen of them all is back and more gorgeously beautiful, more glamorous, than ever. Whom do I mean? Who else but Pola Negri? Her vivid brunetness is a welcome relief from the recent tidal wave of blondes, and her passion and fire are more than welcome after all this restrained, lackadaisical acting of the cigarette-flicking epigram school.

Compared with Negri, Connie Bennett is just a tired, anæmic blonde, Garbo an automaton with rather bad teeth, Dietrich a Garbo copy in slow motion, and Shearer just a smarty girl. But Pola is flame and passion and splendor—all that a woman should be. She doesn't need to pose—her real self is so interesting and vital that it shows on the screen, and you know when you are watching her that you are seeing a woman of a really dramatic personality and deep feeling.

And watch out for that voice of hers. It thrills one through and through to hear it, and it completely suits Pola. It's the

kind of voice you'd expect her to have— deep and husky and full of emotion, and golden as a bell. I sat through "A Woman Commands" twice, especially to hear it. Pola is simply grand.

L. B. D.

Fort Worth, Texas.

Garbo's Bad Woman Rôles.

I HAVE read much about the censors, respectful or contemptuous; now I am wondering what's the use of having them if they let a thing like that sensuous dance in "Mata Hari" get by. That was the most loathsome exhibition of its kind that I have ever seen on the screen, and I have witnessed much that was repulsive during twenty or more years of movie attendance.

During Miss Garbo's career on the screen she has portrayed the bad woman of every type. No actress has ever filled me with such utter disgust and antipathy, not for Miss Garbo herself, but for this sinister creature that she characterizes all too perfectly, who makes lust and depravity too beautiful, too fascinating, too alluring.

I know all the answers to this protest—I've read the cinema publications a long time. So long as the public will crowd the theaters to see this kind of picture, so long will the producers cater to their appetite. I wish we could be given a change, for the movies are the only place thousands of us have to appease our craving for entertainment.

MARY KEITH.

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Beetling Brow, Dimpled Chin.

WHY is all this fuss about Clark Gable? His publicity seems very much overdone. Seeing so much about this wonderful creature in the magazines, I went to see "A Free Soul," chiefly to see him, and expected to be thrilled, at least. The result is, I'm more puzzled than ever what people see in him.

His presence on the screen left me absolutely cold. His face seemed very lacking in the finer shades of expression. In fact, the only expressions I remember are a beetling brow—anger, and a dimpled smile—pleasure.

Leslie Howard's performance affected me very much. I find I prefer one minute of Leslie Howard to a whole picture full of Clark Gable.

C. BARTHELMAS.

12a Juno Terrace,
Well Hall,

London, S. E., England.

Novarro the Man's Man.

IT is surprising to learn from "La Señorita" that the men of her town fail to appreciate Ramon Novarro. My experience, for the past seven or eight years, has been exactly the opposite. Here in London I always go to M.-G.-M.'s Empire, in Leicester Square, and it is quite curious to watch the audience arriving at the beginning of a showing of one of Novarro's films. Men of all ages, singly and in batches, arrive without so much as one girl to explain their visit as being to please a lady.

I have several times found myself a lonely female in a row of men, all enjoying themselves hugely. And, thank Heaven, they don't giggle at the tragic moments, though I have known them to gulp. And the same thing happens if the film is an unsentimental one, when I go to a suburban house. I remember, during the run of "The Red Lily" in 1924, a queue comprised mostly of men, stretching for yards outside the entrance. Here in England, at any rate, he is a man's man, even more than a woman's hero.

H. SEWELL.

Beach House,

Loughton, Essex, England.

STRAIGHTENING A TANGLED ROMANCE by ALBERT DORNE



THEY'RE CERTAINLY CRAZY ABOUT ONE ANOTHER, THOSE TWO

YES, BUT THEIR ROMANCE WASN'T ALL PLAIN SAILING



THE FIRST TIME HE ASKED MY NIECE TO MARRY HIM, SHE TURNED HIM DOWN COLD



AFTER HE LEFT I FOUND HER SOBBING HER HEART OUT, AND SHE TOLD ME WHY SHE SAID "NO"



NEXT DAY I MADE IT MY BUSINESS TO HAVE A FRANK TALK WITH HIM

—URGED HIM TO USE LIFEBOUY



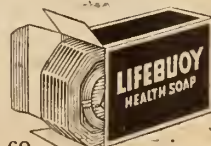
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Age _____ Occupation _____
Address _____

Fans Pertly Answered.

A. FITZPATRICK, I admit that Garbo is thin to the point of gauntness. But if you are looking for only physical beauty, try the "Follies." That "something about her," Mr. A. F. P., is a nine-lettered word that will be Greek to you—character.

Poor Don Ritter, you must be unhappy! Any one so hard to please is. Too bad you can't find a perfect player. Perfection is a will-o'-the-wisp. Perhaps the trouble is your own imperfect viewpoint.

Gable would make a good sheik, Estelle Wade, as long as the producers didn't make him copy Valentino. You forget that *Sheik Ahmed* was supposed to have been the child of white parents slain by Arabs. Remember?

And you, S. M. P.! So Greta's "all by my alone" is a pose? Abe Lincoln preferred solitude and nobody ever accused him of posing. Incidentally, I do, too. Everybody's different.

A. F. Keith St. Claire. You may know your French, Mr. St. Claire, but you don't know your human nature. Miss Bennett is witty, sophisticated, beautiful, and well-dressed. She is also selfish and shoddy. Only a woman of little refinement would have flaunted her married escort in his wife's face. It was inconsiderate to Gloria. Had she waited until the final divorce, there would have been no ugly publicity. She is a carbon copy of Park Avenue, much as is a high-class gold digger. Always her trade-mark will be the "other woman." CATHERINE CRUPE.

111 Maple Avenue,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Here's an Actress!

RUTH CHATTERTON! The very name thrills me. In my opinion, she's the most wonderful star on the screen today. There's nothing I enjoy more than to see one of her pictures, to silently worship her beauty, admire her poise, and listen to her beautifully modulated voice.

She's been accused of being high-hat. But just notice the merry twinkle in her eyes, her keen sense of humor and her smile, and it's easy enough to contradict that statement. I'll bet she's a peach of a person to know offscreen, too.

I haven't missed one of her pictures, and saw "Once a Lady" twice. Why? Not because the story itself was so convincing, but because I never tire of looking at her. She's so different from the others—there's a certain something about her which thrills me through and through. Her pictures are the only ones I really enjoy, and that's saying a lot, considering the vast number of stars in Hollywood.

I could write lots more too, but I'll save some room for you Garbo, Dietrich, and Crawford fans—you folks who don't know a truly wonderful actress when you see one. And you Chatterton fans, get busy! It's time we let the world know what we think of our favorite. R. E. B.

Bogota, New Jersey.

Young as She Acts.

IBURNED plenty when I read Harold Schneider's insulting letter in March Picture Play. Among other things, he says, "Why doesn't Irene Rich retire because of old age?" Let me answer that, Mr. Schneider. Because there are too few actresses who acknowledge gracefully that they are no longer sweet sixteen.

Miss Rich brings to the screen a woman who is in the prime of life, beautiful, cultured, and possessed of more charm than many of our young sweet, butter-will-not-melt-in-my-mouth so-called stars. If you had normal intelligence you would see that Miss Rich has much to give to the

screen. Only very young people think that people are old after twenty-five. Mr. Schneider, we'll have to excuse you because of your evident youthfulness.

If "old age," as Mr. Schneider so quaintly puts it, is the signal to retire, then what about the beloved Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, and a hundred others? What about George Arliss, Gloria Swanson, John and Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, and countless others? Are they all to retire because of old age? Most of them are considerably older than the charming Irene.

When I was in Hollywood, I attended the bridge tea given by the Women's Press Club at the Montmartre. Miss Rich was present. As I left, a great many of the famous and near famous were also leaving, Miss Rich among them. The crowd outside called friendly greetings to the stars and were in most cases ignored or treated to a frigid smile. But Miss Rich, youthful and charming, smiled at one and all and bent to speak to a lovely child just outside the door. Conceit is the only thing we cannot forgive in our stars, and Miss Rich is utterly devoid of it.

Here's to you, Irene.

LEONA M. NOLL.

1153 North Kedvale Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

No Freezing to Seats.

YOU fans who have seen "Frankenstein," tell me how many of you were really thrilled to the marrow, horrified, frozen to your seats with terror? I think "Frankenstein" publicity was the biggest lot of hokey yet.

For weeks previous to the date of public showing, this mightily sensational, ghastly, horrific spectacle was billed all around the town in just such a manner. *Oyez, oyez*, it was to be the most blood-curdling sensation of modern times.

And so we paid to have our blood curdled, to be scared stiff, to feel our flesh creep, and so on, but not so. Not even a frail fainted, and the kids still went on munching "chocolate" and breathing peppermint bull's-eyes down your neck.

You see, it was unfortunate. The producer picked a rather pleasing personality to be the monster. I mean Boris Karloff.

No, as the monster, Boris Karloff was miscast.

The make-up was clever—in fact, excellent—but Karloff's expression remained, which, in my opinion, made the monster quite human. Another irritating feature of the film is that during the hunt for the monster, enormous crowds set out, armed with sticks and torches, and confusion follows. Why on earth didn't some one think of a gun, and so dispense with all that hullabaloo?

Colin Clive does excellently, but his pa, the baron, has far too much to say about a bottle of wine, and, in fact, has a lot of unnecessary gas about everything. Will some producers please take the hint and give us some real Grand Guignol? If we are to be thrilled, do it properly and no half measures.

LEONARD CUSHEN.

508 Downham Way,
Bromley, Kent, England.

Critic's Critic Answered.

EVELYN ROSSMAN in March Picture Play resents Norbert Lusk's adverse criticism of Buddy Rogers. In part, she says, "Is there nothing the young man might do that would win him one jot of favor and an occasional word of praise from your typewriters?"

Taking it entirely upon my own narrow shoulders, I say, "Nothing, young lady,

nothing." Mr. Lusk, fortunately, passes his opinion on actors and actresses only. Surely after seeing "Working Girl," not to mention any other picture of his, and Mr. Rogers's playing a naughty, naughty man of the world, not a few will be glad, with me, that he'll either get the air or develop something.

ANN D. INMAN.

505 South Pacific,
Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Shoggirls Championed.

I'VE often run across articles, reviews, and letters of opinion, one of which recently was printed in "What the Fans Think," in which certain racy, sexy, cheap pictures were described as being "the shog-girl's delight."

Just why the writers seem to have the impression that shoggirls lack the intelligence to appreciate really fine, clean pictures is beyond my ability to understand. Perhaps, therefore, I will astonish these self-appointed critics with my statement that we girls and women who spend most of our hours behind store counters see more pictures and consequently know more about them than any other theatergoers. Movies are our one great hobby and recreation, as well as good books, music, and other fine things.

I consider it not only unkind, but absolutely untrue, for any one to intimate that we shoggirls are incapable of recognizing the worth of a truly excellent picture and to differentiate between the worth while and those not worth while. I. K. New Glarus, Wisconsin.

How Royalty Repays.

I AGREE with Miss R. of Pueblo, Colorado, about the need of more actresses and fewer movie queens. However, I do not agree about Garbo posing. Garbo is an actress, if ever there was one. If one notices carefully, the only exaggeration about Garbo is her eyelashes. Otherwise her make-up is as simple as a child's. I have never seen Garbo with a Marcel wave, yet she portrays a peasant or a queen and gives the perfect illusion.

Royalty visits Hollywood curiously interested. Those who represent Hollywood entertain them. But when players visit Europe, it's another story. True, they receive the adulation of the masses, but the nobility are coldly polite. For instance, no divorced person is ever presented at the court of England, and Hollywood's notoriously divorced folk are no exception to the rule. They may be photographed with royalty, but usually under the canopy of a charity bazaar. So for all the hokum, and in spite of the polish Hollywood has absorbed hobnobbing with royalty, we can all go back to our serving, teaching, and typing with the knowledge that despite the passing depression, "God's in His Heaven and all's well with the world," or, as dear old Lincoln once said, "You can't fool all the people all the time."

KAY GUNTHER.

348 East Forty-ninth Street,
New York City.

Tallulah's a Gold Mine.

WHY doesn't Paramount give Tallulah Bankhead a Chinaman's chance? Perhaps they don't realize that they have the screen's second cleverest and loveliest actress. Warner Brothers have the cleverest—Ruth Chatterton.

The other studios do their best to promote their potential stars. Yet, Tallulah, with whom no other Paramount player can compare, is hampered by weak stories and unintelligent dialogue and direction. Give

her a chance. Carol Lombard, who is hopeless, gets all the breaks. Come on, Paramount, wake up to the fact that you have a tremendous gold mine in the beautiful Tallulah. JEANNE. Beverly Hills, California.

As to Gable's Ears—

WILL some one please answer my question? Why, oh why, does every one pick on poor Clark Gable's ears? Are they really large? If so, I haven't noticed it. Lupe Velez said Mr. Gable's ears were large. I don't see how a little nobody can say anything about so good an actor as Clark Gable. Please don't compare Gable with Valentino, although I'm positive that Gable can play any rôle given him.

ESTHER HADES.

1774 West Twelfth Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

See "Sunshine Susie."

I WOULD like to know who Leonard J. Cushen is, that he assumes that he represents 99.9 per cent of the British picture-going public. There are thousands of English picture-goers who would rather see an English film than an average American film. If Leonard Cushen doubts this, he has only to look through the correspondence columns of any British movie paper to find that he is wrong.

I do not say we don't want to see the really good American films—we do. But, if Mr. Cushen doubts England can make splendid films, I recommend that he see "Sunshine Susie."

ERNEST VAN MAURIK.

The Firs,
Edenbridge, Kent, England.

Now It's "Gablewood."

IN March Picture Play I read the letters of Clark Gable fans and sure do like the support that this new upspring has had and always will—by me and many others.

He is enchanting with his innocent look, and nearly every lady fan has hit the ground hard for him since "Hell Divers." He is the kind that can hawl a woman out and make her like it, and that kind is very scarce nowadays!

In "Possessed," with Joan Crawford, he gave her a cute little smack on the face, but who cared? Joan liked it, and so would any other woman, if she could get that close to him! Three cheers and a half for the American-Dutch boy, and may he ever keep his innocent squint on that good-looking face!

Let's call Hollywood "Gablewood"!

RUTH BENNETT.

1819 Columbia Street,
Eugene, Oregon.

Those Chummy Faults.

THE ridiculous letter in the March Picture Play from a fan bewailing lack of perfection in the stars stirs me to battle. The last paragraph is an insult to the players and deserves protest. I can't think of anything more uninteresting than a perfect person. I'm glad that my favorites have faults, because it makes them delightfully human and brings them closer. Aren't goddesses cold, aloof beings? I like to think of my favorites as being gloriously, warmly alive.

I take exception to the remark made in a recent issue to the effect that "it makes no difference who the player is, as long as the picture is good." That is untrue. Most fans follow a favorite. If the favorites are cast in good stories, so much the better; but we will see them regardless—that is,

Continued on page 63

Brunettes!
Discover Hollywood's
Magic in
MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD—Entirely new and different is the kind of make-up used by brunette screen stars of Hollywood. Created for them by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, it is based on his amazing discovery of cosmetic color harmony. Now brunettes of every type may individualize their own make-up.

Just as you note the magic beauty of Max Factor's make-up in every picture from Hollywood... you'll instantly note the difference, for example, in face powder created by Max Factor. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It gives the skin a live, luminous beauty... yet remains invisible. It never appears off-color, spotty, or "talc-y." Always velvety, it never "shines." It imparts that fascinating satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen.

Even under brightest daylight or artificial light your make-up appears perfect... for screen stars have proved the beauty magic of Max Factor's face powder before blazing motion picture lights and the camera. You may be sure it clings caressingly for hours, for the stars depend upon its remarkable adherent qualities for lasting make-up.

Now this luxury... Max Factor's Face Powder, created originally for the stars... is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Created on the same amazing color harmony principle are Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow... fifty cents each. At all drug and department stores.

Remember, your complete color harmony in make-up is important. Like the screen stars, individualize your make-up to your type. Accept from Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, your personalized color harmony chart in Society Make-Up. Just mail the coupon.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD
Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor Make-Up Studios
Hollywood, California. 6-6-AM
Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart, complexion analysis, and your 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair.....	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Only... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Mouth... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

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Barbara
STANWYCK



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"SO BIG"

Now at last you can see and hear
EDNA FERBER'S
world-famous epic of a woman's heart

Seven million have read Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize novel, "So Big."

Now see it brought to vivid, thrilling life with a swift rush of reality that holds you breathless!

It's woman's whole existence . . . her body . . . her soul . . . her love . . . her life . . . the secret places of her heart.

With lovely Barbara Stanwyck as you liked her in "Illicit" and "Night Nurse".

If you enjoyed Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" you'll adore her "SO BIG" . . . It's the main event of this picture season!

25 SCREEN FAVORITES
Assembled in One Mighty Cast!

Bette Davis
Dickie Moore
George Brent
Guy Kibbee
Mae Madison
Hardie Albright
Robert Warwick
And 17 others

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Based on Edna Ferber's
best-seller, "So Big"

THE
BIGGEST HITS
OF 1932
ARE COMING FROM
**WARNER
BROS.**

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XXXVI
NUMBER 4

PICTURE PLAY

JUNE
1932



EVERY Chatterton fan is waiting anxiously for Miss Ruth's first film for Warner Brothers. They've read that hers is the final word on story, cast, director—everything. There's no star whose pictures are so entirely her own. Here, then, is a glimpse of Miss Chatterton in her new film, "The Rich Are Always With Us," with George Brent, her leading man, whose resemblance to Clark Gable is certainly no handicap.

Unwanted Mothers



Mrs. Charles H. Cooper has much to say about Gary's affairs, especially when he is immersed in romance *a la Mexicaine*.

this, for usually there are chaperons for the expeditions. Nevertheless, lots of things still happen on location!

Sylvia Sidney's mother is very zealous about her daughter's welfare—active in the old manner. She likes especially to supervise Sylvia's social activities and be sure that she meets people who will be of benefit to her. She is better known around the studios than most mammas of to-day.

The presence of Dorothy Jordan's mother didn't prevent her from becoming a bit spectacular romantically, when she seemed torn between two attractions—Howard Hughes, the producer, and Don Dillaway, the actor. But life was in danger of languishing for Dorothy about that time, and perhaps she felt it wise to evoke a little attention. A girl can't be too quiet in movieland. She risks oblivion if she is.

It's funny the way one of the most sacred of human relationships is romped on in Hollywood. Some girls have been pointedly told in days gone by to keep their mothers and also their fathers away from the studios. Occasionally you will see the sneering glance of the director fastened on some ubiquitous parent who happens to be on the set when the company is in the midst of work. If the thing goes too far, maybe it will be taken up with the front office, and out goes mamma or papa.

This is especially rough on mothers who have suppressed desires for careers, and who get a thrill fulfilling them in the success of their sons and daughters. Mary Astor's mother was one of this number. Everything that she had wanted during her own life saw fruition in the accomplishments of her child. She was on the set constantly during the early days—one of the most famous instances.

Yet through it all she never became obtrusive, and there is no authentic record that she ever encountered any difficulty. Growing up and falling in love with the late Kenneth Hawks, Mary simply felt that it was time for her to venture into paths of greater freedom.

On the other hand, Madge Bellamy's mother did have a disagreement with the studio, which led to a professional separation of herself and daughter. It has often been said that Madge's marriage, of such short duration, was in the nature of a revolt.

However, the way has all been smoothed again, and Madge and her mother are deeply devoted. During the heyday of Madge's career, Mrs. Philpott was unquestionably her ablest adviser. Madge has the high character to place the bigger value, in the long run, on her family relationship.

The mother of yesteryear had a greater right to take part in her daughter's professional life than the present-day parent. Things were happy-go-lucky then; to-day the films are more of a business. The mother of former years often had several children who were active, like the Pickfords, the Talmadges, and the Gishes.

Ma Pickford, as she was affectionately known to primitive settlers, bossed the efforts of her brood with acumen. She frequently played one of her children against the other. The story is told that Mary as a child once became quite self-opinionated, and her mother didn't like it. She stepped right into the situation and arranged for Lottie to be given a part in a play in which Mary was very anxious to appear. It was good discipline.

To the day of her death, Mrs. Pickford was Mary's business adviser, and Mary often said she owed her success to that influence. Certainly her career has not progressed as happily since her mother passed on.



Mrs. Antonia L. Asunsolo, mother of Dolores del Rio, is a vigilant, but diplomatic, parent.

Mrs. Talmadge has always been a great favorite. She is gifted with a ready wit, and held a steady attitude toward her daughters. She has been known to pan them severely when she felt they required it, and she never lavished too much praise when they earned that, either. She was a great balance wheel during their ascent to fame.

Mrs. Gish was far less dominant than either of these other famous mothers. But she has commanded the great devotion of her daughters. They would go to the ends of the earth for her sake.

Indication, all this, of the fact that the movies used to be more of a happy family affair. If mothers were constantly on their daughters' trails now, it would be as if they forced their way into some industrial concern where the girls worked as stenographers and attempted to sit beside them and prompt them in their duties. The

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Una Merkel and her mother are too good-humored to interfere with each other.



SINUOUS SPHINX

"AS YOU DESIRE ME," the title of Garbo's next picture, gives John Decker a cue to wield his wicked pencil and give us a matchless caricature of the Swedish enchantress, cleverly exaggerating those peculiarities of Garbo's physique that make her desirable in the eyes of the majority. Even her feet, which once were a controversial topic in "What the Fans Think," are cunningly exaggerated without losing their true outline. Incidentally, Erich von Stroheim is playing in the new picture and what a foil he and Garbo will be for each other!

WHY STARS

The players on this page were lifted to stardom by popular approval.

By Samuel

If ever a girl was provided with popular leading men to draw people into a theater in order to give them a chance to become acquainted with her, Peggy was. But it was no use. The public kept hands off until Paramount gave up the struggle and let her go.

Walter Huston is an excellent actor who rarely fails to give a fine performance. Producers got the idea that because he was a good actor he would also be a big star, and plans have been made by almost every studio to star him. His salary has jumped to about \$50,000 a picture. But put him into a film with no other "names" in it, and watch the public cool off.

Consider, on the other hand, Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney. Although both are good actors, probably neither has the technique at his finger tips that Mr. Huston possesses. But they have that certain something the public wants.

WHAT makes a star may puzzle the lady who goes to the theater with me, who often wonders why she isn't a star when the girl she used to room with is, but it's as apparent to me as Jimmy Durante's nose.

It's the *public* that makes stars, and if you don't believe it, consider some of those whose names appear in electrics at your favorite theater.

Producers may try to force stars on the public, spend huge sums of money exploiting them, but in most cases the public refuses to accept them and shows its scorn by staying away from their pictures.

Clara Bow was a star the public made, and the way they stuck by that girl in the face of everything was a revelation of loyalty unsurpassed.

When Clara was finally washed up and Paramount was looking for some one to take her place, Peggy Shannon was brought out and exploited as the "It" girl's successor.

They gave her what they considered their choicest rôles and publicized her until her face and name were as familiar as the rent collector's. But said face and name never became welcome. "The Secret Call," with Richard Arlen; "Silence," with Clive Brook; "The Road to Reno," with Buddy Rogers; "Touchdown," with Dick Arlen, Regis Toomey, and Jack Oakie; and "The Reckless Age," with Buddy Rogers and Charles Ruggles.



ARE STARS

Here you see players who were exploited by producers as sensational finds.

Richard Mook

When they were signed on contracts, their studio had no intention of starring either of them. But they clicked, and there was such a demand for their pictures that Warner Brothers were left with no alternative than to put their names up in electrics.

Norma Shearer is what is known as a "producer's star." In silent pictures her chief assets were her looks, ability to wear clothes, her air of cool detachment, and her poise. All those qualities, however, were not enough to make her a great favorite, and she was slipping badly when the talkies came in.

Since then the pick of Metro-Goldwyn's stories have gone to her and she has literally leaped into great favor. But it has been more on the strength of her stories and



her casts than a demand to see Norma herself.

When she made "The Divorcee," a theater manager told me it was not Norma the women came to see, but Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery. In "Strangers May Kiss" it was Montgomery again who drew the rave notices and, again, in "A Free Soul," it was Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore whom the critics selected for special favor.

There is certainly truth in the axiom that a star gets all the credit or blame for good or bad pictures. Shearer gets credit for the success of those films when she had, actually, little to do with it. Don't misunderstand me. She's a good actress, but it was the stories and supporting casts that pushed her into favor.

In "Private Lives," for the first time she seems to have something that the public really wants and that is drawing them to her.

Joan Crawford, on the other hand, is a star the fans themselves have made. Had Miss Shearer appeared in some of the trash with which Joan has been saddled there would be no Norma Shearer on the screen to-day. I doubt if there is another actress who could have

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They Say in

The opening of Ziegfeld's new show was a gala field day for picture fans.

Among Those Present.—The audience at "Hot-Cha!" as well as the show comprised a gala field day for fans. Buddy Rogers, Lupe Velez, Marjorie White, June MacCloy, and Bert Lahr were behind the footlights, but out front there were Norma Talmadge, Mary Brian, Patsy Ruth Miller, Claudette Colbert, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Bert Lytell, and Sally O'Neil. To say that a fine time was had by all does not half express it. It was old-home week, no less.

We Can Play, Too.—Hollywood is not to be the only producing center now, if a few New Yorkers have their way. It seems that a couple of brothers in the lumber business in Brooklyn recently acquired an old studio in Fort Lee via the mortgage route. There didn't seem to be any sense in leaving the studio standing there just eating its head off in taxes, and since they, unlike most people in these times, had a few idle hundred thousand dollars, they decided to produce pictures. Harry Langdon stars in the first one, and the most pessimistic

Marjorie White is more effective behind the footlights than on the screen.

of showmen admit that it looks good. Thus encouraged, the brothers plan to make more. There is talk to the effect that Norma Talmadge promises to make one for them.

Old or New Romance?—Not long ago Norma decided to run over to Paris to get a divorce from Joseph Schenck, but it appears that both parties have to appear in court there, and Mr. Schenck is too busy running United Artists to go traveling. So Norma will have to content herself with a home-grown divorce in Reno or California, or none at all.

Gilbert Roland, long devoted to her, has now been supplanted in the rumors by George Jessel, who once made pictures for Warner Brothers but who is a great stage and radio favorite, even with those who remember his pictures. Those whose memories go away back report that Norma and Mr. Jessel used to get all gaspy and sentimental about each other years ago. So perhaps this comes under the heading of memoirs, and not new romances.

Back to the Studios.—To return to our new activities as a producing center, the Metropolitan studios have come to life. They are making a picture with Tom Moore and Dita Parlo. She is a clever young German who was imported by Paramount some five years ago. Talking pictures came along just in time to send her and her accent scurrying back home without a single film to her credit. A few months ago she came over to do a play on Broadway.

PICTURE fans who crowd the curbs at first nights of Broadway plays are not complaining any more about second-rate stars offered them. They have seen Mary Pickford, Pola Negri, and Billie Dove, and they are so thrilled they are apt to emulate Hollywood at any moment and bring boxes to stand on. These three did not get together and arrange to be in New York at the same time so as to offer the best contrast for each other's beauty. It was just an accident, but if any casting director had thought of the combination he might well be proud.

Miss Pickford is dignified, sweet, subdued in coloring, and dainty in her movements. Her clothes are the last word in smart simplicity, and the present vogue for short jackets might have been invented just for her.

Pola, the spectacular, slinks along, unearthly pale, her eyes deep holes and her lips a purplish gash. She is posteresque. Metallic cloth robes swirl about her in the grand manner, and around her hair she winds a sleek wide band.

Then along comes Billie Dove, who lives up to all the most extravagant descriptions you have ever read of Viennese beauties. When her hair started turning gray prematurely a year or so ago, she did not tamper with it, and now it is a mass of curly gray ringlets that frame her face. She looks infinitely younger than she did in her last few pictures and more radiant.

After spending several weeks at Palm Beach, she rushed up to New York to see "Hot-Cha!" She was interested momentarily in doing a stage play, but after reading the current criticisms, she gulped "No," and left town.

Dashing East to team in vaudeville with Frank Fay, her husband, Barbara Stanwyck had to act alone.

Photo by Lippman



New York—

By Karen Hollis

The accent had been painlessly removed, leaving a voice that is gloriously young, but with throaty, poignant tones. I think you will like her.

Paramount's Long Island studio was in the midst of making "Escapade," with Claudette Colbert, Edmund Lowe, and Stuart Erwin, when orders came to get it over with as soon as possible and close the studio. The last few days' work resembled the steady grind of a six-day bicycle race.

Maybe it would be an act of kindness to stay away from the picture, but don't, I beg of you, because Stuart Erwin is so swell in the part of an odd character with hallucinations that it would be a shame to miss it.

Vaudeville for Money.—Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer, were supposed to appear in person at the Paramount Theater, but the picture interfered. At least, they had the satisfaction of having no less an attraction than Tetrassini, the famous opera star of other days, substituted. That is enough glory to hold two young people for a while.

As a rule, players do not go into vaudeville for glory, and any inquiries about their liking it are met by a hollow laugh. It is desperately hard work, unless you just take a bow as Jean Harlow does, but it pays big money and it proves to producers that a players' drawing power has not disappeared. Here and there in vaudeville houses you can find Pola Negri, Alice White, Blanche Sweet, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, and Mary Brian with Ken Murray.

Always an Exception.—Barbara Stanwyck's impulse to play a week at the Palace recently was not dictated by money, but by love. As you may have read at some length, her devotion to her husband, Frank Fay, transcends anything else in this ingratiating young woman's life. Her contracts, her career, mean nothing to her if they do not meet with his approval.

He wanted to play the Palace with her, so she left Hollywood and came East with him. And then fate got nasty and began spoiling their beautiful dream of a glorious week in the country's best vaudeville house. A cold spell happened to hit New York, and he staggered through the first few performances dizzy with gripe. Then his ex-wife came after him for thirteen years' back alimony.

What with one thing and another he went to bed drearily ill, she finished the engagement alone, rushing back to see him between performances,

Mary Brian has fled to vaudeville to prove that she has grown up.



Photo by Fryer

and neither of them had any of the fun of coming back to the old town to play around with friends.

I am big-hearted once in a while, and I don't begrudge a girl a week or two to do as she pleases, but if Barbara Stanwyck stays away from pictures more than a month, how many of you will join me in demanding that she come back at once? At her pictures I can always be sure of a good cry. No, I can't spare her. Can you? And just as I write this, word comes that she is about to make "Mud Lark" for Warner Brothers.

London has done well by Corinne Griffith, giving her Michael Arlen's "Lily Christine" and social triumphs.

Photo (c) by Wilding



How's This for Devotion?—

Another of Hollywood's most devoted couples, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, have been living in London for some months. Many stories have drifted back about their great social success, but this one is my favorite. In their lovely Tudor mansion in Mayfair, where dukes and duchesses are a commonplace, the Prince of Wales was a guest one evening. At a late hour some one suggested going on to a popular night club.

"But," His Royal Highness protested, "won't it be too crowded?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," Corinne assured him. "Walter can always get a table."

Back to Pictures.—Corinne thought she was retiring forever when she left First National, but a combination of circumstances has persuaded her to make one in

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What Love Cost

"Marriage to Jack Gilbert cost me one hundred thousand dollars," says his ex-wife.



Heartbreak, loss of contracts, lawyers' fees—
"Marry again? Never!"
Miss Claire asserts.

A WOMAN should never marry the man she loves!" Ina Claire, just back from Europe, paused to speak of life and love—and of her ex-husband, John Gilbert.

We were sitting in her living room at the Hotel Pierre. As she talked she glanced down at the cavalcade of motors which moved like ants along Fifth Avenue far below.

A gay smile danced on her bright-red lips, her manner was jaunty, but in her eyes was the age-old disillusionment of a gallant lady who loves not wisely, but too well.

Yes, *loves*—not *loved*—for I think Ina Claire is still in love with John Gilbert.

Not that she would admit such a thing. In fact, she may not be quite sure of it herself. But it is apparent in a hundred little ways—in a sudden tender gesture, a broken phrase, most of all in the opinions she so carelessly expresses. Opinions that one feels were forged in the fiery caldron of her own emotions.

"When a woman marries a man with whom she is terribly, desperately in love, he can treat her any way he wishes, and she has no weapon with which to protect her love. The very fact that she cares so deeply robs her of all power over him—and over herself," Miss Claire went on.

"If he neglects her, or is inconsiderate or cruel, what can she do about it? Of what use are silly, futile threats and half-hearted gestures of independence? If he calls her bluff she can leave him, of course. But that is the last thing in the world she really wants to do if she loves him!

"If two persons honestly love each other, it is far better for them to remain sweethearts! Then they may be able to preserve that love."

Miss Claire paused to light a cigarette. The flame from the match cast a luminous glow upon her unlined face. Her hair curled in soft golden tendrils under her smart green hat. Despite her robust humor and surface sophistication, about her clung an indefinable "little-girl" quality which made incongruous—and somehow tragic—the undercurrent of regret which ran through her light words. Looking at her, it was hard to believe that happiness and love had eluded her—and yet—

"Not only is marriage a very costly experience to a woman in the suffering and heartbreak that it may cause, but it is a very expensive financial experiment, too.

"My own marriage cost me over one hundred thousand dollars.

"To begin with, I was entirely self-supporting all the

Ina Claire

By
Laura Benham

time I was married to Jack Gilbert. I cost him only one meal a day!

"It's true that he provided the roof over my head, but he owned his home already. I paid for my own clothes, my own maid, my own laundry, my own car, my own chauffeur. Except for dinner, I was no expense at all to Jack.

"Then, because I married him and dashed off to Europe, Pathé did not take up its option on me for a second picture to follow 'The Awful Truth,' and I was out that money, too.

"After we returned from that trip, I was too nervous and upset to work. That was true of all the months that we were married. I was also out the money that I might have earned during that period.

"My divorce itself was expensive, what with lawyers' fees and all, and I paid for that myself, too. All things considered, marriage was a very dear experiment for me in every way!"

"From that I gather that you aren't contemplating another venture into matrimony soon," I murmured, half afraid my remark would cause the flash of anger to supplant amusement in Ina's blue eyes. But Miss Claire remained gently humorous and philosophical.

"No, I don't intend ever to marry again," she responded. "I hope to fall in love again some day, of course. But marriage? Never!

"In the future I shall devote myself whole-heartedly to my work. It's more satisfying—more profitable."

It is only natural that her work should mean a great deal to Ina Claire and that she should turn to it for solace. Her success has not come to her as an accident, but as something for which she has struggled uncommonly hard and to the attainment of which she has dedicated her entire life.

Born in Washington, D. C., she decided at an early age to become an actress. Her mother encouraged her in this ambition, and assisted her in finding engagements in the theaters of that city.

It was as a mimic and vaudeville entertainer that Ina began her theatrical career, and when she had exhausted the possibilities of her native city, her mother brought her to New York to try her fortune in a larger field.

Answering an advertisement by Arthur Hammerstein, Miss Claire convinced that impresario of her ability and was launched on her path to stardom.

After several seasons in vaudeville, she left the two-a-day to enter musical comedy, playing in "The Quaker Girl," "The Girl from Utah," and other hits in New York, later going to London in "The Belle of Bond Street."

Her next step was into Ziegfeld's "Follies," where her imitation of Frances Starr, "Marie-Odile," attracted the attention of David Belasco, the producer of that play, and he took her under his wing.

Followed a series of Broadway successes, among them "Polly With a Past," "The Gold Diggers," and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," after which she was offered a chance to enter the new-born talking pictures.

Her first film was "The Awful Truth" and it was not the unqualified success it might have been. Though it made money for Pathé, Miss Claire was greatly discouraged at picture methods which allowed some of her best work to grace the cutting room.

Soon after she completed this picture, she married John Gilbert, with the results of which she spoke. Pathé did not take up its option on her services, and for a time it looked as if one of the brightest stars that ever gleamed on Broadway would find no place in the studio firmament.

However, Paramount signed Miss Claire for the leading feminine rôle in "The Royal Family of Broadway," that well-known travesty on the house of Barrymore, and the rest is screen history.

Samuel Goldwyn, than whom there is no keener judge of talent, gave one look at Miss Claire in that film and signed her on a long-term contract, the conditions and salary of which put her previous Pathé agreement to shame.

Her first picture under the management of the astute Mr. Goldwyn was "Rebound," for which she was lent to Pathé, at a much more magnificent stipend than which she had earned for "The Awful Truth." Soon after that was completed, she returned to her home lot to portray the leading rôle in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." And, according to current box-office reports, the wolf will be kept far from Ina's door for some time to come.

She accepts her present vogue with a level humor rare in one who has won more than her measure of the world's acclaim.

"I think I was miscast in 'The Greeks Had a Word for Them,'" she explained to me. "I didn't want my rôle in it, in the first place. I told Mr. Goldwyn that I wasn't the type.

"The leading woman in that picture should have been a beautiful but dumb creature with only one kind of sense—man sense. I haven't a bit of that and I'm not beautiful.

"I know that I have no sex appeal!"

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Except for dinner, Ina was no expense to John Gilbert, she says.



GIRL OF THE HOUR

This cross-section study of Miriam Hopkins shows that this important newcomer has personality to spare.

WHEN she was a little girl, her chief ambition was to live in an old frame house and, when she walked out, to overhear neighbors say, "There goes the little Hopkins girl. You know, the Hopkinses have always lived in that same house—her mother was born there and her grandmother before her."

Being a city child, she grew up in apartments, and a house in a small town was the essence of romance to her.

When she was a big girl, she came to Hollywood. And, at the drop of a hat, she is bombarded with that old conversational trusty, "And how do you like Hollywood?"

"I've grown so sick of that question," she protests. "I have no idea how I like Hollywood. Give me a little time. In New York, I lived in the same apartment, shopped at the same delicatessen, for eight years. I grew to know the city, to know I loved it. There's no such thing as love at first sight. How can I say, 'Oh, I think Hollywood's just too damn dandy!' before I'm even vaguely familiar with any of it except the road between the studio and my house."

She could, of course, if she cared to get her pitcher in the papers over a caption about a New York actress reveling in the California sun. But Miriam Hopkins doesn't give a whoop about providing copy for the public press. If there are signs of unintelligence to a movie in which she is appearing, she will do battle in executive and directorial offices, her stubborn chin held high. But the publicity department is serenely untroubled by visits from Miriam demanding more attention. In fact, the trouble she gives the publicity department is a negative one. It drives them, however, stark, chattering mad.

Magazine and newspaper editors set reporters on the trail of a Hopkins story. Intentions are communicated to the studio publicity office. Appointments with Miss Hopkins are duly made. The reporter arrives at the agreed hour. But not Miss Hopkins. With maddening, exasperating, hopeless infallibility, Miriam is somewhere else.

After four, five, or six such frustrations, reporters turn mean. Overwrought and on the verge of complexes, they grimly continue to make appointments until that occasion when Miriam is accidentally there, finally meet her with the stern intent

By Margaret Reid

Having too much energy for just one little girl causes Miriam to make more engagements than she can keep.



of bitterly denouncing her—and remain to write odes to her.

She is at the opposite pole from what is known as "high-hat." She is neither contemptuous nor inconsiderate. She has a profound intention of keeping every appointment she makes. The blame rests on her absurd vitality. She wakes in the morning, determined to waste no energetic moment. She outlines for herself a day full of a week's errands and engagements, blithely confident there is ample time for everything.

Stepping out of bed and into a whirlpool of activity, she is careened around and around in a myriad of overlapping appointments, unexpected emergencies, forgotten plans made yesterday. Accustomed to this inevitable explosion of her well-laid plans of the morning, she is not confused by it, philosophically accepting the fact that a day is not as pleasantly elastic as it appeared at first, but incapable of carrying the sad conviction over to the next morning.

This Hopkins vitality charges her emotions, her mind, her body, with an electricity of awareness. She is richly alive. There is no waste. She lives with a keenness which extends to her finger tips, to her toes, to the last strand of her unruly blond hair. In the Hollywood glossary—a small collection of simple words—that would mean that Miriam is athletic. She isn't athletic. She is *aware*, if you get my "pernt."

Below medium height, she has a small, slenderly curved figure. On the set she is alluring, delicately voluptuous. Off the set, she is quick of movement, physically both fresh and refreshing. Inadequate dabs with a powder puff do not conceal her pink cheeks, shining like a healthy child's.

She cannot be bothered with mascara; her eyebrows and lashes are as blond as her hair. Her white teeth are piquantly uneven, and the mouth which parts over them in constant laughter is much too wide for beauty. When she laughs, her bright blue eyes narrow under the little laugh lines around them. She is almost tow-headed, her thick, silky hair the beguiling pale-gold of childhood, by nature's rather than her own, intention.

Broadway legend says she was a hellion on the boards—monopolizing the spotlight, cutting short another's lines to point up her own, snatching the center of the stage. But the same players who relate these tales adore her fervently, were wont to stand in the wings and watch the sure flow of her talent, admit that she was in-

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Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

MIRIAM HOPKINS exasperates interviewers by her absence at the time appointed, but when finally they meet her they fall hard and forgive all. Margaret Reid, on the opposite page, describes her reasons for doing both.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

FLITTING in and out of pictures, Mary Doran doesn't stay long, but she makes her moments tell. That's because she is beautiful, alive, and knows how to wear the striped skirt of the tough girl or the suave satin of the adventuress.



Photo by George Hurrell

KAREN MORLEY is headed for stardom and Picture Play nominates her for that eventual honor. Just to prove that we know what the fans want, we point to our selection of Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and Robert Montgomery early in their careers.



WHEN you see Edmund Lowe in "Escapade," with Claudette Colbert, you will see a favorite actor playing his favorite rôle. For it was in "The Misleading Lady," as the piece was known on the stage, that Eddie scored one of his biggest hits.

Photo by Shalitz



Photo by Eugene Robert Richeo

STUART ERWIN, that grandly knowing comic who has had too few opportunities, is at last to reap the reward of valiant service and splendid talent. He's to be storred in "Merton of the Tolkies." Now don't all lough ot once.



REMEMBER Jill Esmond as Ruth Chatterton's daughter in "Once a Lady"? Then you haven't forgotten her vivid, emotional performance. That's why you look forward, as we do, to her in "State's Attorney." Incidentally, she's Mrs. Laurence Olivier.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



Photo by Irving Lippman

A FLECK of powder, a caress of rouge and that's all Loretta Young needs to point off her youthful freshness for "Week-end Marriage," her new picture. Quite a far cry from her elaborate Chinese make-up in "The Hatchet Man," eh?



UNRUFFLED when her name was omitted from the billing of "Cock o' the Air," Billie Dove declares that she would give up her career for love. Meanwhile Broadway wonders which of her recent swains she means in the story, opposite.

Will BILLIE QUIT?

Miss Dove says it's love, not career, that makes a woman happy—and she's happy. She does not comment on rumors of a big romance, however, but lets you have your guess.

LOVE is the most important thing in the world to me," said Billie Dove solemnly.

By Margery Craig

"If necessary, I'd give up my career for it, because a career can't last and love can."

I'm sure I must have gasped a little. Is it any wonder when this statement came from "the screen's most beautiful woman," whose first marriage ended in the divorce court and whose engagement to the millionaire producer, Howard Hughes, has been reported broken again?

Miss Dove, looking ravishing in flaming lounging pajamas while she puffed her cigarette from a long dainty holder, refused to make any statement about Howard Hughes, nor would she comment on the gossip that has linked her name with other rich men. But as she said I might draw my own conclusions, I'll let you draw yours.

Of her first marriage, Billie Dove will talk a bit sadly.

"I was married for five years, you know, to Irvin Willat, the director, and it just didn't work out. But this marriage, while it was a failure, taught me how to make a success of love.

"I think that when a first marriage is a success, especially if it was contracted early, it is usually just pure accident. One is apt to marry for physical attraction and when that is gone, there is nothing left. The second time it is different. One knows how much one can give and what one demands, and one is certain to make sure of getting friendship as well as passion.

"If a first marriage has turned out badly, that is that. After the suffering is over, you have learned not to let yourself be hurt as much again, nor to expect as much, so if you should be disappointed, it is not the bitter disappointment of the immature.

"And you have learned there is a funny side to everything—yes, even to suffering. You can laugh more easily, for you know the suffering will pass.

"You have learned the value of friendship, too, so that you are not too utterly absorbed in the one you love. You have love and friends and work.

"But first of all comes love. I am not afraid to say that when I am not in love I am not happy. I don't believe any woman is. Work and the other things one does to amuse oneself are merely outlets for too much emotion. Women like to fool themselves, and I am trying to be honest.

"When I say no woman is happy unless she's in love, I don't mean that we should go out looking for love. No, that is not necessary. If we keep busy, if we go about our business

without time for brooding, love is sure to sneak up behind us—and there it is. We are in love again!"

Judging by her shining eyes and

flashing smile, her quiet self-confidence, her fast graceful stride, Billie is in love. No woman could be as radiant as she is and not feel happiness singing inside her.

The phone in Billie's hotel room rang continually.

"I'd stop that," she said, "only there are some messages I want to get."

She smiled meaningfully, and I understood.

On the fourth finger of one hand are her wedding and engagement rings. On the fourth finger of the other is a large square-cut diamond. Besides, she wears an anklet that shines beneath one sheer stocking and which she never, never takes off. When she bathes, when she sleeps, the slender chain always is bound about her shapely ankle.

What does it mean? Your guess is as good as mine, for when questioned, Billie only smiled enigmatically and spoke about the view from her window.

Before I left, Billie showed me a collection of verses she had written. Some were serious and some were light, but all were about love.

Although her marriage to Irvin Willat, the director, went on the rocks after five years, Billie says she learned how to make a success of love when she marries again.

When "Cock o' the Air" opened in New York, there was much speculation when Billie's name was omitted from the billing, although she co-starred with Chester Morris. Some said it was because of a quarrel with Howard Hughes, while others insisted it was because her name lacked box-office appeal.

Remembering the radiant woman who undisturbed talked so quietly and cleverly of love, the woman who said, "It's nice not to have to give up one's career, but if I had to for love, I wouldn't hesitate," I, too, wonder.

But of this I am certain—Billie Dove is in love and happy.

And her career? Well, she has a two-year contract, with three more pictures to be made, or to be paid for, anyhow.

After that—only time and love will tell!





Photo by Hurrell

WHO IS

PART II.

By Dena Reed

It took three years for him to get his freedom, but Helen waited for him. In those three years "Lulu Belle" was produced and Charles MacArthur became known as a playwright. Pleased with the success of their first venture, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur wrote "The Front Page," which was an immediate hit. Two weeks after it opened, and while Helen was scoring tremendously in "Coquette," she and Charley were married. The ceremony took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven thirty Helen was at the theater to give her evening performance of "Coquette."

How she got through the performance she doesn't know, but she was an actress, so that explains it. The MacArthurs had no chance for a honeymoon beyond running away week-ends. "Coquette," like the brook, seemed as if it would go on forever. As for Charley, his playwriting ability was definitely recognized, and he was signed as a writer for Metro-Goldwyn. He has been with that studio ever since.

After eighty-eight weeks of "Coquette" on Broadway and the road, Helen's doctor said to her one day, "Young woman, since there's going to be a blessed event in your family, you must leave 'Coquette' immediately to rest."

Somehow the producer didn't share the happiness of Charley and Helen. She had a run-of-the-play contract, and the play was making thousands. The only thing that could release the star was "a fire, an earthquake, or an act of God."

The matter was taken up in court and the judge, being a wise one, upheld Helen's contention that a baby was "an act of God."

If that judge could see Mary MacArthur to-day, aged two years, he'd think he was a Solomon! A more beautiful or adorable child I have never seen. Mary has platinum-gold hair—natural—beautiful blue eyes, peaches-and-cream complexion, and the disposition of an angel.

She is learning to talk in both English and French. Mary was known as "the act of God baby" throughout the country from the time the "Coquette" case was heard, so I guess she just had to live up to her reputation! No wonder her mother says frankly she can't wait until she can have more babies. But she knows she can't take a year off now when she's just begun in pictures.

Of course you're anxious to know how that came about, after Helen had vowed to stay away from them because of her previous ventures in the silents. Well, in the first place, every one kept urging her to take a test, since she could do such marvelous things with her voice. Helen kept turning down offers, pleading that she was too busy in the theater, as indeed she was, but she was a little bit frightened of the talkies, too.

Finally Charles MacArthur was given an assignment to write the screen version of the play "Lullaby," which

HELEN HAYES, like all young actresses, always had lots of beaux, but romance didn't enter her life seriously until she was playing in "To the Ladies." One evening George Kaufman, coauthor of the play, took her to Neysa McMein's studio. It was surprising the number of celebrities that could be crowded into such a small place. You could take part in the brilliant talk; you could listen to the two pianos played by Irving Berlin and George Gershwin; you could watch Neysa paint—she always worked better when surrounded by a lot of people—or like Helen, if you were inordinately shy, you could stand in a corner petrified.

A young man who was eating peanuts out of a bag took pity on the little actress who could hold audiences spellbound, but who was so obviously ill at ease in this strange gathering. He walked over to Helen, introduced himself as Charles MacArthur, and held out the bag.

"What are those—peanuts?" she stammered, fully realizing how silly that was, but unable to think of anything else to say.

"I only wish they were emeralds," replied MacArthur.

Is it any wonder Helen liked him immediately? He drove her home and before the evening was over, she had learned that he was the son of a Baptist minister from up-State New York; that he had been fired off almost every newspaper in Chicago; that he was then a reporter on the New York *Journal*, and that he was co-author with Ben Hecht of a play called "Lulu Belle," still unproduced. It was a case of love at first sight.

But Charley was married and, though he hadn't lived with his wife for three years, he hadn't bothered to get a divorce. You can guess how truly Helen's charm "took" when I tell you that Charley decided then and there that he'd get a divorce after all.

Helen Hayes?

Here's how the mother of the most publicized stage baby came to achieve screen fame overnight.

later emerged as "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Both Charley and Irving Thalberg could see no one but Helen in the rôle. She had the script around the house for a long time, but couldn't imagine herself playing the part. It was so different from what she had done on the stage. But she finally took a test and the M.-G.-M. officials went into minor raptures over it. She was a find—a new screen personality.

Helen was at last convinced that one didn't have to be a raving beauty to go into pictures. One had to screen well, of course, but more important, one had to be able to act. The test gave Helen self-confidence. She thought she might *try* the talkies, anyway. But she couldn't come to terms with the Metro executives in the East, and she was too busy in the theater to bother much about it. She made another test for Paramount and awaited the outcome.

"Walter Wanger of Paramount phoned me one day," Helen told me, "and begged me not to sign with Metro for three days. He was out of town and wanted me to wait until he came back so that we could talk terms. He said my voice had so moved him that he had wept, and Paramount wanted to star me in 'What Every Woman Knows,' my favorite Barrie play. I felt that if I made my entrée into the talkies in that, I wouldn't be so much at a loss.

"But that same evening Irving Thalberg phoned me from the Coast. I told him that Paramount wanted me for 'What Every Woman Knows,' and he said, 'Listen, Helen, I'm not talking to you as Irving Thalberg—I'm just Irving now.' You know he's a great friend of Charley's. 'I know pictures and I know you. "What Every Woman Knows" will be just a nice little picture. You can't afford to do that as a beginning. You've got to punch 'em in the stomach right away, and "Lullaby" will do it for you, even if you can't see it now. About the salary, don't worry—you'll have what you want.' So I turned down Paramount and went to Metro and the picture that Charley was working on.

"Irving Thalberg was in Europe when 'Madelon Claudet' was finished. All the other executives decided it was a flop and had better be shelved. Then Irving came back and the picture was run off for him. By that time Metro had lent me for 'Arrowsmith,' and I was trying to do my best in it, hoping I wouldn't come back East licked by pictures again.

"I was pretty miserable when Irving sent for me. He said that with some cutting and retakes, they would have a great picture. I had done exactly what he expected of me—hit them in the stomach. Well, I worked on retakes

Mary MacArthur, the "act of God baby," is described as living up to her mother's claims in the "Coquette" case.

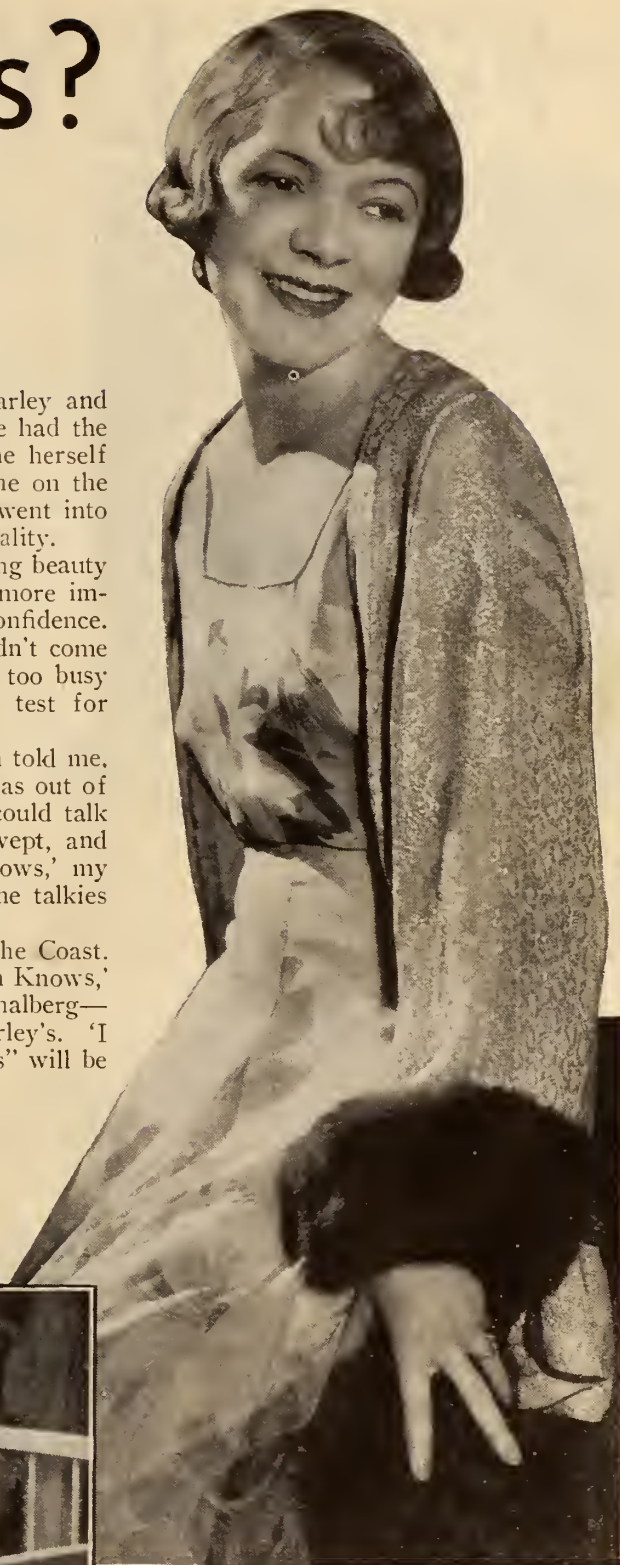


Photo by Apeda

Well-known on the stage, but a flop in silent pictures, Miss Hayes gave the fans and perhaps herself a grand surprise as *Madelon Claudet*.

nights and Sundays, every minute I wasn't working on 'Arrowsmith,' and Irving has proved that he was right. After 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet,' I'd follow him blindly no matter what he put me in. He surely knows pictures."

"And do you like them now?"

"Oh, yes," Helen answered. "Pictures

Continued on page 68

HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Acme

GWILI ANDRE is the next "discovery" who will have to pass the test to determine whether or not she is a rival of Greta Garbo. She is an RKO find, an ex-fashion model, and if all reports can be believed, she will set the world ablaze.

Gwili—whose name is pronounced "Jee-lee," very much like the famous opera tenor, Beniamino Gigli—is a Copenhagen girl, but her Danish ancestry hasn't made her moody and melancholy like *Hamlet*. In fact, she is more sprightly and gay than either Garbo or Dietrich—more like the naïve and whimsical Greta Nissen.

She gets such a chunk of footage in "Roar of the Dragon" that Richard Dix's nose was almost out of joint. Dix, however, is too good a sport to say anything. And if Gwili does make good, he'll probably be the first to applaud her.

Crawford-Garbo Rivalry.—Rivals in other pictures aren't the only kind that will be bothering Garbo this spring. She has a hot runner-up in "Grand Hotel" in the person of Joan Crawford. Joan, being more the actress than Greta, is certain to show her up, according to preliminary forecasts.

Crawford is also just the sort of smart girl who would take advantage of the Garbo complacency, and turn it to her own account by putting forth double effort. And what's more, her rôle of *Flaemmcher*, the stenographer, is a much more attractive and sympathetic one, and considerably more understandable, than that of the temperamental Russian dancer done by Garbo.

The sunshine and sob girl as she really is. If you want her name printed, you're just no fan at all.



Gossip rambles from the perennial Pringle divorce to the new perils of sun bathing.

Greta Sure to Go.—A close friend of Greta's tells us that the Swedish star is definitely planning to leave this country on the expiration of her contract in the next few weeks. If she does sign again it will be only by the picture.

Garbo is probably pretty well aware that the bubble of her popularity is due to be pricked any day now. Her anti-publicity pose has become a bore, and the trick of seclusion that she adopted to keep in the spotlight, due largely to her advisers, is fast fading in effectiveness.

The greatest danger that any star like Garbo faces is the violent and sudden deflation of her appeal. It's happened in various previous cases, notably Nazimova's and Theda Bara's, with whom in her exotic and sirenic traits she can be compared.

Garbo relents and gives the fans an informal photo, with John Barrymore, between scenes on the "Grand Hotel" set.

Foreigners Under Fire.—Generally speaking, foreign stars are under fire in Hollywood. Sporadic activities in Washington of a political nature aim to keep

them out, and give more chance to the Americans. That, of course, is just foolishness, because American fans want foreigners, want them more perhaps than they do the native-born stars.

Readers of Picture Play have amply evidenced that in their letters. The screen demands the sophistication which the foreign player possesses, and it's only the dumbness of legislators on anything pertaining to the movies that prevents them from realizing this.

The studios, on the other hand, go to ridiculous lengths in their efforts to discover Europeans who may set up a vogue like Garbo's and Dietrich's. Their counterparts are not to be found just anywhere.

Ann Quits Crusading.—Ann Harding is giving up her rôle of the savior of the movies. She's settling down to work out her destiny according to the more or less accepted formulæ. Ann was a rare crusader, and we wish she would keep going. She has found that there is too much grief entailed, though, in the process. Besides, there's nothing so good in Hollywood as a change of heart on any subject. Ann is probably good enough a show woman to know this.

Norma's Shoot-the-chutes.—As cute a trick as we have ever witnessed on a set was Norma Shearer sliding down from Clark Gable's knees into his lap. Norma coyly did this between scenes in "Strange Interlude."

Seated on a divan, Gable had his feet hoisted up on the under shelf of a table on a front-porch setting. Things were

HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

waxing dull and tedious while the wait was on for the stills to be taken, which revealed the two players in romantic poses.

The playful spirit captured Norma and so she turned Monsieur Gable into an impromptu scenic railway.

Manners at Weddings.—Zoe Akins, the scenario writer of "Sarah and Son" and other pictures, was recently married at her home in Pasadena, and among the guests were William Haines, Polly Moran, George Cukor, the director, and other bright wits of the colony. Haines and Polly Moran, with a large party, arrived late, and Haines was raving, "Picture people think a wedding is just like any other kind of party in Hollywood. They think it makes no difference what time you get there."

After a time he calmed down sufficiently to get off one of his routine wisecracks: "Well, we're here for the wedding to-day. A year from now we'll come around to the auction sale."

Despite Haines's epigram, Miss Akins, who is one of the most cosmopolitan of Hollywood's hostesses, is apparently safely and soundly married to a painter, musician, and stage director, Hugo Rumbold.

With Appropriate Music.—Apropos of customs in the movie colony, Grace Tibbett was recently introduced as Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett at a party honoring a film executive at which she also was an honor guest. One of the songs that her husband has made popular was sung. Nice chummy way to make comfortable the heart-of-gold woman, who was formerly married to the noted opera star.

Roland With Other Sisters.—Even though he has split up with Norma Talmadge, it appears that Gilbert Roland is entirely friendly with the Talmadge family. A real buzz was occasioned when he was seen with Constance and Natalie at a recital given by La Argentina, the Spanish dancer.

Tallulah Exerts the Ban.—How do they get that way? Tallulah Bankhead is the latest to bar everybody from her picture set. She's self-conscious about acting before anybody except the director and the technical crew. And that's funny in view of the famous Bankhead assurance and savoir-faire.

Tallulah *does* want her next picture to be good. It's called "Thunder Below," which doesn't seem to sound terribly illuminating. It's an oil story—and not banana, either.

Incidentally, Tallulah's film, "My Sin," has been barred in Panama, which country thinks it was slandered by the café sequences.

This mysterious lady is not the studio detective—only Joan Crawford.



Jackie Cooper on the inside looking out, probably wishing he were in that marble game.

Photo by Hurrell



The Nolan Elegy.—Trouble, trouble, trouble! Nothing but, for Mary Nolan. Jails loom in her life, a man charges her with mulcting him of money, employees sue her, film jobs are few and far between. Between times, though, she has managed to give a full story of her life to a string of papers, and it is fairly torrid reading.

Curiously enough, the Nolan "cause" is much espoused in movieland, and if her well-wishers do manage to see her through, she should enjoy a new day of success.

Jack Turns Writer.—No scenario writer having come to his aid in his attempts to become a good talkie actor, Jack Gilbert prepared his own script for "Downstairs," which is now being completed. Incidentally, Jack plays a chauffeur who waxes romantic with attractive employeresses. Doesn't sound so hot, but maybe it will be. Jack wanted to do the story several years ago, but it was postponed because he was so busy.

No signs of a resumption of the romance with Lupe Velez.

Sun Bathers Exposed.—The sun bathers from the movie world are having more and more grief, due to the airplane enthusiasts. The newest trick of these flying folk is to swoop over houses at Malibu, and especially down on the desert, and try to take a quick snapshot of movie beauties in the nude. Ain't that just awful?

Ramon Greets Sister.—Quite a bit of attention was drawn to the arrival in Los Angeles of Ramon Novarro's sister who is a nun. She came from Spain and took up her duties in an orphanage in the city. Her name is Sister Lenore.

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THE STORK

The old bird talks shop, telling a few professional secrets and speculating on the future of his racket.

By Barbara Barry

Illustrated by
Lui Trugo

YES, sir!" said Old Man Stork—Mr. Stork to you—as he folded a pair of complacent wings over a prosperous tummy. "Times have changed, all right, since I was a young fellow just getting my start in this racket!"

He leaned back in his modernistic swivel chair and placed a pair of highly manicured feet on the polished, futuristic desk before him. "Well do I remember the trouble I had selling this territory the idea that babies were an indispensable household improvement." He chuckled reminiscently.

"At first, they wouldn't allow me to roost within fifty miles of the premises. 'No Trespassing' signs were thicker than Scotsmen at a free-lunch counter. For years and years I beat futile wings against the locked, double-barred gates, without a bit of luck."

He shook his head sadly. "I tell you, it was pretty discouraging. Why, would you believe it, there was one time when I was on the point of turning over my territory to a real-estate salesman and going into the secondhand automobile business—things were that bad!"

I leaned forward eagerly. "What stopped you?"

"A hunch," he smiled, biting the end from a big black cigar. "Just a hunch. Ever have one?"

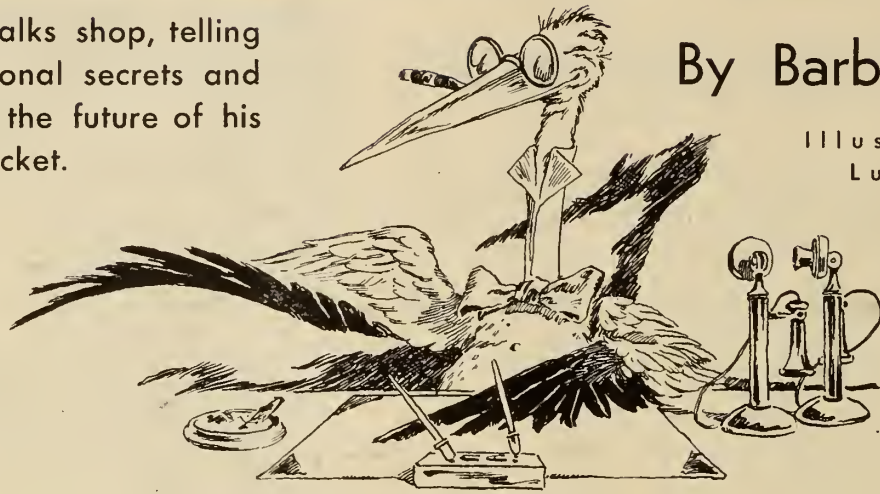
I nodded, recalling regretfully the wicked one that had prompted me to put a next to the last ten-spot on Goldbug to show in the third. But then, I mused bitterly, there are hunches and Hunches.

"I was tired," the old bird continued, "and weary, and generally sick of the whole racket. But when I got that hunch, I decided to hang on just a little longer. And shortly after that, things began to happen!" He winked wisely.

"For instance?" I encouraged. Settling deeper into his chair he surveyed the glowing end of his cigar retrospectively.

"A weak spot," he said. "A tiny

"Even kings cannot dictate to me," boasts the stork. "There was John Barrymore wanting a boy, for instance."



hole in a distant corner of the wall that I had failed to notice before. You know, there's always one way of getting through anybody's wall. I do have my moments of brilliance!"

He puffed out his chest a bit with pardonable pride. "Well, sir——"

"Ma'am, to you," I interposed with dignity.

"Ma'am," he amended hastily. "Well, ma'am, I saw my chance and I took it. And look at me to-day!" I looked. "A self-made stork, if there ever was one!" He flipped the ash from his cigar with feathered elegance.

"What, in your estimation, caused the earlier depression in your particular line?" I asked curiously.

"The public," he answered without hesitation. "In the beginning, the fans didn't want their idols to marry, raise families, and generally conduct themselves like human beings. They made the stars and, consequently, reserved the right to dictate conditions. It's a queer fact," he mused, "that most people aren't happy unless they're poking their fingers into other peoples' pies."

I sighed. "Tell me, who were some of your most famous customers?"

"Ah!" He pointed a wing at me, upsetting an ash tray and two telephones in the process. "Have you seen the Shearer-Thalberg baby?"

"No," I pouted, "nor anybody else. A Los Angeles reporter nearly lost his life trying to get a shot of the famous infant! And I'm no One-eyed Connelly."

"So it goes." He sighed prodigiously, wagging his head from side to side in a most distressing manner. "I try to do the right thing. Fill orders to the best of my

ability, without a murmur. Give 'em the best years of my life!" He thumped his chest dramatically. "And do I get any credit?"

"Personally, I'd prefer cash," I murmured. He leaped to his feet and began pacing the floor.

"You are no artist!" he thundered angrily. "You have no

soul! Money? Bah! What are a few paltry dollars to me if my work must go unrecognized? And then he turned on me and glared menacingly. "But don't blame the Thalbergs!"



Squawks

"I wasn't going to," I assured him. He ignored my comment and continued his pacing.

"They're as proud of that baby as if it were the only one in the world! And rightly, too. I took a lot of trouble with that order. It's the producers who insist on grinding me into the dust! Afraid the publicity will have a bad effect on the popularity of the star. Drivel!" He gestured indignantly. "Pure, unadulterated drivel! In the old days, maybe. But not now! The modern public is delighted to know that their idols are real flesh-and-blood humans! They cheer 'em for daring to combine stardom and motherhood!"

"Please!" I implored. "Remember your blood pressure!"

"Marlene Dietrich made no effort to hide her daughter from the public eye. And has it hurt her popularity? No! A thousand times no!" He paused and smiled wanly. "I keep forgetting the depression."

"You would," I complained bitterly.

"Babies," he continued, "were in vogue long before Edison ever turned a crank. Or Ford, either, for that matter. Everybody in the world loves babies!" He glared at me suspiciously. I nodded violently enough to shift the tilt of my Empress Eugenie to the other eye. Appeased for the moment, he turned to his chair and began drumming on the desk nervously.

High-strung, these storks. I gave him time to quiet down before broaching the Daniels-Lyon subject. When I did, he glowed benignly.

"Now you've touched my heart," he said happily. "It was a real pleasure to do business with those youngsters. And what a baby! You should see it!"

I shook my head. "Don't tantalize me!" I begged.

He lighted a fresh cigar. "I suppose you've seen pictures of the Costello-Barrymore infant?"

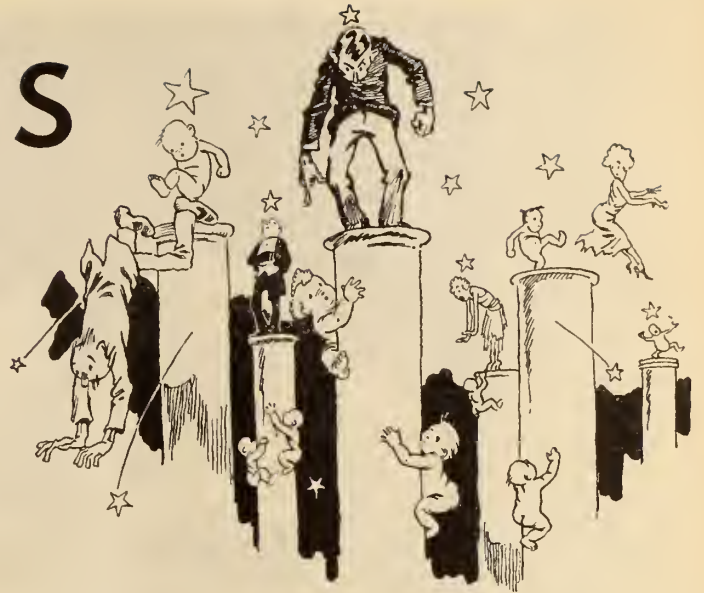
I had. "That was a royal event," he punned naively. "John had particularly ordered a boy, but"—he puffed out his chest importantly—"not even kings can dictate to me, ma'am!" I smiled my admiration. "I am the master of my profession. Whatever I say goes!"

"I wish you'd come out in front and say 'Chevrolet,'" I murmured dejectedly.

He ignored me completely. "There's just one tragic circumstance about the Barrymore case." I pricked up my ears. We girls love our tragic circumstances.

"The grandfather, Maurice Costello, one of the finest actors who ever trod the boards or faced a camera, has never seen his first grandchild."

"Life," I sighed, "is like that."



Why let outsiders take the place of to-day's stars? Maybe this explains the new activity of the stork.

"If I didn't have my hands full—but, no. I have several important orders that require my immediate attention."

"Who?" I said eagerly.

He fixed me with a sphinxlike look.

"Sorry, ma'am." He smiled annoyingly. "Professional secrets, you know. Besides, you'll know soon enough."

"Meanie!" I pouted.

"Ann Harding's little daughter, Jane, came across with a funny one the other day!" I forgot to pout. Jane Bannister is one of the sweetest children in the world.

"She'd heard the older folks discussing the appeal of various players, and, after thinking it over for some time, and examining her tiny features in the mirror, she came to her mother and said dejectedly, 'I guess I haven't any personality, mother!'"

"The darling!" I breathed enthusiastically. "She's perfect!"

"Of course she is!" the stork agreed proudly. "Another example of my absolutely flawless service!" He leaned forward impressively. "Why, do you know, young woman, that in all the years I've been in this racket—er, business—I've not had one single complaint from any source?"

His ego was appalling. "No? How about the Harold Lloyd baby? A fine stork you turned out to be! Handing a three-pound baby to a regular fellow like Harold!"

"Aw, now lissen, will you?" he squirmed. "Don't blame me for that. My secretary left to get married, the office

Continued on page 74

"Well do I remember the trouble I had selling Hollywood the idea that babies were an indispensable household improvement," says Old Man Stork.





Photo by Duncan

Buddy is willing to play a meaty film rôle after Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha!" ends.

BROADWAY BUDDY

Charles Rogers is stepping high, wide, and handsome—
but he's going back to Hollywood some day. — By James Roy Fuller

BUDDY ROGERS has never been so busy since the summer he chaperoned 429 mules across the ocean. a currycomb in one hand and a saxophone in the other. No such scuttling around town has been seen in the Rogers family since that awful day years ago when press time for the Olathe, Kansas, weekly found them one item short, and all hands were called out to dig up another "personal" to fill page one.

In starting his new career on Broadway, Buddy Rogers is determined to make good the long promise to himself

and his fans that he would lead an orchestra when he left the screen. I was assured at the Ziegfeld Theater that he is not merely playing with the idea, not riding on his fan popularity, but is "doing his darndest" to make a success of the new venture.

"This work is awful, though," said Buddy, a rather tired Broadway Buddy. He didn't look tired, but I know he was. It isn't human to see Broadway and retain that rustic freshness that radiates from Hollywood men.

"It's not like it was in Hollywood. There we rehearsed a few days and ran right through with the picture. I've been rehearsing six weeks now, and I can't make much out of it. That's not the worst of it. I have to *dance*." He laughed at the business of learning a song and dance. "You know, when I get my big feet going they get tangled up."

Buddy demonstrated right out in front of the entrance to the rehearsal hall. Two photographers, a telephone operator, a publicity man and one of the Ziegfeld glori-fications were around, but he didn't care.

Well, fans, do you expect me to contradict him? It was not a graceful little dance, the tiny sample he favored me with, but perhaps he was only kidding. You know these players. They like to kid themselves now and then. I've seen Robert Montgomery, for instance, imitate himself all over an Algonquin suite going through the motions of washing his hands as he entered a scene, and he did it in his very next picture.

"I like it all but my dancing," Buddy continued. "I believe you will, too, when you see the show."

"I like the name of the show, 'Hot-Cha!' less," I comforted him.

"But the hours are terrific. Rehearsal at ten thirty, lunch at three, and sometimes work till midnight."

I clucked understandingly. "And the other things you're doing—your orchestra and radio work?" I reminded him.

"Oh, yes," he beamed with becoming modesty. "In spare time I've organized an orchestra"—casually as if he were telling me a trifling bit of news. His dark eyes were lighted with enthusiasm, however. "I'm getting a great kick out of that, too, for it's just what I've always wanted to do."

"And you go into the Biltmore soon after the show opens in New York," I caught myself telling him.

"Two weeks after the opening." He went on to explain that he was putting in all the time he could in lining up his musicians, all of whom have something of a reputation. He wanted very much to bring some of his Hollywood pals to New York, but could not on account of certain union regulations.

"And the radio broadcasts?"

"They are sandwiched in now and then between rehearsals. Gee, it keeps a fellow hopping."

Concerning those short air appearances, I learned later that they set his loyal fans throbbing anew and a flood of letters poured into the radio offices.

When he left the Paramount studio his fan mail was second only to Marlene Dietrich's. Fans who write to magazines are still loyal, too.

"The fans are always howling about the weak rôles you got," said I innocently.

Mr. Rogers suddenly was not Broadway Buddy any more. He was all worked up, and his easy, pleasant smile faded. He was an ex-star looking back on Hollywood and his career.

"That's what they write to me," he answered. "And that's what burned me up. Oh, if I could only have had something like 'An American Tragedy'! I wanted to play *Clyde Griffiths*—or anything with something *real* to it. But they wouldn't let me—no, I must play the same old thing over and over."

I gathered that Buddy was a little sore about the treatment he got from Paramount. Squaring his rust-tweeded shoulders and folding his arms, he stared straight over the top of my head. "Do you expect ever to go back to movies?" I asked.

"Yes, I want to go back sometime. I'll go back when I can have some real pictures. Then I'll show them!" His hands swung emphatically to illustrate his yearning for a rôle with a punch.

Mr. Rogers commissioned me to tell Picture Play's big family of fans that he appreciated their interest and concern in his career. "It makes me feel good to know they're for me," he added.

Buddy grinned just a little sheepishly when I asked him about rumors of his popularity with New York girls. "Oh, I don't have time to go to many parties," he explained. He referred to his long program of rehearsals and what not.

Just the same, I had read that he was wanted at the party of every Grade A débutante in town. And I had, while waiting to see Buddy, picked up the information that invitations came from acquaintances, chance meetings and from those who merely see by the papers that he is in town. And the bids reach him on tony note paper, telegrams, and by phone.

"Does he accept many invitations?" I asked, knowing the answer by heart already.

"No, Buddy doesn't go out much."

There, there, little girl, don't cry. Some day I'll find you a star who does go places.

Now Buddy doesn't look or act the least bit cagy. He isn't pretentious or conceited-looking at all. Just a nice, honest-looking chap, the kind who wouldn't mind taking his maiden aunt from the country to a high-hat opening. But I believe they were spoofing me a little about the parties.

I saw him late in the afternoon and he hadn't shaved that day. What do you make of that, eh, Watson?

Late hours the night before, and oversleeping that morning, of course.

So I believe our Buddy is going to parties, after all. I'm sure the fans will approve. Buddy on Broadway is no babe in the woods. He looks as if he were well able to

watch out for Mr. Rogers anywhere, and after six weeks rehearsal with the Ziegfeld blondes I saw going in and out of the theater!

When I went to see Buddy, he hadn't come back from lunch. He was expected any minute. I cooled my heels in the publicity office, and learned something about the show. It was once called "Laid in Spain," then "Laid in Mexico," and just before the opening in Washington, D. C., it was titled "Hot-Cha!"

This title sounds to me like one of those inevitable sneezes that come from the row behind you just as Garbo murmurs her climactic monosyllable. Anybody but an ex-newspaperman would have found out why it was named that, and who was the genius that dubbed the show "Hot-Cha!" As it is, I learned only the title, probably through subconscious fear of being called upon to interview its author. One would feel awed, as if

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Photo by Richee

When he first came to Hollywood Buddy's guileless appearance was far from "Hot-Cha."

Bring Out YOUR



Photo by Bull

The right hair cut enhances Karen Morley's looks, and like her, you must find your very own.

WHAT is it that makes one woman stand out from all the rest? What makes her different? Usually it is because she knows exactly what she is and what to do about it. She may have no real claim to beauty, but she may be fascinating. And to the end she will inspire men to gallantry and women to emulation, because she has the wit to create an illusion of beauty about herself so sparkling and vivid that one always thinks of her as beautiful.

You have your favorite star. To you she is the most glamorous being in the world. But did you pick her because she was an enchanting aluminum blonde with a pure Greek profile, or a gay Titian beauty with naturally waving hair? Not at all. It's more than likely that you chose her for some intangible thing—the way she carried herself, her dash and sparkle, something about her that

Here are some sensible hints on playing up your best features—the whole secret of being fascinating.

created the illusion of charm, yet had nothing to do with complexion or hair.

What about the famous beauties of history? Cleopatra, for instance, whose nose, it is said, was far from being classically beautiful. And there was Helen of Troy. Some hundreds of years after Paris ran off with Helen, a poet inquired, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" I always have wondered how the poet meant this. Did he, perhaps, imply that after the excitement died down, it was found that Helen was not so devastatingly beautiful after all?

Anyway, she must have had her points, and whatever they were she had the cleverness to play up to them and to turn her liabilities into assets.

Few girls are satisfied with their looks. One has lovely hair and eyes, but is sure that her unshapely nose spoils her appearance. In reality her nose would be all right, if she would avoid Eugenie hats and adopt a more balanced style of hairdressing. In fact, if her nose is interestingly large she can feature it by drawing the hair severely back from her temples, or compensate it by balancing it with a low knot of hair and a hat brim.

Another girl worries because the color of her hair doesn't go with her skin, not realizing that nature has given her a distinct advantage by offering her this chance to create, by clever use of colors, an individuality all her own.

Observe closely and you will find that the most popular girls you know are not really pretty. But they are attractive and they are smart. As one who has assisted at every possible and impossible change in the exterior decoration of ladies, I am telling you, girls, that good grooming and chic will redeem lack of beauty every time.

If you have red hair and green eyes, don't envy the dark, poised, sophisticated type—

Kay Francis, for example—or the mysterious Garbo type. Some gentlemen prefer blondes and some prefer brunettes, but red-headed girls have a good chance, too. In truth, with red hair and green eyes, you're in luck, because yours is an interesting type with infinite possibilities. Bring your cleverness into play, and you can be a particularly fascinating person.

If you have something about you that seems like defeat, look it straight in the eye with a wide-open mind. In almost every case, it is something you can befriend by the dressing of your hair, by your dress, by the colors you wear, or the cosmetics you use. If you have one outstanding feature, make the most of it.

Perhaps your complexion is your one beauty. A skin of fine, poreless texture, with a beautiful natural color that comes from good circulation, swift elimination,

BEAUTY

By
Lillian Montanye

Cultivating one's best features—hair, nose, mouth, or complexion—is the way to beauty. Mrs. Montanye will help you, free of charge, to solve your make-up problems. Write to her in care of Picture Play, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

plenty of sleep and exercise. Beauty specialists and dermatologists stress health first. Second, they state that even the healthiest girl must give her skin daily care. It must be protected from the cold, from sun and wind, soothed after exposure, oiled when it is too dry, and stimulated when it becomes lazy and sluggish.

Above all, the skin must be kept clean. There are many ways to do this, judging by the cleansing creams, lotions, and liquid cleansers displayed on every hand. But one thing I do insist upon: at least one soap-and-water cleansing every day, followed by copious rinsing. Every skin needs this to keep it fresh and attractive, with the soft, cared-for look that gives the illusion of delicacy and fineness. It can't be healthy without it.

If your skin is your one beauty, play it up. Choose the colors that bring out your skin tones, whether it's fair, medium, or darker brunette. If you have a fair skin and blue eyes, wear black to show up its fairness, and blue to make your eyes seem bluer. If you have red hair and green eyes, wear reddish browns to bring out the red lights in your hair, and green accessories to make your eyes greener. In the evening wear creamy-white or pale-green, with green eye shadow and rather vivid cheek and lip rouge.

If you have an ivory skin, black hair, and a well-shaped mouth, rich reds and greens and blues will become you. Use a powder that brings out the ivory tones of your skin, and touch your lips with a shade that blends subtly with their natural coloring.

I recall a girl with a clear, transparent skin who deplored the fact that she had no natural color. Then she learned to emphasize her delicate beauty by clever use of a lipstick, using no face rouge at all. The effect was one of the most exciting faces I ever have seen.

Then there's your hair. If you have no other outstanding claim to beauty, here is your best chance of making much of your looks. If you have beautiful hair, and have the will to take pains with it, here is a direction in which you may go a long way. Keep it light and fluffy by careful washing, brush it daily, watch it for signs of tiredness, correct it for overdryness or oiliness. Keep it live and well-groomed.

If you can, go occasionally to a shop that gives a good scalp massage and have a treatment. Note how all the knots in your neck are kneaded out, and your hair grows more softly shining and falls naturally into lovely lines.

If you can't do this, massage your own scalp. Brush your hair night and morning, with long, sweeping movements to stimulate the scalp and give the hair a lovely sheen. This is a good habit for your whole being. You feel more alive after it, and those rhythmic motions steady you and do amazing things for your nerves.

There's a great deal to be said for the correct hair arrangement, too. Your head should be studied as you would study a room, and really decorated. I don't know why the way you dress your hair has so much influence, but it has. As soon as you have an altogether right hair cut, the rest of you plays up to it.

If your hair has a silken sheen, but is straight as a string, don't try to fluff it out or wear it in a long bob,

Continued on page 61

Photo by Autrey



Even if Constance Bennett is your idol, her beauty tricks may not suit your own best features.



The SCREEN

A critic expresses frank opinions
of the new pictures.

"Strangers in Love."

Fredric March scores another triumph in one of the pleasant and most entertaining pictures of the month. His performance of the dual rôle, while less spectacular than in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is no less skillful and really is more subtle. It is a brilliant achievement, for Mr. March differentiates the characters without resorting to make-up and he does it so casually as to rob the achievement of the self-consciousness of an actor preening himself on his versatility. What

Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald delight old admirers and win some new ones in "One Hour With You."

might have been just another melodrama of double exposure becomes a diverting departure from routine. This is because the situation of a scape-grace brother who masquerades as his respectable twin is approached gayly, lightly, instead of with heavy-handed gravity.

You are made to feel that Mr. March is not quite fooling any one, but is puzzling the household instead, especially his dead brother's secretary. He falls in love with her, at the same time having to pretend passion for his brother's dangerous mistress who has racketeer connections.

Besides Mr. March's splendid acting, there is also Kay Francis, the secretary, who cleverly blends the comic possibilities of her rôle with the dramatic seriousness necessary for suspense and character development. Stuart Erwin also shines in what is perhaps the best opportunity he has ever had to display his unique sense of humor. Juliette Compton, whose humorless stateliness is funnier than the antics of a comédienne, fits nicely into the frenetics of the worried mistress.

"The Lost Squadron."

This is good—so superior a picture, in fact, that one's regret that it isn't more important is almost tearful. It should have been big and one wonders why it isn't. Think of it, an original and unusual aviation story! One that has no battles in the air when the spectator doesn't know who is who or which plane is after the other.

There are sensational flights all right, and plenty of them, but they are executed for a thrill in a picture. The heroes, wartime flyers, are Hollywood stunt men engaged in making a picture for Erich von Stroheim as director. Consider all the aviation pictures you have seen and try to find an idea as

"ONE Hour With You" brings back Maurice Chevalier to the complete satisfaction of his admirers in a gay musical piece cleverly assembled by Ernst Lubitsch. It is typical of both the singing star and the star director, for it is light, tuneful, witty, smooth, and is accomplished with exquisite polish. But if one is immune to the reputed charm of Mr. Chevalier, as I am, this report must necessarily be dry of enthusiasm.

What matter to the millions if I cannot subscribe to the belief in his charm nor discern his sex appeal? I grant that his acting is better than usual. He has greater variety of expression and his pantomimic ability is indisputable, but I cannot stomach the idea that he is irresistible to women, all women, every woman, nor can I banish weariness on discovering that every scene has its sexual implication and that life in a Chevalier film is one long obsession for all its characters.

Here they are a Parisian doctor, his adored and adoring wife, and her best friend, a married woman, who forces the doctor into a liaison; her husband, and a love-sick suitor of the doctor's wife. They are concerned in drawing-room intrigue and deception to the accompaniment of airy banter and pleasant tunes that never are obtrusive. Jeanette MacDonald sings hers charmingly, wittily and qualifies as a comédienne of rare distinction. Genevieve Tobin, as her friend, is appropriately frivolous, but she is too mannered to be first rate. Both Charles Ruggles and Roland Young are exhilarating in their deft expertness. This film depends on your own taste.

Fredric March plays another dual rôle and plays it superbly in "Strangers in Love," with Juliette Compton and Kay Francis.



in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

fresh as that! You can't. Yet it isn't as dramatic or stirring or touching as it has a right to be; it's only interesting.

Three flyers return from the War and find everything changed. The sweetheart of one has given herself to another, the second has lost his fortune, the third his job. They drift, of Hollywood, hobos in a baggage car, and are hired by an eccentric director who is married to the jilted aviator's girl. Jealous of the stunt man, he plans to send him to his death in a crack-up. There you have the kernel of the dramatic situation.

But there is much more, including real characterizations, good dialogue, illuminating byplay, and splendid acting. The most striking of the latter comes from Mr. Von Stroheim, who to all intents and purposes is playing himself—except, of course, for plotting murder! Richard Dix, Robert Armstrong, and Joel McCrea are perfect as the heroes, Mary Astor and Dorothy Jordan are equally so, and Hugh Herbert's comic relief is welcome because it's real.

"Tarzan, the Ape Man."

By all means see this, easily the most popular picture of the month, with a fortune awaiting its producers, Metro-Goldwyn. It has attractions for every one and first, last, and always it is good movie. It has

constant motion—except for a slow introduction—beautiful backgrounds, physical thrills, and all the fascination that jungle life holds for the city bred. There is also an incredible, but highly romantic, love story. The whole thing is brilliantly successful, with the quality of a super-circus. It's not to be taken seriously, but it's great entertainment. One of the reasons lies in the fact that the picture doesn't take itself seriously. There's no solemn propounding of jungle laws, nor are the hippopotami, antelopes, zebras, crocodiles, elephants, leopards, apes, and what not anything but what the spectator makes of them, incidental figures in a great show. Nor is there tiresome documentation attempting to prove that everything is authentic. Obviously some of the shots are left-overs from "Trader Horn" neatly coordinated with studio stuff, you to judge which is which. But what does it matter?

The story doesn't matter either, but is a story of sorts. We have a creamy English girl coming to Africa to join her father and his protégé who are searching for ivory. They encounter *Tarzan*, the jungle man, who snatches up *Jane* and bears her to the upper reaches of a lofty tree, where she makes the acquaintance of apes and learns to love. In the finale we are treated to the surprising spectacle of *Jane* preferring to remain with *Tarzan* instead of returning to England. Because we are grateful for the jungle thrills and the naïve romance, we don't ask questions or wonder how long it will take *Jane* to become an ape woman and lose her complexion and



The most unusual of all aviation stories is "The Lost Squadron," in which Dorothy Jordan and Richard Dix shine.



Johnny Weissmuller's magnificent physique extols the virtues of swimming and does much for "Tarzan, the Ape Man," too.

permanent wave. It isn't hard to be just glad that *Tarzan* and *Jane* will set up housekeeping in the trees, as we should all like to do.

Johnny Weissmuller, the aquatic champion, is an ideal *Tarzan* swinging from bough to bough, wrestling with lions and panthers and enjoying the friendship of elephants and apes. He is a superb specimen of young manhood and has a sympathetic intelligence that will cause many a fan to plead for

another glimpse of him. Maureen O'Sullivan, though sometimes indistinct, is always agreeable, and Neil Hamilton and C. Aubrey Smith, while probably raging under the injustice of secondary rôles, should be thankful for their importance in a full-fledged success.

"The Crowd Roars."

This time James Cagney is an automobile racer, or race driver as the characters call him, but don't think that he has grown soft and gentle—he still treats Joan Blondell roughly! And he is anything but nice to Ann Dvorak. So all is well with Mr. Cagney's fans, though the more discerning will not hail this as his

The Screen in Review



Richard Barthelmess's earnest sincerity and fine intelligence give "Alias the Doctor" its chief interest, with Lucille LaVerne doing her share, also.

Miriam Hopkins, though always interesting, is not at her best in "Dancers in the Dark," nor does Jack Oakie satisfy in his first tragic rôle.

The brilliant acting of the brothers Barrymore, Lionel and John, alone justifies the old-fashioned story of "Arsène Lupin."



best picture. It is far from a waste of time, though; only it's a shame that overly sentimental dialogue creeps in and deplorable that the scenario writers lazily use coincidence to bring Mr. Cagney and his girl together for reconciliation. How often does a down-and-outer find his best girl behind a lunch counter?

The story begins when Mr. Cagney, a star racer, breaks off with his girl to keep the knowledge of their illicit relationship from his young brother and orders her friend, Miss Blondell, to scam. Resentfully the girls hatch a plot for Miss Blondell to seduce the boy—a fragrant idea this!—but *la* Blondell is caught in the toils of a love for the boy so pure as to make a Valentine obscene. The brothers separate with violence, Mr. Cagney suffers remorse and a heavy beard, and the lunch counter puts everything right.

The racing scenes are exciting, the best ever seen on the screen, but the story isn't. Miss Dvorak is splendid, truly a new find with a future, Eric Linden is well cast as the brother, and Miss Blondell is, of course extraordinarily helpful.



"Alias the Doctor."

Richard Barthelmess's earnest and fine performance does not make this one of his best pictures, but it is quite enough to rate above the average. It should be seen, particularly by those who especially admire the star, for he is at his best, and there isn't any one in Hollywood who could have brought precisely the same quality to his portrait of the young Austrian medical student who gave up his career to serve a jail sentence for his foster brother. Later, when he is freed and is forced by his mother to assume the name and identity of her dead son, he performs an emergency operation that brings him embarrassing fame.

It is an interesting situation, but it doesn't achieve the dramatic effect intended and the picture becomes rather disappointing. Something is made of the fact that Mr. Barthelmess is in love with his foster sister, an impediment to their marriage occurring when he takes the name

of her brother. But this, too, isn't as much of a problem as you would expect. Foreign atmosphere—the locale is Austria—is splendidly achieved and the acting is dignified and restrained—perhaps too much so. Marian Marsh, Lucille LaVerne, and Norman Foster give excellent support.

"Dancers in the Dark."

Any appearance of Miriam Hopkins is interesting these days because of her charm, naturalness, and originality. She displays all her engaging qualities in this, even though it isn't one of her best portrayals. That is the fault of the scenario, though. As a taxi dancer reformed by love for a saxophonist, the character is made too sweetly conventional for Miss Hopkins's spirited personality, consequently it doesn't realize its possibilities.

Jack Oakie, back after a long absence from the screen, isn't at his best, either. His comedy lacks spontaneity, perhaps because of his increased weight and a certain smugness. Anyhow, as the orchestra leader in the dance hall, Mr. Oakie attempts to disillusion his protégé, the saxophonist, and prevent his marriage to the dancer. A former flame of hers shoots Mr. Oakie when he discovers that the band is playing "The St. Louis Blues," his favorite tune which informs the police that the killer is in the establishment.

Although this character is strikingly impersonated by George Raft, the most arresting member of the cast, the situation somehow isn't as tensely dramatic as it should be. In fact, that's the chief fault throughout—slighted climaxes. William Collier, Jr., is colorless and uninteresting as the saxophonist.

"Arsène Lupin."

The conjunction of the Barrymore brothers makes interesting this dip into detective fiction as it used to be written; without them it would be inexcusable. For the exploits of the handsome French duke, whose crooked career under the alias of *Arsène Lupin* baffles the police, is archaic nonsense as compared with the machine-gun

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Too Good To Be True

Randolph Scott's background is better in fact than the most glamorous yarn ever spun by an old-time extra.

By Alison Boyd

POLA NEGRI heads the list of women stars who have taken one look at Randolph Scott and exclaimed, "Oh, I want him!"—or words to that effect. But that's nothing new for young Scott. For years the belles of Charlotte, North Carolina, and points south have been saying the same thing. And all to no avail, for what he wants is a successful career in pictures, and the harder it is to get, the better.

You see, the good things of life were handed to him on a silver platter, all tied up with pink bows, when he was born. The story of his background sounds like the tales that extras make up when they suddenly burst into prominence and want to impress innocent bystanders, but in Randolph's case it's true.

In the first place, he's a descendant of two A-1 Southern families, the kind whose names keep bobbing up in history. His father, born a Quaker, has that same vigorous determination that has landed young Scott with Paramount. He is one of the most successful business men in the South. His mother belongs to one of those old Virginia families whose men are famous for their courage and whose women are noted for their charm and beauty. Married in her early teens, she is still young, and lovely, to look at.

The daughters of the family carry on the tradition. One, who was a brilliant member of Washington society during President Wilson's time, rebelled against the life of a smart young matron, and decided to cultivate her voice. Experts had declared it the equal of Rosa Ponselle's. She went abroad to study, but when returning from France, suffered an accident which resulted in serious injury, and the voice was gone forever.

One sister is a leader among Charlotte's fashionable young wives. Another's beauty made her a high light of society in Paris, until she married an Englishman who took her to Sweden, where he is an important figure in business and social affairs. Another prefers Continental society to American, and rarely visits this country. The youngest, a sub-débutante, bids fair to rival the others in her list of conquests.

They live in a charming house in Charlotte, and frequently make excursions back to the family home in Virginia. That's the sort of background in which Randolph Scott grew up.



A film career is the first thing Randolph Scott, "the new Gary Cooper," has ever had to struggle for. You'll see him in "Sky Brides."

As for him, here's what he left when he decided to go to Hollywood and join the ranks of the extras.

A few years ago he was living a life that would more than satisfy the average man. He worked for his father, at a salary that ran well up into the thousands, and little things like tailors' bills didn't have to come out of the pay envelope. That's the sort of father Mr. Scott, senior, is. Randolph lived at home. He drove about in a smart roadster; his name appeared frequently on the lists of ushers at fashionable weddings in the South, that of one of the DuPont heiresses among them. He didn't have to stick to work too closely. If he wanted to run down to Atlanta for a round of golf with Bobby Jones, that was quite all right.

Life was just too easy, too comfortable, and he got pretty sick of it. So he selected the hardest task that these modern days have to offer. He decided to go into the movies, and the smart roadster was headed for Hollywood.

You know what it means to try to break into the studios, no matter who or what the aspirant may be. It wasn't all fun, by any means, especially for a boy who'd never had to do more than ask for anything he wanted.

But he stuck it out. Nothing much was heard of him, professionally, for a while, but a rumor did drift back to Charlotte to the

effect that he was about to marry a wealthy widow. The heart of many a Southern belle hit the soles of her sandals with a dull thud. Fortunately, it proved to be just a rumor.

A little while ago his name appeared in the cast of characters of an independently made picture. The critics remarked that his acting was stiff and let it go at that. Just a nice little rebuff for a hot-headed Southerner!

Then Paramount discovered him, and cannily saw large box-office receipts in his appearance and ability. Now he's hailed as "the new Gary Cooper," which seems hard to accept, since he's a far different type from the gangling Gary.

As has been said, the ladies discovered him also. But to a boy who's grown up with a beautiful mother and five beautiful sisters, the belles of Hollywood are rather like one more toasted marshmallow when you've already had too many.

A good movie contract is a far greater novelty, especially when it's earned and not just tossed into one's cradle by a fairy godmother on one's first birthday.

BLUE HEAVEN

Carol Lombard is not disturbed by the dismal prophecies
which snap at the heels of every star's marriage.

AND after all, if you stand off to one side, pince-nez poised reflectively between thumb and forefinger, exactly why *should* a Hollywood marriage be unique, fragile, any more precarious than a Keokuk marriage?

Much has been written about the treacherous ground spread out before the questing feet of stars on their way back from the altar. It is implied that ministers, having pronounced them man and wife, add dubiously under the breath, "Well, for a month or so, anyway."

Many and good is the story turned out on the dangers continually besetting movie unions—too much publicity, location trips, leading ladies and men, professional jealousy, and so on into the night. As proof of the point, any number of illustrations may be given—young couples who have separated shortly after being duly publicized as the "happiest couple in Hollywood."

Upon analysis, it will be found that most, if not all, of these marital disasters were inevitable. Not because of the locale, but because of the individuals concerned.

For the present, we are to concentrate on Carol Lombard. More for the pleasure of concentrating on her than anything else, for, although she recently became Mrs. William Powell, she offers little in the way of spectacular discussion on the Hollywood marriage problem.

"I have no rules," says Carol. "I have a great distaste for rules and regulations applied to anything. Least of all would I apply rules to marriage. I have implicit faith in spontaneity. What instinct urges is more apt to be right than what is evolved by deliberation.

"I've never been able to understand the awful significance attached to Hollywood marriages. Fundamentally, we are just like any one else—we live the same, think the same, marry the same, subject to the natural vagaries of individual humans.

"Why do people shake their heads hopelessly

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

over the possibility of an actor and actress remaining married? Do they think we hang by our feet from the

chandelier, or live in some other remarkable way that is different from their own manner?

"We fall in love. We marry, and hope to make a go of it. The same thing happens every day all over the world. Perhaps some of us don't make a go of it. In that case, we separate—also the same thing happens all over the world."

This young Mrs. Powell, the equivalent of the sophisticated and intelligent young brides of your own town, is undisturbed by the dismal prophecies which snap at the heels of local marriages.

"For one thing, Bill and I are adult people. We don't lean on our work for our entertainment, as well as occupation. We are not tied to Hollywood mentally, not particularly involved in it socially. We understand each other thoroughly, and amuse and stimulate each other.

"I think we have a good chance—we have such *fun* together. We hope it will work. If it doesn't, we shall separate, and separate before it becomes ugly, or has a chance to mar what has gone before. And if it ever happens, it certainly won't be because of Hollywood. That's a pretty feeble alibi at best, I've always thought."

Alibis and evasions arouse in Carol a profound scorn. She asks, and gives, complete integrity. But neither the asking nor the giving is done with that embarrassing earnestness which usually accompanies the revelation of character in Hollywood.

She has that pleasant rarity, grace. Which means that she makes no display of any sort, that she is poised, casual, fitting her mood to the occasion. As William Powell's wife, she is nevertheless Carol Lombard. Not belligerently so, but inescapably.

"Nothing seems sillier to me than giving out stories on 'How I plan to

Continued on page 68



Photo by Richee

Nothing is sillier than trying to plan a happy marriage by rules and regulations, says Miss Lombard.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

ALIBIS and evasions arouse in Carol Lombard a profound scorn. She asks, and gives, complete integrity. That is why her discussion of marriage on the opposite page is more than usually interesting, for it contains none of the usual bromides.



YELLOW

Sensational journalism is the subject of "Hot News" and remembering what intense drama it has contributed to other pictures, there's every reason to believe that this new slant will be equally dramatic.

ROSE HOBART and Charles Bickford play the leading rôles, as pictured above, while Pat O'Brien is a reporter in the employ of Mr. Bickford.



MR. BICKFORD, as the exemplar of yellow journalism, is trapped by Claudia Dell as an adventuress.





LOOSE

"Sinners in the Sun" brings soul-satisfying love to its hero and heroine after they have traipsed the primrose path.

GIRLS at the top of the page are Dorothy Dix, Mary Jane Temple, and Nadine Dore. They are fashion models in the shop where Carol Lombard is the stellar beauty. Adrienne Ames, below, is the society girl who marries her chauffeur, Chester Morris.





FORTUNE

"The Truth Game"—the title probably will be changed—brings his father, is bent on marrying for money to assure a con-



GAY, sophisticated and quite unmoral, Mr. Montgomery, as Max, flits about Landon, living by his wits and his appeal to women. Eleanora Gregar, the German actress, who is seen with him on this page, is the poor heroine he marries after all, and Edward Everett Horton is the rich suitor she turns down.



HUNTERS

Robert Montgomery as an amiable young philanderer who, like
tion of his luxurious life. See what happens to him!



C. AUBREY SMITH, who is seen at the top of the page, is the philandering father from whom Max receives instruction in the gentle art of being a likable parasite. On the left is Heather Thatcher, the English actress, who made a great impression on the audience at the preview.



CABBAGES

Barbara Stanwyck, most natural of stars, brings to the screen that most natural of heroines, *Selina Peake* in Edna Ferber's "So Big," a woman who saw beauty in garden truck and found soul in the soil.



HERE is Miss Stanwyck in various stages of *Selina's* life. The actress showed her skill in this respect when she played in "Forbidden." The new picture gives her even better opportunities.



LITTLE Dickie Moore, who is accumulating quite a fan following of his own, is *Selina's* son *Dirk*, character played later by Hardie Albright, a boy whom many readers inquire these days.



MAUREEN

Miss O'Sullivan wins her first starring opportunity in "The Silver Lining."

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN plays a rich, thoughtless girl whose indifference to her responsibilities as a property owner sends her to prison. John Holland and Cornelius Keefe are with her, above.



MARY DORAN, below, is just a play-girl, but Betty Compson, opposite her, is a high-minded tenement dweller who brings the rich girl to justice.





SCOOP

In "The Ferguson Case" a boy reporter solves the mystery of the murder.



THE young reporter is played by Tom Brown, a newcomer, whom you may remember as the clever youngster who distinguished himself in Claudette Colbert's early picture, "The Lady Lies." He is seen, above, with Jaan Blondell—lucky youth to be teamed with her!—and you see him again, right, with Vivienne Osborne. Leslie Fenton and Grant Mitchell are at the top of the page.



Bring Out Your Beauty

Continued from page 45

just because some girl you admire wears hers that way. Wear it straight with a low knot, and note its proud distinction.

If your hair is naturally curly, it's a crown and a glory. Don't try to make it sleek or "sophisticated." Wear it as best becomes your face and your personality, letting it wave as it will—and be thankful. The present styles of hairdressing are varied, and some of them are intriguing. But no style is intriguing that doesn't suit you.

And when you buy a new hat, be sure that it goes with your coiffure. Your hat may be ever so smart, but if it is not suited to your coiffure, the whole effect is lost.

When it comes to make-up, be awfully choosy about it, especially about cheek and lip rouge. Many of the younger girls are using less this year. Some of them enhance their natural coloring only under evening lights. Some are featuring only their lips, using a lipstick that tones with their own coloring and keeps the mouth fresh and protected in harsh weather.

If you are still in your teens, be wary of make-up, especially for daytime use. No one likes to see the seventeen-year-old, or even twenty-year-old, with that made-up look. It's defeating the beauty of youth. It's reaching ahead and missing a lot that nature intended you to have. Wait till you come to it before you try to live what's around the corner.

Of course, when you are going to a very special party in your prettiest gown, you will want to make up a bit, and that's all right, too. A bit of color to whisk your face into vivid charm, a matching lipstick to add chic, fine-textured powder to match the color of your skin and give it a velvety finish. And for this special occasion, add a little path of eye shadow close to the upper lashes. All this must be so skillfully done that there's not a trace of make-up about it—the subtle finish for a perfect toilet.

After all, good looks, as we know them nowadays, are mainly a question of making the most of the beauty you have.

GARBO SPIRITUAL

KEEPIN' mum, keepin' mum,
 [Mum, mum, mum, mum]
 Garbo keepin' mum, O Lawd.
 [Mu-u-u-u-um]
 Keepin' mum, keepin' mum,
 Garbo sayin' nothin', O Lawd,
 Till dat option day.

LEE SMITH.



Professionally posed photo of Mrs. Rachulles' true experience

So thin, haggard-looking she hated to have her picture taken!

But today she's added 23 lbs.
 —cleared her skin, too

SHE'D pretended not to mind—laughed when they called her "skinny". But she drew the line at being photographed. For no one can laugh off a scrawny face and shapeless legs, when they are *printed in black and white!*

Today, thanks to 23 pounds gained, she's no longer camera-shy! Read her thrilling story:

Looks a "different" woman

"I was sick and rundown from childhood. I weighed only 104 pounds and looked just 'skin and bones'. In fact, such a sight I didn't like friends to take snapshots of me.

"But since taking Ironized Yeast I have put on 23 pounds. It improved my skin, too. I look like a *different* woman!" Mrs. J. E. Rachulles, Red Cliff, Colo.

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If you, too, are a bit self-conscious about your figure—if you, too, worry over your complexion—why not profit by the experience of *thousands?* Gain pounds of healthy flesh, clear complexion — *plus* sound sleep, regular elimination, steady nerves, tireless energy. Get these quickly, *inexpensively*—with Ironized Yeast.

Concentrated 7 times

In perfecting Ironized Yeast, no expense has been spared. It contains a remarkably rich yeast—imported "beer yeast". This specially cultured yeast is *concentrated* by a process so new and so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recom-

mended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of "beer yeast" are required to make just one pound of this yeast concentrate that goes into Ironized Yeast. And three distinct kinds of iron are required to *ironize* this concentrate. Thus Ironized Yeast not only brings you all the body-building benefits of yeast—*many times multiplied*—but it also wonderfully enriches your blood, increases strength and pep as it adds firm flesh.

RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED: To make sure you get the utmost in weight, strength and health-building qualities, the *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested*—by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations which may discolor teeth and upset stomach. Insist on the *genuine* Ironized Yeast.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and send it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts about Your Body", by an eminent health authority. Results from very first package—or *money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 76, Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
 In Pleasant Tablet Form

Broadway Buddy

meeting the discoverer of relativity, you know.

Buddy plays the young juvenile that made him famous on the screen. He is discovered leading an orchestra and singing in a New York night club, and is taken, orchestra and all, down to Mexico, where a rich old caballero opens a similar club. And there in the land of tamales and dark-eyed sirens, romance in the person of Lupe Velez besieges him.

As you know, Buddy can play almost all the ordinary instruments of a dance orchestra, and this is featured. He sings several numbers, including "Say What I Wanna Hear You Say," which is expected to be a hit melody. One can't imagine Buddy imitating some of the now-popular crooners, like Bing Crosby, and drifting off into those too-doodle-de-doodle-de-does. If he does I hope some hombre will shoot up the show.

The cast is almost a reunion of folks who have tried Hollywood. Besides Buddy and Lupe, June Knight is featured. Miss Knight doubled for Garbo in the dance sequence of "Mata Hari," I was told. Since no one else has spoken for the honor, let it pass. Also there are June MacCloy, Bert Lahr, Marjorie White, and Miriam Battista.

Ex-movie people are easy to work with, they said at Ziegfeld's. A film prima donna has never been seen up

on the fifth floor of the theater, the judgment hall, for when they come from the screen they come with the spirit of the willing worker. Buddy particularly is easy to "handle."

Every trip of the elevator was bringing up a load of girls now. One dashed into the publicity office and helped herself to a long search through the publicity man's photo cabinet. Later a man who spoke with authority shooed them all into the rehearsal hall, with some gallant remark like "Girls, get on into that hall!" with a gesture that out-Gabled Gable.

What effect will this stage life have on Buddy Rogers, the nice escort of sweet Hollywood girls of the Mary Brian and June Collyer type?

Buddy is realizing a long-cherished ambition. Credit him for actually going on and doing something he has talked about doing when he left the screen. Can you name offhand another player who has done so? He is happy in getting to do what he has dreamed about, and unless questioned, he wastes no thought about the past. A large program enough, a part in a Ziegfeld show and leading an orchestra, with some radio broadcasts besides. He will think about the screen later, possibly when the show closes.

The origin of this musical streak

in Buddy has perhaps been told, but until now I did not know how he started playing. In Olathe, Kansas, somebody got up a subscription for a band. Buddy's father donated ten dollars, with the understanding that his son should be included. When the equipment arrived, the boys drew their instruments by lot. Buddy drew a slide trombone. Instruction there gave him a start, and he played to pay his way through school.

Then came the famous expedition of the mules. He played on the boat and in Barcelona, Spain. The second summer he was in a Chautauqua troupe. Then came the Paramount school, when young Rogers abandoned Spanish classes and journalism, but toted along the trombone. With film success, he acquired the other instruments he liked and learned to play them. Now that his career has drifted from the screen, the old trombone proves its worth again. He seems to favor it. At least he played it on his first radio broadcast.

I almost forgot to tell you why Buddy was late for rehearsal. He was out buying shirts. "You hardly have time to buy yourself a shirt in this racket," he complained.

Somehow that hitches up with his promise to the fans that he was coming back with a bang when the proper time and rôle came his way.

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They Say in New York—

England. Her husband is head of the Paramount studio there, and it is no small coup for him to land Corinne for a picture. Also there is a story of Michael Arlen's—"Lily Christine"—which just about every company in the world has tried to buy, but couldn't, because the author held out for an actress who suited him in the title rôle. When he found that Corinne really would hide her beauty behind glasses—the heroine of the story is near-sighted—he capitulated.

She is coming back to visit New York and Hollywood when the picture is finished.

Is That Gratitude?—The beauty-shop owners of America have at last admitted that they are powerless in the matter of establishing styles in hairdressing. At their recent convention in New York they called in representatives of the screen to tell them how leading stars were to dress their hair, so that they could offer to do yours likewise. The hairdressers were strong for bangs—they have to be trimmed every week and that means money to the hairdressers—so sixty per cent of the leading women

promised to wear bangs in their forthcoming pictures. Claudette Colbert, Marion Davies, and Joan Crawford volunteered to set the style of wearing pompadours.

That is coöperation for you. And what did the ungrateful hairdressers do? They passed a resolution declaring that Greta Garbo was the only star who could wear her hair just as she pleased, who could go on looking just the same month after month without wearying her audiences.

Taking Politics Seriously.—There will be a procession of stars going to Washington, D. C., during the next few months, this being the year for presidential candidates and general handshaking. Billie Dove and Bebe Daniels are the advance guard of the onslaught that is to come. Billie called on President Hoover who assured her that everything was all right, despite all that she might have seen and heard to the contrary. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon called on Speaker Garner and informed him that they are forming a Garner-for-President Club in Texas.

Don't ask, "Why Texas?" I didn't

know they ever went there myself. Garner, the ungrateful wretch, refused to pose for photographs with them, so the visit may be marked down as a total loss, except for such small items as this.

In Dear Old England.—Clive Brook has returned from a visit abroad quite pleased to find that in spite of the presence of Dietrich in "Shanghai Express," audiences notice that he is in the picture, too. He reports that Adolphe Menjou has become more British than any native of London, and that Colin Clive, who made such a hit here in "Frankenstein," is playing opposite Corinne Griffith in "Lily Christine," and causing no small stir among the flappers of Britain.

Handle with Care.—Maybe you have heard that actresses grow hard and shrewd and calculating. Maybe you think it isn't necessary. Well, then, listen to this: A pretty girl's contract had about six months to run, when her company lent her to another. She was ordered to go on location on about an hour's notice, and

before departing she was to stop by the studio and sign some papers relative to her engagement with the second company.

They handed her the agreement to read, then arranged what they said was four copies of the same, with only the place for her signature showing. She read the first one over, then the second, then the third. It seemed pretty silly to go on, but she did, having been told that it was always wise to be careful when dealing with business men.

Imagine her surprise when she found that the fourth and fifth papers she was supposed to sign unread released the company from all obligations to her. Had she signed them, she would have been out some twenty thousand dollars.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

if we really admire them to any extent. I believe critics disagree on this, but it's been proved that the fans follow the stars, not the picture.

I resent what one fan said about Universal Pictures recently. This company has come to the front in an amazing manner of late and given us some of the finest films. Take "Seed," "Free Love," "Strictly Dishonorable," to mention only a few. I don't approve of the horror films they are now producing, but I suppose some people must like the horrid things.

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Old Question Resettled.

AS a fan who admires both of them, I would very much like this silly comparison between Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich to end. But since the argument continues to rage, I herewith add my thoughts on the subject.

In the first place, it is absurd to judge the stars by the parts they portray. Both these ladies play immoral women on the screen and what of it? We should judge their private lives by their actions off the screen, and I leave it to the fans to decide who wins there.

Now as far as this mystery stuff goes, we can tell whether it is sincere by seeing how far the star's actions back up her mysterious reputation. Greta Garbo, for five years and long before she became famous, has lived a very quiet and retiring life. Undoubtedly she now knows the value of being mysterious, but undoubtedly, also, she is naturally so, for Greta has been mysterious in pictures which were not built up to give her that aura, such as "Anna Christie" and "Susan Lenox."

Marlene's actions offscreen are not those of a retiring person. She is seen in many social gatherings, and there was nothing mysterious about her in her early German pictures or in Germany. I always feel that the mysterious note in her pictures is synthetic.

Marlene is a very pretty woman, but Greta is a beautiful one. Of course, Marlene has marvelous legs. Although the fan magazines are always pointing out Greta's defects to us, they do not mention Marlene's. Her profile is not at all good nor the shape of her face generally. The top

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Why Stars Are Stars

Continued from page 21

survived "Untamed," "Our Blushing Brides," "Montana Moon," "This Modern Age," and "Laughing Sinners." Yet, because she has something the public likes, Joan has risen to the point where she is one of the biggest box-office draws in the country.

Edmund Lowe is another whom the producers have pushed and nurtured. He is an excellent actor and his name in a cast means a lot to a picture. But when he is starred, there is little interest on the strength of his name alone. Rather, any success the film attains is due to the merits of the picture itself.

Warner Baxter, on the other hand, does not begin to rate as an actor in a class with Lowe, but he has something that draws the public. He, you see, is a star they themselves picked for a favorite.

Consider the time, money, and trouble that has been expended in an effort to make Nancy Carroll a great favorite. But is she? Look over the letters the fans write to various magazines and see if you can find any raving over Miss LaHiff's ability as an actress.

Ah, no. Even after three years of intensive pushing, Nancy comes a long way from having enough of a personal draw to insure a picture's success.

Turn your eyes the other way and have a squint at Barbara Stanwyck. No one ever intended making her a star. She had scored a moderate success in New York in "The Noose," and a greater one in "Burlesque." Then she came West to be with her husband. United Artists, with some misgivings, put her into an opus called "The Locked Door." It was a flop and her career seemed doomed.

Harry Cohn, of Columbia, saw it, thought she had something that would appeal to the public if given a chance, and put her into "Ladies of Leisure." He was right. She had. And ever since she's been a star of such magnitude that not even inane stories like "Night Nurse" could dim her glory.

Don't go, dere peepul. We've nowhere near finished yet.

Do you think Ann Harding is a star because the public clamors for her pictures? Don't be silly. Studio executives thought that because she was popular on the stage she would be popular in pictures, too.

Well, she is popular with a few fans, but if you think she's a great favorite, write a story about her and try to get some editor to accept it. Seven times out of eight you'll get

your manuscript back with a polite note saying, "Unfortunately there doesn't seem to be enough interest in Miss Harding to justify an interview at this time."

On the other hand, Constance Bennett is a star of whom the public cannot get enough, despite the fact that, with the possible exception of "Bought," she has never had a really good picture. All her films have been hits, but it is due to her personal popularity rather than because of any strength in her vehicles.

Only a person in the publicity business can have an idea of the lengths to which Fox went to create interest in Victor McLaglen. Finally, after several years, they gave up the struggle and when his last option came due they did not renew his contract.

M.-G.-M., on the contrary, has an unsuspected gold mine in Robert Montgomery. Bob was brought out with no other thought than that he would be an agreeable leading man for their various feminine stars. Well, he fooled 'em. There's hardly a male star with Bob's personal draw, and it's only because the public likes him, and not because of any forcing by his studio.

Clark Gable is another who illustrates the difference between forced and fan-made stars. A year and a half ago, M.-G.-M., placed Neil Hamilton under contract, told him to grow a mustache, and Louis B. Mayer announced that he had big plans for him. They were planning to feature him in light heavy parts and, if public reaction was favorable, they would star him.

Neil played in a couple of pictures and got excellent notices. Then Gable came along and in a couple of minor rôles, with no exertion on the part of the studio, became the most sensational success since Valentino. Neil was left out in the cold. They had no use for two actors of the same type, even though Neil may be just as good an actor as Clark.

And since Clark's success, almost every studio has tried—unsuccessfully—to develop some one like him.

Fredric March, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper, and Buddy Rogers are all stars by right of personality, performances and a hold on the public's affections, rather than because they were chosen to be the mark of a producer's favor. None of these received more publicity to start with than is given every newcomer. Naturally, when the studio saw they were catching hold of public fancy, they began pushing them.

Take the case of Garbo. Everything possible has been done to dethrone her, because she is said to be difficult to work with. She has few friends. When she arrived at the studio she was known only as "that Swede Stiller brought over."

But she reigns supreme in the hearts of picture-goers, and the wrath of the gods—to say nothing of that of nine million fans—will be on my head when I say she is an indifferent actress.

Tallulah Bankhead, on the other hand, whom Paramount had high hopes of developing into something equally sensational, although a much better actress and more attractive, finds the public apathetic.

Warner Brothers lavished a fortune on Lil Dagover and Fox was not niggardly in exploiting Elissa Landi, but both might as well be in the wilds of Africa for all the competition they give Garbo.

Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, and Spencer Tracy are all people whom studios have tried to force unsuccessfully upon a no longer gullible public. Hobart and Tobin have been greeted with enthusiastic indifference. Tracy, I think, would have been a

big favorite had Fox not tried to force him too soon.

Marie Dressler and Ruth Chatterton are a coupla gals who had resigned themselves to the fact that their heyday was past. Yet Chatterton caught on and has survived some very weak pictures. And Dressler is one of the biggest stars to-day, simply because the public set up such a hue and cry for her pictures the studio had no choice other than to give them what they wanted.

Lew Ayres became a star overnight, by popular demand, and has remained one in spite of no progress in popularity or ability. He has something fans like.

Dorothy Mackaill, while never a dazzling star, has gone on and on for years, always holding her followers.

Janet Gaynor has skipped from one success to another with nothing to recommend her except a squeaky voice and an appealing manner which endear her to a public that will not permit anything to estrange them.

Stars? Sure there are stars. And there are other stars. Take your pick. What? You have? I know it. So do the producers—probably to their sorrow.

Unwanted Mothers

Continued from page 18

studios simply haven't time for that sort of monkey business.

Still mothers do have their destiny. And sometimes they boss the boys just as assiduously as the girls.

Lupe Velez asserts that in her separation from Gary she was a victim of mother domination over Cooper. It was a dramatic story, anyway, and in all probability there was something to it. But Lupe has a whimsical way with her, too. She brought her own mother from Mexico, after the split with Gary, and quixotically remarked at the time that Gary had come between her and a fond parent. Lupe's mother has been a great comfort to her through what has been a real trial for the little Mexican skyrocket. For Lupe *does* love Gary—or diligently professes to.

Dolores del Rio is one star who has scarcely ever been without her mother's aid and advice. Even since her marriage to Cedric Gibbons, Mrs. Antonia L. de Asunsolo is often on the set with her daughter, but never even from that vantage point has she stepped into her daughter's work. She is rare in being able to continue in the foreground and background simultaneously.

I don't think any picture company resents mere visits of parents. In-

deed, a joyous fuss was made when Warner Baxter brought his mother to the studio for the first time recently. Numerous photographs of the two were taken, and they were lunched and fêted. But then Baxter had scored an achievement, perhaps, in waiting so long to introduce his parent.

Various other stars like Richard Dix, Nancy Carroll, Peggy Shannon, Evalyn Knapp, Myrna Loy, Una Merkel, Lillian Bond, and Dorothy Lee have folks, but the studio seldom, if ever, sees them. Little Miss Knapp came out to Hollywood quite alone to carve her career, even though she was a very young girl. When her lonely status was discovered, everybody commenced diligently to help and protect her. The only casualty she suffered, with no mother to guide her, was the accidental fall down a mountain last summer, although that was a near-tragic one. Then her brother was with her. Evalyn can sing the praises of Hollywood's unofficial chaperonage for the unguarded girl.

With Marian Marsh—and she isn't the only one—sister takes the place of mother. There is still novelty to that arrangement. Jeanne Morgan

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How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

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What Love Cost Ina Claire

Continued from page 25

"I'm too thin in places and too fat in others. That was one of the things that worried me when I started 'The Greeks.' When I began to fit my costumes, just before the picture started, I decided to do something about it.

"There wasn't much I could do about the spots where I was too heavy, at least not on short notice. But for the too-thin localities, I had certain shapely padding built into my clothes. I had to sit up perfectly straight and the lights were so hot I was utterly miserable.

"Halfway through the picture I could stand it no longer. Sex appeal or no sex appeal, I would be my own too thin self. I finished the picture without any of my extra padding. It just happens that it isn't noticeable, though."

Ina smiled at her attempt to acquire sex appeal. As she talked, I was more than ever aware of her sincerity, though I was not inclined to agree with her. Of course, I don't think a woman is ever a good judge of another woman's sex appeal, but I'm willing to wager that a jury of any twelve good men and true would testify to Ina's charms.

Miss Claire's European jaunt was for the two-fold purpose of resting and reading plays, in an effort to find a suitable vehicle for a return to Broadway.

"When I left Hollywood, I intended to spend about two weeks loafing and the rest of my time in New York reading plays. My house

is full of them!" She gestured toward piles of manuscripts which littered the desk and tables and several chairs.

"But once in New York, my phone started ringing and there were so many amusing things to do that I never got around to my work.

"So I went up to my farm near Greenwich, Connecticut, where there would be nothing to divert me. But as soon as I arrived, I found so many things to do around the house, and the weather was so lovely, I couldn't resist taking long walks.

"By the time I had been there a week without accomplishing a thing, it occurred to me that it would be easier to read plays in New York.

"I packed up and came back here, but still I was too restless to concentrate. So I took off for Europe to find peace and quiet over there."

It all sounded natural enough. And yet, realizing the ease with which Ina has heretofore submerged herself in her work, it was somehow disturbing to see her in such an unhappy frame of mind.

For it is unhappiness, after all, that makes one travel from coast to coast, from country to country, seeking an elusive will-o'-the-wisp that can never be captured.

I wonder if Ina will find forgetfulness and contentment as the months roll along, despite her avowed cynicism. I wonder if love has left its indelible mark upon her and if she will ever free herself from its shadow.

Girl of the Hour

Continued from page 26

variably right, for the good of the play as well as herself. She drove them to distraction—and their respect for her was equaled by their rapt devotion.

She has a native instinct for the theater. She knows what is right and also why it is right. She lavishes upon her work every facet of her quick, brilliant mind. For it is true that her mentality goes beyond intelligence into brilliance. Again that aliveness—every corner of her mind is clear, sentient.

She speaks rapidly, with satisfying literacy and wicked wit. She has a relish for champagne, a distaste for Bourbon; a weakness for chow mein, a passionate dislike of bedroom gossip. She lives in the big house recently vacated by Greta Garbo, delighting in the considerable grounds

surrounding it and in its nearness to the sea.

She is always intending to take up tennis where she left off as a child, but she has no racket, and there is never enough time, anyway. Although, when she was living at the Château Elysée, she was photographed at the net, holding Warren William's racket. The caption on the printed picture said, "Miriam Hopkins finishing off the day with her customary hour on the court."

She rides only occasionally, each time vowing it is so stimulating she must make it a daily practice. But during the summer when she lives at the beach, she swims at least twice every day.

She has impeccable and instinctive taste—in her clothes, her speech, her manner, her thoughts. She is an ex-

citing conversationalist, giving to everything her interest and ideas. Her opinions are never imitative, evolving only from her own interested thought processes. She has that inbred personal integrity which needs no consuming earnestness to clothe it. She is amusing and amused.

As companions, she prefers writers to actors. Numbered among her friends are Herman and Joseph Man-kiewicz, Edwin Justus Mayer, Harpo Marx, erudite and nimble-witted companions. She is amiably separated from Austin Parker, her writer husband. She cannot understand Hollywood's insatiable appetite for continual romance, is well content for the present to enjoy the companionship of amusing people, is unable to approximate the ease and speed with which Hollywood ladies dart into and out of love.

She has, it is generally agreed, more actual versatility than any actress in movies to-day. Since this is an element of which Hollywood has kept its skirts rather clear, she puzzles the studio gentlemen whose duty it is to keep the pigeonholes tidy. To comedy, to drama, to tragedy alike, she brings conviction and understanding as well as deftness.

Directors hope to direct her, players to play with her. It must be understood that her occasional argu-

mentativeness is never high-handed; it is, rather, an intelligent determination to be a component part of a good job of theater wherever humanly possible.

Employing no artifices, she is warm, friendly, generous. Few in Hollywood understand her, yet those who don't, nevertheless respond to the charm and gayety which is as deep as their comprehension goes. Her speech is colored by parental strains of Southern and English accent. She is the only actress her mother knows, the only one in the family as far back as can be traced.

She is deeply, excitedly, interested in Russia and Mexico, wants to live in both and know them. She plays the piano pleasantly, has a prodigious library of symphonic records, is terrified of singing in a picture and, claiming the result is lousy, struggles to have the sequence deleted.

She is blissfully happy under the direction of Lubitsch or Rouben Mamoulian, for whom she did, respectively, "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

When heaven descends to earth, she will spend autumns on the New York stage, and several months in Hollywood doing such things as Shaw's "Pygmalion," *Becky Sharp*, and other items of literate entertainment.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 39

In connection with his faith, Ramon suffered some criticism in "Mata Hari," especially in the scene where he blew out the candle in front of the picture of the Virgin. It was said that his Latin-American fans, especially, did not like this.

Judge Visés Shopping Tour.—The expression, "Tell it to the judge," gets a new twist entirely, as pertains to Barbara Weeks, under contract to Sam Goldwyn. Barbara had to get permission from a superior court judge in Los Angeles before she could go on a trip to New York to buy some clothes. She is a minor, and the contract with Goldwyn was, therefore, signed under court supervision. As the agreement did not give Barbara permission to go traveling, she had to have the judge modify it so she could.

Life's just one bother after another for these filmers.

Pola Only a Warbler.—Secret of Pola Negri's singing and whistling in "A Lady Commands," recently revealed, is interesting. Pola didn't

whistle in the picture. A double did it for her. Also the reason for the whistling is the peculiar low range of the star's voice. It is almost a basso. The whistler had to supply the notes that Pola couldn't warble.

Perennial Pringle Divorce.—Maybe Aileen Pringle will get the divorce this time! For several years now she has divulged the intention of procuring a Mexican decree from her Jamaica husband, Charles Pringle, but then nothing ever seems to happen. This time Aileen is really threatening seriously, and so maybe it's more than just a happy spring-time notion.

Buccaneering Days Renewed.—When thieves took some of Lew Stone's belongings from his yacht recently, while it was moored at Wilmington in Los Angeles Harbor, the robbery was ascribed to pirates. It wasn't said whether they wore red bandannas around their heads and scarlet sashes, but anyway the word "pirates" shows that the Hollywood mind is always colorful.

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Anent Colleen and Corinne.—All the lost are returning. Colleen Moore is back on the Coast, busy in a stage engagement in "The Church Mouse," and Corinne Griffith is coming back from England to Malibu within a few weeks.

Informal Brides.—Other weddings of recent date were less pretentious. Betty Bronson was mar-

ried to her Heidelberg hero, Ludwig Lauerhaus, in the Santa Barbara courthouse, while Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton took flight to Yuma, Arizona. They were reported lost in an airplane disaster on the return trip, because they were somewhat late. It turned out, though, that they had merely taken a side hop to Agua Caliente.

Who Is Helen Hayes?

Continued from page 37

haven't the monotony of stage work. You work hard, but then it's done. You do perhaps four or five takes on a scene and you know the camera has got them all, especially the one that you feel has rung the bell; whereas in a theater you do the same thing night after night, and you might strike a scene exactly right just once and that one time might be at a rehearsal."

Helen Hayes would like to make a picture of "Alice Adams," the Booth Tarkington novel, but she seemed surprised when I asked her whether she had suggested it to the M.-G.-M. officials.

"I've never raised my voice to say a thing in pictures," she answered. "I never thought of suggesting anything. Maybe it would be a good idea, but as I said, I'd rather follow Irving Thalberg blindly now. Look what he's done for me!"

Look what Helen has done for her-

self, say we! She has a contract whereby she can spend part of every year on the stage. But Helen is threatening to give it up altogether when her daughter is old enough to need her more. At the moment Helen Hayes is looking forward to Hollywood and her next picture. And according to the fan mail she gets, thousands of her admirers the country over are doing exactly the same thing.

Helen Hayes at thirty has a brilliant and adoring husband, a cherub of a daughter, financial independence, fame on the stage which she has built up from the time she was six, and fame in pictures that has come to her overnight with the making of her first talkie.

No wonder Helen says with characteristic simplicity and shining eyes, "I'm pretty happy about it all!"

THE END.

Blue Heaven

Continued from page 50

make a success of marriage.' I won't do it. In the first place, I couldn't, because I'm congenitally incapable of planning anything. Heaven knows my life is the opposite of well-ordered, but it is fun. Neither Bill nor I waste much of to-day thinking about to-morrow. To-day is too important and too fleeting.

"Sometimes we suddenly decide, at two or three in the morning, that we want more than anything to go to Mexico—or Santa Barbara, or Arrowhead, or Palm Springs. So we simply put on coats, stick toothbrushes in the pockets, get in the car and go. Drive all night and arrive exhausted in the morning with just enough time to grab a bit of sleep before we have to turn around and race back in time to get to the studio next day. There's not much sense to it, but it's swell fun, and we've done exactly as we wanted to do. That's the way I like to live."

Eventually she will want a family. "Naturally. But not until I'm en-

tirely through with pictures. Never before that. It would be a rotten trick to play on a child, giving it a mother who called out, 'Good morning, dear,' as she left for the studio, got home in time to see it tucked into bed, and occasionally summoned it out to say, 'Curtsy for the ladies.'

"I think that is dreadful. When I was a child I had such fun with my mother I'd feel like a thief if I deprived my own children of that happiness. And, too, from a purely selfish viewpoint, what is the sense of having a child if you can't constantly watch its subtle growth and development every day?"

As to the date of that day when Carol will turn her back on pictures she will not commit herself.

"Who knows? Certainly I don't. Maybe when I've finally made a good picture. The very novelty of that might incapacitate me!"

Whereupon she grins—a beguiling surprise on such a Botticelli face.

"People seem to think I date only

from the time I first went to Paramount a couple of years ago. It's just as well no one remembers the little gems I appeared in for Sennett, and Fox, and Pathé.

"Incidentally, I spent years wrecking one company after another. I swear that I was no sooner signed up and at work than the company's finances would fall apart. I was a jinx. It's a wonder no one found out and blacklisted me."

One of those little local mysteries, Carol's career has been in a state of suspended animation ever since some one first spotted her and decided that she was a "natural." Everybody agreed, and popular approval has rested benignly on her head ever since. But it gets her nowhere. Under contract to Paramount now, she gives excellent performances in pictures that create no stir.

"I love movies. I must, otherwise I'd have got myself a saner job long ago. I hang on stubbornly, hoping that some day I'll have a crack at a really intelligent, fine picture. I laugh about the stupidities afterward, but at the time it is heartbreaking and nerve-racking. The stories, little confections that have been stirred up by half a dozen hands into a tasty morsel that would drive any adult to acute nausea!

"The whole system is so cockeyed. The talent is there, but it is so badly used—the wrong people doing the wrong things, world without end, amen! Casual anecdotes of ordinary studio routine are more harrowing than the darkest Russian tales you can name. It's such a pity—directors and writers forced into niches where they don't belong. And of course the actors are eventual victims, too."

She could retire satisfied after one picture under the direction of Lubitsch, D'Arrast, or Milestone. The latter is her god among directors. She is entirely flexible in the hands of any director whose judgment she respects, is argumentative with one whose judgment she distrusts.

She has abiding admiration for the intellect, wit, and charm of her husband. She calls him "Junior" for some reason she has forgotten.

Her beauty is abetted by distinction and poise. She loathes luncheon parties, seldom feels social before evening, and even then dislikes large parties.

Like her husband, she wants to spend as much time as possible traveling, would like to make it her principal occupation. She has superb capacity for amusement, which extends to any and all discourses on the remarkableness of marriage in Hollywood.



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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 48

technique of modern criminals with a wisecrack for every murder.

Here our burglar moves in high society, where jewels disappear from the necks of women when the lights are switched off and where priceless paintings are slit from their frames under the eyes of gendarmes.

It is fairly exciting because of John Barrymore's humorous conception of the duke and Lionel's enormously zestful acting as the police inspector who is the Nemesis of the genteel crook. Love interest comes from a beautiful accomplice employed by the inspector to intrigue and trap the ducal crook. It isn't surprising when they fall in love with each other, considering that the girl is Karen Morley, who gives a charming performance, and that the duke professes reformation in the final fade-out.

Despite the old-fashioned story, there are many touches of modern sophistication in the direction and the acting is uniformly good. All told, however, the result is diverting rather than startling.

"Polly of the Circus."

Marion Davies, a trapeze performer, is injured and taken to the home of a minister who has disapproved of her tights. She doesn't wear them during her convalescence,

to know the shallowness of the story, but no words of mine can describe the ineptitude of the picture as a whole. Miss Davies, a sparkling, unflagging comedienne, is not acceptable when indignant or wistful. Clark Gable, in surplice and stole, reading from the Scriptures with a stained-glass expression of sanctity, is deplorable.

"After To-morrow."

Supposed to be touchingly simple, an idyl of the poor, a glorification of commonplace people, this is instead a tiresomely long-drawn-out picture of tenement life, with every one so unhappy—and having a good time at it—that you don't believe a word. Indeed, it all seemed so make-believe that I couldn't help but think, in the



midst of the suffering of Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon, that their respective limousines were waiting to whirl them to their mansions anyhow.

Not that they didn't play their rôles well. They did. And Mr. Farrell, as if to compensate for Ramon Novarro's forbidden song, obliged with a number freely and without effort from the plenitude of his gift! He and Miss Nixon are poor sweethearts whose marriage is always pre-vented by a new disaster. His interfering mother, her heart-diseased father, eloping mother, and what not.

however, but an inexhaustible series of smartly simple costumes that look as if they had cost a hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

Clergyman and actress marry, the latter step costing the minister his pulpit. So the aerialist returns to the sawdust intent on making a fatal fall to free her husband, but he returns in time to reclaim her. He and his uncle, a bishop, stand in the ring calling joyously to suicidal Polly poised on the trapeze.

Now all this is well directed and acted with authority by such adepts as William Collier, Minna Gombell, and William Pawley. I think, though, that the most interesting characterization is supplied by a newcomer from the stage, Josephine Hull, as Mr. Farrell's domineering mother who masks her selfishness with tears and sugary sweetness. This is a real person played by an artist.

This will acquaint those who need

"Impatient Maiden."

Evidently taking his cue from the tempo of this opus, Lew Ayres sulks through the adventures of an interne without leaving the memory of any effort to entertain us. Nor does that fine actress, Mae Clarke, cause us to be grateful. This is obviously the fault of direction which, though superior at times, falters at other moments. This lapse is unaccountable when the spectator recalls that "Wa-



terloo Bridge" and "Frankenstein" were efforts of the same director.

Neither he nor the characters succeed in quite making up their minds. The young doctor and the girl he loves can't get together on the subject of marriage, he because he can't afford it and she because of doubt of its permanence. Hence they get on each other's nerves and drift apart until, in answer to a hurry call for an appendicitis case, the doctor discovers the patient to be his girl. In a minutely pictured operation he saves her life. But even this supposedly big scene hasn't the dramatic suspense intended. Una Merkel and Andy Devine really are the most vital elements in the picture, though some of their scenes are uncomfortably long.

"The Passionate Plumber."

If Buster Keaton is a favorite of yours, say I with an impolite yawn, here he is in a slapstick version of Marion Davies's "The Cardboard Lover," though there's no use in



dragging that up, either, for it dates back to the silent era. The present adaptation is quite funny in spots, more because of other players than

the star, but on the whole it fails to rate as a riot of laughter and certainly doesn't justify the handsome production and expensive cast. However, they say Mr. Keaton's films are wanted abroad.

You remember the chief situation, only it is reversed here and it's a girl who hires a plumber to make love to her in order to arouse the jealousy of the man she cares for. Mr. Keaton is the plumber, Irene Purcell is the mischievous lady, and Gilbert Roland the Latin lover who receives a charge of crockery aimed at his face. More amusing are Jimmy Durante, Polly Moran, and that priceless comedienne Maude Eburne who, because she is funnier than most women, always plays minor rôles. Still, the trouble with this—and most comedies, too—is that the characters work on the premise that none of their number has good sense. See if you don't agree.

"The Wiser Sex."

Poor Claudette Colbert, still without a strong picture! One is beginning to think that Miss Colbert, charming and capable as she is, may not be able to make any rôle stand out



on the screen. She is unhappily cast in this and fails to convince as a society girl who masquerades as a kept woman of the underworld in order to obtain evidence against William Boyd and Lilyan Tashman. Credibility is strained when she fools these two, of all persons, for Miss Colbert's refinement is not obscured by a blond wig. Slang, as it comes from her lovely lips, would arouse the suspicion of the guilty pair if they were blind. Anyhow, Miss Colbert gets her evidence and her fiancé is freed of a murder charge fastened on him by the crooks.

The story is interestingly set forth in spite of its theatrical situation and Miss Tashman dominates by reason of another of her serio-comic tough babies. Mr. Boyd is excellent, too, and an interesting newcomer from the stage is Franchot Tone.



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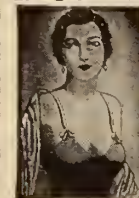
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"Beast of the City."

Another underworld melodrama, this time with a high-minded policeman the hero, the drama his fight against corruption and racketeering. It is well done, too, though slow in getting started, and it has a finish that leaves all the principal characters, including the policeman, dead. There hasn't been any recent film with such a big massacre, but it's believable if you don't mind gore.

Walter Huston is at his best as the honest police captain whose chief an-



tagonist is Jean Harlow as a gang leader, another of his wonderful characterizations and miles away from the gentle father he played in "Emma."

Jean Harlow, though protesting against the hard-hearted girls Hollywood makes her play, is very effective as the most vicious one to whom she has ever given her platinum beauty. It is, in fact, her best acting. Wallace Ford, Tully Marshall, Dorothy Peterson, and Warner Richmond all conspire to make this a good contribution to underworld lore.

"Sky Devils."

A rowdy, slapstick farce that ridicules wartime aviators and the service in general, this is not the funniest picture ever produced. However, it has the saving grace of being con-



sistent, inasmuch as it doesn't permit the characters to indulge in heroics at the last moment, or become noble and sacrificial. It's rough-and-tumble all the way through, without even the

heroine symbolizing love's young dream in dimity and ribbons. Incidentally, she is very well played by Ann Dvorak—otherwise Mrs. Leslie Fenton—a newcomer, who has youthful beauty and a clear voice as agreeable as it is persuasive. Miss Dvorak is headed for a place among the elect, though her rôle in this is only the introduction of a new personality rather than a test of her skill as an actress.

She isn't concerned in a story for there is none to be told—just a series of pranks and practical jokes which Spencer Tracy and William Boyd play on each other, with some magnificent air maneuvers salvaged from "Hell's Angels" to give spectacular relief. George Cooper and Billy Bevan are especially good in minor rôles that burlesque military inefficiency.

"Play Girl."

Loretta Young's best performance, with new emotional depth and sincerity of expression and a new way of arranging her hair, too. Winnie Lightner, erstwhile star, in a supporting rôle; Norman Foster, as a repentant husband falling to his knees in a hospital corridor and praying for his wife's recovery.

These varying points, some of them appealing and some distasteful, are found in a simple, everyday picture that has its moments of pathos and realism. It concerns shopgirls—the ingénue, the wisecracker, and the "cat"—and they are interesting, though standardized, characters. One of them, the ingénue played by Miss Young, marries a scapegrace who promises to give up gambling, and it is his failure to do so that causes most of Miss Young's good acting. A rather surprising "twist" comes when Miss Young herself, stern disapprover of gambling, bets on a horse and wins. Her second fling is less lucky, but it brings back her husband to her.

All this is homy and is somehow believable, although Mr. Foster's invocation of the Deity is embarrassing and unnecessary. How many men have we seen praying in public places? Dorothy Burgess, Guy Kibbee, and Noel Madison make minor rôles stand out.

"Cheaters at Play."

This just won't do—unless you want to get in out of the rain. It resurrects that threadbare character, *The Lone Wolf*, once the stand-by of Bert Lytell when movies were silent and often were primitive. The passing years have reformed the erstwhile crook and in this feeble aftermath he is seen upholding the law instead of defying it. Furthermore, he discov-

ers that his son is giving way to an inherited instinct for annexing other people's property and we are treated to an exhibit of paternal sorrow as additional proof of *The Lone Wolf's* tireless bidding for sympathy.

Thomas Meighan, in this rôle, is hardly at his best, nor is William Bakewell as the wayward son. The scene of their meeting is aboard ship, where all the characters chance to be passengers and where *Mrs. Crozier's* emeralds disappear and her daughter tries hard to complicate matters by falling in love with Mr. Bakewell. But the picture refuses to do more than offer tepid interest, though Charlotte Greenwood helps to lift the pall by making *Mrs. Crozier* a funny eccentric instead of a movie dowager.

Unwanted Mothers

Continued from page 65

apparently couldn't enjoy the benefits of a career herself, so she decided to throw everything her sister's way. She assiduously chaperons Marian and watches every phase of her work.

Claudette Colbert's mother won the admiration of all studio attachés. She was very distinguished, extremely quiet and retiring. She remained on the set with Claudette, and most successfully. Miss Colbert herself is so devoted to her parent that the affection is reported to have disturbed her marriage to Norman Foster. That, however, is scarcely a unique evolution, either in the movies or out of them.

There is actually no rule about mamma's place in the filmy universe. Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Dolores Costello, Mary Brian, and Lois Moran have all had very effective maternal guidance in recent years. Other stars have sailed along without that gentle or forceful helming, notably the Bennett group, and especially Constance, who manages her own affairs with a positive, not to say dynamic hand.

How much a mother might have helped Clara Bow in her career can only be conjectured. It was often evident that Clara was seeking for the right feminine influence, but she never seemed able to find it. In that light Clara's experiences are pathetic.

Perhaps, too, Barbara LaMarr suffered from the absence of active maternal counsel in her hectic movieland venture. Who can say?

There is no doubt that mother, through the years, has proved her importance and her inspiration in the lives of many stars. There is no doubt, either, that she has sometimes been a stumblingblock, perhaps through selfishness. It all depends on her.

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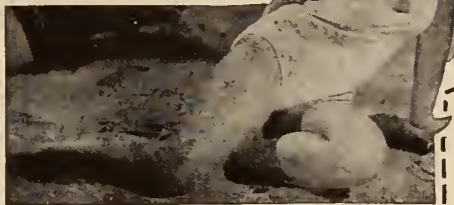


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The Stork Squawks

Continued from page 41

boy sneaked off to a ball game and things were in an awful shape around here! No foolin'! For a solid week I didn't know whether I was afoot or on horseback! *But*"—he relaxed and smiled happily—"it turned out all right! You ought to see Harold, Jr., *now!* One year old and weighs twenty-two pounds! And the prettiest, brightest youngster you ever saw!"

I saw that it was hopeless. His vanity could not be squelched. Resignedly I gathered together my pocketbook, brief case, and gloves.

"You know too much for an interviewer!" he complained petulantly. "Can't I get a single gasp of astonishment out of you?"

"Not unless you have an order from the Lil Tashman-Eddie Lowe *ménage* up your sleeve!" I said calmly.

He cast despairing eyes ceilingward.

"Am I a magician?" he implored. "Can you, madam, pull rabbits out of a silk hat?"

"Sure," I told him. "If you'll give me the hat and the rabbits!"

"Listen"—he lowered his voice confidentially—"Lil caught me hanging over the family cabbage patch the other day."

"Well?"

"See that scar?"

I did. It was a dandy, just below the collar.

"Oh, well"—I tried to sound cheerful—"if at first you don't succeed—"

"Humph!" he ruffled his feathers. "I know of more pleasant ways to commit suicide!"

Hand on the knob, I paused to ask one final question. "What particular reason influenced the stars to dust off the bassinette, and turn in the Rolls-Royce for a kiddie kar?"

He placed a thoughtful forefeather alongside his nose. "I'd say it was self-defense," he said slowly.

I raised an eyebrow *à la* Constance Bennett.

"Every year the Wampas picks a new crop of baby stars. I guess the gals decided among themselves to keep the limelight in the family!"

And the old bird winked wisely.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

W. W. F.—You ask if there are any young, good-looking actors in Hollywood who are unmarried. Plenty! To mention a few, David Manners, who is divorced, Joel McCrea, James Dunn, Ramon Novarro, Phillips Holmes, Gary Cooper, Gene Raymond, and Richard Cromwell. In "Taxi" the part of *Danny Nolan* was played by Ray Cooke. Joan and Doug will be pleased with your good wishes, I'm sure.

JUST ANOTHER MOVIE FAN.—This is the first possible issue in which your answers could appear. Don't be bashful about writing again. It was Norman Phillips, Jr., who played the part of *Clipper*, in "Side-walks of New York." In "Newly Rich," Bruce Line was *King Max*.

A CHATTERTON FAN.—Your favorite was born in New York City, December 24, 1897, is five feet two and a half, weighs 110, and has blue eyes and brown hair. Her husband, Ralph Forbes, still makes an occasional picture. I'm surprised you haven't seen any of his films. No, they haven't any children. As this goes to press, her latest, "The Rich Are Always With Us," is still in production.

CHETTY.—Mary Nolan is a free-lance player, and comes from Louisville, Kentucky, where she was born on December 18, 1905. She is five feet six, weighs 112. On March 28, 1931, she married Wallace T. Macrery, Jr., a broker. I have no fan club listed in her honor.

MARIAN FREY.—Here are the birthdates for which you asked; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Gloria Swanson, March

27, 1898; Constance Bennett in 1905; Lilyan Tashman, October 23rd, but she doesn't say what year, nor does Kay Francis, whose birthdate is January 13th.

IT.—Yes, there is a Clara Bow Club in Illinois. Write to Charles Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois.

J. REYNOLDS.—So far as I know, Arthur Edmund Carewe is not married. He was born in Trebizond, Armenia; is six feet, weighs 165, and has black hair and dark-brown eyes. "The Gay Diplomat" is his most recent picture. I'll ask the editor if we can't have a photograph of him soon.

MARY ANN.—Ramon Novarro has five sisters and four brothers. Three of his sisters are nuns, and I believe that he himself studied for the priesthood at one time. His more recent pictures include "The Pagan," "Devil-May-Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "Daybreak," "Son of India," and "Mata Hari."

JANE ARNOLD.—It is easy to see that your favorite is James Dunn. He was born in New York City in 1905, is a little over six feet, weighs 157, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. His full name is James H. Dunn. Joan Blondell was born in New York City in 1909. She is still single. Madge Evans played opposite Ramon Novarro, in "Son of India," with Charles Farrell, in "Heartbreak," and with Clark Gable, in "Sporting Blood." Robert Montgomery was married to Elizabeth Allen in 1928. His right name is Harry Montgomery and his birthdate is May 21, 1904. Linda Watkins plays with Thomas

Meighan, in "Cheaters at Play." Yes, Sally Eilers is married to Hoot Gibson. She was born in New York, December 11, 1908.

LILLIE MIDDLETON.—Although Bela Lugosi has made but a very few pictures to date, he certainly has a large fan following. A Hungarian by birth, his right name is Bela Lugosi Blasko. Wasn't he just suited for the part of *Doctor Mirakle*, in "Murders in the Rue Morgue"? He is under contract to Universal.

RUTH NAGLE KEENAN.—George O'Brien was born on September 1, 1900, in San Francisco, California, where his father is chief of police. Educated in the public schools of that city and at Santa Clara College at Santa Clara, California. Intended to become a doctor. When the World War started he joined the navy and won the light-heavyweight championship of the Pacific fleet. Saw Tom Mix making a picture near Santa Clara when he returned to school and decided on a picture career. Started as an assistant cameraman and worked his way up to leads. His latest picture is "The Gay Caballero," with Conchita Montenegro.

B. H.—Roland Drew doesn't seem to be active in pictures at present. He was born in Elmhurst, New York, about 1901; is six feet, weighs 165, and has black hair and dark-gray eyes.

KARO LYNN.—For a photograph of Leo Carrillo write to the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. His accent is quite natural. Your comment about his hands being so expressive is quite true.

MOLLY.—The little youngster in "Stolen Heaven" is not listed in the cast. No doubt the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, will know whom you mean and send you his photograph upon request.

JANICE FROM MONTREAL.—These players had the leading feminine rôles in the Ramon Novarro films you mention: Alice Terry, in "Prisoner of Zenda," "Where the Pavement Ends," "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "Lovers"; Marguerite de la Motte, in "Trifling Women"; Barbara LaMarr, in "Thy Name Is Woman"; Enid Bennett, in "The Red Lily"; Harriet Hammond, in "The Midshipman"; Marceline Day, in "A Certain Young Man"; Renée Adoré, in "Forbidden Hours"; Kathleen Key, in "A Lover's Oath." William Powell, Doris Kenyon, and Marian Marsh in "The Road to Singapore."

FRANK-N-STEEN.—What monster did you create? Leon Janney of the blond hair and blue eyes is fifteen years old. He is of English-German descent. These youngsters grow so fast that it is practically impossible to keep a record of their height and weight.

CHARLES POSPECK.—Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York, August 8, 1905; is five feet three, weighs about 110, and has red hair and brown eyes. Having recovered from a nervous breakdown, she is planning to return to the screen. Richard Arlen was born in 1898, in Charlottesville, Virginia; five feet ten and a half, weighs 150, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Pola Negri and George E. Stone are Polish. Ivan Lebedeff, Theodore Kosloff, Ivan Mojsuskin, and Vera Voronina are Russian.

ELIZABETH K.—Charles Rogers played with Mary Brian, in "More Pay, Less Work," and also in "River of Romance."

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Continued from page 63

of her figure is too bulky and her neck too short. This is probably why she always wears a feather boa or fur piece.

I would not go out of my way to be catty and mention these things, but Greta's defects are constantly being referred to. Why not Marlene's? She is just as awkward as Greta. She is lumpy and bulky in her clothes and her pose with her hands on her hips reminds me of a German washerwoman about to begin. Her shoulders are fully as broad as Greta's, maybe broader. She is always very beautifully photographed in a dim light.

As for the acting ability, Marlene is undoubtedly intelligent and shows that she has had stage experience, but her movements are stilted and her voice without feeling. I do not think she could ever make me cry. Greta, on the other hand, is a natural-born tragedienne. She is not just a vamp. In Marlene's pictures the camera does half the acting.

My point is this: Greta is a natural star. She may have the best of pictures and casts now, but she didn't in the beginning. The fans discovered Greta. No other star has ever had the breaks Marlene has. Advertised for months before her first appearance, constantly being mentioned in other Paramount films, given full-page ads in magazines, given a star, not a leading man, for her first picture, her pictures planned so carefully that only about one a year is released, and directed by one of the finest directors and photographed in half tones—well, she would have to be pretty bad not to have raised some following. E. J. HICKSON.
New York City.

Forget the Feud!

LET'S get to the facts of the Swanson-Bennett feud. Here is what I think of it.

Miss Bennett may take credit for winning the marquis and his title. But let's give credit to Miss Swanson for discovering him.

Title or no title, nobody knew of the Marquis Henri before he was brought here by Miss Swanson. And as far as titles are concerned, they can be discovered all over Europe in some of the very poorest of houses, if one is willing to forget that in most countries titles are no longer official.

With all due respect to Miss Bennett's beauty and talent, is it any wonder that the marquis should welcome marriage to America's leading actress and the world's highest-paid star?

Strange as it may seem, these two actresses always have been my favorites. And with or without the marquis, they remain the same—great. Now that both are happily married, wouldn't it be wise to call an end to this feud?

CARL DE ABATE.

Box 1405,
Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Is Publicity Harmful?

I WANT to say a few words in appreciation of Helen Hayes. Her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" is unforgettable in its sincerity and dramatic quality. After so much blasé sophistication, it is a great relief to find some one so lovely and devoid of affectation.

Just because Ben Maddox was refused an interview by Clark Gable is no reason for him to be pettish. Clark Gable is entirely right when he says he has had too much publicity. It has done Robert Montgomery harm. And as for being photographed in positions to give illusions of handsomeness, that is very untrue. It is the ruggedness of Clark Gable that every one admires, and I am sure he realizes that.

What the Fans Think

Why does Joan Crawford always manage to get her leading man's back to the camera? Is her position so insecure that she has to take such an unfair advantage as that? One never sees the back of her head, although sometimes it would be a relief.

AUDREY HAYDEN.

3152 Mountain View Drive,
San Diego, California.

Promotion for Manners.

IN regard to David Manners, why doesn't one of the producers give him a chance to prove himself the good actor that he is? The only picture I've seen him in yet in which he had a chance to show that he can act was "The Last Flight."

He has a pleasing personality, one of the cleanest records in Hollywood. You never hear of him in any scandals. The

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If there's no local War on Depression campaign in your community, start one now.

only trouble is that he never gets a good chance. When Clark Gable got his, you can see how quickly he went to the front. How do they know but that Manners will do the same? M. J. K.

Dormont, Pennsylvania.

Paging Del Rio!

WHEN are we to see Dolores del Rio again? I have seen her in only one picture. A rather poor one, but she impressed me as being an artist of the higher type. I have several photos of her on the walls of my den, along with others.

It is said that nature writes in a plain hand in a human face. If this is true, Dolores is an artist of superlative proportions, or my reading is badly defective. I am constrained to believe that sooner or later this young woman will give us the full benefit of her natural talents. When

she does, we will have definite reasons for patronizing the theaters.

Some of us are tired of shapely ex-chorus girls and pretty countryside lassies. We have Garbo, it's true, and Joan Crawford is a good runner-up, but whom else have we as an excuse for using up an afternoon or evening?

WILLIAM IRA JONES.

1420 Orange Avenue, N. W.,
Roanoke, Virginia.

Raymond's No Stuffed Doll.

IN reading "What the Fans Think" I have found many opinions, but no one has spoken of a most fascinating actor of the screen—Gene Raymond. He is new, I realize; but if he gets the breaks he will be just as good or better than some people called actors, but whom I call stuffed rag dolls.

He played a grand rôle in "Personal Maid," and he was just as good in "Ladies of the Big House."

Let's all give three cheers for his success. HELEN STEED.

143 Reid Street,
Rock Hill, North Carolina.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., Vice President.
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

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When Stars Undress!

How do Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Norma Shearer manage to wear gowns as you never see girls in private life displaying clothes?

What snug-fitting dresses, what slim, almost hipless, figures! How do they do it?

Of course you've wondered about this as these charmers walk across the screen, every muscle and contour caught by the gleam of their satin gowns, yet with the abdomen marvelously flat.

Well, there's a secret in the way this effect is achieved and it is yours for the asking. For you can wear your frocks with exactly the same thrilling perfection.

Virginia Maxwell will tell you how in next month's Picture Play. You remember her remarkable article in the May number, "The Curse of the Platinum Blonde." It created widespread attention. With the same knowledge and daring she takes you into the dressing rooms of the stars and explains their intimate secrets—why they wear clothes as no others do. This is an amazing exposure of interest to every woman and girl.

Merrily we go to hell



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



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

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

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What the FANS Think

Accents Her Hobby.

HAVING just read the letters of "S. C.," "Kentucky," and "Northerner" on the Southern-accent-versus-Northern-accent controversy, I certainly agree that women can't disagree and still be gentlemen. As I have made a hobby of studying accents in my travels with various Chautauqua singers all over North America, England, and Europe, I think I'm qualified to join the argument. I'll probably get a load of brickbats for my remarks; but here goes, anyway.



First of all, for you, "S. C." of Philadelphia. Just how does your list of Northern stars with beautiful voices prove the superiority of the Northern voice? The stars you name, excepting Gary Cooper, have had a lifetime of voice training on the stage. Their voices are no more representative of Northern speech than the accents of Southern-born actresses like Ann Harding and Margaret Perry are representative of Southern speech. Moreover, you forgot one important thing, S. C. Chatterton and some of the other stars you name don't speak with American accents at all. Their pronunciation is decidedly *British*.

Now, next for you, "Northerner" from Wisconsin. You want to know if "Kentucky" ever read Daniel Webster's dictionary. I'm afraid she hasn't, and I don't believe any one else has, either, because Daniel never wrote a dictionary. And as for your not being able to count stars with a Southern accent on one hand, can you count on one *finger* any star who speaks with the harsh, flat twang of the Mid-west, which includes Wisconsin? I'll bet you can't! Oh, yes; just one last word, "Northerner." Even if "Kentucky's" letter was silly, is that any reason for *you* to be insulting?

And now for my contribution to the argument! In general, I have found the Southern voice to be more musical and soft than the Northern voice. And if you gather from this that I'm a Southerner with a chip on my shoulder, you're all wrong. I was born and bred in Connecticut and graduated from a New England college. And now may Heaven help me!

N. L. WYMAN.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Jean's a Home Gal.

WISCONSIN," you may be interested in knowing that Jean Harlow who you say is not an actress, is one actress who is doing her best to give the public the best she has. You may have seen "Hell's Angels" and not liked her acting, but being Jean's first picture, you couldn't expect her to act like an old-timer.



If you saw Jean in "Three Wise Girls" and "The Beast of the City," you could see the marked improvement in her acting. She is not what one would think, a vamp, but a real home-loving girl. She doesn't go to all these Hollywood parties and teas. She stays home with her mother and pet dogs, and studies her lines.

Some think that her hair is dyed. But let the world know that it is her real color and nothing else. If you have a chance to see her on her personal-appearance tour, do so and see for yourself.

BILL NOONAN.

Club Montre Orchestra, Station W3XK,
Washington, D. C.

What! No Vote for Gable?

IN March Picture Play an article called "The Stars Go Garbo" reports a popularity contest held among the stars themselves. An interesting subject, and one that appeals to all fans, but the forty representative stars overlooked the man of the hour, Clark Gable. He is not even mentioned! How could they?

I am not one to go ga-ga over every current sensation of the screen, but I demand justice where justice is due! Many actors and actresses are lauded and applauded without just cause. But is Gable one of these? No!

Ben Maddox thinks it odd that Charles Farrell, William Haines, and others are not mentioned. I should say it is unspeakable that Mr. Gable is not given one thought. I think all movie-goers will agree that Clark Gable is a splendid actor. To my mind, the real test of an actor is the ability with which he portrays a wide variety of rôles. Mr. Gable is equally convincing as a gangster, a Salvation Army worker, a minister, a lover, or what have you?

Fans welcome him in any rôle, for they know beforehand that he will play the part with vigor and sincerity. Can you imagine Ramon Novarro playing a gang leader? On the other hand, can you think of a rôle in which you wouldn't welcome Clark Gable? This man knocks women cold, makes men sit up and take notice, and strikes me as being the finest actor on the screen to-day.

R. L. J.
Winter Park, Florida.



Are You Listenin', "Northerner"?

WELL, I see that the Civil War is about to be fought all over again! I still maintain the superiority of the Southern voice and I'll fight on this line if it takes all summer.

"Eau Claire," "Wisconsin," and "S. C.," you Yankees are so astoundingly ignorant of any other part of the country but your own. The South, especially, has been the subject of more weird notions than Marco Polo's Cathay. There is one outstanding fallacy that has taken root in Northern minds, and that is, that all Southerners talk as slow as cold molasses coming out of a jug.

The truth is the majority of Southerners talk rather quickly and vivaciously. That famous drawl is not in the slow tempo of a sentence particularly—it is in the little dragging note we give to a word at the end of a sentence.

Another quaint notion that you people "up yonder" have about the South, is that the inhabitants of this fabled clime go about in a sort of dreamy daze like a slow-motion picture. Contrary to that opinion, Southern people are famous for their vivacity and gayety of manner. Miriam Hopkins is a typical Southern girl, merry and lively, and full of dash and provocativeness. On the other hand, Sylvia Sidney, stolid and unsmiling, and Connie Bennett, listless and wan, and oh-so-tired-of-it-all, are *Northern types*.



Do you hear me talkin' to you, "Eau Claire"? Slowness or rapidity of speech in relation to "mental keenness" doesn't signify. One Abraham Lincoln is said to have talked with a drawl, and people say he was right bright.

Speaking of that mental keenness, I reckon I'll have to get catty, too, and ask where was that boasted quality

Continued on page 10

"TOM BROWN



Homeless and an orphan—facing life without promise—picked up by kind-hearted men and sent to Culver to make a man of him. He *rebels—fights—loses—WINS*. What a lesson in patriotism—what a thrilling climax for the street gamin who became **TOM BROWN OF CULVER.**

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Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER**

Universal Pictures

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Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

POPPY.—Let us all give three rousing cheers this month for Sally Eilers whose fine performances these days are something to be proud of. Her latest is "Disorderly Conduct," with Ralph Bellamy and Spencer Tracy. Born in New York on December 11, 1908; five feet two and a half, weighs 110, and has brown hair and eyes. Gary Cooper is back from his adventures in Africa, and you may bet that his fans are happy to have him home again. Bramwell Fletcher is a free-lance player. Watch that lad! He was particularly good in "The Silent Witness."

LEILA B. YOUNG.—Now I bet you are thrilled that your birthdate is the same as David Manners. And how very nice of you to wish to send him a birthday greeting. Address your card in care of the First National Studio, Burbank, California. Some of his films include "Journey's End," "He Knew Women," "Sweet Manma," "Kismet," "Truth About Youth," "Mother's Cry," "Right to Love," "The Millionaire," "Dracula," "Upper Underworld," "Miracle Woman," "Last Flight," "Ruling Voice," "The Greeks Had a Word For Them," "Lady with a Past," "Beauty and the Boss."

E. McE.—Herbert Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, are appearing in New York in a play called "There's Always Juliet." Carol Lombard was the blond heroine in "The Leatherneck." Vilna Banky has been refusing all offers to return to the screen. Nils Asther in "Her Cardboard Lover." Ramon Novarro's latest is "Huddle"; Clive Brook's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne probably will consider making another picture after the run of their play "Reunion in Vienna." Edgar Wallace, British author and playwright, died February 10th of double pneumonia after a brief illness. Mr. Wallace went to Hollywood from his home in England last December to write scenarios. He was fifty-six years old.

BENNY OF LITTLE RHODY.—All you fans who wish to know if Greta Garbo did that Javanese dance in "Mata Hari" may be surprised to learn that June Knight is said to have doubled for the part. But it really was Fredric March who played both parts in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

DOT.—Sorry, but space does not permit listing fan clubs. If you will send me a self-addressed envelope I will be glad to forward you a complete list of clubs.

HUGH C. P. ARMSTRONG.—The part of *Jeff Millet* in "The Road to Reno" was played by Tom Douglas. Back in 1920 he appeared in silent pictures. Later he went to England, where he became popular on the stage, and returned to America a little over a year ago to try for the talkies. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, September 4, and is older than the year given, 1906; five feet ten and a half, weighs 140, and has blond hair and brown eyes. For his photograph, write to the Para-

mount Studio, Hollywood. Kent Douglass seems to prefer the stage to the screen, having just completed a short engagement in "The Last Mile." It is thought that he will be selected for a rôle in a play by Crane Wilbur.

FLORA VIEZZOLI.—A newcomer to this department, eh? Well, howdy? And come again! Yes, Marian Marsh is one of the sweetest and daintiest players on the screen to-day. She was born in Trinidad, in the British West Indies, on October 17, 1913. In "Delicious" the part of *Sascha* was played by Raul Roulien, who seems to have



The Oracle opines that Ralph Bellamy is headed for stardom, judging by the number of fans asking about him.

scored quite a hit. He was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, October 8, 1905. At one time he traveled all over the world with his own musical-comedy company. "Delicious" was his first picture rôle, followed by "Widow's Might." It was Manya Roberti who played the part of *Olga* in "Delicious." She was born in Poland and has traveled throughout Europe and Asia with a circus owned by her father. At one time she was a member of the Fanchon and Marco dancing units.

O. KAY.—The other girl besides Clara Bow in "Maytime" was Betty Francisco, who isn't active in pictures at present. Perhaps some company will persuade Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians to make a picture. Here's my vote!

F. D. COLTON.—See "Dot" for information about fan clubs.

EVELYN HALL.—Another stage player who has clicked with the fans is Ralph Bellamy. He is heading for stardom. His more recent films include "Almost Married," "Forbidden," "Disorderly Conduct,"

and "Young America," to be followed by "The Woman in Room 13." Write to him at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Don't swoon, girls, but I think he is married. Chester Morris's latest is "Sinners in the Sun," after which he will make "The Glass Key."

BLONDINE F.—Your English is almost perfect, mademoiselle. Don't you worry about my not being able to understand it. So Robert Montgomery is your reason for writing, n'est-ce pas? He was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904; six feet, weighs 160, and has brown hair and eyes. Since 1928 he has been happily married to Elizabeth Allen, and it was a great shock to both when they lost their fourteen-month-old child last December. "But the Flesh Is Weak" is his most recent film, and he can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

R. M. W.—I have already answered in this department your questions concerning Raul Roulien, the *Sascha* of "Delicious." For his photograph write to the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills.

TOM DOUGLAS ADMIRER.—If you saw "The Man I Killed" ("Broken Lullaby") perhaps you will recall the young German soldier who was killed by Phillips Holmes—the story was built around this incident. The German lad was Tom Douglas, and very fine acting he did, too.

JOAN MOORE.—In a Lon Chaney picture called "The Unknown" Joan Crawford played the part of a gypsy, with Norman Kerry as the hero. Nils Asther was not in the cast, but he did have a part in "Our Dancing Daughters," with Miss Crawford and John Mack Brown.

F. M. DOYLE.—Kay Francis gives her birthdate as January 13th, but she doesn't say what year. She is still in her twenties, though, despite the fact that she has been thrice married. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have played together in "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," "Lucky Star," "Sunny Side Up," "Happy Days," "High Society Blues," "Man Who Came Back," "Merely Mary Ann," "Delicious," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

D. R.—Glad we are the first to receive a fan letter from you. Makes us feel honored, you know. Gene Raymond is a New York stage favorite who was born here in 1908. For one with such a large fan following it is surprising that he has but two pictures to his credit—"Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House." Richard Cromwell, too, is doing splendidly these days. His films include "Tol'able David," "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Shanghai Lovc," "Emma," "Maker of Men," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Lil Dagover lets it be known that she wasn't pleased with "The Woman from Monte Carlo." As you say, she is exquisite, and I hope they will be able to find a more suitable piece for her next.

Continued on page 72

How much happiness could you buy with \$3,500.00 CASH RIGHT NOW?

I WILL PAY \$250

For the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give \$3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know how much happiness you could buy with \$3,500.00 *right now*. Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, how much happiness you could buy with \$3,500.00 *right now*—*nothing more to do toward the \$250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling—no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of \$250.00 cash. ALL persons 16 years of age or older owe it to themselves to enter this contest.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN \$250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You to Do!

\$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me how much happiness you could buy with \$3,500.00 *right now*, if I give it to you. The prize for the winning answer is \$250, with an added \$100 for promptness.

The mere fact of sending in a few words for this big \$250 cash prize qualifies you for the greater opportunity to

WIN \$3,500 CASH

Or a BUICK-8 SEDAN and \$2,000.00 CASH

This huge prize is *extra and separate* from the cash prize offered for the best answer to my question in only 20 words or less. No wonder we say that here's your opportunity to win a fortune. Just imagine! \$3,500.00 cash besides . . . all coming to you at once. Think! How much happiness could you buy with \$3,500.00 *right now?* Would it help you

start a business of your own, pay off a mortgage on your home, buy new furniture or clothes? Maybe it would help you get an education. Consider all the things you could do with such a huge sum. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You a \$100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "How much happiness could you buy with \$3,500.00 *right now?*"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after

you read this offer *I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra \$100.00 in cash* should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the \$250.00 cash prize offered above, making a cash prize of \$350.00 in all.

HUNDREDS HAVE WON

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer won \$4,700. Harriet Robertson won \$1,100. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. \$250.00 given for best answer to my simple question, "How much happiness could you buy with \$3,500.00 cash *right now?*" Answers must be postmarked not later than December 1, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.



Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win \$3,500.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away \$6,000.00. Someone is going to get \$3,500.00, all cash. If I gave you the \$3,500.00 how much happiness could you buy with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win \$3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a \$100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me how much happiness you could buy with \$3,500.00 *right now*—if I gave you the \$3,500.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use Coupon or Write Letter with Your Answer

\$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. R-56G, Cincinnati, Ohio

My answer to your question—"How much happiness could you buy with \$3,500.00 *right now?*"
(Write your answer plainly here, in 20 words or less):

.....
.....
.....

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

Date I read your offer.....

RICHARD DAY, Manager

909 Cheapside, Dept. R-56G

Cincinnati, Ohio

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when you said that *Daniel Webster* wrote the dictionary?

You people up there do get the most erroneous ideas of Southern speech! You expect a sort of burlesqued version of the real thing—"Suh, you-all git out of these hyar hills"—and when you don't hear it, you think the speaker isn't a genuine Southerner. A few stars with truly gorgeous Southern voices are Tallulah Bankhead, Joan Crawford, Bebe Daniels, John Mack Brown, Melvyn Douglas, and the oft-mentioned Hopkins gal.

Those stage stars you enumerated, "S. C.," have good voices, certainly; they are stage trained. I'd hate to have heard them before they were, for the Northern voice in the raw, so to speak, is all on one dead level, and it seems to take stage diction and an English accent to render the Yankee vocal apparatus less raucous on the ears. Southern voices, however, are beautiful even when untrained, and when they are trained are they gorgeous? Honey, do hush! KENTUCKY.

Fort Worth, Texas.

P. S. Una Merkel is not from the "deep South," her home being in Kentucky. Kentucky is one of the border States. I ought to know, because that's my home, also.

Must a Lady Tell?

JOAN CRAWFORD was born in 1906 not 1908. She was twenty-six years old on March 23rd. What makes the stars put their ages back? Do they expect the public to believe them when they suddenly become several years younger? Until a few months ago Joan's birthday was 1906, and now it is 1908. Why?

I know what I'm talking about, and I know also that we would like her just as much, if not more, if she would be perfectly honest with us. EDITH LEROY.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Keepers of Our Morals.

I MOST heartily agree with Miss Collins's letter in a recent Picture Play. Whenever any one's morals have to be discussed it is invariably Miss Dietrich who gets it. Any one who has seen a Constance Bennett film, for example, "Bought," has no right to talk about Miss Dietrich. I always feel my morals are safer in her hands than in either Garbo's or Bennett's or Shearer's and at times even Joan Crawford's! Although I think it's a great mistake to make Miss Dietrich always of the fallen variety, as it does get monotonous after a time, and probably harms her, too.

But, as for that appalling Garbo, it's time she was sent back to the hairdresser's shop in Sweden to have her hair cut, and as far as I'm concerned stop there.

HELEN HOUGH.

50 North Drive, St. Annes-on-Sea,
England.

Goin' Back to Georgi-o.

AFTER reading Walter H. Rico's letter and also the one signed "Northerner," I thought it was about time for me to speak up.

Mr. Rico has finally done what I have always intended to do—write to somebody and tell them to get a Southerner for Southern characters and stop trying to imitate them.

I'm a Georgia cracker straight from Atlanta. Gosh! It burns me up to hear a Northerner say, "Sho, honey chile." If they think we talk like that, they are mistaken. We do not! Our Negroes talk that way. Do the Northerners think we are dumb or uneducated?

I certainly would like to see "North-

erner." I've never heard so much ego from one person in my life. Mr. Northerner, I wish I didn't have to listen to so many Yankees talk. I feel like screaming sometimes because this speech is so cutting. I'll be glad when I get back to Georgia where I can have a rest from the awful cutting speech of the Yankee.

And another thing. I resent you saying that Southerners are slow and languid. I'll bet you've never been South in your life!

GEORGIA CRACKER.

Miami, Florida.

Sweet Platinum Blonde.

IN response to Nelly MacGuire's letter, I, too, want to add to her statement in praise of Jean Harlow, my favorite.

I have had the extreme pleasure of meeting Jean Harlow and knowing her personally. To the many fans who believe Jean to be ever so daring and wicked, I only want to say this—please don't imagine this to be publicity, but the honest truth—Jean Harlow is the simplest, sweetest, and most natural girl in the movies to-day. If you were to know her, I am sure you would all hold her as your favorite star. She is a direct opposite of the type she portrays on the screen. Now doesn't that prove her to be a grand actress?

So come on, all you fans, and give this exquisite girl a great big hand and lift her to the very top. Here is a girl who wants to be known for her acting, not the shape of her body.

MINNETTE SHERMAK.

404 East Eighty-third Street,
New York City.

"S. C." Spanks the Twins.

JUST in case a few more of the foolish virgins yearn to smite me because of the ubiquitous Gable, I am answering the South Carolina twins.

I am a Friend—otherwise Quaker—by descent only, not even a birthright member, but let me tell you the early Friends, though believers in peace, were willing to smite any man who would not give in to them. I don't apologize for my forefathers, I sympathize with them.

Hence, you twins from a State whose name I ought to respect, since another forefather—English—was a supporter of the occasionally lamented first Charles, allow me to assure you, with all possible courtesy, that if you think I am fool enough to worship a gangster type disguised as an actor, another little think wouldn't do you any harm.

Also, if you think that I think—get this straight, please—that any man on earth is worth quarreling about, you are again mistaken.

So shake hands, sweetness, and let's be friends. You go your way—yes, straight down that road—and I'll go mine. Honest, I like to climb!

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Voice from the Deep South.

IN your April Picture Play I note "S. C.'s" rather venomous and scathing reply to the letter written by a Southerner who signed herself "Kentucky." Although I did not see the letter, the question interests me, and being from the South, I feel the urge to put in my oar.

The Southern voice and accent seems to be a vexing point between the grandsons of the "blue and the gray." It seems that the hapless Kentuckian ventured to disapprove of the liberties taken with her native voice in pictures. She has good, sound reason behind her objections, as all Southerners will testify. No one is with-

out fault, and no section of the country. But each also has its virtues, and it is generally conceded that the Southern voice is soft, sweet, and musical.

The statement of "S. C.'s" that it is caught and modified from the Negro is as untrue and absurd as it is insulting. Granted that the North is precise and accurate in speech, but the fact remains that the Northern voice is, generally speaking, not pleasing or sweet.

"S. C." is rather unfair in giving a few outstanding voices of the stage, who have probably devoted years to the study and cultivation of that very thing, thereby perfecting it. She mentions Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, and others.

There are also a few in the movies who have lovely voices—from the North. Sidney Fox, Chatterton—but these work for it, and are not a fair example. The average voice is the true type and test.

I agree that Una Merkel's voice was displeasing, but if "S. C." wants stage or movie examples from the South, why not remember Joan Crawford, Miriam Hopkins, Tallulah Bankhead, and John Boles? And let me quote a few words in praise of Melvyn Douglas. A magazine writer states that he has "the finest voice for the microphone that we have yet heard." It happens that Melvyn Douglas comes from Georgia—surely of the South.

DIXIE DEFENDER.

Box 721, Montgomery, Alabama.

Cromwell Going Up.

I HAVE just seen the wonderfully fine performance given by Richard Cromwell opposite lovable Marie Dressler, in "Emma."

Richard's work in "Emma," as well as the four other films he has been in, is marked by such unusual talent, quiet charm, and sincerity that if given the proper rôles, this splendid young player will within a year find his name at the head of the list.

His deep, resonant voice does not give me the impression that he is in any way a pamby-namby sort of person in real life, but his blond hair, small features, narrow shoulders, and boyish physique call for the unsophisticated type of rôle on the screen. I think he should leave the sexy and he-man parts to the other fellow.

Although I left the theater amazed at this boy's utterly superb performance in "Tol'able David," and wrote him an enthusiastic fan letter to which he did not reply, I read several cruel criticisms of this picture. If I had been in Richard's place, I would have gone back to painting masks. But David stood the gaff and deserves much credit for his courage.

I most certainly do not agree with Madeline Glass's statement in April Picture Play that Richard Cromwell "bids fair to live in memory only as *Tol'able David*." I wish for him a bright and happy cinema future.

JANET COATS.

120 Pico Boulevard,
Santa Monica, California.

A Rave for Madge Evans.

I'M writing this to pay tribute to the most fascinating personality on the screen since the days of Dolores Costello. Young, charming, intelligent, lovely Madge Evans, who delighted us in "Son of India," and as far as I am concerned, made "Sporting Blood" endurable. Clark Gable, the ugliest, most conceited, most unattractive man I have ever had the misfortune to see or hear in talkies, mattered little, with Madge to compensate.

Another fine young actress is Lois Moran. Let us have more of these charming, natural girls, and fewer so-called so-

phisticates or inane pretties with no acting ability. I weary of the Garbo, the flaming Joan, of Connie, of the "It" girl, but may such stars as Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, and Claudette Colbert continue to give as good an account of themselves as they have done in the past, and thereby inspire others, such as Lois Moran and Madge Evans, to emulate them.

One thing more. Although English, I confess that I consider the Southern voice is the finest on the screen, and records far better than the British, and the Northern and Western twang is an abomination!

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.

Here's How.

THINGS some of the stars could do for self-improvement.

Greta Garbo: Overcome her inability to swallow. This impedes her diction and makes her nice husky voice sometimes sound like a defective drain.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.: Stop drawing those mangy caricatures of his coworkers for *Vanity Fair*. They make a new low for all time in that art form.

Madge Evans: Comb back her hair entirely off her forehead, instead of having that big dip over her right temple. It looks like an old-fashioned French transformation.

Anita Page: Bring back her eyebrows to at least within an inch of where they were before she first entered the movies.

Ramon Novarro: Tone down his adolescent romantic behavior or else take an inch off the jowl line.

Tallulah Bankhead: Improve her stance. A study of Joan Crawford's posture, or any good corset manufacturer will solve her problem.

Charles Bickford: Clip off that horrible Florida moss that passes for hair and wear a nice toupee like Conrad Nagel and Geoffrey Kerr.

Constance Bennett: Should never turn her nude back to the camera. Her slowness might be the envy of feminine Hollywood, but those shoulder blades never.

Norma Shearer: Stop breathing.

MARTHA COLBY.

135 Washington Place,
New York City.

Peppy Hustlers Get Wrinkles.

AFTER reading "Northerner's" letter I just couldn't resist the temptation to write a few lines.

She is just like the rest of the Northerners I have met in the past four years—very conceited. And as for Northerners pronouncing their words in the exact manner Webster prescribes, all I have been listening to since coming North apparently don't even know there is such a thing in existence.

Perhaps the Southerners are slower in speech. Even so, it sounds much better than the jabber I have been forced to listen to in this part of the world. And every time I hear it, I thank my lucky stars that I was born below the Mason and Dixon's line.

"Northerner" is quite right about Southerners being slower than Northerners. Why rush through life? Southern people take time to enjoy life as they go along. They find time to be courteous and kind to others. It seems that very few people in the North ever heard of the word "courteous." At least they never demonstrate it.

I wonder what "Northerner" thinks people get by always rushing, anyway. Nothing but gray hairs and wrinkles. People here look old and worn out. Even young girls of twenty look thirty at least.

One certainly can't judge people's ages by their appearance in this place. They are so selfish in their desire for money that they never stop to think that the more humble things are what count.

A TENNESSEAN.

Chicago, Illinois.

Old Friends Neglected.

WITH all the fans going Gable-Garbo, they are forgetting stars who have for years given them good performances.

Does the public realize that an actor who should be receiving their praise is Dick Barthelmess? After thirteen years without a poor performance he surely should receive the highest tribute as an actor. Here is a man who is constantly portraying all types of characters and there is never a possibility of monotony due to any of his pictures having the same trend.

Turning to the actresses, why not hand some laurels to Marion Davies? Remember her fine acting in "Janice Meredith," "Little Old New York," "Beverly of Graustark"? Then in comedies such as "The Patsy" and "Her Cardboard Lover," and now back to dramatics in "Polly of the Circus." Surely an actress who gives so much to the public should receive praise in return.

Here are two great stars, who because of their never-failing performances, are now taken for granted by the majority of the fans.

I am not saying the new stars are not good, but will they continue to shine after ten years?

Here's to Miss Davies and Mr. Barthelmess!

CATHERINE HALLOWELL.

834 Cedar Road,
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania.

Arise, Sir Lancelot.

THERE is one great personality on the screen who stands as far above the others as Mount Everest looking down on the depths below.

Valentino in all his glory fades into a speck compared to this *Lancelot* of the screen. Never a Lothario, always the tender and adorable lover, the personification of all the charms in the world. The artistry of his love scenes would make Eros turn green with envy.

He bewitches, he bewilders with his magnetism, and as the scenes of his pictures pass, you feel that you have lost something which you wanted to hold.

In all his pictures which I have seen, I noticed that many of his fans remained to see the show twice, much to the disappointment of patrons who were standing waiting for seats.

It is my opinion that this star has not yet reached the zenith of his success! Greater triumph awaits him.

To him the laurels—Ramon Novarro!

INES DE BLANC.

New Iberia, Louisiana.

Cromwell Stands Out.

I RESENT Madeline Glass's statement that Richard Cromwell bids fair to live in memory only as *Tol'able David*. Richard Cromwell has done some nice work in "Maker of Men" and "Emma." Who could have said "Beautiful" to Marie Dressler with just that inflection that makes him stand out from the rest of the young men on the screen?

JEAN BEACH.

6418 Stewart Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

One Man's Poison—

IN my estimation and many, many others, Jean Harlow is a star ham. Her acting is impossible and her voice is simply ter-

rible. She is coarse-looking and reminds me of a taxi dancer. If the screen had any more like her, the movie industry would be ruined.

Let us have more pictures featuring Garbo, Crawford, Stanwyck, and Shearer for real entertainment.

DWIGHT WALSH.

4105 West Twenty-first Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

For Hollywood's Sake.

MOVIE stars should not paint Cupid's bows so far above their mouths,

Or say cawn't for can't,
And eyether and nyether instead of either and neither,

Or wear false eyelashes and no eyebrows.
And getting personal,

Barbara Stanwyck should stop talking about Frank Fay,

Joan Crawford shouldn't open her eyes so wide,

Tallulah Bankhead should act more and smoke less.

Constance Bennett should try to look a little more interested in things in general.

Sister Joan ought not to pout,
Nor should Papa Bennett tell.

Clara Bow shouldn't let other girls take her place on the screen.

Greta Garbo should forget her mystery,
Marlene Dietrich should forget her legs,

And Lupe Velez should be given a guardian.

And William Haines should stop acting like a smart guy,

So should Robert Montgomery,
And Clark Gable should mind his ears.

John Gilbert should be given another "Big Parade,"

And James Dunn should be persuaded that he looks better with his hair combed.

Marian Marsh should be warned against looking too saccharine,

Betty Bronson should be looked up,
And Lois Wilson should come back again.

Janet Gaynor shouldn't be given any more pictures like "Delicious,"

Howard Hughes should give away some of his money,

Mary and Doug should pass around their visiting royalty,

Hollywoodians should cultivate more people like Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Chester Morris, Norma Shearer, Elissa Landi, Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Dorothy Jordan, and Madge Evans—

And an interest in the outside world.

Then it would be heavenly in comparison.

JUDITH FIELD.

New York, New York.

La Señorita Explains.

I FEEL that I owe an explanation to Mr. Powell of Los Angeles, and to the others who have mistaken my letter as he has.

Oh, my friends, I am not trying to start a fight, like Miss Perula; no, quite the opposite. I admire Señor Novarro immensely, and am happy when I see how numerous and true are his fan friends.

I am sorry, Mr. Powell, you believe my inquiry to be stupid; please do not think so. Think, if you will, that I was mistaken, and having acknowledged my mistake, am glad, for it has taught me that men *do* admire Señor Novarro and that in the world there are men who *are* loyal to him.

May I hope to be joined in wishing Señor Novarro the luck and the happiness he deserves in the coming time?

LA SENORITA.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Abigail to Agatha.

IN the April Picture Play "Agatha" of Pittsburgh spoke her mind about Clark Gable.

How in the wide world any one could ever admire him, much less get a funny sensation from seeing him, is more than we can see. We're sure Agatha is an old maid.

Indeed, the sweet-boy type has not had his day! Look at darling David Manners, and Hardie Albright, and those other young stars. They always thrill us to our finger tips. If Mr. Gable is prehistoric in your sight, Agatha, all we can say is "shake."

He may have "It," but who wants it? Not we.

If Clark can act, then we are on our way to Hollywood.

Those stick-out ears are too much for us. This, too, may sound unladylike, but no lady likes stick-out ears on a man, and we're not afraid to admit it.

HENRIETTA AND ABIGAIL JENNINGS.
Weslaco, Texas.

Romeo Was a Blighter.

IT must be agreed that one of Ramon Novarro's chief assets is his delightful sense of humor. Also that though he is indeed the very personification of youth, his wit and intellect are mature. Why then do so many of his admirers want him to bring Shakespeare's *Romco* to the screen? *Romco*—surely the most callow youth in literature! Where would be scope for the Novarro wit, the Novarro comedy, the Novarro ebullience of spirits in the portrayal of this moony, half-baked lover? And I think Jeanette MacDonald far too sophisticated for the fragile, four-teen-year-old *Juliet*.

No, if "Romeo and Juliet" must be filmed, let the parts be assigned to Arthur Lake and Loretta Young, or some such pair of unflinched starlings. If Novarro is to be given Shakespeare, why not "Hamlet," a rôle worthy of his strength and power of acting?

But, oh, please, whatever the picture may be, let us hear him sing again!

PASQUITO.
Walthamstow, England.

A Tribute to Dorothy.

MY second letter to "What the Fans Think" is intended as a tribute to one who, though lovely and talented, has not yet received the praise her ability deserves—Dorothy Peterson.

Just why she has been so neglected is an enigma I cannot explain, being unable to divine any logical reason for the fans' apparent lack of interest in so charming a person. She is certainly superior to many a player who has been overwhelmed with torrents of praise.

In the tragic "Mother's Cry," which gave her abilities full scope, Miss Peterson was perfect. A strain of melancholy ran through her portrayal, yet she was never mournful, never excessively emotional; even when one woe seemed to tread upon another's heel, so fast they followed, she kept her equanimity to an unusual degree. Miss Peterson can be effective without resorting to hysterical emotionalism.

While no succeeding film has offered her like opportunities, she has been wholly convincing in every characterization she has undertaken. It was only because of her that I saw "Bought."

Gentle, serene, unobtrusive, yet withal poised and self-assured, Dorothy Peterson is an actress not to be ignored. Her placid demeanor and quiet sunniness are more impressive than any amount of sophistication or so-called glamour. NAT THORNTON.

Littleton, North Carolina.

Tch-tch-tch!

IDON'T think our movies should keep open so late at night. It is dangerous for our boys and girls of seventeen and eighteen to be up so late in a dark movie with no chaperon.

So many movies nowadays are evil, showing drinking, dancing, and loving so freelike. And, believe me, when Greta Garbo did that wicked dance in "Mata Hari" my husband and I left the theater.

Janet Gaynor is our favorite. She is so sweet. It would be lovely to see her in "Little Women." Or she could show our young people how to live in something like "Elsie Dinsmore."

A WISE OLD FAN.
Baltimore, Maryland.

Let Phil Holmes Smile.

A FEW days ago I read that Phillips Holmes is to play opposite Constance Bennett in her new film—the rôle of a sailor whom Miss Bennett elevates into social circles. This sounds like a promising and welcome change for this wonderfully gifted actor. Some of Phil's latest pictures for Paramount have been far from worthy of his talents, "Broken Lullaby" being the exception.

His ability to portray characters of depth and profound feeling, coupled with his exceptionally fine voice and diction—not to forget his good looks—place him as the finest juvenile character actor on the screen to-day. But Paramount has so persistently cast him in gloomy rôles that we fear Phil will lose his charming sense of humor—so finely displayed in some of his earlier pictures. And that would be a great pity.

THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.
98 Stuyvesant Avenue,
Arlington, New Jersey.

Why Dig That Up!

HAVING just read April Picture Play, I want to write in regard to the most wonderful actor on the screen, no other than Clark Gable. I was very much annoyed to read that the life of Clark has to be picked to pieces. Why go digging out all the family relations like his third cousin?

Is it fair to him to write that the reason he is popular is that he isn't polished, or that he shoveled coal? The public like Clark for what he represents on the screen, so why disillusion us poor girls by printing all those things? Why not write all about what he does, what he wears, what he likes to eat, and all that sort of pleasant thing? Please don't let us hear anything more about his ancestors or about his coal shoveling.

M. P. M.
6 Spring Street,
Auburn, New York.

Hangman, Spare Frank Tully!

FOR the past several months, fans have been amused at the facetious pyrotechnics of one Frank Tully. But even the antics of a very passable clown eventually pall, and when Mr. Tully shifts into verse, it is time for some one to toss him a few small coins and send him to bed. Bad prose has never made good verse, and flatery can never take the place of sincere criticism.

Not that Frank is above objurgatory remarks. On the contrary, he has set himself up as an authority on giraffes, Herbert Hoover, honey and hemlock, nostrils, Santa Claus, witty sayings by English kings, Crocella Mullen, art, cuties, Norbert Lusk, Picture Play in general, Barry Norton, and now out of the generosity of an overflowing heart he "gives" us Clark Gable!

There is no quarrel with Gable. He has

capably performed whatever chores have been assigned to him. That such jobs have required neither ability nor imagination is not his fault. He has both. Nor is it our purpose to impeach his popularity. His fame has spread even to such bucolic byways as Danbury, Connecticut. And biology being what it is, brawn rather than brain shall continue to attract the simple peasantry. Barry Norton is an aristocrat; Gable a proletarian. To choose the latter over the former, is merely to prefer corn-beef hash to caviar. A. N. F.

Los Angeles, California.

Garbo's Tearless Suffering.

WHY, oh, why, can't people like Dysta H. Collins and A. Fitz Patrick, who do not care for Garbo, pass her by? She is easy to avoid.

My dear Dysta, you evidently did not thoroughly understand that Miss Theiner said in her letter. She said that Garbo could play rôles like hers in "Inspiration" and "Susan Lenox" and still not appear cheap.

I can't begin to say what my fingers itched to do to you when I read your nasty, ridiculous remarks about Greta.

I'd give anything to see Garbo in a picture where she isn't forever being cruelly and unjustly hurt by an intolerant lover. Give her a picture in which their love for each other is so sincere, so great, so undying that it can weather any storm and have them happier for it in the end—not having felt the awful sting of a misunderstanding.

And one thing more. Let her be awfully happy for once; so happy that she is either smiling or laughing all through the picture, for there is nothing so soothing to the eyes as her rare smile, and nothing more delightful to hear than her laughter.

I always knew Garbo was different from the other actresses in a million ways, but there seemed to be one thing in particular that gained and held my admiration for her, and at last I've discovered it. No matter how cruelly any one hurts her, she has never shed a tear. At a time when any other actress would burst into tears, she merely frowns and the hurt gleam that lurks in the depths of those beautiful eyes is far more touching and effective than all the tears in the world.

DOROTHY ALDRICH.
200 Dewey Avenue,
Buffalo, New York.

Who Cut Ramon's Scenes?

SO the great Garbo thought Novarro had far too much footage in "Mata Hari" for her own good, did she? I believe it was due to her that M.-G.-M. cut down Novarro's best scenes. His finest dramatic work was thus unjustly doomed to the cutting-room floor.

The result? Novarro's part became purely subordinate—a mere bit! Ramon, however, thanks to his brilliant ability and engaging personality, managed to make that bit outstanding. Novarro fans can scarcely be expected to cheer over the dirty deal he received in that film.

C. WINTER.
Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada.

Feeling Better Now.

I HAVE something on my chest and I intend getting it off even if it hurts.

Barnum once said that there is one born every minute. I supposed by that he probably meant movie fans. As I read this column, I see that Greta Garbo is this, that, or the other thing. In my opinion, she can't do anything useful except take Amer-

ican money from circulation. And the darling American people still help the depression live by contributing to the "needy" Garbo, and to the rest of these foreigners that clean up and beat it. The American public are fools. Now it's off my chest and I feel better. AN AMERICAN.

Brooklyn, New York.

Horror, a Gat, and a Moll.

SOME one had the nerve to write in and say that Janet Gaynor has a baby face, her speech is immature, and her ways are ga-ga, which is absolutely untrue.

What we need is many more Janet Gaynors and many more of her type of pictures, instead of the trash we get. One can hardly go to see a picture with her boy friend now without being embarrassed. I'm not a prude, but I do like a clean picture now and then without horror, or shooting, or a mistress in it.

Of course we must have variety, because every one does not like the same thing, but why must people pull the stars apart? Why not criticize the pictures and leave them alone? They must all have good points, or they could not hold their places. We really haven't many sweet stars, so why pick on the few we have and try to make them sophisticated?

Ivy PEHL.

6441 North Francisco Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

A Tap Dance for Garbo?

WILL you help a benighted fan solve the great Gable mystery? What is it that makes folks so goofy about this uninteresting man? He is no better actor than fifty others, and not so good-looking as most. As for being the successor to Valentino—well, in the words of the poet, "He may be a sheik to his mother, but he's a great big ham to me." I think the secret is mass hypnotism, started by a little judicious publicity from M.-G.-M. studio.

A reader remarks, as a clinching argument to his statement that Garbo can't act, that "she has no accomplishments. We never see her dance."

Well, well, I suppose he or she comes to this conclusion because in "Anna Christie," for example, no orchestra rose out of the floor to accompany Garbo during a song and dance with Marie Dressler and Charles Bickford.

May I point out that actors are on the screen to act, not to show off their parlor tricks. I suppose, by Mr. Fitz Patrick's standard, any one who can do a high kick, ride a bicycle, or moan "I've got those Hollywood Blues" on two notes, is a better actor than, for example, George Arliss, who, to the best of my knowledge, has never done a tap dance, or sung a comic song, or won a swimming race in any of his films, and so is presumably disqualified for the profession of acting.

If people have criticisms to make, why can't they make sensible ones? To most discerning people, Garbo is incomparable in every department—looks, acting and personality—but obviously everybody cannot be expected to think so.

DOREEN SIMMONDS.

5 Matheson Road,
London, W. 14, England.

Let Them Alone!

I AM convinced that Hollywood is the toughest spot in the world in which to make a go of marriage. The odds are all against star marriages. For Heaven's sake, why don't people let these young couples alone? Let them have their happiness while they can. It just makes me sick to pick up a movie magazine and read "Joan

The Story Behind Their Wedding — by ALBERT DORNE

SUCH A SWEET BRIDE — AND BOTH SO MUCH IN LOVE!

WHO WOULD EVER DREAM THAT ONCE SHE NEARLY LOST HIM?



THE FIRST TIME HE CALLED, SHE WAS THRILLED — HE, TOO! BUT BEFORE THE EVENING WAS OVER, HIS INTEREST COOLED



TIME PASSED..... HE DIDN'T COME BACK.... SHE WAS HEARTBROKEN. ONE DAY SHE CAME AND CRIED ABOUT IT ON MY SHOULDER



I KNEW THE TROUBLE. SO I TOLD HER GENTLY HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDED

—AND HOW EASILY LIFEBOUY WOULD END HER FAULT.... "B.O." — CLEAR HER COMPLEXION, TOO.



WHAT A JOY TO SEE THEM MARRIED TODAY! NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HER CHARM. SHE'S PERFECT IN HIS EYES



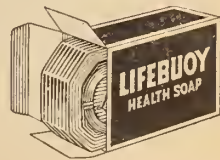
NOW is a danger time for "B.O." (body odor)!

THESE hot, sultry days when we perspire so freely — be *extra* careful about "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores — removes all odor. Gets germs off hands — helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Wonderful for complexion

Lifebuoy purifies *face* pores, too — keeps complexions fresh, clear and glowing with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS CO.



What the Fans Think

Crawford and Doug seem to be on the outs," or words to that effect.

Ever since those two kids married people have tried to break them up. I don't know whether it's jealousy or what it is, but if you ask me, it's none of their business.

MARY MARGARET THOMPSON.

4232 North Haven Avenue,
Toledo, Ohio.

Varconi's the Man.

LIKE M. J. Fitch, I love the wrong man—Victor Varconi. How can I help loving him when he is the finest person, the most charming and fascinating in the world? He is an artist, like Novarro and Leslie Howard.

Not only that, he is human and so considerate. I wrote him telling him I admired him and wished he would begin to get some breaks. Did I receive a cold, typed letter, or no reply? I did not! Instead, I received a most charming letter—and believe me his letters are just as splendid, artistic, humorous, and lovable as Victor is on the screen. He sent me a most wonderful photograph, too, and really autographed it.

Fans rave over Gable, Montgomery, Arlen, Ayres, and others, but how can they when there are Varconi, Leslie Howard, Paul Lukas, and George O'Brien?

ALICE ANNE SHUE.

188 1-2 Camp Street,
Providence, Rhode Island.

Yes, What of It?

I SHOULD like to express my opinion of some of the letters in "What the Fans Think." A few of the spicy letters are from people who haven't really thought at all. They talk about actors and actresses in such a way that it arouses my ire.

For instance, some one wrote a sour letter about Joan Crawford about two months ago. If people can't give constructive criticism, why write at all? If you must pan a star, why not at the same time give some helpful ideas? The player wouldn't pay any attention to it, I suppose, but other people who read the letter would say, "There's one who knows what he's talking about."

If Joan Crawford wants to diet—

If Greta Garbo wants to remain aloof—

If Norma Shearer wants to wear daring clothes—

If Ivan Lebedeff wants to kiss ladies' hands—

If Chaplin doesn't want to make talkies—

If Marlene Dietrich wants to show off her legs—

That's all right.

Leave them alone. People like them, or they wouldn't be popular stars.

TWINKLE.

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

The Opinion Summed Up.

IT'S my opinion that:

Leo Carrillo is a much better actor and a more convincing gangster than the much publicized Edward G. Robinson.

Sylvia Sidney is a very much overrated young actress. Her performance in "An American Tragedy" was as amateurish as the picture itself. And that's setting a record of some sort.

Madge Evans, James Dunn, Linda Watkins, Judith Wood, Joel McCrea, Helen Chandler, Constance Cummings, David Manners, Lew Ayres, and John Mack Brown are the best of the younger players.

Richard Cromwell and Maureen O'Sullivan will some day be numbered among the screen's brightest stars.

Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray were one of the most agreeable and interesting teams since the Talmadge-O'Brien days. Let's have them back.

Zasu Pitts and Wynne Gibson steal every film in which they appear.

Joe E. Brown draws more laughs than either Chaplin or Lloyd. This is based on a comparison of the audience reaction to "Feet First," "City Lights," and "Broad-minded."

More pictures like "Cimarron," "Skippy," "The Last Flight," and "The Champ" would fill the empty theater seats which films like "Strangers May Kiss" and "Lonely Wives" have made vacant.

Norma Shearer has had two recent pictures stolen from her by players far more capable than she could ever hope to be—Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler.

Articles about some of the lesser known players would be just as interesting as the eternal Garbo-Dietrich-Shearer-Bennett stories. Aren't the other stars and featured players such good copy?

KAY COSTELLO.

New York City.

Helen Hayes Is A-1.

YOU talk about your Garbo, your Dietrich, your Chatterton, and many others, but to me Helen Hayes is the best actress on the screen to-day. Any one who can play as she played in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" is a real actress.

She went from a beautiful girl to an old lady, and she was really good. I do not mean to say that all other actors and actresses are not good—they really are—but Helen is the all-around A-1 actress.

GALDA MAE WEBB.

Livernore, Kentucky.

Pleading for the Real Pickford.

WHAT has become of all the Valentino memorials and clubs we used to read about? I wonder if they have lost their enthusiasm and been disbanded?

An article appeared not long ago about

the future of Mary Pickford and whether she was through in pictures. Miss Pickford has grown up with the movies and her life is a part of them. She has endeared herself to the whole world.

Not long ago she "grew up" and proved that she is a dramatic actress with a good voice. If she will play modern sophisticated up-to-date rôles and forget the comedy and fairy stories, she will make us realize she is a beautiful, talented, and sincere actress. If she will be the *real* Mary Pickford on the screen, she will be just as popular as Ruth Chatterton, Garbo, or Ann Harding.

MRS. ELINOR GARRISON HENDERSON.

521 Puget Street,
Olympia, Washington.

Give Donald Cook a Break.

HE has all the charm and grace of a Latin lover, the dark, brooding eyes of a Gilbert, and the fine physique of a boxer. Best of all, he speaks perfect United States. Who? Why Donald Cook, who, with the exception of Clark Gable, is the most fascinating man on the screen.

I wonder how long we fans must wait before the powers that be will discover what a marvelous leading man Donald would be for Greta Garbo.

Clark Gable is my prime favorite, but spare me from seeing him with Greta too often.

A picture of her with Donald Cook would be a pleasant respite.

JANICE TURNER HOLMER.

7919 Drexel Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Somebody Tone Deaf?

SOMEBODY who has something to say about Paramount films is tone deaf. Just look what Paramount has done. First of all, they put Nancy Carroll in musicals—and charming though Nancy is, she can't sing. Her tones never quite hit the thing they're aiming at.

And now they give us Miriam Hopkins—and they let her sing. Look at "24 Hours." A perfect example of what should never have been allowed.

Miriam is worse than Nancy. It's agony to sit and listen to her waver all around a note without achieving it. She's always out of key. And, if, as they say, musicals are to be with us again—well, really can't somebody do something about this?

ALICE CLIFTON.

225 East River Street,
Peru, Indiana.

Addresses of Players

Nils Asther, William Bakewell, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, John Mack Brown, Jackie Cooper, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, Madge Evans, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, William Haines, Helen Hayes, Jean Harlow, Hedda Hopper, Leila Hyams, Dorothy Jordan, Joan Marsh, Robert Montgomery, Polly Moran, Karen Morley, Conrad Nagel, Ramon Novarro, Maureen O'Sullivan, Anita Page, Norma Shearer, Lewis Stone, Lawrence Tibbett, Ernest Torrence, Johnny Weissmuller, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Adrienne Ames, Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook, Eleanor Boardman, William Boyd, John Breeden, Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, Juliette Compton, Jackie Coogan, Robert Coogan, Gary Cooper, Frances Dee, Marlene Dietrich, Stuart Erwin, Cary Grant, Phillips Holmes, Miriam Hopkins, Carol Lombard, Paul Lukas, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, Irving Pichel, Charlie

Ruggles, Sylvia Sidney, Charles Starrett, Lilyan Tashman, at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Frank Albertson, John Arledge, Warner Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, Joan Bennett, Paul Cavanagh, Donald Dillaway, James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Minna Gombell, Weldon Heyburn, Alexander Kirkland, James Kirkwood, Elissa Landi, Thomas Meighan, Una Merkel, Don Jose Mojica, Greta Nissen, Marian Nixon, George O'Brien, Cecelia Parker, Will Rogers, Rosalie Roy, Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, Charles Williams, at the Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Mary Astor, Robert Armstrong, Evelyn Brent, Constance Bennett, Bill Boyd, Ricardo Cortez, Lily Damita, John Darrow, Dolores del Rio, Richard Dix, Irene Dunn, Jill Esmond, Noel Francis, Rochelle Hudson, Ann Harding, Geoffrey Kerr, Dorothy Lee, Eric Linden, Joel McCrea, Pola Negri, Edna May Oliver, Laurence Olivier, Lowell Sherman,

Eddie Quillan, Marion Shilling, Helen Twelvetrees, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Lew Ayres, Tala Birell, John Boles, June Clyde, Sidney Fox, Rose Hobart, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Genevieve Tobin, Lois Wilson, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Richard Cromwell, Ralph Graves, Jack Holt, Buck Jones, Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss, Richard Barthelmess, George Brent, Joan Blondell, Lillian Bond, James Cagney, Ruth Chatterton, Donald Cook, Bette Davis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Kay Francis, Walter Huston, Leon Janney, Evelyn Knapp, Ben Lyon, David Manners, Marian Marsh, Dorothy Peterson, William Powell, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Warren William, at the Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.



Photo by Ray Jones

TWO Universal fledglings steal away from the studio to answer the call of springtime and contemplate the wonder of nature's awakening. They are Arletta Duncan, who is being groomed for a *début*, and Tom Brown, who is by way of being a veteran actor in spite of his youth, for he began early on the stage and made a hit on the screen in "The Lady Lies" some years ago. Now he has the leading rôle in "Brown of Culver," a picture extolling military school life, with Richard Cromwell as his teammate.

KIDNAPERS IN



Photo by Powolny

THE kidnaping bugaboo, which has terrified Hollywood from time to time, is back again. It's been there ever since the news of the Lindbergh baby's disappearance from his crib startled the ears of filmland.

Hollywood is suddenly remembering the many threats of kidnaping directed against its stars, and the children of its stars, and is recalling the actual kidnapings which have taken place among its lesser-known citizens during the past few years.

It is recalling that several years ago Mary Pickford was the near-victim of as bold a kidnaping plot as ever was concocted.

It is being reminded that Los Angeles was the scene of the brutal Hickman murder, termed "the most fiendish crime ever to blacken California society."

It is realizing with a jolt that recently gangsters have been invading its fair domain in order to hide away from the Chicago and St. Louis police; that its streets are overrun with starving extras and other jobless, desperate ones; that a few miles west, at Long Beach, is a winter camp of gypsies, notorious for their kidnaping escapades; that to the south not far away lies Mexico, alive with roving bandits.

Do you blame celebrated people here—even more than throughout the rest of the country—for fearing that they, or worse still, their children, may be stolen? Do you wonder that they are taking all kinds of precautions to avert such a tragedy?

Scarcely was the story of Charles Lindbergh, Jr., in print before the homes of Harold Lloyd, John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, and Bebe Daniels were under police protection. The children of

The children of stars are now guarded as never before, their famous parents terrified by the kidnaping bugaboo.

these players are possible targets of kidnapers, because of their parents' wealth and fame, or because previous attempts have been made to kidnap them.

Other players are taking pains to see that no harm comes to their children. Governesses are required to escort children to and from school, and to remain with them night and day. Private detective agencies are being pressed into service.

Now that it is fashionable in Hollywood to have babies and to admit it, fully one-fifth of the stellar population confess they are in the parent class. In this group are Marlene Dietrich, Charlie Chaplin, Will Rogers, Wallace Beery, who recently adopted four children, Conrad Nagel,

Spencer Tracy and Johnny have a notion that the boy's freckles would identify him anywhere.

Doris Kenyon, Joan Bennett, Wallace Ford, Nancy Carroll, Neil Hamilton, Winifred Westover, Helen Hayes, Gloria Swanson, Jean Hersholt, Esther Ralston, Mae Marsh, Nils Asther, Eleanor Boardman, Clive Brook, Richard Barthelmess, Ralph Graves, Zazu Pitts, Daphne Pollard, Victor McLaglen, and Buster Keaton.

While thus far no child of a player has ever actually been stolen, the increasing baby population in Hollywood, together with the publicity which goes with the arrival of each new infant of a star, tends to make kidnaping a greater and greater possibility.

There is another factor in Hollywood which favors would-be abductors. Kidnapers, especially baby kidnapers, naturally choose secluded homes upon which to prey. For this reason Beverly Hills and Hollywood make an ideal section in which to carry on their nefarious traffic. Almost all the stars' homes are in isolated, or semi-isolated localities.

Ann Harding lives high in the Hollywood hills. Three attempts have been made to kidnap her child, Jane, during this year, it is said.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis are segregated from neighbors in their canyon mansion, and they, too, have been molested at least three times by would-be stealers of their three

Forgetful of the kidnaping scare, Clive Brook coaches Faith in her game.



HOLLYWOOD!

By
Mignon Rittenhouse

children. Since the birth of their last child, their home has been surrounded on several occasions by police, as the result of kidnaping threats.

Following the receipt of threat notes, the daughter of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon has been carefully guarded against kidnapers almost from the day of her birth. So has the son of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, and the child of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.

Both Mary Pickford and her niece Gwyn, who lives with her in the isolated "Pickfair," have had a number of kidnaping attempts made against them.

The plot against Mary which most alarmed Hollywood and the rest of the world began early in 1924, when Douglas Fairbanks noticed sev-

A serious proposition, this raising a family, but anyway Buster Keaton is determined to take care of Bobbie and Joe.

It is reported that three attempts have been made to steal Jane from Ann Harding's home.



Wallace Ford and little Patricia Ann take the alarm lightly.

eral strange men loitering about her studio. Their suspicious actions over a period of days caused him to notify police. Plain-clothes men trailed the loiterers to a hotel room. Adjusting a physician's stethoscope to the keyhole, they heard not one but a number of fantastic kidnaping schemes.

At first the plotters spoke of seizing Jackie Coogan, but dropped that idea when it occurred to one of them that Jackie was the court's ward, and it would be almost impossible to collect ransom for him on that account. Baby Peggy, Pola Negri, Barbara Bennett, and the grandchildren of the oil magnate, E. L. Doheny, of Beverly Hills, were considered by turn, but these were finally abandoned in favor of Mary.

It was decided to seize her during Shriners' Week in June, at the height of the celebration, when the appearance of several merrymakers riding with the actress in a decorated car would be thought part of the general hilarity. The kidnapers planned to take her to a desert shack and keep her there until her husband, Doug, paid them \$20,000 in ransom.

"If Miss Pickford carries a gun," one declared, "things won't be so good."

The police listened no further. They nabbed the men, and on August 15, 1925, the two were convicted of attempted kidnaping. They were sentenced to San Quentin prison to from ten years to life.

In spite of this widely publicized conviction, an epidemic of threat letters, telephone calls, and kidnapings seemed to follow in its wake. And this was in a time of comparative prosperity, when it was much easier to turn an

Continued on page 62





Photo by Jones

If Sidney Fox paid for her contract she was foolish to exhaust herself with endless lessons in voice and dancing.

ASK a lady star her age, if you must. But never, never inquire of her if it is true that a girl has to pay, and pay, and pay to get on in pictures!

Besides being impertinent, the question is futile. What girl who has made her success will cast a slur upon her ability as an artist, and upon her virtue, all in one breath?

Supposing she had found detours on the path of purity and amateur ranking unnecessary, who would believe her testimony?

Dead men tell no tales, and neither do movie queens who have arrived. So no affidavits, no signed confessions, can be introduced into this case. But circumstantial evidence? Ah, that is another thing. Let us do a little detective work, and find out how good little girls get along in Hollywood.

There is no point in investigating those affluent ladies of the screen who can afford gigolos, wholesale divorces, and marked-down princes for consorts. Neither should we worry about the moral weal of such capable ones as our exotics—Garbo, Dietrich, Damita, and Bankhead; nor charge against movies the antics of ex-taxi dancers and Tiajuana percentage women.

Even such girls as that youthful, charming child of nature, a star who used to leave a wedding ring in my studio office in constant readiness for her week-end trips, need not figure in our investigation. The sort of girls they call "nice" back in Oshkosh—Rochelle Hudson, Karen Morley, Frances Dee, Sidney Fox, Cecilia Parker, and Marian Marsh—must be our test cases.

These named, and dozens of others, seem so nice when you meet them that, considering their screen successes to date, you feel "dat ol' debbil Hollywood" can't be so evil after all. But wait! Let us investigate them one at a time and weigh the evidence.

Rochelle Hudson hails from Claremore, Oklahoma. She is a brunette with lively blue eyes, a teasing little red mouth, and very white teeth. Her figure is the sort gentlemen prefer, and would make a charming Exhibit A in any courtroom.

THE AWFUL

Must a girl pay "the price" to succeed on the screen?

Between these charms and the hungry world she has a mamma, an anxious, alert mamma, who followed her, footstep by footstep, all the way from Oklahoma to ingénue leads for RKO. Mamma Hudson is a very capable chaperon, and yet Rochelle has got ahead—contracts, renewals, and coveted film rôles.

Hollywood, Rochelle thinks, would be a dull place if it weren't for newspapermen and high-school boys. Mamma, the directors, producers, and leading men have a lively time chaperoning her, thanks to these two leavening influences in the cinema city.

There is handsome John Darrow, for instance. After all those love scenes with him in "Fanny Foley Herself," John meets her accidentally at the Coconut Grove one night. Not late. Just about half-past eleven.

Does he take her away from her high-school-boy escort? Does he cut in on a dance? Does he even make a showing for the benefit of the wide-eyed youngsters with her?

No! He advises her to get to bed, because their big scene in the picture is to be filmed next day.

Mamma Hudson confers about Rochelle with the movie executives, or almost any of the wicked studio men who are willing to listen to her. Do they think she's holding too tight a rein? She's so full of life, is Rochelle. But mamma doesn't want her spoiled, doesn't want her sophisticated too soon. She's an artist—but she's so young—seventeen.

Marian Marsh, protégée of John Barrymore, found him more like a fussy grandmother than a wicked star.



Rochelle Hudson, seventeen, gets contracts, renewals, and coveted rôles. What's the answer?



TRUTH ^{By} Helen Pade

Consider the cases of six of Hollywood's luckiest.

And the bad film men advise even tighter reins, and tattle on Rochelle at the same time. Yes, she cut a geometry lesson, and they couldn't find her for a wardrobe fitting yesterday, because she skipped out to get a soda with the high-school kid in a red flivver!

Frances Dee entered pictures expecting hardship, sacrifices, and difficulties, despite beauty that had set the University of Chicago boys agog while she was still a sophomore coed. The difficulties didn't materialize. She got the first extra job she applied for. A contract fell into her lap.

Chevalier beckoned her into "The Playboy of Paris" from a studio café table, and Josef von Sternberg asked her if she would *care* to play in "An American Tragedy"!

The better one knows Frances the more clearly one observes her convincing bewilderment. She neither affirms nor denies, being a close-mouthed young lady, but ideas she thinks are hidden are visible on her composed but mobile face. It was all too easy! Her concealed wonderment is that the cost has been so negligible.

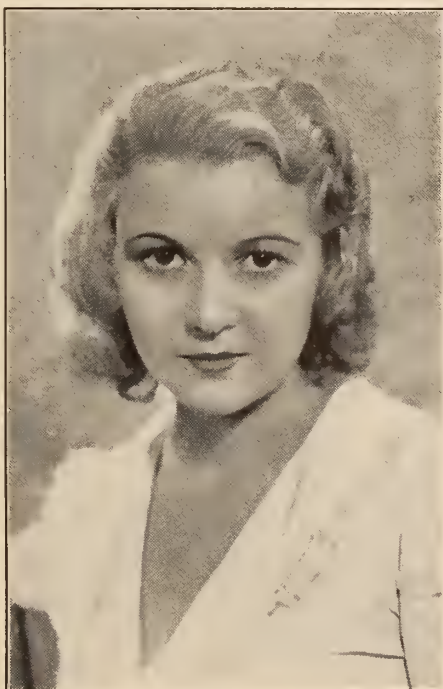
Marian Marsh left high school in her junior year to play bits in a few movies. A desperate woman, Marian; too pretty to be out in the wicked world. High-school boys never let her alone. They were simply too demanding. So, instead of becoming a nun, as an old-fashioned girl of fatal beauty might have done, she became an extra!

Then the handsome, wicked, prodigal, and profane younger

Karen Morley is progressing famously, but even the electricians can tell no tales about her.



Cecilia Parker is still afraid that awful stories about studio wolves will come true.



Frances Dee expected the worst when she entered pictures—and a contract fell into her lap.

Barrymore, John, cast a leering eye upon her. Her fragile charm attracted him. He seized her—to play opposite him in "Svengali"!

And then what happened?

Only John and Marian know exactly how they got along together, but according to evidence I have directly from those famous scandal-mongers, the set electricians, they had a most peculiar relationship. John, it seems, fussed about Marian like a grandmother. He nagged her for going off the stage without a wrap, forbade her to cultivate the cigarette habit, and so on, until at last she facetiously accused him of feeling paternal toward her.

"Damn it, why shouldn't I?" the great Barrymore demanded. "Am I to be denied all the little respectabilities of life until I become palsied with age?"

Another group of studio electricians, from their high posts on the "catwalks" above the set, remarked on a curious

phenomenon that concerned the selfsame John Barrymore and one Karen Morley, the little girl from Ottumwa, Iowa, who made good with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration" and "Mata Hari."

In a scene of "Arsène Lupin," our electricians threw off the lights so Barrymore and Karen might kiss in the dark, with cameras registering only blankness but the microphone getting an earful. The lights flashed on so quickly, signaling the termination of the scene, that neither Miss Morley nor Barrymore were expecting them. They revealed—what do you suppose?

Barrymore industriously making kissing-sound effects with his hand and lips, and heaving passionate sighs as he sat all by himself, acting away for the mike with closed eyes; and Karen sitting a few feet away from him, eyes also closed—with a surprised expression on her face.

Reliable informants entirely unconnected with studio life say that Karen is free from those social handicaps so fearsomely set forth in the magazine ads. Nor does she eat garlic or even onions when she is to play love scenes. Yet the casting director who assigned her to her first job—reading Greta Garbo's lines to young men being tested for the leading male rôle in "In-

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STARS THAT

Why do players who shine from the first, like Barry Norton, fail to go on?



JEANETTE MacDONALD



JAMES MURRAY



RENEE ADOREE



BARRY NORTON

WHEN Goldsmith penned these lines he had never dreamed of Hollywood. Yet so aptly has he described it, he might have been a lifelong resident of the town where chance makes one a star and another an extra.

The movies have fallen on perilous times. The old stars have been discarded—the Talmadges, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore—and no new ones developed to take their places.

Oh, we've had plenty who have been brought in, but few of them have clicked. Yet there are literally scores of actors in Hollywood who got a break, acquired a sizable fan following, and then faded from view or lapsed into supporting parts because producers failed to develop them.

When "What Price Glory?" was produced a few years ago, a young unknown came into prominence. When the film was over it was not McLaglen or Lowe you remembered. It was Barry Norton as the sensitive *Mother's Boy*. Letters from all over the world poured into the Fox office and into the offices of fan magazines asking about him. He was, to employ a greatly over-used term, a sensation.

Barry's popularity grew by leaps and bounds. Paramount tried to buy his contract. Fox wouldn't sell. They put him into a couple of pictures, "The Exalted Flapper," in which he played opposite Sue Carol, and "The Four Devils," in which he supported Charles Morton and Janet Gaynor—and *finis*.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

—GOLDSMITH.

There was no decrease of interest on the public's part, but there was on the part of the studio. Barry was let out.

I have seldom seen any one as bewildered as Barry following his release. Every magazine was crowded with pictures, stories, and letters from fans about him, all of them extolling his good looks and ability. But with all this raving on the part of the public, he could not get work.

The talkies had come and producers remembered only that he was as Argentinean and feared he would speak with an accent. They didn't bother to find out. He hasn't the faintest trace of an accent.

Month followed month and he never faced a camera. Finally Paramount signed him to do Spanish versions. His hopes went soaring again. He felt sure that once on that lot, executives would come to know him, realize he had no accent, and give him a chance in an English picture.

I believe he did play one or two small parts in English versions and then left Paramount.

It has been almost three years since fans have seen Barry in a picture of any importance. Yet even to-day, let an editor print a small photo of him, let there be mention of him in the answers department, and both editor and answer man are deluged with inquiries.

If ever an actor was a star in the minds of the public that actor is Barry Norton. But literally he never existed as a star. That magic breath was lacking. Why?

I mentioned that Barry played in a picture with Sue Carol. Sue is another whose name spelled money at the box office.

Picked by Douglas McLean for "Soft Cushions," she sprang into immediate favor. He placed her under contract and lent her to one studio and another. Sometimes she was working in two pictures at once—at different studios. She made fourteen pictures during her first year in films.

Her pictures were shown through every releasing channel in this country and abroad. Her publicity kept pace with her popularity. Nominally she was a star.

At the end of the year she got free of her contract with McLean. Every studio was bidding for her services. Pathé had no feminine stars at the time and wanted to make her their ace attraction. She signed with Fox.

Probably Fox had every intention of doing well by her when they signed her, but at that time they had a list of contract players as long as your arm and were not in a position to do much for any of them.

Sue went abroad to make "Chasing Through Europe," with Nick Stuart. They had no scenario. All they had was a cameraman and director who were instructed to shoot scenes around which a story could be woven on their return. The picture was a flop. She made "Girls Gone Wild" and "The Exalted Flapper," both released about the time the talkies came in. The public was not interested in either.

NEVER WERE

By Samuel Richard Mook

She made "Fox Follies" and "Imagine My Embarrassment." If ever a studio wanted evidence of a player's popularity, Fox had it then. Her appearance in both of them was greeted with cheers and huzzas by the public:

Although an indifferent actress, she had a fresh, unspoiled prettiness and a pleasing personality that appealed to fans. She could easily have been a great star.

In most cases these players were the victims of bad breaks. In Sue's case whatever has happened to her is largely her own fault. When the talkies came in and picture people were scurrying about like frightened rabbits trying to find voice specialists who could teach them to talk and sing, Sue was playing tennis. Both she and Nick were confident talkies wouldn't last.

She made two more pictures for Fox and was released.

RKO signed her and announced big plans for her. But still she did nothing to fit herself for talking pictures. She was relying on her intuition to guide her. She played in the Amos 'n' Andy film and did nothing during the rest of her stay with RKO. Released by them, she made one picture for Universal—"Graft"—and has done nothing since.

Yet as far as the public is concerned, Sue is still a star. She has been making a personal-appearance tour and has broken records in almost every house she's played.

A few years ago Frank Albertson romped away with "Prep and Pep." He was a find and Fox placed him under contract. The talkies came in and he repeated his success. "Salute," "Words and Music," "Men Without Women," and "Wild Company," all netted him glowing notices.

First National borrowed him for a number of pictures. Then RKO borrowed him for almost as many. M.-G.-M. borrowed him for one. But he was without honor at his own studio.

After Frank was released by Fox, one of the publicity men said to me, "That boy is still one of the greatest potential stars. Some studio will clean up on him some day."

They could—but they haven't. He's in Novarro's "Huddle" now.

In "The Big Parade" Renée Adorée scored as great a success as John Gilbert. Gilbert became one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known. But what of Renée? Considering the difference in the films in which she appeared, her performances were as good in subsequent rôles as in that first one, but she went steadily downhill. She hadn't, you see, that faculty for pushing herself that Gilbert had, and with all their other stars, M.-G.-M. completely overlooked her.

But no one who saw her in that final heart-wrenching scene in "The Big Parade," when the truck carried her lover to the front, can ever forget it. And no one who saw that can ever doubt that she could have been a star.

Mary Brian was for years the most dependable of Paramount leading ladies. She may not have been the best actress, but she did all any one could do with the parts that were given her. The Carrolls, the Bows, the Chattertons all had their following, but Mary had hers, too, and it was by no means the least.

She was the kind of girl college boys dreamed of escorting to their proms. She was the kind of girl fathers and mothers hoped their daughters would become. She was more popular than many of the stars she supported and, more often than not, it was her name that brought people into theaters. But the company employing her was afraid to take a chance on giving her a star's billing.

Do you recall James Murray, in "The Crowd"? *There* was one of the greatest actors the screen has produced. I've never seen him give a poor performance. To-day he roams Hollywood Boulevard, a man with few friends and no work. The star's position that is rightfully his has never come to him. But in this case, it is Jimmie's own fault—and he knows the answer. Three or four companies would be tickled to place him under contract—if he would behave himself. But he can't and they dare not take a chance with him.

Richard Cromwell received a star's publicity when he was chosen for the name part in "Tol'able David." Columbia announced they intended to star him. A huge painting of him hung in the reception room at the studio, and under it, in large letters, "Richard Cromwell, Columbia Pictures Star." He really was a star as far as the public was concerned. Their reaction to him in his first rôle was all that could have been asked. But for some reason he wasn't starred, and it is doubtful now if he ever will be.

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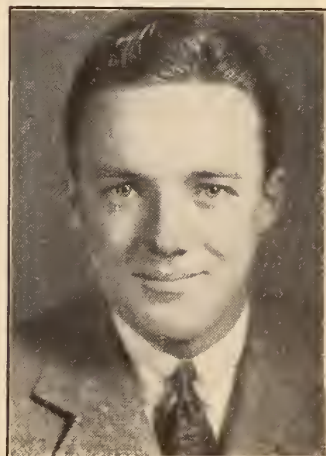
SUE CAROL



RICHARD CROMWELL



MARY BRIAN



FRANK ALBERTSON



Photo by Dyar

They Say in

What is going on among film celebrities
old and new, pleasant and otherwise.

whose hero is a scandal-snooping newspaper columnist, and at least two will deal with radio crooners. Warner Brothers are keeping pretty quiet about their acquisition of the play "Life Begins," which deals with a maternity ward, for fear that others will take up glorifying childbirth in a large way.

Incidentally, Paramount's crooner picture will be the first of three starring Bing Crosby, the radio favorite. A year ago he was working in Sennett shorts and singing at the Ambassador, and any one could have signed him for a modest stipend. Now he is to get one of those colossal salaries. I've been fond of him ever since a gushing reporter asked if there was any truth in the report that he left a trail of broken hearts in Hollywood, and he said that as he

A contract with Paramount is the latest event in Adrienne Allen's glamorous stage career.

recalled it, it was a trail of broken bottles.

EVERY once in a while when the viewing with alarm and pointing with scorn get more persistent than usual, I shudder for fear that my friends will be badgered into becoming sane and dull. I rush around to see some picture people to be reassured that they are as charmingly stark, raving mad as ever.

At the moment I am quite content, because I have just heard this story. A weighty personage had a Great Idea for a scenario. Having friends in the promotion department of one of the big companies, he asked them the name of the head of their company, so he could present his idea to one in authority.

They were not quite sure what to answer. The ranking officer was quite ill and confined in a—shall I say sanitarium? The next in command was in bad all around. His contract was about to expire, and the rumor that he was about to jump to another company had caused him to be shorn of all authority. To round off the situation, they said that there was to be a new president soon, but as he wouldn't come into office for months, he could not enter into any agreements as yet.

"But who runs the company?" the outsider asked.

"Everybody in it," the boys chorused.

So, you see, the industry is still fantastic and diverting in a morbid sort of way, just as methodical as the antics of a chicken with its head cut off.

More Evidence.—If you can bear one more report on eccentricities, let me tell you the early results of the producers' agreement not to copy each other's ideas and make pictures along the same lines. Four companies are about to make pictures satirizing politics, three are featuring stories

Going and Coming.—A casual census of the film celebrities recently in New York would suggest that Hollywood has room for an army of newcomers, whereas only a few are in the offing. There is Anna Sten, a magnetic young Russian whose work in "Tempest," filmed in Europe, earned her a contract with Sam Goldwyn, Diana Wynyard, a remotely lovely Britisher who made a hit on the local stage in "The Devil Passes" and then signed with M.-G.-M., and Adrienne Allen, a gifted player in both drama and high comedy whom Paramount grabbed after seeing her on the stage in "Cynara." I'll tell you more about these English gels in a moment, but first let's take a look at the folks around town with or without leave from Hollywood.

Turnout for Buddy.—One event that brought out all the picture people in town was Buddy Rogers's debut as orchestra leader at the Pennsylvania Hotel grill. There was Margaret Livingston, Ruth Taylor, Nita Naldi, and Phyllis Haver, all of whom retired from pictures to become wives of wealthy men.

There were Lupe Velez, June MacCloy, and Dorothy Hall, who are now on the stage. There were Mary Brian—now on her way back to Hollywood—Esther Ralston, Alice White, Anna May Wong, and Jean Harlow, who are reaping rich rewards in vaudeville.

Alice White may leave almost any time to make pictures for Universal, so overwhelming has been the proof of her popularity in vaudeville.

There were Lilyan Tashman and Bebe Daniels, just about to flee back to Hollywood, the first to make pictures, the latter to see her baby and toy with the idea of returning to New York in a musical play.

There were Mary Pickford and Norma



Claudette Colbert has a problem play in her own home, but it isn't a triangle.

New York—

By Karen Hollis

Talmadge, both of whom announce that their retirement from the screen is but temporary. Also there was Jeanette Loff, the pretty, rather statuesque blonde once of Pathé pictures, who sings with the Rogers orchestra.

At "Grand Hotel."—By the time "Grand Hotel" opened a few of these had left town, but their places had been nicely filled by Ina Claire, who arrived from a vacation in Europe ready to go back to work and with plenty of offers, Sally Eilers who came East for a vacation as did Jimmy (Sitting-on-top-of-the-world) Durante.

Gary Cooper had returned from hunting big game in Africa. He may have been aiming at lions, but the rumor persists that he bagged a countess. And if you can bear it, let me tell you that he now wears a boutonnière of blue-and-white cornflowers.

James Cagney was loitering about town pouting for more money than his contract with Warner Brothers calls for, and Pola Negri was doing very well at a vaudeville house.

Also Sally O'Neil, newly engaged to Arthur Loew, who has so many of those M.-G.-M. and Loew theater millions, had rushed back from Europe to fight for her brother who was in trouble.

Also there was Helen Morgan who, fat or thin, will always be vividly remembered by me for her work in "Applause." And I'll go right on squawking publicly because she isn't making pictures any more.

Money Versus Friendship.—One of the startling phases of Mary Pickford's appearance at the Pennsylvania grill—as if her being there at all were not quite enough—was that when she was introduced she marched right up to the microphone and delivered a testimonial to Buddy Rogers that must have made even that young man blush to the roots of his hair. The strange part of it was that Miss Pickford has flatly refused radio offers at two thousand dollars for a few minutes, and this speech she gave free and uninvited.

Generous Lupe.—Lupe Velez is now the idol of the "Hot-Cha!" troupe of which she is the star. On checking over her wardrobe she found that she could easily spare a gorgeous summer ermine coat. She had all the chorus girls write their names on slips of paper. They were mixed up and one was drawn, the lucky girl getting the coat.

Anna Sten is Samuel Goldwyn's Russian discovery, who probably will play opposite Ronald Colman when she learns to speak English.

Diana Wynyard, another Britisher of the stage, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn.



Photo by Apeda

Those Newcomers.—Two lovely Britishers who are about to make their début in American films, Diana Wynyard and Adrienne Allen, represent the new type of well-born, highly educated young *elegantes* who are flocking to the stage. Miss Wynyard got away from her country-estate family by saying that she intended to teach elocution in London. Then, chuckling a little over their being so gullible, she haunted producers until she got a small part on the stage. That was in 1925. For the past two years she has been a reigning favorite in London, playing some of the rôles there that Helen Hayes played in New York.

Adrienne Allen comes from Manchester. Her father was a banker who amused himself now and then by backing theatrical productions, and she was permitted to visit backstage. She went to school in France and Germany, then entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Noel Coward saw her in one of the Academy plays and gave her the lead in "Easy Virtue," which convinced her that all this talk about the difficulties of getting on the stage was so much hooey, or whatever the British equivalent for hooey is.

Introducing Dorothy Hall.—You are very likely to hear a lot about Dorothy Hall in the next few seasons, so you'd better rush to the nearest Paramount theater to see her in "Working Girls," so that you can boast of discovering her early in her career. But don't say that you saw her in her very first picture. For years the girl has been the face on the cutting-room floor, the bit player who never got a break.

It was not until she gave a highly skilled performance in "The Greeks Had a Word For It" on the stage that producers took a real interest in her. Lately she has been playing in "Child of Manhattan," which she may do later as a picture. She has cob-

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WHAT'S THIS



Photo by Hurrell

Miss Crawford frankly meets gossip by explaining her new viewpoints and ambitions.

ONE night not so many months ago, the quiet of one of the neighborhood theaters in Hollywood was rudely shattered when the audience suddenly broke into loud and prolonged cheering over an announcement flashed on the screen. The announcement said, quite simply, "We are pleased to announce a preview of Joan Crawford in her first straight dramatic rôle—'Paid.'"

The preview followed an announcement from the studio that in the future Joan would play this type of part only. And the studio announcement was but the climax of many interviews chronicling the fact that the Joan of to-day is a vastly different person from the Joan of a few years ago.

Why does the public, notoriously fickle, cling to this girl in the face of so many changes? It is a far cry from the hey-hey parts of "Sally, Irene, and Mary" and "Our Dancing Daughters"—the kind of rôles which made her famous—to the tragic *Mary Turner* of "Paid" and the pathetic *Bonnie* of "Laughing Sinners." But the change in the type of her films is no more startling than the change in Joan herself.

The Grove, the Blossom Room, Olsen's, seldom see her nowadays. For the most part, she sits quietly at home nights. On the set, instead of being the life of the party, she makes hooked rugs.

Various reasons are attributed to the change—love in its finer aspects; Doug's wishes; a desire to be known as "the Duse of the screen"; a wish to assume the dignity befitting her position as a star; yearning to wield the social scepter of Hollywood. None of them very definite—all of them speculative in the extreme.

"I don't think I've changed," Joan remarked. "No one stands still. You develop and go on, or you stagnate and retrogression sets in. Even if you stagnate you don't stand still.

"When I first came out here I had a contract with M.-G.-M. I was very young at the time. In my mind, and I think any other girl of the same age would have felt the same, a contract and stardom were synonymous. I fully expected to be starred within a month."

But months and months passed. While her name and picture figured prominently in every magazine one picked up, months and more months went by while one never even heard of Miss Crawford in a picture, much less saw her.

"You see how green I was," she continued. "I wasn't even met at the station. I found my way out to Culver City and reported at the studio. They took me to a little cubby-hole and said, 'This is your dressing room,' and left me. No one asked if I knew how to put on a picture make-up. No one told me when I would start on a picture. No one introduced me to any one else.

Joan threw away her trashy books when she saw Doug, Jr., improving each spare moment by reading a pocket volume of Shakespeare.

"I was making a very small salary and couldn't afford a car. So I lived at a hotel—the Hunt—close enough that I

ABOUT JOAN?

By Romney Scott

could walk to the studio. I didn't know a soul here and Hollywood seemed miles away. Even if I had gone there, I still wouldn't have known any one after I reached the place.

"I was so lonely I didn't know what to do. I used to walk the streets until I could have dropped from exhaustion, just to keep from going back to that room with its four bare walls."

Valentino used to say that nine tenths of men married or took to drink out of loneliness. Looking at Joan, it was easy to believe that the same thing holds true of women.

I broke in on her meditations. "But what of the whoopee parties? Where did they come into your life—and how?"

"After I had been out here a while I naturally began to get acquainted. The kids I met were not big shots. None of us had gorgeous homes in which to entertain. We were lucky to afford to go to the Grove or the Montmartre. I had spent almost a year alone with myself. No chance for high life or anything of that sort. Hardly even any human companionship.

"I suppose when I started going I was simply giving in to a lot of suppressed desires and ridding myself of a great many inhibitions. Just a feeling that if I danced until twelve o'clock it would be time to go to sleep when I got home, and I wouldn't notice those four walls. Anything to get away from myself and my own company.

"And I felt if I expected people to continue asking me out, I would have to make myself gay and attractive—the personality kid and all that sort of thing. And that's how the hey-hey reputation was started."

"And then you fell in love and took the veil," I prompted her.

"No, it wasn't that at all. You know, the pendulum never stays on one side of the clock. It always swings back again. That sort of life grows kind of empty after a while. Nobody can keep going night after night, doing the same things over and over, and not find them monotonous. You may enjoy them for a month—six months, or even a year. But eventually a reaction sets in.

"As a matter of fact, I hadn't gone to any of those places for over six months before I started going about with Douglas. Beyond possibly helping me to find myself, Doug has not been responsible for any changes in me. I knew what his ideas were and naturally tried to live as near to them as possible. But he didn't try to force me to."

"Wasn't he responsible for your changed taste in literature?" I asked.

"Not entirely. Trashy books are just like a steady diet of cream puffs or night clubs. They pall on you after a while, and you start looking for something more substantial. I'm ambitious and I'm proud of it. I think it is much

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There is talk of a rift in the Crawford-Fairbanks happiness, though Joan is still thrilled over the first real home of her own.



Photo by Hurrell



JOHN BOLES, the Texon nominee for the handsome-hero honors, and recently the subject of much fon argument pro and con, will next be seen in "Bock Street," with Irene Dunne. Surely thot's inspirotion for o song or two.



A STRIKING personality, Elissa Landi's, with her Titian hair, green eyes, and pale face. Of course you've read of her Continental background. About the time she was cast for "The Woman in Room 13," her third novel was published.



Photo by Ray Jones

WHATEVER his future roles may be, Lew Ayres will for a long time be remembered for "All Quiet on the Western Front." Picture Play joins the fans in wishing for him other stories worthy of the promise shown in his early film.



Photo by Hurrell

A STUDY in pastel blond and rich velvet, Joon Marsh becomingly meditates on the trials of studio life. If it isn't all trick lighting, the platinum queen had better look to her shampoos—not to mention the robe.



Photo by Elmer Fr

TOO pretty to go an through school unmolested, Marian Marsh sought peace in the studios. Honest, that was the unheard-of state of affairs when Marian became an extra. Who can say she hasn't turned a handicap into a blessing?



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

BANKHEAD, the one and only Tallulah, is determined eventually to live up to her London reputation that preceded her return to this country. In her next opportunity she will have the support of Gary Cooper. Now it's the story!



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

GARY COOPER, rugged star and dude-ranch boss extraordinary, holds his own in the face of the Gable avalanche. He's just returned from a big-game hunting trip, and Laura Benham, in her story opposite, gives him the once-over for you.

GARY'S BACK

Mr. Cooper discusses Hollywood, jungle life, and love before plunging into work again.

WHEN Gary Cooper put his make-up box in moth balls last September and sailed for Africa, questions and surmises flew thick, fast, and furious. A variety of opinions were expressed by his well-wishers—and others.

"Gary Cooper has left pictures for good! He never liked them anyway!"

"Gary has gone away to heal the heart that Lupe Velez broke!"

"Gary's doctors have given him only six months to live, if he doesn't go away for a complete rest!"

"Gary is mad at Paramount and is breaking his contract!"

These were just *some* of the theories advanced to account for Mr. Cooper's hasty departure and lengthy sojourn far from the marts of moviedom. For surely it was more than mere wanderlust or quest for adventure that could cause a young man as sensible as Gary to jeopardize his future by such a prolonged absence from the screen. Audiences are notably fickle.

Mr. Cooper remained abroad until April. The question remained unanswered and the suspense was terrible.

But at last he returned and was able to throw some light on the mystery.

"It's true that my health—or rather, ill health—had something to do with my leaving Hollywood. My physician *did* advise me to take a rest," Gary told me, as we pondered the relative merits of caviar and anchovy *canapes* as concocted by the chef of the Algonquin. "But there was another, a more important, reason for my going so far away from it all. That reason was Hollywood itself.

"Since I signed my Paramount contract five years ago, I've been in from eight to ten pictures a year. That's enough to wear any one out. And I've never been very strong, you know."

Looking at Gary's six feet two of hulk, I did need to be reminded that he has never been robust to recall to me that it was his frailty that cut short his education abroad. For when he was about twelve Gary was sent to an English school, only to fall ill and have his parents bring him back to the Montana ranch where he was born.

"But besides the actual physical fatigue that camera work causes, there's a certain mental strain that comes from life in Hollywood. A nervous tension, a sense of closeness, of walls pressing in around you."

Gary gestured almost wearily, as if mere mention of

By Laura Benham

studio life were enough to evoke the unhappiness that had sent him to the far corners of the earth, seeking respite.

"Hollywood has its good points, of course. But it's so small, both in size and in outlook. It isn't a city, but a small town.

"Every one knows every one else's business—and makes it his or her own. And the paradoxical thing is that if an individual tries to have a private life, Hollywood seizes upon that privacy and rends it apart.

"While, if a person honestly has no secrets which the world may not know, Hollywood will invent some for him—and indulge in an orgy of gossip."

Listening to Gary, watching him as he talked, I was conscious of some strange, new quality in him. He seemed unchanged at first. A little heavier, it is true, but the same dark, unruly hair, the same icy blue eyes that could break so engagingly into a twinkle, the same lack of that ostentation usually found in actors. In fact, to all outward appearances, he was the same lanky, gaunt young cowboy who first lauded fame and fortune in Hollywood.

And yet, on second glance, not quite the same.

There was a worldliness about him, a subtle assurance amounting almost to boredom, that was no part of the Gary Cooper who rode out of the West six years ago. Success had touched the boy with fleeting fingers—and left the man.

"And so I felt that if I didn't get away from Hollywood I would have a nervous breakdown," he continued. "I

wanted to get a long way away. I wanted to go some place where pictures were unknown. Where they not only did not figure in the daily existence of people but where they were really unknown."

"And did you find the change and relaxation you sought? Tell me something of your trip," I suggested.

For the first time Gary's eyes lit up, his face assumed an expression of very real interest. For the first time he seemed to want to talk.

"It was wonderful. For four months we penetrated the wilds of the African jungle. Of course by that I don't mean that we never hit civilization at all during that time. But not civilization as we know it.

"We were out in the jungle, out where our camp would be surrounded by native tribes, many of them never having seen a white person before.

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"I felt that if I didn't get away from Hollywood I'd have a nervous breakdown." The photo opposite shows what Gary's long vacation did for him.

NEVER SAY DYE



Illustrated by Lui Trugo

The victory of blondes over brunettes in Hollywood is humorously described in a way you've never read before.

THE crowd was yelling itself hoarse! Brunettes had the ball, but on an intercepted forward pass the Blondes recovered and Peroxide, adroitly evading Brunette interference, was tearing down the field straight for the goal posts!

Down the stretch she ran, gaining inch by inch, on her opponent! Into the home stretch—only half a mile to go! Would she make it? Quarter mile—an eighth—and suddenly White Henna shot ahead of the dark horse, leading, now, by half a length.

It was a critical moment. The score tied in the last of the ninth, with two men down. Ammonia stepped up to the plate, swinging the heavy bat ominously. "Str-r-ike one!" The crowd held its breath. "Str-r-ike tuh!" Every soul in the stands leaned forward expectantly. The pitcher smoothed his blue-black hair, fingered the rosin sack.

The wind-up! And the ball came sailing straight for the heart of the plate! Ammonia swung viciously. *Cr-rack!* The center fielder—I think it was Joe E. Brown—climbed on his bicycle in a desperate attempt to overtake the spinning sphere of horschide, but—too late! The ball went over the fence for a record-breaking home run, and the Blondes had won the hardest-fought game of the season—32 to 33!

Maybe I'm wrong. But honestly, folks—that's the way it looked from where I sat. And don't ask me where I sat. Because, in the first place, I got in on a pass. And in the second place, the guy in the box office didn't like me, in the first place.

This blonde-brunette proposition is going to make me either so gray, or totally bald, that by the time the thing is definitely settled, it won't make much difference one way or another.

When John Gilbert went Loopy in a big way, even to the extent of cabling the vivacious Mexican flash to hop a boat and join him in London, and our own

By Barbara Barry

Buddy Rogers deciding definitely that Mary Brian is the ultimate answer to a nice boy's prayer, I had just about arrived at the conclusion

that the game was in the bag for the dark-haired damsels.

Resignedly I tossed a newly purchased bottle of peroxide out the bathroom window, only to retrieve it hastily, almost before it struck the ground, as the news of Richard Dix's marriage to a blond beauty hit the first page with breath-taking, heart-breaking violence.

If the handsome, elusive Dix, perennial bachelor, and despair of numerous languishing ladies, chose a fair-haired gal from a world of wistful, willing wimmen, there must be something to the new platinum color scheme.

For years Dix's preference ran to brunettes. Lois Wilson, Mary Brian, Marceline Day were a few of the sepia sirens to attract his fancy. But it took a fluffy blonde to promote the orange blossoms, Lohengrin, and good old slipknot! Let us hope, for his sake, that it never gets to the slipping point, as I believe he has really found the girl of his dreams.

And Ronald Colman, the nonskid, woman-proof curse of many an aching heart, gone irresponsibly ga-ga over Thelma Todd—alias the numerological Alison Loyd—now Thelma Todd again.

The cause of Colman's sudden dive off the deep end, when he hadn't been anywhere near the beach for years, may be attributed either to a belated appreciation of Thelma's gorgeously golden locks or dat ol' devil, numerology. Pay your money and pick your poison.

For a long time, Thelma and Ronald have been living in the same community, breathing the same air, and practically eating off the same plate



Lew Ayres shattered many a girlish dream when he slid into the home plate with blond Lola Lane tucked under his arm.

-SAY BLEACH

without getting in each other's way. Of course, it may have been a new Hollywood game, but I'm inclined to think that, after all, it might have been the "Alison Loyd" magnetism that turned the trick.

So if a blond personality doesn't solve your auricle and ventricle difficulties, change your name to Samantha Zilch for a while, and see if I care.

Lowell Sherman, the sophisticated slicker, is giving a great performance of a man trying to make up his mind.

His first wife, about whose hirsute adornment the writer is uncertain, was a hail-and-farewell incident of the days before the suave Lowell made his mark in the talkie game.

A second matrimonial attempt with the blond Pauline Garon busted up after a brief session. But, undaunted, he heroically gave the idea another twirl and married the beautiful younger daughter of Maurice Costello—dark-haired Helene. But again there was a marital smash-up. Ah me, what *does* the man want?

Ricardo Cortez has been going places with the fair Loretta Young, Grant Withers's ex, and those in the know swear it is something more than a passing fancy.

And take the Marquis de la Falaise et cetera. But don't take him far, because Connie will be out in a minute and if Hank isn't parked on the doorstep, like a spare tire, well, stand back, kiddies. It isn't safe!

The titled Hank's first choice, in case you've been blind and deaf for the last few years, was the brunet Gloria. At present, however, he is Grand Holder of the Royal Bag in Connie's impressive court. Connie, of course, is Constance Bennett, as blond as they come.

Joan Crawford changed from a striking brunette to a not-so-striking blonde and now is brunette again. But as Doug, Jr.—and you, and you, and you!—continues to have and to hold, I see no reason why I should quibble, even if I were a first-class quibbler, which I'm not. Parchesi is my game. And I'll stick to it.

Another devotee of blondes is Ivan Lebedeff. You can't tell much about this boy, as he treats 'em all alike. But just now he seems to be sending regulation heart throbs in the general direction of Claire Dodd, blond ex-"Follies" beauty.

Bebe Daniels, as a brunette, captured the elusive heart of Ben Lyon. And when, in "Reaching for the Moon," Bebe was obliged to "dye" for dear old United Artists, Ben's honest affections never turned a hair. Instead he got down on one knee and went into the theme song—"When Your Hair Has Turned to Platinum, I Will Love You Just the Same!" Ben either has an adaptable personality, or it's the way Bebe fries eggs for him.

Gary Cooper, after giving the brunettes a record run, *à la* Lupe, suddenly decided to give the baffled blondes a break and since his return to Hollywood has been seen in all the well-known places with none other than Tallulah Bankhead, a blonde and a natural at that. Fickle Garee!



In the imaginary ball game of blondes versus brunettes, as described by Barbara Barry, Joe E. Brown is center fielder.



Eddie Lowe went down for the count over the dazzling Lil Tashman; Bing Crosby, he of the heartbreaking voice, crooned "I do!" into the shell-pink ear of blond Dixie Lee; and Lew Ayres shattered many a girlish dream when he slid into the home plate with Lola Lane tucked coyly under his strong right arm.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., is taking no chances. On Monday you'll see him going through all the gallantries with Anita Page. On Tuesday, if you happen to be out among 'em, you'll find Carl going through the same motions with the equally lovely Sidney Fox. But wait. It's going to come to a showdown some day and cautious Junior will have to pick out the one he wants to keep and drown the other one.

So what?

Taking it all in all, the fair-haired femmes seem to have the inside of the track.

If you're a brunette, and your Big Moment goes to sleep over the regular Wednesday night game of checkers—go blonde. And if he continues to doze at the psychological moment, you'll either go wild or switch to backgammon.

But above all, gals, don't lose heart. Stick to your guns! Any jury in the world will vote "Not guilty!" if your heart's in the right place and your skirts aren't too long.

Never say dye—say bleach. There's a cure for everything.

Any jury in the world will vote "Not Guilty!" if you're blond and your skirts aren't too long.

HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Acme

IT'S likely to be a mean summer for the stars. Old man conservatism is getting them. Many will stay home instead of seeking the seaside. Others are taking no risk of having to party all the Sunday drop-in crowd, and so are hiding out in sequestered places.

The Malibu stellar colony will be much smaller than usual. Gradually film luminaries are giving way to studio executives at this heavily populated colony. An ex-wife or two have moved in to their former husband's *ménage*, the latest being Mrs. Bert Wheeler. She isn't an "ex," yet, but she and Bert have separated.

Jack Gilbert, Warner Baxter, Leila Hyams, Marie Prevost, George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman with their red-and-white bandbox, Richard Barthelmess, Corinne Griffith, and Anna Q. Nilsson are among the old-time regulars. Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, whose house burned down, are absent, and Ronald Colman has his place rented. Constance and Joan Bennett may also be missing, according to the present outlook. But Eddie Cantor and Zeppo Marx have moved in to take their places.

Industrious Connie.—It would seem impossible to imagine Constance Bennett as conserving, but ever since her sister Joan's wedding she has kept in retirement. For one thing, Constance has been working very steadily. She has been making "The Truth About Hollywood," playing the rôle of a poor extra girl. That followed almost directly on preparations for "Unmated," which was deferred, and is to be filmed next.

A breezy chronicle of the month's outstanding bits of news and gossip in the studio colony.

Connie will break away this summer, though, to go to Europe with the marquis. Her annual trip abroad is described as almost part of a ritual. Even if she should be "conserving" it probably won't be abandoned.

Norma, Mystery Woman.—Norma Talmadge's actions are growing definitely puzzling. She is off to Europe, you know, and will probably spend the summer there. She asserts that there will be no divorce, either, during that time. In fact, her divorce plans appear rather hazy. "Oh, I'll get it sometime later on probably," she told us, but there didn't seem to be any assurance in her tone that she would ultimately get a legal separation.

Bessie Love's newest rôle is that of mother to Patricia Hawks, but it can't be her greatest performance to any one who remembers her on the screen.

She divulged, however, that the property settlement between Joseph Schenck and herself had already been made. She said that Reno would probably be the place for the divorce, when it is actually sought. She crossed her heart on further intentions of marriage, but Gilbert Ro-

land *did* meet her at the railroad station.

Husky Shearer Youngster.—Norma Shearer's baby, of whom we had a glimpse, is growing to be a regular little husky. He has a round full face and curly hair, and he looks quite a bit more like Norma than we imagined from her own description. The star has managed to keep her youngster out of the public eye pretty consistently. She permits no pictures to be taken for publication. One of those odd but pet star inhibitions!

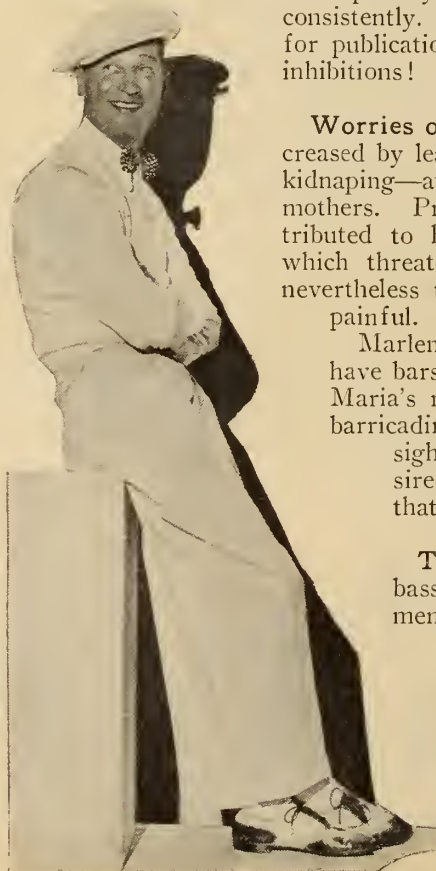
Worries of Parents.—Stars' worries have increased by leaps and bounds since the Lindbergh kidnaping—at least, the stars who are fathers and mothers. Probably much of their grief is attributed to hysteria arising from crank notes, which threaten disaster to their offspring, but nevertheless the experience has been abundantly painful.

Marlene Dietrich even went so far as to have bars placed around the window of little Maria's room at her home in Beverly. But barricading the window attracted so many sight-seers to Marlene's home, who desired just to look at the iron grating, that the star had to move elsewhere.

Too Exclusive for Stars.—The Embassy Club's closing drew a lot of comment. Word has come from this retreat announcing its failure because the members not only did not pay their dues in a number of in-

No wonder Maurice Chevalier grins—just look at the success of "One Hour With You." Now he's working on another, "Love Me Working on another, "Love Me To-night."

Photo by Richee



HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

stances, but also did not patronize the establishment. Meanwhile other less exclusive restaurants did greater business. Oh, yes, the stars love their privacy!

Greta Buys Off Botherers.—Greta Garbo's demands for exclusiveness are growing more and more extraordinary, if this bit of gossip told about her recent visit to a dance recital may be believed.

Greta occupied a seat near the stage. During the course of the program, a couple in front of her apparently talked rather annoyingly, and finally Greta leaned over to them and—surprise of surprises—offered them \$10 apiece if they would leave.

Also directly behind her were two girls who chewed gum during the show. She tendered them the same offer and they also departed.

Greta also declined to give any autographs on leaving the theater. She is reputed to have said, "Greta Garbo never gives autographs."

In view of the monetary considerations, seats in the vicinity of the famous star from now on will be at a premium. That is, if the location of her seat can be ascertained in advance.

Martial Divorce Proclamation.—Queerest of aftermaths to a divorce announcement is that which attributes a publicity flavor to the separation of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Hollywood won't believe anything that's apparently intended to be on the "up and up." Miss Harding and Bannister instead of letting some newspaper ferret out their troubles and spring a story about them, took the safe and sane course of issuing a very formal announcement of their plans. The statement of Miss Harding did have the vague hint in it that the separation was one of expediency only, looking to the welfare of Bannister's career, and avoiding friction because he seemed to be in the position of becoming only "Miss Harding's husband." So they have parted.

You'd never believe this to be Karen Morley, but it just shows what studio life does to dignity.



Photo by Wide World

Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway beam on a rosy world as only lovers can, for they're due to be married any day now.

We attribute the formality to Miss Harding's military rearing, which generally leads to doing things according to a definite and sensible routine.

Colleen's Stage Triumph.—Colleen Moore will remember the day that she opened on the stage in "A Church Mouse" in Hollywood as one of the biggest in her life. She not only played two shows, but she also attended three parties given in her honor. One was sponsored by Mrs. Adeline Schulberg, another by Jetta Goudal and Harold Grieve, and the third by her mother. Colleen also had one of the biggest receptions at the evening performance of the play ever accorded any film star who has appeared on the stage. Al Scott, whom she recently married, was on hand to witness it, and glowed with pride.

The terrifying Monster of "Frankenstein" at home, with Mrs. Karloff not the least afraid of Boris.

Merry Marxes Woeful.—The merriment of the merry Marx Brothers had a fall in temperature, when Chico, who always plays the Italian character, and who is the oldest of the group, was involved in an auto accident, which broke him up rather badly and delayed the making of "Horsefeathers." Nevertheless, they afforded plenty of joy to all those who visited their set during the picture. The day we saw them they were busy handing a huge cake of ice to one an-

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AS A STAR ROSE

Clark Gable was the only free soul on a busy location, but this writer passed him by then.

ABOUT a year and a half ago Clark Gable was playing his first noticeable rôle in "The Painted Desert," made in its natural locale. No one paid a bit of attention to Clark then; he was just one of the also-rans. There were four in the cast ahead of him in importance, Bill Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees, William Farnum, and J. Farrell MacDonald.

There were any number of human-interest stories to listen to about the life the company had lived during the past month. Yet far too often for a mere supporting player the name of Clark Gable was introduced into the stories told me when I went to Arizona to see for myself what was going on out there.

Drat the boy, I thought. Am I to have nothing but yarns concerning some one nobody ever heard of? That certainly would be a great big help. Adding to my chagrin, all the featured players were working most of the time, and Clark was detailed to do the honors.

If only I had been a clairvoyant! What a grand scoop I could have landed! Because Clark was a friendly sort of boy—quiet, courteous, and determined to get on. Looking back I can see that now. He'd had his stomach full of hard luck. This was his first chance in pictures, and if there was anything he could do to help himself out of the rut he was in, even unto talking to a writer when he didn't have to, he was going to do it.

Clark never had anything to say unless some one asked him a question. He seemed not exactly shy, but reserved; on hand if he was needed and out of the picture when he wasn't. Not at all the aggressive, back-slapping personality one has come to believe is the only type to ride the waves in Hollywood—a very likable lad.

The day we arrived Clark had the afternoon off, I was told, and had gone to Flagstaff, sixty miles away, for a sight of the bright lights after the hardships of desert life. I believe a hot bath had also figured in his plans.

"Too bad Clark isn't here to tell you about the goat," said one of the staff. "He'll be back to-morrow, though."

"Say," I exploded, "who is this fellow, Clark Gable? In about every two stories he takes the close-up. I thought Bill Boyd was the star of this picture."

"Well, he is," said my informant, laughing, "but Bill's so darn busy in front of the camera that he keeps out of trouble. Clark hasn't much to do, and so things happen to him and—oh, well, he's a helluva nice chap and

every one likes him. Not much of a lady-killer, though—too quiet."

See? I needed clairvoyance to know that this tall, lanky, smoldering-eyed, slow-smiling youth was really a man of destiny. Clark was just biding his time, gathering his forces for the grand crashing of all the Hollywood gates.

I think it must have been that close-up with Helen Twelvetrees when she calls him to say good-by as she leaves for town on the top of the twenty-mule ore wagon that did it. The camera got a good slant then at the Gable profile and dimples, together with the sudden

kindling smile that arrests one's attention.

Some producer seeing that, said to himself, "What ho! A Valentino on the horizon!" And straight-way gave him an s.-a. rôle to play.

It isn't that he looks like Valentino, though there is a suggestion. He'd make two of the slender Latin in size, and really he isn't as handsome as Valentino, but there is an atmosphere about him that when success does come to a personality such as his, it drives the world mad. People worship it—once it has been pointed out to them. It is some subtle

quality of attraction, powerful only when it stands still and draws.

The evening I speak of on the Arizona desert with Clark Gable absent, bent on that boiling bath, a wind sprang up about seven o'clock. The Indians shook their heads and retired into their hogans. That's Navajo for home; it looks like a hornets' nest cut in half. Those clouds and them winds meant twisters. And twisters took you up and spun you around, and it didn't much matter where they dropped you. Best keep out of their path.

The film outfit, taking a tip from the Indians, urged us to start back to Flagstaff where we were to spend the night, since every available cot on the reservation was in use. On the way we passed a car that seemed to be having trouble. The driver was fussing around the engine with a flashlight. It was ten o'clock, and it had begun to rain. Our driver didn't stop even to find out whether the trouble was serious or not, and there were thirty miles either way between it and human help. My cosmic nature riz up and got the best of me.

"Was that any one we know? Shouldn't we stop and find out whether we can help?" I asked.



Clark's break came in "The Painted Desert," with Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees, under the direction of Howard Higgin.

By Helen Ludlam

Our driver laughed. "Oh, that's Clark Gable. He'll land on his feet—he always does."

But I'll bet if Clark had been asked, he'd have said he sort of skidded that time. He simply could not get the old boat going. Worked at it for four hours, shivering with cold, wet through and no licker aboard. If you take even so much as a drop of licker on an Indian reservation, why they just throw you into jail and forget where they put the key. Just as he had about given in and decided to curl up for the rest of the night in the semiwarmth of the battered old touring car he was driving, the engine came to life! Sounds like a Ford, but I don't think it was.

He rolled into port at four in the morning, groggy with fatigue and numbing cold. As he opened the door of the hotel in which, as one of the principals, it was his privilege to camp, he stood rooted to the spot. The familiar hall had a fantastic, unfamiliar look.

Clark steadied himself and shook his head. "I must really have caught a fever out there on the road," he muttered.

The floor had an uneven look to it as though it were made of little mounds, some of them reaching rather robust proportions. From the chandelier and the banisters hung strange shapes and there was a creepy sound of human breathing.

"For the love of Allah!" said Clark, switching on the lights. In every chair, on every couch, on top the piano, and under every rug, sprawled a man! Boots, cartridge belts, hats, lariats, spurs, and chaps hung from anything they could attach themselves to, hence the draped chandelier. The light flashed into their faces made no more impression upon the sleeping crowd than if they were dead men.

"Looks as though I'd missed a big night," Clark said to himself, switching off the lights and stumbling up the stairs, where the thought of a warm, comfortable bed cheered his soul. But, alas, there were three ahead of him. And it was only a single bed. Two loglike forms were stretched along either side of the mattress while in the center was a figure sitting bolt upright fully clothed, with goggles and a slouch hat and the company script book held fast in its hands, and all three snoring in close harmony.

Clark slumped against the door. At least he could stretch out on the floor. Not a chance. There were two under the rug already.

He took off his wet clothes, wrapped himself in his heavy bathrobe, and got into the huddle under the rug. There wasn't even a faint chance of an inch of the bed.

Of course he could have turned them all out, but Clark isn't that kind. Clark's a regular guy, and he knew an



Photo by Hurrell

Is this the grin that launched a million screen crushes?

exhausted crowd when he saw one. There had been hell to pay around there for one reason or another.


In the morning he looked into a bright and sunshiny world. Sitting on his chest were two solemn-faced horned toads eying him speculatively. Rather wildly his eyes roved toward the bed. Two more peered from the footboard. It was too much.

"Has this place gone cuckoo or am I in an insane asylum?" he roared. "It's a good thing I didn't stay for that party in Flagstaff. I sure would have cussed that bootlegger out."

And then came the story.

It seems that the twister did materialize and at one in the morning had swooped down upon the camp. Then, all hands to the pump for an hour, hanging on to the tents and personal belongings to keep them from taking off. No use, they went anyway, even the floor boards. An S O S reached the chef who hove to, made fresh coffee and warmed up the fried chicken intended for lunch next day. The girls, headed by Helen Twelve-

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SUNSHINE

You'll be surprised at the little kind deeds chalked

more time in the side streets visiting pals of his lean years on the stage, who find this year leaner still. And Lilyan Tashman, a glittering figure in the night life of the metropolis, by day seeks out friends of her chorus days who are no longer able to find engagements.

Years ago a school kid named Tay Garnett watched with rapt eyes the practice work-outs of Mike Donlin, a baseball star. To-day the ex-star of the Giants plays a rôle in every one of the director's films.

Though fortune has singled him out, Jimmy Durante hasn't forgotten Clayton and Jackson, his former vaudeville pals; they get a check from him each week, sharing the spoils of his triumph if not its spotlight.

Seeing a war vet selling flowers in front of the studio, Marion Davies sent some one out with a wad of greenbacks and the instruction, "Tell him you're giving a party. Buy all his flowers. But don't use my name." So was Stuart Erwin "hard-boiled" when he gave a strange young chap, who asked for the price of a meal, ten dollars. The money set the fellow up in business—selling gardenias on a corner.

Facing a lot of criticism didn't embitter Alice White. Between brickbats she has helped wonderfully in unobtrusive services. One of her pals of leaner years had married a mechanic; Alice made an offer of money to enable them to complete payment on their home.

ARE stars selfish? Do all these darlings of lady luck shrug aside the needs of their fellow men? While immersed in their exciting duties and in their showy social life, do they smother the promptings of comradeship and let pass unheeded opportunities to perform some small favor which might brighten another's day?

While the competitive spirit of their work gives a certain callousness to professional rivalry, in a personal sense they seem exceptionally observant and quick to help. Perhaps portraying all the emotions makes them acutely susceptible to human distress.

Their days are little streams of casual courtesies, thoughtful acts of consideration, insignificant enough to themselves but often very important to the one benefited.

On his trips to New York Jack Oakie wisecracks with the Broadway crowd, but he spends

SQUAD

By Myrtle
Gebhart

up to the credit of the stars.

Civic activities of a charitable nature make many demands upon the players. They donate to church bazaars and appear at benefits galore. Eddie Quillan, Cornelius Keefe, and Johnny Hines are first among the big bazaar boys.

Bebe Daniels, Hedda Hopper, Louise Fazenda, Louise Dresser, and Lucille Gleason are among the actresses who rally to the call of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. They canvass the studios seeking work for the unemployed and visit the homes of those in need.

An appeal made by Paul Bern, who is always engaged in some such meritorious work, raised a fund of two thousand dollars a week, by subscription, for ten weeks, to feed hungry children in Los Angeles's poor districts.

Will Rogers has made numerous good-will tours, raising sums for people stricken in some public calamity. His salary for a week's personal appearance went to the Community Chest.

All his first-night receipts on personal-appearance tours are given by Chevalier to a dispensary in Paris.

Lew Cody sends his clothes to men who are leaving prison—with a banknote tucked into each suit—and makes more appearances in prisons than does any actor. Betty Compson plagues her friends to save bits of tinfoil for her, to be sold for a charitable institution. She

collects many pounds of it each year.

Ever since her little niece suffered with infantile paralysis, the exuberant Winnie Lightner has sent every spare penny to institutions for crippled children.

Because the city fire department had sent an inhalator in an effort to save Milton Sills's life, Doris Kenyon sent a check for fifty dollars to the pension fund.

It was through her effort to get work for a friend that Ruth Chatterton came to the notice of Emil Jannings, resulting in her Paramount opportunity. Charlie Farrell, too, owed his discovery to a similar "John Alden." It was through his plugging to get a pal the lead in "Seventh Heaven" that Frank Borzage, the director, became interested in him.

Their courtesies to their fellow players are constant. When an extra, ill with influenza, fainted on the set Ricardo Cortez sent the man home in his own car.

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SNAP OUT OF IT



Photo by Freulich

Gloria Stuart, a newcomer in Universal pictures, has youthful freshness that is no accident. She conserves her beauty along the lines recommended by Mrs. Montanye.

EVERY day come scores of letters from girls who want to know about beauty. And the questions most often asked are about complexions and figures. They note the luminous skins and slender forms of their favorite screen heroines and want to know the secret of their fresh beauty, their lithe figures.

Do they diet strenuously and go to beauty parlors every day, or were they just born that way? I reply no to both questions. A simple diet and an occasional beauty treatment are tremendous aids to grace and beauty, and a few may have been born that way. But as for most of them, whatever grace and beauty they have acquired they had to work for, even as you and I.

When you read this it will be late spring—time to be young and lovely, time for new wispy clothes and smart new hats, a face fresh as May skies, a slim, graceful figure.

Behind you is winter with its dash and sparkle, late hours, and thick foods. Ahead of you is summer with its golf, tennis, swimming, and for all of you, I hope, long hours of leisure. Through the winter you did the best you could about your looks. Through listless days of spring you kept up your careless habits of unbalanced diet, of drinking too little water, of insufficient exercise and sleep.

Came a day of reckoning when you sat down before your mirror in the clear light of spring, and what did you see? A weather-beaten, lifeless skin, dark-circled eyes, large pores, blemishes, when what you wanted to see was bright sparkling eyes and a face with apple-blossom tints.

Now then, let's treat this question of fundamentals briefly but seriously, because it is serious. A clear skin, sparkling eyes, and youthful vitality come from maintaining a high degree of balance in work, play, sleep, and diet.

A sallow skin and dark-circled eyes tell the story of poor circulation, wrong eating, or imperfect elimination. Circulation is a subject of vital importance from the standpoint of beauty. And the food we eat becomes our blood which is reflected in our appearance.

When your skin is mottled with unsightly blemishes you may be sure that one reason for it is too much food, or too much that is greasy or sweet. Usually every blemish on your skin is poison which your system is getting rid of. Think of that next time you are tempted to lunch on an éclair, pickles, and a nut sundæ!

Most skin troubles and most cases of overweight may be controlled by a healthful diet and judicious exercise. A strenuous diet never is good. It's as bad for the looks as it is for the health. There are plenty of wholesome and nonfattening foods, and you need not by any means deprive yourself of everything good to eat. Diet should be regulated by the individual need, but it must be regular, and it must limit the starches, fats, and sugars.

And now for external cleanliness. It is becoming harder and harder to keep a bright shining face, not only because the dirt problem becomes greater all the time, but because skins

must be fairer for the new feminine clothes. There's no camouflaging clogged pores under the new delicately tinted powders and rouges.

Dust and oily secretions, together with tiny particles of make-up, gather and cake in the pores. A superficial cleansing doesn't remove all of this, and it accumulates to cloud the skin. The face should be washed at least once a day with a mild soap, a rich lather which will work into the pores and search out the dirt and oil. The lather should wash off completely, leaving the skin fresh and clean.

For a dry skin use cleansing cream and soap and water, and close the pores with cold water and a mild

By Lillian Montanye

Cast off winter's hangover and cultivate fresh, springlike beauty. Here an expert tells you how.

astrigent. There are some skins that feel taut and dry after the use of soap, but there is rarely ever a skin for which some well-known soap cannot be found that will be agreeable. For this type of skin the first cream cleansing is a great help. The oily skin may be bathed two or three times every day with warm water and soap, rinsing with cold water and a final patting on of astringent lotion.

Let me recommend a warm tub bath at least three times a week, despite the fact that you may be a devotee of the shower. And even if you are a shower-bath addict, scrub your body with a rich lather after a preliminary shower. It's as old-fashioned to skimp on the daily bath as it is to sleep with closed windows.

For the daily bath use a pure antiseptic soap that gives adequate protection against possible offense from body odor, a soap that not only removes dirt, but germs along with it. After the bath use a deodorant. The modern girl, who prides herself on her exquisite grooming, may prefer a fragrant or deodorant bath powder. Remember, it is now smart to be clean as well as frugal and slightly fatter. Many of the simpler virtues, it will be seen, have come back into style.

Exercise bears an important relation to the weight and also to complexion beauty. Sufficient exercise in the open air sends the blood coursing through the veins, stimulates inactive pores to throw off impurities, brings sparkle to the eyes, new life to the sluggish skin. Not all of us can join the exodus to seashore or mountains, but we can take our exercise at home. Every form of outdoor exercise develops our body activities. Deep-breathing exercises to radio music help.

There's a vogue now for the healthy, normal figure. It no longer is fashionable to be thin. Even the glorified ladies of the chorus are preferred to be huskier on the theory, I heard it said, that they look, as well as wear, better. The aim to-day is to build the perfect body. We aim to develop muscle, but it must be the kind that is helpful but not seen.

Get your body into perfect line, no thickness anywhere, no little bulges. Think of that new bathing suit you are eager to possess and instead of getting one to fit you as you now are, get yourself in trim to fit it. It can be done.

Ahead of you are problems of sunburn, freckles, and roughened skin. It is quite simple on a summer's day when the sun is not too hot, and you're rolling along in your car, or sitting by a tree on a green hilltop, to be cool and unruffled. But sitting in an office on a stifling day or sunning on the beach practically unprotected, is something else again.

So don't forget your cleansing cream. Use it in the morning before a day in the open and when you go in out of the sun and wind. Also a protective cream, or oil, which will allow the skin to tan, yet will prevent blistering.

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Kay Francis's slimness of figure and dusky beauty of complexion are controlled by judicious dieting and proper cosmetics.



Photo by Fryer



John and Lionel Barrymore unite with Garbo and Joan Crawford, together with every member of the cast, to make "Grand Hotel" magnificently entertaining.

SO far "Grand Hotel" is the supreme picture of the year, from every standpoint the strongest attraction for the typical fan or the occasional patron of the "art" film. Its artistic excellence evenly balances its popular appeal. For this reason alone every one should see it and almost every one will—its compelling magnetism is inescapable, its entertainment irresistible.

And there is, as you may have heard, a cast! Garbo, the Barrymores, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt lead in importance, but down the long list, to Ferdinand Gottschalk and Rafaela Ottiano, all are entitled to stellar rating for valiant service in a perfect whole. But the *stella assoluta* is the incomparable Garbo, who actually plays a secondary part with fewer scenes than Lionel Barrymore. Yet she is as completely triumphant as if she were without competition, and the rôle of the tired and unhappy dancer is her greatest achievement.

Every quality she has hitherto revealed is present, plus piercing lightness and gayety. The long sequence in which she realizes that she is in love is sheer ecstasy, as beautiful a flight into the intangible realms of the soul that the screen has ever disclosed. No, I take that back—it is more. There never has been anything like it.

This extreme praise for Garbo must not be taken to mean that any of the other stars fall short, or that any of the proverbial "stealing" is apparent. In her proper orbit Miss Crawford moves with the sure brilliance of a bright star, as do the Barrymores, but neither separately nor collectively do they dim Garbo.

THE

By Norbert Lusk

The parade of new films halts while huzzas are sounded for Garbo's greatest acting, but hers is not the only triumph in a month of interesting pictures.

I feel no urge to detail the story, nor to identify the characters played by the respective stars. This is a time when there is only one main issue. It is found in the first paragraph of this admiring report.

"Night Court."

Dealing with the unscrupulousness of a judge of one of New York's night courts, this picture manages to keep you on the edge of your seat practically every minute of its unfoldment. Walter Huston, as the judge, is accepting graft right and left, and at the same time is having a liaison. When an investigation is started and things get hot, he hides his paramour in a cheap apartment house where a taxi driver, his wife and baby also live. The wife—Anita Page—accidentally gets the low-down on the judge. Afraid she might be pumped, he railroads her to prison for six months, puts her baby in an orphanage and has her husband—Phillips Holmes—shanghaied on a vessel bound for South America. The boy jumps overboard and swims ashore as the vessel is leaving, gives the judge the beating he deserves and hands him over to justice as the net is closing in on him.

Phillips Holmes gives his best performance since "Her Man" and one that will justify his fans' faith in him. Walter Huston, too, turns in a portrayal flawless in every detail. Noel Francis and Lewis Stone are all that could be asked. Anita Page does her best but, unfortunately, her best is not good enough to make her convincing.

"The Miracle Man."

The new version of the famous picture which made history in the silent era, is inferior to the original in emotional appeal and drama. It drags and in spite of admirable performances by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney, and John Wray in the rôles that made stars of Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, and Lon Chaney, comparison is all in favor of the original cast. The fault seems to come not from the quality of the dialogue, but the existence of speech of any kind—that and the failure of the director to inject drama into the well-known situations.

Of course you remember the story and the characters. The band of crooks who scheme to exploit a faith healer and make away with all the money given him in gratitude

SCREEN in REVIEW



Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, John Wray, and Ned Sparks do their best to revive "The Miracle Man," but fail to make the new version as compelling as the old.

by those his prayers have cured. And how, in the end, the crooks are reformed by the old man's faith and goodness. Well, the story is all there, but it doesn't thrill any more. Whereas the spectator used almost to rise in his seat when Frankie Lee threw away his crutches, one watches Robert Coogan go through the same motions unmoved.

"Scarface."

This is the greatest of all gangster pictures. Ruthless and remorseless, it plows its way through seven reels to an inevitable finish. It deals sometimes with gangsters' methods of combating rival beer barons who stand in the way of their individual aims and desires, and at other times with their methods of disposing of those who interfere in their private lives. At all times it shows them to be as yellow and craven as bullies usually are.

To go into all the ramifications of the plot would require too much space. Suffice to say that it is one of the most terrifying films I have ever seen and that the screen has seldom yielded a finer performance than that contributed by Paul Muni in the title rôle. Second only to Mr. Muni are George Raft—whose likeness to Valentino is startling—and Karen Morley whose characterizations are always interesting. Osgood Perkins also is notably realistic. As much cannot be said for Ann Dvorak who seems as unsure of herself as of her part. The other members of the cast are all that could be desired.

"This Is the Night."

What night and, if any night in particular is meant, who cares? For there really isn't enough to matter in the several nights spanned by the action of this tepid farce, an unsuccessful attempt to be oh, so gay and devilish, with the help of a musical accompaniment, but without the courage of full-fledged songs. A dashing

man about town in love with a married woman hires a poor girl to pose as a wife in order that he may take his inamorata to Venice without Walter Winchell being any the wiser. What with one thing and another, including gondolas, the moon and the usual complications, the bachelor discovers that he is in love with his hireling and when she runs away, hurt by the impropriety of her adventure, he follows while Donald Novis, possessor of a beautiful tenor voice, sings a luscious *barcarolle* in the Venetian night.

The settings are beautiful, but the proceedings are dull. Roland Young is brilliant, as usual, but he never rises above the fog of futility that hangs over the picture, nor is Charles Ruggles any more fortunate. Lily Damita, as the pseudo-wife, for some reason plays the part with the heavy solemnity of a wronged woman, and Thelma Todd, though beautiful, is a lost lady when she speaks. Cary Grant, a newcomer, seems likably promising.

"The Wet Parade."

Whether you are for or against Prohibition you can't fail to be moved and stirred by this vigorous picture. On the other hand you cannot fail to regret that after indignantly and boldly portraying the evils of liquor

both before and after the Volstead era, the treatise ends lamely. A father, contemplating his infant son, says that he guesses somebody will figure the right answer by the time the boy grows up! Therefore you feel that what has gone before is only a shrewd melodrama, but it certainly does entertain up to the evasive end.

The longest of recent films, it lasts a full two hours, every minute packed with intelligent interest, superlative acting and devastating character studies—with the drunkards more interesting than the pure and undefiled. The story begins in the South before

"Scarface" is the greatest of all gangster films, with Paul Muni and Ann Dvorak.





Roland Young and Lily Damita go through the paces of French farce in "This Is the Night."

Prohibition and traces the evil of alcohol in every phase from the gentlemanly after-dinner souse to the furtive old soak who obtains his stimulant from a paint shop. It throws light on the circumstances responsible for the Eighteenth Amendment and offers many graphic flashes of side issues both political and social. It is, in fact, a sweeping panorama of the Prohibition question, the best and most comprehensive so far pictured.

Major acting honors go to Walter Huston, who is magnificent as a willing victim of the "curse" and Lewis Stone as an aristocratic but futile rebel against it, while Dorothy Jordan will delight her admirers as his high-minded daughter. Neil Hamilton is exceptionally fine as her brother, another disciple of the Demon Rum, and Robert Young is satisfactory as a purist. Those who laugh at Jimmy Durante will be surprised by his sincerity in a death scene.

"So Big."

This just misses being a great picture. As it is, it is interesting, if somewhat draggy in spots. Certainly it falls considerably short of the silent picture in which Colleen Moore scored her greatest triumph.

Dealing with the life of an orphaned daughter of a professional gambler who is suddenly forced to earn her living as a school-teacher among stolid Swede farmers, it shows her development from a helpless girl to a woman who, through indomitable will power, fights her way to success.

Barbara Stanwyck is interesting in the earlier sequences. Her transition from youth to middle age falls far short of that achieved by other actresses in similar rôles. For one thing, her voice never changes and even with an aged make-up on her face, retains the fresh vibrancy of youth. Nor does her figure alter with the years.

George Brent, as the youthful lover grown up, is acceptable, but fails to reveal anything to warrant the excitement of his employers, while Hardie Albright, the grown son, is vapid and colorless.

Bette Davis is entirely satisfactory in a small part and Earle Fox contributes one of his best characterizations. You probably will not be bored, but it doesn't matter much whether you see it or not.

"Symphony of Six Million."

No, this isn't a musical film but the story of a doctor's dilemma. It is quite touching, too, along the lines of "Humoresque," by the same author. Here the Ghetto boy becomes a great surgeon instead of a violin virtuoso and his desire is to serve humanity by giving his talent to the poor who patronize free clinics. But duty to his family, who have sacrificed to educate him, causes the doctor to move uptown where he is a melancholy minibrant to the fashionable set. When his father dies under an operation performed by the son, the latter swears he will never practice again. However, the girl who loves him persuades the surgeon to regain his lost morale by operating on her spine. She is restored to health and they return to the slums to labor for humanity.

All this is acted sincerely and often with surprising pathos, although the characters are never startlingly real, with the exception of Gregory Ratoff,

of the stage, who does finely as the father. Ricardo Cortez is the idealistic surgeon, Anna Appel is his mother, and Irene Dunne is the crippled girl.

"Disorderly Conduct."

The virtue of speed in telling a story on the screen is seen in one of the fastest melodramas the talkies have produced.

Spencer Tracy, a motor-cycle cop anxious to get ahead, arrests the daughter of a liquor magnate only to be demoted for his trouble. He concludes that if honesty doesn't pay he might as well become dishonest and make that pay, which he does with a vengeance. In the end, he collects \$10,000 from his persecutor and escapes when an attempt is made on his life, but one of the bullets intended for him finds its mark in his young nephew. He avenges the boy's death and returns the money, convinced that honesty is the best policy. The close of the picture finds him back on his motor cycle with the bootlegger's daughter hot on his trail plus a matrimonial gleam in her eye.

Spencer Tracy eclipses his work in "Up the River," till now his best performance, and he shows himself able

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Walter Huston and Dorothy Jordan are for and against Prohibition in "The Wet Parade," and you can guess which side each takes.

In "So Big" Barbara Stanwyck has the invaluable aid of Dickie Moore.



What! No Love Life?

Leon Janney is interviewed expressly for those fans who write to Picture Play about him.

By Alma Portegal

WE sat facing each other on the sofa. I had just put a serious question to Leon Janney.

"There is no truth in the report that I am engaged to Mitzi Green, or that I fought with Junior Durkin for her."

Leon's bright blue eyes sparkled with the humor of our game. We were playing at interviewing, and I had asked him the time-honored question about the lady of his choice at the present moment.

"Mind now, don't go getting yourself engaged before I get this in print," I admonished him.

"Don't worry, I won't."

And he meant it. Leon's thoughts run to swimming and football, and as for girls, to him they are still just beings who mess things up for you. It was obvious that there were other subjects Leon considered worthier of attention.

"Do you like mystery stories?" he asked.

Leon had got our rôles twisted and was interviewing me.

We confessed to a mutual love of thrillers. We swapped titles and authors of mystery stories that had held us breathless. Leon likes Sax Rohmer's stories, and thinks he'd like to meet the man who can concoct such plots. He said that he had spent the morning in bed, round-eyed with the excitement of searching for the murderer of *Lady Christal Leighton*.



Far from thinking that fan mail is a nuisance, Leon offers to send his picture free to every boy and girl who "hasn't very much money."

Then we talked of animals. Leon told me of his dog, Penrod, and I offered tales of my wire-haired terrier.

"Junior Durkin's got a wire-haired terrier, too," he said. "He calls him Sam."

We were getting on famously. I thought Leon Janney charming, and I could see that, for a girl, he thought me O. K. But I was doomed to disaster when I asked him about his life at school. Leon, having just finished school, was telling me of his desire to enter U. S. C.

"What college is that?" I asked innocently.

Leon laughed scornfully at my ignorance.

"Why, they have the team that beat Notre Dame last season."

I could see he was thinking that was just like a girl—they never seem to know the really important things.

Mrs. Janney entered to ask what

Leon was laughing about, and I shamefacedly admitted my fall from grace. I became very businesslike after that. I wouldn't be caught napping again.

"What do you intend doing when you grow up?" I asked him.

"I'd like to continue acting, if the fans still want me. I think acting is a very interesting career. But my second choice is law."

As became a potential lawyer, we spoke of politics and Leon's visit to the president. Our honorable first citizen made little impression on Leon, for he dismissed him with a brief, "He's all right."

"Do you want to know who I think will be chosen for the next president?" Leon was anxious to play prophet.

"Who?" I inquired.

"Newton D. Baker. And remember when he's elected that I told you so."

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EX-ROSEBUD

Joan Blondell's unusual childhood included this funny name. Read how she cast it off and became a star.

By Mabel Duke

A PERT little girl in a blue middy uniform, with a determined glint in her eye, marched up to the registrar of the Texas State College for Women and pronounced, "I'm sorry, mister, but I don't like your school. I'm leaving."

"But what's the trouble, Rosebud?"—honest, that was her name—"your grades are splendid. You're doing well, and we're proud of you. Why do you want to leave?"

"I'm bored." Frankness was one of Rosebud's virtues. "I'm sick of seeing nothing but dormitories full of girls in blue uniforms and classrooms full of professors in spectacles. I want some fun. I'm going back on the stage!"

And Joan Blondell set her foot on the road toward movie stardom. You see, Joan, or Rosebud—and I repeat, that name's on the level—might be correctly called Exhibit A for the proof of the adage, "Once a trouper, always a trouper."

She couldn't forget the smell of grease paint and the thrill of glowing footlights. And that's why she shook the dust of the sleepy town of Denton, Texas, from her shoes and hit the trail to Broadway.

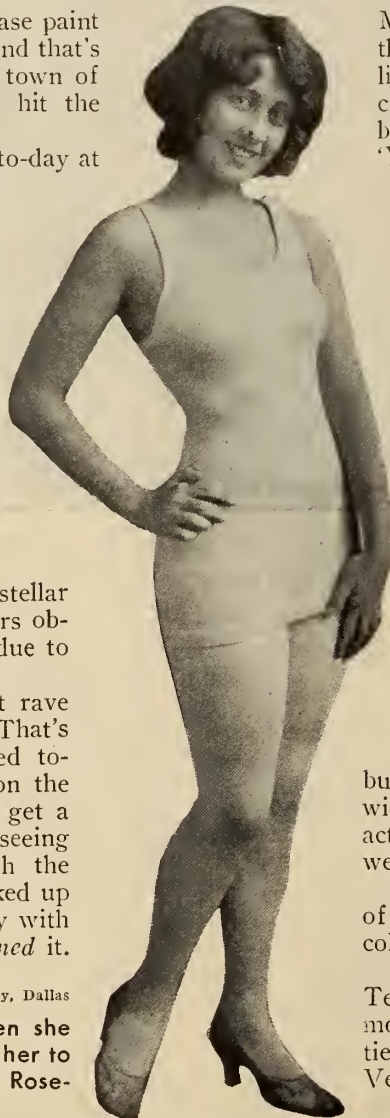
Dallas was her first stop. Looking to-day at this confident, successful Blondell girl who has rung the bell with her breezy little toughy-girl impersonations, it's amusing to remember that flighty, ambitious little blonde who once renounced things theatrical forever to settle down to the simple life, and then changed her mind, climbed back onto the theatrical merry-go-round, and chased all over the Southwest winning beauty contests, modeling clothes, working as photographers' assistant and looking for a chance to act.

She found it. And can she act! She's being given leading rôles and stellar billing now, because other Warner stars objected to her presence in their casts, due to her picture-stealing propensities.

There's only one actor who doesn't rave when Joan steals a scene from him. That's James Cagney. They've been teamed together so often for so long a time, on the stage and now in pictures, that they get a big kick out of their friendly rivalry, seeing which one can finish a picture with the greatest number of stolen scenes chalked up to his credit. And when Joan gets by with a scene stolen from Jimmie, she's *earned* it. And vice versa.

Photo by Mahoney, Dallas

This is the Joan Blondell of 1926, when she won a bathing-beauty contest that sent her to Atlantic City and Broadway. Yoo-hoo, Rosebud, how you've changed!



It was seven years ago when Ed Blondell & Co., vaudeville players, stored their make-up boxes in the trunks and called it a career. No more trouping. Vaudeville was dying a slow death. While the Blondell "grouch bag" held not quite enough to supply that stock dream of every vaudevillian, a little farm, it could provide a pretty good substitute, a little shop in a small town where the young Blondells could get some regular school and Papa and Mamma Blondell could enjoy life without worry of next season's booking or a new wow finish for the act.

"You know," Joan was telling me one day recently as we chatted in her dressing room, "every vaudevillian I've ever seen kids himself that the simple life is the life for him. Or perhaps he's not kidding. I guess mother and dad really knew what they wanted. They've never yearned for the stage since they left it. But me, now, I'd as soon give up eating as acting."

"I never did run true to form, anyway. My real name, for instance, is Rosebud. Tie that! Mother wanted a sweet and dainty little daughter, and I grew up to be a wisecracking tomboy. With a tag like that! My brother and kid sister used to rag me with, 'You may be a rosebud to mother, but you're just a thorn on the rosebush to us.' Well, I thought I'd better not lay myself open for similar remarks from audiences, so I annexed the name Joan. At least that's simple, and it doesn't encourage wisecracks.

"Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, about my being a misfit. The simple life didn't appeal to me. When we had the act, I was the juve interest and the thing got in my blood. I liked going places. We circled the world three times and crossed these good old United States fifty-six times.

"I'd been to school, of course, for dad had to agree to send me to school a week in each town before he could get a permit to put on the act. I learned the multiplication table in Australia and fractions in Shanghai! I enjoyed jumping around like a flea from one school to another. Maybe I didn't learn as much, but it was fun to see the other kids look at me with awe and curiosity and whisper, 'She's an actress. She's dancing at the Orpheum this week.'

"But in spite of my experience with schools of all sorts, I wasn't prepared for Denton and collegiate life. Maybe if it had been coed—"

Denton, let it be said, is a town in north Texas, boasting two State colleges and one movie house. It buzzes with collegiate activities from October to May and lies dormant as Vesuvius from June to September.

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Photo by Ferenc

IMAGINE being named "Rosebud" and having to wear a middy uniform in a girls' school. The Blondells' little girl rebelled, emerged as "Jaan," and further expressed herself by winning beauty contests and—but read her past on the opposite page.

FRAMED

In "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" circumstantial evidence is piled high against Joan Bennett, as a society girl accused of murder.



LILLIAN BOND and her night-club boy friend, Noel Madison, above, have reason to be perturbed, but even her own attorney believes Miss Bennett guilty. Jameson Thomas, below, is the millionaire Miss Bennett is accused of killing.



DONALD COOK defends Vivienne Ware, although everything points to her having left him for an affair with the rich man.





PANIC

In "Congress Dances," a German film, a pretty shopgirl is used to lure the Czar from the international conference called to decide Napoleon's fate, but the schemers are outdone.



LILIAN HARVEY, above, established in luxury for the plot, takes her task seriously and falls in love with the Czar—or is it his double? Conrad Veidt, right, as Prince Metternich, employs Lil Dagover to help lead the Czar astray.



PAROLED MOTHER



THE engagement of Frances Dee and Russell Gleason, above, is the innocent cause of heartbreak made more poignant as Wynne Gibson, as Clara Deane, fits her daughter's gown.



Her husband's life or her daughter's happiness—this is the problem in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane."



JUST out of jail, Pat O'Brien, above, is untouched by Clara's plea to keep their record from their daughter. Fifteen years earlier Frank Deane had drawn Clara into jail.



MIRED

Norma Shearer will portray a woman floundering in a swamp of frustrated desires in "Strange Interlude."

HER lover never returning from the War, Norma, right, seeks mental peace in marriage to Alexander Kirkland.



AFTER having gone haywire, Nina Leeds, left, looks for contentment in her prescribed marriage.



MAY ROBSON, above, shatters Nina's hopes by exposing the family skeleton—insanity. Clark Gable, is the doctor who advises the loveless marriage.

WAYWARD

"The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" exposes the shallowness of the tinsel honor of the underworld.

ANN DVORAK, left, as Molly, leads a shady, rooming-house life in which Leslie Fenton figures. Richard Cromwell, right, is a dance-hall boy who befriends Molly and is drawn into a murder case.



LEE TRACY, center, offers to rescue Ann, but only on a more glamorous "proposition." Molly Louvain affords Miss Dvorak a gay fling before the tragic net tightens.



"MOVIE CRAZY"

Heralding—and welcoming—Harold Lloyd's new picture in which he plays an awed youth who blunders around in the studios.



HAROLD is partly drawn out of his timidity through the wiles of Constance Cummings, after such tactics as in the upper right scene. Kenneth Thomson, right, is nice to the gowky visitor.



AT LAST!

Garbo finds a happy ending in "As You Desire Me."

PLATINUM-BLOND GRETA! This story of the young countess stolen from her husband and driven to cabaret life offers much exotic suffering. Owen Moore, left, returns to the screen.

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He was unknown when he made that first picture, and it should have been followed immediately with another. He was idle for almost a year after "Tol'able David," while the studio borrowed another player for "The Criminal Code," a part that would have been a "natural" for Dick.

They were afraid to trust him with the rôle, although they hadn't been afraid to trust him with a bigger one, and one which had no such name as Walter Huston to bolster up the cast.

Public interest in him dropped to zero. Then Marie Dressler persuaded M.-G.-M. to borrow him for "Emma"

and he drew notices second only to hers. Following the picture's release, First National borrowed him for "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" and Columbia hurriedly picked up his option. But it is problematical whether he can ever recapture his lost ground.

Jeanette MacDonald also had a large and loyal army of fans. She could have been starred easily after "Monte Carlo"—but she wasn't. It was said that, although she was extremely agreeable to the people with whom she worked, she was exceedingly temperamental in her business affairs and the studio was afraid to

take a chance with her, fearing she would be impossible to work with if she became a star.

She apparently experiences little trouble in finding work, but I doubt now that she'll ever find her name above the title of the picture on the twenty-four-sheet posters.

There is something pathetic about all these people. Exceptional, every one of them, they spell *box office* at any theater. Properly exploited, there isn't one of them who couldn't have been as big a star as we have on the screen. But they aren't. They remain "stars who never were."

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other, and to Thelma Todd. All except Harpo. He apparently was in a romantic mood, and not busy at the moment. He was engaged in playing his harp meditatively in his dressing room.

Salary Troubles Argued.—Despite hard times in the movies, disagreements over salaries go right on exhibiting themselves and causing more or less friction. James Cagney and Madge Evans are among those involved in the disputes, both desiring extra stipends. Probably all is settled peaceably by now. Both were termed "friendly arguments."

Tightening Purse Strings.—Bone of contention in most salary squabbles now, is that with poor attendance at the theaters the producers do not feel like increasing expenses at any point. They have asked numerous actors to take cuts, and others not to ask for the increases called for by their options. The movie business has been having plenty of troubles with the cash register, and economy is not only talked about, but is being sought, too, for a change.

Buster's Comedy Routine.—The privilege of following a family row through all its phases was recently accorded in the instance of the Buster Keatons, and it was the best light reading that the colony has had in some time. Most amusing of all was Buster's apparent willingness to pose for pictures suitable to the occasion. He was halted while on an airplane flight with the two Keaton children, you may remember, at the request of Natalie Talmadge Keaton, and after his return home Natalie didn't show up there for a day or two. Buster amused his friends by telling of the elaborate manner in which he expected to greet his wife when she did come back, and also was photo-

Hollywood High Lights

graphed with the youngsters in sad and mournful postures, reflective of the dismal character of home without a mother.

Motherhood Locationing.—Gloria Swanson must have started a new vogue when she went abroad to await the arrival of Michele Bridget. Locationing at distant points while the stork hovers is apparently gaining other adherents. Latest is Mary Astor. She expects to become a mother in August, and plans to be in Honolulu at the time. It seems she likes this island spot so well that she considers it the ideal spot for the début of her expected child.

The Social Graces.—Example of courtesy between "ex's": Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor shook hands when they met at Colleen Moore's première in "A Church Mouse." Ernst Lubitsch, incidentally, was Miss Taylor's escort, and it isn't the only occasion that they have been seen together. Marriage of Lubitsch and Ona Munson is declared all off.

Sounds Slavic, Anyway.—Zeppo Marx has a favorite gag that he uses at parties where there is singing in a foreign language, especially Russian. Marx waits until requests for song numbers are in order, and then asks the warbler whether he or she knows "Jada," the old popular song. You ought to see the puzzled expressions, because "Jada" does sound as if it ought to be the name of a foreign song to any one not familiar with the original ditty.

Bill Becomes Classical.—William Haines was being assailed for autographs at a première. Several people had obtained his signature, and then a woman brought up her book and handed him a fountain pen. Bill tried to sign with it, but found

the pen was empty. "Ah," said Bill, waxing classical, "you are one of the vestal virgins who forgot to keep her lamp filled with oil," and handed the book back to the lady with a mock air of scoffing. The "vestal virgin" took his kidding good-naturedly.

Joan Crawford's Big Rôle.—Joan Crawford again draws one of the plums of the season. She plays *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." Walter Huston appears as the reformer who tries to win Joan from the ways of sin. Gloria Swanson made the film as "Sadie Thompson," with Lionel Barrymore, when pictures were silent.

Colman a Fighting Man.—Ronald Colman, it appears, is returning to a rôle not unlike the one he played in "Beau Geste." He is to enact the hero of "Way of a Lancer," which deals with a courageous band of Polish soldiers who fought in the Russian army. Colman was to have made "The Brothers Karamazov," but that has been called off. He has Anna Sten as his leading woman in "Way of a Lancer." She is newly imported from Germany, but is originally from the Soviet studios.

"Spanky" a Star.—The best recent kiddie find seems to be George Robert Phillips McFarland, but that isn't his screen name. You are probably already familiar with him as "Spanky," three and a half years old, and until now a member of "Our Gang." Spanky steps into stardom as a result of his work. He is expected to follow in the footsteps of Jackie Cooper. He won the attention of film moguls when he appeared in a bread advertising reel in his home town, Dallas, Texas.

Another Blessed Event.—Helen Twelvetrees has joined the expectant

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to hold his own with the best of the wisecracking gentry.

Sally Eilers does what she can with an ungrateful part. It is to her credit that she does not attempt to inject girlish sympathy into a rôle where it would be out of place.

Ralph Bellamy and the remainder of the cast contribute excellent performances.

"Are You Listening?"

Behind the scenes in a broadcasting station, or more particularly the home lives of the entertainers, is the scene of this, the first of what promises to be a mild epidemic of radio fiction. It is tolerably interesting, but isn't all that it should be. For one thing, there are too many characters and consequently one's interest is too spread out for one to be keenly concerned with the problems of any of them, although all the players do well. William Haines, as a radio continuity writer, is sincere, earnest, and subdued, and Karen Morley, as his nagging wife who refuses to divorce him and make possible his marriage to Madge Evans, is very real.

Not content with offering us this triangle, the director brings in Miss Evans's two sisters, Anita Page and Joan Marsh, who are involved with a



couple of playboys in the persons of Jean Hersholt and Neil Hamilton. Then to make the mixture more complicated, Miss Morley is killed and Mr. Haines and Miss Evans run away—and so on. Thus the picture is rather a muddle, without a clear purpose or an unbroken thread. As such it doesn't rate as high as it might have.

"Young Wife."

Helen Twelvetrees is always interesting, although my readers seem not excited about her and she is the subject of no arguments in "What the Fans Think." Yet she has a finely balanced emotional equipment and can portray the pathos of a girl deceived as no one else can. Perhaps fans are indifferent because she is "wronged" so sweepingly that the condition is too old-fashioned to believe of a modern heroine. Anyway,

The Screen in Review

Miss Twelvetrees certainly has a tough time of it in this.

A sensitive creature working in a library, where her duties consist of telling fairy tales to waifs, she is caught by the lies of a young four-flusher and marries him.

Gambling, speakeasies, dance halls, and another girl are some of the sorrowful burdens the young wife bears, with impending motherhood as the last straw. On the point of suicide, she achieves a wistful reunion with her husband whose promises to reform are, however, no more believable than his glowing tales of Mandalay and Madagascar. So you know that poor *Allie* will always be a



wife without a smile—except a twisted one.

Eric Linden is effective as the husband, yet his glibness is a defect, too, for he maintains one mood throughout and fails ever to achieve the charm or sympathy necessary to deceive even an inexperienced girl. Arline Judge, as a dance-hall vamp, is wickedly realistic.

"But the Flesh Is Weak."

And so is Robert Montgomery's new picture—I mean it is weak, spindling, and painfully whimsical. Consequently, Mr. Montgomery, a valued player, is not at his best, as indeed no one would be under the circumstances. Yet nothing is without compensation and here Heather Thatcher, an English actress, a newcomer to Hollywood, is contemplated with joy. She is original in appearance and in everything she does, the monacle she wears seeming not an affectation but a true adjunct to the delightful character she plays, that of a rich girl who is independent enough to wear a sweater in a theater box. But there is more to the actress than this. She has deep feeling, for one thing, and a human appeal that is irresistible.

Nora Gregor, the German actress who makes her first appearance in English, is disappointing. She acts with a sort of dainty monotony that irks after a while.

These two heroines are mixed up in Mr. Montgomery's life as the mad-cap of London's drawing-rooms where he has but to bat an eyelid and every female present is sent into



tremors. The plot really doesn't matter. By the way, Nils Asther appears in a small rôle, with results that sound the death knell to his former romantic appeal, but he has achieved the "new" personality that Hollywood is always looking for. He resembles Warner Oland and Ivan Lebedeff more than his former self.

"Man Wanted."

Kay Francis's first picture for Warner Brothers turns out to be very pleasant program material, demonstrating that with clever dialogue and able performers, plot is only secondary. There is little or no suspense in the story of a woman editor who works because she loves her job, despite the fact that she has a wealthy husband. In the end she loses him,



but it doesn't matter because she has in the meantime fallen in love with her secretary.

It is Kay Francis's best picture in months and she makes the most of it, with David Manners, as the secretary, giving her splendid support. Equal honors, though of a lighter sort, go to Andy Devine and Una Merkel. There is never a dull moment when one of those two is on the screen.

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Joan, or Rosebud as she was then, matriculated at the Texas State College for Women. The first week was all right—very much like those itinerant weeks of schoolings she had had in all parts of the globe. But longer than that was too much.

Joan is well remembered in Dallas, where she lived a year or more while saving money to get to Broadway. She was a chubby, friendly girl with penetrating popeyes, that same low voice and a gift for flashing slangy repartee. Generous-hearted and absolutely free of envy, it was difficult for her to understand the cruel jealousy she encountered so frequently in amateur theatricals. Because she had been a professional, the local stage-struck girls regarded her as a rival and caused her many unhappy moments, which she attempted to conceal beneath a brittle, breezy manner.

Her ambition was limitless and she worked like a Trojan. In the days

she was a photographer's assistant, tinting pictures and receiving customers; at nights she was a manikin in style shows.

In the spring of 1926, she entered the annual bathing-beauty contest. By classic standards, Joan isn't a beauty. In fact, the other girls thought her an ugly duckling, unworthy of consideration as a rival and were they amazed when she won second place! In the Galveston Miss Universe parade, she won third prize, and was sent to Atlantic City where she was awarded second prize.

When Joan got as far as Atlantic City, she kept right on going until she reached Times Square. First she hit a detour by way of a Bronx stock company.

She didn't become a star on Broadway, but she had good opportunity to be seen by movie scouts. A man from Warners signed her on the dotted line, whereupon she developed

into the champion picture-stealer of the lot. She has played so many tough girls and gang molls, she's longing for a change, and hopes she'll get it now she's playing straight leads.

"In 'Blonde Crazy' and 'Union Depot,' I was still a toughy, but the characters were a little more sympathetic. I loved 'The Greeks Had a Name For Them.'"

Now that Joan has had such luck, the other Blondells have decided that perhaps they were hasty in their decision that the theater was dying on its feet.

The kid sister is in Hollywood trying to break into pictures. Brother has brought his family to the land of sunshine. Papa and Mamma Blondell have sold their shop in Denton and gone to Hollywood where they are planning a new act to knock 'em dead in Peoria and points east and west. Once a trouper, always a trouper, huh?

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 59

mothers of Hollywood, a group that seems augmented lately. The arrival is expected in October.

The Barrymore Ensemble.—

There is some talk that the first picture to star John, Lionel, and Ethel Barrymore will be the initial production of the Screen Guild. Ethel announced some time ago that she anticipated making a picture with her brothers, but nothing came of it. John and Lionel have now played in two films together, "Arsène Lupin" and "Grand Hotel." Ethel hasn't done any film work for years.

Twelvetrees Outlook Brightens.

—Helen Twelvetrees is looking forward to better days. The wages of stardom have not been too kind in several recent pictures, but she is cast in a vivid dramatic lead opposite John Barrymore, in "State's Attorney," which promises to be the best opportunity she has had since "My Man" and "Millie."

Helen and her husband, Frank Woody, are happily sequestered in their home in Brentwood, which they actually furnished themselves, and whose whoopee room glories in gay pencil sketches by Zito. They are quite far from madding Hollywood, their nearest neighbors being Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford.

The Bon-ton Passion.—Now it is Norma Shearer who has taken to entertaining the nobility. A house guest of hers recently was Lady Maureen Stanley, the daughter-in-law of the Earl of Derby. The presence

of such an aristocratic guest, needless to say, makes Norma a Pickfordian rival. And therefore another triumph is achieved by this ambitious and clever star.

Marie Dressler has also entered the *haut-monde* tournament. She has entertained blue bloods this season, including Lady Ravensdale and Countess McCormick.

Oh me, oh my—this tuft-hunting!

Starvation Days Over.—

About Lugosi. He was *Count Dracula*. He is also in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and he will be seen in "The Suicide Club" later. The pictures are all of the same genre. Warner Brothers are also borrowing him for a film called "Doctor X." So his popularity is spreading beyond Universal where he is under contract.

And Lugosi literally starved a few years ago waiting for the chance to appear in "Dracula," which he had played on the stage.

Karloff, despite his Russian name, is an Englishman, and plays cricket with the best. Lugosi is a Hungarian.

Disposing of Supervisors.—

During one of those perennial shake-ups at the studio where Lowell Sherman was working, a girl working in the picture asked if she could leave the set. "Where are you going?" asked Sherman.

"Oh, just down past the administration building to see a friend in one of the dressing rooms."

"Don't," admonished Sherman, "don't for Heaven's sake go past the

administration building. You might get hurt. They're getting rid of supervisors, and throwing them out of the second-story windows."

Flowers to Populace.—

The youngest Bennett is Mrs. Gene Markey—and what a merry wedding! Joan appeared as the most delicately beautiful of the three sisters, whose lives always furnish a panoply of interest, not to say excitement, clad as she was in white crêpe gown edged with white fox, and hip-length jacket of the same material. Connie, too, was a ravishing picture in jade-green crêpe.

Something new in festivities was disclosed when the bride, instead of tossing her bouquet to some member of the nuptial party, flung it out of the window to a crowd of sight-seers who hung around the Town House where the marriage took place.

"Just an old Italian custom," commented Bridegroom Markey. It must be conceded that the touch was distinctly European.

The exquisite flowers in the sheath of orchids and lilies of the valley were torn to shreds. In the crush several women had their hats smashed in. A few triumphantly emerged with orchids, only to have them quickly snatched away, while one woman made off with just the stems and no flowers. All the blossoms were trampled and pulled to bits in the mêlée, while guests at the wedding party looked out amusedly from the windows.

Connie tossed her bouquet to a similar fate.



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What's This About Joan?

Continued from page 25

more commendable to have a definite goal and work toward it than just to drift. I'd begun to get parts by then, to be interviewed, to be asked out to the homes of important people.

"Writers would tell me, 'I just interviewed so-and-so. Gee, she's dumb!' Is it any wonder I began reading things that would enable me to express my thoughts and impress them favorably when they came to interview me?"

I had to admit her points were all well taken.

"Douglas used to go around with small editions of Shakespeare in his pockets," she went on, "and he'd read them between shots. He used to quote passages to me, and I was frightfully impressed. Doesn't it follow that when I found him attractive I'd try to interest myself in the same literature that interested him?"

"But the hooked rugs?" I persisted.

"When I was a girl I used to make my own clothes. I had to if I wanted halfway decent things, because I couldn't afford to buy good ones. And I cultivated a taste for sewing. Now I don't have to make my own clothes any more, so I make hooked rugs. I like to, for one thing. It gives me an outlet for nervous energy. And for still another thing, it makes me feel as though I am actually contributing something to our home."

Preconceived notions of Joan—ideas of her gathered at openings, in the studio restaurant, casual observations gleaned while visiting on her sets, reports of people who had visited her in her home—all were crumbling like a Mississippi levee at flood time.

"One last thing," I pleaded. "How about your staying home nights so much now? Don't you ever feel an urge to go out any more?"

"If I do, I go," she retorted. "Only now, instead of going to public places, I go to parties in homes. If my spirits are high and I or any of the other guests feel like cutting up a few capers, we do it among ourselves where our actions are not mis-

understood and where we are not referred to as 'hey-hey girls.'

"And possibly another thing that makes me want to stay home is the fact that I've never had a home before. From the time I was sixteen I was traveling with shows, dancing in night clubs, or living in rooming houses, or, when I got along better, in hotels or small apartments. Possibly that's why I appreciate what I've got now."

Her voice trailed off and a far-away look came into her eyes. She might have been a thousand miles away. Her thoughts might have been even farther, or they might only have been the twenty-minute drive to Brentwood where she and Doug live, and where, for probably the first time in her married life, Joan is facing real domestic problems. For the first time in the three years they have been married there are reports of a rift in the household.

Doug has been seen several times with other girls, and talk is rife about town that Joan has found pleasure in the society of one of her leading men.

It is too bad. Joan is one of the few girls in the industry who really command respect. Many girls have risen to stardom, moved over to another studio, been addressed as "Miss," and generally accorded the dignity a star deserves.

Joan is the only one I can think of who has risen to stardom, remained on the same lot, and simply by her general deportment and bearing, forced people to recognize that she has developed as she has progressed.

The Joan of to-day isn't a creature of pretense and sham. She is a woman with a very definite character. If anything should happen to her marriage, what would become of her? She could no more go back to being the hoyden of a few years ago than she could turn back the hands of the clock and live it all over again.

We can only hope that the intelligence and intuition which guided her through the troublous rise to fame will serve her equally well at this crucial period of her life.

Kidnapers in Hollywood!

Continued from page 17

honest dollar in Hollywood and elsewhere than it is now.

In the same month as the trial of Mary's thwarted abductors, Virginia Lee Corbin and her sister, Ruth Miehle, reported to the police having received a number of telephone calls

in which they were threatened with kidnaping. About a month later, two men, who had been loitering for three days near the home of E. L. Doheny, were arrested as suspicious characters. In their possession were found two pieces of iron pipe, a revolver,

and a hypodermic needle. This was one of three attempts made by different groups to kidnap the Doheny grandchildren.

A year or two later Clara Bow was very nearly kidnaped as the result of a kind deed. Clara's kind deeds have a way of returning to her in the form of boomerangs. A youth appealed to her for aid as a fellow Brooklynite. Clara fed him and gave him a place to sleep. Later her father bought him clothes and provided him with a month's room rent in a downtown Los Angeles hotel. He turned out to be a kidnaper's plant.

Two days later, when Clara's car rolled out of its garage, he and two other men trailed it. But when they had followed it for several miles and forced it to the curb, they discovered they'd made a mistake. Tui Lorraine, an actress friend of the Bow's, was in the car, not Clara.

In 1928 the Hickman case shook Hollywood to its very foundations. When the news of how the body of the kidnaped child, Marion Parker, was left at her father's feet on a secluded Los Angeles road—dead and mutilated—after Mr. Parker had handed over the ransom money to her abductor, the town was hysterical for weeks. Even after Hickman was apprehended and brought to trial, scarcely a child was seen alone on the streets for months.

Yet kidnaping attempts in Los Angeles did not cease in the years which followed. Early in 1930, a plot to kidnap Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles Times, was thwarted. A youth was arrested and confessed that not only did the Eastern gang to which he belonged have designs on this man, but on Harold Lloyd's children, on Gwyn Pickford, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and the children of Carl Laemmle.

It was revealed at this time that several wealthy persons had been kidnaped and tortured until they paid ransom. How many other citizens were spirited away by gangsters and individuals, city officials say they will never know. They are sure that there

were a number so frightened by their experiences that they paid ransom for their return and said nothing about being kidnaped.

Among those who were reported abducted to the police up until this year—either for ransom, or revenge, or for any other motive—were Patricia Davies, niece of Marion, Richard Stanley Grant, a small boy, Walter Collens, another small boy, George Olhausen, Harry Walz, a theater promoter, and E. L. "Zeke" Caress, a wealthy Hollywoodite.

Hollywood kidnapings, however, have had their lighter moments. In the early days of pictures, it was quite the thing for publicity agents to stage abductions of prominent players, and for that reason cries of "Kidnaped, kidnaper!" from this community are sometimes met with indifferent shrugs from the world outside, even on occasions when the kidnaping is very real.

Stars were always returning home à la Aimee McPherson—bringing back weird tales of having been spirited away to mountain, seashore, or desert shacks, or taken aboard ships by bold, bad pirates. Newspapers grew skeptical of these stories and stopped featuring them on the front page, and players stopped making off with themselves.

Fifi Dorsay's press agent was one of the last to fake a disappearance for her. He got the bright idea of sending a radiogram to her studio, without her knowledge. He said she'd been spirited aboard the Dutch liner *Berdrechtky* while seeing a friend off at San Pedro harbor, and was being taken to the Canal Zone. Her astonished employers let the newspapers in on the secret, and it actually was believed by them and featured.

Fifi, unaware that she was supposed to be sailing the high seas, went to Lake Arrowhead, near Hollywood, for the week-end. When she returned, both the local press and her employers boiled with wrath, and it almost spelled "curtain" for Fifi's career.

Snap Out Of It

Continued from page 45

Pack them all away in your little kit—protective creams and lotions, nourishing creams and oils, tubes of ointment that take the burn out of burning, toning lotions, plenty of small manicuring accessories, including the nail-white pencil so ideal for the quick manicure. And don't forget a good depilatory; this is important in summer.

All the toilet aids now come in

handy form, just right to fill in small spaces when packing your bag. In selecting summer make-up be sure to choose fairly permanent tints. There are many on the market now. And be sure to have a plentiful supply of cleansing tissues and the small cotton puffs which are handy so many ways from applying skin freshener to cleaning shoes.

Continued on page 65

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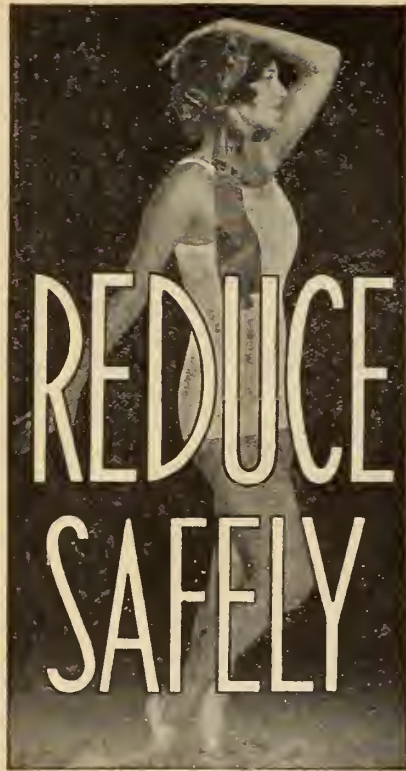
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Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Mouth <input type="checkbox"/>
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	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
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Dove of Peace

Continued from page 26

I was really Jeanette MacDonald, they threatened me, they stirred up a lot of fuss prior to my opening. It was a tough spot for me!

"They arranged an attractive presentation for me. Miniature musical comedy, you know. And for my first song I sang that hit number from 'Monte Carlo.' I've had many opening performances, but never have I been so terrified as I was the first time I stepped out on that Empire Music Hall stage!"

The audience was not only friendly. It took Jeanette to its collective bosom as if she were a native daughter. They cheered her first song, and each succeeding number met with increasingly enthusiastic response. Her two-week engagement was extended, the box office rejoiced, and I have it direct from Americans in Paris that MacDonald scored the greatest individual hit that city has ever known in music halls. She topped the acclaim once reserved for Mistinguett. She was the rage of the boulevards.

"How do you account for the riotous success you enjoyed?" I asked her, more curiously than tactfully.

"I think in Chevalier's pictures I had become fairly popular," she replied. "Then all this adverse criticism in advance stirred up tremendous interest in my appearance. And when they decided to like me, it was intensified to counteract the unpleasant forecastings."

Her rooms were flooded with flowers. MacDonald hats and MacDonald bouquets and MacDonald cocktails and MacDonald gowns were brought out in her honor. She enjoyed being the toast of Paris as long as she was there.

If you have objected to the prominent MacDonald chin you would be pleasantly surprised upon meeting

her. Only when photographed at certain angles is it too long. Jeanette, like Lily Damita, Jean Harlow, and Madge Evans, is handsomer offscreen than on.

She is a Philadelphian, yet spirited by nature. During the making of "Affairs of Annabelle," her set was a storin center. The picture, incidentally, was less than successful. Miss MacDonald is at her best when there are songs to be sung and Chevalier to be seen. His absence was felt in "Monte Carlo."

Jeanette manages to be in love most of the time, favors Russian dressing over all others, disdains summer for winter, wears clothes well, admires Chow dogs and Covarrubias caricatures, ranks Lubitsch first among directors, drinks cocktails sparingly, spirits not at all, fails as a sailor, and loves New York. She also has a passion for diamonds.

Her suite was on the fortieth floor. "I like it up here," she said. "I can feel the building sway when the wind blows." I could think of sensations I would enjoy more.

Although she did not impress me as a temperamental prima donna, she manages to live up to certain specifications demanded of costly songbirds. She travels with forty trunks, a maid, secretary, chauffeur, and manager. She does not permit any one to arouse her before noon, takes diligent care of her throat, sleeps on her back, and anticipates reappearing with Chevalier in "Love Me To-night," which will be directed by the adroit Mau-moulian. Then there will be "Bitter Sweet" for Fox.

And any time America palls, Jeanette MacDonald will find a hearty welcome waiting her in that dear, dear Paris!

As a Star Rose

Continued from page 41

trees, set the table and served the men when they stampeded the lodge.

Jimmy Mason stomped in, waving a coffee can and yelling, "At last I'm a hero. I rescued my four hornies!" Which explained to Clark the horned toads then confronting him.

No wonder he was content to sit quietly in the sun by the side of the writer the next day. The boy was plumb tired out.

"I hear you have a pet goat up here," I said to him.

He smiled. "Yes, he seems to have adopted our outfit. He's very fond

of socks and all of us together offer a fine supply. If you forget to put them out of his reach they'll be nothing but ravelings by night. Saves washing and makes the goat happy. A grand idea."

And to think that I could have dragged the history of his life out of him during those hours on the Arizona desert and kept it on ice until he got his break, and I didn't do it! Ah, well. Just another fortune gone. But I shall take a home-study course in clairvoyance. A potential star won't fool me then!

The Awful Truth

Continued from page 19

spiration"—and the director of the picture, Clarence Brown, have been observed acting as unromantically toward her as Barrymore did.

"Karen? Oh, yes, Karen. Good kid. Yeah. Good actress." And they seem so abstracted, one fancies they are dreaming about landing swordfish off Catalina Island. None of Karen's benefactors speak of her with that subtle something in their faces and voices, that air of the cat that has devoured the canary.

Cecilia Parker, the little Canadian girl seen with George O'Brien in films, has a strange way of convincing such hardened skeptics as the electricians and property men of her "honesty."

They say that when she first interviewed a certain studio executive, asking for a voice and camera test, she was so badly frightened that she could scarcely talk to him. Yet her test was excellent. It stood out among nearly twenty others filmed at the same time, and won her a contract. The executive admired the courage and fighting spirit required for an obviously green and frightened girl to face cameras and mike and give such a fine account of herself.

According to the electricians, however, he was all wrong. It wasn't cameras nor microphones she feared, but movie men. They say she is still a frightened little girl, looking for some dragon or ogre that hides around movie lots. This, they argue, proves that she hasn't actually met the monster. If she had, she would no longer be afraid of him.

On the other hand, Sidney Fox, pint-sized beauty, isn't frightened at anything, despite her diminutive stature. She wasn't at all nervous when Carl Laemmle, Jr., who must surely have a way with the ladies, discovered her. She was then a youthful newcomer to Broadway, appearing in the stage play, "Lost Sheep."

Did Sidney pay, and then pay some more? Alas and alack, here is another case in which circumstantial evidence alone must guide us. Sidney herself doesn't say anything that may be used in her behalf, because she knows that Hollywood, like the Scotland Yard boys, will use anything she says against her.

But what convincing evidence, if viewed by a worldly-wise Sherlock Holmes! Instead of rushing out to buy new clothes, jewels, and perfumes as soon as she had her contract, Sidney immediately undertook the task of preparing herself for what she thought Hollywood demanded of a novice. She began voice and singing lessons with Estelle Liebling, and dancing with Carl Hemmer.

She not only worked with Hemmer, but practiced dancing by herself, striving to crowd months of progress into a period of a few weeks. Many a night she awoke from a sound sleep, screaming, and had to walk about getting the cramps and kinks out of her tortured muscles.

Would any girl work so hard for anything she had already bought?

On such circumstantial evidence as these cases afford, dear reader, this investigator rests her case.

Snap Out Of It

Continued from page 63

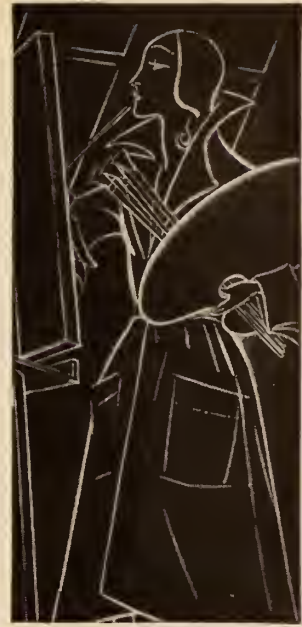
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What! No Love Life?

Continued from page 49

I promised to remember. For being so docile Leon gave me a reproduction of an etching of himself.

"I'll autograph it for you, if you want me to," he said, pulling a new fountain pen from his inner coat pocket.

"That's a new one I just got for my birthday," he told me.

Asked from whom, he shyly confessed that it was from a fan club in Brooklyn. We spoke of his fan mail. Hundreds of admirers write to him. It was then Leon told me of something that convinced me he was an understanding youngster, as well as a charming one.

"You know," he said, "I've been thinking this thing over. Lots of the boys and girls who write to me haven't very much money. When they do get some, they'd rather spend it at the movies. I don't blame them; that's what I'd do in their place. So I'd like you to tell them that I'll gladly send my picture free to any boy or girl who hasn't very much money. Tell them to write to me at Box 425, Hollywood, California, for it."

In these days when most stars demand a quarter for a picture, and then sometimes fail to send it through carelessness, it is nice to know that

one boy knows how to be loyal to his fans.

Leon Janney is a happy boy. His lips are always parted in a smile. His hair is a happy mass of sunny golden curls, and his blue eyes flash with the joy of living.

He is an excellent swimmer, loves horseback riding, and collects stamps, old coins, and sundry objects dear to childhood.

He is proud of having won a championship in marble playing, and boasts of his boy-scout connections in New York and California.

That he has a keen appreciation of acting is shown in his selection of favorites, who are George Arliss, with whom he played in "Old English," Lionel Barrymore, and Fredric March.

Leon was born in Ogden, Utah, on April 1, 1917. His entry into the movies really began with the picture "Courage," although he had played several minor rôles before making that. His latest work is in "Fame Street," finished just before he came East.

But it was "Penrod and Sam," the Booth Tarkington story, that brought him very much to the foreground. For Leon is like that—he's a regular fellow.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 60

"Sky Bride."

Three quarters of an hour by the clock are given over to pranks and practical jokes among a trio of stunt flyers who travel from town to town giving exhibition flights. There just isn't anything the boys are not up to in the way of plaguing one another. Which is, if you ask me, too much of a good thing and very tiresome. Then tragedy comes when one of them, overplaying as usual, kills his com-

panion in an air frolic. Whereupon he becomes melancholy and conscience-stricken, gives up his flying circus, forsakes his pals, and drifts.

He is finally brought to his senses by the combined efforts of one of his former companions, a blond heroine, and a child who wants to be a flyer. All this is slow entertainment, though well directed and acted with skill, but it isn't exciting or colorful by a long shot. Richard Arlen is excellent as the remorseful flyer—sincere, simple, sympathetic, and Jack Oakie is the life of the party as the barker, manager, and what have you of the group. Virginia Bruce, the only girl present, is nice, and Robert Coogan is the child in question. Tom Douglas, Charles Starrett, and Harold Goodwin are others.

"The Famous Ferguson Case."

A lively melodrama centering around newspaper reporters and their efforts to solve a murder, this is all very good in its way, without, however, approaching in honesty or dramatic forcefulness some of the more notable films of the same genre. It is capably acted by a talented troupe, however, and has the advantage of novelty in plot development when the

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They Say in New York—

Continued from page 23

webby blond hair, enormous eyes, and at times bears a startling resemblance to Phyllis Haver. Every one is so kind now, she wonders if she imagined that nightmare of struggling to get a start.

On second thought, every one isn't always so kind. There are always the wisecrackers. In "Child of Manhattan" Dorothy's rôle is that of a dance-hall girl unfettered by grammar. Sometimes Miss Hall falls into the vernacular outside the theater. In talking to Gilbert Miller she happened to remark, "Why don't you take some of we Americans over to London for your productions?" And the brash voice of a companion spoke up, "Because us ain't got grammar."

Fashion Notes.—Quite the most startling sight in New York, except for Alice White's eyelashes about which I'll tell you in a moment, is a window on Forty-sixth Street just west of Fifth Avenue. Exhibited there are two all-too-lifelike manikins, one a portrait of Maurice Chevalier, the other not quite so definitely of Lilyan Tashman. The startling part is that in the soft light they look alive—and they haven't any clothes on except shorts!

As for Alice White's eyelashes, they are put on by the same tricky method used by Greta Garbo, which is now available to the general public. You and you and you can have curly eyelashes that reach right up to your forehead. The trick is that each separate false eyelash is dipped in a gluey solution and then held against one of your own eyelashes. From then on it sticks through tears, shower baths, and eyewash.

Claudette's Problem.—When Paramount's Eastern studio was closed recently, Claudette Colbert gave a farewell party to which she invited press representatives, and there

she disclosed the fact that when she reached Hollywood she would maintain a residence apart from her husband, Norman Foster. It does not mean the breaking up of their marriage; it is just one of those absurd situations that arise when one member of a partnership is more successful than the other.

As a star, there are certain social obligations that she must live up to, and as a young struggler, he feels out of place. Separate homes seemed the ideal solution, and they gave a certain dignity to the situation by being frank about it. The wry impression persists, however, that these noble experiments rarely work.

Here and There.—Gloria Swanson's new baby, born recently in London, has been named Michele Bridget. Jacqueline Logan who has been writing, directing, and acting in pictures in London, is rehearsing in a play called "Coast to Coast." It deals with radio. Jim Cagney startled the Friars, when they entertained him at dinner, by telling them he was a bell hop in their club only a few years ago. Elissa Landi's novel, "House For Sale," proves that she has keen intelligence when what she really needs is proof of vividness and magnetism.

One day recently when Sardi's restaurant was crowded with film belles, Renée Carroll, the hat-check girl known to all Broadway, was the most attractive person present. She is the heroine of the novel, "Hat-check Girl," which Warner Brothers will film, and they are having a hard time finding some one glamorous enough to fill the part.

Maybe you think I am a little viciously critical sometimes, but one of Dolores Costello's late employers says that she is the only actress in the world who has an echo in her own throat.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

boy reporter from a small town ferrets out a mystery that baffles his superiors from the city. Tom Brown is entirely likable and sincere in this part, and of course Joan Blondell is enormously helpful as a metropolitan reporter who decides to settle down in a village. Her scenes with Mr. Brown are among the best she has ever played, while Adrienne Doré, a newspaper girl of the "sticks," is also effective. She takes up journalism in

although she is as innocent of sin as gingham can make her. Suddenly she is a famous actress bitterly bent on making the world, and men in particular, pay and pay and pay.

Miss Stanwyck isn't successful as a cynical woman with a scarlet reputation; she's still a nice girl in too many spangles. Anyhow, she and the boy make up and there you have the latest vehicle of an important star in this machine age. Regis Toomey is just as sincere and honest as Miss Stanwyck, but the gods of the cinema conspire against them.

"Scandal for Sale."

The evils of tabloid journalism are harrowingly set forth here, but the horrors were more dramatically and more convincingly pictured in "Five Star Final" and "The Front Page." Hence this is merely an echo and it isn't strong even at that. Instead, it is superficial and the characters are never more than surface creatures, although such capables as Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart, and Pat O'Brien are found in the leading rôles striving valiantly to create distinguished drama out of tabloid writing.



Mr. Bickford is a small-town editor who tires of the limitations of a conservative newspaper and comes to New York bent on making a name for himself as the managing editor of a sensational sheet. So carried away is he by building circulation that he neglects his wife, is indifferent to his dying child, and sends his friend on a transatlantic airplane flight that ends in the latter's death. Then comes his awakening, but there isn't any strong proof that he won't do the same thing on another newspaper.

"Shopworn."

It seems to me that Barbara Stanwyck never reaches the thoughtful public which would appreciate her sincerity, because she always appears in pictures that are aimed lower than the lowest level of moronic intelligence. Her latest effort has a plot that belongs in the bone age of the silent drama. It is about as sophisticated as servant-girl fiction in the middle '90s. Even Miss Stanwyck's appeal can't disguise that. Consequently her fineness is lost in a welter of mechanical situations and a story that jumps here and there with loose ends flying. And it doesn't seem worth while to pick them up.

Mr. Bickford's performance is good along his usual gruff lines, Miss Hobart is all right, though the character is unsympathetic, and Mr. O'Brien is better than either as the reporter friend. Incidentally, the airplane flight is well managed and is dramatic, the German pilot, played by Hans von Twardowski, being an eloquent, tragic figure.

"Devil's Lottery."

Listen to this. Miss Stanwyck is a poor girl whose father is killed in an explosion, after which she works in a restaurant, where she meets a nice college boy who wants to marry her. His absurdly indignant mother conspires with the family lawyer to separate them and presently we see Miss Stanwyck railroaded to a reformatory for no reason except "moral grounds,"

Finely authentic backgrounds and an original plot do not, unhappily, yield enough to make Elissa Landi's picture strongly attractive. Nor does the coolly aristocratic star supply the missing dynamics, yet she is one of the most interesting and admired players found in a month of picture-going, or in any month. Intelligence, graciousness, and distinction unite to create the person that is Landi, but not a character in a melodrama. Con-

sequently something of credibility is missing from the heroine who is mixed up with a scoundrel. Looking at Landi, you know she is too intelligent ever to have been swept into the half world by an emotional upheaval. However, this is not the story. It concerns a rich old nobleman who invites to his home all the winners of the Calcutta sweepstakes, a strangely assorted crew, who hurl themselves into a succession of highly colored situations which should be exciting, but aren't. In the end the picture dwindles into comparative nothingness.

Victor McLaglen gives the outstanding characterization, a cockney pugilist, and next in excellence is Beryl Mercer, his mother. Alexander Kirkland is unimportant in the proceedings and Paul Cavanagh, Barbara Weeks, and Ralph Morgan are others.

"Careless Lady."

Some pictures are sedative, some soporific, and some so irritatingly uninteresting that neither rest nor sleep is possible for the spectator who is kept awake by the inanity of the proceedings. Such is this. It deals with Joan Bennett who, like sister Constance in "Lady With a Past," dolefully pretends that she is a wallflower. A trip to Europe is prescribed as a remedy and a specious counselor suggests that if she can masquerade as a married woman every handicap will be overcome.

So Miss Bennett embarks under the name of a stranger whose overcoat is flung over her in a speakeasy raid. Of course he turns up at her hotel and—again of course—there is an awful lot about locking bedroom doors. This is dwelt upon with all the loving insistence of those who write spicy fiction for housemaids.

Eventually Miss Bennett, who is purer than the pure, returns home and is accepted as a dashing *demi-mondaine* because of her supposed marriage. And, if you'll believe it, when "Mr. Brown" is presented at a party he is none other than the hero of her Paris flirtation, rich, unmarried, and now animated by a love loftier than Mt. Etna.

John Boles, in this rôle, sings. So does Raul Roulian, coquettishly. But I don't think the combined signing of Gigli, Martinelli, Novarro, and Donald Novis could tempt me to say a good word for the picture.

"The Broken Wing."

This is a stagy concoction excused only by the fact that it enables Lupe Velez, Leo Carillo, and Melvyn Douglas to receive large salaries for appearing before a bored public. Compensating them in proportion to the entertainment they provide would make them paupers. However, ours is not that economic problem, is it? And yet, poor dears, they only do their familiar stuff—you can't blame them for that. It is just that the sum of their efforts doesn't total more than tepid entertainment here.

Miss Velez, a soubrette at large on a rancho, is coveted by *Captain Innocencio*, a musical-comedy bandit. Drops from the sky an American aviator who has lost his memory, but not his ability to display a décolleté shirt, brilliantined hair, and the manner of a leading man. Love blooms in the moonlit garden and memory returns with the cry of the whippoorwill, because it reminds the aviator of a wartime song. There's something, too, about the unexpected visit of a wife, but Mr. Douglas and Miss Velez brush her aside, with the help of the playwright.

Sunshine Squad

Continued from page 43

Constance Bennett, sometimes described as lacking in the softer sentiments, displays her concern for her associates. Once a tired prop man stretched out for a nap while the company ate their midnight lunch. Rehearsals followed, in which the davenport where he was resting figured. The star would not permit them to disturb him until they were ready to shoot the scene.

Marie Dressler invariably brings presents from Europe for the studio folks. And upon completion of each film she entertains the entire cast and technical crew at dinner.

Edna Purviance, comrade of his upward climb, remains on Charlie Chaplin's pay roll. Richard Barthel-

mess took the time to wire Columbia praises of Richard Cromwell's performance in "Tol'able David." How that did warm the young lad's heart!

An extra on the John Barrymore set was given a small part but failed to make good, so he was replaced. The star, noted for his sarcasm, sent the man his check for the amount that the rôle would have earned him.

A wardrobe woman lost a valuable gown, doubtlessly stolen by some one else. But the studio held her responsible. Mary Astor insisted on paying for the garment that the woman might be released from blame.

And I heard that Lupe Velez saved a prop man's job. Jetta Goudal is said to have demanded that he be

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fired because he irritated her, whereupon the Mexican firebrand threatened to walk off the set if such an injustice were done.

It is a habit of Ann Harding's to give many free afternoons to tests of other players, that they may feel more at ease. She performed this charming act for Monroe Owsley, a friend since their boarding-house days of early struggles, for Mary Elizabeth Forbes, and for several others.

Is Renée Adorée, recuperating from a long illness in a Prescott, Arizona, sanatorium, forgotten by the town that once loved her laughter? Not by a pocketful! The studio publicity gang—the same bunch that prodded Lew Cody back to health with their weekly visits and humorous messages—have been Renée's big brothers. She asked one of them to sell her car; instead, they raffled it for quite a sum, after Charlie Bickford had sent it to one of his garages for an overhauling job.

Garbo sent Gavin Gordon flowers when he was injured, and Mary Doran found the time for a daily call upon a sick prop boy.

Ramon Novarro entertained at his home Grandma Baker, a fan from Chicago. John Boles, during a Baltimore personal appearance, called upon an invalid fan seventy-nine years old.

Run down by an auto, a laddie who lived near the RKO studio had but one longing—to see Richard Dix. Hadn't he been watching for his idol when the car swerved too close? A note was left for Rich with the gate-man. It brought a "Buck up, boy!" wire from the star and the promise of a visit.

A star who was scheduled to lead the parade of a boys' club backed out. Gary Cooper phoned the kids, asking if he might lead them. Did they accept?

Won by the charm of a little deaf mute, Ruth Chatterton arranged for airplane dives, hoping that this would restore his hearing.

A youth who had hitchhiked from Texas impressed Elissa Landi when he asked for a meal at her home, and got a job as her gardener.

Several couples have adopted waifs. Peggy is now Harold Lloyd's legal child. Gloria Swanson has an adopted boy. Neil and Elsa Hamilton have added Patricia to their family. Zasu Pitts cares for a flock of children, her deceased brother's youngsters, and Margaret Livingston is bringing up a batch of relatives' offspring.

Each Christmas Eve Bill Boyd sends his driver around town to homes of extras, his car laden with baskets of food. Many of them never know whence this "manna" falls.

H. B. Warner has done many altruistic things. In 1910 a convict's letter struck him as sincere. A bit of fake publicity concerning a crook drama had brought it. He engaged a lawyer and for two years they worked, unearthing evidence which resulted in a pardon. It cost him money, and that conscientious, detailed application to a cause which is usually the most expensive and important item in the long run. For several years the ex-convict served him as valet. He named his baby Henry Byron after H. B.

While the majority of players find it politic to cater to producers and executives, loyalty manifests itself when occasion arises. For instance, there was a period when the Warners almost went on the rocks. Monte Blue received no salary for sixteen weeks, but pretended to Hollywood that his contract was going along nicely, to save his employers pride, until they weathered the storm.

Families of the ten men killed in the spectacular airplane crash during the filming of "Such Men Are Dangerous" were provided for; besides insurance money, \$25,000 was subscribed by studio employees.

Jetta Goudal, from a hospital window, sending currency fluttering down to a hurdy-gurdy man, B. P. Schulberg at a football game passing hot dogs and soda pop time and again to five kids farther down the row, Joan Crawford sending her collection of two thousand dolls to orphans—these and many other gestures of generosity show of what stuff our picture folks' hearts are made.

FUNNY MEN

We're grateful for people
Like Joe E. Brown.
He's a regular fellow,
A likable clown.

And then there's Bill Haines,
A swell fun-maker.
Why, he went to a party
As an undertaker!

PEGGY PERT.

Gary's Back

Continued from page 35

"One night just as we were preparing for bed, we heard the dim roar of distant tom-toms. They drew nearer and nearer until at last an entire tribe of natives appeared, dancing in single file, beating their tom-toms.

"The natives had come merely to entertain us, having heard of the strange visitors who were in the jungle from runners we had passed several days before.

"During all that night those natives danced and played their tom-toms. It was weirdly beautiful and yet it had a touch of black magic about it, too.

"Many of the natives wore a few clothes, but those in the deepest parts of the jungle wore absolutely nothing. They were beautifully formed and had no consciousness of nudity. A few made the concession of wearing a string of beads around their waists. But these were for purposes of decoration, not modesty.

"Other tribes wore nothing but one piece of goods draped like a toga

around their shoulders, with nothing beneath. And yet, I don't think Chanel herself could drape a shawl as gracefully as some of those native girls arranged their pieces of cloth.

"Of course, we accomplished the main purpose of the trip—we shot a lot of big game. But that was the least of the joy of the trip. It was the complete change, the absolute relaxation that meant so much to me.

"Now I'm rested. I'm ready to go back to Hollywood."

Mr. Cooper's words, though uttered cheerfully and with entire sincerity, were not those of a perfectly contented man.

Evidently the prospect of going back to the grind of the studio, even to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead, in "The Devil and the Deep," couldn't completely satisfy him. I wondered whether, in the light of his present unrest, Gary suffered fleeting moments of longing for the ranch life that he knew before he tasted the exhilarating elixir of fame.

Continued on next page

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"Naturally I'm not as happy as I was in those days," he answered my query. "But then, progress never makes for happiness. And I hope I've progressed."

"It's education and culture and civilization that breed and foster unhappiness. The further along a person goes, the greater the development, the less chance there is for attainment of this nebulous thing we call contentment."

"Don't you think you'll find Hollywood even smaller, more stultifying, after the vastness and peace of the jungles and deserts?" I asked.

"Possibly," Gary grinned. "But then, when it gets on my nerves, I'll go away again. Meanwhile I'll be glad to see some of the old familiar scenes and faces. It will feel good to make some more pictures."

"Will it feel good to find a new romance for Hollywood to gossip about?" I couldn't help asking, knowing that it is inevitable that Gary's name will be linked with that of some girl.

"According to rumors, I've been engaged to a good many girls. Some I scarcely know, while others—well, a few more won't matter."

"But your affair with Lupe Velez held rather a long-time record, didn't it?" Try as one might, it was impossible to talk for any length of time to Gary without referring to the girl who meant so much to him once. The girl who indubitably had a greater influence on his personality than any other one factor.

"To tell the truth, I was surprised at myself for being faithful to one woman so long," the restrained Mr. Cooper confessed. "Such a thing had never happened to me before."

"Do you mean to tell me that you aren't the true and faithful type?" I could scarcely believe my ears. Here was one of my pet illusions being shattered. For I'll admit I'd always cherished the thought of Gary as one of those strong, silent one-woman men. And here he was, denying all!

"Well, all men are polygamous," he hedged, noting the honest distress in my eyes.

"Do you mean, then, that you'll never be true to one woman?"

"Maybe I shouldn't have said anything about it at all." Gary refused to commit himself further. "But I'll tell you one thing. A smart woman can hold any man she wants, just as long as she wants to hold him!"

That helped some. "But what of the man? Suppose he doesn't want to be held?" I persisted.

But Gary only repeated his opinion with even greater emphasis on the words "smart woman."

"But if you put everything on the basis of the woman holding her man, where does love come in? Don't you believe in love?"

Gary thought for a moment. Then, "Well, there must be some such thing. So many people have written about it."

But as he spoke there was a humorous glint in his eyes that belied the cynicism of his words. I knew that he didn't mean everything he had said. He couldn't be Gary Cooper and not believe in faithfulness and truth and fidelity. Not with those clear eyes.

I asked him what he wanted to do most in life—whether he intended to leave pictures as has been rumored so many times.

"I think I want to travel. I made up my mind I wanted to go to Africa when I made 'Morocco.' As you know, I played a member of the Foreign Legion in that picture. I wanted to see what soldiers of the Legion were like. I wanted to see the desert."

"And so it goes. As time passes and I play more and more characters, I hope to travel to the home of each type, to see what they are really like. To know how far I have gone wrong in my work—or how right."

"That's all I know of what I want. Of course, my desires may change. Maybe some day I'll hunger for a ranch and a fireside. But right now what I want more than anything else is to see every corner of this world we live in!"

Yes, Gary has changed. It was not so long ago that he expressed the sole wish to leave Hollywood and go back to his ranch for good. Now he longs for the entire world. And yet, to be perfectly frank, I'm one fan of his who can't think the change is for the worse.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

AN INQUISITIVE FAN.—You can rest assured that no double is used for Joan Crawford's dancing numbers. That's her specialty. She has won twenty-six cups, and it was while dancing at a night club that she was "discovered" by Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn. Yes, it was Lester Vail who did the tango with her in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Joan's first talkie was "The

Duke Steps Out," followed by "Hollywood Revue of 1929," "Our Modern Maidens," "Untamed," "Montana Moon," "Our Blushing Brides," "Paid," "Laughing Sinners," "This Modern Age," "Possessed," "Letty Lynton." Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton were in "Diplomacy."

SUNNY SUE.—Here is a list of all Ra-

mon Novarro's films: "Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," "Where the Pavement Ends," "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "The Midshipman," "A Lover's Oath," "Ben-Hur," "A Certain Young Man," "Lovers," "The Student Prince," "The Road to Romance," "Across to Singapore," "Forbidden Hour," "Flying Fleet," "The Pagan," "Devil-May-Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "Daybreak," "Son of India," "Mata Hari," "Huddle."

GAY PAREE.—No, Paul Lukas wasn't in "Ladies Love Brutes." George Bancroft played the lead. *Ronnie* in "The Big Pond" was Frank Lyon. Fredric March is six feet tall and was born August 31, 1898. Dorothy Jordan is a little over five feet; George Arliss, five feet nine; David Manners six feet. Charles Chase is married to Bebe Eltinge.

M. R.—For a photograph of Constance Bennett write to the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, and for one of Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Ramon Novarro the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City. It is customary, you know, to inclose twenty-five cents with each request.

LOLA LANE FAN.—Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were made one on September 15, 1931. Lew is under contract to the Universal Studio, Universal City, California, but Lola is free-lancing. Some of her films were "Let's Go Places," "Big Fight," "Good News," "Costello Case," "Hell Bound," "Ex-Bad Boy."

THELMA.—Joan Crawford's right name is Lucille Le Sueur, and she was born in San Antonio, Texas, May 23, 1908. She and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were married June 3, 1929. Doug's birthdate is December 9, 1907. They both played in "Our Modern Maidens," released in 1929. The cast of "Paris" included Irene Bordoni, Jack Buchanan, Louise Closser Hale, Jason Robards, Zasu Pitts, Margaret Fielding; those in "King of Jazz" were Paul Whitman, John Boles, Laura La Plante, Jeanette Loff, Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy, Kathryn Crawford, Slim Summerville, Stanley Smith, Billy Kent, Grace Hayes, Sisters G, Wilbur Hall, John Fulton, Rhythm Boys, Brox Sisters, George Chiles, Jacques Cartier, Al Norman, Frank Leslie, Jeanie Lang, Charles Irwin, Paul Howard, Marian Statler, Don Rose, Tommy Atkins Sextet, Nell O'Day, The Russell Markert Dancers.

CLAIRE McNEIL.—After a short vacation in New York, Gene Raymond has returned to the Paramount Studio in Hollywood to start work on an untitled picture. Glad to number you among our many Canadian readers. Your name was listed in the May issue under "Pick a Pen Pal."


TED MARSHALL.—You and your friends are certainly strong for John Boles, aren't you? I wish I could do something about giving him more singing rôles. His latest picture is "Back Street," with Irene Dunne. Mr. Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, October 28, 1900; six feet one, weighs 180, and has brown hair and gray-blue eyes. Address him at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

AL.—Astrid Allwyn is a young stage actress of Swedish descent, though she was born in Connecticut in December, 1910. She is five feet five, with brown hair and eyes. Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. That is her right name. Marion Davies's birthdate is January 1, 1898, and she, too, is a daughter of New York. Vivienne Osborne is unmarried.

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The POETS' Corner

JUSTICE TO THE CINEMESE

M.-G.-M. publicity bulletin: Hal Roach and Arthur Loew are cruising over fourteen South American countries to survey the Spanish film market.

Producer Hal Roach and Arthur Loew
Five or six days beyond El Paso,
Were flying over Uruguay
To see how Spanish versions pay.

Hal looked down. "Hey, town ho!"
He'd spotted old Montevideo.
"Skipper! A blind man could tell
Down here they love Hardy and Laurel."

The plane cruised on at one seventy-four
Over Chile, Argentine, and Ecuador.
"Aha! In every town a feller sees
It's plain they like my comedies."

Homeward, they rest in San José.
Feeling the need of a romantic play,
They rush to a movie, a little tardy—
"Pardon Us," Spanish—Laurel and Hardy.
LEE SMITH.

RULE GLORIA!

Glorious, glamorous, giddy and gay,
Lovable, laughable, living to play,
Onward you fly, now your triumph display,
Riding the crest, and then for a day
Into the depths—but never to stay;
And always our Gloria. Rule on for aye!
RICHARD E. GRIFFITH.

ILLUSION

Dream on, little girl, dream on,
Let your blood pressure rise.
Your idol's strong and tall,
There's danger in his eyes.
The technique he displays
Would make a Don Juan faint;
Your breathless, fluttering heart
Romantic fancies paint.

Dream on, little girl, dream on,
For how are you to know
The idol of your heart
Is stingy with his dough?
His feet are always cold,
His noisy small talk bores.
He gargles every night,
And when he sleeps—he snores!

L'ENVOI.

I thought you'd better know.
Don't dream away your life
Wake up, little girl, wake up,
You're talking to *his wife!*
BARBARA BARRY.

SWEET SEVENTEEN

Oh, see the little in-gén-ue,
How she emotes for me and you,
With smiles or tears.
She never even heard of sin;
She wouldn't know how to begin—
She's only seventeen—and been
The last ten years.

RUTH R. MAIER.

CRADLESNATCHER!

Mister Ernest Carleton Brimmer,
You have put me in a fix,
Made my girlish hopes go glimmer,
When you married Mrs. Dix.

Just in time, you went a-bridging
To avoid the leap-year rush,
And to spite you, I'm deciding
Jackie Cooper's now my crush.

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

BRIDAL AND BIT

From flocks of eager, ardent beaux,
Whom did our Clara pick?
A Western son who totes a gun. . . .
And knows each taming trick.

Says Rex's kin: "He'll tame the kid!
That temperament he'll quell;
And folks, I'll bet my heifer pet
Their marriage turns out well!"

MADELAINE ARCHER.

STUDIO GABLES

When Clark first came to Hollywood
He couldn't get a chance.
"You're not the type to stir," they said,
"A feeling of romance."

But on producing companies
Clark now has turned the tables;
Each unit wishes that it had
A House of *Seven Gables!*

RUTH R. MAIER.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

The hero I worship is cast as a crook;
The plot was picked from a juvenile book.
The sets are old-timers—they even need paint,
But that's not the reason I make this complaint.

The "girl" opposite is all of forty-two,
The wild lions and bears are pets from the zoo;
The music is poor, the action is slow,
But that's not the reason I'm knocking it so.

The long shots and close-ups are all out of line,
And an auto dates from the year '49.
But that's not the reason I'm fretting this minute—
The reason I'm sore is because I'm not in it!

BESSIE CRAIG.



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

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Robert
MONTGOMERY

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production

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

with
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MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Letty Lynton

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Directed by William K. Howard **A FOX PICTURE**

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SHALL YOU TRY MOVIES AFTER GRADUATION?

From stenography to stardom—what chance have you to make the grade?

At this season when thousands of graduates are wondering what course to take in choosing their work, many girls think of becoming actresses.

Then they reject the idea because it seems impossible, and they resign themselves to secretarial courses.

They do not realize how many stars have done that very thing, only to learn later that it was the best training for a career on the screen.

They learned discipline. They learned, too, the value of hard work in forming character.

You will be surprised to read in next month's Picture Play, how many stars found hard work in alien fields the stepping-stone to an opening on the stage or screen.

Virginia Maxwell traces some careers you know well and explains how some stenographers became stars—a most timely article that no graduate should overlook.



ANN DVORAK JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Every fan is excited about them and for good reason. They are the two most important newcomers these days.

Jeanne de Kolty tells you all about Ann from the time they were school-girls together, and Dena Reed introduces the real Johnny to you in September Picture Play.

PARAMOUNT SPECIALS

HAROLD LLOYD Prod.
"MOVIE CRAZY"

THE 4 MARX BROTHERS
in "HORSE FEATHERS"

MARLENE DIETRICH
in "BLONDE VENUS"
with Herbert Marshall,
Cary Grant. Directed by
Josef Von Sternberg.

MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"
with Jeanette MacDonald.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

"A FAREWELL
TO ARMS"
with HELEN HAYES
and FREDRIC MARCH
By Ernest Hemingway

"THE
SONG OF SONGS"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS
Richard Bennett,
Alison Skipworth

GEORGE M. COHAN in
"THE PHANTOM
PRESIDENT"

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"THE
SIGN OF THE CROSS"

"THE BIG BROADCAST"
with Bing Crosby, Stuart
Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns
& Allen, Mills Brothers,
Street Singer, Donald
Novis, Cab Calloway
and other stars.

ERNST LUBITSCH Prod.
"NOT MARRIED"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

"BLOOD AND SAND"
with
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
and CARY GRANT

"SINGLE NIGHT"
(tentative title)
with Nancy Carroll,
George Raft,
Wynne Gibson
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

"R. U. R."
with Sylvia Sidney and
Fredric March Directed by
Rouben Mamoulian

"IF I HAD A MILLION"
All Star Cast

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"
with Sylvia Sidney
and Gary Cooper

"THE SONG of the EAGLE"
by George M. Cohan

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Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow
"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE,
IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Paramount  Pictures

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

Here's your
GOOD-TIME
-TABLE
for 1932-3!



What the FANS Think

Just Who Is "Adult"?

IT is a sign of intelligence—to mention a star in conjunction with a certain picture in which that star's performance is believed to be inadequate, explaining at the same time why you thought the performance poor. But it is far from intelligent to mention a star who for eleven years has, in spite of the handicap of weak stories, outshone all the rest, and to make sweeping statements such as "Ramon Novarro—not one outstanding quality as an actor." A hasty generalization is neither argument nor proof. Yes, "Adult Fan," I'm talking to you. Instead of sneering at the adolescent mind, look to your own adult mind lest it be proved lacking in gray matter.



Offer me one instance in one picture wherein Ramon reminds you of a head waiter promoted to acting. Remember, I do not mean a poor story, I mean a poor performance. Tell me why you think so, and maybe I'll agree with you. Maybe—because you can't mention even one such case.

I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the Ramon Novarro we adolescents admire, both on and off the screen, is not an hallucination. Clever publicity does not enter into Ramon's case—and it takes much more than imagination to appreciate truly the beautiful person who is Ramon Novarro.

Where have you been the past ten years? In comparison to the other stars Ramon has had practically no publicity. And the little he has had is not the type that sends people to the box office. One thing I admit Ramon lacks—and, believe me, if he didn't lack it I wouldn't give a row of pins for him—and that is sex appeal, as the term is commonly used. Ramon's appeal is not to the gutter.

In the two attempts that have been made to make him "sexy"—"Daybreak" and "Mata Hari"—he didn't register. "Son of India" did register though, even if you and Irving Thalberg don't think so.

No, his publicity which has made his fans idealize him so, is not the kind that would sell at a box office. Yet Ramon has made it sell, and there's all the more glory for Ramon.

Until you have something to find fault with in Ramon, something you can put your finger on and say, "See, here's proof"—convincing proof—refrain from slinging mud at Ramon Novarro. It is enough that his employers treat him as if he were so much mud. **NATA CALIRI.**

Emmanuel College,

400 the Fenway, Boston, Massachusetts.

Believe It Or Not.

ONCE upon a time there was a cultured film actress, who always struck one as being a lady, whose films you could go and see without embarrassment, whose eyebrows showed intelligence, not an expression of perpetual astonishment. Who, strange but true, had real dark hair, not peroxidized flax, whose mouth looked like a mouth, not a crimson gash, who, impossible as it sounds, never appeared in publicity pictures clad in the latest thing in underwear—or less—and who never suffered from high-hat, Hollywooditis or adopted mysterious recluse poses, who never looked as if she lived on lettuce leaves and orange juice, and who, finally,



never tried to adopt a languorous, hothouse, dark-eyed, orchid air, but who kept her natural, clean-looking, wind-blown, outdoor aura. Impossible you say? Her name? Yes, Maureen O'Sullivan. "BANSHEE."

30 Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens,
Richmond, Surrey, England.

Good and Bad Speech Everywhere.

I THINK these arguments over the way the people from the North and those from the South talk are ridiculous.

I was born in the North, of a Northern father and a Southern mother and have lived both in the North and South, and have traveled extensively in both sections of the country. Therefore, I feel better qualified to talk on the subject than some of these people who have lived in one part all their lives and speak from hearsay.

It is no more true that all Northerners roll their "r's" and have a nasal twang, or that all Southerners drawl and say "you-all" when addressing one person, than it is true that all Britishers add an "h" to a word where none is necessary, or that they leave it off where one belongs.

I have heard people from the North with sweet, musical voices, and I have heard others with voices like foghorns. I have heard Southerners with equally lovely voices and some with harsh, coarse voices that would make chills run up and down one's spine. Why not let us think of Miriam Hopkins's voice as an example of the Southern, Ruth Chatterton as the Northern, and Elissa Landi as the British. I'm sure we would all agree that each one is clear, beautiful, and pleasing to the ear.



EDNA MORGAN.

316 Evernia Street, Apartment 8,
West Palm Beach, Florida.

Why Garbo Is Liked.

BECAUSE Greta Garbo is not common I like her. Because one does not see her figure splashed all over the pages of magazines in sensational poses, with a cigarette between her lips.

Because she does not talk glibly about her love for babies and the family she hopes to raise some day.

Because she is not reported engaged at least fifty-two times a year and each time to a different man.

Because she hasn't been divorced at least twice and on each occasion given out the information that the ex-husband and she were to continue the best of pals.

Because she doesn't complain that the public won't leave her private life alone. Instead, she sees to it that they do so.

Because she doesn't lend her name to soap and cigarette ads.

Because she has never shyly admitted that while playing a part she fell down and broke her ankle, but continued acting until the bitter end with a handkerchief tied around the injured leg, finally falling down in a dead faint backstage because the show must go on.

Because she does not appear as a redhead one day and a platinum blonde the next.

"'MATA HARI' FAN."

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

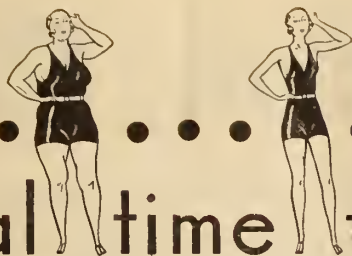


Continued on page 10

Now.....

is the ideal time to

REDUCE



You Will Reduce Much More Quickly
During The Summer!

If you dread the time when you will wear light filmy gowns, because of fat, bulky hips—START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your hips. Note our money-back guarantee. . . . Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded.

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This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle works constantly while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing fat with every move you make.

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After convalescing from severe illness this Spring, I found I was putting on considerable weight; 20 pounds advised against. My physician advised against any reducing diet or strenuous exercise—so I used your girdle instead. You might be interested to know that—I reduced almost twenty pounds.
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Bse, New York

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I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle—it seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous—at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.
MISS JEAN HEALY
239 Park Ave., New York City

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Dept. 668, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial offer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

H. W. L.—Ann Dvorak is attracting no little notice these days, despite the fact that she has but four pictures to her credit to date—"Scarface," "Sky Devils," "The Crowd Roars," and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Born in New York City, August 2, 1912, her family moved to California when she was nine. Ann played in amateur theatricals while attending the Page School for Girls, which gave her the desire to do some real acting. She danced in several Metro-Goldwyn musical shows, and for three years was dancing instructor to stars. Five feet five, weighs 110, black hair and blue-gray eyes. She and Leslie Fenton surprised the film colony by suddenly marrying on March 17th last.

RITA BELLA.—It isn't often that a player wins general acclaim after a single performance, but Johnny Weissmuller did just that in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." M.-G.-M. has given him a seven-year contract, and when he has completed his fourteen weeks of personal appearances, he will return to the studio to begin work on his next film, probably "Eskimo." This swimming champion was born at Wimber, Pennsylvania, June 2, 1904. Is six feet three, weighs 195, brown eyes, and due to staying in the water so much his hair is three colors, light-brown, dark-brown, and gray. Yes, he is married, girls, and to the pretty Bobbe Arnst, dancer.

A TOBIN FAN.—Genevieve Tobin began her stage career at the age of four. She was educated in private schools here and abroad, and returned to the theater at the age of sixteen. Miss Tobin left the cast of the musical show, "Fifty Million Frenchmen," to go to Hollywood to play the same rôle in the screen version. She will have the leading feminine rôle in "Hollywood Speaks." Address her at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

KEN M. LARSON.—Joan Marsh is younger than Marian Marsh, her birthdate being July 10, 1914, Marian's October 17, 1913. Does this settle the argument?

SALLY.—The young player to whom you refer in "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Young As You Feel," and "Lady With a Past" is Donald Dillaway. He is with Fox. Born in New York City, March 7, 1903, six feet, weighs 150, and has dark-brown hair and eyes.

ROSE MAUREEN.—It is nice to know that we have secret admirers, but I'd rather you'd join our little group and ask questions occasionally. Yes, I know the Larry Steers you mention. He has been playing small bits in pictures for the past fourteen years. Since he made "No One Man" for Paramount, perhaps that studio can supply you with his photo. Born and educated in Chicago, six feet, weighs 175, gray hair, brown eyes.

FLORENCE W.—Of course you are not too inquisitive! By all means come again. John Arledge played the part of Una

Merkel's brother in "Daddy Long Legs." He has a part in Ramon Novarro's "Huddle." Johnny comes from Crockett, Texas, where he was born on March 12, 1907. He is still single.

A MISSOURIAN.—Whenever you are puzzled, remember that The Oracle is at your service. The medical student in "Murders in the Rue Morgue" was Leon Waycoff. They tell me that Bela Lugosi is



The Oracle decides that Genevieve Tobin has leaped to real popularity because of "One Hour With You." Her next picture is "Hollywood Speaks."

divorced. That is Clara Bow's right name. She hasn't any brother or sisters; neither has Clark Gable.

PILGREN AND PYORRE.—Marjan Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, October 20, 1904; Virginia Valli, Chicago, Illinois, January 19, 1900. Her right name is McSweeney. Thomas Meighan's birthdate is April 9, 1879, and the place was Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Arthur Lake, whose family name is Silverlakes, comes from Corbin, Kentucky.

ANNE BENO.—How do the players make tears come to their eyes? Well, if onions aren't effective enough, maybe the director tells the star, at that point in the story, that her acting is terrible, her salary will be cut, and generally torment her to tears. That's a sure way to make 'em weep. Seriously, though, some players can cry very easily, and a sentimental piece like "Hearts and Flowers" is all they need. "Night World," with Mae Clarke, is Lew Ayres's latest.

MADLINE SILVERMAN.—Yes, "The Light of Western Stars" was released as a talkie in 1930, with Richard Arlen and Mary

Brian in the leads. Marian Marsh was born in the West Indies on October 17, 1913. She has a part in "Street of Women." Eric Linden's birthdate is July 12, 1912.

RUTH PARKER.—If the player you wish to identify isn't listed in the cast of "No One Man," then I cannot help you out. They were Carol Lombard, Ricardo Cortez, Paul Lukas, Juliette Compton, George Barbier, Virginia Hammond, Arthur Pier-son, Francis Moffett, Irving Bacon.

A. P. L.—Your questions about Johnny Weissmuller have already been covered. I have no fan club for Joel McCrea. Nils Asther, Grant Withers, and Patsy Ruth Miller were born on January 17th.

GLADYS STEVENSON.—Robert Armstrong played in the stage production of "Is Zat So?" His films include "A Girl in Every Port," "Leopard Lady," "Square Crooks," "The Cop," "Celebrity," "Baby Cyclone," "Shady Lady," "Show Folks," "The Leatherneck," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "Woman From Hell," "Big News," "Oh, Yeah!" "The Racketeer," "Be Yourself," "Dumb-bells in Ermine," "Danger Lights," "Big Money," "Paid," "Iron Man," "Ex-Bad Boy," "Tip Off," "Suicide Fleet," "The Lost Squadron." Bob is a native of Saginaw, Michigan, and his birthdate is November 20, 1896. For his photograph, write to the RKO Studio, Hollywood. He is divorced from Jeanne Kent. Watch for him in "Radio Patrol" and "Is My Face Red?"

BETTY ROBB.—Gene Raymond is twenty-four. His latest assignment is a part in "Forgotten Commandments." Kent Douglas seems to prefer the stage. He is now preparing to do three plays for the Pasadena Community Players.

BENNIE.—Arline Judge is married to Wesley Ruggles, director. She is a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and is but nineteen. Her latest picture is "Is My Face Red?" with Helen Twelvetrees, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Armstrong, and Jill Esmond. Address her at the RKO Studio, Hollywood.

JUST ANOTHER FAN.—Jackie Cooper's "Limp," was retitled "When a Feller Needs a Friend." Leon Janney played in "Fame Street." Marion Davies's next is "Good Time Girl."

AERO STRUTS.—Sorry I can't reproduce your sketches. They're O. K. Lovely Madge Evans is a child of Manhattan, and was born in 1909. She is a blonde with blue eyes, and unmarried. Write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, for her photograph.

DOTTIE FROM BUFFALO.—Colin Clive returned to England where he recently completed "Lily Christine," opposite Corinne Griffith. He is married to Jeanne de Casalis.

THE SHOPPING TOUR OF **Rambhai Barni**

Her name is Rambhai Barni, and her husband is the only absolute monarch left in the world. She has more jewels than the sky has stars, and nothing is unattainable to her if money will buy it.

But even Rambhai Barni can't find in Siam all the luxuries that her feminine heart delights in. And when she came to the United States last spring she had the pleasure of a real American shopping trip . . . from which she returned with seventy-eight pairs of American silk stockings, and fifty-five pairs of American kid gloves.

How much more fortunate the American woman is! She doesn't have to buy a year's supply of stockings . . . or of anything else . . . all at once. She buys only as she needs or wishes, confident that the best the entire world can produce is offered for her choice to-day, to-morrow, or next month.

And advertising is her buying guide. Through advertising she learns what is new, smart, fashionable. Through advertising she discovers where her money can be spent most advantageously. Advertising is a real and useful influence in her life. *There's something in the advertisements to-day to interest you. Read them.*

IMPORTANT

When you ask for a product by name, as a result of advertising, do not accept a substitute — substitutes are offered not as a service to you, but for other reasons.

Continued from page 6

Love 'Em and Slap 'Em.

YOUR hopes are futile, "Voice from Chicago." At least a part of the wrath of the Gable fans is falling herewith upon your "poor unprotected head."



I see at once that you are a woman. Your writing betrays your identity.

God help such a poor individual with such pessimistic and perverted opinions of an actor whom all of us normal humans hail

as the superb lover, and a man whom Valentino himself would, if he were living to-day, envy and address as "Mr. Gable."

I do not intend to "yes" Mr. Tully, but merely want to help you wise up to yourself. You sound hopeless.

So Clark Gable lacks polish, does he? By the Eternal, just what is your conception of a polished actor and lover? Ah! I have your number. You want to dominate, not be dominated. Your ideal must surrender to women, I presume, instead of showing them their place in this world. He must part his hair in the middle, pluck his eyebrows, have dimples in his cheeks, and wear a pansy in his lapel.

Why do the majority of female fans flock to the theater when a Gable picture comes to town? Certainly it is not because of the brutality which you have said he possesses. No, it is his personal attractiveness and personality, and, too, my dear one, his methods of handling women like you. Women like it, they thrive on it, they long for a lover just like Mr. Gable, but they are few and far between.

I saw the picture to which you refer, the picture in which he slapped Joan Crawford. Did she dislike it? Oh, I don't think so. Neither would a thousand other women have disliked it had they been in Joan's shoes. He is only brutal in the sense that he dominates. He masters his women with an expert technique, and if there is anything that the normal woman likes, it is being mastered.

Why don't you sober up for a while, and reread that criticism of yours? I should think you would blush with shame!

P. G. KELLEY.

Kalamazoo College,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Beauty and Brains.

MARY ANN, Elissa Landi is a star because she has that unbeatable combination of great physical beauty and brains.



She brings to the screen, besides, rare personal charm and an acting ability that stacks up well with any now on display. There are plenty of us who would rather have her speak one line than listen to any other actress in a whole play.

G. E. II.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Sing and Undress, Ramon!

I HAVE had enough views of women's arms, legs, underwear, extreme underwear, middles, shoulders, et cetera, to last me for a lifetime, just lately. Not that I object. Film undies are a joy forever, and I have no objection whatever to anatomies.

But why don't they undress people like Ramon Novarro and Duncan Renaldo more often? Now there's something worth looking at! Especially Ramon. Those legs!

Can't somebody find another "Pagan" for him? Or cast him as a dancer? Or get him shipwrecked? He's got such a gorgeous body, it's a shame to dress him up in lieutenant's outfits. And I don't like

him with all his beautiful black locks sheared to the roots. Neither do I like him with a mustache. It spoils the Greek god effect. There are so few with that classic beauty as well as such very material talents.

And, if he sees this, I would like him to take heed just here:

Sing, Ramon, sing!

And please, beautiful, make some phonograph records so we can have you to ourselves sometimes.

LUCILLA P. WOODS.

30 Bulstrode Gardens,
Hounslow, Middlesex, England.

Winsome but "Everyday."

HAVING seen "After To-morrow," I'm convinced that Janet Gaynor, sweet as she is, has a real rival in Marian Nixon, because Marian not only possesses the same



winsome qualities which endeared Janet to the fans, but she has something else—an everyday appeal. She's a rare type. Who else can combine the world of storybook with the world of reality and make it convincing?

She's proved this by her excellent portrayal of the human little Sydney, whose sensible feet were planted firmly on the ground, yet whose adorable little head was way up in the clouds.

Please don't misunderstand me. I'm very fond of Janet, but let's see more of Marian with *Pete*—and more of Janet with *Chico*—if you follow me!

JEAN BETTY HUBER.

18 Glenbrook Road,
Morris Plains, New Jersey.

Perfect English Is Found!

AFTER reading the controversy concerning the proper speech to adopt in the talkies, I could not resist taking up quill and parchment and giving vent to my feelings.

In the first place, is "Kentucky" correct in her idea of the proper inflections to use on the set? Is "Ohio" right in assuming the stars should adopt the "harsh Northern twang"? Or is cowboy slang proper for drawing-room scenes? Or should your wonderful States nationally adopt Al Smith's slang-twang of New York's East Side?

I think any fair-minded Yankee, Southerner, West Coaster, or New Yorker, will agree that their little idiosyncrasies of speech are all wrong, that is, according to Webster, and as James Roy Fuller says in *May Picture Play*, it is becoming virtually a war—of words! England, Scotland, and Northern and Southern States are in it so far—why not let a good "Canuck" in on it, too?

I believe I can settle the thing once and for all by asking any one just to listen to a Canadian for a few minutes and he will realize that we of the true North have 'em all skinned when it comes to the pronunciation of the English language. I believe I am fair to all races when I say Canadians come closer to speaking the king's English than any people on earth.

No doubt there will be a lot of contradictions of this, but just talk to a son of Canada for a few minutes, and see for yourself how close I am in stating the truth. By that I don't mean some one who has left his native land of the Maple where the king's English is not the "king's Hinglish."

Hoping an armistice will be signed immediately,

ROBERT E. CHAMBERS.
168 Pembroke Street, W.,
Pembroke, Ontario, Canada.

Afraid of Anita Page?

DO producers really know or pay attention to what fans want? We read that Anita Page, who is put in such second-class pictures as "Sidewalks of New York" and given a supporting rôle to colorless Marian Marsh, receives as much fan mail as Clark Gable. Yet Clark sails merrily on and Anita—?

It's my belief that she is somewhat too clever for most stars. They don't dare to have her in their pictures. Joan Crawford, for example, has learned her lesson and shies clear. And Constance Bennett became temperamental about Anita's make-up in "The Easiest Way." She'd better, if she wants to keep on getting that \$30,000 salary. Recently Anita replaced the painfully lean Karen Morley, in "Night Court." Let's hope this will be Anita's big break.

JACK RAWLEY.

Bangor, Maine.

Help the Platinum Blondes.

WHEN the time comes that apparently sane and clear-headed people let the color of hair decide other people's morals, something must be done about it.

When girls adopted the Kay Francis and Garbo bobs no one accused the stars, or the girls, of having shady pasts. Why should girls who have gone platinum be accused of being hard and having loose morals? Jean Harlow was unfortunate enough to have that sort of a rôle for her first big part—and now she and every girl who copied her has this stigma on her reputation.

A little old-fashioned horse sense is needed here, and it will tell you that if Jean Harlow had the slightest thing to her discredit it would have surely come out during the subsequent glare of spotlight that focused on her. Now wouldn't it?

Producers have put platinum blondes in a serious position—and it is up to them to get them out of it. Give Jean Harlow decent, sympathetic rôles, and remove from her, and all her sister platinums, the silly but serious curse of the platinum blonde.

VIRGINIA WHITNEY.

606 South Ashland Avenue,
Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Unconscious Perfection—

Madge Evans.

STEP aside, Garbo, Crawford, and Shearer. Make way for a real actress. A splash of golden loveliness, a glorious goddess with hair of bronze waves; glowing sapphire eyes; a delicious, friendly irresistible smile; cherry-red lips, a sleek, slim, strong young body; a warm, vibrant, exciting voice; and a personality that sweeps her audience off their feet. Unlike a lot of painted cuties in Hollywood, she's a polished, glorious specimen of perfect womanhood.

Norbert Lusk, *Picture Play's* reviewer, lauded her as the ingénue *par excellence*. She is the leading lady and actress *par excellence*, but not an ingénue. Being such would place her on a level with Mary Brian and other sweet young things. She is far, far superior to them. Potential greatness lies just ahead of her. In "Are You Listening?" she stands out among the other members of the cast like the Statue of Liberty among tugboats. In "Lovers Courageous," she brought a rare, delicate, incomparable performance to the screen. She outacted the star, Bob Montgomery. She's priceless! And so unaware of it all.

A few more performances such as her previous ones and her name, Madge Evans, will become an international household word.

DOROTHY ROGERS.
14362 Longacre Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

What Gets the Ladies.

YOU all have your favorites among the stars, but do you know what it is that attracts you? You don't? Well, listen closely and I'll tell you.

In Richard Barthelmess it is his eyes and mouth. Those deep, unfathomable, seemingly bottomless brown eyes, and that thin-lipped, crookedly set mouth which smiles only at rare intervals, are more than enough to set the ladies' hearts to beating faster. Richard's slow, infrequent smile is a thing you come to watch for and anticipate, a thing which leaves you just a little breathless and a bit shaken. Don't ask me why. I don't know and I can't explain.

Clark Gable has no less than three attractive qualities. First, that famous smile and dimples. Then there's Clark's voice. It is vibrant, magnetic, and with a sort of half snarl in it that gets the ladies every time. Even with your eyes shut you'd know it belonged to a man who could make life exciting for you.

And there is the way in which he looks at you, and the habit he has of planting himself squarely in front of you and swaying his body from side to side as if he'd like to haul off and knock you down. Too thrilling for words, my dear.

As for Lawrence Tibbett, when you remember that he is a singer you would naturally think that his greatest charm would be his truly magnificent voice. But you'd be wrong. It is his irresistibly roguish grin and the trick he has of tilting his chin up at you and the humorous, upward quirk of his eyebrows.

Now we come to Ronald Colman who has the voice of a gay *Lothario*. It's a carefree, ironically gay voice, a rather quizzical thing of subtle overtones and half notes which is utterly fascinating.

And so it goes. Buddy Rogers gets by on his boyish sweetness and youthful good looks. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a wide, infectious grin and an exceedingly sympathetic voice. Bill Powell slays them with his suavity and his inscrutable, heavy-lidded gray eyes. The calm manner and thoroughly English voice of Leslie Howard account for his quick rise to popularity with the fans.

I could go on picking out the points which appeal to a girl. It's a great game. Try it yourself the next time you go to the movies.

IRENE M. WOODRUFF.

26 Monument Square,
Charlestown, Massachusetts.

How Southerners Talk.

THERE has been a lot of bitter controversy about Northern and Southern voices, but nobody has given the Northerners any true conception of how we really do speak. I propose to.

All the slightly educated men speak like James Dunn. All the rest, with some exceptions, speak like Robert Montgomery. The exceptions talk exactly like James Kirkwood.

Only the Negroes talk like Una Merkel, but many of the girls speak like Clara Bow. That is why I don't like Clara's voice. It's too ordinary. All others have voices like Sylvia Sidney. That's how we talk, and, of course, everybody uses "you-all" only when referring to two or more persons.

"A TEXAN."

Galveston, Texas.

Ramon Crowded Out?

I WANT to express my admiration for Ramon Novarro. There is no doubt that his singing voice is the best on the screen and his acting is flawless, but I want to complain about his lack of attention to

Continued on page-13 .

BETRAYED BY A SULTRY NIGHT



by Timmins

SHE WAS THRILLED TO HAVE HIM CALL. EVERYTHING WAS LOVELY... AT FIRST!



THEN A SUDDEN STORM... WINDOWS HURRIEDLY CLOSED. THE ROOM GREW STUFFY... AND SHE NOTICED SOMETHING UNPLEASANT

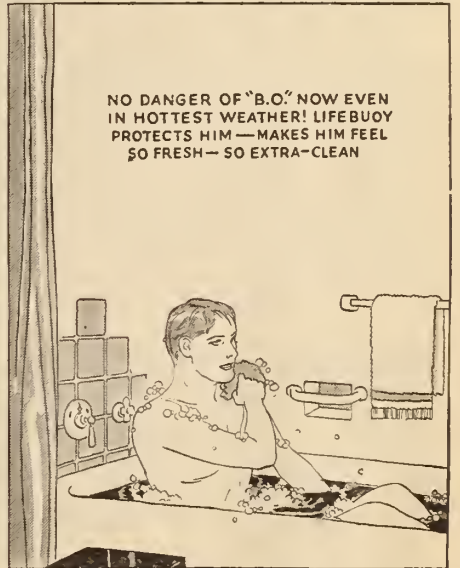


FOR DAYS HE PUZZLED OVER HER BEWILDERING COOLNESS

— THEN AN ADVERTISEMENT SET HIM THINKING



NO DANGER OF "B.O." NOW EVEN IN HOTTEST WEATHER! LIFEBOUY PROTECTS HIM — MAKES HIM FEEL SO FRESH — SO EXTRA-CLEAN



FRIENDS AGAIN — AND MORE THAN FRIENDS — ENGAGED! NO "B.O." NOW TO DARKEN THEIR HAPPY ROMANCE



Summer increases "B.O." danger

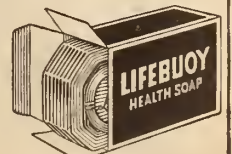
(body odor)

HOW freely we perspire these sultry days—how easy to offend! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather purifies pores—stops "B.O." (body odor). Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Complexions clear

Try this 10-second treatment for dull, cloudy skin. Massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the face; then rinse. Do this nightly—watch your complexion freshen. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



Continued from page 8

R. N.—Anita Page is appearing in "Night Court," with Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes. You can obtain her photograph by writing to the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California. Anita was born in New York, August 4, 1910, is five feet three, weighs 118, and has blond hair and blue eyes. She is not married.

ELIZABETH ACKERLEY.—You guessed right—foreign fans are always welcome. Never let that stop you from writing to Picture Play. You are keen about Lilyan Tashman, aren't you? She is very popular over here, too. Lilyan and Edmund Lowe were married September 1, 1925. His first wife was Esther Miller. Miss Tashman is five feet seven, and weighs 119. Her first picture was "Garden of Weeds," in 1924.

A LEON JANNEY LOVER.—This clever little actor was born in Ogden, Utah, April 1, 1917. His mother, formerly a stage actress, appears occasionally in pictures. All Leon's stories are chosen for him by the studios. Louis King directed him in "Fame Street."

JACK ROSEN.—Sue Carol has been appearing in vaudeville, but what is more important, there are rumors of an expected blessed event. She was born October 30, 1908, and is five feet three and a half. A fan club in her honor was started some time ago by Marie Berry, 2315 North Thirtieth Street, Tacoma, Washington. Nick Stuart is five feet ten.

H. C. C.—There was no double used in "Strangers in Love." Both parts were played by Fredric March, just as he played both rôles in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That's what clever acting and a little make-up will do!

JACQUITA.—The only address I have for Ramon Novarro is in care of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. He is always interested in his fan mail, so do not hesitate to write him. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born December 9, 1907.

JOSEPH KOCIK.—I am answering your letter here, since you neglected to inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Paramount recently closed their Eastern studio, and until Nancy Carroll reports on the West Coast we won't know her future plans. Peggy Shannon married Allen Davis about 1928. "Sin Sister" was released in 1929.

BABS.—So it is David Manners and Stanley Smith this time, eh? Well, in order to start a fan club in their honor, all you have to do is gather together a group of their admirers, write to the players for their cooperation, elect a president and, through fan magazines, invite others to join.

A FAITHFUL FAN OF LAURA LA PLANTE.—Yes, it is too bad that we do not see more of this lovely actress. She hasn't made any picture since "Sea Ghost." Hope they find a suitable story for her soon.

BOBBY.—Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, California, November 5, 1905, six feet two, weighs 185, blue eyes, brown hair; George O'Brien in San Francisco, September 1, 1900, five feet eleven, weighs 176, brown hair and eyes; Buc Jones, Vincennes, Indiana, December 4, 1889, six feet, weighs 174, brown hair, gray eyes; Arline Judge is five feet two and weighs 100.

ANNETTE K.—Theodor von Eltz has been appearing in pictures for many years, and before that played on the stage for

a long period. Although born in New Haven, Connecticut, he was educated at the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. He is free-lancing, so I am unable to give you a studio address.

LOIS.—Sorry, but I do not keep casts of short comedies. "Once a Hero" was released by Educational, and "The Unemployed Ghost" by Paramount. Olive Borden and Grant Withers have been making personal appearances.

JO.—After "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Main Event," Frances Dee will play opposite Stuart Erwin, in "Merton of the Talkies." No, she was never a Wampas Baby Star. Mary Brian in "It's Tough To Be Famous," opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Rochelle Hudson is only seventeen. "Sunrise Trail," with Tom Keene, is her next. Ramon Novarro's picture after "Huddle" probably will be "Man of the Nile."

BUD.—The cast of "Sunshine Susie" included Renate Muller, Jack Hulbert, Morris Harvey, and Owen Nares. Perhaps by addressing Gainsborough Film House Pictures, Ltd., Wardour Street, W. 1, London, England, you will be able to obtain their photographs.

A NEW YORKER.—For a photo of Raul Roulien, write to the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. This South American player was born October 8, 1905. If Florenz Ziegfeld decides to film his show "Hot-Cha!" then Buddy Rogers's fans will have a real treat on the screen. I have been unable to identify the young millionaire in "City Lights." Stanley Smith, whose birthdate is January 6, 1907, is six feet, weighs 155, and is unmarried.

JUNE BLOSSOM FLOWER.—Don Alvarado is a native of New Mexico, where he was born November 4, 1904; five feet eleven, dark hair and eyes. Nils Asther comes from Sweden, is six feet one, weighs 176, brown hair, blue eyes, birthdate January 17, 1902. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 16, 1905; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 174.

JOHN D. STOKE.—The information you desire about Tad Alexander just doesn't seem to be available. Frankie Darro was born on December 22, 1918. With the way these youngsters keep growing it is impossible to keep a record of their height and weight.

LEON.—There was a talkie version of "The Great Divide" released in February, 1930. The cast included Dorothy Mackaill, Ian Keith, Lucien Littlefield, Ben Hendricks, Myrna Loy, Frank Tang, Creighton Hale, George Fawcett, Jean Laverty, Claude Gillingwater, Roy Stewart, James Ford, Jean Lorraine, Gordon Elliott. Irene Rich, after a successful tour of the road, recently returned to the Fox Studio to play opposite Will Rogers, in "Down to Earth."

FRANCES NELSON.—This little Bette Davis is fairly new to the screen, but she has scored in a number of pictures. Watch for her in "The Dark Horse" and "So Big."

CLEO SELLERS.—Of course you may write whenever you wish. If you want a reply by mail simply inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Sidney Fox, who comes from the stage, was born in New York in 1910. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were married June 14, 1930, and baby Barbara Bebe Lyon was born September 9, 1931. The proud father was born in At-

lanta, Georgia, February 6, 1901. "Love Me To-night" is Maurice Chevalier's next picture following "One Hour With You." The lovely Jeanette MacDonald is the heroine in this one, too. Fay Wray hails from Canada. She is twenty-five. Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, December 27, 1905; Greta Garbo, Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905; Sari Maritza, Tientsin, China, March 17, 1910; Lil Dagover, Java, Dutch East Indies.

JOHN R. CLARK, JR.—Besides "Whoopee," Paul Gregory has played in "Sit Tight" and "Children of Dreams." Cullen Landis is now in business in Detroit. Niles Welch is not a star.

W. MENDS.—Anthony Bushell is married to Zelma O'Neal, stage and screen actress. He came to America in 1927 to play opposite the late Jeanne Eagels in the stage production of "Her Cardboard Lover." His films include "Disraeli," "Show of Shows," "Lovin' the Ladies," "Journey's End," "The Flirting Widow," "Three Faces East," "Royal Bed," "Born to Love," "Expensive Women," "Five Star Final."

JUST A FAN.—Wynne Gibson is under contract to Paramount. Since 1930 she has made "Children of Pleasure," "The Fall Guy," "June Moon," "Gang Buster," "Man of the World," "City Streets," "Kick In," "Road to Reno," "Ladies of the Big House," "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." James Dunn's latest is "Society Girl," opposite Peggy Shannon. Barry Norton has returned to Hollywood to make a fresh start in movies. Your questions about Gene Raymond have been answered elsewhere in this department.

J. F. S.—Hope you were not disappointed when you failed to see your answers in the May issue, but that number was made up when your letter was received. Beth Sully was the first wife of Douglas Fairbanks and their son is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Lew Ayres is at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. Miriam Hopkins was born in Bainbridge, near Savannah, Georgia. Her films to date include "Fast and Loose," "Smiling Lieutenant," "Twenty-four Hours," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Two Kinds of Women," "Dancers in the Dark," "World and the Flesh." The late Robert Ames's last picture was with Ruth Chatterton in "Tomorrow and To-morrow."

MARY B. NEWTON.—Perhaps a letter to J. Harold Murray at the New Amsterdam Theater, West Forty-second Street, New York, where he is playing in "Face the Music," will bring forth the information you are seeking.

JUST DOT.—Very sorry, but I am unable to identify the music accompanying "Impatient Maiden." Those tuneful melodies in "One Hour With You" were "Wedding Ring," "Oh, That Mitzi," and the one named after the title.

BROWNIE.—These actresses were Richard Dix's leading ladies in the following films: Mary Brian, in "Shanghai Bound"; Jean Arthur, in "Warming Up"; Ruth Elder, in "Moran of the Marines"; Gladys Belmont, in "Redskin"; Esther Ralston, in "The Quarter Back." Allan Forrest, opposite Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Clara Bow's heroes were James Hall, in "The Fleet's In"; Antonio Moreno, in "It"; Reed Howes, in "Rough-house Rosie"; Buddy Rogers, in "Get Your Man"; Neil Hamilton, in "Three Week-ends." Joan Crawford and John Gilbert,

in "Four Walls"; Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer, in "The Student Prince"; Belle Bennett, Eve Southern, and Donald Keith, in "Wild Geese"; Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, in "The Winning of Barbara Worth"; James Rennie and Dorothy Mackaill, in "Mighty Lak a Rose"; Helene Costello and Walter Merrill, in "While London Sleeps."

EMMA PRINCIPE.—In "We Americans," the three boys were George Lewis, John Boles, Eddie Phillips; the three girls, Patsy Ruth Miller, Josephine Dunn, Flora Bramley. Lillian Gish and Ralph Forbes were the leads in "The Enemy." Dixie Lee, Richard Keene, David Rollins, Jean Barry, Ilka Chase, Dot Farley in "Why Leave Home?" Eleanor Boardman and James Murray in "The Crowd." Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891. He was divorced July 20, 1931, from Agnes Heron Miller.

KITTY TIBBETT.—It isn't that I don't want to be generous with readers, but the other fellow must be considered. We try to squeeze in as many answers as we can. Greta Garbo's real name is Gustafsson. Joan Crawford has blue eyes; she is an American. Clark Gable's right name is William Gable. Ginger Rogers was born in Independence, Missouri, July 16th, but she doesn't give the year; five feet five, weighs 115, has brown hair and blue eyes. That is Warner Baxter's right name. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 168, brown hair and eyes. Ruth Chatterton, born New York City, December 24, 1897; five feet two and a half, weighs 110, light-brown hair and blue eyes, married to Ralph Forbes. Stuart Erwin, born in Squaw Valley, California, on St. Valentine's Day; five feet nine, weighs 165, light-brown hair and gray eyes; married to June Collyer. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico, July 18, 1909; five

feet two, weighs 110, black hair, brown eyes. Her right name is Guadalupe Villabolas, and she is not married.

OLITE.—Don't be afraid to come too often. You are as welcome as this spring weather. The cast of "The Unknown" included Lon Chaney, Norman Kerry, Joan Crawford, Nick de Ruiz, John George, Frank Lanning. Yes, in this picture Joan Crawford married *Malabar* (Norman Kerry). "Jealous Husbands": Earle Williams, Jane Novak, Ben Alexander, Don Marion, George Seigmann, Emily Fitzroy, Bull Montana, J. Gunnis Davis. "The Third Degree": Dolores Costello, Louise Dresser, Rockliffe Fellowes, Jason Robards, Kate Price, Tom Santchi, Harry Todd, Mary Louise Miller, Michael Vavitch, David Torrence, Fred Kelsey. "Till We Meet Again": Julia Swayne Gordon, Mae Marsh, J. Barney Sherry, Walter Miller, Norman Kerry, Martha Mansfield, Tammany Young, Dan Hayes, Dick Lee, Cyril Chadwick. "Metropolis": Alfred Abel, Gustav Froelich, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Theodor Loos, Heinrich George, Brigitte Helm. "The Signal Tower": Virginia Valli, Wallace Beery, James O. Barrows, Rockliffe Fellowes, Frankie Darro, J. Farrell MacDonald, Dot Farley. "Mother": Belle Bennett, Crauford Kent, William Bakewell, Joyce Coad, Mabel Julienne Scott, Sam Allen, Charlotte Stevens. The children in "Children of Divorce" were Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper. In "The Lady in Ermine," Einar Hansen played the part of Corinne Griffith's husband. "The Miracle Man": Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney, J. M. Dumont, W. Lawson Butt, Elinor Fair, E. A. Turner, Lucille Hutton, Joseph J. Dowling. Mickey Moore was the little boy in "No Man's Gold."

O. ANDERSON.—The theme song of "Private Lives" was "Some Day I Will Find You." Edwina Booth has been play-

ing in a serial with Harry Carey called "The Vanishing Legion."

JACK A.—Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, on July 27, about thirty years ago, is five feet ten, weighs 155, and has brown hair and eyes. He is at present playing on the stage in "The Laugh Parade."

CHRISTINE JONES.—Nancy Carroll played with Richard Dix, in "Easy Come, Easy Go," and with Jack Holt, in "Water Hole." Ralph Forbes has light hair, blue eyes, is six feet tall, and weighs 165.

E. A. B.—Claudette Colbert's right name is Chauchoin. She was born in Paris of French parentage on September 13th, but she doesn't say what year. Anyway, it was a lucky day for us. Miriam Hopkins divorced Austin Parker in July, 1931. Marjorie Rambeau has been divorced twice. Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1907. Yes, it is possible to have a talkie within a talkie.

DOROTHY ADDIS.—Sally Eilers and Robert Young were sweethearts in "The Black Camel." Try Mr. Young at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio.

DORIS ASBELL.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899; five feet ten; weighs 160; dark hair and eyes. His right name is Samenigos, and he isn't married. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio. Ramon is very charming offscreen. It is no easy matter to get into the movies, and nowadays the producers seem to be interested only in experienced stage players.

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—June Collyer was born on your birthday. Write to her in care of the Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Tom Tyler is scheduled to appear in the Universal talking serial "Battling With Buffalo Bill."

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 11

his fan mail. Some months ago I sent him a painting I made from one of his photographs. I did not want money for it. He was to accept it as a token of my admiration. He never answered. Later I wrote again, including a dollar for a photo. I expected one like those Paramount sends for that price—an 11 x 14 in colors. Guess what I got? A twenty-five-cent photo! Is that fair? I know he has no time to attend to his fan mail, but his secretary must be inefficient and with no sense of value.

"Adult Fan" is wrong about Novarro's clever publicity. There seems to be no place left for Ramon in the magazines. The pages are all filled with articles about Garbo, Bennett, and Gable. No, Mr. "Adult Fan," Novarro has not "one outstanding quality as an actor"—he has them all. You also write he "lacks real poise" and "reminds you of a head waiter promoted to acting." You are evidently judging him from the point of view of an Anglo-Saxon, on account of your contact with restaurant services.

"A MEXICAN GIRL."

Tampico, Mexico.

A Lesson in English Accent.

THE controversy with regard to accents between the Southerners and Northerners has interested me vastly, although I think it quite unnecessary to express oneself so heatedly in defense of one's own speech. Being English, I must admit that the Northern and Middle-Western nasal twang jars on me, but nothing

can surpass the cultured American voice of the stage-trained actor or actress. I do not like the clipped, affected speech of certain English stars, nor can I accept the would-be-English speech of some Hollywood players.

Right now I am going to correct an erroneous impression, current among Americans and Canadians, that we English people say "cawn't" and "rawther" and "bawth." No Englishman ever pronounces his words in this fashion. In "can't," "rather," and "bath" the "a" is sounded as in "bark." It is the "o" which some English people pronounce "aw" in words like "lost" and "cross." In the north of England the vowels are shortened, as they are in the Northern and Middle-Western States.

The most perfect speech is heard from Ruth Chatterton, Lois Moran, Madge Evans, Ann Harding, Joan Bennett, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, David Manners, and Clive Brook. North, South, East, or West, I care not. Their voices delight, and, curiously, they are all accomplished actors.

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia,
Canada.

Hollywood "Sophistication."

I HEARTILY indorse John Norcken's remarks with regard to Norma Shearer's silly giggles and absurd gowns. She works hard, poor dear, at being sophisticated. Her efforts almost embarrass me.

At the same time I think Norma, with

a little more restraint, could be a very good actress. Her stories are usually interesting, and she is always well supported. What more can any girl want?

If she must play sophisticated rôles, why doesn't the lady mix with people of the world—cosmopolitans—and observe? Then she might give us a different portrayal. Until then, spare me from Hollywood sophistication.

BOBBIE CARLTON.

81 St. George's Square,
London, S. W. 1, England.

Greek God in "Huddle."

THINK of the delightful treat for our eyes and ears in seeing and hearing Novarro, the youthful and strikingly handsome *Prince Judah*, of "Ben-Hur," as *Romeo*, in "Romeo and Juliet," with sweet Dorothy Jordan as *Juliet*!

Or are the classics beyond the ability of M.-G.-M.? If so, could they not at least employ a capable director equal to the task? It is the least they could do, it seems to me, to make amends in some measure for their outlandish miscasting of their only truly great star in past pictures. "Day-break," for example. And right now they have reached the very limit of stupid and blundering casting inefficiency by starring the Novarro in a football picture, "Huddle."

Imagine, will you, the exquisite, romantic, the classic Novarro in a football picture! Isn't that the very height of something or other? And, too, when they have any number of other actors who would

really fit in a football rôle, but not one other actor like Ramon have they. No, nor has all screendom one who would be equal to a typical Novarro rôle.

M.-G.-M. might better go into a huddle themselves and come to a realization of what a rare jewel they possess in Ramon Novarro. They, at least, lack the ability to place this rich gem in adequate settings.

And now that I have employed all the grand and mighty terms my memory can conjure up in an effort to justly describe the art and attributes of Novarro, I find it is all in vain, for he far surpasses anything I have said or anything I possibly could say of him.

F. LAURITA MONSHEIN.
Care of General Delivery,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

A Northerner Visits the South.

THE controversy between "Kentucky" and others about the speech of Southern people prompts me to express my own views. I can judge impartially, for I have lived all my life in the North in three of the largest cities—New York, Chicago, and Detroit—and have only recently come South.

Not once have I heard a Southerner speak as Southerners do on the screen. It's true the Southerner is a bit careless sometimes about his final "g's," but otherwise his speech is cultured and every whit as grammatical as our own. I have never yet heard one use "you-all" for the singular, as the movies make them do.

Before I came South I had always heard that Southerners were lazy and uneducated. How I had been misinformed! I am in love with the neighbors I have. Nobody could describe the wonderful hospitality I have been showered with since I came here. I heard a Northern visitor say that Southern people were too straight-laced and narrow-minded. She formed that opinion because she learned as I did, that ladies of the best Southern families do not drink or smoke. In fact, they look askance at women who do. In the nicest families one never finds anything to drink but coffee. Cocktails, never; and a lady smoking has never ceased to be a curiosity. That's the South I know!

MARGARET ROSE.

Biloxi, Mississippi.

Especially for "Cherry Valley."

QUITE some time ago I wrote a letter praising "Daybreak" and Ramon Novarro's interpretation of the leading rôle. In the letter I used the word "plausible" to describe the situations.

After reading "Cherry Valley's" letter in Picture Play, I think a word of explanation might be in order, if only to assure her that there is no danger of a collapse of my moral code.

Perhaps my choice of word was an unhappy one, but the meaning I intended was not that the situations were "praiseworthy," but rather that they were "superficially pleasing." I'm quoting that meaning after checking it in two dictionaries. So much for that.

There is no doubt that "Daybreak" was unpopular with his fans, as well as with Ramon Novarro, but that was the reason for my letter. I wanted it to be known that at least one person liked it.

And by the way, Cherry Valley, when you decide to clean up the floor with the M.-G.-M. chiefs, send me a telegram.

GRACE SANDERS.

New York City.

The Novarro-Gable Scrap.

I WAS, to put it mildly, extremely annoyed by the letter from Marguerite Gamrath and Helen Steed, who said that

Ramon Novarro would "ever stand on the bottom step leading to the pinnacle occupation by Gable."

I really cannot let such an utterly ridiculous statement pass unchallenged! It beats me what any one can see in Clark Gable. He gives me a pain in the neck. He cannot be compared with Novarro, who is wonderfully handsome, possesses marvelous acting ability, an amazing amount of personal charm, and a glorious voice, not to mention his many other assets and accomplishments.

Gable is not half as talented, is by no means handsome, and is not as fine an actor as Novarro. I could never tire of him—his charm is always fresh and new—but after ten minutes, or even less, of Gable, I am absolutely bored! I venture to prophesy that the present craze for the latter (which, by the way, is by no means as prevalent in England) is merely a passing phase. Will Gable's popularity last as long as Novarro's already has done? Will he maintain the same hold on the public's affections? I very much doubt it, and, after all, time is the true test of an artist!

PHYLLIS K. GLEAVE.

Blackpool,
Lancashire, England.

It's Raving or Raging.

WHY are some of the fans such awful cats? When I read the letters sometimes I feel like saying, "Puss, puss," or "Mio-ow"! Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo—every one gets it! It's either raving or raging!

For my part, I think the stars are all great—absolutely first rate. I'd like to hand a great big bouquet to the various lovely, talented actresses who have given me many pleasant evenings, who have taken my mind off the dreary, monotonous routine of everyday problems and worries, and given me a magic peep into the world of dreams. What pleasure they've brought into many lives!

Let me assert this much, though, this cattiness about Greta Garbo and Constance Bennett must stop. Connie is a very fine actress and one of the screen's best-dressed women. Greta is undoubtedly wonderful. She is queen. Dietrich, though a good actress and a fine personality, is no Garbo. Let her be more herself and less mystery, glamour, feather boas, and nose veils. As for my big favorite, give the hand to Norma Shearer.

MAISIE McIVER.

11 Dalnally Street,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Out of the West.

POOR old lazy, languid, ignorant Southerners. Don't know quite what it's all about. Talk like Negroes if they get up energy enough to talk at all. 'Tis a shame and a pity we couldn't have been born smart and snappy Northerners like S. C., of Philadelphia, and "Northerner," of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Do you suppose we can ever live down being Southerners? I don't know which is worse, talking like a Negro or like a person with a mouthful of hot potatoes, as Northerners and the majority of movie stars do.

M. E. G.

1000 North Valmar Street,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

Fan's Handy Guide.

IT would be simple to classify "An Adult Fan's" favorites, selected by a serious person of intellect. Just the kind of list one would expect. Only John Barrymore and George Arliss were overlooked. Now here is my opinion of the same stars.

Ruth Chatterton: Once my favorite, I find now she has become too mechanical.

I know in advance of each picture how she will gesture, how she will meet each situation.

Marlene Dietrich: She is rather pretty, good in the type of rôles she has been playing. How good will she be in other parts?

Lilyan Tashman: Will brighten any dull picture. Best in gold-digger parts. Not a great actress, but a darn good one.

Tallulah Bankhead: I'm from Alabama, but I'm from Missouri in this case.

Gary Cooper: Right again, Gary is not a very good actor. Can't be beat when he plays a part that suits his appearance.

Greta Garbo: Supreme because she looks the parts she plays. She is the ageless type. Not a great actress. Not a great beauty. Not a great personality, but the greatest type of her kind ever seen on the screen.

Leila Hyams: Just another nice blond leading lady.

Ramon Novarro: A good actor, hard to cast.

John Gilbert: I still believe in him. I know what he can do.

William Haines: Once one of the best. Should use better taste in his acting. He is far from gone, however.

Robert Montgomery: Not as good as Haines, but thinks he is better. His gestures irritate.

Joan Crawford: Artificial. Her voice is too cultivated for her appearance. Good, but not great yet.

Marjorie Rambeau: Gone and forgotten.

Myrna Loy: Another case of good in certain parts only. No future.

Ronald Colman: Very little variety in his acting. Personable.

Richard Barthelmess: Has made about four great pictures in his career.

James Cagney: Not the best actor on the screen. Very good so far.

Lew Ayres: Has proved he can be very, very good. Should be outstanding. He won't be, due to pictures. Too bad.

Ann Harding: As good as Chatterton and more youthful, and versatile. Bad stories again.

Constance Bennett: Sophistication with a baby face. Is at her height.

Edmund Lowe: Too sure of himself. Good, but is not star material.

Janet Gaynor: A modern Mary Pickford.

Charles Farrell: Not a genius but splendid. You can do without Gaynor.

James Dunn: The kind of man every one likes.

Clara Bow: One of the greatest, but no poise. Doesn't know how to dress. She doesn't need technique.

Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt: Very fine stage stars, but are they great movie stars?

Clark Gable: He will undoubtedly be a big star.

Norma Shearer: I liked the Shearer of the silent days best. She is too wholesome looking to do the things she does on the screen. She has no glamour.

Richard Dix: He got a good break in "Cimarron," but he can't expect to stay on top with one good picture every three or four years. He's fine, but almost finished.

Helen Twelvetrees: Has nothing to offer that any good leading lady in Hollywood could not equal.

Well, "Adult Fan," that is what I think of the same stars you wrote about.

J. E. BAILEY.

502 Calhoun Avenue,
Houston, Texas.

A Gable Fan Talks Back.

HAVING quite a temper, the letter from "The Voice of Chicago" against Clark Gable positively has my blood boiling.

Gable is an actor. Not a fair actor, but

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VOLUME XXXVI
NUMBER 6

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

AUGUST
1932



Photo by George Hurrell

THE most complex and baffling heroine ever to reach the screen is Nina in "Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill, who wrote "Anna Christie," you remember. And Norma Shearer undertakes her greatest task in making Nina understandable to the millions instead of the few. Here she is seen in one of Nina's moods, with Clark Gable, whose mustache is new for the ambitious occasion.

THAT SLEEK

HONESTLY, haven't you, too, often wondered how the stars achieve those gorgeous figures in their sleek gowns? Most girls have.

I've often sat in neighborhood picture houses, where the average girl goes to see her favorites, and I've heard the comments of admiring women around me, wondering out loud whether the stars wear *anything* under those slinky gowns.

When Garbo played in "Inspiration" and wore that divine black gown which molded her figure so beautifully, every woman who saw her wondered about the silhouette and how it was done.

When Joan Crawford swings her lithe body across a drawing-room set and you can see every curve of her wonderful body beneath her gown, don't you, too, ask yourself why *her* shoulder straps don't show—*her* step-ins don't form a line through the smoothness of her satin gown?

Why is it that the lacings of girdles—which must hold in the abdomen or it simply couldn't be so flat—don't show at all on stars when they look their best?

Now, girls, I'm going to let you in on a few secrets about these things—little secrets I found out in Hollywood while the stars dressed and undressed as nonchalantly as if no interviewer were in their dressing rooms.

First I want to say that the essentials of a good figure are very important.

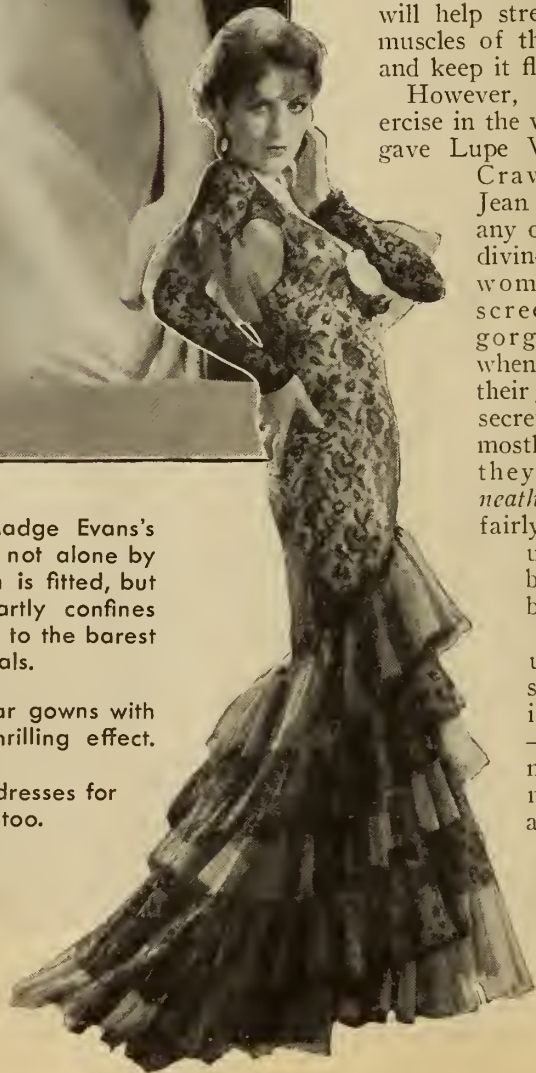
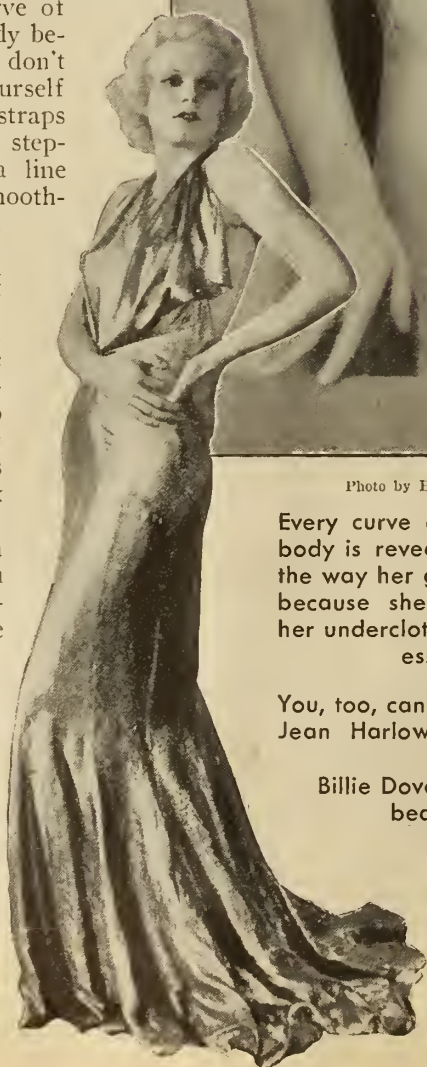


Photo by Hurrell

Every curve of Madge Evans's body is revealed not alone by the way her gown is fitted, but because she smartly confines her underclothing to the barest essentials.

You, too, can wear gowns with Jean Harlow's thrilling effect.

Billie Dove undresses for beauty, too.



By
Virginia
Maxwell

You've simply got to learn to stand correctly, to breathe correctly, and to walk as if it were no effort at all. All this takes practice and to do it you must keep at it until perfect poise is your reward.

Far be it from me to prescribe any arduous exercises. I think most of them are silly and without real results.

But *do* learn to take a deep breath, head high, abdomen drawn in as far as possible, even if it throws your hips back a bit far. This pose will help strengthen the muscles of the abdomen and keep it flat.

However, all the exercise in the world never gave Lupe Velez, Joan

Crawford, or Jean Harlow, or any of the other divinely formed women of the screen, those gorgeous lines when they wear their gowns. The secret of it lies mostly in what they wear *beneath*, so that a fairly good figure has its best points brought out.

Take the up-to-date style, as an instance—satin evening gown made in diagonal folds

SILHOUETTE

What snug-fitting gowns, what slim, almost hipless figures! How do the stars wear clothes so that every muscle and contour is reflected in gleaming satin?

which swish about the legs and reveal every curve of the contour. Those lines are the natural result of the *cut* of the gown, provided it is cut in diagonal panels.

You ought to see Constance Bennett being fitted for one of these things. The girls in the modiste's place simply shiver when she comes in, but they smile when everything swishes okay because Connie's style is worth working over.

Undress any of these beauties and what do you find beneath? This story being for ladies only—*sh-h-h*—I'll tell you what nine out of ten movie beauties wear. *Panties, snugly fitted, and a little narrow brassière!* Only that and nothing more.

The panties are of the clinging sort of silk material which holds snugly against the figure. Very short, no gathers anywhere, no elastic bands. A wide, flat banding at top which hooks flat at either side so not a particle of bulk is added.

Exactly the panties such as I have described are worn by Garbo, in "Grand Hotel." Didn't you glimpse them through her chiffon negligee in the scene where she gave way to the joy of finding herself in love? Short, snug, satin panties conforming perfectly to every movement of her hips.

Not all the girls wear *brassières*. Those who do need them prefer the sort which lifts the bust slightly and gives a rounded, schoolgirl effect above the waistline.

Where the frock is very sheer and a *brassière* is necessary, the back straps are entirely removed and sheer flesh-colored chiffon bands are substituted.

Seeing the gown in close-up, you'd never suspect that a *brassière* was worn at all. Some stars merely use a wide strip of rayon tied snugly around the bust line.

I have been telling you what most of the well-formed stars wear. Every one of them is not perfect, even as you and I. And for these stars there is the step-in girdle of silk elastic which fits the hips like a glove. No boning, no lacings, nothing to mar the symmetry of line when the garment is in place.

Sometimes you have to look twice to notice that they're really wearing one of these flesh-colored girdles, for they are as smooth as the body and fit the hips perfectly. Stars who must have a little support for the abdominal line use this sort of girdle.

Over the girdle the snug panties I have described are worn. And since this is the favored garment behind dressing-room doors, let me tell you more of its detail.

I have said the panties are made of stretchable rayon so that the material clings closely to the figure. There is usually no lace at the bottoms, since lace can bulge the gown into an ugly line. Instead, tailored pipings of self material, very flat, are employed. And when the gown is slipped

Continued on page 66



Exquisite step-ins such as Evalyn Knapp displays are reserved by stars for private use. A more closely fitting garment is necessary for the perfect screen silhouette.

The ultra-smart lines of Sally Eilers's new gown are possible only when the wearer dresses as Virginia Maxwell advises.

JOEL DOESN'T

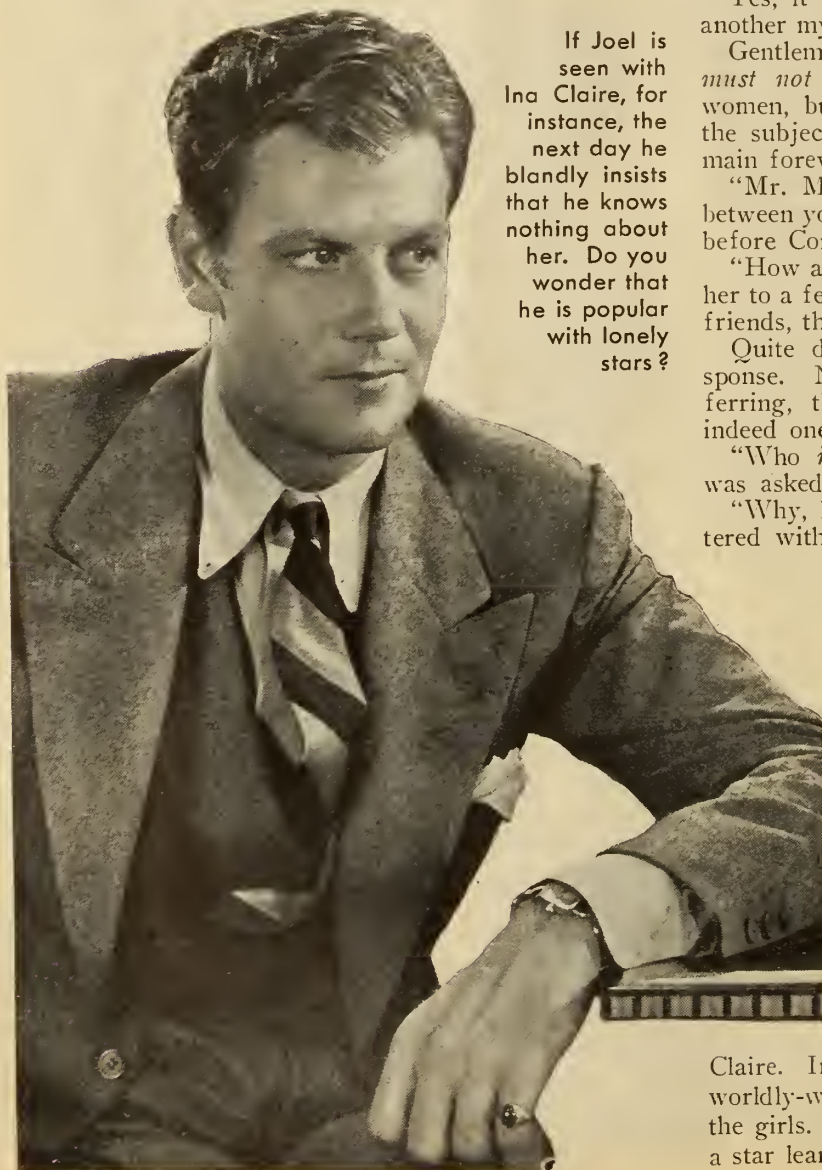
Beau McCrea doesn't tattle about his dates—and does it pay!

HOLLYWOOD loves and cultivates its mysteries. It seems a shame to tear the veil from one and reveal why a few cinema gallants such as Joel McCrea, Gary Cooper, and John Gilbert are so successful in the art of companioning feminine stars.

Some of them are relatively obscure, but they walk with queens of the movie realm and share the social spotlight with them. When parting time comes, there is no heartbreak, no ugly scene, no commotion. The ladies get married, not to the gallants, but to some one else, and as often as not the young blades become trusted pals of the queens' husbands.

Joel McCrea is the outstanding example. The product of a well-to-do family and a small college, he became a film extra. In almost no time his name began to be linked in Hollywood gossip with Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill, Ina Claire, and other powerful and famous ladies.

If Joel is seen with Ina Claire, for instance, the next day he blandly insists that he knows nothing about her. Do you wonder that he is popular with lonely stars?



Long before he was important enough to be interviewed on his own behalf, newspaper and magazine writers were guilefully baiting him for the purpose of getting gossip about his famous girl friends. His face became familiar in photographs, his name popped up constantly in newspaper columns. News reels showed him at big film openings, swanky parties, ritzy eating places, always with one of screendom's principal stars clinging to his arm.

The fact that Joel advanced professionally from his social activities—a wagon hitched to so many stars must get somewhere!—is quite beside the point. What *is* to the point, however, is that this young man, handsome but not fatally attractive, has some mysterious power that makes him welcome where kings might be glad to tread.

Whatever it is, such other talented squires as the cadaverous Mr. Cooper, the dangerous Mr. Gilbert, the musical Mr. Novarro, and the military Mr. Lebedeff seem to enjoy at least a degree of it.

Yes, it is a shame to divulge the secret and shatter another mystery, but it must be done. Here it is:

Gentlemen who wish to be top-ranking stellar escorts *must not tell*. It's a masculine trait to brag about women, but these men must forgo that pleasure. On the subject of their famous companions they must remain forever painfully dumb.

"Mr. McCrea, tell me the truth. Is there anything between you and Miss Bennett?" Joel was asked not long before Connie's marriage to the marquis.

"How absurd!" Joel answered. "I've merely escorted her to a few openings, and you ask me that! We're just friends, that's all."

Quite different, this, from the usual masculine response. Not many Hollywood swains could resist inferring, through coy denial, that Miss Bennett was indeed one of many conquests.

"Who *is* her boy friend, then, the marquis?" Joel was asked.

"Why, has she any particular boy friend?" he countered with wide-eyed innocence. "She's very popular, you know."

The baffled interviewer then started off on another tack. After a few disarming questions about Joel himself, he asked, with elaborate casualness, "By the way, what sort of flowers does Miss Bennett prefer? And what's her favorite type of light reading?"

Joel is politely astonished. "How should I know?" he exclaims. "Why don't you ask *her*?"

And he does it all so well! Pressed for information about Miss Bennett, he will say blandly that she is a charming girl—intelligent, an interesting conversationalist, a beautiful woman, and a vital personality.

It's the same when one talks about Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill, or Ina Claire. In half an hour he can almost convince the most worldly-wise interviewer that he scarcely knows any of the girls. The mere fact that the interviewer had seen a star leaning on Joel's arm and whispering into his ear

TELL

By Helen Pade

not many hours before, in an all-night restaurant, affected Joel's good-natured innocence not at all.

It is fortunate for Joel that he is hardened to interviews and possesses natural skill in negotiating thin ice, or he would have been frightfully punished when the marquis married Connie Bennett. All those enterprising reporters who were not quite indelicate enough to ask the marquis to make comparisons between Connie and Gloria asked Joel.

Need it be said that they got nowhere? The adroit young man gave the impression to all and sundry that he was entirely unaware he was being queried about any one but himself.

The marquis himself is a gentleman who doesn't tell. He is skillful but charming with interviewers; perfect in tact but untouchable. The fact that he first married one of the greatest stars in pictures, then walked to the altar with another equally as famous, subjected him to persecution aplenty from the Hollywood news-hounds. He not only came through it all smiling, but never once ceased to be a gentleman, even to his inquisitors.

It was probably because of his reticence on the subject of his lady friends that Gary Cooper got the reputation of being a strong, silent person of no great mental agility.

Lupe Velez was a gift of the gods to Gary, for she told all without reserve and spared the gentlemanly Cooper countless interviews. His other feminine companions, however, were not so communicative, so the distressing task of answering and refusing to answer questions about his relationship with them fell upon Gary.

While Clara Bow was only slightly less outspoken than Lupe, she was Gary's first problem in gentlemanly ethics, and interviews about her embarrassed him greatly. He had grown more inured to the harrying of the gossip hounds by the time Evelyn Brent was linked with him in the romance chatter, and when the Tallulah Bankhead era dawned, he was a past master at hedging.

Gary has his own peculiar way of doing it. His oft-reiterated formula is, "I'm not much of a lady's man, you know." He solemnly intones this, with a long, almost mournful face. The implication is that he wished he were, but alas! the fates have not willed it so.

Just how the interviewers who think Gary is a bit dull overlooked his dry humor is a question. Perhaps they were too excited and eager on the scent of scandal. One asked him point-blank, at the very height of his volcanic affair with Lupe Velez, what he thought and knew about the little Mexican storm and strife.

Gary, his face pulled into mournful lines, sucked his pipe and shook his head. "What a fiery actress!" he remarked. "You know, in some ways she reminds me of Garbo."



Photo by Bachrach

Joel's reticence about his squiring Constance Bennett here and there prevented an embarrassing situation when Connie married the marquis—another gentleman who doesn't tell.

Rising to the bait, the interviewer asked Gary what he knew about Garbo.

"Oh, a lot!" said the granitic hero. "I've read practically everything published in the fan magazines about her."

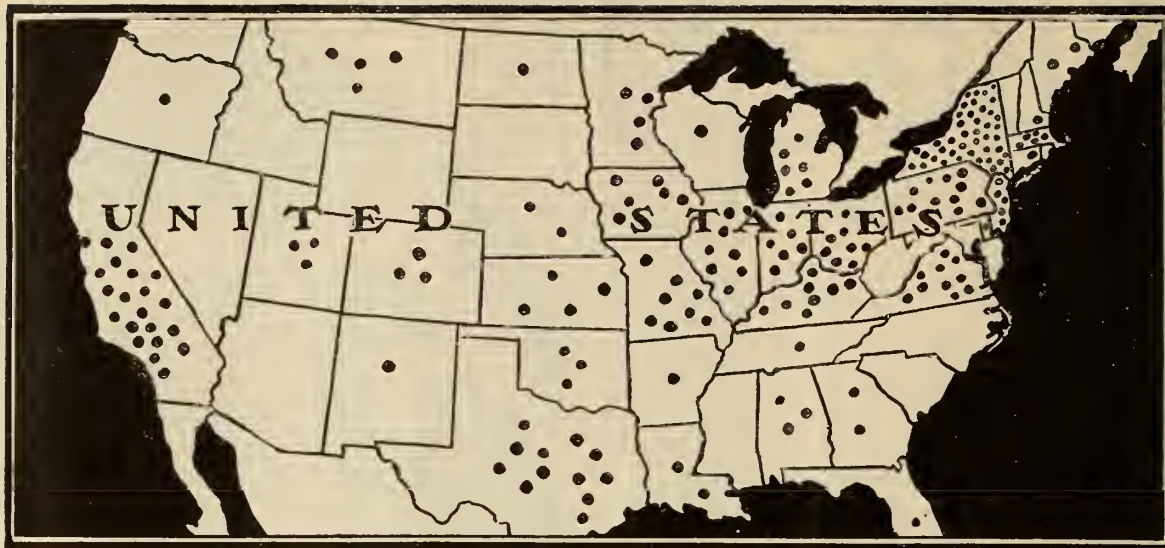
Desperate attempts were made to tie him into a Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg triangle, but Gary wriggled eel-like out of every reportorial lariat cast in his direction. He'd worked with her in "Morocco." Charming woman, yes. Definite personality. Not at all like Garbo about whom he'd read so much. But—

"What's that? *Me?* Shucks, no! What do I know about women? I'm not a ladies' man."

For some reason, such Romeos as John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro do not attract so much attention when they are seen around with famous ladies. In Gilbert's case, perhaps his various marriages, divorces, and other headline affairs make mere companionship with another star of his caliber unexciting as news. Novarro, on the other hand, is so quiet and discreet that he moves unnoticed.

Of course, when Ramon sent flowers to Garbo with his "Mata Hari" character name on the card, and received some in return from the Swedish siren, considerable comment was aroused. Nothing that touches Garbo can dodge the floodlights of publicity, and Gilbert him-

Continued on page 64



The dots represent well-known players each State has sent to Hollywood.

THE STAR STATES

Presenting the first movie-crop map, together with a casual inquiry into the ambitions of certain players before they left their native borders.

HAS the movie storm hit your State? The urge to act, I mean, that sweeps up many of your talented boys and girls and drops them on the studio lots in Hollywood.

By James Roy Fuller

when Gloria Swanson picked him for "The Love of Sunya," and the medical profession lost a handsome stethoscope packer.

Weather charts and those crop-report maps one makes in school are anything but pleasing to an artistic fan, I'll admit, but in the name of State pride, let's see where the players grow best.

Bebe Daniels, once a little Dallas gal, points with pardonable pride to the fact that she began her career at the sophisticated age of eight, and that her maternal great-grandfather was governor of Colombia, an offshoot of an old Spanish royal family. Her ancestry, comments some unnamed biographer, is reflected in her black eyes and subtle charm.

The young folks in your State may naturally take to the screen, and you are well represented in the fantastic congress that sits in Hollywood to decide what entertainment is good for you. Or your section of the country may express itself some other way, neglecting the trails that lead to the Coast.

Mary Brian once had thoughts of lifting high the art traditions of her native State. Her portraits and water-color paintings were the supper-time talk of Corsicana. But what should happen one day but some friend up and entered her photo in a personality contest? You know the rest. Corsicana, for all I know, may have had to slip back to admiring the art of the local china-painting enthusiasts, since the artistic urge seems to be rampant in Texas.

Listing about two hundred players who have got somewhere on the screen, I have placed a dot for each in his native State, without regard to the location of his home town, however. At a glance you can see the number of well-known players you have sent to Hollywood.

The little LeSueur girl's stepfather owned a theater and as a child she used to stand in the wings and imitate the steps of the dancers. After a second domestic upheaval, the independent Texan left home and started dancing in earnest, and eventually we had our Joan Crawford. Many fans would give Texas leave to call it a day for having nurtured only this one star.

The map shows that a whirlwind of talent develops in Texas, swings up toward the Middle West, hitting Ohio and Kentucky rather severely, storms on over Pennsylvania and breaks into a tornado over New York. Shooting off from the main path, a considerable squall strikes southern California.

Texas is far from the Lone Star State, for a topnotch all-star cast could be selected from players born there. Let's put the Texans on parade first.

But the celluloid weevil bit hard down Texas way. There are Tom Mix, Bessie Love, Madge Bellamy, Corinne Griffith, James Hall, Jacqueline Logan, Sharon Lynn, Ken Maynard, Florence Vidor, and Elliott Dexter, to mention the better-known players also hailing from this hotbed of talent. Never stinting in handing out credit, we must list Texas Guinan, the ex-two-gun gal of the thrillers, even if she did leave the screen flat and go to New York to show big shovel kings from the West how to dish out money in night clubs.

John Boles began to send career feelers out into the realistic world by carving on college lab frogs in a pre-med course. At the same time, his artistic soul sought expansion in the college glee club. The upshot was, as might be expected from such conflicting interests, he went into the cotton business near his home town of Greenville. He continued his singing, however, and later went to France to study. He was singing on Broadway

The talent wave swings up into Missouri, with some flurries in Oklahoma, where it stirred up Kay Francis, Rochelle Hudson, and Will Rogers. Wallace Beery hails from the State that proverbially has to be shown—Kansas City the town. Besides being such an excellent character actor, starting as a Swedish servant girl, he is distinguished in several other respects, such as having first induced Gloria Swanson to murmur "I do," having worked out an airplane pilot's license, hogging the Isaak Walton honors of Hollywood, and adopting four children. All this from an ex-circus man. Kansas City should name a street after Mr. Beery.

Jack Oakie is also a Missourian, the blessed event having occurred at Sedalia. He migrated to New York City and got a job in Wall Street, where his wisecracks came to the attention of some of the big pantaloons of his office. Without going into the reasons, suffice to say these gentlemen got him a part in the Junior League charity show of 1919, and he went on and on, letting business limp along its humorless way. A pity, too; Big Business needed him this spring to send to Washington for the Congressional inquiry into the Stock Exchange practices. He would have done Congress good, anyway.

Others from Missouri include Noah Beery, Alice Joyce, Laura La Plante, David Rollins, Pauline Starke, and Harrison Ford.

Before following our talent trail farther East, we must leave the main path and dip into Kansas. And first of all we see Buddy Rogers's Olathe. How the movies got him is well known. But we also have Buster Keaton. He acquired that serious pan, not from contemplating the open spaces, but taking up a vaudeville career as a tumbler at four. His family were vaudeville acrobats. Fatty Arbuckle discovered his screen possibilities. Kansas also has Eugene Pallette and Louise Brooks.

Yoo-hoo, Iowa, the youthful playground of Harry Langdon, Chester Conklin, Raymond Hatton, Conrad Nagel, and Belle Bennett. Conrad hails from Keokuk, Chester from Oskaloosa, and Miss Bennett from poetical Coon Rapids.

Now let's take a look at Illinois and the Windy City and see whom the gods blew to screen fame. Foremost is Gloria "What a Widow!" Swanson, another who mistook screen symptoms for the desire to paint. She was born in Chicago, but was destined to see a good deal of the world as the daughter of an army officer, even before her career got under way.

Rex Bell, Clara Bow's cowboy, made his debut in life in Illinois. Polly Moran was born in Chicago, which city

claims numerous others, including Sue Carol, Blanche Sweet, Mary Philbin, Rod La Rocque, and the late Milton Sills. The screen urge is cooling in Illinois, for most of its delegation in Hollywood are from the has-been catalogue.

A nor'wester into Michigan and Minnesota discloses several distinguished native sons. All the candidates from these States for the higher rungs are men. There's Alfred Lunt and Richard Dix from Minnesota, as well as Lew Ayres. Phil Holmes and Robert Armstrong carry the honors for Michigan, although this State once boasted a favorite daughter of the cinema, Colleen Moore. And Lenore Ulric, once seen in talkies and quickly forgotten, came out of New Ulm, Minnesota.

Lew Ayres also started a medical career and dropped it. He made a direct bolt for the studios after he threw away his pre-med notebooks.

Now look at Indiana. I nominate Bennett's Switch as the fairest village of this domain, for here was born Richard Bennett, destined to be the founder of the second royal family of Hollywood, Park Avenue, and Broadway. Details are sadly wanting, but at an early age the ambitious young Bennett went East, where his natural ability soon pulled him out of his job backstage. His success was a fact, not a boyish dream, when he seriously set about founding the now famous family.

Louise Fazenda was moved from Lafayette, Indiana, to Los Angeles at the age of three months. When about twenty she was showing considerable promise as a fancy chocolate dipper in a candy factory when Mary Pickford happened around and offered her work. She was soon making thirty-five a week with Mack Sennett and further striving for higher planes of respectability by teaching a Sunday-school class.

Ohio has always been well represented in celluloidia. Clark Gable heads the list in the roll call from the Buckeye realm, Cadiz being his starting point. Warner Baxter is the son of a Columbus banker, and only fate snatched him from a business career. Bill Boyd, wandering far from his native State, blew into California with thirty-five cents and a big appetite. After working in oil fields, grocery stores, and with an auto agency, he managed to get to Hollywood, where seven years' patient struggling brought him the break that established his career. Hobart Bosworth and Ralph Graves might also be mentioned with pride. Lillian Gish heads the feminine contribution from this State.

Before going East, if we cross the Ohio river into

Continued on page 62

Many of the screen-struck must stay at home and be content with pictures of the Coast, such as this with Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen.





Photo by Ferenc

Raised from \$75 to \$400, Marian Marsh demanded \$1,000 a week when her contract came up for renewal.

JAMES CAGNEY has been suspended by Warner Brothers!

Josef von Sternberg, after a fight with Paramount, took Marlene Dietrich and went home!

Marian Marsh has demanded that Warner Brothers raise her salary or release her from her contract!

Nancy Carroll is not scheduled to make any more pictures for Paramount!

Madge Evans has refused to allow Metro-Goldwyn to exercise its next option on her services!

All of which means that the annual wave of rebellion is on in the studios. And it looks like a fight to the finish.

Oh, this isn't the first time a player has registered dissatisfaction with contracts or conditions by going on strike.

The glamorous Garbo's "I tank I go home" is one of Hollywood's favorite legends. Janet Gaynor's battles with Fox made screen history several years ago and she is still considered a highly inflammable subject. George Bancroft owes his fame almost as much to his bouts with Paramount as to his brawn and brain. In fact, scarcely a month passes in which some player doesn't crash the headlines by arguing and disagreeing with the powers that be.

In the past, the players have always emerged from the fray with smiles of victory wreathing their starry countenances. Now, however, it may be a different story. For the first time the studios are showing fight—and when I say fight, I mean just that.

THE BIG

"We want more money!" cry the stars. the studios. Hollywood's worst civil war is

By Laura

On both the Warner and Paramount lots, legal forces are being mustered. Even the usually peaceful Metro cohorts are getting ready to swing into action on short notice if necessary.

Of course, as is always true in any quarrel, there are two sides to the issue involved. In this instance, there is much to be said for the studios, and the insurgents, likewise, have many points in their favor.

To begin with, take Cagney. A little over two years ago he had an earning capacity of not over \$250 a week on Broadway. He and Joan Blondell were playing the leads in "Penny Arcade." When Warner Brothers bought that stage hit, they signed Jimmy and Joan for their same rôles in the film.

When it was released as "Sinners' Holiday," neither of the future stars set the world on fire, and Jimmy was glad to be receiving the \$400 a week for which his Warner contract called. As for the company, they felt that they had found just another capable juvenile and were willing to give him another opportunity to show what he could do.

He showed 'em in his next picture, "The Doorway to Hell," which every one agreed he stole from Lew Ayres, the star. Influenced by this, Warners decided to gamble further on him and gave him the lead in "Public Enemy."

You know the rest. When Jimmy hit his lady friend in the face with a grapefruit, he hit the bull's-eye of popularity as well. His fan mail became the heaviest on the Warner lot. Soon he was Clark Gable's closest rival.

Cognizant of his increasing value, the Warners voluntarily raised Cagney's salary to \$1,400 a week, by a bonus arrangement. They also added

a clause to his old contract, by virtue of which he would be getting almost \$4,000 a week at the end of the five years for which his contract was good.

For a month or so everybody was very happy!

Then Jimmy got a new business manager, George Frank, who had been George Bancroft's manager at the time of the



Photo by Lippman

Contract or no contract, James Cagney refuses to work unless his salary is jacked up to \$4,000 a week.



Nancy Carroll wants more money, too, but so far she has been given nothing to do by Paramount.

Photo by Dyar

WALKOUT

"You must live up to your contracts!" say on. Here's a bird's-eye view of both sides.

Benham

latter's trouble with Paramount. Soon afterward Jimmy delivered an ultimatum to his bosses. He wanted a raise to \$4,000 a week immediately or he wouldn't work.

At present, the matter remains unsettled.

According to Darryl Zanuck, Warner production manager, the studio feels that Jimmy is behaving ungraciously. They feel that they gave Jimmy his chance and have played fair with him. They gambled on him in the first place, and had he not clicked the studio would have lost the hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in his pictures.

They feel that Jimmy was old enough to know what he was doing when he signed his contract and that if he didn't intend to abide by it, he shouldn't have signed. Mr. Zanuck says that if Jimmy has no more regard for his signature than is apparent from his present attitude, he doesn't see why the studio should have any regard for Jimmy. Jimmy can either come to work for \$1,400 a week or stay home for good. As for his getting a job for more money with another company, the Hays office would not permit an organization to sign a player who had broken his contract.

Whether Jimmy has been influenced by Mr. Frank is not known. But his side of the question is this.

The life of a star is so short that he must cash in on his popularity while he's going strong. He feels that he may not last the five years for which his contract calls and may never reach the \$4,000-a-week mark.

After all, a five-year contract that the agreement binds the player for five years, while the studio's option is renewable every six months. In other words, the studio must take option on the player every six months or the player is automatically dropped.

But the player at no time can refuse to allow his option to be exercised by the studio. Therefore, with the first lessening of popularity, a player may find himself jobless. Then, because of his decline in favor, there will be no tempting offers from other studios.

Instead of demanding more pay, Richard Barthelmess agrees to make three pictures for the price of two, \$300,000.



Photo by English

Marlene Dietrich created a sensation by refusing to be directed by any one but Von Sternberg—and she gained her point when he settled his differences with Paramount.



That seems to be the one flaw in the studio's side of the question.

Rather than continue working for less than the \$4,000 he has stipulated, Cagney declares he will retire from the screen and study medicine. He has always wanted to be a doctor, he has told the press.

The Von Sternberg-Dietrich walk-out from Paramount is somewhat different from the Cagney dispute.

After "Shanghai Express" made a hit, Von Sternberg cast about for an equally effective vehicle for his next directorial effort. It would, of course, star Dietrich.

Not finding anything to suit their fancy in the material submitted by the studio, Von Sternberg and Miss Dietrich put their heads together and wrote their own story, "Blonde Ve-

...they sold to Paramount for \$12,000. Purchasing it, B. P. Schulberg, production manager of the studio, decided to have some revisions made and Von Sternberg refused to direct a version.

...ed about it for some time, but could reach no agreement. At last, Schulberg's patience was exhausted and he ordered Von Sternberg to begin the production on a certain date. When that day arrived, it was found that Von Sternberg was on a train speeding to New York. Richard Wallace was assigned to direct the picture and Marlene Dietrich was told to report for work.

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Photo by Lippman

They Say in

Wild rumors and quiet celebrities share the attention of fans in the metropolis.

not Daddy and Peaches Browning, but some dusty old poets named Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.)

A man at the next table overheard and promptly passed the story along to a friend. By the time it reached the ears of a reporter for a trade paper it was attributed to the secretary of a big executive who had drawn up the contract, so he took a chance and printed it.

Nobody along the line, except perhaps the original listener, took it seriously. I wish we could. It seems like a good idea. It might revive business to have distinguished players who stay off the screen for a year come back in support of some one newly triumphant. They might steal the pictures or they might get lost in the shuffle, but it would be a great way of finding out whose fame is secure and whose accidental.

The meeting is now open for nominations.

Let's have Charlie Chaplin come back in support of Jackie Cooper.

Dorothy Mackaill comes back to the stage at one hundred times her former salary.

Let's have Norma Talmadge in a cast headed by Ann Dvorak. Let's have Gary Cooper play second fiddle to Robert Montgomery or Richard Cromwell or George Brent.

And while we're about it, let's advocate another surprise. Let's urge a production called "The Worm Turns" starring Zasu Pitts, with a supporting cast made up of all—on second thought there wouldn't be room for them—only two dozen or so of the stars from whom she has stolen pictures.

EVER since Metro-Goldwyn shot the works with "Grand Hotel"—or put all their hams in one basket, as some one probably has said—everybody has been busy assembling ideal casts. Your guess of a line-up may be as good as Joe Schenck's, so don't be deterred just because you have no connection with pictures.

The wildest rumor of the month was that Mary Pickford would support Helen Hayes, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and here's a rough sketch of how it started.

A girl whose only connection with pictures is that she spends three or four dollars a week on tickets, took a friend from out of town to lunch at Sardi's in the hope of seeing Broadway celebrities.

She was talking high, wide, and handsome to impress her friend who had not been properly thrilled at seeing Clarence Brown, who often directs Garbo, or J. Robert Rubin, legal light of M.-G.-M. She wanted to see players.

Particularly she wanted to see Pickford, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Helen Hayes—none of whom happened to be in New York at the moment—or Leslie Howard, who always lunches at the exclusive Hotel Carlyle in the East Seventies.

In a desperate effort to show that she was on the inside, the hostess murmured that she had just heard that Mary Pickford would support Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman in the romance of the Brownings. (Note to tabloid readers:

Miriam Hopkins shunned reporters during a visit to New York. They wanted to ask why she adopted a baby.

Getting Down to Facts.—

Helen Hayes really is to appear in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but first she may make "What Every Woman Knows" for Paramount. As you probably read in a recent Picture Play, she was still considering that offer when M.-G.-M. dangled "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" before her. The Barrie picture was postponed in favor of the one that had more obvious appeal, but now "What Every Woman Knows" will be made as one of those grand gestures, not toward the box office, but toward prestige.

Mary Pickford will make "Happy Ending" by her old friend Frances Marion, who wrote all the early successes that built her up as a star, and so has turned out a steady stream of sensational talkers, including "Emma," "The Big Game," and "The Champ."

Farewell to Simplicity.—

Mary Pickford tore herself away from New York just in

New York—

By Karen Hollis

time to meet Douglas Fairbanks in San Francisco on his return from the South Seas. She enjoyed her visit here thoroughly. Close friends of the two have long suspected that it was Mr. Fairbanks, rather than she, who revels in association with near royalty and society and who keeps aloof from the crowd.

Left to amuse herself in her own way, Miss Pickford lived at a far less pretentious hotel than he usually selects, dined at quaint foreign restaurants, visited the Empire State tower to see the view at night, went to pictures with her secretary, and visited the Du Pont offices, where an old friend is stylist for artificial silks. She chatted with the office force and had a grand time.

There were moments when her rôle of Miss Nobody grew irksome, but she saw it through. She wanted to see "Grand Hotel," but the house was sold out. She wanted to see "Mourning Becomes Electra," but that was a sell-out, too. So she and her secretary waited in line with the crowd for the second show at the Capitol instead.

Mary Pickford was the victim of the month's wildest rumor—that she would play with Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman.



Photo by Ball

Reporters Snubbed.—Miriam Hopkins doesn't like reporters and isn't reluctant to say so.

That's too bad, because reporters think she's a great girl and felt pretty sad when they had to admit that she gave a strangely dull performance in "The World and the Flesh."

They wanted to see her when she blew into New York recently to ask what inspired her to adopt a baby boy in Chicago, and why she divorced Austin Parker if she still found his company so pleasant. That much was professional duty.

On their own account they wanted to hear her laugh, which is infectious, and to see what she was wearing, because she has a way of avoiding the obvious in new styles and yet appearing smart and buoyantly young.

It seems that Miss Hopkins had neither the time nor the inclination to be bothered during her visit and that her affairs were none of our business.

Do you suppose that she considers it an intrusion on her privacy if we go to see her pictures? Quite a lot of people have stayed away from her recent ones, but that may be only because they had heard they were not so good.

Model of Exuberance.—Dorothy Mackaill, our other recent visitor, was, as of old, hail fellow well met, answered her own telephone, went everywhere, saw everybody, and remembered old acquaintances—even a stage doorman she had not seen in eight years.

Helen Hayes is returning to the screen to play two of the loveliest heroines.

Photo by Apeda



She was garrulous in praise of mid-Western audiences before whom she made her vaudeville début. I'll match Dorothy any time in a speed-talking contest against Floyd Gibbons and be sure of a winner.

While here she was in the midst of rehearsing a new act to be tried out of town before playing the Broadway Paramount, was showing the town to her new husband, Neil Miller, and was buying clothes with that same mad glee that hit her when she jumped from \$40 a week as a chorus girl to \$250 as Dick Barthelmess's leading woman.

The slow death of her First National contract has not spoiled Dorothy's earning power. She will get \$4,000 a week at the Paramount—just one hundred times the salary she was receiving when she left the stage.

All Around the Town.—Ina Claire, who has not yet found a film vehicle to her liking, may play "Reunion in Vienna" for a Cleveland stock company, with none other than Jack Gilbert opposite her.

Mitzi Green, between vaudeville shows, entertained the press agents' lunch with imitations of Chevalier more than Chevalier's own performance did.

Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert's husband, has written another play which is being tried out in Long Island theaters. It is called "Sun Worshippers."

Edmund Lowe arrived to appear in person at the Capitol, all done up in what the well-dressed young man should wear on warm days, only to find that New York was cold and rainy.

A Career Takes Time.—Now that Johnny Weissmuller brings flocks of customers to theaters and gets loads of fan mail, you might be interested to know

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SORORITY TYPE

Twenty-one and college-bred, Frances Dee applies scholastic intelligence to problems that beset the young actress in Hollywood.

FRANCES DEE has an awful problem! Interviews have her stumped. Eventually she will qualify as an expert on what to say and what not even to murmur. In the meantime it's a heck of a situation.

"Reveal all," said the smartly arrayed Frances when she met me for another tussle with her conscience, "and you give the impression of being either cheap, conceited, or stupid. Be reserved and you are written up as tiresomely sweet and simple."

In an eye-filling green ensemble, including one of those soft felt hats like Dietrich wears, she began by putting that knowing but noncommittal look in her eyes.

It wasn't so very long, however, until Frances agreeably unburdened her mind. Not her heart, observe. The things she has learned from interviews—*hm-m-m!*

"No romantic quotes for me," she stated firmly. "Maybe I haven't even got a love life. I don't know. When I first came out here I talked at the slightest provocation. Then I read the love advice I had given and nearly died. In print it sounded so utterly silly.

"If a player is married it may be all right to rave aloud about the loved one. But, heavens! It's terrible to pick up an old magazine and find a lot of burning adjectives about some one with whom you no longer go. How can I really be sure that I'll still feel the same by the time a story gets into print? If I have a love life I'm not going to ruin it by exposure!"

One good glimpse at Frances will assure you that she must have at least half a dozen beaus on the string. Twenty-one, exceptionally pretty, and college-bred, she is the sorority type at its best.

"I know," she announced frankly, "that you would be forever grateful if I should suddenly utter a piercing scream." (Why, Miss Dee, imagine my embarrassment!) "You'd be glad if I threw that typewriter there in the corner at you. I'm so darned normal that you'll not find anything exciting to say about me. I wasn't born in the shadow of the steppes, nor have I a rags-to-riches tale to relate.

"Once I decided to put on an act. I let my fancy wander and told a simply elegant story. It made a grand article, but *that's* out. I was forever bumping into that interviewer, and every time I was doing exactly the opposite of what I'd 'confessed.'"

Frances Dee says she hates premières because people stare and say, "She's somebody, but who?" That's because she neither looks, dresses, nor talks like an actress.

By Ben Maddox



We examined a current report on Dee. It was one of those success stories, quoting her on the art of acquiring sex appeal.

It laddled out her advice on "How I Became Attractive." "You know I couldn't have said such things—even in my dumbest moments," she wailed. "The trouble with you interviewers is that you don't put the winks in print. One says something in a funny mood and it comes out perfectly serious. As if any one could tell how to acquire sex appeal! Some day I'm going to come clean and admit I think it's purely biological!"

I promised faithfully to use common sense in describing her, so we got down to business.

"Every one laughs at the idea of getting a start by being in high-school plays. I admit I did." She was graduated from Hyde Park High in Chicago in 1927, after attending the Shakespeare Grammar School on the South Side.

The much vaunted theory that you can get anything you want is Frances's philosophy. Her mind was made up to get the lead in the senior play and to be vice president of the senior class. She got what she wanted. Then she became a fair coed at the University of Chicago.

"I went only two years. And I can't say that I studied overly hard. If I could do it again I'd concentrate on certain subjects I dallied through, for I realize how useful they are. I always wanted to be an actress—though there has never been a theatrical person in our family—and I guess that's why I wasn't interested in the conventional courses."

She came to Hollywood in 1929 to spend the summer, heard they wanted college types for a Fox picture, walked in and introduced herself as the real thing and presto! was working regularly as an extra. Maurice Chevalier saw her in the Paramount restaurant and asked her to be his leading lady in "Playboy of Paris." She has been playing featured rôles ever since.

"Undoubtedly lucky breaks are important, but I'm a sincere believer in hard work getting results. When I got the chance to do *Sondra* in 'An American Tragedy,' I proved the be-prepared theory to myself. A year before I couldn't have done that rôle at all. There are many

parts I couldn't do now.

"I certainly don't want to remain an ingénue forever. There seem to be two outs. Either play the sweet heroines so well that you force yourself to the front as Nancy Carroll did, or become a woman-of-the-world type. [Continued on page 62]



Photo by Otto Dyar

FRANCES DEE says, in the interview opposite, that she knows some girls are pushed into movie fame by influential backers, yet she believes that if a player really means something at the box office, producers will give her a chance.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

SWEET as a June rose and as freshly lovely, Rochelle Hudson makes her debut in Picture Play's gallery of important players. Only seventeen, she made her mark in "Are These Our Children?" Now wait for her in "Beyond the Rockies."



Photo by Stax

PAULETTE GODDARD laughs at "the curse of the platinum blonde" and says that her silvery tresses have brought her only luck. She comes from Great Neck, Long Island, Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita," the Coconut Grove, and Malibu Beach straight into Hal Roach comedies.



YOU'VE been hearing a lot about Gwili Andre and this picture proves there's a reason. She is beautiful, Danish, ash blond, her name is pronounced "Jee-lee," and you'll first see her with Richard Dix, in "Roar of the Dragon." He's always generous to newcomers.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrac



Photo by George Hurrell

EVEN the optimism of youth couldn't foretell the success of Maureen O'Sullivan when she came to this country three years ago, let alone warn her of the disappointments ahead. But "Tarzan, the Ape Man" changed all that and now she's sailing serenely.



IN Madeline Glass's delightful article about Richard Cromwell, on the opposite page, he is described as a serious-minded lad with no pases or excessive virtues, who provides for the four others in his family on a salary of seventy-six dollars a week.

TOL'ABLY DIFF'RENT

Richard Cromwell's indifference to the heavy-lidded sirens has got them on his trail.

I HATE the orange color of these candles," said Richard Cromwell as we sat at my supper table, "but the color of your dress is my favorite shade, which makes up for it."

Thus does Richard diplomatically offer a criticism and pay a compliment in one breath. Being an artist of no mean ability, he is very sensitive to color tones. In fact, he says he earned more money as an artist in his preactor days than he does in his new profession. But that state of affairs cannot last now that he has appeared with Marie Dressler, in "Emma."

This was his first important assignment since "Tol'able David" made the world Cromwell-conscious, and I suspect that his salary will soon mount to a point where he will be able to buy the new pajamas which he says he needs badly.

A group of us were sitting about the table—Myrtle Gebhart, Ben Maddox, William H. McKegg, John Arledge, young Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, who looks like an actress and is, and another girl who looks like an Egyptian and isn't. Rain was pouring down outside, though what connection that has with the story, I'm sure I don't know. At length some of the guests left, but Richard stayed on, drinking cup after cup of coffee and discussing a dozen different subjects.

The frankness of this Long Beach, California, lad is rather startling. And added to this frankness is a wholesome, enthusiastic naïveté which seems to make him irresistible to the sirens of Hollywood. Quite innocently he gets into more bizarre affairs than any of the much touted men-about-town of our village. Heavy-lidded ladies are intrigued by his frank, good-looking face and unmarred youth and occasionally swoop down upon him at the most inopportune moments.

His greatest enthusiasm at the moment is Greta Garbo. "I've met her," said he proudly. "In fact, we went on a fishing trip together. I'll let you touch me," he added, holding out his hand.

Then he launched into a description of the whole affair, telling what she said and what he said, and while I listened I resolved to use the episode in a magazine article. But when he finished, half an hour later, he threw cold water on my plans by saying that we were not to repeat a word of it. Not a word? Oh, Dick, how can you? But he remained adamant.

By Madeline Glass

He respects Miss Garbo's friendship too much to profit by it in any way, and one in turn respects him for his scruples. Older men than

he have jumped at the chance to cash in on even a few words of conversation with that strange woman, but Richard is the shining exception.

And then there was an amusing incident—you don't object to having it repeated, Dick? Oh, you do? But it is all right if I don't use the lady's name, isn't it?

Well, then, the lady shall be nameless, damn it!

It seems that Richard was sleeping the deep sleep of the just and tired one morning at four a. m. when a tremendous pounding sounded at his door. Thinking it some of the neighbor boys who had previously annoyed him, he finally rose groggily from his bed with slumber on his brain and naughty words on his tongue. Swinging open the door he was starting an unexpurgated address to the intruders, when who should sweep past him but a certain famous star whom he had never met, and a trail of her friends!

Richard's annoyance turned to confusion, a confusion which went unnoticed by his visitors. The star went from room to room, talking unconcernedly all the time. The lady, it seems, had taken a sudden notion to see young Cromwell, and she felt that at that hour she would surely find him at home. The visitors stayed until dawn, and as they left the siren performed a *coup de théâtre* by throwing her arms about his neck and planting a ring of indelible kisses about his mouth.

"And when I say indelible I mean *indelible*," said Richard. "I used everything there is for

removing stains, except prussic acid, but traces of lipstick hung on for several days. For a while I looked like Al Jolson."

And then there was that dazzling foreign actress—but honestly, if I tell you any more Richard will be angry with me. Moreover, I'll have some of Hollywood's sirens swooping down upon me—but not with kisses. But take my word for it, Richard is the fair-haired boy with the local belles.

He speaks with some awe of what he calls "little sins," and with even more awe of "big sins." He doesn't deal in scandal, and for ladies who have made much of him he has only nice things to say. [Continued on page 67]



Garbo took Richard with her on a fishing trip and another star barged in with a party at four o'clock in the morning.



Crowds rob Constance Bennett of her temper.



Noisy eaters disturb James Cagney, of all people.



Hedda Hopper rages if she is taken for a fool.'

ONCE in the dear, dead days before Constance Bennett and the marquis were married, I took her to a preview. As we came out of the theater hundreds of people were waiting for her. She shrank back in alarm and clutched my arm. Suddenly she turned and ducked. An hour later I found her in the manager's office. "I'm scared to death of crowds. I *hate* them!" she said.

"Why?" I asked, thinking that if they ever cut "why" out of the English language I'd be speechless.

"Because," she explained.

When we finally left the theater after nearly another hour I found out why. The crowd was still there and they fell on her with whoops. Her mink coat was ripped in three places. She was jostled this way and that. People kept pushing programs, pictures, scraps of paper into her hands to be autographed.

Before she could finish one, somebody had snatched it out of her hand and shoved another in its place. Fountain pens leaked on her dress and fingers and while she was trying to write, people kept jostling her and crowding each other out of the way for a look.

"You're certainly very gracious about all this," smiled a motherly old lady, calmly placing three books in front of Connie to be autographed.

When the last program had been signed, the last book disposed of, and the last picture autographed, we turned to get into her car. Would you believe me if I told you

THEIR

By Samuel Richard Mook

that on the running board, in front of the door so it could not be opened, stood a youth? "I've always wanted a good look at you," he stated calmly, "and I knew if I got in your way you'd have to look at me."

It had taken us a little over two hours to get from the theater into the car. I don't wonder she hates crowds.

I wondered later what other players' pet aversions are and I began asking.

Clark Gable detests black cats. "I'm not ordinarily superstitious," he said, "but once I had a job lined up—and that was in the days when I really needed a job. As I was walking down the street to the office to sign the contract, a black cat ran in front of me. When I got there I found they had decided to put some one else into the part—some one with a bigger name. I've never had any use for black cats since then."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hates girls who spill things.



Leila Hyams detests banjo players on the radio.



Clark Gable is upset by black cats anywhere.





Regis Toomey loathes gushing insincerity.



Joan Bennett is nauseated by chewed handkerchiefs.



Sea pictures flood Chester Morris with depression.

LITTLE RAGES

What causes Constance Bennett to exclaim "I hate that!" and what always makes James Cagney mad? Every star is made furious by something. This article tells what.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hates girls who spill things and then cry about it. "I had a new suit once. I really did," he reiterated, seeing my look of polite disbelief, "and it was back in the days when a new suit was something to cheer about. I wore it to a party and the girl next me was one of those sweet young things who gurgle and coo and who are so busy trying to make an impression on the man nearest them they never look what they're doing.

"Well, she spilled a bowl of something all over my new suit and ruined it. Then, just to put my nerves a little more on edge, she began to cry. A new suit isn't the red-letter event now that it used to be, but I've never got over the idea of that silly, prattling girl blubbing noisily and her make-up all streaked from crying."

Leila Hyams detests banjo players on the radio. "It

was like this," she elucidated. "Once, before I was married"—she paused for a moment, lost in thought, and then continued—"yes, I'm *sure* it was before I married, I was out with quite an attractive boy. There was a full moon, the radio was playing—soft, dreamy waltzes—and we were getting along famously. All of a sudden, out of that pesky radio came the noise of a banjo player accompanying himself to some hot blues number. The mood was destroyed and I never saw the boy again."

Well, I don't blame you, Leila. A good man is hard to find.

Chester Morris always has pretty good ideas on almost any subject. "What's your pet peeve, Chet?" I queried.

"Sea pictures," he answered promptly and that stopped me. Any one who knows anything about studio up-

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Redheads are Richard Arlen's current aversion.



Carol Lombard is sickened by affectation in people.



John Arledge is touchy about his Southern accent.





Nearly three years off the screen, Marian Nixon returned with new poise and sophistication—and utterly bored with luxury, security, and inactivity.

HOLLYWOOD is the most dramatic place on earth! Elsewhere life is a stenciled pattern, repeating its design precisely. In Hollywood, it is all bold, varied figures and flagrant color.

The *uncertainty* of success holds players enthralled. When an actress marries well and retires, a problematic glory usually brings her back. After the spotlight, even luxurious obscurity palls. Friends' letters cannot replace stacks of fan mail, nor a foreseen regularity intrigue like Hollywood's haphazard life.

"A telephone call in Chicago means a luncheon engagement or a matinée. In Hollywood, it *may* be a summons to a coveted 'Seventh Heaven' or 'Grand Hotel.' Each time the bell rings, the spirit stands at attention."

Over our luncheon Marian Nixon explained with her characteristic candor. In a childish frock for "Re-

RICH

Marian Nixon's wealthy marriage couldn't satisfy a girl who had known the joys and sorrows of a career.

becca of Sunnybrook Farm" she bore no mark of her high material estate.

"I came back to pictures because I never have accomplished anything especially gratifying, and because nothing as thrilling occurs anywhere else. In other cities, commonplace monotony prevails. There is no reason to *expect* anything. A fire is a novelty. Here, a fire isn't *personal* enough to dramatize interest. Unless, of course"—her brown eyes crinkled into laughter—"it's one's very own fire."

Nearly three years ago, just when her friends felt her to be on the verge of splendid accomplishment, she married Eddie Hillman, Jr., a wealthy sportsman. And apparently retired.

"After six months in Europe, we lived in a Chicago hotel near the lake. We went swimming, to the theater, and parties. It was a luxury to lie abed late, to stay up until all hours dancing. No alarm clock, no hasty breakfast and putting on make-up. No tedious waits or costume fittings, no reprimands from a director.

"No one could hurt me. Not a disappointment, to stun me temporarily, and from which I would bounce up with renewed hope next day. Nor the stimulus of contest, the thrill of victory. No—why, no *drama!* It began to grow a bit dreary, with humdrum repetition. I would awaken to the thought, 'Well, I've nothing *important* to do today.'"

Her manner is still cordial but reserved, unaffected. Her straightforwardness has persisted. Yet I detect a slight softening. Her eyes smile as readily but with more warmth, her lips are less set.

Besides a husband, Marian has three dogs, a parrot, canary, goat, and monkey to welcome her when she comes home from the studio.



WIFE

By
Myrtle Gebhart

Most women who are realists harden as they grow older. Marian, feeling sheltered in a new and permanent safety, has become more gentle.

Despite a hint of fragility in her ninety-six pounds, she always had a driving ambition and a keen material sense. A calculating mind was operative. With family responsibilities, and with her background of Finnish ancestry bred to careful economy, she would throw away neither coin nor opportunity. A tenseness, as though she were forever alert, was in her glance, back of her smile.

Now that is gone. She is relaxed. One senses that this marriage has removed money from her consideration.

"Here, discovery or promotion often hinges on a chance meeting. This tingle in the air is infectious. One enters a restaurant. A producer's roving eyes suddenly become speculative. Instantly an important rôle may be cast, practically, though one must go through the formality of tests.

"While frequently superficial, conversation is more stimulating. People are more enthusiastic. One is eager to contribute vitally, always with a goal shifting ahead and beckoning.

"I never have done anything outstanding." Her eyes level, she spoke obviously without intention of baiting me to a defensive compliment. "For nine years I have given capable performances. I never have had the good fortune to be in a great or very successful picture. I share my friends' belief that I can do better work. So I shall keep on striving."

Marian always regarded her career very seriously, spending about forty per cent of her salary on self-promotion. This thing for which she denied herself luxuries was not a hobby to be lightly discarded.

"Besides, I feel independent, and enjoy giving relatives some of life's frills, though my husband will not permit me to spend my earnings on myself, not even for clothes, except on things necessary for my career.

"What a glow it gave me to be back on the set, seeing old friends, laughing at their clowning, wondering about the new faces and situations. That is Hollywood's fascination, its changing panorama. It is my world. Separated from it, I felt as if my foundation had been jerked away. I grew up in the studios. I love the hard work and the gay camaraderie and the personal element that lends color to each small event.

"And my husband understands. He is so sweet and considerate. When I am tired, he plays backgammon with friends who drop in—Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, and Alyce Mills and her husband—and I rest. He



When a schoolgirl of twelve Marian worked afternoons in a Minneapolis department store to earn money for dancing lessons. Now she is married to Edward Hillman, Jr., whose family made their millions out of a Chicago department store.

has accepted my friends just as, in Chicago, I made myself a part of his world.

"He is proud of me, sees my pictures, loves to pore over my scrapbook, and becomes incensed if any one criticizes me, or if he thinks a writer hasn't given me enough space. But he refuses point-blank to pose for publicity pictures.

"He seems younger than his thirty-one years. He wasn't crazy about California, but good-humoredly transplanted himself that I might have my career. Now, with his polo contacts, he likes it."

Mr. Hillman is rather quiet, suddenly breaking out with a wisecrack, particularly amusing because of its unexpectedness.

They met at the Biltmore Supper Club late in 1928. For two months he tried to date her. Finally, she dined with him. And saw him every evening for a month. When he went back to Chicago they were engaged. She wasn't anxious to marry, having her work, friends, diversions.

Her impetuous, youthful marriage to a pugilist, Joe Benjamin, had ended unhappily. She was a bit afraid.

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HOLLYWOOD



Claudia Dell sets a new style in Western heroines for Tom Mix's return in "Destry Rides Again."

Una Merkel turns on that come-hither look to show off her new beach hat.



Three cheers and a whoop for Fourth of July! Dorothy Jordan buys her fireworks—and an inflammable costume—early.

GOSH, one simply *must* believe it! Jean Harlow has learned to act! Few people have been willing to concede the premier platinum blonde a large amount of talent, but since "The Red-headed Woman" you hear nothing in Hollywood but praise of her histrionic gifts.

The Harlow conquest has been rampageous, as usual. It is typified by the red wig which she even wears in public. The wig is an acute strawberry shade, and reluctantly one must grant the truth of that old wheeze, "It completely changes her personality."

Paul Bern pointed her out proudly to us at a big première. He, of course, has always believed in Jean, and the fact that she would one day make good in earnest. Other nabobs of the films are of the opinion that she has withstood stanchly the wages of bad rôles, and even bad pictures. She was given the chance in "The Red-headed Woman" over much opposition and after many arguments, because it was felt she really has a host of admirers among the fans, especially after her personal-appearance tour.

Anyway, Jean is working much harder than she ever did before, for she's having her big chance now.

Marlene Free Soul.—One of the most interesting facts divulged during the Dietrich and Paramount controversy—in which, of course, Josef von Sternberg so largely figured—is that the fascinating Marlene does not *have* to be directed by her gifted discoverer.

The impression has always existed that there was some sort of technical tie-up of their destinies. Paramount having exerted its sway, and had its own way in the matter of compelling the



star and her director to fulfill their contracts, might go a step further later, and decide to have Miss Dietrich make a picture with some other director. Then watch the sparks fly!

Meanwhile, Hollywood has been asking the question: "Was the recent Dietrich-Von Sternberg-Paramount fracas just a publicity stunt?" The official answer is wrathfully "No!" Which makes us just slightly suspicious.

Generosity of the Actor.—

How the moods and manners of the actor folk change! Here a few weeks ago everything was rebellions and revolutions. Now the outstanding event of recent days has been the calm and placid acceptance of reductions in their stipends by George Arliss, Richard Barthelmess, and other highly paid celebrities.

Arliss voluntarily agreed to a reduction of \$20,000 per picture, while Barthelmess's exceeded even \$50,000. He makes three pictures for the price of two.

At that, these stars still receive very high salaries. Arliss's remuneration is rated at \$60,000, and Barthelmess's, because he has been a filmer for much longer, at \$125,000.

So far, we haven't heard of any change of heart on the part of Constance Bennett. That bright little lady probably will get her \$150,000 for the next Warner picture.

Lilyan Grows More Ultra.—Trust Lilyan Tashman to stand the town on its ear! She always does it with dress, not to mention her sophisticated conversation. She lavished her foreign wardrobe on Hollywood when she visited here, between \$5,000-a-week—self-announced—

HIGH LIGHTS

Turning the spotlight on news
and gossip of the movie world.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

vaudeville engagements. Her hats were a sensation in being tilted at almost a vertical angle, and she wore a red gown at the Mayfair party that created a hubbub. Lil also has a new and grander manner than ever. Her conversation is now tossed off with a *haut* accent and the very utmost casualness.

A Loving First Greeting.—First words learned by foreign stars in the English language are often worth remembering. But Anna Sten's take the prize, since they were "Darling sweetheart, I love you!" With that avowal, no wonder the new Russian arrival, with plaintive eyes and a soft, serene beauty, immediately started her conquest of the movie colony.

Norma Forsaking Sex.—Norma Shearer will definitely forsake the sexy heroine with her picture "Smilin' Through." There will be romance in the story, plenty of it, but none of the feverish and frenzied promiscuity of her several recent productions. "Smilin' Through" was all but shelved for a time. It was thought too old-fashioned, and Norma herself was not particularly enticed by the story. Now a more modern treatment has been contrived, and she will probably play it next.

Norma has also abandoned the more severe hairdress that she wore for a considerable time. Her hair is now waved loosely and thickly about her head, and she has assumed a more girlish appearance.

Gary Unattached.—Many were the predictions that Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper would be reunited upon his return, but nothing has come of it. Instead, he is seen most often with the American-born Countess Frasso, who was one of the party that accompanied him to Africa. She is a guest of the Fairbankses at Pickfair. Gary's vacation did him tremendous good physically. He also has become quite a fashion plate.

Places Quickly Filled.—Forth on the uncertain seas of free-lancing have gone three young players, who have been well liked in their pictures. The group includes Madge Evans, Marian Marsh, and Evalyn Knapp. None could reach agreement with their respective companies on their contracts.

Whether the change will spell misfortune or luck for them remains to be discovered, but certainly the retirement of Miss Marsh and Miss Knapp from Warner Brothers has given con-

siderable impetus to the careers of two other girls. One is the clever Bette Davis, and the other a newcomer, Sheila Terry. Both are being assigned leading rôles right and left now. Nobody is being boomed for Miss Evans's place by Metro-Goldwyn.

Colleen Steps Down Gracefully.—Under the terms of her Metro-Goldwyn contract Colleen Moore ceases to be a star and becomes a featured player. Colleen herself is glad of the change. It doesn't mean carrying the weight of pictures alone, as she did for so many years. She will be seen first in a picture with Wallace Beery.

Colleen won this return to the movies on account of her very successful stage appearance in "A Church Mouse." M.-G.-M. was on her trail immediately, and she has signed for five years. They can't change their mind oftener than once a year, concerning the renewal of her options, either.

The Perfect Performance.—Dramatic until the last moment was the separation of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Airplanes buzzed back and forth from Reno, carrying the star literally between scenes of "Westward Passage." She was embraced upon arrival by her husband. Following this the divorce complaint was filed charging cruelty. Theme song of the whole affair nevertheless seems to be "I'll Go On Loving You."

"Broken Blossoms" Revival.—Intention to remake "Broken Blossoms" is a strange one. This story seemed to belong so definitely to the actors who played in it, Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish, and to D. W. Griffith as director. The revival will star Janet Gaynor. Fans showed comparatively
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Anita Page takes to bicycling around the studio lot, her modern costume something to make the exercise worth while to onlookers.

The newest member of "Our Gang" is "Spanky," but Robert Williams McFarland, aged three-and-a-half, will tell you his right name if you ask.





Photo by Michle

A stranger walked into Gloria Swanson's home with every intention of setting her up as "Queen of the League of Nations."

THE little god of sleep is wooed in devious ways. There are those who count sheep hurdling a fence—something that sheep don't do. There are others who sit on their necks and wave their unclad shanks through the air.

But the most common method employed by nervous souls in Hollywood is to read diverting tales until eyelids grow heavy. Which brings us to the beginning of this story.

Louise Fazenda stacked pillows behind her. Hal Wallis, her husband, had not come home. It is his custom to work late. Louise propped herself up and lost herself in a maze of detective stories. For an hour she read as the noises outside ceased and the city grew still.

She followed a Mounted Police hero into an isolated lumber camp to get his man. She read of the murder of a clubman in a girl's apartment and the trapping of the killer, her jealous chauffeur. Then she delved into a tale of a gangster who had trailed his moll and found her with a rival.

"Slowly he drew an automatic from his pocket," she read, "and pressed the muzzle against her body. 'Now,' he snarled, 'you're going to get yours!'"

The next instant there was the roar of a shotgun, the crashing of splintered glass, and Louise Fazenda, comédienne, went streaking onto the floor and heading for a place under the bed, where she stayed for some time. Long enough, at any rate, to let the person who fired the shot depart. When Hal Wallis came home, he found a badly frightened wife who had called the police.

They have as souvenirs



"A woman was murdered in your bedroom. Note the blood spots," a man wrote Dorothy Christy.

Imagine opening a parcel and finding a red-smearred butcher knife! It happened to Lois Wilson.

Photo by Freulich

A SHOT in

Who peppered Louise Fazenda's bedroom with buckshot? Why did some one send Lois Wilson a blood-red knife? These are two of many unsolved mysteries of Hollywood.

the buckshot dug from the wall. And an unsolved mystery. Who fired that charge, and why? From the street below, none of the slugs could possibly have struck Miss Fazenda. Was a shotgun discharged from some passing car by accident? Was it fired by some one who had a grudge, or by some one trying to play a prank?

"It simply is inexplicable," Louise said the other day. "It's just something that *happened*, that's all. If it were not for the holes in the screen and the window, I would be willing to believe I had had a nightmare."

Miss Fazenda isn't alone in her strange experience. There are a dozen or more unsolved mysteries which have annoyed Hollywood actresses and sometimes brought them extreme fright and bewilderment. Letters containing threats are not uncommon, and communications from cranks are plentiful. For example, there appeared in the "Personal" column of a Los Angeles morning newspaper not long ago, a want ad which said:

ANNA MAY WONG, screen star, call at 908 North State Street. Important. MOTHER.

Now Miss Wong was living with her parents on Figueroa Street. Her mother and father were there, as was her young sister, Mary. And yet, "personal" addressed directly to her aroused not only curiosity, but a feeling of unrest.

She went to her attorney who advised her to take the matter up with the police. Three detectives were detailed to go with Anna and her sister to the address.

The officers, Miss Wong, and her sister were met by a tired-looking woman who had searched the world for a missing daughter.

"She ran away from China ten years ago," the woman said, "and I have sought and sought to find her. I saw you on the screen. You looked like what I believe she must look now. I'm sorry if I'm mistaken, but I want to find my little girl."

There was nothing to say. Another disappointment had come to the mother with the tired face. Anna May Wong patted her on the cheek affectionately and offered a word of encourage-



the DARK

By
A. L. Wooldridge

ment. As she went away, the woman was still looking—and yearning, the tears welling into her eyes.

These things happen in pictureland.

Not greatly dissimilar is the experience of Betty Compson. From some unexplained source in the East, news passed out that Betty's mother, Mrs. Mary Compson, had been found in the poorhouse at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and was living under the name of Mrs. Anna Fisher. Private detectives in Betty's employ had established beyond any reasonable doubt that the woman was the actress's mother, the dispatches said.

Betty gasped! What would her friends think? What would the world think?

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Compson has lived for years at Glendale, California, just outside of Los Angeles, and she and Betty have been much together. Just where and how the report originated is still an unsolved mystery.

Were it not that the actresses are known around the world, their names probably would not figure in such sensational stories. Once started, the tales are hard to stop.

Lois Wilson got a shudder from the contents of a package she received by mail. She unrolled a heavy bale of paper and found a large butcher knife smeared with red paint and accompanied by a note bearing the likeness of a skull and crossbones. She dropped the gruesome thing to the floor and called the police.

The officers traced the package to Albany, Oregon, where they caused the arrest of a twenty-one-year-old youth and held him for a sanity hearing. Lois said the young man had written her many letters and had made one trip to Beverly Hills to see her. Yet he had never proposed marriage nor been overardent in his wooing. Why, then, should he mail her a butcher knife and accompany it with a drawing of a skull and crossbones?

If the writers of such notes meant only to frighten the screen girls, they succeeded to the nth degree. Barred windows and doors re-



Why should some one invent the story that Betty Compson's mother was in a poorhouse?

A Nebraska man went to court to prove he was the real Harold Lloyd and the comedian only an impostor.



While living with her own parents, another woman decided that she was Anna May Wong's mother.



Photo by Richee

sulted. Possibly there was some sleeping under the bed, too, although it is not of record.

Dorothy Christy received at her home in Brentwood Heights, a letter which said:

Your house is haunted. December 6, 1928, a woman was murdered in the same room you are sleeping in. Note the blood spots near the front of your bed. Beware! To-morrow is the 6th.

I. M. NOTACRANK.

What did Dorothy do? She went down upon her knees and began looking for bloodstains, and praying that she wouldn't find any. A day or two later an unidentified man telephoned and asked whether Miss Christy was in. A maid replied she was not.

"If she don't move, me throw bomb!" replied the voice.

The police got on the trail. Investigation revealed that no murder was committed in the house in 1928, but that didn't relieve the mind of Miss Christy. Every time she went into her bedroom she remembered the declaration, "A woman was murdered in the same room you are sleeping in. Note the blood spots near the front of your bed!"

If any one believes such thoughts aren't perturbing, let him think that over nightly in his bedroom for a while and see what happens.

Harold Lloyd has had to fight a case in the New York courts for years wherein a man claims that he is Harold Lloyd of Burchard, Nebraska, and that the Lloyd seen in films is an impostor. He wants the actor restrained from using the name. Lloyd has been victor thus far in the proceedings, yet recently the man asked for a review

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SAUCE FOR

Our beauty specialist looks at modern men and tells why they are becoming better-looking.

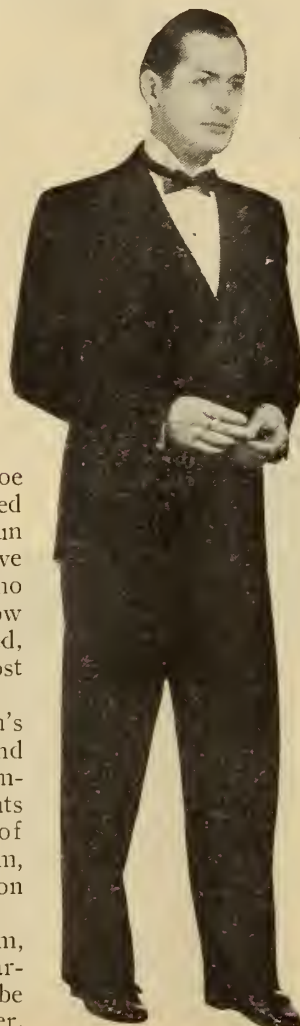


Donald Cook is an example of the successful business executive whose careful grooming is never "actory."



Keeping in perfect trim adds to the attractiveness of Robert Montgomery, as well as all men.

Adolphe Menjou is grand on the screen, but girls like men less fastidiously perfect in real life.



For instance, there's Adolphe Menjou, so poised, suave, and fastidious. Who but Menjou can wear a top hat and carry a cane with such an air? He's grand on the screen, but in everyday life we like our menfolks a shade less perfectly groomed and mannered, a little less fastidious.

We didn't like it a bit when the rumor went round that Rudy Vallée's wave was not God-given but artificially produced, and that John Barrymore had had a permanent wave.

Men don't aim to be beautiful, but they do want clear, healthy skins, and they *don't* want to be bald.

Not so long ago baldness was as prevalent among young men as among older ones. Then scalp specialists and manufacturers of hair preparations sensed this golden opportunity and while the former flourished as the proverbial green bay tree, the sale of hair tonics increased by leaps and bounds.

To-day a man has less hair on his face than formerly, but he has more on top of his head. He has acquired a more youthful look. And to his surprise he has found that it need cost very little in time or money.

First he learned that there are tonics with quite a lot of astringent just for oily hair, to be used three or four times a week to tighten the oil glands and to cleanse the hair and scalp. That for dry, falling hair there are nourishing tonics to be used several times a week, also ointments and nourishing pomades to be used at night. And he learned that continually sousing the head in water does more harm than good, and that oily hair should be washed twice a month and dry hair once a month, keeping it clean between times by brushing and by shaking tonic over the hair, and drying with a clean towel.

Another thing he learned from his scalp specialist is that brushing means more than pasting the hair down on the head with a few slams of a brush. It means thorough work with clean brushes, working from the roots upward, to clean and burnish the hair. Yes, a bit of pomade or brilliantine has its place, but it's regular brushing that gives a natural sheen.

Dandruff hair is worst of all and needs expert treatment with disinfectant tonics, hot-oil treatments and, as washing only aggravates dandruff, daily brushing and a cleansing tonic.

Tonics are undoubtedly nourishing and cleansing, but one of the best reasons for using them is psychological. One is more likely to massage the scalp if there is some-

TIME was when shaving soap and shoe polish were the only toilet aids used by men. But much water has run under the bridge since then. Men have learned that success comes to the man who looks as though he deserves it. They know it's important to keep their shoes shined, their trousers pressed, and to make the most of whatever good looks they may possess.

Slowly and surely it has permeated man's consciousness that the masculine skin and scalp need just as much attention as the feminine and are just as hard to save. He wants to keep a young face and a young crop of hair, but if he doesn't take care of them, not all the king's horses can grow hair on his head or put back elasticity in his skin.

Now in this talk to men, or about them, I'm not advising paint and powder and Marcelled hair or grooming so perfect as to be obvious. We girls wouldn't like that, either.

THE GANDER

By Lillian Montanye



Edmund Lowe takes reasonable care of his skin and hair, consequently he always looks the same.



William Haines sought help in conserving his hair and working off weight, therefore looks younger today than a year ago.

thing to massage with. Specialists emphasize the fact that massage is one of the best things to keep the scalp in robust condition because it quickens the circulation. If you have a bit of gumption and the know-how, it need not cost a thing!

Loss of hair is a warning most men heed, because baldness is more obvious than blackheads or a shiny nose. Few men note the disintegration of their faces. They look upon them as hard-working and serviceable and think all they have to do is to keep them clean. They pretend great virtue in the matter of soap and water, but washing the face should mean more than a hasty blowing, gurgling, and gasping under a shower and a hurried wipe with a towel. With such casual cleansing, no wonder men have blackheads.

Faces should be washed with warm water and soap, rinsed with warm, then with cold water to close the pores. If the face feels drawn or sensitive after washing, change the brand of soap or use a soothing cream or lotion.

Men's faces are as unlike as their hair and dispositions. There are men with such tender skins that, if they were women, they would never use anything on their faces but fine creams. And why not? Don't be silly! Your face would be better for an occasional cold-cream cleansing. Use it as a preliminary cleanser, then wash and rinse. Follow with a sooth-

Nearing forty, Warner Baxter shows no signs of the middle age dreaded by leading men. He takes care of himself as all men should.



ing lotion and a dusting of talcum, and see how much better your face will feel and look.

Shaving is a necessary evil. But proper lighting and plenty of razor blades will eliminate undue profanity and help save your face. And there are shaving soaps that lather fast and furiously and have a refreshing after effect, after-shaving lotions for the sensitive skin, and lotions with astringent value for the oily skin. The barber as well as the specialist encourages facials and men like them occasionally, because they rest him, relieve nerve tension, correct blackheads, and shiny noses.

Red noses are caused usually by stimulants, indiscreet diet, or poor circulation. Shiny noses indicate that the glands there are not working properly. Red noses and facial blemishes are made less noticeable by a lotion which leaves a slight powder deposit.

Men are paying more attention to figures, too, praise be! "A bear, however hard he tries, grows tubby without exercise," laments *Teddy* in that delightful book "When We Were Very Young." Men grow tubby, too, and they have learned it is up to them to do something about it.

Men who complain that the handsome male stars cause too much comment realize that the wife or girl friend doesn't rave about Novarro because of his classic features, or about Bob Montgomery because he's such an attractive lad. They like them for their well-set-up figures—slim, supple, without an ounce of surplus fat. In Hollywood where it's part of one's job to be clear-eyed and healthy, the most popular and successful men are the athletic ones. And all these stars have in their homes well-equipped gymnasiums where they work hard every day to keep their weight down and their figures trim.

Not to be outdone, men everywhere are doing practically the same things. When a man decides it's time to take off a few pounds, he doesn't just talk about it—he does it. He goes regularly to a gymnasium. Or he plays golf, tennis, handball, or other active games. He takes more cold showers and he does inch down his waistline until he attains a figure a self-respecting man need not be ashamed to own.

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ONE of the marvels of the movies is Jackie Cooper. You've known that since "Skippy" and "The Champ," and the fact is doubly impressed by "When a Feller Needs a Friend." Jackie is the star not alone by right of footage, but because of amazingly life-like acting and the way he quietly dominates the picture and every one in it. Especially as the film isn't remarkable save for his presence. But how he makes that presence tell!

His gift is no mere exhibition of childish precocity, but a positive talent, an expression that combines the soundest principles of pantomime with a depth of sincerity rarely found even in adults. Nor is there the least trace of mimicry in Jackie's voice. You feel that no director could coach him in his inflections, no training could coax the sudden tone that seems to come from the depth of the boy's consciousness. Every action and reaction is spontaneous, natural, and the spectator sees the boy not as an exhibit, but as a kindred spirit. Jackie recaptures childhood for every one. Surely more than this cannot be done by any actor.

His story is that of a lame boy whose affliction so distresses his parents that they are blind to his natural instincts and through over-consideration prevent his growing up like other boys. The only one who understands his needs is eccentric *Uncle Jonas*, who is grieved and alarmed to see that the boy is becoming "yellow" and a coward. How *Eddie* realizes himself in the face of great odds is what gives the picture a wholesome thrill and the satisfying suspense that comes from the development of character.

The cast supporting young Mr. Cooper is uncommonly good. If I enjoy Chic Sale less than the majority, it is only because I think his stock character of the old countryman is false, a hang-

The SCREEN

Checking off the new films
for what they are worth.

over from vaudeville caricature, and not because Mr. Sale performs less than expertly. Dorothy Peterson and Ralph Graves are the parents and a boy named Andy Shuford provides a very real portrait of juvenile wolfishness as *Eddie's* tormentor and, finally, the means of his triumph.

Once again Jackie Cooper proves himself a great actor and not merely a child prodigy, in "When a Feller Needs a Friend." Chic Sale is, of course, the old man.

"Two Seconds."

This demonstrates what happens when an actor—even a good one—steps outside his *métier*. The pic-

ture deals with what passes in a man's mind in the two seconds that elapse between the application of current in his electrocution and the time he is pronounced dead.

Edward G. Robinson as the doomed man has never given a finer performance, yet it is a part he should never have played. Mr. Robinson is too intelligent to have been taken in to the extent that *John Allen* was.

Rooked into marriage by a dance-hall hostess who cares nothing for him and only wants the protection of his name, he is shown his mistake by his friend *Bud*, suffers a nervous breakdown as a result of *Bud's* death, and discovers that his wife is unfaithful. In the end he repays the money her lover has given her and then kills his wife, feeling that both his honor and *Bud's* death have been expiated.

Vivienne Osborne as the faithless wife has one of the most despicable parts and she plays it without compromise, making the character vivid and real, even though repellant. Preston Foster, as *Bud*, shows marked promise.

The picture is morbid, but it never fails to hold interest, though its popular appeal is doubtful.

Jameson Thomas and Joan Bennett in an exciting melodrama, "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," notable for brilliant direction.



"The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

Like "Shanghai Express," this stars the invisible director who happens to be William K. Howard, one of the best. He does marvels with a story that never seems the trite thing it is until the spectator looks back and discovers that his excitement has come more from Mr. Howard's wizardry than from plot or puppets. It moves at breakneck speed, a priceless virtue these days of pictures grown lethargic through too much talk, and it yields vivid, incisive camera work, pithy dialogue, and the drive of keen intelligence. Yet, what is it all, really? Just that

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

Vivienne Ware, innocent, is accused of the murder of an admirer, is defended by her lawyer-fiancé, and is acquitted. But what excitement is evoked by the director who knows how to slur the deficiencies of his story and accent its drama! Precisely the opposite effect is found in the majority of films nowadays when dramatic situations are muffed by direction, so that one is left unmoved by a crisis which would have kept you on the edge of your seat in the silent days. "*Vivienne Ware*" recaptures this enviable response. The applause is all for the director.

Not that performances are wanting. They are admirable, every one. But you feel the presence of Mr. Howard more than his players. This, too, is rare, for few directors imprint any individuality on their assignments and one picture is apt to be like another, except for credits preceding a film.

Joan Bennett, as *Vivienne*, the victim of circumstantial evidence, is satisfactory, if not exactly dynamic, though Lilian Bond, as a witness who dodges a knife hurled to silence her damaging evidence, is quite dynamic enough to offset Miss Bennett's gentle charm. Donald Cook, who has stirred clamorous interest among fans, plainly shows why they like him. He plays the defense attorney with vigor, sincerity, and fine reticence. Allan Dinehart is more spectacularly dramatic as the prosecutor, and such expertly effective players as Herbert Mundin, Noel Madison, Howard Phillips—he was the magician's assistant in "*The Spider*"—shine in lesser parts. Zasu Pitts and Richard Gallagher are amusing as radio broadcasters, while my pet comédienne, Maude Eburne, brings joy to the—may I say discerning?—in a fleeting bit.

"Letty Lynton."

Besides disclosing Joan Crawford's finest performance, this picture is revolutionary. Its heroine is a murderess who goes unpunished. This is indeed new in films, the most radical departure from old morals since heroines ceased being virtuous and decided that worldly experience would not rob them of sympathy if they cried a little over their peccadillos and married in the end.

Even more than that, Miss Crawford's heroine poisons her ex-lover while the man of the moment, as well as her mother, perjure themselves to save her from punishment and the district attorney almost smiles a blessing as he dismisses the trio.

If you think I'm complaining of these innova-

"Letty Lynton" marks Joan Crawford's coming of age as an actress in her best picture, with Nils Asther a superb villain.



tions, you're wrong. For this is one of the most absorbing films, and it marks Joan Crawford's coming of age as an actress. You have only to see her now to realize the shallowness of all her preceding pictures. It proves that given an adult rôle she is wanting in nothing to make it exciting, picturesque, and individual. Certainly she has matured artistically more than any other star carried over from the silent régime and now is at the flood tide of popularity.

Besides her other assets, Miss Crawford has the great advantage of looking and acting like an actress and not a commonplace person encountered in real life. Her ability in this direction is skillfully enhanced by striking gowns that set her apart from everyday women. In short, she is every inch the youthful prima donna preyed upon by intense emotions. This embodiment of his-

trionic womanhood has always spelled success for the lucky possessor.

Letty Lynton is a déclassée daughter of wealth who is irked by the rich South American with whom she has been carrying on a prolonged affair. Deserting him, she boards a steamer with her elderly maid and begins a flirtation with a desirable young man, whereupon both find themselves genuinely in love. Followed to New York by the Latin, Letty is frightened by his threats to carry her back with him and prevent her marriage. In a final, tragic interview she

Sidney Fox and Warren William make "*The Mouthpiece*" entertaining from start to finish.





Carol Lombard and Adrienne Ames are sophisticated heroines in "Sinners in the Sun," with Chester Morris the object of their rivalry.

prepares poison rather than submit and her ex-lover drinks it instead. Thus the murder charge—and the happy ending. Robert Montgomery is the fiancé, Nils Asther the South American. Never has Mr. Montgomery done better work. Mr. Asther, in his newly found type, is superb. He plays with savage and brilliant finesse. May Robson, Louise Closser Hale, Lewis Stone, and Emma Dunn, imbued with fine authority, make memorable their lesser rôles.

"The Mouthpiece."

In the month's summary of pictures this is among the strongest and most worth while, though reminiscent of William Powell's "For the Defense," in that its leading character is a lawyer who gives his talents to the task of extricating criminals from the toils of the law. There isn't an unethical trick he doesn't practice with jaunty insouciance and sure knowledge of legal evasions. But for all his success in dealing with men, he is slain figuratively and literally by a mouselike ingénue with a cultivated Southern drawl. From which you may judge that the question of accents in "What the Fans Think" is not exaggerated. So the character as well as the story is considerably weakened and the susceptibility of *Vincent Day* doesn't ring true.

Warren William plays this rôle for all it is worth. It establishes him as one of the genuinely important newcomers, a skilled actor and a stellar personality. Sidney Fox, the ingénue, is a clever actress who seems destined to carry a permanent hangover from "Strictly Dishonorable." Aline MacMahon, as a cynical secretary, is intensely human and understandable.

"Sinners in the Sun."

Here the hero and heroine protest that they are sinners and make their so-called sinning attractive to the susceptible. Whereas, it seems to me, that, being young moderns, they should have junked conscience as old-fashioned and got fuller satisfaction. But in the movies a few fem-

inine tears and masculine self-reproaches are necessary atonement for the slightest lapse from rectitude.

The sin that is stressed consists of nothing that isn't consistent with modern freedom. The heroine shudders away from marriage with her young man because of his poverty. What more natural, then, that she should enter into a liaison—faugh! What an old-fashioned word!—with a rich married man? What more natural, too, than the automobile mechanic who enunciates his words like an actor, and wears one hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar suits should enter into a loveless marriage with a rich woman? Yet they go through all the motions of queamishness—when the novelty of riches has worn off—that you would expect of *Abelard* and *Heloise*.

However, so handsome is the production and so attractive is Carol Lombard that you find yourself sympathizing with her, even if she is rather humorless about the state of her soul and has little depth or warmth in communicating the plight of a poor working girl. But she reads her lines with such ingratiating intelligence and wears her luxuriant clothes with such smartness, that you are willing enough to believe that she is a repentant sinner who only needed worldly experience with another man to pique her desire for the man she refused and thus uphold the power of love. Miss Lombard makes you long to see her play a heroine as clever as you know she is. As for Chester Morris, the mechanic, he is according to accepted standards, but you wish that he had taken the trouble to differentiate the character before and after becoming a gigolo. Yet the picture is bright, lively, and is sophisticated in the Hollywood manner. Adrienne Ames, Walter Byron, Alison Skipworth, Cary Grant—who has the makings of a favorite—and Rita La Roy are equal to their rôles.

"Congress Dances."

This is not the precursor of the several films promising peephole views of politics in Washington, but a German costume picture dealing with the Congress of Vienna in 1814 when the statesmen of Europe met to decide the fate of Napoleon. It is light, musical, and not especially important except to those with a relish for the hors d'œuvres of films. But it is entertaining, gay, carefree, and spectacular, a morsel for the "art" theaters rather than an attraction for the cathedrals of the cinema.

It recounts the romance of a shopgirl and the czar, who is enabled to carry on his rendezvous with *Christel*—

I'm glad she isn't a *Mitzi*, aren't you?—while his double takes his place in the congress.

Against this pretty romance there is the scheming of *Prince Metternich*, splendidly embodied by our old friend, Conrad Veidt, whose magnificent "Man Who Laughs" entitles him to an enduring place in Hollywood's annals and whose English speech should bring him back. Lil Dagover, who is forgiven for "The Woman From Monte Carlo" because she is the only real patrician, with the exception of Elissa Landi, ever to star in American films, is regal, majestic, and all else that is blue-blooded, as

Continued on page 62

Henry Garat and Lilian Harvey charm in "Congress Dances," a German film with English dialogue and some music.



HAPPY ENDING

If you can survive fifty film tests, as Bill Gargan did, you may get one of the year's best rôles, as he has.

By Alison Boyd

IF you were listed as one of the really promising young actors on Broadway and a picture company made a test of you, and said it was magnificent and told you to come around again next Thursday to sign a contract, you'd think you were all set to be a screen player, wouldn't you?

And when you went around to the office on Thursday and were told there would be a few days' delay, you'd be a little crestfallen?

Then if that happened, not day after day with the same company, but over a period of four years with practically every big company, you would be convinced that either you were crazy or the studios were, wouldn't you?

Well, that's just what happened to a breezy, red-headed, freckle-faced, and broad-shouldered youth named Bill Gargan, and let it be to his eternal credit that whatever squawking he did, he did in private.

For the crowd in Sardie's, where all Broadway eats luncheon, he always had a pleasant smile and a ready quip. When they nicknamed him "Test-me-again Gargan," he took it grinning, and went on looking for jobs.

Sometimes he was just about frantic wondering how the Gargans were going to get funds for such simple things as food and a roof over their heads. Often he wanted to plant his fist in the jaw of one of those smirking casting agents who held out promises for the future.

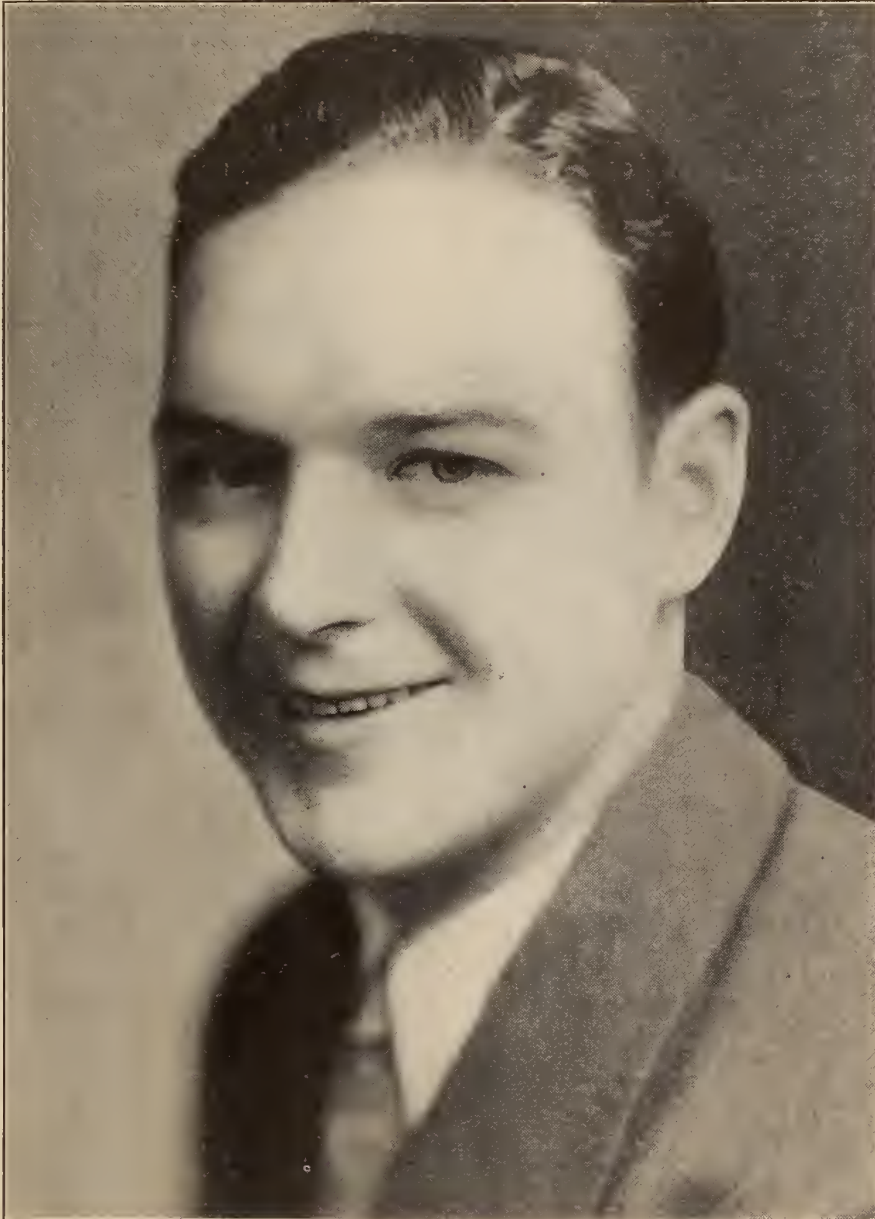


Photo by Vandamm

The day Bill Gargan left for Hollywood, the Broadway gang was as sentimental as any villagers sending the local pride off to be president. He's to play *Handsome*, the hard-boiled Marine, in Joan Crawford's "Rain."

It's all over now but the shouting. He has had a big year on the stage with Leslie Howard, in "The Animal Kingdom," and has gone to Hollywood to play *Handsome* in "Rain," opposite Joan Crawford, a showy rôle that stars begged for. After that he will make two pictures for RKO.

Two stars on the M.-G.-M. lot, who always get what they want, have demanded him for their pictures.

The day he left New York the gang in Sardie's was as sentimental as any villagers sending the local pride off to be president. They have all been so proud of him, and having kept a stiff upper lip with him through all his disappointments, they felt like having a good cry together.

Bill went on the stage after a succession of jobs as salesman and private detective. His brother Eddie, then a member in the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera, introduced him to Le Roy Clemens who put him in "Aloma of the South Seas."

For thirty dollars a week he got into brown make-

up from head to foot, played a bit, and then assisted the stage manager.

He worked a complicated storm scene that vied with the legendary achievements of the one-armed paper hanger. From then on he was picked for tough jobs.

Last year, in the Theater Guild's "Roar China," he

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SWEET and LOW

Success has brought only unhappiness to Sidney Fox
—a sympathetic interviewer tells why it's a shame.

HAVE you ever had one of those nameless blue feelings? The dictionary has no word for it and the doctor no cure. A

month of spoiled Sundays is no more depressing. Sometimes you think you are able to tell what had caused it. More often you can't. You just know you've got it.

Up in the Hollywood hills, in the cutest villa on a winding road, where the bedroom windows catch the sunlight all day long, and birds start concertizing early and finish late, Sidney Fox, surrounded by friends, fame, and fair fortune, has got it, and got it bad.

Instead of feeling gay and handsome, she's melancholy and low.

"I used to be happier at twenty dollars a week than I am now," she reflects, "and I don't know whether to blame Hollywood for it, or myself."

That's the worst about these unaccountable spells. You don't know where they come from.

"Perhaps it's just me. Of late I've often felt as if I had sprung a cork, as if thoughts, accumulated for a long time, had bubbled over. Taking inventory may have made me feel so punk. I've been thinking—"

Sidney's life alternates between four and five-week periods of picture-making, and six-week spells of rest. Having finished "Forgotten Commandments," she's now on a lazy stretch with time for meditation.

"I've been thinking of how I used to laugh—really laugh—forgetting all worries, gnawing ambitions, headaches. I can't do that any more. To-day I merely smile—that is my face smiles. What's wrong with me?"

Yes, what's wrong with the little whippoorwill? She's enjoying good health. There's no *grande passion*. Her pictures are successful. "Strictly Dishonorable" has brought her a great deal of recognition. What is the matter?

"Feeling that I'm misunderstood and frequently misrepresented doesn't exactly contribute to my happiness."

What's this? Misunderstood? Frequently misrepresented? From the lips of some one less unaffected than Sidney the plaint might easily have a false ring. She's referring to the distortions that are the by-product of much publicity. Reading exaggerations and outright falsehoods about herself upsets her, she says.

By George Kay

The picture of a star taking the antics of press-agentry to heart is an uncommon one. So uncommon that it raises doubts as to her sincerity.

You fear you're just encountering another form of publicity. A ten-minute talk with the comely suspect, however, dispels any doubt that she means it.

Two traits stand out in her character—sensitiveness and a passion for truth.

Sidney is thin-skinned. It's apparent the very minute you look into her eyes. They beg and wish to be friendly. If you hold yourself aloof, they look distressed. They woo you constantly, as does indeed her whole person. A visit at her home is an adventure in hospitality.

"You walked up here? Why didn't you let me know? I could have sent my car for you. Is that chair comfortable? Will you have a cigarette? A cup of tea? Fine, and what with it? Sandwiches or cake? Please take the sandwiches. We're really better at that." She looks as if the afternoon would be spoiled if you didn't take the sandwiches.

"And some dessert? We have dee-licious ice cream." She dashes out and orders. You stay behind in the high-ceilinged living room and think of your hostess's Southern accent in "Strictly Dishonorable." It sort of fits in with this kind of hospitality.

Her desire to be friendly, the unconscious precautionary measure of a highly susceptible mechanism, is matched by her great passion for truth. Sidney abominates sailing under a false flag. It's a well-known fact that she almost got into a fight with a studio over refusing to do a stunt which, in her opinion, would have given the fans an untrue impression of her.

She won her point, because, as said before, you only have to talk to her ten minutes to realize her sincerity—and be taken in by it.

"I don't like to misrepresent myself, and it makes me feel bad to have others misrepresent me."

Misrepresentation is not always of malicious origin. The truth is frequently a matter of tints and shadings difficult to balance accurately. As somebody has said, "It takes more than the good intention to be truthful."

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Photo by Jones

"I used to be happier at twenty dollars a week than I am now, and I don't know whether to blame Hollywood or myself," says Sidney.



Photo by Irving Lippman

SIDNEY FOX is thin-skinned. It's opporent the instant you look into her eyes, which beg to be friendly. They woo you constontly, and if you hold yourself aloof, they look dis-tressed, soys George Koy in his chorming interview opposite.



TOO SMOOTH

A BARONESS tired of both husband and lover meets a suave burglar in "The Jewel Robbery" and life becomes dangerously exciting. With Kay Francis as the bored lady and William Powell the robber, anything might happen. Hardie Albright plays a losing hand.





DAYDREAM

"The Truth About Hollywood" finds Constance Bennett a poor little wallflower and lifts her to screen and social fame.



SEPARATED from her true hero while still a waitress, Mary has a miserable experience with a rich youth—Neil Hamilton—before Lowell Sherman, as her director, guides her to triumphs. Miss Bennett, at the top of the page, tells her girlish dreams to Nick Caruso, of the Brown Derby.



RUSSIA

"Forgotten Commandments" shows the trials of a young couple in a land where faithfulness is considered a dumb bourgeois custom.



GENE RAYMOND and Marguerite Churchill are razed by Sari Maritza for being married. Gene is to study at a noted clinic—and be tempted by the godless Sari. The biblical sequence of "The Ten Commandments" will be revived.



BRUISED

A fighter finds social climbing a tough game in
"Winner Take All."



JAMES CAGNEY is led on by Virginia Bruce,
who laughs at him, while Marian Nixon yearns
for her champion.





TABU

DOLORES DEL RIO as *Luana*, a South Sea princess, tastes of the forbidden love of a white man, Joel McCrea, and the native gods demand a human sacrifice for atonement. Jahn Halliday, Creighton Chaney, and Richard Gallagher will also be seen.



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PROSPERITY

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SCREAMIE!**



with
**Anita Page
Wallace Ford**
Directed by **Leo McCarey**



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

KAREN MORLEY

a leader of leading ladies, with all that it takes to lead her further—even to stardom. Meonwhile her next essay will be in "Washington Whirlpool."

CONSIDER Miss Morley a year ago and contemplate her to-day. Then she was an arresting newcomer in Gorbo's "Inspiration," while now she is sofely and surely placed as

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work. But Marlene elected to cast her lot with her discoverer and refused to work under Wallace's direction.

Both Von Sternberg and Dietrich were taken off the Paramount pay roll. Von Sternberg announced his intention of leaving Paramount for good, claiming that he has had offers from other studios. Schulberg says that the Hays office will not allow Von Sternberg to work elsewhere and that Paramount is preparing a \$100,000 damage suit against Von Sternberg. It will be based on the fact that the studio spent that amount on preliminary preparation on the film. Von Sternberg remarked that Paramount valued him rather lightly in mentioning only \$100,000. Then suddenly the fight ended and Dietrich and her director went to work on "Blonde Venus."

From all appearances, it seems that the Marian Marsh-Warner disagreement is another of those too-much-manager things. For until Marian signed with her present manager, she was content with her \$400-a-week stipend. In fact, she was delighted a few months ago when her salary was raised to that amount from \$75, at which she started.

However, when her option time rolled around, Marian notified the studio that she would not come to work for that salary, but wanted \$1,000 a week for her services.

As Marian's pictures had not been drawing heavily, the studio felt that Marian had overestimated her importance. They smiled at her demands and refused. For a while,

though Marian had not been dropped from the Warner contract list, she was drawing no salary. She had received one offer from another studio at a reputed \$250 a week, which of course she would not accept.

It was thought that before many days had elapsed, Marian would see the error in her judgment and return to work, a wiser, if not a sadder girl, but she was let out.

Getting back to Paramount, that studio is having its troubles with Nancy Carroll, too.

Ever since her first days on the Paramount lot, red-headed Nancy has been a problem. Directors quail when told that they must handle her pictures and leading men develop sudden illnesses to avoid being cast opposite her. Nancy is a very capable little actress, but not the Duse she thinks she is.

Her vogue waned faster than had been expected even by her critics and her last film, "Wayward," was a terrific flop.

But Nancy didn't feel that that was any fault of hers. She decided that all she needed was more money. She told Paramount so in a few well-chosen words, then went home to wait for an increased pay check.

She stayed at home for some time, and much to her surprise, no check at all was forthcoming. The first communication she received from the studio was just the other day. And rumor has it that it was a notification of the cancellation of her contract.

The publicity department still lists her among their stars, denying that they have received official notice of

her dismissal. But they do grudgingly admit that her name is missing from the list of stars scheduled for future productions.

All in all, it looks as if Nancy will have to take her red hair and her temperament to another studio—probably for less money than she was getting from Paramount.

It is probable that Madge Evans will soon adjust her differences with Metro. Madge is a smart girl and will no doubt realize that \$500 a week isn't a bad salary in these days and times.

After a meteoric rise in popularity, Madge decided that she was worth more than her contract called for. When option time came around, she fully expected Metro to keep her at the increase of \$250 a week stipulated.

However, leading ladies—even ones as attractive as Madge—are cheap now. Metro told Miss Evans that they did not see their way to taking up her option at \$750 a week, but would be glad to have her remain on the pay roll at her present salary.

Madge refused and has been waiting for offers from other studios. So far none have materialized and as Metro is still willing to kiss and make up, the chances are that a reconciliation will occur shortly.

Which is the main thing that interests us fans. For while all these arguments are going on, we are deprived of seeing our favorites on the screen. And what we want is for them to settle their difficulties and start working in some pictures soon.

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little interest in "The Miracle Man," when it was produced again, and "Broken Blossoms" decidedly belongs to the same *moyen age* of the movies.

Weissmuller a Charmer.—Johnny Weissmuller is to be kept busy with more "Tarzan" stories. Probably three in all will be written for him by Edgar Rice Burroughs, or else adapted. Johnny is quite an idol, too, as a result of his personal appearances. Though not overly handsome, he has a boyish appeal that has won audiences.

Wally a Gag Victim.—Wallace Beery resumed his old rôle of female impersonator—one that he used to indulge in long ago in two-reel comedies—to his own great disadvantage at the première of "Grand Hotel." A joke, so-called, was attempted at the big Hollywood opening, and Beery was called into service to make up for the absence of Greta Garbo.

Hollywood High Lights

He dressed up in dowager's clothes and was introduced as Garbo by Will Rogers at the end of the picture, but the gag fell flat—so flat, indeed, that the audience hissed disapproval of the faux pas.

Will Young Romance Resume?

—Will the boy-and-girl romance between Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp be resumed? That is what Hollywood has been asking ever since it was known that Hoot Gibson and Sally contemplated divorce. Of course, Hollywood is sometimes brashly premature in its questionings, but color was lent to the report by the fact that Kemp, who played in the same pictures with Sally in their Sennett days, and who subsequently dropped out of sight, has become active again. What's more, he has been working on the Fox lot, where Sally is also busy.

On the occasions when we have seen her, Sally, looking pale and sad,

has come to parties with such close friends as Bebe Daniels, to the seclusion of whose home at the beach she fled when the announcement of the separation was made. Sally, incidentally, was injured in an auto accident at the same time.

Barbara's Flaming Ill Luck.—Working in films brings its grief every once in a while, and Barbara Stanwyck is one of the latest sufferers. She endured several very mean burns while working on location in "The Night Flower," in scenes depicting the blazing of a wheat field. She and George Brent were putting out the flames with wet sacks, when Barbara got too close to the fire and was badly scorched. She returned to work after treatment at the studio hospital, however.

Misleading Ladies.—The real chameleon of movieland is Lily

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"I'd like to do characters such as Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins play. Naturally they are much more experienced than I, and it is right that they should be considered first. I haven't yet acquired the ability to do some of the parts they do. But I'm not walking through my ingénue rôles. I think the girl in 'Rich Man's Folly' was more than a mere sweet young thing. There may be another *Sondra* around the corner. I'm getting ready for my next break.

"Considering the competition we who have never been on the professional stage must meet, I think we have to take extra training to keep in the running. I am taking two hours of lessons daily from the studio voice teacher and from Doctor Samuel Kayser."

Doctor Kayser is the instructor of Ann Harding and many others. Frances had a volume of Molnar's plays along with her. She was studying "Liliom" as one of her duties to her teachers.

"I believe a great actress is an emotional one. Those who rely entirely upon technique show it. Do a scene without actually feeling it and the camera betrays you. The ideal to me is to have 'a warm heart and

Sorority Type

a cool mind.' Of course, you must have yourself under control, but I have found it best not to analyze a character too deeply."

I asked her if she could see the mistakes that other ingénues had made when in a similar spot at Paramount studio.

"Oh, thousands of missteps! Bad publicity, poor stories, discouragement from their rôles. But I don't think politics are so important as they say. There are instances of girls being pushed by influential backers. Yet I believe that if one is unquestionably good, a draw at the box office, that the producers will give you a chance. After all, they are in this for money and why should they put thumbs down on a money-maker?"

Unfortunately, remembrance of another recent interview popped into Frances's mind at this moment.

"It was called 'How To Be Popular' and took me as Exhibit A. Now why did he pick on me? As if I were a good example! And as though—if I were—I could reveal a method!"

After soothing her, I persuaded her to proceed with the printable details of her off-screen life.

"I live in a new house in Beverly with my mother, sister, brother-in-law and two little ones who call me aunty. We are having a grand time furnishing our home at present. And"—as another detail—"I hate premières. People stare at me and mutter, 'She's somebody, but *who?*'"

She expects eventually to go on the stage. But first she has to attain movie stardom. Frances admits she may be disillusioned when she reaches the top, but considers that inevitable.

Evidently the love-versus-career question has not bothered her yet. And when it does, I venture to prophesy that she will handle it sensibly.

"You must give up a lot of things to get ahead in Hollywood, such as dates and parties. But not important things. You can have time to keep your real friends and your home life. They are what really matter."

Having cross-examined most of Paramount's ingénues as they stood on the threshold Frances Dee now occupies, I am willing to go on record as saying that she is one who won't be floored by saccharine parts. This girl is going to get what she wants—even as to interviews!

The Star States

Continued from page 21

Kentucky, we'll find several towns beaming over young-uns who have made good. Irene Dunne, of Louisville, is no encouragement to the little girl with Cinderella dreams. After finishing at a tony school, she studied music in Chicago and went on the stage. Una Merkel acquired her drawl in Covington. Catherine Dale Owen, Jobyna Ralston-Arlen, Alberta Vaughn, Grant Withers, and Arthur and Florence Lake, are also Blue Grass folk.

Further South we find Ben Lyon, John Mack Brown, and Miriam Hopkins upholding the honor of Georgian accent. Dorothy Sebastian comes from good ol' Alabam', as does H. B. Walthall. Miss Sebastian went to New York and found work in a fashion show for a while, but later walked right into the "Scandals." Louisiana has Ben Turpin and Leatrice Joy.

Dorothy Jordan is from Tennessee, and Randolph Scott from North Carolina.

Virginia has a better showing, claiming Mae Murray, Richard Arlen, William Haines, Olive Borden, George Fawcett, and Jack Holt among her offerings to the film public.

Tampa, Florida, remembers a little brunette named Betty Riggs, who meant to be a schoolmarm. That girl is now Evelyn Brent.

There's something in the Pennsylvania air that makes young folks pack up and go to Hollywood. Adolphe Menjou, Thomas Meighan, and Lois Moran are three distinct types coming out of Pittsburgh. Lionel Barrymore was born in this State, as were Janet Gaynor, Hedda Hopper, and Eleanor Boardman.

More players come from New York State than from any half a dozen others. If all the bit players and one-day stars were counted, the showing would be much greater. As was pointed out in *Picture Play* recently, the jump from amateur theatricals to the stage, and to Holly-

wood, is much less difficult when one lives near Broadway. Even outside the theatrical families, young New Yorkers grow up in a spirit of exhibitionism, and if given a break they take to play acting in some form like a duck to water.

This is not true of New England. Players from the down-East country are as rare as a well-spiced dinner there. Lew Cody comes from Maine, Pauline Frederick, Neil Hamilton, Charles Bickford, and Lewis Stone from Massachusetts; and Sam Hardy from Connecticut.

The West Coast players have usually mentioned their home towns in their interviews, probably in keeping with the boost-your-home-State movement, and a roll call from California is not necessary here.

Now, looking over the map, New York, the Middle West, and the Coast seem to be the favorite playgrounds of the cinema gods, don't they?

The Screen in Review

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a scheming court lady. And there is Lilian Harvey, whose refusal of Hollywood offers is said to be because they aren't big enough, makes *Christel*

a vigorous soubrette, very pretty and dainty, but the actress works too hard at being attractive. An outstanding performance is contributed by Regi-

nald Purdell, as *Metternich's* secretary. Finished, polished, ingratiating—you know the connoted adjectives. The dialogue is English.

"Young America."

Are you interested in juvenile delinquency? I ask the question in good faith for you will get nothing else from this film. It is a long-drawn-out story of the "bad" boy of a small town who redeems himself and becomes a hero for the happy ending. This, however, is unconvincing because forced and implausible, though it does soften the harrowing injustice done the boy until then.

It begins in the juvenile court where Ralph Bellamy is a kind-hearted and sympathetic judge who tries to help *Art Simpson*, the incorrigible, and a likable performance Mr. Bellamy gives, too. Subsequent episodes deal with *Art's* scrapes and his apparent inability to speak up and clear himself when he is in the right, even when he has the support of *Mrs. Doray*, wife of a small-town druggist, into whose home the boy is taken to give him a chance to reform. It is the suspicious, hostile druggist whose life *Art* saves.

Two examples of ludicrous miscasting mar the slight interest in these characters. Spencer Tracy, of all persons, is the blundering bourgeois of a druggist, with a pipe in his mouth to prove that he isn't a crook or a policeman. Doris Kenyon, as his wife, has an inexhaustible supply of costly, frilly gowns and a manner so sweetly theatrical that you feel she wants to train the boy for a movie career. Accept these two as man and wife and you will believe anything. Tommy Conlon is the boy—satisfactory enough, but not sufficiently appealing for a leading rôle.

"The Strange Case of Clara Deane."

The "strangeness" here is not that of the heroine, but the producers in attempting an echo of "Madame X" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with an erstwhile comédienne as an emotional actress. Wynne Gibson is incomparable in her proper place—

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Happy Ending

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was nightly hurled overboard into thirteen inches of water.

It wasn't so bad except that he was badly bruised and lame each morning, when likely as not he was slated for a film test.

Only one producer was decent enough not to make glowing promises to him, and that one, ironically enough, was Lewis Milestone who gave him the big rôle in "Rain."

It's trite to say that anything fantastic may happen in pictures. It has. And all to Bill Gargan.

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City & State

self did not succeed in doing so during his famous romance with her.

Each of the gentlemen in his own quiet way rebuffs interviewers. Jack has a bluff frankness and many words that say nothing. Even Will Hays might learn something from him in the art of making diplomatic speeches that thrill but do not reveal. Ramon convinces the interviewer that it's all his Latin blood. Music, art, flowers—ah, and moonlight!—and, of course, beautiful women. Not a woman, you see, but *women!* Always, says he, he is susceptible to these spiritual things, and must give way to romantic expression such as the sending of flowers.

Richard Dix is one of the fiercer, less diplomatic rebuffers. Strangely enough, so is the suave, Continental Ivan Lebedeff. They angrily consign persons who snoop into their pri-

Joel Doesn't Tell

vate—particularly their romantic affairs—to hot, uncomfortable regions of punishment and remorse.

Dix successfully concealed all his romances, including the early, sad one about which there was so much speculation, and the latest, which brought him charming Winifred Coe for a wife.

Lebedeff has escorted any number of the screen's famous women around town while keeping faith, observers say, with Thelma Todd, whose name has been consistently mentioned with his for years.

There may be in the movie realm many other gentlemen who do not tell. Those I have mentioned, however, are the only ones who have withstood such acid tests of reportorial inquisition. And since the countless ones who do tell have relatively little success with the bright

lights of the screen, it seems that the secret of the fortunate ones lies in a reticence on which the ladies know they can depend.

Granted that protective reticence on the part of the escort, the mutual advantages of combinations such as McCrea and his companions formed are obvious. The young man is in with the right people, he is in the publicity spotlight, he enjoys the society of charming, world-famous women.

More important still, these women will wish neither to marry nor blackmail him, and rising young actors are vulnerable to either or a combination of these disasters.

As for the star's point of view, she knows she can trust him with her reputation. He is a man, handsome, magnetic, comforting, and safe—and stellar heights are often lonely.

Movie Ads Then and Now

THE art of film ballyhoo has advanced by such stupendous leaps and bounds in the past ten years that now the ads are often more dazzling than the pictures they describe as being "lavishly incredible miracles."

The advertisements of ten years ago would now be considered offhand announcements, or at most, casual invitations to see the new films.

In 1922 an ad modestly suggested that "for one solid hour of intense drama we invite you to see Pauline Frederick, in 'Two Kinds of Women.'" What would happen to a 1932 ad writer if he ground out some copy no hotter than that?

"Adam's Rib," a 1923 offering, was described as "showing the modern girl in a new light."

In 1924 "Christine of the Hungry Heart" was announced in these words: "Thomas H. Ince has made

one of his best pictures from the Kathleen Norris story."

"The Beautiful City," released in 1925, hit high in modesty and low in ballyhoo. The ad said, "It's a story of genuine emotions."

The next year the ad writers began to spread their wings in a small way, starting the flight to the present heights where only superlatives reign. A "Beau Geste" ad said, "New York critics say it is the year's greatest melodrama."

A considerable jump was made by 1927. "The Garden of Allah" was so marvelous "the world gasped," read the ads.

Came '28 to the accompaniment of mammy songs, the rattle of gats and the warbling of chorines from the screen. Ad writers were truly inspired. "Roadhouse" was ballyhooed as being "Wilder than any 'Arabian

Nights' tale, one of the most powerfully enacted stories of youth ever filmed." Sound news reels were hailed extravagantly: "A miracle has happened. Now the liveliest news becomes *living* news." Of "King of Kings" it was said, "The greatest picture ever produced . . . you'll gasp when you see it." Of "The Divine Lady," "The most gigantic sea spectacle the screen has ever known. A love so mighty it swayed the fate of nations."

"Abie's Irish Rose" was hailed the following year as "The wonder play that shattered every record . . . intensified on the screen 100-fold." "Noah's Ark" was offered as "the mightiest entertainment since the birth of motion pictures . . . the marvel of this marvelous age."

In 1930 Paramount recorded the

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that his success was foreseen years ago, but nothing was done about it.

An ex-prize fighter named Nate Slott, who acted as trainer for many actors, raised a little money and blew it on making a series of sports shorts. Johnny Weissmuller worked in one for nothing, which so endeared him to Mr. Slott that he took the film under his arm and marched from studio to studio to show executives what a marvelous bet Weissmuller was.

At every studio, the heads raved about him. They said he certainly was a great bet for pictures. That was five years ago. Until six months ago, none of them had a job for him.

They Say in New York—

Gloria's Plans.—Gloria Swanson is about to make a picture in London. The story is called "Perfect Understanding" and is said to be a society comedy, with a farcical twist.

London has always made an idol of Gloria and she is to have the freedom of the city in using historic points of interest as background for her picture.

She imported an American director, Rowland Lee, but is seeking English players for her cast. She's looking exceptionally well, according to a friend who writes from London, but English women rarely glance at her face. It's her feet that are the sensation. They cannot get used to those

size twos and the fact that Gloria can walk miles and miles on them.

Mr. Cagney's Plans.—A daily chuckle has been provided lately by the statements emanating from James Cagney, who refused to work for Warner Brothers at the salary stipulated in his contract. He would enter Columbia University to study medicine if he could not make pictures at his own terms.

Some one must have told him that there are annually about two thousand more applications than the college has room for and that his chance of breaking in was negligible.

Then he was going to write a book. But the rumor must have got to him

that writing books is done more for glory than for profit.

The latest plan announced for him to date is an automobile tour of the West, with Mr. Cagney wearing a long red beard and dark glasses so that his public would let him alone. I suspect that he would attract less attention if he just traveled as himself. With all that disguise, people will suspect that he is Garbo, and won't they be annoyed when they find out their mistake?

Possible Import.—Lilian Harvey, the film sensation of Europe, is mentioned as a candidate for the leading rôle in "Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's musical play which Fox will film, so when "Congress Dances" opened, every one flocked to see what she is like. I regret to report that she is just awfully cute. She pouts, gurgles, and flounces in a manner that has not been seen since the wave of early Pickford imitators.

Style Note.—All this display of coyness on Miss Harvey's part came as something of a shock, because I

had just received the European stylists' dictum on what sort of women are considered smart and attractive to-day.

According to them it is so out of date as to be bizarre for a girl to be kittenish, or to slink sinuously in the leopard manner, with polished hair and gilded eyelids.

Hair must be sleek, faces must be impassive but interested—even Tallulah Bankhead cannot quite achieve that combination—clothes must be of classic simplicity, but individual in style, and posture must be erect but relaxed. They must have been thinking of Marlene Dietrich, who has all that and glamour, too.

Heartbreak Note.—Each of us has to lose an illusion now and then, but little did I think that *Variety*, the showman's Bible, encyclopedia, and supreme court, would ever crush my spirits. It has always been right before, but if it is now I cannot bear it. *Variety* says that "Lee Tracy does not spell heart interest."

Oh, but dear *Variety*, he does!



LORETTA YOUNG,
First National Star,
and Max Factor,
Hollywood's Make-Up
Genius, using
Max Factor's Rouge.

MAKE-UP

Hollywood's Secret of Attraction

HOLLYWOOD—The dramatic interest of beauty that attracts and fascinates is created by a new kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's wizard of make-up. You see its wonders in every feature picture from filmland.

A make-up created in color harmony for each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. You'll see the amazing difference instantly. Each shade of face powder, for example, is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors... Thus, off-color, spotty, chalky, powdery and other flat-color effects are overcome. Instead, a satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up is created...giving to the complexion a live, youthful underglow.

Even under strongest daylight and artificial light beauty appears perfect...for this face powder has been proved perfect for you by famous stars face to face with blazing lights and camera. Always velvety in texture, it never appears shiny...and it clings for hours, too, for screen stars will not entrust their beauty to a powder that fluffs away.

Now you may share this luxury created originally for Hollywood's stars, for Max Factor's face powder is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, too, are created by Max Factor in correct color harmony... fifty cents each. At all drug and department stores.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor Make-Up Studios
Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart, complexion analysis; and your 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy...	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	
Olive...	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

A Shot in the Dark

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and restoration of the case to the court calendar. Harold has spent thousands of dollars defending the suit.

Incidentally, the Lloyd studio answers all letters addressed either to Harold or the company. A few days ago a communication arrived directed to the comedian saying, "Have just read that you are worth twelve million dollars. Please send me one."

A woman of fifty years old, a servant, pursued Jack Mulhall for two years, pleading for him to recognize her as his sister. She presented a bundle of letters purporting to trace their family history. Arrangements were made some months ago for the woman to go out to his home and talk it over. Mrs. Mulhall was present.

"No," she said when she had fully appraised Jack. "I guess I'm wrong."

She was committed to the insane asylum.

The most embarrassing experience of all fell to Charlie Chaplin when an unidentified girl managed to gain entrance to his residence, walked upstairs, removed her clothes, and went to bed. The butler getting her out aroused the household just after dinner time and she was hurriedly ejected. Who was she? Nobody knows! It's another unsolved mystery of Hollywood.

The strangest experience befell Gloria Swanson. A young man, carrying a suitcase, forced his way past the servants in her Beverly Hills home. Making himself comfortable, he announced that he was "King of the League of Nations."

"Miss Swanson is queen," he said, "and I'm here to take up my abode in the royal palace until she returns from Europe."

Gloria didn't know about all this at the time. She learned about it when she returned.

"But she'll be married when she gets back," the intruder was told.

"That would not really interfere with my true duties as a king, which are of a lofty nature," he replied.

"When I saw Miss Swanson in a picture, I knew she was ideal for a queen. We will reign by the good will of all peoples."

Poor fellow! When the police took him to the Beverly Hills station, he confided that he would hold a position somewhere as a stenographer while he retained his quarters in Gloria's home and together they would work out the destinies of the League of Nations.

The court was compassionate.

Who was he? Just a mystery man in Gloria's life.

The players encounter the unreal, the amazing, the abnormal, the unbelievable in their lives.

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on, presto! not a fraction of the silhouette is broken.

Those adorable lacy things which stars sometimes wear are for personal use only or when they are posing for publicity stills or when they are at leisure.

Pajamas are the favorite lounging attire of the ladies of the screen. One star told me: "I love pajamas, be-

cause you never have to think about your legs. You can be as carefree as a man, cross your legs in any pose, sit cross-legged on the floor, jump fences or lie about the beach with never a bothersome thought as to the effect. It is always the same graceful floppiness with pajama legs, and for that blessing alone we envy the men their everyday costumes."

So, girls, when you are dressing for that dance next time, remember the rules of your *undressing* for beauty. For it is the foundation that counts.

Without it your gown won't look like Jean Harlow's or Joan Crawford's. Yes, even the lithe beauty of Garbo could be marred by the wrong sort of undies.

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But when Mr. Hillman came out again to insist upon the fatal step, she harkened to her heart. His relatives were charming to her, when she went to Chicago to marry him.

He had taken his mother to see his beloved on the screen. It was a frumpy character, most unprepossessing, in "Geraldine." Mrs. Hillman studied her intently, slowly frowning. Turning to him, she whispered, "My dear, does she *really* look like that? Always?"

"Fortunately, at the end I dressed up properly." Marian's eyes glimmered. "They all accepted me as Eddie's fiancée, not as a movie curiosity.

"He is touchingly sentimental—even remembers the anniversary of our first kiss. His gifts are so beautiful.

"Children? In a few years. When the motherhood urge grows I shan't let the career interfere. But I believe that I would return to it."

I can't dust off glamorous adjectives

for her; she is genuine and wholesome. But she isn't lackluster. Within the limitations of her personality, she is individual. And the most tranquil person I know. An appreciative sense of humor gleams in her alert eyes. No one in Hollywood is better liked.

At twenty-six or seven, she is that happy combination, a refined sophisticate. She sings a bit, talks well, though seldom brilliantly, and dislikes noise and loud-voiced people. She prefers sports' clothes to frills, vivid colors to pastels.

Her return, despite her long screen service, was difficult.

"The public is not fickle. But the industry brands one as through after an absence. It took my agent six months to convince producers that I hadn't gone gray-haired. However, I'm still playing ingénues."

Fox relaunched her and gave her *Rebecca*, which Janet Gaynor refused.

"I'm playing woebegone characters—teachers and orphans. Simple costumes, mostly—"

"From rags to riches," I murmured. "You go home to revel in silk—"

"Pajamas!" It was her turn. "I'm too tired to go out.

"My future? *Something*, I hope. I have no special yearnings. There isn't a single highfalutin' word you can apply to me. Colorless copy, adequate actress, normal person. Sometimes I regret not being sensational. It is a consolation, however, to know that though we remain in a groove, my type last the longest. We—survive."

But her eyes—still alert to all moves concerning her career—noted the departure of the director from the restaurant. She, too, must hurry to the set and not keep him waiting.

Marian, the conscientious, on the job again!

Hollywood High Lights

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Damita. She can flame in brilliant garb, and she can become almost mouselike in a white gown. Miss Damita looked so subdued and sedate at a party recently that we hardly knew her. Her costume achieved a Grecian effect, and Damita seemed strangely the soul of reserve under its influence.

The same evening Maureen O'Sullivan presented a deceiving appearance. She now cultivates bangs, as

do Joan Crawford and Carol Lombard. Miss O'Sullivan is no longer the little wistful girl she was two years ago. She's growing up.

Sherman-Costello Battle.—For two or three days the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce case was one of weird and lurid details. Recountings of fights between Sherman and Miss Costello, which also occasionally involved Sherman's mother,

were high lights of the proceedings. Suddenly the recitation of marital troubles was stopped, and the case faded out quietly.

The movie industry itself, probably through the Hays office, is reputed to have stepped into the picture and prevented any further disclosures. It just isn't so good for pictures to let the public in on all filmdom's spectacular secrets.

Movie Ads Then and Now

Continued from page 64

trend of the times in an unusual advertisement: "Look at the motion-picture ads in any paper. You're smothered under an avalanche of adjectives, drowned in a sea of superlatives—epic, miracle, dazzling, unprecedented, biggest, stupendous, staggering, amazing, incredible, gigantic, and so on. How are you going to know? Simply, 'If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town.'"

Fans were warned last year to be

prepared for the exotic thrill supreme when they saw "Susan Lenox." It was "magnificently thrilling." A horror film brought in the cash when folks with weak hearts were warned to bring smelling salts or stay away altogether; it was so bloodcurdling one would be frozen to his seat.

And now the art of advertising is really ripening in this year of ballyhoo. "The Miracle Man"—"all-time miracle of entertainment; the picture

that swept the world." "Alias the Doctor" "dramatic dynamite." "Tarzan, the Ape Man"—"Another miracle picture." "Fireman Save My Child"—"the maddest picture you ever saw." "Scarface"—"Most thrilling, dramatic, superbly enacted, and brilliantly directed film ever made."

The art of writing film ads is yet comparatively young. It's likely to get somewhere in another ten years.

JAMES ROY FULLER.

Sauce for the Gander

Continued from page 45

When it finally seeped into man's consciousness that he could be improved upon in certain ways, he went right to work and made a good job of it and is pleased as Punch at the betterment in health and good looks. And aren't we all!

Glad because men are more trim of figure, clearer-eyed, cleaner-skinned, and in less danger of losing their hair. Glad, too, that manufacturers have taken men in hand and are featuring toilet preparations especially for them. Shaving soaps and creams, soothing lotions and cold creams, toilet water and dusty powders that look neat, smell right, and make him look well.

Only a few years ago men pretended to disapprove of women's use of cosmetics. Then, noting the improvement in us, and figuring that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, they began poking around in our cold-cream jars and helping themselves to our toilet water. They didn't like to use women's cosmetics, for they had not yet reached the point where they could approach a toilet-goods counter. But, as I said in the beginning, much water has flowed under the bridge since then. And we are grateful that men now choose and buy their own.

Tol'ably Diff'rent

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"She is like a little girl," he will say when describing some woman of the world, and because he is so sincere you throttle an impulse to scoff.

"Do you know," said he, "I cannot visualize crime or sin. People will tell me of certain friends committing little sins, and while I believe that the stories are true, it is impossible for me to completely realize that my friends do these things. I can't visualize misdeeds. When people read of a bank robbery in the papers I suppose they mentally see a robber with a gun and mask. But I cannot visualize the scene at all."

You see? Richard, the actor, the artist, the boy about the Boulevard, really has a sin-proof mind. I believe that the sordid things of life are transmitted to his brain in terms of a certain charitable fantasy—which probably is just as well.

But if I have given the impression that young Cromwell is just too sweet for words, I have done him a grave injustice and, moreover, I will have lost his friendship. He hates misrepresentation whether it is well meant or otherwise. He is a fine

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Your Favorite Movie Stars
4 Autographed PHOTOS 25¢



FREE

One of the photos represented in our bathing pose list which is sent FREE with each \$1 photo order.






ROBT MONTGOMERY

MARIAN MARSH

DOROTHY JORDAN

RUTH HALL

SPECIAL OFFER

With each \$1 order for 20 photos we will send FREE an attractive and sensational bathing pose of one of the prettiest movie stars of the day—together with a list of over 100 hand picked specially posed photographs of popular screen stars. Rush Coupon.

STUDIO PHOTO CO.,
 2414-86th St., Dept. PP-8,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

STUDIO PHOTO CO., Dept. PP-8,
 2414-86th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me the 5 x 7 autographed photos listed on the attached sheet. I enclose..... in payment.

4 Photos 25c 20 Photos \$1.

Bathing pose photo and list sent FREE with all \$1 orders.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

SONGWRITERS!

(Poems or Melodies)

I offer you an outstanding bona fide proposition. Seeing is believing. Be convinced now. Write to Ray Hibbeler, D187, 2104 Keystone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

He Said He'd Never Marry!


THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other man would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book; you too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.



THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 16 11

BEFORE



AFTER

"LEGPADS"
 MAKE SHAPELY LIMBS—DEFY DETECTION. They restore to normal appearance Bowed, Thin and Abnormal Legs.

RUBBER BUST FORMS for breast amputations and undeveloped busts.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

REDUCING RUBBER GARMENTS

EYELASHES

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS' OUTFITS

SHERMAN A. CAMP
 246 Fifth Avenue New York



FACE WASH

Mrs. Bradley's famous preparation removes old cuticle and gives you new, soft, white skin free from oiliness. Removes moth, tan, freckles, pimples. 25c pkg., 3 for 50c by mail. Agts. wanted.

MRS. C. S. BRADLEY, M-5108 CHOWEN AVE., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN



REMOVE FAT *This SURE WAY*

From any Part You Wish Reduced. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicine, or Special Equipment Necessary. Guaranteed to Satisfy

Thin-O-Creme

A secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. A cream-like preparation, a product of modern science—proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, bust, hips, legs, abdomen, or any other part of body harmlessly and absolutely without any inconvenience.

Special Offer
REDUCED PRICE, \$5 JAR only \$1.50
 Mail your order to-day. Pay postman \$1.50 on delivery plus a few cents postage, or send \$1.50 with order and save postage. Money refunded if not pleased.

THIN-O-CREME CO.,
 Dept. H3 395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Friend of Every Mother

Cuticura Soap

Who Values Her Children's Skin Health

Price 25c. Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 6E, Malden, Mass.

ERASE needless hair INSTANTLY
 with *Bellin's Wonderstoen* DRY METHOD



WONDERSTOEN, the Dry Method for the removal of unwanted hair, is easy, pleasant and economical. Just rotate the pink disk lightly over the skin and unsightly hair disappears instantly, leaving the skin petal-smooth. Wonderstoen contains no ill-smelling sulphate or injurious chemicals. In use over 22 years. Millions of women are happier for the use of Wonderstoen. Physicians prescribe it. **Wonderstoen Facial** (for chin, cheeks and upper lip) \$1.25. **Wonderstoen de Luxe** (for arms and legs) \$3.00. On sale at beauty counters. Also sent direct on receipt of price (add 10¢ with each order). Booklet "The Truth About Wonderstoen" on request. **Bellin's Wonderstoen Co.,** 1140 Broadway, DEPT. 3P.F. New York

BELLIN'S Wonderstoen

FORM REDUCED

Do you want to reduce your bust, lift the sag, and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Let me tell you how, **FREE!**

ARE you embarrassed by excess fat that hangs in shapeless, unsightly masses? Nothing so ruins the beauty of the feminine form as large, flabby breasts. Do you want to correct this condition? Just mail coupon or write and I'll tell you how to reduce your bust measure, how to restore the firm, high, rounded contours of youth.

Take Off Flabby, Sagging Fat

Not just another "fat-reducer," but my special "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment for the bust, that not only banishes fat, but lifts the sag, firms the tissues and re-moulds the form!

A Slim, Young Figure for YOU

Regain the smart shapeliness of the trim, youthful figure. Look years younger. It is so easy with my simple, safe home treatment. Send for full information TODAY.

Write Today

Just send me your name and address and I will tell you all about my wonderful new way—**FREE.**

Just send your name and address and I will tell you **FREE** how to reduce your bust, to reduce fat and lift the sag. Don't miss this wonderful **FREE** opportunity.

DORIS KENT, 80 East 11th St., Dept. T-8 New York, N. Y.

CURLS

Transform straight unruly hair into lovely lasting manageable curls in a few pleasant moments with **Penny Waves**. No burns. No grease. Absolutely harmless. Simple to keep straight hair curly. Thousands can't say enough in praise of it. **FREE Penny Waves** to keep hair curly 10 days, also how to set waves with fingers, combs or clips. Send for to cover mailing.

EUGENE PENNY, 117 N. Wells, Suite 94, Chicago

PROTRUDING? EARS

A simple **MODERN METHOD** sets them in position. Immediately, invisible, comfortable, harmless, worn any time by children or adults. Endorsed by physicians and users as the best method for correcting this misalignment. Send stamp for free booklet and trial offer.

MODERN METHODS, Dept. 10 515-38th St., North Bergen, New Jersey

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd. 340 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Talkie and Movie

Producers are clamoring for new short story ideas, plots, etc. Perhaps you can write one that we can shape and sell for you. One writer (V. M.) received \$3,000. New York best Market. Write now for free booklet, without obligation, **HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES** by successful playwright (Author of **FLIGHT, Etc.**)—and Famous Director. Write freely, fully and with all confidence!

Dauiel O'Malley Co., Inc., Suite 6, 1776 Broadway, N. Y.

Sweet and Low

Continued from page 50

Sidney appreciates the wisdom of this remark when she admits, "My life has been such a hodgepodge. To make head or tail out of it is a task."

Her life has indeed been kaleidoscopic. Just having come of age—Miss Fox was born December 10, 1910 in New York—she has managed to cram more purple patches, crimson threads, and blue funks into her biography than Isadora Duncan turning thirty.

Take her professional life alone. It's a riot.

At an age when most girls exclusively devote their time to growing up, this spunky early bird was already earning her own living. Having learned shorthand and typing at night school, she presently got herself a job in a law office, where in no time at all her quickness and accuracy qualified her to take court dictation. Not a bad achievement for a tot of fifteen.

The ordinary flapper might have been satisfied—not Sidney. When she got everything going fine, she kissed it good-by—figuratively speaking—and looked around for new worlds to conquer.

Writing was tackled next. Ostensibly still a secretary, she procured a position with a newspaper syndicate that permitted her to pen little pieces of her own, generally fashion news. Once or twice she substituted for the man who ran the advice-to-lovelorn column.

Though allowing her a little more self-expression, this dabbling didn't hold her attention very long, either. She had now reached a stage where the value of personality had begun to dawn on her.

While writing fashion news she had become impressed with the enormous advantage that people of attractive exterior have over others less fortunately endowed. Everybody had been telling her how beautiful she was. A look into the mirror rather clinched the matter. So in her next venture she made capital of a very perfect thirty-six and took a job modeling gowns in a Fifth Avenue shop.

From a manikin's dressing room to one backstage is only a short step, one which our heroine presently negotiated. After a brief apprenticeship with a Johnstown, Pennsylvania,

stock company, she appeared in a New York play. There the movies caught sight of her and dragged her to Hollywood.

It's all very swift and confusing. "The trouble with this sort of life," complains its owner, "is that it lends itself too readily to a jazzy treatment. There are so many episodes in it that the integrity of each single one is not held particularly inviolate. In the hands of an unscrupulous writer being a stenographer in a law office becomes a semester of studying law at Columbia University. And substituting once or twice makes me the editor of the lovelorn column altogether."

"It's not very serious, except that at times I feel that I'm being made ridiculous in the eyes of people who know me."

No, it's not very serious. Even an impressionable girl like Sidney should not be thrown off balance by it. Inconsequential ballyhoo like this might occasion her some embarrassment, but it should not bring on melancholy—not even if the screen happens to be the medium.

So far Sidney has appeared in six pictures, having played the lead in them all. In all this footage there isn't a sequence that shows her as she thinks she really is. From preview after preview she comes away feeling that she has watched a stranger.

"It, too, is not a major tragedy—not as long as the fans are enthusiastic and the studio pleased. But it does set me wondering—wondering what's wrong with the *me* that is really *me*."

Up in the Hollywood hills Sidney has got it, and got it bad. When the sun shines she may almost fool you. But on a rainy afternoon there is no mistaking.

The chauffeur has put up the car and the maid has lit the fireplace. Bridget, Sidney's duenna, is trying hard to cheer her mistress. A visitor who's accidentally dropped in is now engaged upon the same task, but their combined efforts are of no avail. The Lady of the House is feeling low. She's wondering why she used to be happier in the days when she earned next to nothing.

The visitor leaves presently. On his way back to the valley he wonders, too.

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RUTH R. MAIER.

Their Little Rages

Continued from page 37

heavens knows what went on behind the scenes during the making of "Corsair," and if I were Chester I'd loathe the sight of the ocean.

Joan Bennett has a novel hate, too. "It throws me into a cold fury," she said, "when I see people stuffing handkerchiefs into their mouths. A handkerchief is not a very appetizing article at best, is it? Well, once I was at a dinner party and the girl opposite me was nervous and kept chewing her handkerchief. It made me ill."

Another one whom it's hard to think of as disliking anything, is Mary Brian. But Mary is quite emphatic in her aversion to one thing. "It's limp handshakers," she averred. "It gives me the creeps to offer my hand to some one who makes me feel as if I were holding a piece of liver. I think a handshake is an index to character and I don't like spineless people."

Richard Arlen hove into view. "Hi, Dick," sez I, "what's your pet hate?"

"Redheads," sez Dick promptly. Question: who played opposite him in "Wayward"?

But I can't be getting mixed up in studio broils, so I came back at him severely. "That's no excuse," I said. "What else?"

"Nothing," said he. "I'm the original 'Sunny Jim.' You never saw me riled, did you?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly.

Just then an assistant director butted into our big business conference. "Hey, Dick," he greeted us, "you'll have to work Sunday."

"The hell I will," Mr. Arlen replied, with a black scowl and a crease an inch deep between his eyes. "What about my golf?"

"To hell with your golf," said the assistant, equally polite. Words began to fly, so I left. But I think you can get an idea of Dick's pet hate.

Carol Lombard always looks so cool, calm and collected, it's hard to think of anything ever ruffling her. But there's one thing that does—affect people. "They get my goat more than anything else in the world," she confessed. "I always feel like saying, 'Aw, nerts! Be yourself.' Only, of course, I never do. It wouldn't be ladylike. Would it?" she added hopefully.

"No," I yessed her, and Carol's face fell.

To look at tough-guy Jimmie Cagney on the screen you might suppose that almost anything would cause his fingers to twitch and that right of his to start toward your jaw. But it

isn't so. He's really quite an easy-going egg and it took the best part of a morning, to say nothing of lunch, before something happened that really upset him. It was while we were at table—and it wasn't the luncheon check, either. The fellow at the next table was making gurgling noises with his food. Jimmie began to fidget and glare, but his neighbor went blissfully on.

"That's it," said Jimmie. "Noisy eaters. I hate 'em," he continued, looking straight at the offender. "I always feel like telling 'em to eat their food and stop kissing it."

John Arledge, the young Texan who made a hit in "Daddy Long Legs" and who is working now with Novarro, in "Huddle," is ready to fight any one who makes fun of his Southern accent. "When they start asking me to talk just so they can hear my accent it makes me feel like something in a museum or zoo," he said.

"More likely the zoo," I answered briefly and ducked the typewriter the fiery Arledge threw at me.

Can you imagine suave Hedda Hopper ever getting wroth? But she does. "What's my pet hate?" she repeated. "I'll tell you: it's having people play me for a sap or a sucker. I can't think of anything that makes me as angry as being taken for a fool."

I don't blame her, for if ever there was a person in Hollywood who's on her toes every minute and who never misses a trick it's this same Hedda. And unless you want the worst of the bargain, don't ever underestimate her intelligence.

Regis Toomey has a good one, too. He is one of the most sincere people I've ever come across, and if there is anything he dislikes it's insincerity in any form.

"I think the thing that gets my goat quicker than anything else is to have some one come gushing up to me and say 'Why, Regis, how are you? I'm so glad to see you again. What have you been doing with yourself?' and then when I answer, either he's turned away to say 'Howdy!' to some one else, or if he's still standing there he's not listening to me, but looking around to see who else is there. It makes you feel that they don't really give a tinker's dam about you after all."

All of which just goes to show that stars are the same as any one else. They're not gods nor even demi-gods. They have their little rages, even as you and I.



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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 63

"Ladies of the Big House," for example—but as the victim of a crooked husband and the frustrated mother of an inaccessible child she is not happily placed, though I am the last to make her "case" more uncomfortable by blaming her. So let us to the picture.

There really isn't much to say, though. It's an unfortunate deal for all concerned. *Clara*, a designer in a dress shop, marries a man who turns out to be criminal. She is sent to prison for supposed complicity and signs away her rights to their child in order that the little girl may be adopted by well-to-do persons. Then when father and mother are freed, the latter kills her husband to prevent his blackmailing the fiancé of the daughter whose whereabouts the mother has discovered. *Clara Deane* makes mother love an affliction rather than a compensation.

There's no denying that little Cora Sue Collins, as the daughter when a child, is extraordinarily effective—if you don't think too much about the methods probably used to make her hysterical in the scene of parting.

Pat O'Brien, Frances Dee, Russell Gleason, and others, are not at their best as stock characters, but Dudley Digges actually makes real his part in this overdrawn emotional orgy that comes pretty near to travesty.

"The Strange Love of Molly Louvain."

Discounting the "strangeness" of *Molly's* love—that of a mother for her child—hers is a rather interesting story. Not from the standpoint of



novelty, but the speed with which it is told, and the good acting that prevails throughout the picture. These virtues are sufficient to make you forget that you haven't really cared about the outcome of any one's problems,

including those of the heroine. But she and her cohorts have kept you interested. Which is a lot these days.

Molly is the sort of girl we used to call "unfortunate," for she has a baby whose father forgot to marry her and presently she is involved with other men, one of whom kills a policeman, and *Molly* is sought by the police as his accomplice. The most interesting situation appears when a wisecracking reporter persuades *Molly* to forsake a sweetheart who offers marriage and accompany the reporter to Paris for a whirl of high life, with no suspicion that *Molly* is the girl he is trying to find. He even induces the police to broadcast a report that *Molly's* child is ill in order to make her give herself up. They meet at headquarters, but the dramatic punch is not as strong as you would expect.

Ann Dvorak, as *Molly*, is very interesting. She has magnetism, youth, attractiveness, and a poised voice—the making of a star, if she is lucky. Lee Tracy is highly successful as the reporter. There isn't another actor who can shoot wisecracks with like gusto, skill, and staccato effect. And Richard Cromwell is the juvenile sweetheart, another way of saying that the part couldn't have been better played for there is no one on the screen to equal this young actor in his particular field.

"Reserved for Ladies."

The great popularity scored by Leslie Howard last year makes his re-appearance on the screen welcome to many, something of a major event in view of his departure from Hollywood because of dissatisfaction with the rôles assigned him.

From which one gathers that the discriminating actor must find his present part entirely to his liking. This is easily understood for it conforms to stage standards and it is played accordingly. But I doubt very much if it will be appreciated by fans in general, for Mr. Howard's performance is so repressed that it is colorless. Add to this a story that moves only with the impetus of talk, not action, and you have just another photographed stage play, although when the same story served Adolphe Menjou as "Service for Ladies," it had values in keeping with the screen.

Perhaps you remember the tale. A waiter, the favorite of kings and aristocrats in general, falls in love with a high-born girl and follows her to Switzerland. He is recognized by a king who is traveling incognito and is accepted as an equal, which causes

his ladylove to imagine what any girl would under the circumstances. But when she discovers her mistake, she tries to humiliate him by giving a dinner party and ordering him to function as head waiter. Of course she is brought to her senses, and there is an ending as happy and unlikely as any machine-made fiction from Hollywood.

The picture is delicately played in the spirit of drawing-room comedy where a handclasp is considered compromising and a kiss is equivalent to rape. Produced in London, the cast is entirely British, with such favorites as Benita Hume and Elizabeth Allen acquitting themselves well.

"The Woman in Room 13."

Elissa Landi's new picture still leaves "The Yellow Ticket" her most interesting one. This is the second best. While it is taken from an old-fashioned stage play, careful direction and a handsome, substantial production momentarily disguise the fact that the story is outmoded and the characters are never particularly convincing. They move as pieces in a cut-out puzzle, each to take its place in a dovetailed whole for the happy ending, the breath of life and reality almost entirely missing.

"The Rich Are Always With Us."
Those who have charged Ruth Chatterton with mannered perfection at the expense of sincerity in recent pictures, should credit her with overcoming that fault now. For she gives a smooth, exquisitely modulated and satisfying performance in this chronicle of hoity-toity society. Interesting rather than absorbing, intelligent instead of exciting, the narrative flows gracefully along a quiet



current broken only by the slightest and most polite eddies. It seems that the rich are very, very casual about everything and cover their passions with sophisticated banter.

Miss Chatterton, the richest woman in the world, is also the most considerate, even concealing her anguish lest it disturb others. Thus there are no fireworks when she discovers that her broker husband prefers another woman. When divorce separates them she asks her friends to give him their accounts. No wonder, then, she can't make up her mind about the romantic newspaper correspondent who has loved her for years. It is this uncertainty of hers that forms the story, with the affairs of other characters, of course. I shall not divulge the outcome and thus rob you of all suspense.

Richly produced and well acted, the picture is dignified and handsome, but I suggest that Miss Chatterton's next effort be charged with values more compelling.

George Brent is keyed perfectly to the requirements of the correspondent. He is graceful, civilized, and effortless. But he lacks magnetism and the dynamics necessary to cause the excitement expected of a newcomer who has been touted as a sensational discovery. Bette Davis is brightly intelligent, as usual.

"The Road House Murder."

Another highly colored situation that doesn't thrill. A young reporter discovers a double murder and decides to assume the guilt in order to write sensational stories for his tab-

an intrigue with a murdered man in order to justify her husband as his slayer and thus save him from the electric chair. A dramatic situation, yes, but it harks back to the stage of a generation ago as does the device by which the misjudged wife traps her enemy and stands cleared of guilt in the eyes of her husband.

That the picture succeeds in holding interest is due more to direction than any merit in the story and the acting is worthier of a better cause. Neil Hamilton, the boyish husband, is excellent, and so is Ralph Bellamy, the villain. Myrna Loy is attractive and sympathetic as a conscience-stricken wanton and Gilbert Roland is well cast as the philandering pianist whose death causes all the trouble.



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loid newspaper. With the help of his fiancée he prepares evidence that will clear him at the critical moment. But proof of his innocence is stolen by the real criminal and the reporter's hoax becomes a boomerang and Eric Linden gets hysterical.



All this sounds interesting enough, if implausible, but it is only moderately absorbing in action and the picture therefore rates as mediocre, though Dorothy Jordan and Mr. Linden work hard to put it over. Mr. Linden labors too hard, in fact. Intent on being dramatic, he becomes overwrought and the monotony of his strained voice is borne upon the spectator. What this talented young actor needs is modulation, both in acting and in speech. On the other hand, Dorothy Jordan improves with each appearance and gives a convincing portrayal. Roscoe Ates renders brief comic relief and two newcomers, Bruce Cabot and Phyllis Clare, betray their inexperience.

"State's Attorney."

When two pictures in the same month are motivated by similar characters, comparison is inevitable, inescapable. Thus it becomes a sad duty to report that this study of an unscrupulous lawyer is inferior to that found in "The Mouthpiece" and more surprising still, John Barrymore



is less effective than Warren William in a similar rôle. The newer piece is unexciting and lacks conciseness and definiteness, qualifying more as a monologue for Mr. Barrymore than

as a closely knit drama. But even with this advantage, Mr. Barrymore fails to make much of a character of *Tom Cardigan*, the lawyer whose skill lies in circumventing the law for his guilty clients. For one thing, he cannot make us believe that he worked his way up from nothing or that he was educated in a reformatory school. Not with the Barrymore voice, diction, wit, and elegance!

The rest doesn't matter much. He refuses a fee of \$5,000 in one breath and whimsically defends an unknown girl and takes her home with him after her acquittal. Whereupon she becomes a household fixture and reformer, later proving her nobility of character when *Tom Cardigan* becomes an assistant district attorney and confesses his shady past in the courtroom. Helen Twelvetrees plays this girl well, but the character is somehow tedious. Jill Esmond is vividly beautiful as a society girl who marries *Tom Cardigan* while he is intoxicated, and William Boyd is, as always, perfect as a racketeer.

"The World and the Flesh."

A splendid production, rich in atmosphere and detail, this has the weight of an important picture—up to a certain point. Then it sags.

first enthusiasm. Another instance of technical values stronger than literary ones, another instance of miscasting the enormously interesting Miriam Hopkins. Here she is a Russian dancer, the favorite of the aristocracy, not only as a performer but as a traveling companion, for the picture begins with the flight of Miss Hopkins and a group of émigrés from the fury of the revolutionists. Conspicuous actress that she is, Miss Hopkins fails to suggest a Russian or a dancer and nothing special is done to create the illusion of either, while George Bancroft, the star, is even more glaringly out of his element as a Russian vagabond sailor. His bursts of sardonic laughter only serve to remind us of his greater suc-

cess as an underworld type. When he and his shipmates have the aristocrats at their mercy, Miss Hopkins, who has thrown her pearls in the fire rather than yield them up to Mr. Bancroft, is persuaded to yield herself to him in order to save her companions. This is the "big" situation that dwindles into the trite when brute and belle discover themselves in love and become rather tiresome about it. But, as I said, incidental items in the picture are good—such as Alan Mowbray, George E. Stone, Emmett Corrigan, and others in smaller rôles.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

a wonderful actor. He is very convincing, and certainly puts his rôles across, though I will say with his eyes he should never take the part of a minister as he did in "Polly of the Circus."

The writer of that letter was very brutal and sarcastic in criticizing Clark, and I'm going to be just as sarcastic in answering. You talked about his voice. I should like to ask, would you know how a voice, displaying those particular emotions would sound if you heard it? And, furthermore, his smile is absolutely overwhelming.

When Clark is portraying a villain he is one, and when he's portraying a lover, he is a lover. As for slapping his women, he does as the script says. That wasn't his idea. Has Gable ever played a rôle that Valentino could play? There is no comparing them as to the parts they play.

Belvidere, Illinois.

Poor Men—No Simpering!

KAY" of Fremont, Nebraska, seems to think that girls are the only ones that can understand Ramon Novarro. In other words, she says that men have no sense. I want it understood, Kay, that a man goes to the movies to enjoy the show and because he loves good stories. He doesn't go merely to see a good-looking heroine flash across the screen and to gush over a star's looks. All you girls—most of you, that is—go to the movies to simper over the handsome young actor—"Isn't he cute?" "He's the cutest thing," and "I just love to see him." You don't appreciate good acting ability in a star, such as Ramon Novarro has and Clark Gable can never attain.

Please remember this, Kay, and next time you go to a movie, look around and see how many men you see simpering over a pretty actress and then check up on the girls in the same movie who merely came to see a handsome he-man stretch his mouth in a sickly smile, and compare the results.

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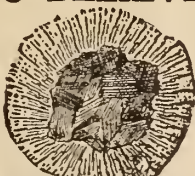
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least stick by their guns and not hide their identity.

Criticism is splendidly all right when faithfully given. Our "adult," however, so lacks intelligence that, not being able to lay his finger on the faults he finds, he cheapens himself with wisecracks, refreshing only to moronic minds.

Thousands write critical letters—thousands who are not afraid to say who they are. But when a masked somebody throws a bomb and runs for cover, he ought to be sought out and forced to make his declarations to the faces of his pet hates—and take the consequences.

Such a high-minded party this adult fan is! He has "no patience with the crushes that some of the fans have." This little giant has no patience with crushes, yet he seems to have the terrible disease himself, in so far as his remarks on Chatterton, Bankhead, Rambeau, Harding, Bennett, Colman, Barthelmess, Cagney, and Lowe are concerned.

All these ladies and gentlemen of splendid ability are favorites of mine. I think that statement is proof enough that what I am condemning in the Adult's letter is his destructive attitude toward the others. For instance, the Adult dislikes Dix and Twelvetrees *so much* that he feels he couldn't be fair in criticizing them. He's going to be generous with them—firm in his belief that his uncalled-for insult is sufficient condemnation to make those two people shrivel up and die. Does he believe he was any kinder in his other numerous attacks—notably those witless remarks on Gilbert, Haines, and Ayres? Lots of fans have faults to find with these three—and so have I—but that isn't the way any sensible person would go about it. Probably his worst crack was that anent Ramon Novarro, but I don't think we'll read that Mr. Novarro turned on the gas after hearing of it.

Minding your own business, adult one, will profit you more, and here's one morsel you might digest! The old policy of m. y. o. b. is one of the few things you can do *anonymously*—and get away with!

JOHN G. WHIDDING.

123 West One Hundred and Sixth Street,
New York City, New York.

Garbo Dropped the Frills.

IT was annoying to read Gladys Estes's response of my remark in this department that if Clark Gable had played the rôle portrayed by Robert Montgomery in "Inspiration," the picture would have been excellent entertainment, because he is a more fitting leading man for the fascinating Garbo.

Miss Estes, I surmise, must have misunderstood the point I wished to convey. I agree with her that Clark Gable is an actor of great talent and magnetic personality, rather than the Apollo of a young girl's dreams. "Susan Lenox" compared to "Mata Hari" is a decidedly inferior picture, but the combined efforts of Garbo and Gable made it extremely interesting.

I would like to make a plea for more natural actresses.

Some of the first stills of Greta Garbo reveal her as a carefully Marcelled girl with Cupid's-bow lips and strained, flirtatious eyes. To-day her exquisitely proportioned features are accentuated by the sweeping lines of her severe hairdress, while the determined lines of her mouth are shaded naturally and artistically.

Miss Garbo is one of the few actresses who have learned the secret of physical loveliness by stressing a natural coiffure and make-up in this day of platinum blondes.

MARTHA ALICE TRIFERO.
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Is Ohio Speech "Yankee"?

THIS is my opinion in the "Kentucky-Ohio" controversy. Why argue about things in which each contender sees only his own side, never thinking that perhaps the other person is entitled to his or her likes or dislikes? "Kentucky" scores "Ohio" on just the things "Ohio" is proud of, and *vice versa*.

A man born and bred in Kentucky naturally prefers his slower drawl to the rougher accent of the North, while an Ohioan is partial to the Midwest accent. Yet I don't consider "Ohio" fair in his or her examples. Dorothy Lee couldn't last in the movies if she were Southern. Her career necessitates her being lively and vivacious. Therefore, why try to make us picture her as a Southern girl, when all she could do would be make a pretense of it?

I don't think "Ohio" can deny that the Southern accent has helped Una Merkel and John Arledge. Their chief asset is their accent, and without it they probably would not have made the grade. It makes them individual.

Still, I wouldn't call the Northern accent exactly harsh and flat in comparison with the cultured Southern voice. Perhaps some of the Northern folks do have rather a nasal tone, but are Southerners flawless?

This debate, as I see it, is a fight between two communities who don't understand each other. The Civil War was fought on such a basis. Their theories are founded on different principles, and they are backed by varying ideas. So how can there be a settlement, or any argument at all?

"Ohio," I challenge your right to call your dialect "Yankee." Your forbears may have come from New England, but their mode of speech has changed. We of New England were always taught that the

term "Yankee" was confined to New England. Webster, in his famous dictionary, backs us up. When I say I like the salty speech of the Yankee seafarer, I don't mean the navigators of Lake Erie. Nor when I say I like Massachusetts and Vermont speech, I don't mean the corn-fed dialect of flat and uninteresting Ohio.

Give me Cape Cod and its saltiness any day.

"MR. MASSACHUSETTS."

The Nest,
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

Fans Destroy Idols?

FANS, the movie magazines, and press agents make our stars what they are, or at least what we think they are. First we build up our idols, then we tear them down. Joan and Doug were on display as the world's greatest turtledoves, and now we criticize them and insist they do a little cheating to whet our appetites for "different" news.

Now and then we have a sensation, an Ann Harding, a Leslie Howard, or a Barbara Stanwyck giving their all, a hit overnight. What happens? Fan mail, press agents, heaps of praise until the actor thinks he must get this pose, that effect, ape Garbo, et cetera, with the result that performances are insincere and stilted.

Some one has given Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford a tip. In "Possessed" Joan played in her old sincere manner and did not pout and sulk, à la Garbo. In "Private Lives" Norma forgot to giggle and gleam, and exhaust us with her hair pushing and head tossing, and did her bit to give us an enjoyable picture. So a word of advice from some one is heeded at times.

M. D. V.

Chatham, New York.

Tol'ably Diff'rent

Continued from page 67

American boy with no poses or excessive virtues.

His father, who, I gather, was a very fine man, died when Richard—or Roy, as he is called by intimates—was eight years old. At a very early age Richard, with considerable vigor and independence, was on his own and helping to provide for the other children.

Though now only twenty-two, he has long been the provider for the family and the "father" of the house. On his salary of seventy-six dollars a week he supports himself and the four other members of his family. When the money gets low Richard does without new pajamas and other necessities. But for all his kind treatment of his brother and sisters, he thinks children should be made to assume responsibilities early in life.

"I want to marry and have children," says he, "and as soon as each child is fourteen years old I'm going to throw him out and leave him on his own. That is the way to develop character."

One can picture the little blond Cromwells, suitcase in hand and tears in eyes, going one by one from un-

der the parental roof, out into the cold and unfeeling world to develop character. Sad, ain't it? But I have a hunch that their loving papa will relent at the last moment and permit the children to develop home-grown characters.

Though not opinionated, Richard's interests are varied and he is eager to discuss everything from Greek literature to modern politics. One of his faults is a peculiar desire to go home too soon when he visits any interesting place. Almost his first impulse after entering a museum or art gallery is to go home and think over what he has seen.

"Later I am mad at myself for not having stayed longer," he admits.

Richard is really a thoughtful and serious-minded lad, and often after working at the studio all day he will spend the evening drawing or modeling. Perhaps it is his youthful indifference to social prestige and love affairs that causes satiated ladies to hammer on his door at four a. m. or take him on ten-mile hikes through the canyons when the morning sun is gilding the mountain peaks.

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The POETS' Corner

GRETA GARBLERS

Oh, movie menaces before
 Have swept the screen, but data,
 While showing other sirens great,
 Have never shown a Greta.
 Competitors all seek to catch
 That wan and drooping fashion
 That she assumes to stir us all
 To, let us say, compassion.
 They seek to catch those lips, those eyes,
 That posture so insidious,
 And only demonstrate again
 Comparisons invidious.
 They seek to catch that brow as by
 Some mighty sculptor marbled,
 But all the imitations are
 Quite greatly Greta-Garbled!

RUTH R. MAIER.



A METRO-MORPHOSIS

A metamorphosis completely
 Changed the quite demure
 Miss Shearer into playing girls
 Less puerile—and less pure.
 A Metro-morphosis perhaps
 I really ought to say—
 I hope they're satisfied—they made her
 What she is to-day.
 A dear girl she was once—
 Luxurious lady now, much *dearer*;
 Her gowns could scarcely be more tight,
 Her negligees much Shearer!

JILL LYNN.



THE HAM WHAT WAS

Johnny was a little ham,
 But handsome as they go,
 And everywhere that movies went
 That ham was sure to show.

What makes the fans adore me so?
 He inquired far and wide.
 It's your personality plus,
 The spongers glibly lied.

High hat, high jinks, and then
 He wants two grands more,
 Or else—well, Johnny now
 Stars in a hardware store.

R. J.



REVIEWER'S SONG

Sing a song of cinema,
 A pocket full of passes.
 Four and twenty movies
 Of lovely wayward lasses.

LEE SMITH.

FAIREST OF FAIR

The depth of a Hayes,
 The smile of a Shearer,
 The shape of a Bennett—
 Now what could be dearer?

As natural as Stanwyck,
 The wit of a Claire,
 This lovely Madge Evans,
 The fairest of fair.

HAROLD HARDING.



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No raving of curves,
 No copying her bob;
 No stealing her gowns,
 No calling her snob.

This lady's herself—
 There's no imitation.
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 The Mom of the nation.

BILLIE.



GLAMOROUS WANDERER

A lovely lang'rous lady came
 From Europe to these shores,
 And when she's on the screen
 She packs them to the doors.
 Marlene has that something
 That makes movie idols click.
 As Herr Von Sternberg might say,
 "Ah—Marlene does *de trick!*"

RUTH R. MAIER.



MARLENE

Your eyes are twin pools of light
 In which I drown in unsuppressed delight.
 Your lips—oh, those rapture-scented lips!
 From which so many fools aspire to sip
 Of ecstasy—the essence of your being,
 Despite your insolent veil of knowing all, of seeing
 That you were born to rule.
 I, for one, deny it not. Wise fool
 That I am, I cherish in my heart
 A love for you from which I would not part.

Better to love a goddess in undemanding madness
 Than mere mortals with all their placid gladness.
 Oh, sweet! That I am privileged to gaze afire
 Upon your moon-kissed beauty—the crown of my desire.

W. E.



The Shadow

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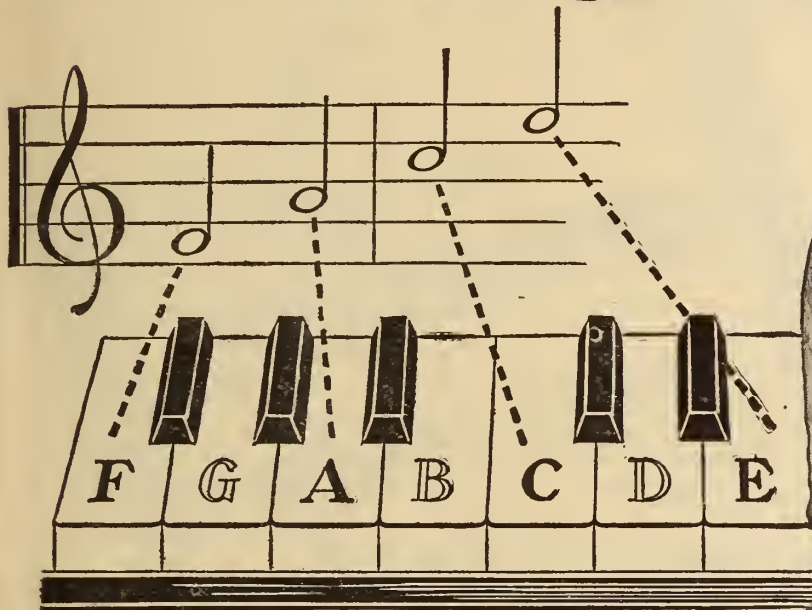


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What Makes a Star Exotic?

Virginia Maxwell defines the term and tells in a fascinating article just how a reputation for exoticism was built up around various stars and for what reasons. Is it a fact that certain stars are not exotic so much as bizarre?

Not content with lifting the mantle of mysteriousness with which various players have been surrounded, Miss Maxwell relates amusing anecdotes of some happenings which helped to create that reputation.



Youth Has Had Its Fling!

Is it true that youth and pretty faces are hand-caps on the screen? Laura Benham delves into this question and with characteristic thoroughness analyzes the present-day fashions in heroes and heroines.

* * *

Wouldn't you like to know what Marlene Dietrich is really like in informal moments? Elza Schallert contributes a delightfully revealing article on this popular player as she is when away from the camera and studio—as she is in the intimacy of a drawing-room surrounded by friends.

* * *

And Nils Asther is coming back! Picture Play next month will take you into his home and show you a new Nils.

* * *

In addition to the entertaining articles on the latest trends in movieland, several other players will be presented in our own way—sympathetically but not gushingly.

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What the FANS Think

A Fan Tells Producers.

WHY, oh, why, don't producers allow John Boles to sing? They let that gorgeous voice go to waste and cast him in such trash as "Careless Lady." We want to hear John sing. Didn't "The Desert Song" prove that he can? Just because we didn't like to hear every player who wasn't suffering from laryngitis break into song, when nature had never intended them to be singers, isn't a sign that we wouldn't enjoy seeing a good musical now and then.

But of course, if one studio ventured to give us one, there would be a deluge. Just what ails the producers? Are they all of kindergarten intelligence, or are they just interested in seeing that the other studio doesn't give the public something different?



We've had the gangster invasion, and the thriller and detective picture. Although I fancy that there are a good many people who will deny ever having been thrilled by one of those so-called thrillers. In Chicago young ladies dressed as nurses were posted in the lobby of the theater showing "Frankenstein," as a publicity stunt, and the public was told that this was necessary because of the terrific shock appeal of this super-thriller. Nuts! They were just the second shift of cashiers.

There also was a story to the effect that several men had fainted at a preview of this picture. Gosh, the little dears. I'll bet they look under the bed and behind all the doors after reading "Red Riding Hood." And as for "Murders in the Rue Morgue," it was pathetic. Bela Lugosi should be ashamed of himself—the big tease! Mr. Lugosi, a group of children seated in front of me at the theater laughed every time a close-up of you was shown. One seven-year-old boy said he thought you must have a pain somewhere to make those faces. If you want to scare us, go ahead. But don't be so high-school-drammerish. Give us the real stuff.

Right now every studio is making a Hollywood story. And there is an avalanche of pictures featuring medicos after "Arrowsmith." I suppose that if the producers were restaurant proprietors, if one had roast beef, all the others would serve roast beef and nothing else.

Please, Mr. Producer, give us a good musical soon. But when you make it, don't forget to have the Marilyn Millers dance, and not the Ruth Chattertons and Ann Hardings. And when you're casting for the singers' rôles, please choose those who can sing, not dramatic stars.

LONNIE NOLL.

Chicago, Illinois.

Stripping Mrs. Thalberg.

WELL, at last some one has had the honesty to come out and speak the truth about Norma Shearer and her much vaunted popularity. My hat off to Samuel Richard Mook for being so fearless.



Any one who has read between the lines, has long known that Norma Shearer couldn't be the big shot she is if it weren't for the fact that she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg and as such gets all the gravy—the best stories, her pick of casts, clothes and what have you.

I've always contended that any average girl with just average looks, given Norma's opportunities, could do every bit as well as she does. She's so . . . gay

moments and so smug in her sober moments and so hysterical in her dramatic moments. I've missed seeing some swell leading men, just because I couldn't sit through another one of her pictures where she tries so desperately to show her very beautiful(?) body. Her evening clothes are not only in poor taste, but many times actually vulgar.

I wish she'd stay home and take care of her son and give some of the other actresses a break.

H. LESLIE.

2610 Penn Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Is Grunting Acting?

WHY is there so much slush about Clark Gable being a great actor? When did he ever do any very marvelous acting? I like Clark personally. He is very attractive, but I would never call him an actor. In "Hell Divers" he was supposed to be in great sorrow over the death of Wallace Beery, yet not an expression crossed his face except a slight frown. In the same picture, when his leg was hurt, all he did was wrinkle up his face and grunt. I don't call grunting great acting.



My nomination for the greatest actor is Fredric March. He is versatile and convincing in every rôle he plays. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he was called upon to portray a man torn by great inner suffering and he portrayed it, too. Clark Gable could never have done such good work, even if he had been the type. Clark had better stick to tough or heroic types of rôles which don't require much skill.

The second-best actor is Irving Pichel. He can play any type of character rôle brilliantly and convincingly. He also has a spectacular personality.

I hope Paramount will give Fredric March and Irving Pichel good rôles which will further their popularity.

M. V. UNDERHILL.

Galveston, Texas.

Watch Ann Dvorak.

FANS, take a long look at Ann Dvorak. She is comparatively new to the screen, but she won't be for long if I am any kind of prophet. She has that certain beauty and appeal that make stars of unknowns. Some of her emotional scenes are not as smooth and convincing as they might be, but study and experience should alter that. Yes, sir, I like Ann Dvorak and here's wishing her good luck!

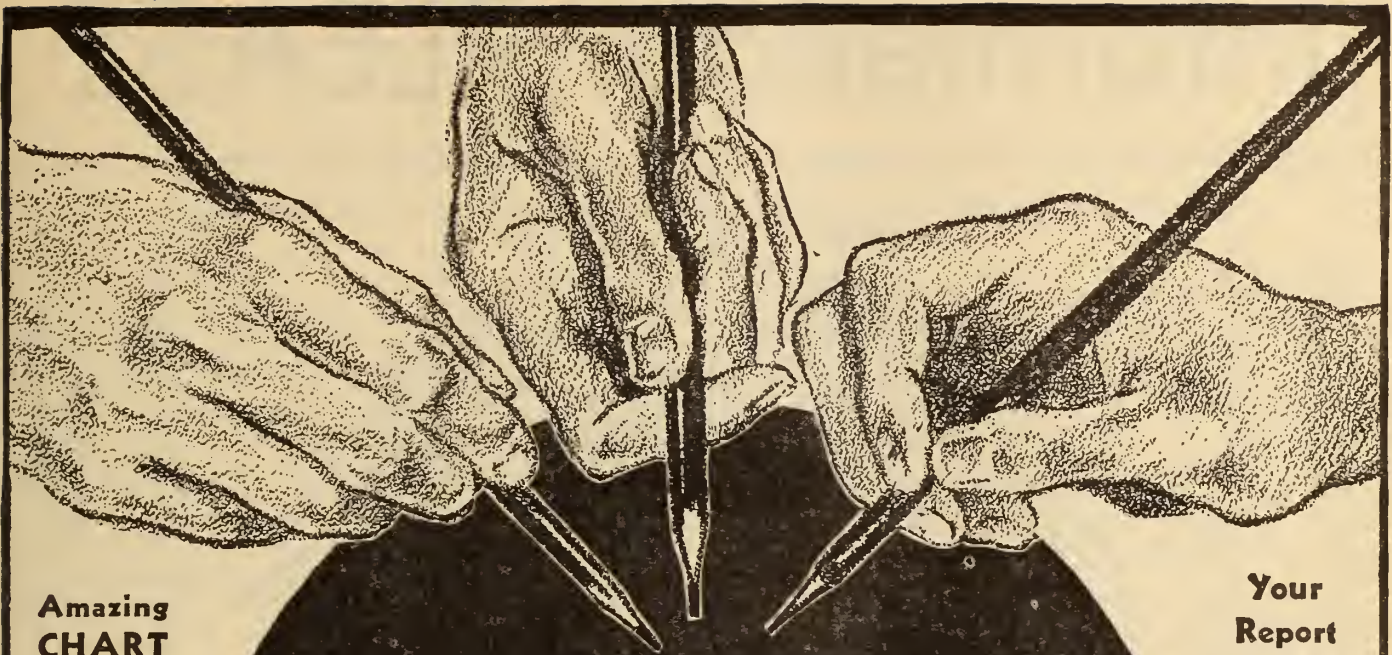


It's good to see Ralph Bellamy getting better and bigger rôles. I saw him in stock a few years ago and some of his characterizations I shall never forget. Then, as now, he had a way of convincing his audience that the part he played was real—living, not just an imaginary being in a script. That is why his work is hard to forget. It is like forgetting a person whom you have known very well. I may be shot at sunrise for this next remark, but just the same. I should like to see Ralph Bellamy cast opposite Garbo.

EDNA WEAVER.

357 East Market Street,
Akron, Ohio.

[Continued on page 10]



**Amazing
CHART
FREE**

Send your letter today—without delay—and I shall send you also, FREE, a chart that will make it easy for you to learn the most astonishing things about your friends. This chart is exactly like the one used by Dr. Bunker in reading your handwriting, and you will be surrounded by the truths it tells about your friends. This chart is absolutely FREE—Write today.

**Your
Report
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Just as soon as I get your letter I shall submit it to the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis (directed by Dr. M. N. Bunker, D. C. S., Ph.D., N. D. for a brief report on what your handwriting says about you. This will surprise you—fairly amaze you—in the way it reveals traits of character which you have. This report is FREE to everyone, over 16, answering my advertisement.

I Will Pay \$250 Cash

For the Most Interesting Specimen of Handwriting

Can you write? Are you over sixteen? Can you use \$250.00? If you can say "yes" to these three questions, you may win this wonderful Cash Prize, for they are the only conditions. Just write a short sentence—20 words or less, in your regular handwriting. Use the coupon, a post card, or write a letter. Style does not count. What you

say does not count. **THE MOST INTERESTING HANDWRITING WINS.** Write with a pencil, a pen, or a goose quill—it makes no difference. Just a few lines of handwriting is all that's necessary for someone to receive this prize of \$250.00 Cash. Now that you know how simple and easy it is, write those few words and mail them today.

Is this prize yours?

Just Writing These Few Words Qualifies You For Opportunity To

WIN \$3,500.00

Or a Studebaker 8 Sedan and \$2,000.00 Cash Besides

This huge prize is *extra and separate* from the Cash Prize offered for the most interesting specimen of handwriting. Picture for yourself—\$3,500.00 to use just as you like—for education, home, furniture, clothes, family, to pay your mortgage—you CAN use it. Rush your handwriting to me now. Yours may be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

Hundreds Have Won

During the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of people all over the United States—we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars. Beemer won \$5,700.00—We paid Lutz \$3,000.00—Harriet Robertson won \$1,100.90 — Mary Hanaford, over \$900.00—and hundreds of others have been made happy with big prizes and cash awards. This is YOUR CHANCE. Perhaps you may be the happy winner this time. Write me today!

BE PROMPT! I WILL SEND YOU A \$100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending your handwriting analysis—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer, I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra \$100.00 in Cash should yours be the most interesting specimen of writing submitted.

Read the Simple Rules \$250.00 Cash will be paid for the most interesting specimen of handwriting. Send me a specimen of your handwriting today for a brief character analysis and, in addition, a FREE Character Analysis Chart. Style, neatness or legibility mean nothing, for the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis may find the poorest specimen to be the most interesting. All replies must bear a postmark not later than January 20, 1933. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

\$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

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909 Cheapside, Dept. BW-56-R, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here's my handwriting for a brief character analysis:

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Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
Date I Read Your Offer.....

I am to receive FREE a brief character analysis from my handwriting and a FREE Character Analysis Chart.

RICHARD DAY, Mgr.
909 Cheapside St. Dept. BW-56-R Cincinnati, Ohio

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

MARG.—With so many newcomers on the screen, it makes me happy to see that the fans do not forget their old favorites. Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, California, November 5, 1905; six feet two, weighs 185, and has blue eyes and brown hair. His films include "Jazz Age," "Dynamite," "Lightnin'," "Silver Horde," "Once a Sinner," "Kept Husbands," "Born to Love," "The Common Law," "The Plutocrat," "Girls About Town," "Business and Pleasure," "Lost Squadron," "Bird of Paradise."

CHARLOTTE WRIGHT.—No doubt you can reach Leslie Fenton in care of First National Studio, Burbank, California. That is his right name, and he was born in Liverpool, England, May 12, 1903; five feet nine, weighs 150, brown hair, gray eyes. Yes, there was another Mrs. Fenton before Ann Dvorak—Marie Astaire. "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" and "The Famous Ferguson Case" are his latest.

MARQUETTE.—A great big "Thanks" to you for all the nice things you say about Picture Play. It was Geoffrey Kerr who played Ruth Chatterton's husband in "Once a Lady," and Jill Esmond was their daughter. In "The Star Witness," Edward J. Nugent was the elder brother and Frances Starr the mother. It was Donald Novis who sang in "Her Majesty, Love." Ben Lyon was born February 6, 1901, at Atlanta, Georgia; Donald Cook, September 26th, in Portland, Oregon; Walter Pidgeon, September 23, 1897, in New Brunswick, Canada.

MRS. J. EATON, JR.—Conrad Nagel and Louis Wolheim played together in "Ship from Shanghai," with Kay Johnson in the leading feminine rôle. There never has been a picture produced under the title "Divided."

HELEN JIREL.—The stage lost one of its finest actors when Edward G. Robinson decided on a screen career, but what luck for us! Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12, 1893; five feet eight, weighs 158, brown eyes and black hair. His right name is Emanuel Goldenberg, and in 1915 he married Gladys Lloyd, actress. He has played on the screen in "Hole in the Wall," "A Lady to Love," "Night Ride," "Outside the Law," "East Is West," "Little Caesar," "Widow from Chicago," "Smart Money," "Five Star Final," "The Hatchet Man," "Two Seconds," "Tiger Shark."

H. B.—Donald Cook is a very busy lad these days, making one picture after another—or was until a recent automobile accident. You have already seen him in "Unfaithful," "Public Enemy," "The Mad Genius," "Safe in Hell," "The Man Who Played God," "East Side," and "The Trial of Vivienne Ware." His current film is "New Morals for Old." He is from Portland, Oregon, where he was born September 26th. For his photograph write to Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. David Manners has appeared in "Journey's End," "The Truth About Youth," "Kismet," "Mother's Cry," "Dracula," "The

Millionaire," "The Last Flight," "The Miracle Woman," "The Ruling Voice," "Upper Underworld," "The Greeks Had a Name for Them," "Lady with a Past," "Beauty and the Boss," "Man Wanted," "Competition," "The Crooner." Address him at First National Studio, Burbank. For a picture of Joel McCrea write to RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood; Hardie Albright at First National Studio, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., likewise.

MARY LUCILLE GARRETT.—First, let me remind you and countless others who continue to write in for Pen Pals, that the



After being idle for a year, though on contract, Anita Louise appears in "A Bill of Divorcement."

department was discontinued several months ago. Sorry to disappoint so many of you, but we found it necessary to take this step. Mary Brian was last seen in "It's Tough To Be Famous." Wallace Bery is married to Rita Gilman. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, April 1st. Before going into pictures he played on the stage for many years. Kent Douglass is still single, and divides his time between the stage and screen, having a preference for the former. Born in Los Angeles, California, October 29th. Mae Clarke is divorced from Lew Brice. Her birthdate is August 16th, the place, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Fredric March's birthplace is Racine, Wisconsin. The cast of "Journey's End" included Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners, Billy Bevan, Anthony Bushell, Robert A'Dair, Charles Gerard, Thomas Whiteley, Jack Pitcairn, Warner Klinger; "The Lost Squadron," Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Erich von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Hugh Herbert, Ralph Ince, Dick Grace, Art Goebel, Leo Nomis, Frank Clark.

JOE BEER JONES.—Hope you haven't been too impatient waiting for your answers,

but you must remember that the magazine is made up several months ahead of the date on the cover. "Scarface," starring Paul Muni, opened at the Rialto Theater, New York, May 19th. George Raft is also in the cast. You may remember him as the gangster in "Dancers in the Dark." David Landau was Estelle Taylor's husband in "Street Scene," and he also played the part of Beef in "Polly of the Circus." James Cagney's birthdate is July 17, 1904; Tom Brown's, January 6, 1913; Eric Linden's, July 12, 1912; Warner Baxter's, March 29, 1893; Eddie Quillan's, March 31, 1907; Spencer Tracy's, April 5, 1900.

JILL B.—I should judge that the average height of a movie actress is about five feet four. Joan Crawford is in this class; Lynn Fontanne is five feet seven; Marlene Dietrich is five feet five; Clive Brook, five feet eleven; Eric Linden, five feet nine; Joel McCrea, six feet two; David Manners, six feet; Robert Montgomery, six feet; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., six feet.

BURNT-UP.—I am afraid there are more than you who feel that way about Johnny Weissmuller. So successful was his first film venture that Metro-Goldwyn have decided to make a series of "Tarzan" pictures. Johnny comes from Wimber, Pennsylvania, where he was born on June 2, 1904. He is six feet three, weighs 195, and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to the well-known dancer, Bobbe Arnst. By all means read the interesting interview with him in this issue. You will also find the photo you requested.

H. C. H.—Arthur Edmund Carew's latest picture is "Doctor X." The complete cast of "Feet First" was Harold Horne, Harold Lloyd; Mary, Barbara Kent; John Tanner, Robert McWade; Mrs. Tanner, Lillian Leighton; Old Timer, Alec Francis; Ship's Officer, Noah Young. "Doctors' Wives," Doctor Jude Penning, Warner Baxter; Nina Wyndram, Joan Bennett; Doctor Kane Ruyter, Victor Varconi; Vivian Crosby, Helene Millard; Doctor Calucci, Paul Porcasi; Julia Wyndram, Nancy Gardner; Doctor Mark Wyndram, John St. Polis; Aunt Amelia, Cecilia Loftus; Doctor Roberts, George Chandler; Lou Roberts, Violet Dunn; Charlotte, Ruth Warren; Mrs. Kent, Louise Mackintosh; Rudie, William Maddox.

W. VON K.—It is true that Anna May Wong was absent from the screen for a short while, but her return last year in "Daughter of the Dragon" proved that she is still popular with the fans. She also had a rôle in "Shanghai Express." Miss Wong was born in San Francisco, California, January 3, 1907; is about five feet five, has black hair, brown eyes. For her photograph write to Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Watch for her next picture, "Bitter Tea of General Yen."

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—How could I call you a pest? Why, you haven't been in "Information, Please," since last January!

Continued on page 71



The Shadow

DETECTIVE MONTHLY

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A great big magazine of detective fiction
for a thin dime! Thrills! Action! Mystery!*
Get your copy to-day!

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Continued from page 6

Do Casting Directors Weep?

MY compliments to "Cherry Valley," who is quite evidently a sincere admirer of Ramon Novarro's artistry, but why on earth should this fan have assumed



that Novarro's taste in stories was inferior to that of her own, or that any one capable of such a performance as he gave in "Call of the Flesh" could possibly play in "Daybreak" of his own free will? It is hard

enough when a man's enemies insult him, but when his friends start flinging bricks and baby's rattles at his defenseless head, it is enough to make even a casting director weep.

I wonder if any other star could have survived such a stretch of third-rate films as Novarro has had since "The Student Prince," with the sole exceptions of "The Pagan," and "Call of the Flesh," and still be one of the first favorites on the screen? May his new contract bring him better luck in his stories and a more appreciative casting director.

W. SEWELL.

Beech House,

Loughton, Essex, England.

That Bee-in-a-bottle Accent.

JUST read "Northerner's" letter, and I expect that if he—or she—ever knew any real Southerners they would certainly change his mind. Evidently Northerner knows about as much about Southern people as he does about the author of our dictionary. You are not so mentally keen, or you would have never written that letter. Southerners are anything but slow and languid, and the little word "on" positively does not become "au-n-n-n-n," even with the Negroes.

I was born and reared in Mississippi and now live in California. In the times between I've lived in several States and have known quite a number of Northerners, and every one of them would give almost anything to acquire my accent.

My husband says that he would as soon listen to a mad honey bee in a bottle as any of those Yankee voices.

"MISSISSIPPI."

Long Beach, California.

Raving About Karen.

I JUST can't do another thing until I sit down and rave about my newest favorite.

As the sympathetic sweetheart in "Cuban Love Song" she was perfect; as the nagging wife in "Are You Listening?" she stole the picture in spite of bigger names than her own; and as the countess in "Arsène Lupin," well, even the Barrymores were pretty risky in taking on such competition. Every one



was so busy trying to find out which of the brothers was the better actor that most people forgot even to consider the young lady.

To whom am I referring? If it is necessary—Karen Morley—who I predict will soon be a star.

A polished performer, not too beautiful, but striking in appearance, always well-groomed, a beautiful voice, what else could any one wish for in a star? One thing, she doesn't try to imitate any one; she is her own natural self, which means quite a lot these days.

I hope for a great future for Miss Morley, and certainly wish her all the luck in the world.

ANNA LOU ANDERSON.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

What the Fans Think**Never-failing Baxter.**

WHY are we constantly fed stories about Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, and Harding each and every successive month in each and every fan magazine on the market? Because these four represent the stellar lights in the film firmament at the present time, are they to be crammed down the public throat until we are forced to choke on them?

Why can't we have more of that faithful, never-failing performer, Warner Baxter? Because he doesn't provide sensational material for the press, because he doesn't make dramatic statements regarding marriage, divorce, and life, et cetera, because he doesn't appear in ultramodern vehicles, must he be condemned to the background and must his fans see him only on the screen?

Oakland, California.

ANN ABIEU.

Let Buddy Stay Single.

IN June Picture Play, Ann D. Inman said "Norbert Lusk, fortunately, passes his opinions on actors and actresses only." By this she meant to insult Buddy Rogers. Mr. Lusk has passed his opinion on Mr. Rogers's acting several times in his reviews. So the statement admits Buddy is an actor.

But let us go back further in his career. In 1928, the award of the Motion Picture Academy went to Paramount for "Wings." Who was in the leading rôles? Who did the acting in the picture?

Again in "Abie's Irish Rose" Buddy played his part so naturally people wondered if he were a Jew. Perhaps Ann D. Inman will explain her idea of an actor. The only reason Mr. Rogers didn't give more such performances is that he didn't have the opportunity.

By the way, here is hoping Buddy doesn't get married, not for some time, anyway. I am aware of the fact that it should make no difference, the artistic performance is all we should ask for, but it does make a difference. I can hardly see handsome Rogers as a husband, let alone a papa. And I don't believe there is a girl on the continent fit to be "Mrs. Buddy Rogers."

M. F. H.

Box 186,

College Springs, Iowa.

Crawford Stole "Grand Hotel."

JOHNIE HANES, in May Picture Play you wrote a letter about Joan Crawford in which you stated that Crawford had no feminine appeal. Why, don't you know that she has the most perfect figure of any actress, as well as beautiful, big eyes, and although her mouth is a little large, it's beautiful?



You say her voice has a masculine touch. Really, I think you're jealous because your voice is not so refined as hers.

Do you know why she leads the list of feminines in the current cinema—because she is the only genius on the screen! She is by far the greatest dramatic actress. Her performance in "Grand Hotel" proves that. Why, she stole the picture from Greta Garbo. By all means go to an oculist and have your eyes examined. Then see either "Grand Hotel" or "Letty Lynton" and you'll change your mind about Joan Crawford. You will see her as I and many millions more see her—the one and only great actress.

E. L. TROOPE.

Why They Pick on Harlow.

QUITE a few letters in "What the Fans Think" have only mean words for Jean Harlow. True, ninety-eight per cent of these are from the weaker sex who don't



like her because they are envious of her beautiful hair and marvelous figure, but if they should speak truthfully about her acting—oh, well, why say more? She's good and they know it. The other

two per cent are those who like to be different, and because they have heard so many bad things said, they chime in with their cheap, catty letters.

Harold V. Harding wrote the most insulting letter I have ever read about Jean Harlow.

Here is one of the many things he says: "Why isn't there a law against Jean Harlow? She has spoiled many pictures for me by her cheap display of feminine wiles that pass for acting."

Now I ask, why isn't there a law against writing such trash? And who makes him see her pictures if he doesn't like them?

He also writes about her way of dressing and her "cheap way of acting." Well, Mr. Harding, let's remember that Jean Harlow is not her own boss, and has to wear the clothes and act the part as she is directed. This type of acting doesn't do justice to her own fine character and personality.

Just let producers give her one picture in which she may do her own acting, and then you will see what an exceptionally good actress she really is.

CHARLES E. MILNER.

1908 Emerson Avenue,

Bustleton, Pennsylvania.

Praising Spencer Tracy.

EVERY one has his or her favorite actor and actress, and I'm no exception.

To me, Spencer Tracy embodies all the qualifications that make an actor. As far as I'm concerned, Clark Gable, James Dunn, Robert Montgomery, and Ramon Novarro are just ambitious amateurs plugging along and getting a great deal of exaggerated praise and ballyhoo.



Spencer Tracy, without the aid of a lot of publicity, is steadily endearing himself to an appreciative public. Why? Because he is an actor! He's not handsome, but he can convey more with a facial expression than many actors could with ten lines. He's not particularly romantic, yet you don't wonder that Ann Dvorak, in "Sky Devils," or Sally Eilers, in "Disorderly Conduct," loved him, for he's sincere and vitally real.

He's a fine comedian, and yet we who remember him on the stage in "The Last Mile" know he is even greater as a tragedian.

He's worth while—and truly outstanding.

ELAINE MEREDITH.

44 Sickles Street,

New York City.

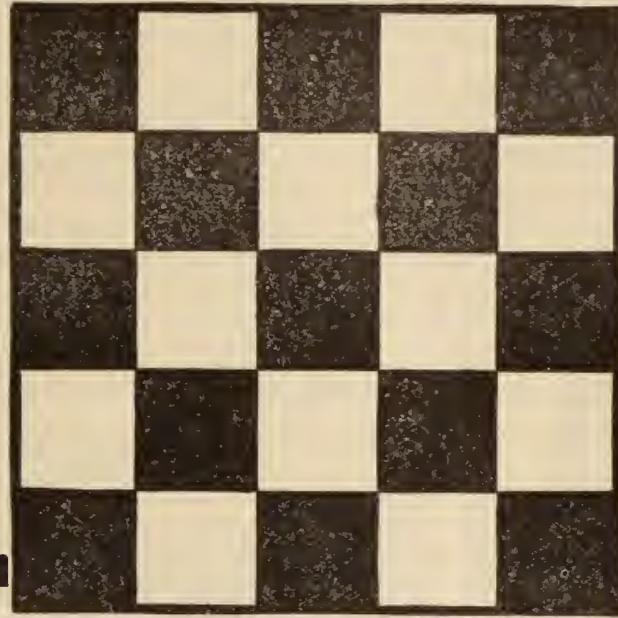
What British Fans Want.

THE object of this letter is to give Picture Play readers another side of the question raised by Leonard G. Cushen, of Bromley, Kent, namely, "What the British film fan wants." He is quite right in saying that we English enjoy American films. We do. He is right in saying they are far superior to our own. They are. But the young man from Kent is very much

Continued on page 12

TEST YOUR SKILL

Something
NEW...



can
YOU

write "O" 36 times

in any one of the white spaces of this Prize Checker Board without touching the borders, black spaces or each other? Do this now and

Qualify for our 50-prize contest in which \$6,800.00 will be given

THERE are 12 white spaces in the "checkerboard." Try any *one* of these—see if you can write 36 "o"s in *one* white space. If you can do this, send it at once.

This is the 44th distribution of prizes to be made for an old established company and details will be sent you if you can qualify in this "checkerboard" test. The prize money is already on deposit in the sixth largest bank in America! I will award 50 cash prizes totaling \$6,800.00 to help build good will in publicity and expansion campaign. Over \$27,000.00 paid in prizes in 60 days. Many more thousands of dollars set aside for future prizes to be paid in the next few months.

Highest prize in this offer is \$3,000.00. A \$500.00 extra prize (earned by promptness) will make total \$3500.00 for first prize winner. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties in final decision, but not more than one prize will be paid to members of one family or group of persons. Residents of Chicago or persons living outside U. S. A. are not eligible. No obligation, now or ever. Send no money. Take your pen or pencil right now and try this test. If you can make 36 "o"s in *one* of the white spaces, then send it in a letter or on a post card at once. If you are successful in this qualifying test, you will be advised immediately.

50 CASH PRIZES IN OUR NEW CONTEST

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|-----------------|-----------|
| 1st Prize . | \$3000.00 | 2nd Prize . | \$1000.00 |
| 3rd Prize . . . | .750.00 | 4th Prize . . . | 500.00 |
| 46 other cash awards | | Total, | \$6800.00 |

\$500.00 Extra for Promptness!

E. H. BEUSTER, Room 81, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

Continued from page 10

in the wrong if he thinks his letter expresses the average English film-goer's view.

The majority of the English film-going public is the fair sex, and to the English girl there is no other man like the Englishman, so while the British producers can give their public such charmers as Jack Hulbert, Jack Buchanan, and Henry Kendall, and such good lookers as John Stuart and John Langden, and others whom I could mention, they will continue to provide English fans with sound and satisfying entertainment.



By Thos. Bodley

Wistful as always—Ramon Novarro.

It is the English actress that suffers most, and this, no doubt, is the director's fault. With proper training and good photography, the English girl would be as successful as other actresses.

As to Mr. Cushen's reference to accents, he is, as most fans will agree, a little behind the times, as the battle of accents is over. We English have got used to the American accent, and now that the slang is dropped, it is as pleasing as our own. I have never read of an American fan complaining of the accents of the English players on the American screen. I imagine that you Americans can tolerate English voices, while the broken English of foreign players usually adds to their charm. So what the English film-goer wants is good photoplays from anywhere, be they from England, America, Germany, Russia, or France. D. HOLLANDS.

Care of 17 Denman Street,
London, W. 1, England.

Alexis—not Ramon.

I READ with surprise that Ramon Novarro is being criticized for blowing out the candle before the Madonna in "Mata Hari." It was not Ramon Novarro, it was *Alexis Rosanoff* who became so enamored of a fascinating spy that he forgot mother, country, and God!

Both Mr. Novarro and Miss Garbo were at their best as the characters in a story which was very dramatic and they made a great tragedy of it. Greta Garbo invested her characterization with a power, a glamour, and a personality which the real Mata Hari never was or could aspire to be.

How I hated her expression when she relighted that candle, and Mr. Novarro was all that his real fans could have dreamed since his was really only a leading part. Any one who can criticize an actor for playing a part on the screen which belies

What the Fans Think

his everyday life, shows a lack of intelligence, toleration, and even ordinary common sense.

GRACE V. HUGHEY.

1500 Sullivan Street,
Elmira, New York.

Still True to Mary.

FOR goodness' sake, stop suggesting that Mary Pickford leave the screen! We in the Far East are not as fickle as those in the West. We want to see more of her, and we are still her devoted fans. We admire people like Mrs. M. C. M. for being true to our Mary. As we do not see her pictures frequently, only once a year, we hope that she will take pity on us and let us catch a glimpse of her on the screen now and again, and not stop acting altogether, as rumor says she may. Even though it takes a whole year to see her, we are only too glad to wait.

NAW BESSIE.

361 Montgomery Street,
Rangoon, Burma, India.

She Saw George Arliss!

HERE is something for a fan, a treat that comes once in a lifetime.

One Saturday noon, I left a local train at Grand Central Station and started to walk to the stairway when I discovered a man standing by a pillar reading a paper, with nobody near him. He lifted his head



Will Kay Francis's coiffure keep the sleek bob in style?

and looked at me. I went nearer, and another glance convinced me that I was standing all alone next to the greatest character actor, George Arliss, disguised in everyday clothes. We stood there until the express came in, then he rushed away in the last car. I did not follow. He was safe from me. I would never annoy a star or ask for an autograph, as I can understand perfectly that stars want privacy. Yet I was thrilled and will never forget the three minutes which brought me so near to my favorite. MARY BLANCHE.

203 East Seventy-second Street,
New York City.

Two Kinds of Aloofness.

MAY I have a word about the Garbo-Dietrich argument? Having carefully studied both actresses, I have come to the conclusion that while both are enigmas, Garbo draws a cloak about herself which defies and prevents all from finding out her inner self, while Dietrich encourages and leads people on, and when they think they have at last come to her true self, she slams the door in their faces and laughs at them.

And now, Crocella Mullen, here's a bit of comfort for you. I, too, had doubted the existence of your beloved Barry Norton, but I've just seen "Dishonored," and if he was a fake—well, I've fallen for a tailor's dummy, and a darned good-looking one, too.

My best wishes to Miriam Hopkins. She has the qualities of both Laura La Plante and Marion Davis, with a personality all her own. Also a huge bouquet for Fredric March who in his quiet, unassuming way steals every scene he plays in.

And finally, all good luck to Monroe Owsley and Kent Douglass. They have personalities as magnetic as Clark Gable's, and they don't have to be gangsters to put them over.

CHRISSE HARVEY.

16 Hargreaves Street,
Colne, Lancashire, England.

The "Adult" Started Something!

AMONG the letters in May Picture Play there was one which particularly enraged me—the one signed "An Adult Fan." I think he gives the impression that he is a conceited snob, and I disagree with practically everything he said.

I consider Ramon Novarro by far one of the best actors on the screen, and his acting is sincere and charming always. Charles Farrell, although perhaps not a great actor, always gives a natural and delightful performance. As for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne being over the heads of the average fan, just who does he think he is?

And, most important of all. Norma Shearer is, to me, the finest actress the screen has given us. I have seen all her pictures and in every one she has not acted, but *become* the character.

What does Adult Fan know about shopgirls—not that this is a disgrace as he seemed to imply—that he is so sure of the shopgirl's conception of a society girl? I agree with Frances Ann North about my favorite actress. SUSAN CARPENTER.



And who but William Powell could sneer so superbly?

Any Girl Can Be Garbo!

WHY all the ranting and tearing of hair over the retirement of Garbo? After all, what did you Garbo fans do before she migrated to these shores? You probably enjoyed life just as much. Some of the sentiments about her expressed in this department are rather sickening.

In my opinion she is not the great ac-

tress that her fans rate her. Take any extra girl, surround her with a perfect cast, let Adrian fashion her gowns, give her a great director, and if she is not the success Garbo has been with all these things, she's a hopeless case. I wonder what kind of an actress she would be if she had to get by on her own? She wouldn't get to first base! She's had more lucky breaks than any girl in the industry. Norma Shearer had to fight her way to the top, as did Joan Crawford, but Garbo has had everything handed to her on a silver platter.

And in return for the dazzling fame and fabulous salary bestowed on her, she treats the great American public like dirt beneath her feet, living like a miser so that she may bring the millions the Americans have poured into her lap back to Sweden. She's been here seven years, time enough to acclimate herself to any country and any people. If she doesn't like it here, well, the boats haven't stopped sailing across the Atlantic, you know! If Americans grew tired of her whims and foibles and turned their backs on her, I'll wager she'd do a right about face in a great hurry and become gracious and sweet to the people she holds in contempt. If she wants to go home, let 'er go!

ROSEMARY McCORMICK.

Chicago, Illinois.

Seen at Film Openings.

IT may be interesting to the admirers of Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, and Marlene Dietrich to have the impressions of a fan who has seen them in person.

Clark Gable is my favorite, so naturally I thought him wonderful. His appearance is as it is on the screen. And certainly he is not ordinary-looking. His height and good looks would attract attention anywhere. He has gray eyes, dark-brown hair, and he seemed the slightest bit embarrassed when he was having his picture taken at the premiere of "Hell Divers."

Marlene Dietrich looked very regal in purple velvet. She is really very beautiful, with reddish-gold hair and delicate features.

Joan Crawford received the most enthusiastic welcome of any star at the premiere of "Grand Hotel." Her eyes are gray-blue and her hair a dark brown with an auburn tint. With that gorgeous, friendly smile, she seemed to take every one right into her heart. After standing four hours in a crowd, and wedged in by two giant humans most of the time, I went away with the feeling that it was worth it to see the lovely Joan.

V. D. E.

6010 A Gifford Avenue,
Huntington Park, California.

He-men or Flat-footed Gods

TO "The Voice of Chicago" I must say I have never in all of life read such a mean, hateful letter as the one which you wrote about Clark Gable.

What do you expect of a mere man? You should have lived in the days of Jupiter, when flat-footed gods came and played sweet music and sang beautiful, tearful songs to you. What a glorious time you would have had!

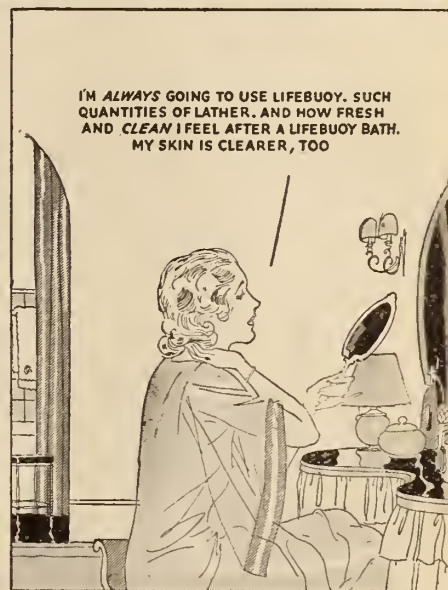
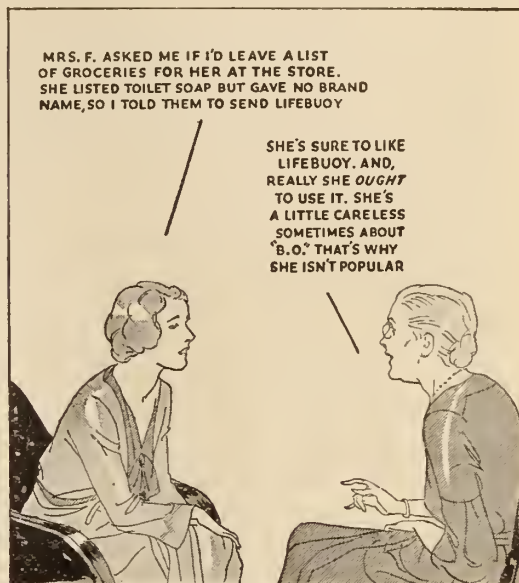
I'd rather see Clark Gable with his brutal mouth and large ears than to see the slick-haired, honey-coated hero which you have pictured. If he likes to strike his woman—O. K. It might be that the cave men are coming back in style. He's a great lover.

"THE VOICE OF THE SOUTH."

Memphis, Tennessee.

A LUCKY CHANGE FOR HER

by *Timmins*



Guard against "B.O."

(body odor)

this easy way

DON'T take chances with "B.O." (body odor). We become accustomed to an ever-present odor and offend *unknowingly*. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Guard health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Ideal for complexion
Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather cleanses gently, yet thoroughly—makes dull skins fresher and glow with new, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS CO.



The Great Garbo.

GRETA the mysterious, with eyes so true and sad,
Eyes so gravely tender, wise but rarely glad.

Greta the magnificent, with voice of charm so clear,

Voice like cello music played on hearts that hear.

Greta the great child, woman with smile so haunting, sweet,

Wistful, naïve, appealing, bring all to her feet.

Greta the immortal, with genius most rare,
Exquisite, lovely, glamorous, with glorious golden hair—

Hair that forms a halo misty about a face,
So soul-stirring, so ethereal, so full of in-born grace.

Garbo the diamond, whose shades of emotion portrays,

As many as the colors that flash from that gem's rays.

Garbo the great, magnetic, foremost star of the screen,

Incomparable, brilliant, may she reign long as queen!

JACK HITT.

Piave, Mississippi.

Shearer Positively the Greatest.

SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK said in his article "Why Stars Are Stars," that people do not go to see Norma Shearer in her pictures, but they go to see her leading men. I suppose it was on the strength of Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris that she won the medal for the year's best performance in "The Divorcee."

If it was not for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," where would that picture have been? Most likely in the ash can. Norma Shearer is positively the greatest actress ever on the screen! You can have all your Clark Gables, Garbos, and Crawfords, but give me Shearer every time.

Why, really that writer is all wet.

PHILIP CARLO.

Third Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Goodness in Jean's Eyes.

I NEVER saw a more unjust and cruel criticism directed at any star than that of Harold V. Harding's in June Picture Play, against Jean Harlow. He wants a law passed against her. I'm glad he is not a czar, for I think that there are only two absolutely perfect screen stars on earth—Clara Bow and Jean Harlow. I belong to clubs for both, and I am ready to put up a battle for either.

He says Jean's platinum tresses are artificial. I don't think so, but not being her hairdresser, I don't know and don't care. Her hair is glorious. Since Mr. Harding thinks her dresses are atrocious, let him design more artistic dresses—and make his fortune. He objects to her hips. Does he want snake's hips? They are all right for snakes, but not for a normal, perfect woman. I vigorously deny that Miss Harlow's acting is either cheap or brazen. She plays her parts perfectly.

But I do say that she deserves good-girl rôles. Look into her lovely eyes. Nothing vampish or gold-diggerish in them. They are full of gentleness, sincerity, and goodness. The same is true of Clara Bow. Give both of these supreme idols a chance to do their best work and watch them outshine their previous great and marvelous triumphs.

MIKE BUTLER.

Box 154, Taft, California.

Loretta's To-day's Girl.

LORETTA YOUNG, you were great! At last the producers have discovered the right rôle for you to play, and you

most certainly proved your convictions, didn't you? You had a strong part in "Taxi," and you portrayed *Sue* very well. In my opinion you stole the picture.

To me Loretta is the symbol of the modern young American girl. She isn't the jazz-crazy girl. That type of girl is slowly passing out. Now we have what? We have the graceful sophisticated young lady. Loretta Young is a splendid example of this American girl of to-day.

Loretta isn't any raving beauty; and we undoubtedly have more beautiful girls right here in our small towns, but beauty doesn't count every time. It's Loretta's pleasing personality that so strongly attracts us to her.

HELENE MAE LEWIS.

140 Linden Avenue S. E.,
Warren, Ohio.

A Cold Lake for Mook.

WILL some one kindly tell Samuel Richard Mook to go jump in the lake after saying such things about Nancy Carroll in "Why Stars Are Stars," in June Picture Play?

Miss Carroll has plenty of fans and besides, who could make a wonderful success out of the poor stories that she has been given lately?



Jean, how could you look so naughty!

"Wayward" and "The Night Angel" had such poor foundations that had not Miss Carroll been in them, they would not have been worth two cents.

She is my favorite, and a good little actress, and I hate to see such things written about her.

MINNIE GARDNER.

3579 St. Johns Avenue,
Jacksonville, Florida.

Action, Not Slinky Vamping.

I HEARTILY agree with E. G. Heintz's letter in May Picture Play regarding Tallulah Bankhead.

When one sees a movie to be entertained, he wishes some action other than a slinking, creeping cat appearing before his vision. I'll admit that producers and directors are responsible for these freaks.

Tallulah is self-satisfied to say the least, but as the saying goes, pride comes before a fall.

My vote first, last, and always will go to the most deserving—Helen Hayes. I'm for her one hundred per cent.

MABEL MENGEL.

8209 Indiana Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

"Adult" Self-appointed.

ONE of the greatest sources of pleasure to me is reading "What the Fans Think," but sometimes one comes across a letter written by some fan which is full of venom that one cannot refrain from answering these self-appointed critics.

I am especially referring to the letter signed an "An Adult Fan." What hopeless conceit this young man—for I believe it is a young man—displays in his own evaluation of his marvelous intellect when, for instance, he says of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne "they are the most charming two who ever graced the screen. A little over the heads of the average fan."

Then, too, this young man must have a wonderful intellect, oh, very wonderful intellect, when he says that Ramon Novarro "lacks real poise, not one outstanding quality as an actor," and that most venomous remark, "reminds me of a head waiter promoted to acting."

As for that stupid crack, I have had the good fortune of seeing Mr. Novarro in person, and there is not another to equal him in looks, breeding, and charm.

And by the way, what's so terrible about a head waiter? They are sometimes much more courteous and gentlemanly than American college graduates.

L. B.
Bronx, New York.

Does Slang Pay?

READING through the March Picture Play, I saw mention of the fact that the overseas market for American films has decreased considerably. Now in my opinion, the first and foremost reason for this depreciation lies in the faulty enunciation of the English language. Australian people, although supposed to be adherents to slang, do not approve of the use of it by stars, and I am sure this is the main reason why Dietrich, Garbo, and Chevalier are more popular than those American stars who indulge in slang. So I think if you wish to improve the colonial market, you will have to look to your laurels and watch the competition of English and Australian studios.

IAN L. POWYS.
Bowen Terrace,
New Farm, Brisbane, Australia.

A Panner Panned.

HAROLD V. HARDING'S letter inspires a few words of comment. This gentleman wants to know why there isn't a law against Jean Harlow. Haven't his kind got enough laws in this old world, particularly in the United States, "agin'" things they don't like? If he is serious, what rubbish he talks. Presuming that there are underworlds in the large cities in the South, we must presume there are "ladies" in them and on the rim. So why pan an actress who, judging by his dislike of "her atrocious dresses and cheap display of feminine wiles," ably and faithfully portrays rôles of these characters? Were Sir Herbert Tree and Lionel Barrymore to be commended the less because they filled so well their never-to-be-forgotten rôles in "Svengali" and "The Bells"?

Miss Harlow at the age of twenty, with her chubby, glowing countenance and healthy physique, may never reach the heights of Barrymore and Tree in histrionic ability, but in the humble opinion of the writer, to compare her unfavorably off-stage or on with many of the flat-chested, emaciated-looking leading actresses of Hollywood is qualification for the asylum.

And what do you think of a person who, complaining of Miss Harlow's "brazen display," acknowledges that he found "her hips too large"?

H. W. L.
Box 1140, Swift Current, Canada.

VOLUME XXXVII
NUMBER 1

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

SEPTEMBER
1932



Photo by Don English

RICHARD ARLEN is given the honor page for this picturesque study made on his boat the *Mariner*. He will be seen next in "Tiger Shark," with Edward G. Robinson.

FIRST STEPS TO

Girls determined on a screen career can
Joan Crawford and Ann Harding, and make

By Virginia



Photo by Bull

Garbo trained herself for stardom while working
as manicurist.

WE were at tea, chatting about stars—the whys and wherefores. One of the women, the mother of a beautiful seventeen-year-old daughter just graduated from high school in June, spoke up:

"Do you think my daughter would have a chance in pictures?" she asked. "You all know what she looks like; she's equipped now with a fine foundational education, and she's let us know that her one burning ambition is stardom on the screen. Now what would you suggest?"

"Let her work at something practical for a while, something like stenography or clerking or beauty-parlor work," I suggested. "Just so long as she gets to know people and how they act, how to discipline her own life as to hours and hard work. If she is willing to spend her own earnings and much of her leisure time studying for a career in pictures, then I think she ought at least to have an opportunity to try."

The mother of this lovely girl looked horrified for a moment.

"You mean that Lillian should slave over a stenographer's notebook, or stand on her feet eight hours a day in a beauty parlor?"

"Why not? Many of the stars of to-day did it. They learned first *how* to work hard, then they got the habit. Hollywood demands that as a prime requisite in raw material, regardless of how beautiful a girl may be."

When we talked it over, it occurred to some of us that this would be the problem of thousands of pretty girls all over the country graduating from school this year and casting about for careers. Many of these girls

will turn longing eyes toward the fame and wealth which success in movies can bring. And yet while the road is a long, hard one, and strewn with many stumblingblocks, it wouldn't be fair to discourage all the pretty youngsters who *might* gain headway in the most glamorous of all professions—the talkies.

Take Ann Harding, for instance. Ann began her first step toward stardom as a typist for an insurance company in New York where she was merely an insignificant cog in the wheel of the office machinery. But Ann wanted to be a star. She had looks and felt certain she had talent. Did she hop a train for Hollywood and beg at studio gates for a chance? Not Ann. She was too intelligent. She knew, as every one had warned, that Hollywood does not want mere beauty. It must have real talent—acting technique, trained voices, poise, personality, and innumerable other qualities—before any company would consider one sufficiently promising to be groomed for stardom.

So wise little Ann, with an excellent thinking apparatus under that lovely golden head, set about reaching this goal step by step. She chose the practical



Photo by Bachrach

Evelyn Brent prepared for
her movie career by teach-
ing school and saving her
money.

Barbara Stanwyck's agreeable
voice came from saying "Number,
please," in a telephone exchange.

Photo by Lippman



STARDOM

follow the examples set by Greta Garbo, their routine jobs the foundation of success.

Maxwell

method of working as a typist so she could live in New York and study under the best teachers. After a long, difficult training, Ann got a place with the Provincetown Players—a group of actors who think more of showing what they can do than of monetary reward.

And from that humble beginning in a little alley theater in Greenwich Village, Ann Harding made her way to Broadway where she became a stage star before Hollywood ever heard of her.

Claudette Colbert, whose brunet beauty alone might be thought lovely enough to carry her to stardom, worked as a French transcribing stenographer in a Wall Street bank while she paid for experts to find the flaws in her technique as an actress. Then she, too, slowly but surely made her way to recognition, once she was given the opportunity to express the talent she had been polishing for a long while.

Wasn't it Garbo, the inimitable, who performed menial tasks in a Stockholm barber shop for a long while before she felt it possible to face an audience at the Royal Theater, a few blocks from where she worked ten hours a day to pay for her stage training!

No doubt it was the panorama of life as one sees it from behind a manicurist's table which gave Garbo her marvelous insight into characters, as people came and went each day. Garbo, who can play a baroness or a slavey with equal understand-



ing, and who somehow is always convincing.

Little Alice White was a file clerk at the Writers' Club in Hollywood before any one noticed she was a type. Even before then, Alice was not losing time; she kept studying for the movie spot she hoped to get sometime. And so

Ann Harding worked as stenographer to pay for her stage training.



The smile Joan Crawford's fans adore was perfected when she worked as check girl in a night club.

Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Richee

Claudette Colbert achieved that detached manner as a French transcribing stenographer in Wall Street.

when fate stepped in and took her from behind the file cases, Alice was ready with a new kind of personality which she had learned how to express before a mirror—or a camera.

"When the jazz craze started," Alice told me one day, "I made up my mind that I'd know every step that came out. I used to practice until I fell over. Baby, how I could do the Charleston! Because I figured that if that was the rage, they'd surely be having it in movies and I'd be ahead of the others with my steps."

Alice wasn't so dumb, either, in figuring that out. For Alice was just the type the screen needed. When the studio wanted her she was ready with the flare of talent which gave her her break.

Long ago when Dorothy Mackaill first came to New York, I met her with her mother one day at a photographer's studio. I had gone there to collect some pictures for my newspaper. Dorothy, whom no one knew then, had come in to apply for a job as a photographer's model. All she had to offer was her perfect profile. And Dorothy got the job posing for hats for advertisements.

I can see her yet as she put on a perky little turban and turned those beautifully chiseled features toward the camera. The photographer told her mother to bring her back next day. Again and again Dorothy posed in that hot studio during torrid summer months, and those with an excellent memory may recall seeing Dorothy's face beneath lovely hats in the fashion pages of the Sunday supplements

[Continued on page 68]

WIDE-AWAKE



Photo by Lippman

The warm, human Ann her friends know.

JUNIOR prom at Hollywood High. Bruce escorted a skinny kid in a light-blue evening dress across the floor and introduced her. Her name was Ann McKim. She was from another school. Nobody knew her. The crowd resented her intrusion. I was downright mad. Bruce was the nicest boy in our class, and here I was with some one else while he was mooning over this rank outsider with her stuck-up airs!

She wasn't even trying to be friendly, I thought. When she greeted us her voice was cold and haughty. I decided I didn't like Ann McKim. Probably the feeling was mutual.

The other day I went out to the First National studio to have lunch with Ann McKim. The noon hour is the only time she has to herself these days. She is called Ann Dvorak—and she isn't a bit stuck-up. She was friendly and charming, and as I left the studio I thought that Ann Dvorak is altogether one of the nicest girls I know.

How did she get that way?

During the years since that junior prom when I first saw her, I have had plenty of chances to find out.

A former school pal tells how Ann Dvorak achieved success by keeping on her toes every minute.

That Ann was a skinny child and not very pretty, except for her glorious eyes, is true. Time has changed all that. That she was haughty, is not true. Her attitude was not one of superiority—it was the result of being just plain scared. She was timid, and meeting strangers embarrassed her, resulting in that aloof, unfriendly impression.

The second time I ran into her was at a bridge party. We recognized each other, of course, and she nodded—rather coldly, I thought. As the game progressed, she became more friendly and I began to regret my first judgment. Perhaps she wasn't really as distant as I'd thought.

Feeling guilty over my unjust criticism of her, I asked Ann if she wouldn't like to play tennis the following day. She would. We played and what a game! My arms grew stiff, my back ached, my eyes burned. After two hours I asked Ann if she hadn't had enough.

"Why, we've hardly started!" she said in some surprise.

And that, I conclude, is why Ann has climbed so rapidly toward the heights. Whatever she does, she does intensely. If she is working, she works hard. If she is playing, she plays just as hard and as long as she can. She never resorts to halfway measures. All of her efforts are genuine and whole-hearted.

By heritage she is Irish and Austrian. Perhaps that explains a lot.

Although we never attended the same school, Ann and I became fast friends. She was at that time attending a private school in Hollywood. She



didn't approve very much of its routine. Not that she didn't want to be educated, but because she never did approve of any institution where she had to take orders.

Her career as a student was hectic. At least once a month she would come over to my house to tell me she'd been expelled for arguing with her teachers. She never would accept anything without discussion, not even her own personal opinions. She is keenly analytical by nature, and demands proof of everything she is told. She was decidedly a radical.

One afternoon she dashed in breathless.

When Ann got a job in a chorus, she practiced dancing sixteen to eighteen hours daily.

ANN

By Jeanne
de Kolty

Ann with the author
of this article, Jeanne
de Kolty.

Photo by Fryer



"I've run away!" she gasped. "May I live with you for a while?"

With difficulty I got her to tell what had happened. One of her friends, it seems, had been seen away from school with a boy, a crime strictly forbidden, except when a pupil had obtained leave of absence. The girl was about to graduate and any sort of trouble would be disastrous. Feeling very noble, Ann had told the teachers that she, not her friend, was the culprit. Since nobody was sure just who the girl had been, they took Ann's word for it. She was threatened with expulsion, but she didn't wait to be sentenced. She ran away.

She spent the night with me, after my mother had telephoned her parents and explained the situation, and the next morning I convinced her that she'd better go home and have it out with her mother. She did, and was roundly scolded. But in the end she won her point. She was transferred to another school.

After graduation, Ann and I decided to be newspaper reporters. She had been editor of her school paper, and I wrote for mine. We considered ourselves very brilliant writers.

We started the rounds of the newspaper offices. Ann was fifteen at the time; I not much older. When the editors laughed at us, we decided that journalists were an ill-mannered, uneducated lot, and we didn't care to have anything to do with them. We still have it in

for Bill Levings, the hard-working city editor of the *Los Angeles Evening Herald*.

Then Ann decided to be a dancer and expressed her ambition in voluble eloquence.

"But how can you?" I wondered. "You've never danced in your life."

"What's the difference?" she wanted to know. "I'm limber, I can do a split and a cartwheel. Maybe I can get some one to teach me a time-step. I'm going to try, anyway."

Next day she went to M.-G.-M. studio where we had heard they were trying out a group of new dancers. Little fancying such a career, I decided to make one last stab at getting a newspaper job.

That night I ran over to Ann's house, more than a little excited. Would I make her jealous! I was to be tried out for a week on the dramatic desk of a small local newspaper. At twenty-five dollars a week!

Ann didn't even give me a chance to tell her the news. She was too thrilled telling me hers. They'd taken her on! She was to be a chorus girl. She had been given a chance to dance in "Hollywood Revue" at a salary of forty-five dollars a week!

She had asked one of the girls at the studio to teach her a time-step and was already expert at it. At that moment my life became very sad. With all my great learning I could not make as much money as Ann who, younger than I and with no experience, knew nothing at all about her chosen profession.



One of Ann's early screen appearances was in "Madam Satan."

Continued on page 62

JUNGLE

How Johnny Weissmuller grew up from a



Photo by Phylfe

Johnny's work in "Tarzan" won him a contract that assures his place on the screen.

THE day I saw Johnny Weissmuller he rose like an Adonis from the tank in which he was making personal appearances. Now that that's out of the way, I can tell you what the real Johnny is like. If you've seen "Tarzan, the Ape Man," you can't blame us writers for singing pæns to his marvelous physique.

"Six feet three, one-hundred and ninety pounds, the champion swimmer of the world," is the strain running through every story I've read about Johnny. With the body of a young god before them, is it any wonder that few have bothered to delve into the god's mind and soul?

It so happened that the day I saw him at the theater, he was tired and hungry and couldn't talk much. It really turned out to be lucky for me, for I had to see him again at his hotel. His producers rarely let him say anything without

a press agent present, for he doesn't belong to the category of Hollywood actors—he's as frank and honest as a boy. He hasn't yet learned the art of dissembling and creating a pose. Heaven help Johnny when he does!

I was terribly afraid of what Hollywood would do to him and I told him so—after I had shooed the press agent away. After talking with him I'm not afraid any more.

Johnny wants terribly to make a success of his new-found career in pictures. Since he's bringing to them the same determination and willingness to learn that he did to swimming, I'll bet my bottom dollar he will—and without being spoiled too much in the process, either, despite all the flattery and fêting he has to take.

He likes it the way a boy likes it when his vanity is played upon, but before he goes to bed at night something inside him makes him think straight. He knows just how much flattery is worth. These thinking periods made him the greatest swimmer in the world before he was twenty-five, and they'll make him go far in his picture career.

To understand Johnny, one must know his family and childhood. His parents are Austrian. His father, a captain in the Austrian army, brought his wife to America as soon as he got his discharge. The Weissmullers stopped off with some relatives at Wilbar, Pennsylvania, just before Johnny was born.

As soon as Mrs. Weissmuller was able to travel, they proceeded to Chicago where Johnny's father became brewmaster in a Chicago brewery. A year later, another boy was born.

Johnny's father saved his money and invested in two saloons. But the Weissmullers were anything but rich. Johnny didn't own a bathing suit until he was fifteen.

"What kind of a little boy were you?" I asked.

"A bad little boy," he answered promptly. "I used to play hooky from school and steal oranges from stands, and sometimes I'd swear!"

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, looking properly horrified.

At which Johnny took fright and added, "Well, it wasn't very bad swearing. But I always wanted to have a good time rather than do anything unpleasant, and I still do."

Pete, Johnny's younger brother, grew big and strong. Johnny was thin and scrawny and got an inferiority complex from it.

"Pete's still better looking than I am," he'll tell you with a grin.

The family decided that Johnny must be sick and called in a doctor. "That boy has nothing the matter with him—he just needs exercise. Let him swim," the wise man told them.

Johnny liked to swim, but Pete was so much better at it. Now that it was doctor's orders, Johnny swam every day after school, even if the kids did poke fun at his skinny body. He began to get an appetite, and ate most of the pretzels in his father's saloons. Drinking was taboo, because even then he thought of himself as in training.

"I guess I ate myself into health," he told me. "And



He is tackling pictures with the same determination and open mind that made him the world's champion swimmer.

LOVER

By Dena Reed

scrawny kid to Tarzan, a woman's dream of a cave man.

I began to love to swim. I learned with the other kids in the Des Plaines River. During vacations I went to a swimming pool in Chicago. There were trapezes over the pool, and I just took to them naturally the way I did to swimming. It cost fifty cents to go in and when any of us got really good, the owner of the place would let us in for nothing."

Johnny was soon a free guest. He used to watch the swimming champs train and try to imitate them. One day William Bachrach, coach for the Illinois Athletic Club, saw him and called him aside.

"Listen, youngster, if you'll do everything I tell you and train faithfully, I'll make you the champion swimmer of the world."

That was a tall order, but it is indicative of Johnny that it didn't seem so. A more sophisticated boy might have answered "Oh, yeah?" But Johnny believed Bachrach, and most of all he believed in himself. Grateful for the opportunity, he promised to make his mind a blank and to think of nothing but swimming.

Bachrach made him swim so many lengths of the pool every day, and when he came out, he'd rattle off, "You did this wrong in the second length, this in the third. To-morrow I want you to do it like this."

Johnny, coming home dog-tired in mind and body, was afraid he wouldn't remember, and so before he went to bed he would write down what he was to do the next day. And he always did it. As he improved steadily, his body grew in muscle and grace. No longer was he the scrawny boy who looked sickly. But his mother always asked him as he sat down to supper, "Do you feel all right, Johnny?"

"Sure, mom," he would beam. "I've been swimming and I won this." He would throw a medal on the table, but his mother would hardly look at it.

"That's nice," she would say. "Here, eat your supper."

To her it was more important that her eldest eat than win medals for swimming.

But Johnny, poor kid, was hurt. If only she had asked, "How did you win

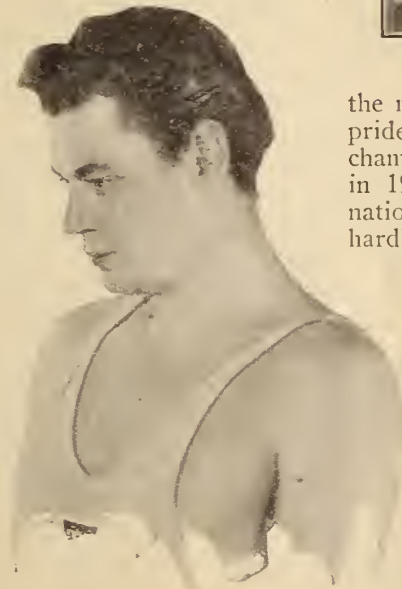
Johnny arrived in New York for personal appearances still boyishly thrilled about it all.

Photo by Apeda

Here's Johnny all dressed up with his wife Bobbe Arnst.



Swimming developed the spindly Weissmuller boy into a six-foot-three man weighing 190 pounds.



the medal?" For he was taking increasing pride in his prowess. He won thirty-nine championships before he won the Olympics in 1924 and 1928. When her son was a national hero, Mrs. Weissmuller could hardly realize it. To her the glory meant nothing. She was glad that Johnny was a healthy boy at last.

But now mother and son understand each other better. At twenty-seven, Johnny realizes how much his mother's meals helped to build the body that opened a picture career for him. And his mother—well, let Johnny tell it.

"She called me up the other night, long distance. She'd just seen 'Tarzan,' and she cried. She wanted to be sure I wasn't hurt. I had to keep telling her I was all

right and was giving four shows a day.

"You know my life changed entirely with 'Tarzan.' I gave up amateur swimming because there wasn't anything for me to win any more. I was working for a company which made swimming suits. I couldn't make much money teaching swimming, and they talked me into being a contact man. They said I could get in anywhere, because people would want to see the champion swimmer. I guess they were right, because it sold suits. I had nothing to look forward to except maybe an office job some day, and I hated that.

"But now with pictures—well, it's all new and exciting to me, and it pays better than selling swimming suits, though my contract with the manufacturers still runs for a while. If it weren't for them, I couldn't have gone into 'Tarzan.'"

Every year Johnny used to go to Florida to give exhibitions. A year ago this past winter, Bobbe Arnst, the cute musical-comedy dancer, was down there with her

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They Say in

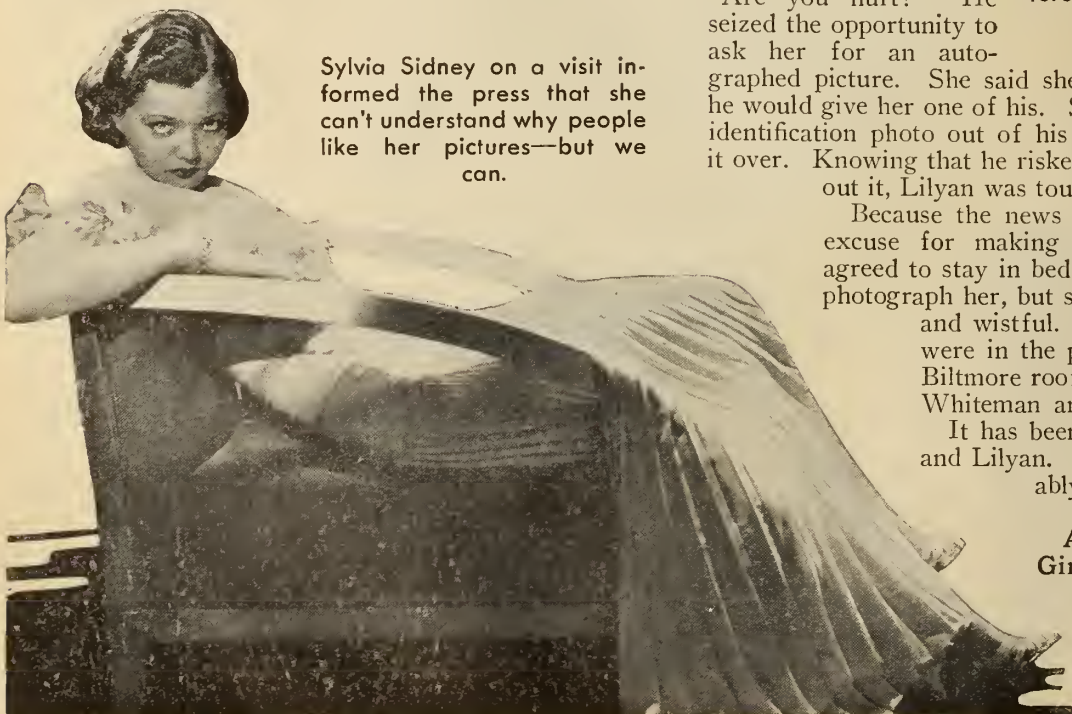
By Karen Hollis



Edna May Oliver came to town to play in the revival of "Show Boat" but didn't like it.

THERE really is another Marx brother in addition to the Big Four whom audiences know, but honestly, friends and otherwise, there is only one Lilyan Tashman. Fantastic as it may seem, the Lilyan who makes motion pictures and the one who has been playing a sketch in Publix theaters, and who is listed "among those present" at big charity balls in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York—all within a few days of each other—at first nights, polo games, parties for the literati and benefits for the unemployed, are one and the same.

Furthermore, the Lilyan on whose choice of styles hairdressers, furriers, and garment makers stake their chances of a good season next year is that same person. Figure out, if you can, how she does it, but I warn you that many others have tried and failed. Permit me to nominate her as Miss X, the secret of perpetual motion and the rarest of all combinations—one who can be popular with the many without irritating the few.



Sylvia Sidney on a visit informed the press that she can't understand why people like her pictures—but we can.

This is the year that Lilyan and Eddie Lowe have long looked forward to, and unlike most long-planned picnics, it has more than met expectations. They went scampering off to Europe together. Lilyan hurried back to make a picture in New York for Paramount, found she had time to rush out to Hollywood for a few days and came back to New York, where Eddie joined her for a while. Then a picture cropped up out West that he wanted to do. I won't detail the innumerable trips they have made cross country together and separately in the past few months. Suffice it to say that when the Grand Central Station was jammed with delegates going to one of the political conventions early in the summer, a porter chuckled, "A few of that Lilyan Tashman's friends must be down to meet her again."

When they planned this breathless, carefree year they thought they might have to finish it up with a rest cure, but they are feeling better than ever, thank you. Lilyan did get severely jolted in a taxi accident when leaving a party at the Central Park Casino. When the driver recognized her, he did not ask "Are you hurt?" He seized the opportunity to ask her for an auto-graphed picture. She said she would send him one if he would give her one of his. So, he grabbed the police-identification photo out of his license card and handed it over. Knowing that he risked arrest for driving without it, Lilyan was touched.

Because the news cameramen welcome any excuse for making pictures of Lilyan, she agreed to stay in bed long enough for them to photograph her, but she just couldn't look wistful. By the time the pictures were in the papers, Lilyan was at the Biltmore roof helping to welcome Paul Whiteman and his band.

It has been a grand year for Eddie and Lilyan. It has also been considerably livelier for their friends.

Another Home-town Girl.—Sylvia Sidney is another local product who drifts back from Hollywood every now and then for a visit. But not in the



Photo by Irving Lippman

James Cagney returned to Hollywood to adjust his differences with the studio—but so far he hasn't.

NEW YORK—

Vacations and personal appearance tours bring several stars East for a dizzy round of Broadway.

Tashman tempo which rarely slows down to a gallop. Repose seems as natural to her as buoyance does to Lilyan. She lives in the tower at the Waldorf-Astoria, strolls down Fifth Avenue apparently unrecognized as she glances in windows, lunches at Sardi's with papa and mamma, and with the utmost courtesy explains to a long succession of interviewers that she likes pictures, feels no desire to return to the stage now, is perfectly happy to leave all decisions about her pictures up to Paramount who have been so nice to her, and is surprised that people like her work on the screen. She isn't much impressed by it. In real life she has that same earnest sincerity that she has on the screen.

When she played her first featured rôle on the stage in "Many a Slip" she got into the habit of going into Sardi's near-by for luncheon, and now that she has come back a star in pictures, she still drifts in just as casually. She is the ideal girl studio publicity departments have prayed for—a competent actress who has no complaints to confide to the press. One just has to believe in Sylvia Sidney, yet she says that she likes "Merrily We Go to Hell" the best of any of her pictures. Most of her admirers like it the least. It doesn't seem to get anywhere.

Landmark Photographed.—If you have been curious to see what sort of place Broadway flocks to for luncheon, you can see Sardi's in "Love Is a Racket." The restaurant itself was photographed, then a reproduction of it was built in the Hollywood studio for additional scenes. There is just one false note. The caricatures in the Warner studio replica are not by the one and only Gard who sketches celebrities while they are lunching at the New York restaurant. Some of his friends are shouting loudly for a libel suit.

For that matter, the friends—and who isn't?—of Sardi's famous hat-check girl, Renée Carroll, shuddered a little at the representation of her on the screen. Renée herself makes no complaint. She was an honored guest at the Broadway première, along with all the local newspapermen and some theatrical stars. Her big moment came when she was introduced by the master ceremonies along with Paul Muni and Sophie Tucker.

Going and Coming.—Manhattan's most decorative visitor at the moment is Anna May Wong. She is visiting here as inconspicuously as possible in an effort to avoid playwrights who want her promise to appear in their plays. So far sixteen of them have caught up with her and the plays have all been terrible. She will

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe hold the transcontinental commuting record this year.



take the sure booking of vaudeville, if you please. Some one suggested her to the Theater Guild for a part in "The Good Earth" which, as you probably know, is a most heartbreaking story of the struggles of Chinese peasants. When a representative of the Guild saw her, friends had to rush for smelling salts. Anna May is a lotus flower who speaks with an Oxford accent, dresses in Parisian clothes, and alternates earnest comment on classic literature with Broadway wisecracks.

Ruth Chatterton hurried through New York to a boat Europe-bound. She did not want to be bothered by rude questions about her decision to divorce Ralph Forbes. Or about the extent of her interest in George Brent.

When Buddy Rogers left the cast of "Hot-Cha!" and his band at the Pennsylvania roof to go to Hollywood, every one wondered if this meant a return to pictures. Buddy says "No!" emphatically. Pictures are not doing so well, he figures, and millions can listen in on radio programs without counting the pennies in the pocket every time.

Melvyn Douglas, currently sharing honors with Garbo in "As You Desire Me," has come to town to be with his wife, Helen Gahagan, when she makes her local operatic début in an open-air performance of "Aida." She was slated to make a picture for RKO, but they decided she wasn't the type.

New Flutter.—George Raft who is being boomed as the coming matinée idol—you saw him in "Scarface" and "Dancers in the Dark"—will never bore you by tales

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Jackie Cooper stood the town on its ear, but he misses Wal-
Beery and Marie Dressler.

ceremonies along with Paul Muni and Sophie Tucker.



Photo by Freulich

Tom Mix used to get \$10,000 a week, but not now.

HOLLYWOOD isn't what it used to be! Much as I hate to admit it, a change has come over the dear old town!

Oh, I don't mean that an earthquake has wiped the cinema capital right off the map. Or that a sudden deluge has swept our film favorites back to their original homes in Medicine Corners and Elephant Gap.

In fact, at first glance, you may not notice any difference in it at all. The car line still cleaves the center of Hollywood Boulevard. The movie moguls still lunch at the Brown Derby, while the extras hang around the corner of Cahuenga, waiting for their big breaks. Even the ice-cream parlors and Old Dutch bakeries remain in their same locations.

But if you look more closely, you'll observe fewer Rolls-Royces delivering stars to the studios. Less sable and more bunny fur at the openings. Simpler, more conservative parties, instead of bigger and better brawls.

All of which means, in language which you and I can understand, that a salary-slashing epidemic is raging in the film factories. And no luminary, be he ever so brilliant, is immune.

Not that it is a surprise to those who have



Clark Gable has to get along on \$750 a week.

Adrienne Ames's living expenses are higher than her salary, but she has a wealthy husband.



PAY-DAY

Downward revision of salaries gives

By Laura

long looked upon screen salaries with wide and unbelieving eyes. Ever since the days when Tom Mix astounded a breathless world by signing a \$10,000-a-week contract with Fox, cynics have been shaking their heads and murmuring that it couldn't last.

For a long time, however, it seemed that they were wrong. Studios continued to prosper, the golden flood poured into the box offices without cessation, the goose remained aloft in every stellar home.

Even when the depression—do I dare mention it?—hit the country at large, the picture industry seemed to bear a charmed life—or charmed pocketbook, at least.

"When every one is plunged in gloom, they need diversion more than ever," the moguls reasoned—at first.

For a while, receipts seemed to justify their judgment. The dollars and fifty-cent pieces and quarters continued to roll in until, suddenly, the supply of silver began to run low.

Instead of going to every movie in sight, just because it was handy, people began to shop more carefully for their amusement. And while lines still formed at the right theaters—those showing films of real entertainment value—the cinema palaces which featured mediocre productions remained strangely unoccupied.

That is when the wage-cut serpent began to glide stealthily into the studios.

The Fox lot was the first affected. While the upheaval which took place there when the bankers arrived and assumed control of activities affected the players to no great extent, it was, nevertheless, the beginning of the change which was later to leave no studio unaffected.

Within the past year, every major lot has felt the grim fingers of retrenchment. From most executive down to lowliest office boy, no pay envelope has been exempt from dat' ol' day's "cut."

Some of the stars have contested the nic given to their bank rolls, while others have accepted the new order of things with grace. But regardless of how they have felt about it, virtually every star in Hollywood has been forced to adopt radical economies in the scale of living.

George Arlino, who has always received \$80,000 for each picture, was notified by Warner Brothers that in the future they

BLUES

the players that melancholy feeling.

Benham

could afford to pay him only \$60,000. Arliss, being one of the best sports in the business, shrugged his shoulders and agreed without argument.

On the other hand, while the depression has not cut Garbo's salary, it was the indirect cause of M.-G.-M. not meeting her salary demands for a new contract.

As the expiration of her old contract drew near, Metro made overtures to obtain her signature on the dotted line of a new one. They offered her \$10,000 a week, which is considerably more than she has been getting.

Greta shook her head and her manager murmured that she might be induced to postpone her trip home for a consideration of \$14,000 a week on a long-term agreement. For a time both sides remained adamant. Then Metro, growing panicky at the thought of losing their glamorous star, raised the ante to \$12,500 a week.

This was really more than they felt they could afford, but they *did* hate to see Garbo depart. Garbo continued to say "No!" so Metro said "Good-by!"

But in other and rosier days, her demands would have been met without a murmur. Well, at least, they would have been met.

Though the matter has not been publicized, it is known to a few persons that there has been a readjustment on Maurice Chevalier's \$10,000-a-week contract with Paramount. While the ingratiating Maurice still receives that amount during the time he is at work on each picture, his salary between films is considerably less. But he still makes enough to buy dainty slippers for Madame Chevalier.

Richard Barthelmess is another star who has voluntarily accepted a reduction in his income.

Besides cutting salaries, studios have effected an economy by releasing many of their contract players and signing actors and actresses by the picture.

Joan Blondell, like Gable, makes \$750 a week and considers herself lucky.

Photo by Lippman



Photo by Bull

M.-G.-M. would not offer Garbo more than \$12,500 and she refused to sign a new contract.



Richard Barthelmess now makes three pictures for what he formerly got for two.



To-day no studio has the long list of high-salaried contract players that it had during the glorious years of plenty. And with the increase of free-lance players, it is an easy matter to sign many of them at a considerably lower figure than was possible in the past.

Of course, this does not apply to every one who works by the picture. Often this system is highly advantageous to the individual. This is true in the case of players who have built up such a demand for their services that they can get their "asking price" from any company that needs them.

Lewis Stone is a shining example of this. Metro found it cheaper to sign him on a long-term contract than to meet the figure he demanded for weekly services when they found that they were using him so often.

Other factors that have been instrumental in lowering the salary scale of the cinemighty are the influx of stage talent and the revival of the old Hollywood custom of signing unknowns and building them into stardom.

In the first instance, the stage players have never received salaries proportionate to those earned by their brothers and sisters of the screen. Therefore, when offered a weekly stipend at which many a self-respecting movie star of the old régime would have sniffed, the little girls and boys from Broadway have accepted with alacrity. Compared to what they have been making, it looks pretty good to them.

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TEA FOR TWO

Maureen O'Sullivan has taken a house with a girl friend
to escape the entanglements coming from living alone.

I'VE decided not to live alone any longer. It wasn't good for me. I found myself getting entangled with people I wanted nothing to do with at all. I was getting myself into all sorts of situations, and I don't believe it would be good for me to remain alone. In fact, you can be alone too much. You get into old-maidish ways."

This from Maureen O'Sullivan the day after her twenty-first birthday, as we sat in the restaurant of the Metro-Goldwyn studio where she was starting her first day's work on "Skyscraper Souls," with Warren William.

So to-day Maureen has a girl friend, who has just come from New York. They share the expenses of the house.

Since coming to Hollywood some two years ago, Miss O'Sullivan has lived alone. Her independence was discussed in many ways, by many people.

"Any girl ought to live alone for a while," she told me at the time Fox was attempting to foist her onto the public as a second Janet Gaynor—an attempt appreciated least of all by Maureen. Every one said she was too young, too sweet, to live alone in dangerous Hollywood.

"Why not?" Maureen demanded. "The place has nothing to do with it. By following a set of fixed rules, any girl can live alone without any danger."

Then why the sudden turnabout? Did her rules prove useless against life? For Maureen likes playing with fire.

By William H. McKegg

She made this very evident by being seen with one or two who had been characterized as "dangerous men." It was all

very exciting. People gasped with fear, expecting to hear the worst any day. Maureen, looking more ethereal, more elfin than ever, ignored criticism and advice and went her own sweet way.

"Now I can breathe freely again," she said one day with a laugh when a certain admirer phoned, to be told "Miss O'Sullivan is at the studio." He left a frantic message that he was on his way East. If she came home in time to get his message, would she try and get down to the station to see him off? The train took him East, but there was no O'Sullivan to see him away.

"So far I have got away with it," Maureen went on, in spite of bitter scorn from my direction, "but you're right, one day I'll meet my match."

It is like this: one of Maureen's wild notions is to make some particular man believe she is crazy about him, when he really means nothing to her. It is not hard. The strongest man will fall when he sees the O'Sullivan near by, strangely mystic, a solitary child, silently—so he thinks—calling to him for help!

"Why do I get myself into so many mix-ups?" she asked once, sitting up very straight on the settee, her feet curled beneath her. She gazed for a while into the smoke of her cigarette, like some young Sibyl demanding a reply from the gods. "It's not that I want to. Yet I seem to take a delight in leading a person on, even against my inclination, making him think I adore him. Then the first thing I know I'm almost running into marriage."

Up to the present something has always occurred to avert the engagement and marriage. The young O'Sullivan breathes freely once more and looks for a fresh conquest with its particular thrilling results.

"What must they think of you?" I asked her once.

"I have never found out," Maureen replied in an indifferant voice. "Luckily, each time something has happened to separate us. But I don't suppose it will be like that always."

About a year ago, Maureen startled Hollywood by being seen constantly in the company of John Farrow, the writer. Now Johnnie is all right. But—

"He is too worldly-wise for that child," Hollywood said, as in one voice.

"Have I heard what they are saying!" O'Sullivan exclaimed when I once drew her attention from hectic adventures to Dame Rumor. "Have I! But I'm paying no attention to talk. Naturally it hurts to think that people should talk about me that way. Yet why should I let a few ambiguous comments change my mode of living?"

While lunching with her at the studio, this old topic cropped up. Here was Maureen. There was Mr. Farrow in London.

"I'm rather glad that it is over between Johnnie and me," Maureen said. One could almost see the free breath she gave. "It was too hectic and upsetting." And then the O'Sullivan gave way to one of her "Why-must-I?" moods.

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"If I hear a man is dangerous, I have to find out for myself," says Maureen O'Sullivan.

Photo by William Grimes



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN goes smiling through. And why not? She has a brand-new contract, plenty of rôles, and more beaus than are good for her, as you will learn from the story on the opposite page by William H. McKegg.



Photo by Powolny

CAN this sleek, sophisticated coiffure belong to Janet Gaynor? It can—it does! Which is by way of saying that *Diane* is growing up and her next picture, "The First Year," shows Janet as a harassed young wife.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

THERE is really no reason why Bette Davis should look so pensive. After being introduced to the public in "The Man Who Played God," "So Big," and "The Rich Are Always With Us," leading rôles are being lavished on her.



Photo by Hurrell

TWO years ago in a story called "Talent Goes Begging," Picture Play drew attention to Virginia Bruce's wasted loveliness. Ziegfeld took heed, glorified her, and now she is back in Hollywood with a contract and scheduled for big things.



Photo by Preston Duncan

WE don't believe it is her divorce that makes Ann Harding look thoughtful so much as the fact that modistes and beauty experts have been instructed to make her glamorous and wave her hair. At any rate, her next picture is "Conquerors," with Richard Dix.



ONSLow STEVENS, six feet two, 175 pounds, dark hair and eyes, is the grandson of a composer and son of an actress. He has seen active service in the regular army and comes to the screen from the Pasadena Community Theater. From the serial, "Heroes of the West," he went to "Radio Patrol."

Photo by Freulich



Photo by Otto Dyar

CARY GRANT, with a flair for wise-cracking that makes him the delight of the girls on the Paramount lot, looking for new worlds—or girls—to conquer, is next seen with Tallulah Bankhead in "Devil and the Deep."



LOOKING startlingly like Valentino, George Raft has a personality all his own. Fresh from "Scarface," he next appears in "Madame Racketeer." Madeline Glass, in the story on the opposite page, tells you what you want to know about him.

HOT FEET

George Raft's dancing won him success on the stage,
but he's now headed for greater success in pictures.

By Madeline Glass

HEL-LO, ba-bee! You look hot!" sings George Raft on meeting a girl friend—any girl friend.

Formerly a dancer and now a sensational screen gangster, George likes hot music, hot dancing, and a hot time generally. I don't know how he manages in a town where having a hot time is synonymous with getting drunk, for George—don't talk back to me!—does not drink.

This revelation was not surprising. Our most sinister movie characters are portrayed by actors who, off-screen, likely as not are addicted to playing the zither or collecting rare lace.

You know the saying, "An actor plays best that which he is not." So for all his gory deeds in "Scarface" and "Dancers in the Dark," it was only fitting that George Raft should turn out to be a polite and circumspect young gentleman whose soft voice barely carried above the turmoil of the Paramount restaurant, and who ordered tomato juice, milk, and two medium-boiled eggs.

"I'm never hungry," he explained when I offered him some of my creamed chicken. "When I was dancing I had to keep my weight down to one hundred and thirty pounds—I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five—and I got used to going without food. At that time I always ate at midnight, after my dancing was over. Now I'm trying to break myself of the habit of eating so late."

George has been touted as a dead ringer for Valentino, and the resemblance is rather striking. He also looks like Robert Armstrong, yet remains entirely individual in manner and personality. His slightly oblique eyes are framed in straight black lashes. He had just come from the set and was as innocent of make-up as a turtle is of whiskers. One instantly perceives a Latin strain—particularly noticeable in his hands—and wonders about his nationality.

"Are you an American?" I asked curiously.

"Yes. My mother is Italian and my father German."

I soon found out, among other things, that George was born on Forty-first Street, New York City, that he has no brothers or sisters, that he has been a newsboy and an electrician's helper, and that his education suffered when financial reverses assailed his father.

"I know my English isn't perfect," he observed.

"Who's is?" I inquired. I didn't detect any grammatical error in his speech.



Photo by Richee

Like Valentino, George started his film career playing villains.

"Why did you give it up?"

"I wasn't a success at it," said he. "Twenty-five fights and seven knock-outs—look at my ear!"

I looked. There is a slight notch in the rim of the left one put there by an opponent.

"When I was fifteen," he continued, "I had to go to work, so I decided to be a prize fighter. I stuck to the ring for two years."

"You're lucky it isn't a cauliflower," I said. "Then what?"

"I tried professional baseball, but I wasn't very hot at that. I gave it up—rather it gave me up—after two seasons."

Through all these shifting scenes and occupations, George was trying to find his proper place in the world. His energy and zest for living are tremendous. In the vernacular of the race track, he has a running heart.

"Every morning when I wake up," he told me, "I say to myself, 'America, I love you!'—and I thank God for being alive and able to work."

"As I'd always been crazy about hot music and hot dancing, I started out as a hooper, beginning with Churchill's and Rector's."

And in that field George's success exceeded all expectations. During the next five years his amazingly fast feet and running heart took him through most of the night clubs, musical shows, and picture theaters of New York and the Pacific Coast, and sent him to the capitals of Europe.

Throughout his career in the States, George was rewarded with thunderous applause, but Old World audiences were not so responsive. True, the Prince of Wales patronized a café where he danced and sought out Raft for a few lessons in the strenuous art of performing the Charleston and the Blackbottom, which were then in vogue. The Prince and the hooper got along nicely and the former gave his teacher a cigarette lighter. But Raft missed the chandelier-shaking applause which he had known at home.

"This," said he, thinking over the situation, "isn't so hot. Trick dancing seems to be losing its appeal over here." He may even have added, "America, I love you!"

And forthwith he returned to his old Broadway haunts. "I thought about the movies, but I didn't know any one in Hollywood, and I didn't know a thing about acting. So I went on dancing."

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POOR Relations



When at the height of her fame, Clara Bow worked tooth and nail to land Cousin William, but what of it?

OH, to be related to a movie star! "That's all I need!" cry millions of the would-be famous.

Then the glory and the bank roll that automatically come with Hollywood success would be yours, too. To be related to a big name on the crest of the world's greatest racket would give you the opportunity to meet the right people, the powers that be. With such an entrée, and with stellar indorsement, it would be no trick at all to follow in the footsteps of your renowned relative.

It takes pull to get ahead in the movies! On the surface there may seem to be a good deal of truth in this theory. But actually what is the advantage of pull?

The facts show that such stars as Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Colleen Moore, Maurice Chevalier, Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Dolores del Rio, John Barrymore, and many others, *have not enough pull* to do their aspiring relatives any real or permanent good.

I don't deny that introductions are valuable. If you can combine pleasure with business, meet important people at a beach club or your stellar relative's Beverly shack, so much the better. Money talks, and louder in Hollywood where sound is amplified.

This I grant you. Contracts have a way of going hand in hand with contacts. You may have all the ability any producer could dream about, but what availeth it if you can't get in to display it? Hollywood casting directors believe only what they see. There's entirely too much hot air press-agented around to take stock in mere claims.

Theoretically, your glittering, wire-pulling relative hints, negotiates, commands. You attend the parties of the great. You clink toasts with the producers. They are not only acquaintances, but your pals. And do you shine? According to the know-it-alls, yes.

Blossom MacDonald is sister of the great Jeanette, yet she remains on the fringe.



Right here is where I beg to differ. I can name at least fifty front-page names who have been doing their durndest to help actor relatives. These people have all the pull there is to have. And what good does it do?

Certainly, Norma Shearer's brother, Douglas, is head of the sound department for M.-G.-M. Janet Gaynor's husband was transformed from a lawyer into a studio executive in miraculously short time, and Billie Dove might be but a memory if it were not for the recent effort of Howard Hughes to give her another chance.

With such examples the envious seek to convince you of the necessity of pull. They overlook the basic fact—the most the possessor of the greatest pull can do is to give the *opportunity* to triumph.

Just think of the pull that has thus far failed!

Greta Garbo. What couldn't she do for you if she were your sister? Well, how much has she been able to do for her brother? So little that you may never have heard of his existence. Yet he is acting in Swedish pictures.

Joan Crawford and Colleen Moore have ambitious brothers who have been trying to crash the gates as actors for years. They have given these two young men every opportunity they could. Colleen even had her brother featured in a play in Los Angeles to attract the producers. With such pull, where are Hal LeSueur and Cleve Moore? *Not* in the electric lights.

Which reminds one of Buddy Rogers's efforts to put his brother, Bh, across. Buddy got Bh a Para-

Reina Velez is Lupe's sister. She played a bit in "Panama Flo" months ago.

Though kin to stars and the cinema great, they prove that pull helps not at all in making a name for themselves.

By Ben Maddox

mount contract, changed the odd name to Bruce, and announced that another idol was about to emerge. When the first option time came around, Bruce reverted to Bh without ever having had a rôle.

In this case, however, we do not need to waste any sympathy as he married a wealthy girl and learned to shoot a corking game of golf—all on Paramount's time.

Valentino. His second wife, Natacha Rambova, was intensely ambitious. He financed a picture which she directed—and it wasn't worth releasing. In fact, it was his unsuccessful efforts to have her established as story editor and supervisor on his pictures which led to his costly break with Paramount. And remember Valentino's brother who came to Hollywood to succeed Rudy? Or maybe you don't, for no offers were made him.

Clara Bow. Every film magazine once ran the photograph of her personable young cousin, William, who left Brooklyn to move into her Beverly home and become a star, too. Though Clara was the biggest box-office draw of the time, William got nowhere.

Could the all-powerful Constance Bennett revive interest in her sister Barbara? As Richard Bennett's daughter, Barbara was given a chance along with Constance and Joan to make good in the talkies. The third Bennett girl evidently hasn't enough pull to get starring rôles.

Laura La Plante's sister, Violet, had a terrific yen to be a star, too. Despite plenty of pull, the unknown sister is still unknown. Charles Seiter, younger brother of Laura's husband, William A. Seiter, prominent director, wanted to be a screen juvenile. The influential Seiter hasn't landed his brother in the big time yet.

Lupe Velez. What producer wouldn't like another sexy whirlwind? There are other Velez girls available, Lupe's sisters. No one appears interested.

Being married to a star, and a creditable actor or

Carmelita Geraghty is the daughter of a famous scenario writer, a pal of Douglas Fairbanks. How often do you see her?

Being Joan Crawford's brother has brought scant success to Hal LeSueur who wants to act, too.



Buddy Rogers wangled a contract for Brother Bruce who hadn't had a rôle when it expired.

actress yourself—now what could be a better situation? If your own merits could not arouse enough enthusiasm, certainly a word from your better half would turn the trick.

Again I say—*yeah?*

Take a look at some of our wedded stars and notice how much good pull is doing the lesser lights. At Charlie Farrell, for example. His wife, Virginia Valli, works occasionally for obscure companies. Once a star herself and Mrs. Charles Farrell now, but what of it?

Maurice Chevalier ought to have a little drag, don't you think? His wife made a name for herself in France as Yvonne Vallée. In Hollywood she has received only one request to make a cinema appearance, and that was in a foreign version. Mrs. Wallace Reid, the widow of another idol, capitalized on her husband's name in a few productions after his death. Though an actress of repute before marriage, too, she was unable to create any stir.

How about some of our famous feminine stars who have actor husbands? Ralph Forbes got a part in one of his wife's talkies, and Ruth Chatterton helped him get a lead with Clara Bow. Claudette Colbert is starred by Paramount, but her husband, Norman Foster, fights his own battles for supporting rôles.

When Dolores del Rio was getting \$8,000 a week, her husband, Jaime del Rio, was trying to sell a play in Hollywood. She did what she could; no buyers materialized. Recently she was out of the running herself for a year, despite the fact that her second husband, Cedric Gibbons, is art director for M.-G.-M. Her return is being made *not* at her husband's studio.

Think of the famous male stars whose actress wives have not found their husbands' pull sufficient. Reginald Denny tried to help his wife, Bubbles Steifel, up the ladder. They

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HOLLYWOOD

Recording the passing whims and doings of the screen folk.

Ethel Appraises Brothers.—We talked to Ethel Barrymore and discovered that she is a great fan of Lionel's. She nearly leaped out of

her seat in the theater the first time that she saw him in "The Lion and the Mouse." She got shushed by the audience for exclaiming out loud at the lifelikeness of his voice in this early talkie. She admires John most in comedy. "I think it is a good thing for him to play comedy and get away from profiling his way through pictures," she said.

Which shows that the Barrymores aren't such Pollyannas that they can't criticize one another. Not by any means!

The Shamrock Romance.—James Dunn seems very devoted to Maureen O'Sullivan, but there are still other girls on his broad horizon. June Knight, to whom he paid rather steady attention some months ago, is also coming back to the Coast, and that may add to the complexities. Nevertheless, Maureen and Jimmy are our notion of an ideal match.

Cost of Stardom Increases.—Latest routine acquisition of Hollywood stars is official bodyguards. This builds up prestige, insures safety, and increases expense—the last always being a fairly important item. Even the newcomers want bodyguards, why, we don't know. Probably to look impressive.

Marlene Dietrich seems to be responsible for the fashion, but with good reason, for she had various letters threatening kidnaping. Her director, Josef von Sternberg, was similarly bothered. An amusing angle on his troubles was that he was mistakenly referred to in one of the news accounts of the extortion threats as Josef von Sternbark.

Speedy Studio Life.—George M. Cohan, newly arrived to appear in pictures, has a smart Japanese man who has been in the stage star's employ for years. The two often walk to the studio together, as Cohan likes the exercise. One day the Japanese appeared agitated about the



Joan Crawford was marooned on Catalina Island for several weeks while filming "Rain."

THE best actor and the best actress of the talking screen are back in Hollywood again. Leslie Howard is now playing in "Smilin' Through," and if no

changes are made in schedule, Helen Hayes will soon be seen in "Farewell to Arms."

If any one wants to argue with us about their relative merits, comparative or otherwise, or tell us how good Gable, Garbo, Shearer, March, Robinson, and all others are, they can go ahead and shout their heads off. We stand pat. Leslie Howard is the best actor, and Helen Hayes is the best actress, and to heck with any arguments to the contrary—say we.

And the *best* thing we could imagine is for them to appear in a picture together, and maybe they will before the summer is over.

Royal Family Assembles.—The entire Barrymore family are in pictures, except one of the three children of Ethel, and the two of John. John has a son now, you know.

The Barrymore congregation will be seen in "Rasputin." And the "congregation" means chiefly Lionel and John, and Ethel who has not worked in films for years.

When he learned that Ethel had actually signed a contract, Lionel exclaimed, "And pray tell me what poor unlucky individual is going to direct the opus in which all three of us appear?"

Now make of that what you will.



Photo by Hurrell

Leila Hyams will soon be seen with Lionel Barrymore in a film reflecting Washington life.

Fredric March is slated for several choice rôles this season.

Photo by Dyar



HIGH LIGHTS

time. He kept looking at his watch as they proceeded from the Ambassador Hotel to the Paramount studio.

"Oh, that's all right," said Cohan. "There's plenty of time to get there. You don't need to worry."

"No worry—no worry," answered the Japanese. "Plenty of time to get there, and plenty of time after we get there, you bet!"

A New Silent Star.—Latest craze of movie colony has been an East Indian mystic known as Shri Meher Baba, whose chief claim to fame seems to be that he has not spoken for seven years. Maybe he seemed a relief after the bad dialogue in pictures!

Stork Offers Variety.—Talk about contrasts in movieland. Dolores Costello Barrymore became the mother of a six-pound-ten-ounce baby and Carmel Myers the mother of a ten-pound-fourteen-ounce baby within a few days of each other.

Blessed events are happening so frequently nowadays that we simply can't attempt to keep track of them. It's the fashion this year, you see.

Jackie Still Human.—Just to prove what a human boy he is, even with all the fuss that was made over him on his trip to New York, the first thing that Jackie Cooper wanted when he returned to Hollywood was to rush out to his home to see his rabbits and ride on his bike. Just a kid, after all!

Connie Again Cleans Up.—Things can move along in their accustomed channels once again, for Constance Bennett's second picture at \$30,000 a week for Warner Brothers is all but ready for showing. Constance got into a little wrangle with a Hollywood agency over a commission on this picture. They attached some \$16,000 of her salary while arguing the matter out in the courts. However, Connie still has nearly \$135,000. So it isn't so terribly serious.

A Gentle Adventurer.—A very amazing gentleman by the name of Peter

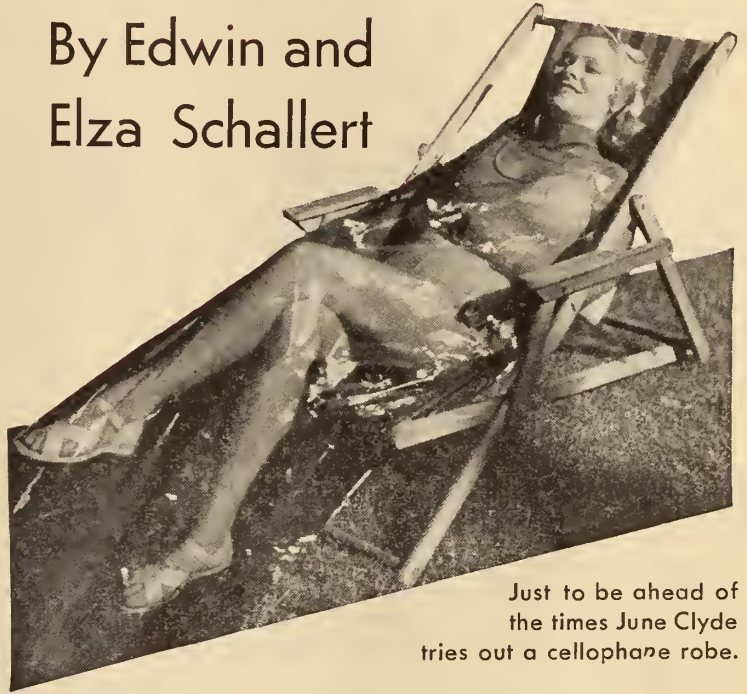


After a successful fight against illness lasting a year, Lila Lee returns to the screen in "Radio Patrol" and "War Correspondent."

Why shouldn't Jack Oakie grin? He's had no arguments lately and he's got the lead in "Million Dollar Legs."

Photo by Longworth

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Just to be ahead of the times June Clyde tries out a cellophane robe.

Freuchen recently visited movieland. He is the author of "Eskimo" and will appear in this picture which is being made in the northern part of Alaska by M.-G.-M. Among other things, he had to hack off his leg one time because it was frozen. Other deeds of strength and courage were credited to him, and Hollywood in its accustomed way expected him to be terrifically hard boiled. He is one of the softest-spoken gentlemen ever to visit the cinema capital, and several feminine stars almost fell dead when in true Continental fashion he bent over and kissed their hands. He has eyes like those of a child.

Another Gilbert Marriage?—August 4th is the deadline. Then Hollywood will probably be able to tell whether John Gilbert will really wed Virginia Bruce. Of course, they might slip away to Mexico before that time, but anyway the colony seems loath to credit this newest engagement until the marriage actually occurs. This would make Jack's fourth venture in marriage.

Hollywood Men Washout.—One little girl by the name of Dolores Rey from the Ziegfeld "Follies" has had her say, let the chips fall where they will. She declares that she loathes Hollywood men because she thinks they are conceited, dress inelegantly, and have atrocious manners. Could a lady say less or more?

Father's Welfare Guarded.—Eddie Cantor has become an aviation enthusiast, and in true Cantor fashion

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ANTS IN THE

Illustrated
by
Lui
Trugo



Screen fame is like a picnic—it's grand, but some little nuisance is always pestering the stars.

EVERY rose has its thorn, every drink its headache. Elysium, the state of perfect happiness, is a long, long jaunt from Hollywood, glamorous city of illusion. And if you are one of the envious horde who labor under the impression that a weekly salary running into four figures, and a palatial mansion, sporting a swimming pool, make for perfect happiness, let me set you straight.

It's the little things that do the damage. Like dropping water wearing away the stone. Or ants in the picnic sandwich. And, with your permission, I'd like to rub a few spots off the glamour that surrounds the success-ridden mighty.

If you had a handsome husband and a little daughter, wouldn't you want the whole world to know?

When Ann Harding first came to Hollywood and began to speak in glowing terms of her precious family, the ones who know about such things threw up their collective hands in horror and begged her to desist.

"Keep it dark!" they implored, with tearful eyes. "If you would be a success, above all things keep your family in the background. The fans won't like it."

Miss Harding always has had a happy propensity for living her life as she enjoyed it most. It was a habit formed in the cradle, and because of it, or perhaps in spite of it, she has invariably taken from life everything her heart desired.

Determinedly, then, she set her chin. "Love me, love my family!" she declared coolly. "Or else—" And disapproving Hollywood was forced to accept the ultimatum and like it—until the crash came.

Constance Bennett's particular thorn is the press. Reporters and interviewers have so consistently misquoted her that she is scared to death even to say "Hello!" to any of them, for fear they'll knock off the final vowel and publicly accuse her of profanity.

Which makes it all very dif-

ficult for a girl obliged to struggle along on a mere thirty thousand a week, and with little or no idea as to where her next marquis is coming from.

Ricardo Cortez, who has been coming back in a great big way of late, has a deep-seated aversion to dress suits and tight-fitting collars. This small thorn was brought to light after lengthy consideration, for Ricardo is singularly happy and admits he has no major peevs to mar his consistently pleasant existence.

He prefers to dress informally, and does so except on those rare occasions when he attends an opening.

Sweet charity is beginning to sour as far as Irene Dunne is concerned.

Women's clubs, averaging some ten or twelve members, have imposed on her generosity with countless requests for personal appearances, until this gracious lady fairly cringes at the word "charity."

The well-known last straw was a benefit bridge party, the receipts of which added up to the amazing total of two dollars and thirty-five cents. And was the presiding chairman's face red? Not so you could notice it. She

broke into a rash of preparation for a return bout, probably in hopes of making it an even three dollars. Miss Dunne sent kind but firm regrets.

Richard Dix's generosity has made him the unwilling target of numerous wildcat promoters, who, if laid end to end, would reach into anybody's pocket for a down payment on an idea—their idea.

"I've been asked to finance everything from a crashless airplane to a nonskid bath mat," Dix said mournfully. "Persistent solicitors leap out at me from the most unexpected places. And you can't discourage them."

Isn't that just too

Richard Dix just loves salesmen who pop out from unexpected places.



SANDWICH

By Barbara Barry

tough? Handsome and healthy, with plenty of the necessary what-have-you in the bank, and a beautiful, young wife to burn the morning toast—it sure looks like the life of Riley to us innocent bystanders. But cut yourself a piece of cake while auntie reminds you all is not gold that glitters.

Helen Twelvetrees hates to have her picture taken. Quite at home before a movie camera, she is as nervous as a schoolgirl making her *début* in a class play when she has to pose for the portrait photographer. Strange that one so beautiful should object to this particular feature of the movie racket. But there it is! And the little lady insists that is her only objection to this intangible thing called fame.

Even the comedians are not immune. If you think for one minute that the life of a funny fellow is one long laugh, let Bert Wheeler tell you.

"No matter what I do," he says sorrowfully, "I'm supposed to be funny. Let me slice a drive on the golf course and some looker-on is sure to laugh and say, 'My, that was funny! What a guy! Always clowning!'"

"The other day, when I absent-mindedly drove through a signal, the cop who stopped me laughed until his sides shook. 'That was a great joke you played on me, Mr. Wheeler,' he chuckled. 'Now, I'll play one on you.' And he handed me a ticket!"

Carol Lombard objects to the dentist and doctor bills that are twice as much as they would be "if one were not in pictures!"

"My pet thorn?" Miriam Hopkins yawned deliciously. "Well, the thing that annoys me most is having to get up at seven o'clock in order to be on the set at nine."

Omigosh! What can the gal find to do from seven till nine? All my nine-o'clock laboring acquaintances leap out of bed at eight forty, dash under the shower for a split second, grab a fried egg and pull on their clothes as they run excitedly for the eight-fifty car. Auntie must have a heart-to-heart talk with this Hopkins gal.

Wallace Beery, Phillips Holmes, and Clive Brook regret most the unexpected calls from the studio that interfere with vacation plans.

Charlie Ruggles, Sylvia Sidney, and Polly Moran are annoyed by the swarm of "I-knew-you-whens" who trade on a dim and distant acquaintanceship to make touches.

Tallulah Bankhead's grand gripe is much the same as Connie Bennett's. Famed for her brilliant and sometimes pointed repartée, it irks her to find some especially scintillating remark transformed into a serious and dull statement by the press.

Gossip is the bane of



Movie success is a heady something that brings on its own peculiar pains.

Joan Crawford's existence. "I want to live my life like a normal human being!" she cries. "Things I do or say, things that would pass unnoticed in an ordinary person, are pounced upon and gossiped about until I'm actually terrified to appear in public."

As Charles Butterworth would say, "Ah, the pity of it!"

Marie Dressler loves to do her own shopping. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than the personal selection of curtains, furniture, and dishes for her home, and shoes, hats, and clothing for herself. But let her set foot inside a department store and the stampede is on. Salesgirls and shoppers swarm around her clamoring for souvenirs, photographs, and autographs, until she's lucky to get out with her original clothes on.

Marie likes to talk to people. She sincerely appreciates their interest in her but they get her to chatting and she never manages to accomplish the errands which she sets out to do.

Warren William especially dislikes meeting himself coming back from the studio, when, after working far into the night, he is obliged to arise at an unearthly hour and report for work, almost before sunrise.

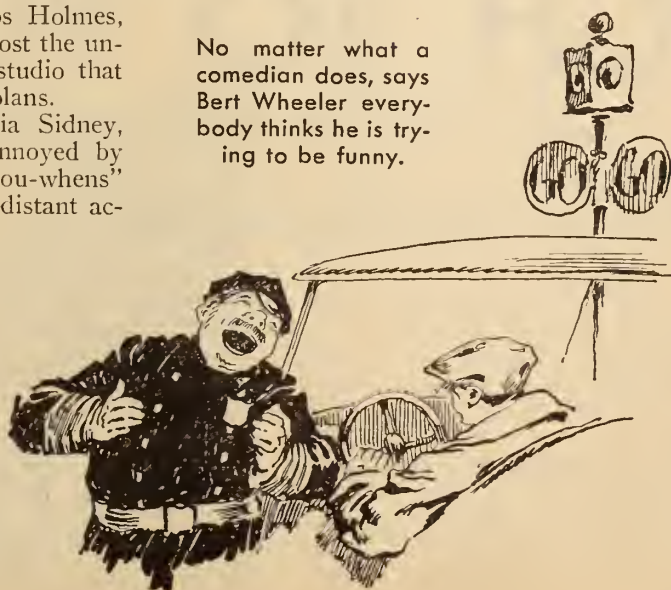
It doesn't give him much time to count his weekly salary. And how it must pile up on him!

Dorothy Jordan wishes she could go out with a young man just once without having every magazine announce her engagement to the gentleman of the moment.

Aw, now, Dot, you don't begrudge the public a teeny-weeny thrill occasionally, do you? After all, life would be pretty drab without our moments.

And the kiddies: "How would you like to leave your brand-new dog at home, just because he might bark at the

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No matter what a comedian does, says Bert Wheeler everybody thinks he is trying to be funny.



Photo by Powolny

Is he
really
hard-
boiled?
Read
how he
behaves
at home.

TOUGH TO YOU

Spencer Tracy is setting a hard pace in he-man playing, but don't let that fool you.

IN the joyous business of interviewing, we writers come to look on ourselves as pretty good judges of human nature. We see a person on the screen and think we've got him catalogued. Then we go gayly out to tackle our victim, confident we have the Indian sign on him—or her—and that, with our deep knowledge of psychology, we'll have no trouble in worming life's secrets from filmdom's favorite.

Occasionally there's an upset and the people's choice doesn't pan out exactly as we had anticipated. It's very disturbing. Spencer Tracy is the latest to make me think I may not be as good as I had fondly imagined.

I saw Spencer in "Up the River" and again, almost

By Samuel Richard Mook

a year later, in "Quick Millions." He was a brash, wise-cracking irresponsible gangster, and the minute I saw him

I knew he'd be good for a thousand laughs a minute. I made a mental note that I must meet him and collect the laughs—God knows we get few enough of them—but what with one thing and another I never quite got around to it.

Then fate played right into my stubby hands. One day last summer Robert Montgomery brought him and Robert Williams down to Neil Hamilton's beach house when I was there. "Aha!" said I, "here he is right in the flesh—and he doesn't know I'm a writer. We'll all be a lot of old pals together and I'll see what he's like."

Little I knew. Neil, Montgomery, Williams, and I were old pals together all right, but "Spens" sat on the edge of the charmed circle—and sat, and sat, and sat. Williams told one anecdote after another of which Spens was the butt, but Mr. Tracy sat in sheepish silence. Beyond "Hello!" when he came in and "Good-by!" when he left, I don't believe he uttered ten words in the hour he was there.

What a blow! I completely lost interest in him except as a darned good actor.

Joan Bennett was working with him when she broke her hip and was laid up in the hospital. I was spending the afternoon with her once when Spens called to inquire how she was getting along. After she hung up the phone I said, with all the tact and finesse for which the Mooks are famous, "Tell me, what's the matter with that mug? Hasn't he *any* sense of humor at all?"

Joan looked at me in startled surprise. "Sure he has. He's got a grand sense of humor. Why?"

"I just wondered. I met him once and he simply sat there like a bump on a log without opening his mouth."

"You've got to *know* him before he'll loosen up," she responded.

"Umm. Maybe," I said, unconvinced.

But what with Fox, Paramount, and Warners signing up new and unknown players right and left, all of whom were touted as potential Bennetts, Garbos, Gables, and Crawfords, and all of whom had to be interviewed, there seemed little likelihood of Mr. Tracy and me staging a get-to-know-each-other party—until the preview of "Disorderly Conduct."

Spens gave such a human, such an engaging and satisfying performance, that I began to wonder if even I might not have been mistaken in my judgment of him.

After the preview, one of the Fox officials undertook to introduce the members of the cast. They were all right down in front—where they belonged—and when they were introduced they could rise, face the audience, and bow. That is, they were all down in front but Mr. Tracy. He had waited to come in until after the picture started and then had taken a seat directly in front of the door.

When the picture was finished he meant to duck out the door, but another official stood in front of it and blocked him. When he was introduced, he gave an ashamed little bow and ran. Outside, I encountered him again and, in that beneficent manner of mine, bestowed the accolade.

Spencer will not show off himself, but his horse—that is another matter.



Photo by Powolny

The Tracy holiday smile is a smile.



Spencer's next film is "After the Rain" and then "What Price Glory?"

"A great performance, Tracy," I said.

"Thanks," he came back at me brilliantly and fled.

There it was again—that same uncommunicativeness that had characterized our first meeting.

I came to the conclusion that it was not possible for a man to be as brilliant on the screen and as uninteresting off as Tracy had tried to be. I phoned the studio next morning and made an appointment with him—for lunch, of course.

At the luncheon table, Mr. Tracy disrupted my composure by suddenly facing me and demanding, "You're the chap who asked Joan Bennett if I had a sense of humor, aren't you?"

The color that suffused my face was answer enough.

"Why?" he persisted.

"Because I wanted to know," I defended myself lamely, mentioning the Hamilton incident.

"I didn't know any of those people down there," he muttered.

Trying to get a word out of him is like—like—well, you've got to blast to get him to utter a syllable until you get to know him. After that, he's swell.

He's taken up polo with great gusto and enthusiasm. But he won't get out on the field to play until he's sure he's going to be able to play well. He has rented a horse and spends hours at a time on the field by himself, practicing riding and hitting the ball with a mallet.

Once I went down to watch him. He came over to the car when I arrived and stood there chatting. "Go on and hit a few. Let's see you," I urged.

"Nix," said Tracy. "I'm not ready yet. Go on, beat it. You make me self-conscious."

I hid in a ravine and watched him. He never missed a shot, but he wouldn't voluntarily let me watch him for fear he might.

An hour later when he came in with his horse and I was hanging around the stable, he came over pleased as Punch. "Look, Dick," he said, grinning like a small kid, "watch." He started walking away with his hand in his coat pocket, gave a

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Lucky the girl who has Miriam Hopkins's blondness—if she doesn't try to be a Titian.

THERE is no hard and fast rule for beauty. Even if we are definitely blond or brunet or Titian, not one of us are duplicates of another. Tall girls and short girls, serious faces and mischievous ones, black-haired, blondes, and in-betweens, may look their loveliest in this modern world.

No matter what your type, be yourself! If you are black-eyed and olive-skinned, don't yearn to be platinum blonde, and above all don't try to be one. Emphasize your exotic charm by the clothes you wear and by your make-up. Be the vivid person you were meant to be.

If you are a curly-haired, peaches-and-cream blonde, don't try to be tailored and sophisticated. Fashion as well as nature is on your side. Be charming and sweet and romantic in your candy-box costumes. Protect your blondness as you do your gay young life—let gentlemen have what they prefer!

Look around and you will see what I mean. Girls who were born dark-haired become red-headed overnight. The girl who is naturally Titian ruins her delicate skin by going tanned. The blonde, with prized golden locks has grown darker, with obviously bleached hair. Don't do it, girls. Nature has typed you and she knew what she was about. She can be depended upon to do her part if you will do yours.

Let us say there are five distinct types, the brunette, the medium brunette, the ash blonde, the medium blonde, and the Titian or redhead. Whether you are one of

DON'T BE A

The foundation of charm is being yourself, says our beauty specialist.

these definite types or one of the in-betweens who is no type at all, this is a year that says be sure of color and line—and that goes for faces as well as clothes.

The ash blonde with pale-gold hair, blue eyes, and a pink-toned skin, represents a type uniquely beautiful. Ann Harding is this type. Her costumes are chosen to form a background for her lovely hair and their beauty is in line and color, for frills, furbelows, and fantastic adornment would be as much out of place as a Marcel wave in her pale-gold tresses.

The ash blonde is chic in black and white or blue for daytime wear. She is stunning in black with a scarf or necklace to echo the color of her eyes. And she is lovely in pale pinks, blues, greens, and yellows and in soft, creamy white.

A delicate blonde should feature daintiness. She should pay special attention to grooming—to the little things that make such a difference in one's appearance. Her clothes and make-up must not assert themselves. Her powder must match or blend with her skin tones, and she may wear just a soft rose flush

for her cheeks—a little more accent for her lips. She should wear eyeshadow discreetly—just the merest trace of blue to make her blue eyes softer, deeper, and more entrancing, and for her brows and lashes accent must be applied with the lightest touch.

The medium blonde may wear all shades of blue, from pale to navy, also black, dark red, and warm brown. The blonde with warm skin tones, gold in her hair, and deep-blue eyes, can wear more intense tones than if she is of the same general coloring with less dash. Golden browns, reds, deep blues and greens, and black, with an accent of turquoise, will suit her. Miriam Hopkins

is a good example of the vivid, vital blonde—the type who is not limited to color or style but looks equally well in sports clothes or evening things.

The medium blonde should wear a powder to match her skin or just a shade darker—never lighter, and a rouge warmer in tone than that worn by her fairer sister, with a matching lipstick. She may be a little more generous in using her blue eyeshadow, shading it off so its darkest part is next the lashes. And she should accent her brows and lashes to match the deepest shadows in her hair—never black.

The Titian beauty with gray or green or blue-green



Miss Montanye tells how girls of Clara Bow's coloring should dress.

COPYCAT

By Lillian Montanye

eyes and a fair pale skin is a favorite type. She is at her best in black, black and white, reddish browns—and if her eyes happen to be green she is positively devastating in any shade of green. For evening she may wear all the lovely pastel shades, also gray, white and black and, strangely enough, some shades of pink and red.

This type will do well to select her rouge with due regard to the coloring nature has given her. Usually, an orange tone suits her better than the usual red or rose, and her powder must complement her delicate skin tones. If she has pale brows and lashes it's worth the effort to learn the tricks that will make them more definite and alluring. For the red-haired girl there are traces of brown pencil and mascara that can hardly be detected and the upper lashes may be faintly shadowed with green or brown shadow. This will enhance the depth and yet will not give that over-made-up look that the red-haired as well as the delicate-blond type must try to avoid.

The brunette with black hair and eyes and rich ivory skin tones is perhaps the most dashing type of all. She can wear brilliant reds, greens and blues, and black and white. For evening she will be stunning in red or black or gold and she will be marvelous in white because white darkens her skin by contrast and heightens the blackness of her hair. She may be dashing, daring—or, like Dolores del Rio, the most exotic of her type, she may feature simplicity, sculptured lines and dark, rich colors.

The brunet type may be as daring as she likes as to make-up, yet if she is clever she will vary her choice of rouge and lipstick according to the color she chooses to wear and will be daring only on occasion. Black and red call for more definite color while white and pastel shades may be more becoming with a more restrained use of color.

Green eyeshadow is subtly enhancing to very dark eyes and instead of inky black mascara one of the new brownish shades is more natural and becoming.

There is another black-haired type—the blue-eyed, fair-skinned Irish type, who can wear almost the same colors as those worn by the delicate blonde. Black to accent the delicacy of her coloring, pink to bring out the ivory of her skin, blue to bring out the blue in her eyes. And she may wear rouge and powder as delicate



Mary Brian is a good example for the girl of in-between coloring to follow.



Photo by Bachrach

Brunettes may be dashing if they like, or exotic like Dolores del Rio.

in tone as the blonde. She will do well, too, if she cleverly accents her lips—especially in the evening, and blue eyeshadow will be charming.

The medium brunette is a type to which thousands of women belong—a type that cannot afford to be casual about color because of the lack of an outstanding color note. For daytime, she should wear colors that match her eyes, brown or blue-gray, and, unless there is a lovely texture of skin, brown is more subtly distinctive than black. In fact, brown matching the tones of the hair, lends glow and brilliancy to the skin. For evening, she may wear vivid greens, creamy ivory, rich blue, or gold—no pale colors, except flesh or white.

When it comes to make-up, the medium brunette will find that accented brows and lashes will allow more color on cheeks and lips. Blue-green or gray eyeshadow will make brown or hazel eyes look larger, and brown will harmonize with her brows and lashes. Her powder should deepen her warm skin tones and her rouge and lipstick should be just a touch of color to lift her face into looking like something alive and still in the running.

If you are an in-between, no definite type, it's not a tragedy—in fact it is rather subtle and intriguing. The in-between should play up to her outstanding feature—green eyes perhaps, or a beautiful mouth or naturally

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The SCREEN

The month yields a high average of good pictures, but critical thumbs must be turned down on several.

"Winner Take All."

In my travels this month from one film palace to another I am more and more convinced that life would be much smoother for prize fighters, news hounds, and kindred hard-working gentry, if those Park Avenue dames would stay where they belong and stop slumming us guys.

Here's James Cagney, for instance, as a homely little boxer, with the championship just a few punches ahead, and in walks Virginia Bruce who takes him up for a new thrill. She lets him soar in the clouds until he loses ground in the ring, and then throws him down with a bang. All the while Marian Nixon is wistfully hoping that her fighting boy friend will come to his senses.

Greta Garbo and Eric von Stroheim fight magnificently in "As You Desire Me."

Mr. Cagney as *Jim*, the boxer, takes up social climbing with amusing seriousness. You have never seen a better portrayal of a dese-dem-and-dose chap trying to make a high-hat circle. He plays his part with such realism

that if he weren't always dropping funny wisecracks you'd find yourself feeling sorry for him, even if he is at the same time high-hatting his simple sweetheart—who used to dance at Texas Guinan's—and the ring crowd.

There seems to be conflicting opinions in the studios regarding Mr. Cagney's acting ability, Mr. Cagney taking the more optimistic viewpoint. Whatever the outcome, he gives a swell show in this film. Evidently told to act tough, he is tough. His facial expressions and accent round out a characterization in loud, brash colors. Marian Nixon provides a satisfactory foil for *Jim*, while Virginia Bruce is excellent as the girl who leads him on. Guy Kibbee is emphatically present as the fight manager.

"What Price Hollywood?"

Originally called "The Truth About Hollywood," the picture is just that. It shows you how stars are made

THERE are only two kinds of fans—those who like Garbo and those who do not. Those who like her surely want "As You Desire Me" to head the reviews of the month, want praise of a more intriguing Garbo than has been seen for some time. The opposite camp perhaps would forget her beauty in the scene where she convinces an artist that she is the long-lost *Maria*, and would want here a few sharp words about Garbo in black velvet trousers.

I'm for Miss Garbo, though, and must say that her new film affords her one of her finest performances. It gives freer range to natural talent for comedy. In the early part of the picture she brilliantly portrays a woman trying to soften her disillusion and indiscretions—in a glass of champagne. Taken back to her old home, she shakes off the "toughy" rôle and is the sweet, whimsical *Maria*—or is she? The varying moods from these extremes tap unexpected resources in the Garbo personality. At the same time, she employs her always reliable trick of expressing a whole speech in one husky monosyllable. I was more pleased with the new flashes, however.

The story is based on a play by Pirandello. *Maria* is torn from her luxurious home during the War. A dancer in Vienna, *Zara*, who has drifted recklessly, is brought back to the villa where *Maria's* husband is waiting. The woman insists that she is not his wife. The husband doubts, but she looks exactly like a painting of *Maria*. And since she is his wife in spirit, he loves her. Then another woman appears with convincing proof that *she* is *Maria*. Here you are left to work out your own theories. In my opinion, the ending is not quite fair, for much of the spirit of a Pirandello play has been replaced by purely physical action, and the ending should have been in keeping with this treatment.

Melvyn Douglas is rather stiff in the rôle of *Maria's* husband. Eric von Stroheim plays to the hilt the deserted lover. Speaking of accents, you must get Von Stroheim's rolling "*Mariar*." It's a bit of unexpected comedy relief. Owen Moore is passable as the husband's friend who discovers Garbo in a café.

Ramon Novarro sings a love song to Madge Evans in "Huddle."



in REVIEW

By James Roy Fuller

—and broken, often through no fault of their own. It shows you the things that make marriage with a person outside the profession difficult, and it shows you all the mad, ridiculous, silly things that make the screen the most fascinating profession in the world.

The camera picks up a girl in the Brown Derby—a waitress. She is ambitious for a screen career, but she reads the magazines and knows what's what. She rebuffs a couple of film hangers-on who are in a position to do nothing for her, but when a big director invites her to a première she realizes her chance has come and throws up her job in order to accept. As she goes up the ladder of fame, the director goes steadily down. At the end she is



The truest picture of movie life yet to appear is "What Price Hollywood?" with Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Constance Bennett.

a great star and he is a sodden wreck, out of work, sponging on his friends, and finally cashing bad checks.

The girl bails him out of jail, makes the check good, and takes him home. Realizing he can never come back and never be anything but a burden on her, the director shoots and kills himself, in her home. Her name is splattered over the pages of the papers and her career ruined.

Early in her career as a star, she had married a wealthy polo player. Unable to understand the free and easy life of the studios and studio crowds, he first left and then divorced her shortly before she was to become a mother. Now, fearful that with the scandal, her husband will return to take the child from her, she flees to France.

The husband follows in a year, bringing with him an offer for a return to the screen, along with an apology for his own behavior and another offer of marriage.

Constance Bennett as the girl has never looked lovelier, never given a warmer, more human and more ingratiating performance. She takes a difficult rôle and makes you believe in her portrayal of it. Lowell Sherman, with a fatter part, plays it to the hilt. He plays the drunken director as few actors in pictures could play it. Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers and Neil



"Thunder Below," with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Bickford, is just another jungle triangle.

Hamilton in minor parts are more than adequate. This is one of the month's best pictures.

"Huddle."

What's a hard-working actor to do? While the roars celebrating Ramon Novarro's triumphant touchdown for Old Eli are still echoing in the theater balconies everywhere, fans are pestering the Answer Men with "What's Ramon's next picture?" While waiting for the announcement, let's talk about "Huddle."

The prayer of Heaven knows how many fans is stintingly answered in this college film. He strums a guitar and lilt an Italian love song to the girl of his dreams—Madge Evans. The story catches him up as puddler or something in a steel mill, where his industry wins him a promotion to foreman. And his hard study at night has at the same time earned a scholarship at Yale. He goes to college, much against the will of his Italian parents. There he is harassed by a group of young snobs, and to make matters worse, falls in love with the sister of the most snobbish of them all. Football follows and to prove his college spirit acquired over great handicaps by the time he is a senior, Ramon saves the day for the team, although he is doubled with appendicitis. This wins the girl and her family and all is lovely.

In spite of its many twin and cousin stories seen in the past, audience reaction to "Huddle" was enthusiastic. Mr. Novarro, as the young mill hand who flounders upward until he finds himself, gives his best characterization for some time. Helping greatly to paint in his mill background are Henry Armetta and Ferike Boros, as his parents. Madge Evans provides charmingly collegiate heart appeal. Ralph Graves, John Arledge, and Frank Albertson are satisfactory in their rôles.



Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney make a trite yarn passably entertaining in "Merrily We Go to Hell."

"Thunder Below."

In the language of jungle natives, "thunder below" means earthquake. At the beginning of this story of the tropical wilderness, it is set forth that the love about to be pictured has all the thunderous qualities of the inner disturbances of Mother Earth. Well, yes—and again no, as *Zachary Hicks* says in "The Dark Horse." Although I do not presume to be a judge of triangular love affairs, I think I have seen more volcanic sufferings on the screen. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that the plot of this epic creaks in places where one expects sepulchral rumblings.

It is the story of a he-man in the tropics whose wife no longer loves him. She loves and is loved by the husband's best friend. When the culprits are about to leave the husband, the latter suddenly goes blind. The wife must now look after the husband, and the lover must stay and carry on the office work. *Ken*, the lover, tries to step aside, but the husband will not let him. Then the wife tries to escape with another man, just to get away from it all. But *Ken* prevents it. The solution of the problem is quite different from the conventional ending.

Tallulah Bankhead as the troubled wife arouses no sympathy, for she looks too sophisticated to have married a blustering, hard-boiled man and followed him to the wilds. You almost hope Paul Lukas, the lover, will give Charles Bickford, the husband, a good trouncing, in spite of his blindness. In his harder moments, Mr. Bickford does a great deal of scenery chewing, but Mr. Lukas plays his rôle with a nice sense of repression.

"Strange Interlude."

Eugene O'Neill has come to be regarded as something of an authority on warped souls of women, and his position in the theatrical world is such that to speak well

of his works is regarded as a mark of intelligence and a yen for better things in the theater. It is horribly unarty for me to say this, but all through "Strange Interlude" I wished that *Nina Leeds* had been created by a lesser playwright and then Clark Gable could have given her one of his hefty slaps in the face instead of prescribing marriage for her, and almost endlessly putting up with her neurotic whims.

The story is so well known that details are uncalled-for. *Nina*—excellently played by Norma Shearer—is all wrought up over the loss of her lover in the War. Clark Gable, as a doctor with much more than a clinical interest in the patient, orders her to marry a young chap—Alexander Kirkland—but there is no peace. The husband has inherited a streak of insanity, and he must not be the father of *Nina's* child. The doctor volunteers a sounder pedigree. Still there is no peace. *Nina* falls in love with the doctor! Gable drops out of the scene, but love makes him come back. They decide to tell the husband—but cannot. And so on through their middle ages. Even old age brings no cure. *Nina* still is upset, and you have the feeling that her last breath will be spent in meddling with her prospective pall-bearers' lives.

All of which is to say that Norma Shearer does some first-rate acting. She makes her rôle irritatingly real. Perhaps she carries it too far. In the stage presentation with Judith Anderson in this rôle I felt more sympathy for the troubled woman. Still, "Strange Interlude" is a shining example of a photographed play. Whether it will be popular with the public, I shall leave to the trade papers to predict. If the latter part goes to the cutting room again, put this down for your serious movie shopping, by all means.

Clark Gable is not comfortable in his rôle, though he does passable work except in the latter part when he dons a bushy gray wig. He then looks like it is all a prank to frighten the kids. May Robson is excellent as *Nina's* mother-in-law who feels it her duty to rattle the family skeleton, and so is Ralph Morgan as good old *Charlie*. Maureen O'Sullivan appears briefly.

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The sophisticated bickering of Ann Harding and Laurence Olivier make "Westward Passage" worth while.

The best characterization of the month is James Cagney's prize fighter in "Winner Take All," with Virginia Bruce.





Photo by Wide World

"Dad approved of my marriage and I approved of his to Nan Sunderland," says Walter Huston's son.

WALTER and JOHN

The Hustons, father and son, are such pals that their relationship is only incidental.

WHEN visitors to Hollywood see Walter Huston lunching at the Brown Derby, they notice the tall, slender young man who accompanies him. At a premiere, or in the Roosevelt lobby, they will again see the same young man with Huston, and perhaps they will ask his identity.

The young man is John Huston, Walter Huston's 25-year-old son, and party of the second part to what is probably Hollywood's most intimate and least publicized father-and-son combination. For Walter Huston has been quite as successful as a parent as an actor.

In his relations with John, there is none of the respect and implied authority that ordinarily act as a barrier in

By Jack Austin

the contacts of a boy with his father, of a young man with an older one. They are, rather, like very close friends.

"I like to think," says Walter Huston seriously, "that the fact that I am John's father is purely incidental—that we should have been good friends anyhow."

Even John's wedding, and Walter's marriage last year to Nan Sunderland, have taken nothing from their intimacy. They have achieved the fine friendship that transcends the accident of parenthood.

John's marriage, incidentally, has made Walter Huston a potential grandfather, which is rather uncertain ground for a star in Huston's position. There is always a danger that the public will type him, in spite of the fact that his years, outlook, and actions, are far from the grandparent stage.

John laughed when asked whether or not his father had ever expressed himself on the subject.

"Well," he replied, "dad's policy of noninterference would never permit him to tell me that he wouldn't like to be a grandfather, but I think he finds the possibility rather awe-inspiring. You see, he's just not the type."

The secret of the fine relation between the Hustons lies in Walter's philosophy of parenthood—a philosophy that allows for his son's intelligence and individuality.

"I have a great respect for John," he says, quite in reverse of the usual formula. "I admire the boy's judgment. When he told me that he wanted to become a writer, I felt that, although he was doing very well on the stage, he knew best. Results have proven that he was right."

John, possibly through modesty, tells the tale a

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When you see Walter Huston you know his son John is not far away.

Photo by Wide World





At Last— A PRIMA DONNA!

When Judith got heels over head in debt she eased her troubled business sense by purchasing a sixty-dollar dog at a saving of ten dollars.

Judith Wood is the first to confess that she has all the inconsistencies that fans expect a real screen lady to have.

SHE'S as startling as her success is sudden. Yet if ever a girl has hung on with all the cards stacked against her it's this same Judith Wood who began life as Helen Johnson.

Born in New York, she finished school and started on a career as an artist. Failing to find full expression of her artistic temperament in painting, she became a dilettante of the theater and the joy of aspiring playwrights who were trying to produce their own plays just to show people.

Al Rosen, a Hollywood agent in New York looking for new people to sign up, saw a test that a New York agent had got her from Paramount but which had failed to impress Messrs. Lasky, Zukor, Schulberg, and Selznick. It impressed Mr. Rosen.

Returning to Hollywood, he learned that M.-G.-M. was looking for a new blonde for "Children of Pleasure." He showed them pictures of Helen as she was then called, persuaded them to give him a contract for her services starting in two days, and went blithely out to get in touch with Miss Johnson, who was some three thousand miles away in New York.

Looking gayly through his address book he failed to find her listed. He did, however, find a number with no name, took a chance that it might be Helen's, and put in a long-distance phone call.

In New York the phone jangled as Helen was leaving for supper and she paused to answer it.

"You gotta leave immediately—now, to-night," said Mr. Rosen from Hollywood, more forcefully than elegantly. "I gotta part for you."

Helen left immediately, now, to-night—by plane—and arrived in Hollywood with a suitcase containing little more than an old evening dress, wrap, toothbrush and mules. She doesn't remember now how she happened to throw the mules in.

She was to go to a big party that night to make her bow to Hollywood. The M.-G.-M. wardrobe department fitted her out with a gleaming sequin evening gown, assuring her she'd stand out in any crowd in that.

"I would, too," said Helen, "but I didn't wear it. I wore my own old

gown and wrap and, while I may not have stood out, I *did* feel comfortable."

Next day she started to work. "Children of Pleasure" was not one of M.-G.-M.'s smash hits and as an actress is only as good as her rôles—see "Songs My Mother Taught Me"—Helen found herself in Hollywood with very little money and no prospect of a job.

Then the Bank of Hollywood failed and she not only had no job, she had no money. Christmas came and Santa brought her three days' work at Paramount.

"How did you manage to live?" I asked curiously.

"Oh," she answered carelessly, "I dithered around for a while. I'm always dithering. I just went into debt and refused to worry—much. By and by Paramount decided I was what the doctor ordered and they gave me a contract."

A volume could be written of all that happened to her between the beginning and end of that paragraph. Broke, friendless, and alone, with no prospects of remedying any of those conditions, she somehow contrived to hang on. Maybe because she's naturally got a care-free disposition.

The only thing she worries over is her creditors. "They're about the only people who call me up," she explained. "And I always try to make them understand that I'm working and will eventually pay them, that all they've got to do is to be patient. But the brutes keep phoning me at eight in the morning. I think if I go to the trouble of worrying about them, the least they could do would be to show me a little consideration and wait until nine or ten to call up."

"Why do you go into debt?" I asked.

"Partly because I haven't any sense of business, and partly because I can't live on what dear old Paramount pays me and still maintain the position they expect me to. I have to be seen around, despite what successful people tell you to the contrary. I know that at least a couple of tests I've had have come as the result of being seen about.

"I was an artist, so the only thing I know anything at all about is harmonizing colors and designing clothes. I flatter myself I'm always dressed in

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By
Romney Scott



Photo by Otto Dyar

JUDITH WOOD has joined the ranks of free-lance players and Ramney Scott weeps with dismay. In the story on the opposite page he contends that she has all the qualities of a clever actress and delightful prima donna.



RICARDO CORTEZ is the ace of gossips and Helen Twelvetrees the innocent sufferer. Arline Judge, above, is the secretary, while Jill Esmond is one of the columnist's victims.

DIRT

Peephole columnists write it out to a finish in "Is My Face Red?"



CHILLS

"The Old Dark House" is full of them.

THROWN together on a stormy night with Boris Karloff are Melvyn Douglas and Lilian Bond, left, Gloria Stuart, right, Charles Laughton, Ernest Thesiger, and Eva Moore, with gruesome danger threatening.





AS *Lil*, the stenographer, Miss Harlow finds her boss, Chester Morris, easy prey. The photo, right, shows her as she is.

FOR A

Jean Harlow hides her platinum tresses in "Red-headed Wo



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



DAY

man" and steals another's husband, but her triumph is brief.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Lil wants her boss for her own because she has social ambitions. The lower photos on this page show Miss Harlow at home.

WAR HUSBAND



Parted from her soldier husband on her wedding night, Claudette Colbert finds "The Man from Yesterday"—but too late.



AS a nurse at the front, Miss Colbert meets her future lover, Charles Boyer, above, the day she hears her husband is killed.



AFTER years of search, the missing husband, Clive Brook, left, is found at a resort, and the wife is torn between her new love and duty.



SPEED

Jesse James was an easy-going nickel-snatcher compared to "Madame Racketeer."



JUST out of jail, the Countess —Alison Skipworth— knows how to bring about the marriage of her daughter, Evalyn Knapp, top of page, to John Breeden, whose father objects. The Countess plays a neat trick on an ex-husband, William P. Carlton, above, while Richard Bennett warns Gertrude Messinger against city slickers.



"CHILDREN of PLEASURE"



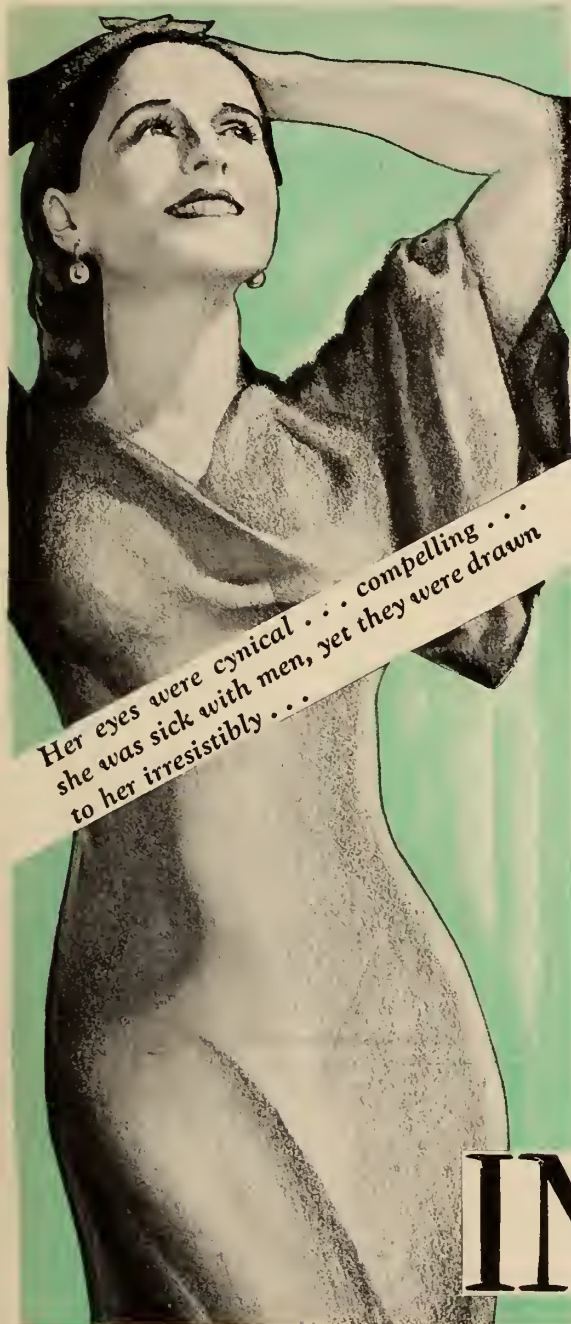
Ruth Chatterton wrecks her life in seeking riches, only to abandon them.



WHEN Linda's false tips ruin her broker husband, George Brent, above, she drifts to Paul Cavanagh, top of page, and plans to free herself to marry him. Hardie Albright also figures in the tangle.



A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



Her eyes were cynical . . . compelling . . .
she was sick with men, yet they were drawn
to her irresistibly . . .



For the first time you hear
the hidden, unspoken
thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer
Clark Gable

IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

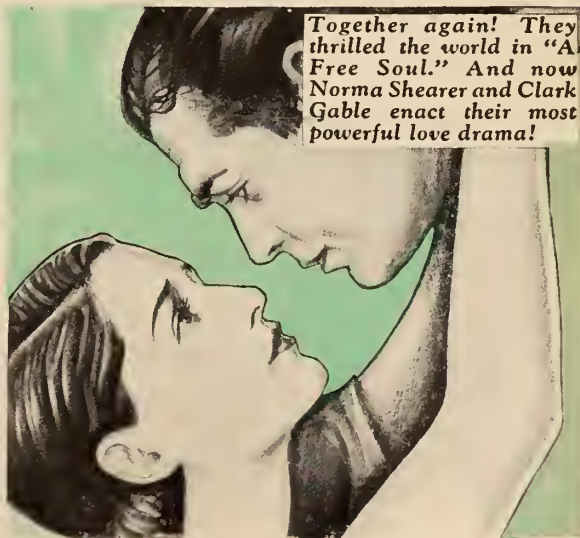
ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN
• ROBERT YOUNG • MAY ROBSON
• MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • TAD ALEXANDER
• HENRY B. WALTHALL • MARY ALDEN •



Eugene O'Neill
America's greatest playwright, reaches the height of his glory in this masterpiece.



Douglas Shearer
Chief Sound Engineer of M-G-M, whose amazing invention makes this picture "different."



Together again! They thrilled the world in "A Free Soul." And now Norma Shearer and Clark Gable enact their most powerful love drama!



MARIAN MARSH

ALTHOUGH she has not worked since her ill-fated disagreement with Warner Brothers, we hope she will soon return to the screen because she's poised, sensible, and ambitious—poised without being studied or cold; sensible without being coolly matter-of-fact; ambitious without being self-seeking or unbalanced in her desire to succeed. Marian has a lovely voice, too, with just a trace of English accent—Trinidad, her birthplace, is a British possession, you know—and her gray-blue eyes, childlike complexion, and pale hair complete a picture of modern girlhood as different from the stars of yesteryear as the talkies are unlike primitive films.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

Continued from page 48

"Merrily We Go to Hell."

This month's harvest of newspaper heroes being a bumper one, you can pick one to your own special tastes—cockeyed drunk, plastered, lit, or merely high. In this film Fredric March plays the reporter who gets drunk and passes out and has to be hauled to a party celebrating his engagement with the sheltered rich girl, pleasantly portrayed by Sylvia Sydney. Papa is stern, but love will reform—and it did for a while. The erring reporter is kept so busy at his portable typewriter evenings that the inevitable happens—a successful play is ground out—and then when it is produced, the dazzling Other Woman plays the lead and the husband is not a good boy any more.

Adrienne Allen is the menace and a striking one. She plays her rôle so well that you girls will simply hate her, but Miss Sidney is there, too. You sympathize with her even more than you want to pull the siren's beautifully waved tresses.

Richard Gallagher is the newspaper pal of Mr. March. He is amusing in his rôle of big brother who always gets Mr. March places, drunk or sober. Mr. Gallagher plays a reporter of the half-shot variety.

"Night World."

A curious jumble of gangsters, chorus girls, Broadway flashes, Negro doorman philosophy, and love at first sight makes this film a crazy-quilt pattern that no doubt was laid out in the hope of making all customers happy. Lew Ayres staggers into a night club intent upon capping a three-day jag which started when his mother killed his father for double-crossing her. One of the dancers, Mae Clarke, spies him and



his shaky condition appeals to her mother-heart. The woman who broke up his home gives her side of the case, and Lew is turned against his mother. This stern lady is played by Hedda Hopper, and when son and mother settle the issue there is a melodramatic scene smacking of the

purple decades. Before the evening is over Lew and Miss Clarke decide to marry and leave on a honeymoon jaunt around the world.

Meanwhile, trouble is brewing around the head of Boris Karloff, the sinister proprietor of the club. His wife is making a play for the stage manager and liquor racketeers are after Karloff's scalp. It comes to a swift climax when gunmen—one of them being George Raft—shoot the boss and turn on the young lovers because they have witnessed the crime. Certainly a close call—but they live through it.

Mr. Ayres is not suitably cast. Miss Clarke is appealing in her rôle, but acting honors must go to Boris Karloff. Mr. Raft, who is now attracting considerable fan interest, has a mere bit.

"Westward Passage."

When a couple fight in a kitchenette, it's tragedy, but if the bickerings take place in Switzerland, luxurious staterooms, and in country estates, it's comedy. In this fluffy picture, Ann Harding and Laurence Olivier impersonate with ingratiating humor the wranglings that ensue when a pretty woman marries a temperamental novelist. The awful outbursts of *Nick*, the novelist, drives *Olivia* to eloping with an old flame—Irving Pichel—taking with her the little daughter. Some years later they all meet in France, and Mr. Olivier goes aboard with his ex-wife and on the westward passage captivates her all over again. (By the way, you saw "Private Lives"?) Upon landing in this country, *Nick* takes his wife first to a country inn, where Zasu Pitts is the bewildered hostess, and then home where the quarrels start all over. However, the second husband will be discarded and the two will squabble happily ever after, one is led to believe.

There is much bright dialogue cleverly delivered by Mr. Olivier. Miss Harding is not quite so good, being handicapped by having to let her husband get in the last word, a condition said to be somewhat disconcerting to ladies even off screen.

"Week-end Marriage."

Pity a poor husband when the little woman brings home the money and he has to don the kitchenette apron. In this domestic story, after sulking a while the husband does plenty in "Week-end Marriage," but the sad part of it is that the wife goes blithely on with her career. *Lola Davis*, competently played by Loretta Young, is absolutely indispensable to her firm, you see. Norman Foster, after playing around alone in the

kitchen a while, finds spicier time-killers in strong drink and "those girls." The wife's business takes her out of town. Then the husband falls critically ill and the wife quits her job and wins him back.

It's the same old business-couple story with the traditional solution. A fresher rewriting would have made it better, since the screen will look in upon squabbling couples now and then to see how it goes with young married folks. But the picture leans in the right direction in spots. The most amusing situation comes about when Aline MacMahon outlines for Miss Young a fool-proof method of making a man propose in ten minutes. Vivienne Osborne is vivid as the consoling blonde. George Brent is in and out trailing the young wife.

"Love Is a Racket."

And so are newspaper columnist films. But let's have each producer's offering without delay and get through this outbreak of journalistic hives. This film is good fare for admirers of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, for he is quite nonchalant in portraying a reporter who dresses and talks like a Greenwich Village artist of fiction, and Ann Dvorak brightens her corner of the screen.



Both seem to satisfy their audiences in the face of somewhat preposterous situations.

Mr. Fairbanks orders his city editor to kill the sensational story of the day, tosses a murdered gangster off a roof to make it look like suicide in order to protect a girl, and then shows up on the scene in the capacity of reporter. The police pass up two clues which would throw the crime on Douglas, and decide the gangster's death was accidental, paving the way for the gangster's moll's happy marriage—and throwing the wayward reporter back to the little girl who has been waiting, Miss Dvorak. Frances Dee is the cause of it all. Lee Tracy plays Fairbanks's rival reporter who keeps quiet about his suspicions and helps to celebrate the finding of a racketless love. Drop in to see it in case of local showers.

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Ann went about her dancing as she does everything else. Sixteen and eighteen hours a day she worked, until her body seemed stretched out of place and she could scarcely climb into bed, she was so tired. She told me she had a Charley horse in every muscle. We didn't see much of each other for the next two years.

Once I ran into her over at Karen Morley's house. She had been made dance instructor at M.-G.-M. studio and was teaching Joan Crawford, Bessie Love, and countless other stars the intricacies of the dance.

When next I saw her, she had appeared in her first close-up. Furthermore, Joan Crawford had told her director about Ann, and the latter had offered to make a test of her. Ann was sure that at last the big break had come. But the test turned out to be worse than awful. She decided that the gods had meant her for a dancer.

Finally Ann, Karen Morley—who is one of our best friends—and I voted unanimously that something should be done about the situation. Karen was going ahead in leaps and bounds. She had won the lead in "Scarface." She was exuberant. Ann asked her if there were any other feminine rôles in the story.

"Only one," Karen told her. "And they have to have a real actress for that. You wouldn't stand a chance."

Nevertheless, Ann made Karen tell her all about the rôle, and a few days later Karen introduced her to Howard Hawks at a party. Hawks, she thought, was ignoring her. She prepared to go home, alone and disheartened. As she was going out the door, the director called her.

"Come on over to the studio to-

morrow," he invited. "I'd like to make a test of you."

Ann Dvorak won the rôle for which they "had to have a real actress."

Since "Scarface," Ann has made seven pictures, including "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," in which she played a star part. Howard Hughes, to whom she is under contract, has farmed her out to First National on a six months' contract, probably the first of its kind. She is in constant demand.

But with all her rapid strides, even after her first taste of success as an actress, Ann is not contented. She is the victim of a consuming ambition that will not let her rest. She still wants to write. She is actually coaxing me to work with her on a series of stories about her friends and her experiences in the movies.

She composes songs. One of them was used in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" and afterward cut out. She plays the piano in a masterly fashion—by ear. She cannot read a note of music.

She wants to travel. She has always believed that some day a great love would come to her, a love for which she would be willing to give up her freedom, be married and have children. The last, of course, is still in the far-distant future.

A few weeks ago Ann telephoned me excitedly. "Have you read the papers?" I had not.

"Go get to-day's paper and look through it carefully," she commanded. I did. On the front page was a story of her marriage to Leslie Fenton, the boy she had introduced to me two months previously on a double date.

That night she had said to me, "Isn't he the dearest boy? I'm simply *cu-ra-zy* about him." And in a few weeks—seven, to be exact—she proved she was by eloping with Les.

Ann believes her marriage will be a success. She is confident that she and Les will always love each other as much as they do now—and that's a lot. They should. They have a great deal in common. Like Ann, Les believes in doing what he pleases, when he pleases.

He wants to take Ann to all those fascinating queer corners of the world he has seen in his travels. He wants to show her interesting old streets in Paris, the Alhambra in Spain, fashionable hotels in London.

Ann, who has always been haunted by a desire to see the world, is bubbling with enthusiasm over his plans. They hope to take their first European trip together within a year. And I'm confident they will.

Ann's attitude can be summed up in this one remark she made to me: "To be a success, one must first be a real person—an individual. Afterward he can develop into an artist."

It is thus Ann has risen to the top. She is a real person. She hasn't a deceitful drop of blood in her veins. She says what she thinks, and she never does anything without first mulling it over in her mind and considering every move.

She takes herself seriously, but not too much so. Her sense of humor won't let her. And she believes in work. "Nobody can hope to get anywhere," she says, "without sincere effort and a lot of hard work."

If Ann's career is a result of her creed, I think it's a darn good one. Don't you?

Tough to You

Continued from page 43

backward glance at the horse and the horse started following him. He had a pocketful of sugar and thought the horse was displaying superintelligence because it followed him.

What I'm trying to get across is, he wouldn't show off himself, but he'd show off his horse.

So great is his enthusiasm for polo that he has taken a room at the Riviera Polo Club and lives there in order to practice mornings before he goes to the studio.

I asked his wife if she didn't mind his living down there and seeing so little of him. "No," she replied promptly. "He comes home to dinner every night and I'm glad he's got something that interests him at last. Ever since we've been married I've been trying to find a hobby for him, but he always gets tired of things. And he's the kind of man

who should have something to distract him and take his mind off himself.

"The first year we were married, we had pretty tough sledding and Spencer got into the habit of worrying. He's never been able to throw it off. He's got the most volatile disposition I've ever seen—up in the clouds one minute and down in the depths the next. And when he's low, he's very, very low. All this exercise absorbs a certain amount of that nervous energy and he isn't so apt to become depressed."

When she said he's like a small boy, she spoke the truth.

Once we were going to a picture show. Just before we entered the theater, Spens ducked into a neighboring candy store and came out with a bag of caramels.

Another time I was at their house

when he came home late. Dinner was over and since he had phoned earlier that he wouldn't be home for the meal, they hadn't put anything away for him. The butler prepared him some salad, eggs, and bacon. Later he brought in cheese and some crackers. "C'n he have some cheese to-night, Mrs. Tracy?" the butler asked, ignoring Spencer.

Spencer's face was a study as he looked anxiously at his wife to hear what she had to say, like a kid who's been threatened with a spanking and is hanging on his mother's words while some one pleads for a pardon.

Mrs. Tracy finally decided he could have the cheese because his dinner had been light. "It's so fattening," she explained, "I let him have it only once or twice a week."

But she might as well save herself the trouble of trying to regulate his

diet, because Spencer cannot pass a soda fountain without going in and getting a double malted milk or a hot-fudge sundæ.

He worries constantly over things, particularly over his rôles. So thorough an actor is he that when he goes into a new part, particularly in a play, he worries himself and every one around him into a stew for fear he won't get everything out of it there is in it. His usually even disposition deserts him and he becomes

Continued on page 72

Jungle Lover

Continued from page 21

mother recuperating from overwork. Johnny met Bobbe in a Palm Beach pool and helped her with her diving. She had a midget car and soon the young giant and Bobbe, who comes up to his shoulder, were seen riding around in the tiny motor.

"You never could get into one of those cars," I exclaimed.

"Sure I could, even with her mother," he laughed.

"Bobbe and I swam in the daytime and danced at night or walked in the moonlight, and two weeks later we got married."

"Just like that?"

"I always do things just like that. We were in love, so why wait? It shouldn't take any longer than that to make up your mind about such things. We do everything together, and I hope we're going to have a real marriage, not a Hollywood one. Maybe I was pretty hard to live with while making that picture—I take everything so seriously—but Bobbe's a good sport. She knows that a 'Tarzan' picture isn't exactly easy to do."

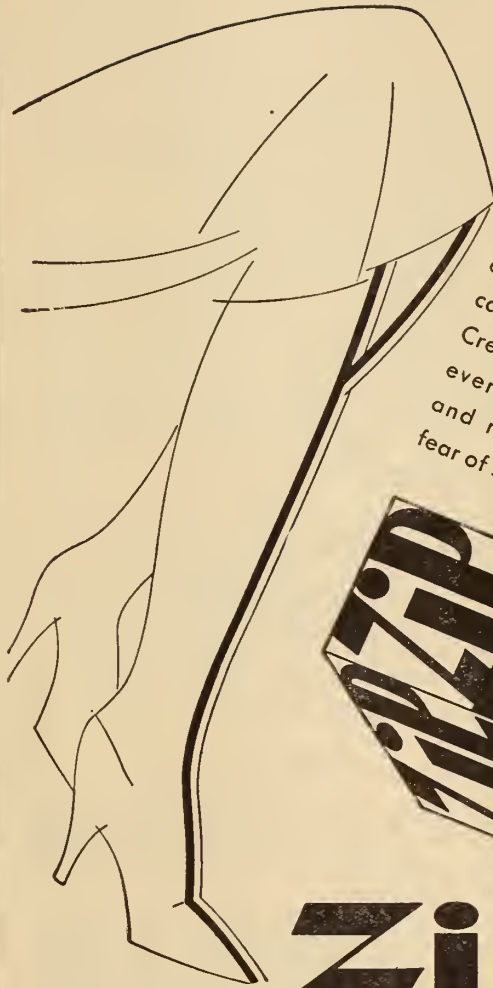
"Weren't you afraid at all?"

Johnny grinned boyishly. "Well I could have been killed, but I wasn't. I only got a few scratches. I was too tired to think while the picture was being made. Bobbe and I'd go to the movies at night and I'd actually fall asleep. But now sometimes I wake up shuddering when I think of those lions. But I'll get over it, so maybe you'd better not write that."

But I am writing it just to show you what a human and likable chap Johnny is.

And if you want more proof. when I asked him how he liked being compared to Clark Gable, he gave me a don't-be-silly look and said briefly, "There's no comparison. Gable's an actor. I'm not—yet."

The accent was on the "yet." Maybe I'm wrong, but if you fans could have seen him in that red satin dressing gown, I bet you'd be on my side.



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Continued from page 25

That's why Joan Blondell, a level-headed girl if ever there was one, is very happy to be getting \$750 a week, though her name is receiving star billing now. Joan realizes that though her salary isn't like those usually attributed to the movie great, it's more than she made on Broadway.

As for the newcomers, they offer no problem at all. An unknown, whether she is a society girl or a waitress, who is offered a chance to go into pictures, will accept on almost any terms. And there is a vast difference between the terms of the contracts to-day and those tendered the embryo geniuses of yesterday.

Take Clark Gable, for instance. Clark is at present considered the best male box-office draw in pictures. Yet each week when he walks up to the cashier's window at Metro-Goldwyn studio, he receives just \$750. Of course, since he has attained such tremendous popularity, Metro has been giving him a bonus at the completion of each picture. But that \$2,000 extra won't bring his yearly income up to that received by heroes of the past.

Johnny Weissmuller is another lad who is happy over receiving a very, very moderate salary. For, believe it or not, the boy who made "Tarzan" and sprang to instantaneous popularity, earns only \$250 a week!

Being a movie star is proving a very expensive proposition to him, he says. Before he went into pictures, Johnny was working as "contact man" for a bathing-suit company. His salary was \$250 a week and all expenses paid.

Since becoming an actor, his salary is the same, but he has to pay his own living expenses. Just think back a few years. Can you imagine one of the prime favorites of the screen—a man receiving one of the greatest volumes of fan mail in all Hollywood, accepting \$250 a week—and liking it? Shades of Wally Reid and Rudolph Valentino!

Adrienne Ames is another newcomer whose living expenses exceed the salary she earns, which is in the neighborhood of \$100 a week. Fortunately, Adrienne is married to a wealthy New York broker, so she doesn't need to worry, anyway.

Further proof of the difference between the salaries of to-day and those of yesterday is seen in the new contract just signed by Colleen Moore.

At the time of her retirement from the screen about two and a half years ago, Colleen was one of the highest paid stars on the First National lot. Her weekly salary, rain or shine, was \$10,000 a week, for fifty-two weeks a year.

Recently, Miss Moore signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn. Under its terms she will work for twenty weeks at \$2,000 a week, and for another twenty weeks at \$2,500 a week. Quite a difference, is it not?

Oh, there's no getting around it, there's a lot of worrying going on among the actors and actresses at present. As has been said so often before, it is necessary to keep up a certain appearance in order to be a success in the picture industry. And it isn't so easy to do this on sadly shrunken incomes.

So let's shed a tear for our sisters and brothers in the depression who are suffering from Pay-day Blues—even as you and I.

Continued from page 26

"Do I ever strike you as being crazy?" she demanded. "I always fly from one thing to another. I find myself going with certain people I know I should keep away from, merely to experience the results. I actually get to talking like them, using their pet words and phrases, and regarding life as they regard it.

"So it is no use my saying that I am never affected by the company and surroundings I find myself in. Both affect me very strongly. I know it is dangerous for me. That's what makes me wonder why I choose to go with certain people, or encourage them."

The fact is that Maureen wants to get a thrill out of each new thing that comes her way. People who do not understand her, brand her as insincere and fickle. But that is not so. It is merely that new things attract her attention, drawing her momentarily away from old friends. But she comes back again and is always herself.

"When I first came here," she said, "every one regarded and treated me as a sweet young thing. Well, that was all right, but it somehow forced me to do a little act for people. I thought if they want to see me according to their own ideas, then here goes. I think I liked to give every one the impression that I was just what they thought me!"

People seemed to forget that before

she lived in Hollywood Maureen had lived in London, Paris, and Dublin. And to live in Dublin alone is to see the world.

I recall going once with Maureen to a luncheon given by Fifi Dorsay. As a select group, with good sauterne flowing freely, we possibly thought ourselves very cosmopolitan. There was Fifi prancing about in her green silk lounging pajamas! Walter Byron, jolly and humorous. But Maureen, looking a mere child in the wrong setting, somehow managed to appear the most sophisticated of us all!

"I used to believe it was necessary to fall in with everything," she stated. "I believed that if I went to a night club, to appear smart I'd have to take a cocktail. Now I realize how silly it is to do things we imagine others expect us to do. To-day I order a glass of milk, because I prefer milk to cocktails. Others have said I do it to attract attention. I let them say so.

"I have found that what people say is scarcely worth bothering over. In Hollywood they don't care what you do, so long as you do it in a nice way. Outside of open scandal, you can conduct yourself as you please, without censure. Only if you get in some entanglement, you must take the blame alone.

"When I've found myself in what is usually referred to as a 'dangerous situation,' it has always been my own

fault. Not that I've had any men offering me diamond bracelets! But one or two unpleasant incidents have happened which caused me to breathe a sigh of relief when I found myself clear of them. But how much longer do you suppose I can keep up that sort of thing?"

Now all this might lead one to suppose that Maureen was the wildest child in Hollywood. Such is not the case. Maureen is far too intelligent to act in any senseless way. In her thirst for experiencing results from her varying moods, she is slightly cruel. She disregards the person and his feelings to satisfy some craving within her.

But those who like her and understand her well, remain her friends.

Russell Gleason is one of Maureen's best friends. Their friendship, in spite of wild rumor, is entirely platonic. Sometimes two or three months go by without their seeing each other. Eventually they get together and drive out of Hollywood, to Santa Barbara or elsewhere.

The story of the little girl who adores solitude is nauseating, coming from the many it does come from. But in Maureen's case it is true. She does like to be alone. She wanders off by herself. Irish tales and legends have given Maureen her love for Dana, the earth mother.

I have dropped around to see the O'Sullivan, hoping for one of her

Tea for Two

humorous talking moods. Instead I find myself eating lunch alone, or having calmly to listen to her practicing a Chopin Nocturne. I should say Nocturnes—for Maureen flashes from one to another of them. I have yet to hear her play one through from beginning to end.

One thing is commendable in Miss O'Sullivan. I have never heard her bewail her bad breaks, her poor stories. Of "The Princess and the Plumber," she said, "It was a good story, but wasn't I terrible in it?"

The noticeable slump in her work a year ago she blames on no studio, but on herself.

Most players like you to believe they receive and turn down numerous offers when they are "at liberty." When Maureen was let out by Fox, it was regarded as her farewell to pictures.

"Well, I've had no offers since Fox put me out," Maureen said to me at the time. "I imagine no one wants me!" Yet even her uncertain future scarcely upset her. "I think I'll buy a bicycle and ride across the continent to New York," she suggested, confirming her own belief that she was a gypsy in her last incarnation.

Her threatened wanderlust was cut short when she was offered the lead in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," with Johnny Weissmuller. Metro-Goldwyn considered her work in that opus worthy enough to make her a member of the company.

So there we have Maureen O'Sullivan at this writing. And that's how we sat opposite each other in the studio restaurant. Maureen tackling an enormous steak, telling me her reasons for living alone no longer.

"As I say, I was getting myself into too many narrow escapes. It's got to stop—oh, there's my Vandyke!" she broke off to exclaim, looking through the window at the figure of the director of "Tarzan" ascending a flight of steps. "He's a darling! I love him!" There was rapture in her voice, idolatry in her eyes.

"You have done right to have a girl companion with you," I told her. "Let's drink a health to your new decision." We each raised a glass of milk. Being by now fairly intoxicated, I pitied those poor men upon whom Maureen has wasted adoration.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 39

ion he can discuss the sport most volubly. Out riding in an automobile one day, he kept talking about flying, and flying, and flying. One of the Cantor youngsters after hearing him vociferating for a while, piped up: "Mamma, don't let papa fly out the window."

The Asthmatic Groucho.—Groucho Marx, the very talkative Marx brother, has become a sort of civic and social leader in Hollywood. He heads a club called the West Side Asthma and Riding Club. It meets every Tuesday to discuss various world events in a wholly frivolous, and perhaps somewhat indiscreet manner.

Carrying out the asthma idea—a disease from which no member happens to suffer—Groucho is designated as the Chief Asthmoid. The club recently let a report go out that it was short of money to build a building, and immediately some institution for asthmatics generously volunteered its aid.

Joan Crawford Marooned.—Six weeks of isolation from the giddy whirl of Hollywood, which she loved so well at one time, is the newest height of something or other, since it pertains to Joan Crawford. Joan

plays the rôle of *Sadie Thompson*, in "Rain." The entire picture was made on Catalina Island, not in lively Avalon, but on the quiet isthmus. Joan was there practically all the time, occasional visits from young Doug breaking the monotony a little. But what a change for the merriest dancing girl that the film colony ever knew!

Husbands Shall Work!—Husbands henceforward must have something to do. This hue and cry has been taken up since the Harding-Bannister divorce. It even caught Alice White and her fiancé, Sydney Bartlett, when they returned to town. As to their long engagement, Bartlett stated that he did not feel that it was right and proper that they should marry until he had made a name for himself.

Child of the Tropics.—First intention of Mary Astor to have her child born in the tropics was fulfilled—though quite unexpectedly. The baby's arrival was not anticipated until August, but occurred in June. Mary had changed her mind about the tropical nativity, and had planned to come home to Hollywood, but the baby was born while she was on a trip to Honolulu. The child is a girl.

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Name _____

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Continued from page 35

About a year ago, however, George grew tired of his hot and vigorous career which required him to keep as light as a jockey. He came to gladsome Hollywood to see if there was any more gold in them thar hills.

After inhaling large volumes of our West Coast zephyrs and taking on a little weight, he concluded that movie gold and fame were not for him. He made reservations to return to his New York tepee.

Then, naturally, he was offered a job. Rowland Brown was looking for a smooth young man to play in "Quick Millions." George was tagged and pronounced it.

"I don't know anything about movie acting or talking for the microphone," he told Brown, "and I may not suit you at all. But, if you like, I'll work until Friday—the day I am intending to go East—and if I am not satisfactory in the part you needn't pay me. That will give you time to judge and if I suit you I'll cancel my ticket."

Such a sense of fair play may come naturally to people born in

September, or it may come from loving one's country. And since honesty is sometimes rewarded, even in Hollywood, George's generous offer has been followed by success.

In my opinion—and if I don't know, who the mischief does?—George Raft is one of the most stimulating personalities that talking pictures have produced. After his success in "Scarface," Paramount offered him a small but colorful rôle in "Dancers in the Dark." George not only took the part, but the whole picture as well, to the consternation of his popular coworkers, Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie, and Buster Collier. Paramount probably felt like a hen who has hatched a duck instead of a chicken, but George was taken right into the family just the same.

George isn't the best-looking man I have ever seen, nor the most brilliant. But his acting is so skillful and arresting, so endowed with that strange illusion of subtle, deadly menace coupled with forbidden romance, that the screen is touched to new life at his every appearance. In

his work one sees no tricks, no studied effects, but rather the unconscious perfection of a born actor.

Though some pagan streak in him makes him sit for hours listening to "hot" music, he strikes me as being conventional in his reactions and deportment. My talk with him was the first he had had for publication, and I was pleased when he casually said, "This interview has been just a pleasant conversation." Some of the stars make a fan writer feel that she is lucky to be standing respectfully in the Presence.

George's rise to screen success was so sudden that local advertisers, unfamiliar with his name, misspelled it when, seeing his hit in "Scarface," it was decided to give him billing along with Paul Muni.

The error pained George considerably, so at parting he patted my shoulder and paraphrased George M. Cohan's famous epigram, "Write what you like about me, good or bad, but please spell my name correctly."

O. K., *ba-bee!* Kindly observe that I have done so.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 23

of how he started out to be a college professor or a minister. He doesn't get all this romantic stuff they are pulling about him, and he suspects he is being kidded.

He isn't; susceptible feminine interviewers just naturally go into a flutter over his hypnotic eyes and his mysterious, half-sad smile. He came East to play at the Paramount and bounded in all ready to work hard to put the act over, just as he did in the days when he won a Charleston contest and later when he did a whirlwind dance at the Guinan club. He just couldn't get the idea that he was expected to look mysterious and alluring, but from the accounts of volunteer reporters from the ranks of schoolgirls, he did, anyway.

Sentiment Versus Reality.—Edna May Oliver got all full of sentiment for Broadway when Ziegfeld wired her that he just couldn't think of reviving "Show Boat" on the stage without her. Her enthusiasm lasted through rehearsals, opening night when she drew roars of applause, and about a week afterward. Then she began to get restless. Hotel rooms seemed deadly, the noise and dust of the city got on her nerves, and she discovered that she just hated staying up late nights. She thought of her nice little house in Hollywood and the lovely, restful days between pictures and suddenly she realized

that this late in life she had got all over being stage struck. She was elated when the RKO studio demanded that she come back.

The Young Visitor.—The biggest thrill that Jackie Cooper has got out of his personal appearance tour is that mother and auntie and the rest can't put him in his place any more and act superior about having been on the stage.

"I've done that," is one of Jackie's favorite remarks. He is not boastful, you understand—that sensible grandmother of his would talk him out of it in a hurry if he was—he is just matter of fact.

He does miss Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler and a lot of the studio gang, though, and something suspiciously like a tear, which would never do for the hard-boiled Jackie, clouds his eyes when he picks up a movie magazine and sees pictures of Hollywood.

Gloria's Screen Find.—The public has muttered its dissatisfaction from time to time because Gloria Swanson refused to have her children photographed. There were some things she would not share with the public. They may be delighted to know that she doesn't feel that way about husbands. Michael Farmer is to play opposite her in the picture she is making in England. Old

friends recall that she tried to get the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye to act in pictures with her and that he refused. Perhaps, after all, that was one of the underlying causes of their split. If Mr. Farmer films as naturally as she says he does, he should be a charming foil for her, for he is young, handsome, and magnetic.

Menace to Hollywood.—Hollywood has something new to worry about. While motion-picture producers are threatening to import Broadway players to supplant any film players who aren't obedient and respectful, a menace has arisen in the East who might take the dissatisfied Hollywood players and put them on Broadway. For years Hollywood has had the whip hand because Broadway was short of money. Now a producer has appeared who is not only young and ambitious, but plentifully supplied with money.

The stage producer is Peggy Fears, once a Ziegfeld cavorter, always a poised and shrewd young person, and now the wife of the wealthy A. C. Blumenthal. Her first stage production launched Dorothy Hall. The next will feature Lenore Ulric.

Ina Claire, who has just persuaded Samuel Goldwyn that he might as well tear up her contract, is slated to do an operetta under Miss Fears's management. And even the Holly-

wood stars who have never met or heard from Peggy Fears, use her name in winning battles. If they don't like a part selected for them, they just say "I think I'd rather go back to the stage. I have an offer from Peggy Fears." And usually the producer is frightened into giving them what they want.

Mixed Emotions.—"A career is a lot of fun except when it gets in your way—and even then it is sometimes," Kay Francis remarked to an old friend of her stage days in New York. She had left Hollywood with a last rush of farewell parties to go to Europe with her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, for a two or maybe three months' vacation.

They had looked forward to leisurely weeks of idling on the Riviera all through the busy, crowded months of their marriage. They got as far as New York, made all arrangements for sailing two weeks later, rushed up to Cape Cod to visit his father, and then along came a

telegram telling her to report back in Hollywood for work. It was outrageous, it was frightful. Warner Brothers had promised her a vacation and they couldn't take it away from her like this.

But wait a minute—the telegram said something about a Lubitsch picture. A girl cannot be downcast when that magic name is mentioned. Her spirits went soaring. What are vacations, what are trips to Europe beside the chance to make a picture for him? When picture plots toy with a story of a girl's struggles between pleasing her husband and meeting the demands of her career, reviewers pass it off as trite old stuff. But to the persons involved, it is always new. Miss Francis carried off the situation with a dashing air—that sleek sophistication is not all written into her character by scenario writers—but she was helped not a little by the fact that her husband comes from the stage and understands what an opportunity to work for Lubitsch means.

Don't Be a Copycat

Continued from page 45

curly hair or a perfect skin. She will be thrilled to learn the magic there is in a little eye make-up if used carefully—and that eye make-up, subtly applied, is in perfectly good taste for daytime wear. A brownish shade for brows and lashes, gray or green shadow for daytime, and green for evening, especially if her eyes have green or amber lights. In rouge, she usually finds an orange tone more flattering than red.

While urging you to be yourself, I don't mean that you are not to strive for individuality. If you limit yourself to colors you know are becoming, to certain styles you know you can wear, you defeat the possibilities of ever becoming completely smart. Don't say, "I can't wear that

color or that style." Turn the lights on, try out the colors, and see if you can adapt them to your own personality. Study your make-up. Watch your figure. Take great care of your hair and dress it becomingly. Make the most of every asset. Type doesn't matter if you learn to make the most of the individual charming person that is you.

If you want me to advise you about colors to wear, and make-up to accent your personality, write to me. I will be very glad to advise you. Please inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

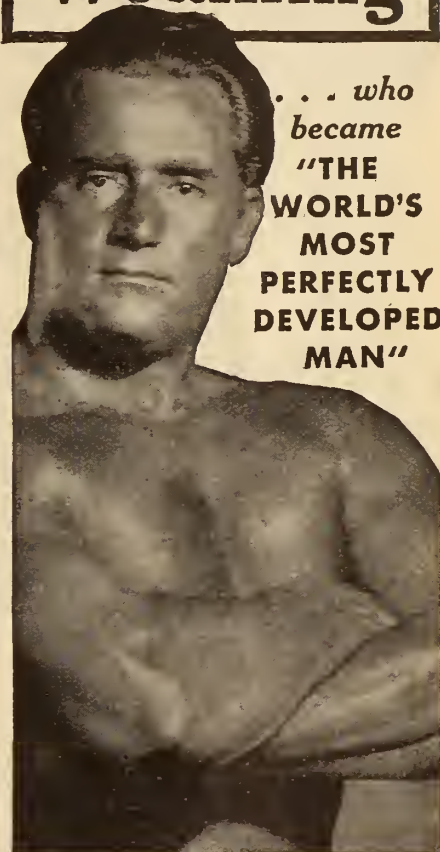
"Attorney for the Defense."

Edmund Lowe leads a good cast through the troubles of a prosecutor whose conscience causes him to forsake his ambitions and protect the under dog, and eventually lands in a courtroom defending himself against a murder charge. The story is not the stuff screen landmarks are made of, but thanks to the consistently good performances, interest does not lag. Evelyn Brent plays with her customary seductiveness the unde-

sirable but ever-present *Val*, who makes life miserable for the reformed attorney and his adopted son, and draws them into a fearful jam by getting killed by a gangster. How Mr. Lowe clears up the situation offers a tense reel, though it seems to me that the story doctors made a fumble at this point. Certainly the action and dialogue in the courtroom scene do not check with any murder trials I have sat in on.

Continued on page 70

The 97-lb. Weakling



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By CHARLES ATLAS

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First Steps to Stardom

Continued from page 17

Next thing we heard, Dorothy had landed in the "Follies" and was on her way up the ladder toward stardom from the humble beginning of that afternoon when, half scared, she timidly asked for a job.

Joan Crawford, too, was not above working at any job she could get while she trained for her career in New York. Joan was a chorus girl in a night-club revue when the Winter Garden restaurant was the swanky spot of Broadway.

Joan has never admitted it herself, but some of her old friends say she made her first entrée into that chosen field by working there first as check girl. And only when one of the girls dropped out of the revue did Joan persuade the manager to give her a chance.

Miss Crawford, like all the other hard-working stars who have arrived, did not let her career stop there. She kept training always, using her earnings to support herself in New York while she studied dancing. It was her dancing, incidentally, which gave her her first chance in pictures.

Barbara Stanwyck, too, worked hard before she found the first niche which let her in for a theatrical career. Barbara was a telephone operator in a Brooklyn exchange, and that is no easy work. She was applying for an operator's job at the Strand Roof when the opportunity presented itself to take a place in the floor show at that restaurant.

It may be going a long way back to relate that Norma Talmadge worked as a commercial artist's model before she got a chance in movies. Norma used to pose in a pink dress and pompadour, hanging romantically over a rose trellis decorating a bar of music on slides illustrating popular songs. But meanwhile, Norma's mother, Peg Talmadge, saw to it that Norma studied diligently for the career which eventually made her famous and rich.

"If I hadn't taught school and saved enough money to come North for a try-out," Evelyn Brent admitted, "I never would have been in pictures."

Evelyn, who can pick a mean fight on the screen, was once a quiet-voiced school-teacher in Tampa, Florida, before she decided on a theatrical career. Evelyn studied later in London and, because she could enunciate as words should be spoken when talking first arrived, she prepared to step in and grab some honors for herself.

Now you see, girls, if you are really serious about a movie career, provided you have the looks and aptitude for it, you've got to start at the bottom and be willing to work terribly hard until you have something worth while to offer. Then, if the gods are good, you *may* get a chance in movies to show your stuff. The studios insist upon talent as well as good looks. So, the best of luck to you!

Ants in the Sandwich

Continued from page 41

studio?" Robert Coogan asks tearfully. There is real grief for you. What does Robert care for a misquoting press, interrupted vacations, and a gossipy public, if he can just take his dog to work?

In fifteen years Jackie Cooper will have to take it all back. He hates "wimmen." That is, admiring females who want to kiss him, pat him on the head, and talk baby talk to him. "Men are all right," he admits graciously, "but wimmen——"

And you'd have to see his face to get the idea.

Mistaken identity is Robert Montgomery's particular thorn. How would you like to wake up some morning and find your name smeared across the front pages as having been arrested for participating in some drunken brawl, when all the time you were home playing backgammon with

the little woman? You wouldn't? Well, neither does Bob. His numerous doubles are leading him a merry life, and no sooner does he get one unwelcome "Bob" straightened out than another appears to mess things up.

And so it goes. Fame is an inconsistent mistress, but 'twas ever thus. The thorn on the rose, the worm in the apple, the thumb in the soup.

So cheer up, you twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerks, and you five-and-ten salesladies! The movie folk are working just as hard as you are and with less time out for fun. Their swanky roadsters won't go any farther than your secondhand cars—they may go *faster*, but no farther—and think of the difference in the size of the payments.

Tck! Tck!

At Last—A Prima Donna!

Continued from page 50

good taste, but my clothes are striking. For instance, at an opening I wore a red velvet evening gown with a white satin coat. I got a test for a rôle after being seen in that. But that outfit is too conspicuous to wear more than a couple of times.

"I had to buy some furniture for my house, and people around the studio are always doing things for me they're not supposed to do, and the only way I can show my appreciation is by giving them presents. It all costs money. You see?"

"Sure. But why don't you let some of these johnnies who rush you around do things for you?"

"Nix," said Helen emphatically. "I'd rather pay my own way."

She takes an hour's vocal lesson every day trying to get her voice where she and her teacher think it should be. Something inside her nose needs fixing—"and how can I breathe properly—the way my teacher wants me to—if my septum isn't right?" she asks.

After her septum has been repaired, she has designs on a plastic surgeon who must remedy her eyebrows. They grow the wrong way. Not being able to afford the surgeon at the moment, she shaves them off every day and draws new ones in their place with an astonishing mixture of purple and black eyebrow pencil.

"I've tried all sorts of eyebrows—Anita Page style, Garbo, Dietrich, Chatterton, Constance Bennett—but I can't make up my mind which style to grow permanently."

Once she was so broke the phone had been disconnected and she was so upset over it, she went out and bought a Scotty for fifty dollars and came home congratulating herself on being a good business woman because she haggled with the owner until he came down from sixty to fifty dollars.

She has a parrot her sister got from some bachelor chap who had it in his apartment. The parrot knows perfect dialogue for a rape scene, but Helen swears he must have learned it from his former owner.

She has a cat she picked up in the alleys of New York six years ago. Formerly he wouldn't let any one touch him and when they tried to put him to bed, he sprang from floor to chair, to desk, to table, to window ledge, pausing only a moment in the window to sneer at them before leaving on his nightly pilgrimage to parts unknown. But all that is changed now. He loves to be stroked and is ready for bed by eight or nine

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o'clock. Helen is afraid Hollywood is making a sissy of him.

Paramount changed her name to Judith Wood because Helen Johnson was not glamorous enough. "But," she assured me, "you will be proud to call me Judy when I tell you the names I narrowly escaped. They took suggestions from every one connected with the organization who had ever cherished ambitions to become a godparent. And when you stop to think what people like that can do when they can not only select the first name but the last one as well, you can imagine what I was in for.


"It finally narrowed down to Elinora Dale, Sonia Stewart, and the one I've got. Sonia has quite a history. You see, I speak French and they thought they might use me in foreign versions sometime, so they thought I should have a name with a foreign tinge to it."

"But Sonia's Russian," I objected. "What difference does that make?" she countered. "It's foreign, isn't it? And, anyhow, it ended with Judith Wood."

She drives a black Ford coupé with the left rear fender dangling rakishly from the body as the result of some one running into her or her backing into some one else, and the

Continued on page 74

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

but for all I know radio broadcasting may have introduced an Amos 'n' Andy touch. But there—why be rational? If courtroom scenes were made as they actually are we'd all fall asleep.

Mr. Lowe does creditable work in the rôle of a shrewd, smug attorney. Constance Cummings, as his secretary suffering from unnoticed love, seems real enough. Donald Dillaway is the youth Miss Brent leads astray.

"The Dark Horse."

This satire of political campaigns—the first of the series about to appear, offers plenty of laughs for those who expect politics to be that way, and those serious souls who worry about the phenomena of democracy will get their chuckles in seeing the hollowness of an election so roundly exposed.



Guy Kibbee as "*Hicks*, the man from the sticks" who is nominated for governor, makes the candidate the dumbest character seen on the screen for some time. But the brains behind the platform is Warren William, the campaign manager. He puts the candidate through the usual song and dance—he is photographed in fishing togs, he is news-reeled awarding blue ribbons to prize bulls, and he is made a chief by a tribe of Indians. The manager, however, has an ex-wife to deal with. She demands full payment of alimony—or Mr. Williams goes to jail. This rôle is maliciously played by Vivienne Osborne. The rival party finds her a willing tool to compromise *Hicks*, but the resourceful manager saves his client, but is forced to marry his ex-wife. That is only a trifle, for when the election is won, and the manager gets his \$50,000 bonus, he plans to go immediately to Reno where he will be freed to marry his secretary, competently played by Bette Davis.

"Monte Carlo Madness."

The breezy humor of this foreign film is prescribed for those fans who may be a bit tired of love stories of the usual run of the mill, for it is made from the Continental point of view that love is a funny thing rather than something to cry about—to soft music—and eventually marrying rich and ever so happy. It is the first appearance of Sari Maritza in this country, who is currently playing "The Forgotten Commandments." She starts as a queen who is on the trail of her captain, Hans Albers of the gunboat *Persimmon*, she has her brief day with him before he recognizes her, and the film ends with the queen taking charge of the battleship to take up the chase again. Not much consolation for the love-lorn in this, is there?

You might say that her majesty gets practically nowhere, but the nuttiness of the captain and his lieutenant, Sari's tactics to overcome the former's skittishness, and the cheerful tunes make you glad that a queen is in position to take love lightly.

"Is My Face Red?"

Some day a kind-hearted city editor on the Coast will invite the studio folk to visit the news rooms, along with a visiting high-school journalism class, and it will be the death blow to newspaper drama. Until that disillusioning day the fans will continue to see reporters portrayed as wisecracking peephole columnists, and the editorial rooms as cages for assorted nuts. But this film is passably entertaining, so why pick on a film tradition?

Ricardo Cortez plays the gossip columnist who starts his day's work by mixing a five-gallon high ball in a water cooler. His rounds lead him to the stateroom of an aristocratic heiress who is running away from her parent-picked fiancé, and later he gives his faithful little Broadway hooper the air. Much as he likes the ladies, the column comes first in his heart, and he gets into a pretty mess when he tells tales out of school.

Helen Twelvetrees, as the dancer who still loves him while he is cavorting around with a wealthy girl friend, is appealing, and it is she who holds his head in her lap after a gangster shoots him for reporting a murder. Jill Esmond is briefly pleasing as the rich girl who held the columnist's fancy for a few days. Zasu Pitts wistfully droops over the newspaper switchboard, and her bored answers to foolish questions

people phone in provide the best moments. The hero is too fresh to deserve the tearfully happy ending. The original story silencing him forever was more appropriate.

"Society Girl."

James Dunn handles with fairly good technique the rôle of a prize fighter who is as temperamental and susceptible to romance as a pampered boarding-school girl, but he fails to lift his characterization above just reliable theatrics. You never quite accept him as a "pug." Spencer Tracy, who appears as Mr. Dunn's



manager, shows how it should have been, but then a fighter such as Mr. Tracy could have played would not have gone off chasing social butterflies, and then what of our story?

Mr. Dunn is lured into those dangerous paths of high society by a daughter of the fabulously rich—Peggy Shannon—who is out for fun in more elemental circles than Southampton. He breaks training and loses the big fight. While this does not sparkle with originality, Dunn and Tracy make it arresting most of the time, and its animation and glamour gloss over an uninspired story.

Miss Shannon's *Judy* seems too sweet to upset *Johnny Malone's* fighting career and separate him from his lifelong pal and manager, *Briscoe*. The director takes great pains to show that her interest in *Johnny* has little to do with fan enthusiasm for the ring. The dialogue runs along at a breezy pace except when it falls into an occasional bog such as "You are like an armful of honeysuckle." Still, if you look at pictures trustingly you will find "Society Girl" good entertainment.

"Strangers of the Evening."

If you think mystery films have lost their kick for you, I recommend that you "sit up" with "The Illustrious Corpse," as Tiffany Thayer called the novel upon which this story is based. The mystery and underworld yarns are delightfully burlesqued when stern police officials

set about finding the murderer of one Mr. Daniels of Trenton, and incidentally the corpse itself, for all clues prove to be blind ones owing to the unaccountable burial of one body when two should have been laid away. This leads a ghoulish exhuming party and the theft of a coffin from the grave robbers.

Muddling things still more, a goofy stranger reports to the police that he is implicated in a murder—he doesn't remember what murder. Lucien Littlefield is the stranger suffering from amnesia. Pretty soon Zasu Pitts flutters in to rescue her "Snooky," that being the name she has given him. Eugene Pallette, as the super-detective, is now hopelessly wound up. If you haven't seen the film, it would not be fair to tell more. Suffice to add that my favorite, Zasu, is given a break in footage and not an inch is wasted. Harold Waldridge contributes his share of laughs as the frightened undertaker's assistant.

"Forgotten Commandments."

Here is a story of passion in Russia, with benefit of a sermon instead of a wedding ceremony. The sermon is none other than the biblical sequence from "The Ten Commandments," which is directed at the godless ones supposed to believe that love should be taken where it is found, and that marriage is a foggy bourgeois custom. When the iniquity of it all is established, one sees a young married couple in Russia—Marguerite Churchill and Gene Raymond—confronted by a lovely snake in the grass in the person of Sari Maritza. She is the sweetheart of one *Professor Marinoff*, Raymond's chief in a clinic, and when Sari changes her mind and goes to the younger man, the *Professor* forgets his theories of freedom and shoots the couple just as humanly as a Kentucky feudist would take a pot shot at a traveling salesman who interferes in a love affair.

For good measure there is an ending in which the *Professor* reverts back to what has been the honorable thing all along—he admits his guilt in order to reunite the married couple whose happiness was all but blasted. It is too touching to linger upon. Let me hurry on to Sari Maritza. Here, in my opinion, is the siren who should flourish long in making life hectic for screen heroes and heroines. Irving Pichel is fair as the radical professor. Miss Churchill acts too meekly hurt for comfort when things go wrong. My guess is that this will quickly be the forgotten film.

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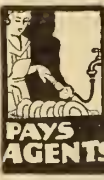
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Poor Relations

Continued from page 37

finally decided it wasn't worth the struggle. John Barrymore got Dolores Costello one come-back talkie. But now, since he has left Warners, no plans have been made for another Costello appearance.

Richard Arlen's actress helpmate once played opposite him for Paramount. He was retained, while Jobyna Ralston does occasional quickie leads. Though Fay Wray's husband, John Monk Saunders, is a scenario writer, author of several Paramount hits, Fay felt the ax at her last option time. Before Fredric March entered the talkies he was not so well known as his actress wife, Florence Eldridge. He is being starred by Paramount now, but so far has not been able to get his charming wife in.

You've heard Al Jolson sing about what he'd do for his mammy? Well, he has a young wife, Ruby Keeler, who has played in Broadway shows. Al's influence hasn't been able to get her before the cameras. Tom Mix's daughter Ruth tried to be a feminine follow-up. No luck! Loretta Young is being starred by Warners, yet her sister Polly Ann only gets bits.

Marian Marsh also has a sister and two brothers who act whenever any one wants them to perform. Requests are infrequent.

May McAvoy's career went on the

skids with the advent of the talkies. More beautiful than ever and with an acceptable voice now, she is married to Maurice Cleary, attorney for many of the film great. Such a man should have pull. Yet May is not working.

The world says all one needs to get ahead in the movies is pull. And some of the stars are still trying to help their relations. Jeanette MacDonald is trying to place her sister Blossom; Buster Keaton got his sister Louise a bit in a Swanson film.

Tom Geraghty wrote many of Fairbanks hits, and was for years a contract writer at Paramount, yet his daughter, Carmelita, is only a vamp. Douglas Fairbanks's actress niece, Flobelle Fairbanks, twenty-two and talented, is playing in stock rather than in a studio. Joan Marsh got in because she was the daughter of a top-notch photographer, Charles Rosher, but M.-G.-M. recently lowered her salary.

Even in the city of make-believe, as you have observed by checking over these numerous examples, there is no alternative to delivering the goods *yourself*. You may hitch your wagon to a star, but the chances are that your ride will be just as bumpy and uncertain as if you'd tried to do your own skyrocketing.

Tough to You

Continued from page 63

as irritable as a bear. That worries him more and he ends by taking a room somewhere and living alone until the rehearsals are over.

After the opus is started he settles down to normalcy. Usually, that is. When he was playing "The Last Mile" in New York—and, incidentally, it was Spencer and not Clark Gable who created the rôle of *Killer Mears*—the part got under his skin more and more at every performance. He got to feeling every night that he actually was in prison, condemned to death, and he'd come off the stage after the last act as limp as a dishcloth.

He was verging on a nervous breakdown, and it was only by taking a country place on Long Island and getting him into new surroundings that his wife averted it.

If pressed, he'll admit that he may be a fair actor, but his looks are a source of constant anxiety to him. Once he said to me wildly, "Look, for Pete's sake, they've got me play-

ing *love scenes* with Joan Bennett. I should be playing mugs, because that's what I look like."

To me, those so-called love scenes in "She Wanted a Millionaire" were the most real moments in the picture. There was a sincerity to them one doesn't often encounter in similar scenes on the screen. And, to the credit of Joan and Spencer, be it said that there wasn't a titter in the house while they were being enacted.

He may not be handsome in the strictest sense of the word, but his face has character to it, and there is a rugged honesty to his features totally lacking in the physiognomies of some of the pretty boys of the screen.

If you could watch the expression that creeps into his eyes and about his mouth when he takes his young son on his lap, you'd agree with me that there are other things in life far more desirable than a Greek profile—and that Spencer Tracy has most of them.

Walter and John

Continued from page 49

little differently. "I had tried my hand at painting and prize fighting and acting," he says, "and I was such a bad actor that I imagine dad was more than a little relieved when I told him I was going to write."

It has always been Walter Huston's policy to avoid imposing his personality upon his son.

"I never offered John advice until he asked for it," he says. "You can't force your way into a person's mind and confidence, regardless of whether or not you are that person's father. I always resented people who tried to influence me. The man who left the greatest imprint upon my life was my brother-in-law—he's dead now. He made no attempt to influence me. But I admired him and wanted to be like him. That's the only sort of influence that means anything."

He laughed in amusement. "It's easy enough to make a 12-year-old kid do what you want him to do, because if he doesn't do it, you can punch him. But when he grows up, perhaps he will be able to reverse the process. And then where would a fellow be?"

A good example of Walter Huston's confidence in his son's intelligence was the matter of the boy's marriage five years ago. He seemed surprised when he was asked whether or not he had opposed the wedding, on account of John's youth.

"Why, no, of course not," he answered. "That was entirely John's affair. I was naturally curious to meet Dorothy, but when John brought her East my faith in his taste and judgment was fully confirmed."

Any one who has met Dorothy Huston, who was John's schoolmate at Lincoln High, in Los Angeles, can understand that.

"Dad didn't really get much of a chance to object," laughed John, "but he wouldn't have done so, anyhow. He approved of my marriage and I approved of his."

There is pride in Huston's voice as he outlines his son's career. Although he was divorced from John's mother many years ago, he saw the boy often during his school days.

Walter displays with great amusement a telegram he received from John, shortly after his first pictures had earned a long-term contract for him. The wire read, "Understand you have signed a contract for five years at twelve pictures a year. If this is so, when are you going to find time for your acting?"

Although the two careers have touched at several points, they are quite separate. John was brought

to Hollywood, not by his father, but by United Artists. And, according to quaint custom, he was given nothing to do when he arrived.

When Universal was looking for a writer to do the adaptation on a story for Walter Huston, the star announced that he had just the man for the job. When he added that it was his son, a complete lack of enthusiasm resulted. The next day Walter brought John's book "Frankie and Johnny" to the studio, along with some of the boy's magazine articles, and, when they had been read, John got the job.

"Although I recommended him," Huston says, "I didn't push the matter. His own work sold him, as I felt certain it would."

"Dad is a really fine actor," John says earnestly. "I know that he's done some difficult rôles in pictures but he's never had a screen rôle yet that gave him an opportunity to display all his talents. You should have seen him in 'Desire Under the Elms' or some of his other stage rôles. His intelligence and understanding of people make him the actor he is."

It was John who revealed Walter Huston's most secret, frustrated ambition. Walter had told of an incident in his son's early childhood, when, on a visit to his grandmother in Toronto, Canada, he had been discovered chasing the local children with a knife, because they had voiced a fancied disrespect to the American flag.

"Very well," exclaimed John, "dad told that on me—so I'll expose his deepest, darkest, most personal aspiration. Believe it or not, but he would rather be an orchestra conductor than anything. Fortunately for concert-goers, he's a better actor. It's one of those suppressed desires—he can really picture himself wielding the baton."

"Does he play any instrument?" I asked.

"Any," replied John, a bit mournfully. "Mouth organs, guitars, trap drums—he plays any of them. But, as I said, he's a better actor."

Under the banter one senses a depth of affection and mutual regard as the Hustons speak of each other. Walter Huston's philosophy of fatherhood has borne fruit in his son's confidence and admiration. Exact-ing work, difference in ages, even marriage, has failed to lessen the intimacy that exists between them.

The Hustons—Walter and John—father and son. And more than father and son—man to man—an elder Damon and a younger Pythias.

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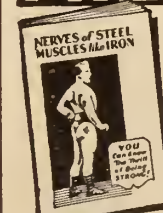
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SZEREM.—William Haines's current picture is "Are You Listening?" and he is at M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California, where he is under contract. If you will send me your full name and address I will mail you a list of fan clubs. Mr. Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900; six feet one, weighs 172, dark hair and eyes, has been in pictures since 1922 and has never been married.

ISABELLE.—So Bill Boyd is your weakness, is he? The date of his birth is June 5, 1898. His films include "Michael O'Halloran," "Exit the Vamp," "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," "The Young Rajah," "The Money Master," "Steel Preferred," "The Volga Boatman," "Eve's Leaves," "Her Man O' War," "The Last Frontier," "Wolves of the Air," "Jim, the Conqueror," "King of Kings," "Thumbs Down," "Dress Parade," "Two Arabian Knights," "Night Flyer," "Skyscraper," "The Cop," "Power," "Lady of the Pavements," "The Leatherneck," "Flying Fool," "High Voltage," "His First Command," "Locked Door," "Officer O'Brien," "Painted Desert," "Beyond Victory," "Big Gamble," "Suicide Fleet," "Carnival Boat."

PEGGY TUTT.—The principals in "Devil on Deck" were Reed Howes and Molly O'Day. Do you refer to Reed Howes? Perhaps Sono Art-World Wide Pictures, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, can supply you with his photograph.

SWEDE.—It is with sincere regret that I must tell you that the Robert Williams whom you enjoyed so much in "Rebound" died November 3, 1931. His last pictures were "Devotion" and "Platinum Blonde." He was rehearsing for "Lady with a Past," opposite Constance Bennett, when he was stricken with appendicitis which resulted in his death. He was married to Nina Penn, stage actress, and had a ten-year-old daughter by a former marriage. He was born in Morgantown, North Carolina, September 15, 1899, and had been on the stage before signing with Pathé. Morton Downey made but four pictures, "Syncopation," "Mother's Boy," "Lucky in Love," "Devil's Holiday." Come again—even though you didn't guess my identity!

WENDELL A. GULDIN.—Surely you won't wait another year before writing to us again, will you? Martha Mattox was seen recently in "Careless Lady." Hedda Hopper's latest is Garbo's "As You Desire Me." Paramount produced "Feet of Clay" in 1920. Haven't heard that they plan to make a talkie of it. Renée Adorée is recuperating in a sanitarium in Arizona. The other players you mention are inactive on the screen at present.

WONDROUS LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Leon Janney was born in Ogden, Utah, April 1, 1917. Dorothy Mackaill is in vaudeville. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908. Clark Gable is a stepfather. By the time this gets into print I think the Great Garbo will already have sailed for her native Sweden, perhaps only for a vacation. Her last picture for Metro-Goldwyn was "As You Desire Me." I'll be glad to forward you a list of fan clubs, if you send me your name and address.

VIRGINIA S.—It was in "Tol'able David" that Richard Cromwell made such a hit, and since then he has made "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Shanghai Love," "Emma," "Maker of Men," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Dick was born in Long Beach, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair and green-blue

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eyes. Laurence Olivier played opposite Elissa Landi, in "The Yellow Ticket." Mitzi Green's birthdate is October 22, 1922.

CARRIE MARIE.—Welcome once more to our little corner, but please don't be so impatient for your answers. It takes much longer than you think before they can appear in the magazine. The following were in "Blaze o' Glory": Eddie Dowling, Betty Compson, Ferdinand Schuman-Heink, Frankie Darro, Henry B. Walthall, William Davidson, Eddie Conrad, Frank Sabani, The Rounders. Sorry, but I do not have the home addresses of players. Buck Jones was born December 4, 1889; Ken Maynard, July 21, 1895; Maureen O'Sullivan, May 17, 1911; Tom Keene, December 30th.

A TRACY FAN.—Spencer Tracy seems to be a very busy young man these days, having made "Up the River," "Quick Millions," "Six-cylinder Love," "Goldie," "Sky Devils," "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America," "Society Girl," "After the Rain," "What Price Glory?" Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 5, 1900; five feet ten and a half, weighs 165, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Louise Treadwell. Yes, he used to be on the stage.

BERTHA SYBRANDY.—Joan Crawford's films include "Sally, Irene, and Mary," "The Boob," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Paris," "Understanding Heart," "The Taxi Dancer," "Winners of the Wilderness," "The Unknown," "Twelve Miles Out," "Spring Fever," "West Point," "Rose Marie," "Across to Singapore," "Law of the Range," "Four Walls," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Dream of Love," "Duke Steps Out," "Hollywood Revue of 1929," "Our Modern Maidens," "Untamed," "Montana Moon," "Our Blushing Brides," "Paid," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "Laughing Sinners," "This Modern Age," "Possessed," "Grand Hotel," "Letty Lynton," "Promiscuous." Clark Gable's pictures to date are "The Painted Desert," "The Finger Points," "Night Nurse," "The Easiest Way," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Sporting Blood," "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," "Laughing Sinners," "Possessed," "Hell Divers," "Polly of the Circus," "Strange Interlude."

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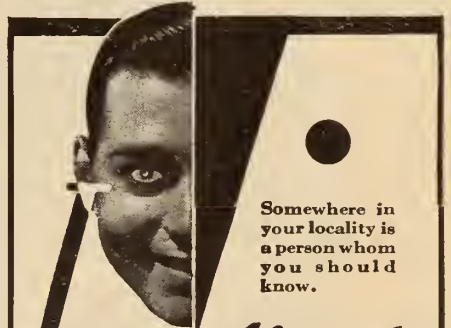
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Karen Morley's too painfully thin.
And what kind of a Beau Brummell
Could Mae Clarke expect to win?

Ginger Rogers has beauty but no art,
Constance Bennett's face is flat.
You think I'm a cat? No, I'm *jealous!*—
I'm big and homely and fat.

RUTH WILKINSON.

PERFECTION?

If I could find Aladdin's lamp
I'd rub it till I earned a cramp;
I'd wish for Garbo's secret charm,
For Lupe's pep, without alarm,
And the slimness of La Crawford;
The gold of Harlow's hair I'd hoard,
And then I'd match Del Rio's grace
With Marion Davies's elfin face;
For Bebe's silver voice I'd crave,
And Dietrich's power to enslave,
For Ginger Rogers's roguery—
And Connie Bennett's salary!

HAZEL WILLIAMS.

JOHN BARRYMORE

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Genius of finesse, technique.
Svengali of the "artistic."
Translator of dramatic art.
Suzerain of every plot,
And sculptor of the spoken word—
John Barrymore.

GOODRICH BENNETT.

MARKED GIRLS

They're safely married now—those two
Exciting Bennett girls;
Constance constantly in glorious
Matrimonial whirls,
While Joan Considered hers at length;
Then Connie went Patee;
But Joan is with her Markey now,
And Connie her marquis!

RUTH R. MAIER.

THE MEXICAN WHIRLWIND

Happy, temptuous, loving Velez,
Always smiling, always gay.
The devil in her eye, heaven in her smile,
A figure divine—and boy, what style!
She's a great deal more than merely "cute"
Because she's—why, she's just Lupe!

HAROLD HARDING.

GLORIA'S BABY

Welcome to the little charmer,
Newly come to greet us here.
Little Michele Bridget Farmer
I am sure that you're a dear.

When the Press starts its barrage,
You may smile in lofty scorn,
Though your birthplace was a garage,
You were to the "Manor" born.

Tell me, little Mickey Biddy
Do you realize your fame?
Does it make you feel quite giddy
That Gloria Swanson's Mummy's name?

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

JOE E. BROWN

Hail! the inimitable, laughable clown—
The King of Humor, Joe E. Brown.
Parade that buffoon up and down,
The streets of good old movie town.
Oh, let him wring the big confession.
"Oi kin swallow all depression.
Poy, oh, poy, I'm laugh, express.
Watch *me* wrestle with distress!"

R. G.

CLARK GABLE

C lark Gable! Answer to a maiden's prayer.
L ike manna from Heaven, and quite as rare.
A man to make hearts beat faster than fast—
R oll onward, Fame, and keep him, while you last,
K ind, whimsical, thoughtful, clean, and fine.

G ive me a man like him, and I won't pine!
A star overnight; a star bound to rise
B igger and better. In his hands his fate lies.
L et Fame not spoil him, may life always be
E ager to help him where'er he may be!

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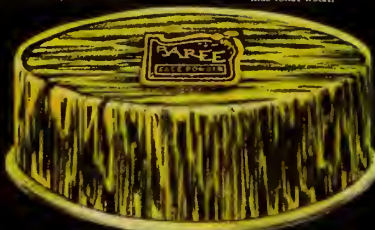


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Pre-release stills of "Airmail," "Downstairs," "The Cabin in the Cotton," "The Most Dangerous Game," "Blond Venus," "American Madness," and "Rain."

SHOPGIRL'S DELIGHT

Often you hear the phrase "shopgirl's delight" used to describe sexy, cheap pictures or an obvious, flashy personality. Even producers go so far as to say, in planning their programs, "Yes, shopgirls like this—shopgirls don't like that." The phrase has come to stand for a low level in taste—one of the very lowest levels. Or did, until Margaret Reid decided to investigate and find out just what women and girls who work behind counters think of pictures and players. Her article in next month's *Picture Play* is packed with surprising information of interest to everybody who goes to films.

GET-RICH-QUICK STARS

The real miracle of the movies is always the magic transformation of some of the players from poverty to riches, from obscurity to fame, and all in a few years. Samuel Richard Mook recalls some actual instances in November *Picture Play*. He tells you of the mormon on a trolley car who became a star, the star who couldn't afford shoes one New England winter, and the great star now earning \$7,500 a week who found herself in Hollywood with less than two dollars a few years ago.

PICTURE PLAY IS BETTER THAN EVER

The reason why is plain to all readers who respond to *real* news of pictures and players. Its interviews are fair to stars, but never gushing; its special articles are informative, but never scandalous; its departments are authoritative and informative, never trivial. Sensationalism is barred from *Picture Play*—that is why it enjoys wider circulation than ever before, with an increasing family of new readers who never tire of the *Best Magazine of the Screen*.

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PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

What the FANS Think

Crawford on Hallowed Ground!

I THINK the funniest news to come out of Hollywood was the casting of Joan Crawford in the part of *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." Of course one has learned never to be shocked by the peculiar whims of casting directors, but this is a little too much. They should have given the rôle to Louise Fazenda and made the burlesque less subtle.



Perhaps the oddest-looking person in Hollywood aside from Peter the Hermit is Miss Crawford. Her eyes are like saucers and any minute her mouth threatens to swallow her face. To put this girl in a part made immortal by the genius of the late Miss Egels is something of a sacrilege. Miss Egels was a genius. Miss Crawford is not.

Jeanne Egels by the power of her talents made the play "Rain" something of a classic. Its five-year run should prove this. The film probably will be a classic, too. It will prove that such plays as "Once in a Lifetime," which rap the movie industry, are more or less justified. I shall not miss it. While Miss Egels turns in her grave and *la* Crawford wiggles her hips, I shall enjoy a long and glorious laugh. The picture version of "Rain" will be the best gloom-chaser the industry has ever turned out. At least it will be to those who knew Miss Egels and appreciated her truly magnificent portrayals.

Brooklyn, New York.

Mind Your Manners, Cagney!

I WANT to thank Theodore T. Cavanaugh for his clever and well-written letter about my favorite star, Phillips Holmes. I have never missed one of his films since his unforgettable work in "The Devil's Holiday," and I agree with Mr. Cavanaugh that he is the finest juvenile character actor on the screen to-day.



Phil does not seem to be getting all the attention he deserves just at present, perhaps due to the unexplained popularity of leading men who resemble nothing so much as the missing link. It seems impossible not to laugh at the startling contrast between the "public idol" of two years ago, Buddy Rogers, and the current rave, best demonstrated by that unpleasant little rowdy, James Cagney.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Only Chatterton Can Walk!

THREE cheers for Ruth Chatterton and Warner Brothers. "The Rich Are Always With Us" is the snappiest picture that has hit this old town for months. Boy, what a woman! Her last three or four atrocities are dead and buried as far as I'm concerned. Chatterton has blossomed anew, and how! Gone is the long-suffering, resigned, sacrificial expression, and there is a charming, happy, smiling face in its place—and what a smile!



Fed up with a surfeit of skinny, half-alive gals like Crawford and Bennett, her curves, vitality, and pep are a godsend. Those arms and shoulders and that back! And she's the only woman on the screen who knows how to walk. Garbo slinks, Crawford lopes, but Chatterton walks. Her acting and enun-

ciation, as usual, were perfect and George Brent is her best leading man to date. Their love scenes were the best I have ever seen.

You've done right by our Ruthie, Warners. Let her be happy, let her be gay. She does it so well. But, if you should come across another story like "Sarah and Son," let her be tragic, too. It's O. K. by me, but only if it's as good as "Sarah." We don't want another "To-morrow and To-morrow."

RONNIE TATE.

5 Inglewood Drive, Toronto, Canada.

Now It's Harlow's Dimple!

I DON'T see what the fans see in that artificial, would-be actress, Jean Harlow. She is always photographed from the side. Never have I seen her otherwise. What's the matter—are her hips too large? And can't something be done about that dying-cat look she uses in every picture? And that terrible dimple! She has absolutely no ability as an actress.



I wish they would fix Garbo's hair more feminine and give her pictures with better endings. But even in poor pictures she outshines them all.

Dietrich, please don't copy Garbo.

WYM FAUX.

Buhl, Idaho.

Martha, How Could You?

SOME people seem to think the film stars have no feelings. Marie Brown in June Picture Play asks when will Norma Shearer get wise to her limitations. Now, listen here, Marie. You may dislike Norma, but need it be written so cattily? To me Norma is the supreme actress of to-day—far better than the insipid Garbo who is inclined to be boring with her aloofness.

I wish to know whether Martha Colby meant it for a slam when she mentioned some of the things stars could do to improve themselves and—horrors!—asked that Norma Shearer stop breathing.

SYDNEY VOUSDEN.

34 Strathmore Boulevard, Toronto, Ontario.

She Means Gable.

I WANT to agree with all those who boost Clark Gable. Thanks to the powers that be for producing something different in male leads at long last! Lately the movie heroes have been too utterly sickening for words—all either sweetly boyish or obviously putting on unaccustomed he-mannishness, or being heavily French-minded and daring.

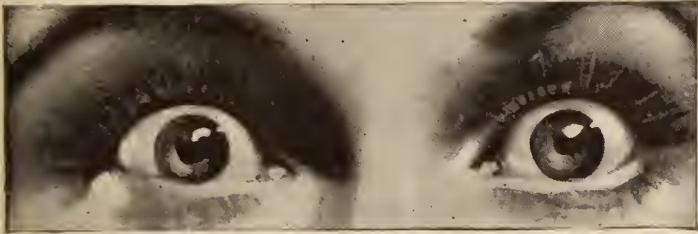
Clark is virile, versatile, a swell actor and too utterly and divinely attractive with his interesting ugliness and thrilling voice. And he's different—so different from the others! It seems as if at last the producers have waked up to the fact that we fans want heroes who are men—not handsome clothes props with a wistful sonny-boyish appeal or wise-cracking, pseudo-hard eggs whose faces need urgent and hard smacking.

In "Susan Lenox" Clark showed that even being co-starred with the Garbo couldn't put his light out. He

Continued on page 10

When you tuned in on your local NBC Station and heard the first chapter of "The Phantom of Crestwood"

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TO BE SHOWN IN LEADING THEATRES BEGINNING THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

CHICKIE.—And now comes George Raft, who promises to make the fans sit up and take notice. Many actors have been spoken of as second Rudolph Valentinos, but "Jigie," as the boys call him, comes nearest to filling the place of *The Sheik*. As a matter of fact, he once worked with Valentino when both were just dancers in night clubs. He is a native New Yorker, born there September 26, 1903; five feet eleven, weighs 160, black hair, brown eyes, and olive skin. His films include "Quick Millions," "Hush Money," "Palmy Days," "Dancers in the Dark," "Scarface," with "Night After Night" to follow. Address him at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

LEE.—Don't blame you for getting excited over Dorothy Jordan. She is a sweet little body, isn't she? Although under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, her services are always in demand by the other companies. Write to her at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California. Miss Jordan comes from a Southern family and was born in Clarksburg, Tennessee, August 9, 1910; has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 100, about five feet one. She has appeared in "Black Magic," "Devil-May-Care," "Taming of the Shrew," "In Gay Madrid," "Not So Dumb," "Call of the Flesh," "Love in the Rough," "Min and Bill," "Shipmates," "A Tailor-made Man," "Young Sinners," "Hell Divers," "Beloved Bachelor," "Lost Squadron," "Wet Parade," "Roadhouse Murder," "Down to Earth," "Cabin in the Cotton." I haven't kept track of Myrna Loy's various wigs, but they're always effective, don't you think?

PEARL HOROVITZ.—That was Dawn O'Day who played the part of *Selina Peake* as a little girl in "So Big," and young Dick Winslow was *Roelf Pool* at the age of fourteen. Try Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California, for their photos. In "Symphony of Six Million," Lester Lee was Ricardo Cortez as a young boy. Write to him at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

A. F. K.—Thanks, ol' man, for your good wishes. Sure appreciate 'em. Here are a few stars whose birthdate is October 20th: Evelyn Brent, 1899; Marian Nixon, 1904; Bela Lugosi, 1888; Purnell Pratt, who doesn't give the year. Address these players as follows: Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California; Loretta Young, First National Studio, Burbank, California; Marian Marsh, Warner Studio, Burbank; Sally Eilers, Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Richard Dix, RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood; Buck Jones, Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood; Tim McCoy, Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

JOE.—Your weakness, Alice White, has been making a personal-appearance tour. I hope she sees this if only to know how

anxious her fans are to have her return to the screen. Alice is a Jerseyite, you know, having been born in Paterson, on August 28, 1907. Her pictures include "Sea Tiger," "Satin Woman," "American Beauty," "Breakfast at Sunrise," "Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "Show Girl," "Mad Hour," "Big Noise," "Harold Teen," "Lingerie," "Three-ring Marriage," "Naughty Baby," "Hot Stuff," "Broadway Daddies," "Show of Shows," "Girl from Woolworth's," "Playing Around," "Show Girl in Hollywood," "Sweet Mamma," "Sweethearts on Parade," "Widow from Chicago," "Naughty Flirt," "Murder at Midnight."



The Oracle is happy to announce that Colleen Moore has signed a long-term contract with M.-G.-M. and will shortly be seen in a new picture.

DANCING SENORITA.—Howdy? Welcome once more to our little corner. By now you must know that we have discontinued the "Pick a Pen Pal" Department. Rudolph Valentino's full name was Rodolpho Alfonso Raffaelli Pierre Filibert Guglielmo di Valentino d'Antongiolla. Ann Harding first saw light of day on August 7, 1901; Anita Louise, January 9, 1914; Aileen Pringle, July 23, 1897; Anna Q. Nilsson, March 30, 1894; Alice Terry in 1901; Armida in 1911. John Miljan is six feet tall; Laurence Olivier, five feet ten and a half; Tom Tyler, a little over six feet; John Wray, about six feet.

JILL DEAN.—I mailed you a list of fan clubs, but it was returned because of insufficient address. There is a club in honor of Ann Harding with Arline Sandberg, 3439 Fulton Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

PUZZLED PAT.—Whenever you feel that way, be sure to write in and relieve your mind. I agree that the producers would be helping the fans a lot if they showed a complete cast of the players and their rôles at the beginning of each picture. You will probably have noticed that some companies have been following this practice. Elizabeth Patterson was *Susie* in "The Cat Creeps," and *Mrs. Lippett* in "Daddy Long Legs." Nancy Welford played the part of *Jerry* in "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Marian Marsh had a very small part in "Whoopee." Her name wasn't even mentioned in the cast at that time. What a difference two years has made in her young life!

LUCILLE R. MUIR.—In "The Wiser Sex," Ross Alexander was cast as *Jimmie O'Neill*, and Fanchot Tone as *Phil Long*. Both are free-lancing.

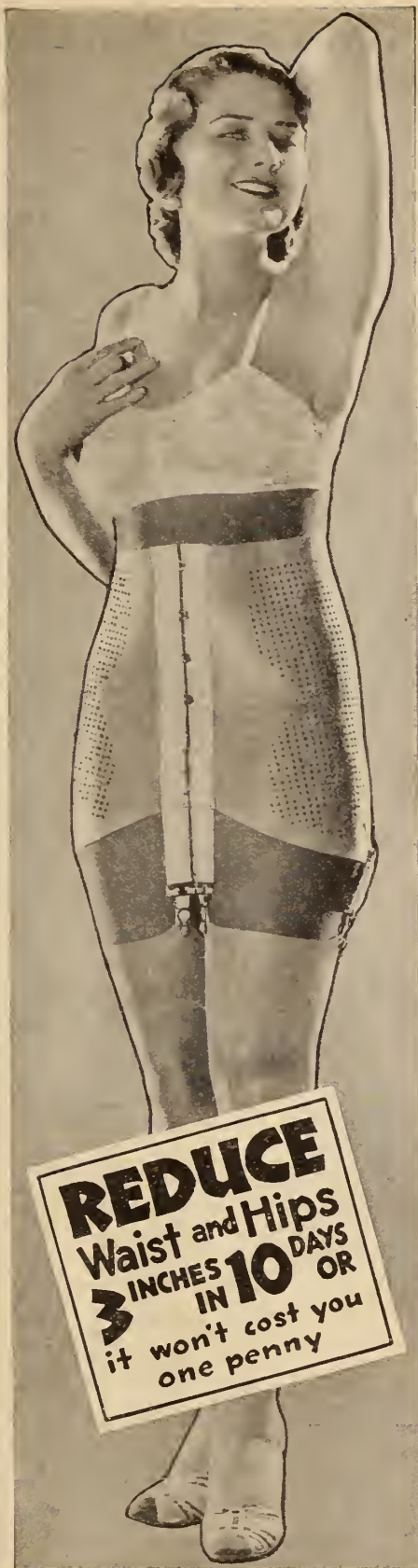
PEGGY T.—Ken Maynard's birthplace is Mission, Texas, and the happy day was July 21, 1895; is six feet, weighs 185, black hair, gray eyes. Married Mary Deper in Hollywood. Evalyn Knapp was born in New York City, June 17, 1908; unmarried. Marian Nixon celebrated her birthday on October 20, 1904; five feet two, weighs 100, chestnut hair, brown eyes; married to Edward Hillman, Jr. Sally O'Neil is a real Irish beauty, but was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, October 23, 1908; five feet one and a half, weighs 104, black hair and dark-blue eyes, and is still single. Sally Eilers is a native New Yorker, the blessed event occurring December 11, 1908; five feet three, weighs 110, auburn hair, brown eyes; married to Hoot Gibson. That was Donald Cook who portrayed the part of *Joe* in "Side Show."

ALICE WHITE FAN.—See Joe above for information about your favorite.

IRVIN SILVERMAN.—Hope you weren't looking for your answer in the August issue, for we were already preparing this number when your letter was received. Maureen O'Sullivan entered pictures as leading lady to John McCormack in "Song o' My Heart," released in September, 1930. Since then she has made "So This Is London," "Just Imagine," "Princess and the Plumber," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Skyline," "Big Shot," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," "Strange Interlude," and "Fast Companions." Maureen was born in Rascommon, Ireland, May 17, 1911; five feet four, weighs 114, dark-brown hair, blue eyes.

NOLA.—Your query about that comedy short, "Re-tire Inn," is too much for me, especially as I did not see it when it played here. How is your Bing Crosby club progressing?

RUTH DUNN.—Loretta Young is eight-een. Buck Jones often has Loretta Sayers as his leading lady, but she is in no way related to Loretta Young. Karen Mor-



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MISS JEAN HEALY.
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REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES
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. . . writes Miss Healy

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What the Fans Think

straight ahead or to one side when she spoke. Was Von Sternberg prompting her? She certainly was a disappointment to me!

I wonder if these foreign directors are good things, anyway! While they certainly have it over our American men in directing pantomime and in getting some fascinating camera angles, they emphasize "pictures" too much, and give us too little action. I cite Ernst Lubitsch's "Broken Lullaby" and Sternberg's "Dishonored," "An American Tragedy" and "Shanghai Express" as instances. The public wants entertainment and action. Beautiful scenes and angles may be art, but in these heavy days don't give us heavy motion pictures!

HAL GARTWIN.

Brooklyn, New York.

Try Gable Tactics at Home.

IT amuses me greatly in reading female movie fans' comments on Clark Gable. He seems awfully popular with a lot of them. Just because this so-called he-man slaps and knocks his women down in his pictures. Well, I think that if those same fans who make a hero of Clark Gable were to be slapped and knocked down by their own lovers or husbands there would be a different story to tell. I am an old-timer and have failed to see or meet the woman who would stand for being slapped or knocked down by any man.

M. B. WALSH.

238 South Orange Avenue,
Newark, New Jersey.

Whetting Wits on Crawford.

AFTER reading "What the Fans Think" in June Picture Play, my blood pressure almost broke all bounds.

For the life of me, I can't understand why there are those who insist upon putting in a dirty dig about Joan Crawford every time the magazine comes out. In my estimation, no other star gets the ragging and going-over that this girl gets. What on earth is the reason for it, anyhow?

Her driving ambition seems to annoy some people very much, and her happy married life seems to have become a bee in the bonnets of some of these newspaper reporters. Joan Crawford is considered to be a clever and a brilliant young woman by those who know her, and it seems to me that she will be perfectly capable of singing her own lullabys over a tiny fluffy head, when that time comes, without the able assistance of the publicity department.

She has been blamed for deliberately stealing scenes and "always managing to get her leading man's back to the camera," as Miss Hayden of San Diego, California, seems to think. As one girl who knows to another, Miss Hayden, Joan Crawford has no more to do with the direction of her pictures than you or I do.

In every star there is something admirable, and I don't blame any one of them for stealing a picture away from another if she can do so. After all, it is acting that makes an extra a star—so if Joan Crawford can outplay any other star in a picture where she is teamed with another—why, more power to you, Joan!

Each and every fan has his and her own likes and dislikes—but why does every one sharpen his literary wits on Joan Crawford?

KATHLEEN DONOHUE.

"Athlone," Hillsborough, California.

More Songs for Ramon!

IRVING THALBERG can't be included in Jonathan Swift's definition of humanity—that "Man is a reasoning vegetable." Thalberg's case lacks the saving

grace of reason. For several months past, Ramon's fans have been begging that Ramon be allowed to sing. Out of the bigness of his heart Thalberg promised us a song in "Huddle." The results were overwhelming.

Really, Mr. Thalberg, you are *too* appreciative of Ramon's talent. And your generosity is colossal—unprecedented in the history of movies. Ramon sang exactly one song. It lasted exactly one minute. It couldn't have contained more than six lines. And it was nothing that required any great talent like Ramon's.

One tiny little song! You really have to be on the alert for it, or you'll miss it—it was over before I fully realized that Ramon was actually singing again. *Dear Mr. Thalberg!*

The most maddening part of the whole affair is that Ramon sang the song very early in the picture—to the accompaniment of his guitar, too—and naturally you suffer through the rest of it just *aching* to hear him sing again. Ramon, you might have spared yourself the trouble of bringing your guitar to Yale if you were only to use it once during your whole freshman year.

In case Thalberg misses the point, let me say in the plainest language I have at my command that *we want Ramon to sing; not once, but several times.*

F. C. CALIRI.

38 Edgewood Street,
Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Some Questions Settled.

IT is my opinion that—

Myrna Loy is a much better actress and much more glamorous than the "Great Garbo."

Charles Morton has more appeal in his little finger than Clark Gable has in his whole body.

Natalie Moorhead is much more seductive and much better dressed than Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis.

Barry Norton and Terry Page should be seen on the screen more, Phil Holmes and David Manners less.

Mary Nolan should be given a decent break.

Ditto for Duncan Renaldo.

Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett are the most insipid-looking actresses on the screen to-day.

Dorothy Peterson is the most natural actress to ever be seen on the screen.

Clark Gable is a very much overrated young actor. His performance in "A Free Soul" was as amateurish as the picture itself.

BARBARA MARSH.

756 Eighth Avenue,
New York City.

Shushing "S. C."

AFTER reading Mary Ann's letter in the July Picture Play I must come to the defense of my favorite—Clark Gable.

One can easily tell that you are old-fashioned. The actresses you approve of give you away. My dear, Clark is not conceited, ugly, or unattractive. You imagine that because little Mary Ann goes in for the smooth, pink-cheeked fellows of the screen. Clark is a handsome brute, and the true moderns adore him.

Two sentences and one word to S. C. Please be quiet. Daddy doesn't think it's cute any more. Understand?

EMILIE ECKHART.

4033 Lake Avenue,
Rochester, New York.

Of Course He Couldn't!

MANY fans seem to think it necessary to say everything horrid they can think of about one actor in order to

sound convincingly enthusiastic about another.

We all have our particular favorites. Mine is Ivan Lebedeff, because he represents the romance and color, sophistication and strangeness of the old country, which naturally has a fascination for this newest of nations. He could not take the place of Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman, Roland Young, or Buster Keaton any more than they could take his. Surely it is quite possible to like Greta Garbo best without detesting Clara Bow or Janet Gaynor.

There are so many different ideals, beauties, interests, thrills, and funny things that the screen will always hold its millions of fans. May an Australian propose a vote of thanks to all our shadow friends and to the magazines that bring them nearer to us?

ALWYN WALLACE.

147 Church Street, Parramatta,
New South Wales, Australia.

But On the Other Hand.

I WISH to express my admiration for Norbert Lusk for his reviews. His eloquent praise of Greta Garbo's performance in "Grand Hotel" somewhat atones for the mean and unfair remarks of S. R. Mook in June Picture Play. This kill-joy of a man seems to take great pleasure in picking on Miss Garbo, who, in most intelligent persons' opinions, is the screen's finest and most alluring actress.

ANN MUSCIES.

Comly Avenue,
Port Chester, New York.

Hints to Squawkers.

WHILE all this howling is going on about Clark Gable's ears, how about:

Johnny Weissmuller's ears?

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s ears?

John Gilbert's nose?

Richard Arlen's peculiar-shaped head?

Charlie Farrell's piping voice?

William Haines's receding forehead?

Dick Barthelmess's odd upper lip?

Phillips Holmes's gaunt expression?

Leslie Howard's funny face?

Anita Page's eyebrows?

"CANADA."

Toronto, Ontario.

Whimsical, Persistent Brent.

HAIL the newcomer—George Brent! Don't you fans dare compare him with Gable. They are nothing alike. Gable has left me absolutely cold from the start, but Brent—I've already fallen hard for him, after seeing him only once, in "The Rich Are Always With Us." What love-making! Where Gable is brutal, Brent is tender, whimsical, and persistent. Let's have heaps of him.

Why don't we see more of Florence Britton? She's charming and talented, yet a lot of incompetents are shoved into leading rôles, and she's left out.

Leila Hyams, another really good player, is being neglected. She has proved many times that she can act, her manner and voice are charming, yet she is relegated to rôles which usually turn out to be insignificant.

I do hope M.-G.-M. wakes up soon and gives Nils Asther real hero parts. He's a fine actor and his voice is excellent. He's a fascinating villain for Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton," but his fans admire him too much to see him play such mean characters. I don't want him to play namby-pamby heroes, but something we can sympathize with.

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

What! More New Ones?

IT won't take me long to tell what I think about a few things. Why is it that every time a new female star shows up from some foreign country, all we read is, "Is she another Garbo?" "Is she another Garbo?" "Is she another Garbo?" till I could scream! There never will be another Garbo! And isn't there a possibility of these new stars having beauty and talent, and making a hit in their own right, without having to be like some one else?

And every time a good-looking man pops up, it's "Look out, Gable," and, "Will he be another Gable?" et cetera. It's sickening, and I'm getting tired of reading it.

I certainly do not agree with Catherine Hallowell in July Picture Play. Why not have new stars to rave over? Haven't Barthelmess and Marion Davies had their day—in fact, years of lauding and admiration? To me, Madge Evans is far better in looks and talent than Marion Davies ever was. Let's have more new faces—we get tired of some of the old ones.

MAE BURNELL.

746 One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, Los Angeles, California.

Barbed-wire Cup Awarded.

MAY I be allowed to express my opinion of a certain person who, for sheer caddishness, wins the barbed-wire loving cup—Paul Boring.

Joan Crawford, Joan Bennett, Ann Harding are all beautiful and good actresses. Because you don't like them, Paul Boring, is no reason you should be insulting. There are some intelligent people who know a good actress when they see one. Stick to burlesque shows—they're more in your line.

Joan Crawford has the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. She is beautiful, has a beautiful figure, and is the finest actress on the screen. Garbo is a wonderful actress, but Joan makes even her look like a shadow. Whatever picture Joan makes is good, because Joan makes the picture instead of the picture making Joan.

What I would like would be a Joan Crawford picture every night. I'd never get tired. Here's to the finest actress on the screen—the queen of them all—Joan Crawford.

ELLEN SYNNOTT.

17 East Twenty-fourth Street, National, California.

Mary Brian Snobbish?

SO Judith Fields thinks Lupe Velez should have a guardian. Well, I say don't pass judgment until you've seen or spoken to some of them. I've seen some of the stars, spoken to a few, or just heard them talk to some one off-stage, and certainly got some surprises. Lupe was in Ziegfeld's show "Hot-Cha!" and turned out to be the sweetest, simplest, and most beautiful star. Her manners cannot be beat. Every little word and every action shows her appreciation of the compliments the public showers on her.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay! Oh, if only there were more couples like them! You could take her for any one of us, but that charm—that simplicity!

Dorothy Mackaill is another sweet and friendly type. She would talk to a boot-black as an equal.

Mary Brian and Ken Murray are both disappointments on the stage. Both are conceited and snobbish—and for no good reason at all!

HELEN KUROPATSKY.

88-90 Avenue D, New York City.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

1

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE THIS ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN, NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS

2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA

3 A MONTH LATER *he found out*

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING

4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY

5 NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil his chances*

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

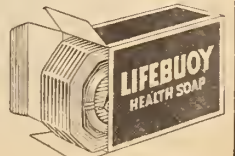
Don't let "B.O." (body odor) bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

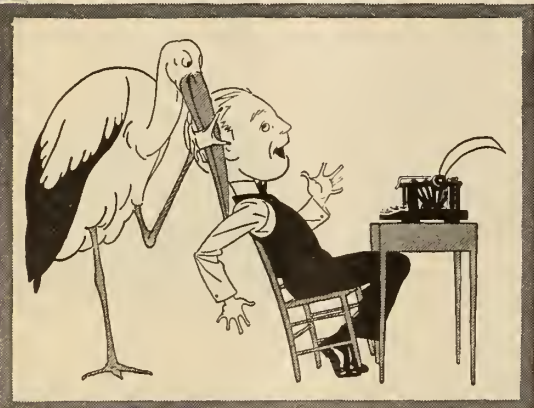
If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 6310 Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)





He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news . . .



Predicts babies like the weather
bureau predicts the weather . . .

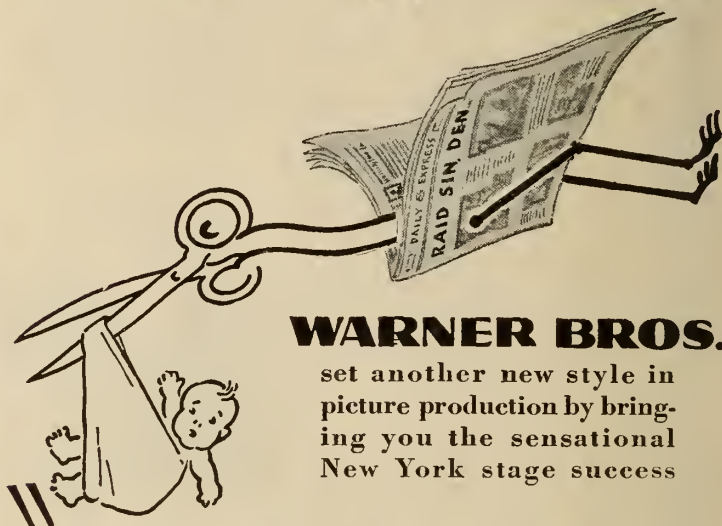


Sells scandal by the square inch—and
cleans up in the shock market . . .



Sees all—knows all—
and tells everything!

Here it is! The scandalous comedy
of a scandal columnist who rose
**FROM A KEYHOLE TO A
NATIONAL INSTITUTION**



WARNER BROS.

set another new style in
picture production by bring-
ing you the sensational
New York stage success

BLESSED EVENT

with **LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN**

DICK POWELL

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**



The private life of the
man who abolished priv-
acy...The lowdown on
the Gossip King whose
name bounced from
Broadway 'round the
world!...Take the *Los
Angeles Times*' word for
it—"it's the best screen
entertainment seen in
many a day" . . . By all
means watch for your
theatre's announce-
ment of this great hit.

*The famous Longacre
Theatre where New York
crowded to pay \$3.30 a
seat to see "Blessed Event"*



WARNER BROS.

will bring you the new season's
biggest thrills!



Photo by George Hurrell

THE old-fashioned phrase "married and settled" has no place in the vocabulary or the calculations of such a modern as Jean Harlow. . Married to Paul Bern, yes, and very happily, Jean is set for a brilliant, active career with stardom as inevitable as the coming of the New Year. She begins her Metro-Goldwyn contract opposite John Gilbert, in "Red Dust." After that there'll be no need for Jean's fans to fret about her future, nor is there now.

ARTIFICIAL



Garbo's home life is amusingly unexotic.

Sari Maritza off-screen is actually athletic.



Exotic—Introduced from a foreign country; not native. As, an exotic word, an exotic plant.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

THE popular definition of "exotic" in relation to screen stars begins where Noah Webster left off. Greta Garbo's fan mail fairly bristles with additional connotations of the term. To the writers of these thousands of letters, "exotic" means not only foreign, but "mysterious, temperamental, fragile, orchidlike, night-blooming, glamorous."

This remarkable conception of "exotic" began in the myths built around Theda Bara—the mysterious, "the *svelte* siren from the Valley of the Nile." Its misuse has brought many an extra shekel to the movie coffers. To-day no studio is complete without at least one "exotic" on the pay roll.

The real-life Theda was about as exotic as Brooklyn Bridge; she retired to become a placid, healthy American housewife. Her glamorous screen character was the creation of the studio press agent, the make-up man and the costumer. In just the same way our modern exotics, from Garbo to the latest find, are presenting artificial personalities to their public.

This fakery is necessary. Experiments soon proved that actresses such as the late Lya de Putti, temperamental, mysterious, and night-living in real life, could not put into their screen rôles the fiery intensity and all those other qualities demanded of the exotic.

A noted showman speaking of Greta Garbo's success said, "The wonder is that some one didn't put over a Swedish mystery pose for Anna Q. Nilsson, who was even better qualified when she first came here."

What might Garbo's fate have been had M.-G.-M. given her cowgirl and schoolmarm rôles in Westerns, such as those Miss Nilsson played opposite Bill Hart? That might very well have happened, for at first she was considered too big-boned and healthy-looking to qualify as a screen exotic.

A make-up man really discovered the screen's Greta Garbo. Experimenting when others had failed, he penciled a heavy black crescent-shaped

Why the most bewitching ladies of the screen cannot radiate glamour at home.

line on each of her upper eyelids, arched her eyebrows a good quarter of an inch, and refined her facial contours with painted shadows. The camera test revealed a miracle.

Realizing that they had an exotic, after all, the producers began to develop her. They followed the familiar Theda Bara formula, with one important improvement: Theda had been allowed to give mysterious, meaningless interviews in dimly lighted, velvet-hung, incense-laden rooms; Garbo gave no interviews at all.

The way Greta keeps her energy, health, and figure is amusingly unexotic. So is her whole private life.

Early to bed and early to rise is her motto. She usually retires at nine, taking a book with her; falls asleep within half an hour, and rises at six or six thirty in the morning. She smokes a very limited number of nicotineless cigarettes, and does not drink alcoholic liquors. Milk is her principal beverage. She eats heartily at home, and her Scandinavian friends say that it is hard to supply enough food for her when she comes visiting them at meal time!

Marlene Dietrich, however, is the really perfect example of the artificial exotic. Her artificiality begins with the triangular patches of make-up below her cheek bones, which give her that wistful, fragile screen charm.

Meeting the real-life Dietrich on informal ground, you are amazed at her rounded cheeks, and even more at her lively chatter—none of those slow, measured, teasing utterances!—and her rapid, energetic movements. She does not smoke.

Pola Negri says she learned not to wear herself out putting on a show off-screen.



What's in a name? Ask the sponsors of Gwili Andre.

EXOTICS

By Helen Pade

In addition to the famous daubs of paint on her cheeks, Marlene's brows are changed in contour for the screen, and her eyes are heavily shadowed. Her costumes are miracles of sophisticated, suggestive design, usually dark in color and slenderizing in effect. Cameras and lighting do the rest.

The next step is to prepare the public psychologically for *la* Dietrich; it must be made exotic-minded. The next to the highest-salaried publicity and advertising staff in pictures takes care of that.

Which is the highest-salaried psychology staff? The one that created Garbo, of course!

Jetta Goudal might easily have become the most famous of the exotics. When Cecil DeMille presented her in "Three Faces East," the mystery that cloaked her origin, and her appearance that suggested some weird racial mixture, were much in her favor.

After her initial success, DeMille starred her. He deliberately advertised her "temperament," and at the same time sought to change her whole appearance, so intriguing in "Three Faces East," by widening her eyes. This was done by muscular control. When facing the camera, Jetta kept her brows elevated, which wrinkled her forehead and widened her eyes.

This introduced strain. So did the quarrels that came from sustaining her reputation for being temperamental. Her health suffered, and this in turn reacted upon her work. She became irritable and hard to manage.

When Goudal appeared in "Lady of the Pavements," Lupe Velez, then a newcomer, stole the picture from



Marlene Dietrich's fragile charm is enhanced by triangular patches of make-up.

Lily Damita's exoticism was created in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

her. Beside the dynamic Mexican girl, mysterious Jetta seemed wan and spiritless. It was Lupe who exhibited the fire an exotic actress is expected to display—Lupe, who on the screen and in real life is about as exotic to the average American as a tamale!

Pola Negri's case was, in some respects, like Jetta's. The jovial, good-natured, hearty Polish girl won American audiences with the sheer physical vigor of her work in "Passion" and other early pictures. Then Pola went Hollywood, which is to say that she began living the sort of life an exotic is supposed to live.

Her remarkable constitution, built up from girlhood by the rigorous training a European dancer receives, upheld her for a while. Then her histrionic fire waned apace with the loss of her appetite for food and her increasing desire for champagne and cigarettes. She left America at the dawn of the talkie era, regained her old health in Europe, and returned to struggle vigorously for a comeback—with no show outside the studio.

Greta Nissen's excellent qualifications for artificial exoticism were overlooked when she first came to Hollywood. She was given simple American rôles in a few pictures, and when the talkie régime came, she went away defeated. Broke and stranded in New York some time later, Greta met a producer who saw her possibilities. He brought the lively, good-natured little Norwegian dancing girl back to the Coast, and her subsequent success indorsed his judgment.

Lily Damita was definitely made one of the mysterious, exotic breed by that fantastic picture, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Unmysterious rôles in later films have never dispelled the original illusion. Yet off-screen, Lily is simply a peppy, likable French girl.

What's in a name? A great deal, some producers think. Hence those famous synthetic cognomens, Theda Bara, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich. Now compare them in sound to Sari Maritza, Tala Birell, and Gwili Andre.

The three less familiar names label young ladies from as many different studios, and as many different foreign lands. They have, however, the necessary traits for artificial exoticism. Trust producers to see to that. [Continued on page 59]



The new exotic, Tala Birell, hurries from the studio to her gardening or swimming.

The "temperament" built up for Jetta Goudal took hold of her real self—and she was out.





OFF GOES THE LID

To hear Marlene Dietrich chatting of children and kitchens reveals a stranger to the fans—Frau Sieber.

By Elza Schallert

Is Miss Dietrich's quiet determination an advantage or handicap?

IS Marlene Dietrich standing in her own light? Has she come to the turn of the road and gone in the wrong direction?

Is this determination of hers to be directed by no one but Josef von Sternberg intelligent or short-sighted?

Marlene Dietrich has been in Hollywood for about two years and in that time she has made but three pictures. Yet she is one of the first-magnitude stars. With only three pictures she is a runner-up for Garbo—and then some. The public has to wait almost a year to see one of her new films, yet she seems to grow in popularity despite the fact.

What is the explanation for this? Is it the strangely luminous enchantment of Dietrich herself? Or is it the abstract, dispassionate touch of Von Sternberg which makes his films as challenging to the imagination as modern painting and modern music?

Curiously, one may be irritated by a Dietrich-Von Sternberg picture because of its coldness—but one remembers it.

There has been much shaking of heads in Hollywood



Marlene in "The Blue Angel," contrasts strangely with her present appearance.

for some time concerning the Dietrich-Von Sternberg alliance. The opinion is that Marlene should be directed by some one else, because her work has taken on a monotonous sameness—and because it is too repressed. The opinion is that she has never fully revealed on the screen just how much of an actress she really is.

The belief also exists that Von Sternberg is not only the voice of Marlene, but the very breath and spirit, and that one day there will not be any Dietrich at all—just Von Sternberg.

I have a feeling, after having known Miss Dietrich since her arrival in Hollywood, that there will always be a Marlene—whether she flourishes in the glamorous setting of Hollywood or in the more exacting and conservative environment of a Berlin studio. She is



Miss Dietrich's off-screen talk is about her family—her husband, Rudolph Sieber, and little Maria—cald cures, and caaking.

distinctly an individualist and, besides, she has a brain which works. This combination usually stands the test of survival.

Marlene Dietrich is one of the rare type of women who knows what she wants, and having achieved it, doesn't change her mind. It is her belief, almost her credo, that Von Sternberg is the only director for her. She proved this in her rumpus with Paramount. Instead of following studio orders to report for duty under the guidance of a new director, she walked out with Von Sternberg, unmindful of the results.

That took nerve, because she took chances of being blacklisted by the producers. But more than those qualities, she revealed a loyalty and a devotion seldom encountered in the colony.

"I shall never be directed by any one but Mr. von Sternberg. He is an artist. I a...

his dictates." ...s one rainy after- ...g log fire in the ...Oscar Straus, wife ...three of us were ...together. Mrs. ...day or two for

...three corsages of ...em on the lunch- ...sort of grace and

...Marlene Dietrich is the ...ntelligent young woman

w...ed the portals of ...wood in many a year. And yet few persons know her, except members of the foreign colony. Even those she rarely sees.

"It is all my fault," she told me. "I do not make friends quickly. Besides, I have my little Maria with me. She is everything in the world to me. I want only her and my work and my family. In Germany I have many friends, but it took many years to earn those friendships."

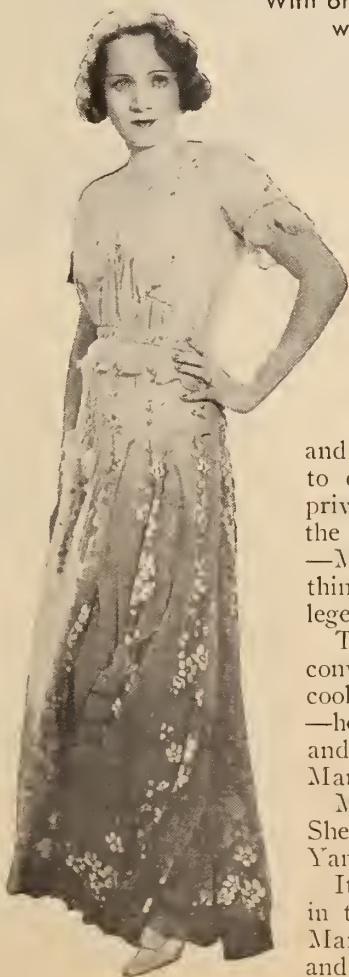
Marlene is the typical Continental woman of grace and charm and wit. She has all the simplicity of the true sophisticate.

Like Garbo, she lives in more or less retirement. There is nothing mysterious about such a procedure on the part of any foreign woman. It is merely an old—a very old—European custom. The European woman is reserved. The American woman is aggressive.

Marlene is the typical Continental woman of grace and charm and wit.



With only three pictures in two years, Miss Dietrich ranks with the highest. Her next is "Blond Venus."



The afternoon that I spent at Mrs. Straus's with Marlene is unforgettable, because memory carries a picture of a celebrated star who was a perfectly normal human being for a few hours—just a charming, well-bred young German woman in the seclusion of her friend's hospitable home.

It was a women's conversation. Who was the best *couturier* in Berlin?—who made that beautiful black velvet long-sleeved, semibackless gown which caused such a furor at the Mayfair Club, because of its startling simplicity among so many brilliants and sequins—the thrill of keeping long finger nails from breaking—and how to do it—hair dyes, their virtues and vices—Marlene has never dyed her hair, but she'd love to do it just once, a deep, reddish brown—the lack of privacy in the American beauty parlor, as contrasted with the European—the best way to cure an oncoming head cold—Marlene is a regular family doctor; she can cure anything—American women in politics—the American college woman.

The rain continued to come down in torrents and the conversation jumped from one subject to another. Music, cooking—Marlene is a very fine cook and proud of it, too—her handsome young husband, Rudolph Sieber, children, and much talk about her adorable, freckled-nose little Maria, age six, who is the picture of her father.

Maria is an expert at playing Old Maid and Blackjack. She calls her parents "Mommer" and "Popper," with true Yankee accent.

It's a great sight to watch this devoted mother and child in the toy department of a store, or in any department. Maria is a sober old lady and Marlene a willing little girl, and an obedient one.

[Continued on page 66]

EXIT YOUTH

Formerly an innocent young face and a good figure were the only requirements of a screen charmer; now the public gives the honors to players who know life.

By Laura Benham



IF a modern Ponce de León should discover the Fountain of Youth and bring its secret to Hollywood, he would have a tough time! Instead of being proffered the keys to the city, he would be handed a schedule of departing trains, with tactful—but not too gentle—hints that he avail himself of their services.

It was not always thus.

Only a short while ago the cry of "Give us youth! More youth!" resounded through the studios. It was the password by which eager applicants gained access to the cinema citadel—the "Open sesame!" to fame, fortune, and happiness.

In those dear dead days, immaturity and innocence were the first requisites of every self-respecting screen charmer. No would-be hero or heroine dared to pass the twenty-first milestone. As for those benighted individuals who had, in a weak moment, confessed that they were approaching the golden mean of thirty, why, they were considered almost senile and fit only for character rôles.

But nothing is truer than the old platitude, times change. Of late, youth has suffered an eclipse. It is the ripe, well-seasoned personality that rules the raves of press and public alike.

If you don't believe me, just compare the heroes and heroines who grace to-day's screen with the type who cavorted for our edification a few years ago.

Begin with that greatest box-office star of them all, Greta Garbo. Greta is still on the bright—but not too sunny, if you know what I mean—side of thirty. Yet there is nothing gauche or naïve about the Swedish siren. A black orchid, not a blushing violet, she gives every

impression of having lived before she loved.

And Garbo has set an entirely new fashion in femininity, both on and off the screen, and she has attained a popularity equal only to that enjoyed by the late Rudolph Valentino.

Second in popularity to Garbo is Joan Crawford. While Joan admits to only twenty-six years—and who are we to doubt a lady's word?—she has literally grown up on the screen. Her real-life poise and sophistication, which she has acquired by dint of much struggle and heartbreak, are duplicated in the rôles which she portrays. The problems which confront her, cinematically, of course, are those with which only a woman well versed in the ways of the world could grapple. Yet, by virtue of her experience, Joan is always able to emerge victorious. No girlish innocence there!

Marlene Dietrich is another current favorite who believes in acting her age. Which is nearly thirty, as she would tell you herself if you happened to ask.

Then there's Norma Shearer, who talks very little, if at all, about her age. But when you recall that she was appearing in comedies in 1916, you can figure that she's no ingénue.

Norma, when she was younger and went in for sweet-girl-graduate parts, attracted no great attention and

chieved no popularity over which to wave flags. When he decided to assume rôles worthy of her talents, and more in keeping with her years, she gained a fan following equal to that of any great star of the screen.

Ann Harding, she of the clear, bell-like tones and laxen hair, is thirty-one years old—and not ashamed to admit it. Yet Ann is one of the most popular women in pictures to-day.

Possibly no star in the film firmament gleams more brightly than does Ruth Chatterton. And Ruth was long past the first bloom of youth before she essayed her first screen rôle. She has not hesitated to play the mother of a grown son—as witness "Madame X"—yet with each picture she enlarges her vast army of fans.

Another brilliant luminary who has won a firm place in the hearts of movie-goers in spite of her pictures, rather than because of them, is Tallulah Bankhead. It has been thirty years since Tallulah first saw the light of an Alabama sun. And with the frankness which is one of her most distinctive characteristics, she insists on talking about it.

At just about the time Tallulah was opening her blue eyes on the world she was fated some day to conquer, not far away, in the neighboring State of Georgia,

After that film was released, followed closely by "Arrowsmith," Helen was one of the most sought-after actresses in all cinemaland. Yet Helen is the direct antithesis of the dimpled darlings we adored only a few years ago. Thirty-one and proud of it, she has a depth of dramatic power far beyond that expected from one of her slight, delicate appearance.

She portrayed the mother of a grown man in her first film, yet her popularity has in no wise suffered from her daring. It would never have been possible for an Alice White or Mary Philbin or Mary Brian to encompass the emotions that Helen Hayes is able to depict so naturally, and the fans have taken her to their hearts.

Oh, I could go on forever, naming the lovely ladies of Hollywood who have passed the first flush of youth but have found a greater charm and beauty in their maturity. Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Mary Astor, Ina Claire, Mae Clarke, Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald—all are somewhere between the twenty-five and thirty-five marks. Yet who could wish any of them a day younger?

In fact, further proof of the tendency to like our heroines well past the age of innocence is evident in the attitude of little Janet Gaynor, the half-pint tornado. Janet, last of the curly-girly heroines, is twenty-seven, but looks younger. Now she has wisely taken a leaf from any fan's book and insisted that she be given mature, sophisticated parts. Her first rôle of this sort will be in "The First Year," in which she is working at present.

Of course, it follows that if our *Juliets* are older, our *Romeos* must be gentlemen and



Miriam Hopkins was making her début into this land of cameras.

That means that Miriam was at least twenty-eight before she triumphed over her first microphone. Yet within the past year, her rise has been one of the most meteoric ever known to the screen. She has that certain something that wins us all and makes us count the days until her next picture will appear.

From comparative obscurity to the topmost peaks in two pictures is the unique record of Helen Hayes. Of course, Helen was well-known on the stage before she journeyed to Hollywood and made "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." But to picture audiences she was a total and absolute stranger.

display a few becoming gray hairs, too. Though in real life we frequently hear of marriages in which the husband is younger than the wife—the Clark Gables, for instance—this would never do in films.

Therefore, our present-day heroes are usually grave,
Continued on page 63



Joan views the future with a speculative eye. Ricky, the pup, lives for the moment.

FAIR and WARMER

Fair skies smile on Joan Bennett's career as her screen portrayals grow warmer.

WHEN a girl has been in pictures three years and never played anything but leads, it's a cinch she's had more than a fair share of publicity. Particularly if her name happens to be Bennett.

Publicity means stories and stories mean copy. And, as William Powell once remarked, "There is only so much copy in any of us. After you've been interviewed seventy-five or a hundred times, no matter how thin you slice it, it's still bologna."

And so when I sit down to write a story about Joan I wonder what I can write that hasn't been written before. A dozen pictures of her flash across my mind. Pictures as lovely as moonrise on the water—and as evanescent and hard to capture and put down.

To my mind, Joan is one of the few real beauties in pictures—but you've seen her on the screen. You know that already. But there are other things about her you don't know.

For instance, that despite the fact her name is Bennett

By Romney Scott

she is one of the most even-tempered girls you'll find in a day's march. She knows that because she is a Bennett, and people *expect* her to be temperamental, she doesn't permit herself even the smallest vestige of it. Mamie Smith might get away with an occasional outburst and no one would pay much attention. But if Joan ever let go, people would say, "Ah, the old Bennett cropping out in her." So if she ever is upset, she suppresses her feelings.

There is Joan's loyalty. I've never seen any one stick to people as Joan does when she likes them. Nothing makes any difference. Her secretary, Dorothy Watkins, is her constant companion. She receives Joan's confidences, and when Joan goes shopping, Dorothy goes along.

When Joan went to New York last fall, Dorothy went, too—not so much as her secretary as her guest. Joan went nowhere unless her to-be escort had also arranged a date for Dorothy.

Recently Dorothy went to the hospital for a protracted stay. Other players send their secretaries flowers in cases like that. Joan took hers. And no matter what time she finished at the studio, she found time to run by and see Dorothy.

There is Joan's sense of fairness. She was talking recently about married couples in pictures and wondering how they split expenses.

"I suppose," Joan said, "it all depends upon how much each makes. As far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't marry a man I couldn't respect, and I couldn't respect a man who couldn't support me. When Gene and I became engaged we had a long talk about that. Naturally, being a man and making a good salary, he wanted to foot all the bills. We finally compromised. He pays the household expenses and I pay my personal expenses.

"It would take a millionaire to support an actress. There's no reason on earth why Gene should pay my secretary's salary or my personal maid. And actresses need so many more things than other women. We require two or three times as many clothes. And perfumes and things like that run up to appalling sums. I should feel I was taking an unfair advantage of him if I permitted him to pay for those things."

Speaking of Gene made me wonder. There is probably no better-known writer in Hollywood than Gene Markey. From the time he first arrived in town until the day he married, he was the most popular bachelor there. His name has been linked with that of half a dozen girls. I began speculating on what Joan had that the others hadn't that had made him want to marry her.

"Why is green your favorite color?" Gene asked. "How should I know? I only know that despite all the running around I've done, she's the only girl I've ever even been engaged to, let alone married. I'd known her for a long time—casually. Then one day last summer, just after she had got out of the hospital, I woke up one morning with an urge to see her, although I hadn't seen her in a couple of years."

I recalled that day. I was visiting Joan early in the afternoon and she mentioned that Gene was coming later. Weeks before she had ordered a negligee. It had never been delivered. Now, suddenly and for no apparent reason, with Gene coming to call, she felt the visit was fraught with importance and she *must* make a good impression.

She called the *couturier* and told him she must have the garment that afternoon. He was politely regretful, but it would be impossible. I expected fireworks. But there were none.

"I ordered it three weeks ago to wear while I'm convalescing," she said quietly. "You've had plenty of time to finish it and I haven't rushed you. I'll be up before you finish it and then I won't need it."

There was more talk along the same line and she ended the conversation by remarking, quite simply, "I'm *very* displeased."

Mr. Markey arrived promptly at five. Just ahead of him a messenger came with

Can it be that Joan, too, is going in for sophistication? Note the new coiffure.



Theo by Dewolny

a large box, and Gene was kept waiting twenty minutes while Joan donned the negligee the boy had just brought.

Maybe it was fate; I don't know. But Joan never looked more ravishing.

It was a peach-colored satin trimmed in fur. She wears the same negligee in the "Trial of Vivian Ware" in the scene where she is packing to go away.

"We both laughed a lot that afternoon, so much that I forgot all about the dinner engagement I had," Markey recalled. "Joan had a cold and although I sat on the far side of the room, I caught it. I complained about it in a telegram to her. It happened we both had the same cold doctor—a Doctor Wimmer—and Joan wired back something about 'Wimmer and children first!' That will give you an idea of our telegrams.

Continued on page 65





Photo by Ball

They Say in

Visitors, clothes and casting interest
the movie colony in Manhattan.

Joan Crawford herself was recently in New York on her way to Europe with her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. She was followed and gaped at wherever she went by just such maudlin admirers as these youngsters. When she boarded the *Bremen* a crowd of two thousand pressed so close they ripped her dress. The Crawford mood at that moment was one of just ordinary wrath. She is careful of her clothes, remembering the days when she carefully figured the cost per yard and made them herself.

In London she and Douglas will be the guests of Noel Coward, leader of the social-professional set and an intimate of the Prince of Wales. He will have a desperate time keeping a straight face if she starts confiding how moody, how intense, how sensitive she is.

Introducing Coward.—Because he is about the cleverest and most versatile young man before the public to-day, a wealth of legend has grown up around Noel Coward, but since the most often told tale about him is my favorite, please bear with me while I repeat it. It is said that when he was introduced to the elegantly patronizing Lady Diana Manners, she murmured, "Oh, yes, Mr. Coward. You wrote 'Private Lives,' didn't you? Not very funny." "No?" he answered. "It was you I saw playing the nun in 'The Miracle,' wasn't it? Very, very funny."

Gloria Swanson will launch Paris styles in "Perfect Understanding" her picture filmed abroad.

UNLESS I just cannot resist the impulse, I'll never quote Joan Crawford again. I am not one to contribute willingly to a trend that should be called a craze, because it is driving every one crazy.

I have just come from a yacht club where, gathered on the porch, were a group of fifteen-year-olds who have Joanitis in an advanced form.

"I'm a creature of moods," announced one stocky, freckled youngster who adopts poses by memorizing interviews with Miss Crawford. "Each day I must feel that I've made some progress, improved myself, or I feel miserable. There is something in me that drives me on relentlessly toward a more vivid self-expression." (How surprised the teacher who had to flunk this Crawford adorer in sophomore English would be to hear that!) "Sometimes I feel the world just crushing me and I want to go out and drive a high-powered motor far into the night."

The other youngsters, knowing perfectly well that she is not allowed out after nine, and can drive the family car only on their own road under the guidance of the chauffeur, nodded approvingly.

"Love isn't enough to fill my life; I wish it were," another chubby youngster chimed in before any of her playmates could claim that little gem of Joan philosophy. But another topped them all by gurgling, "With my temperament, my restless urge to do things, I could never become static."

They all writhed, tossed torsos, and struck attitudes lovingly copied from Joan's photographs.

Mr. Coward. You wrote 'Private Lives,' didn't you? Not very funny." "No?" he answered. "It was you I saw playing the nun in 'The Miracle,' wasn't it? Very, very funny."

Around New York.—Many of the screen celebrities glimpsed around New York nowadays are of greater interest to historians than to the younger set of fans. At a recent theatrical opening Norma Talmadge and George Jessel were in the audience. They played a week of vaudeville together in Chicago, and since I cannot give you an eyewitness account of it, let me quote

Variety: "There was a fog of nervousness muffling her voice so that several of the comparatively few lines she had were lost. Without Jessel she would have looked very helpless indeed."

Nevertheless, Norma looks so radiantly happy that when she comes in a room it is like turning on a flood of incandescents.

At the same opening were Agnes Ayres who has shown great grit by haunting the Broadway agencies for two years seeking a chance on the stage, and Herbert Rawlinson who long since deserted pictures for the stage. Autograph fiends still haunt Forty-fourth Street and Sardi's to get his signature and he threatens to become a radio favorite soon. He has signed to appear in playlets on a commercial hour for fifty-two weeks, and he will direct some of them.

Seen dining at the Central Park Casino recently where every one

Schoolgirl imitators of Joan Crawford are becoming a menace.



New York—

By Karen Hollis

goes, if only to grumble forever afterward about paying unmy dollars for a bottle of ginger ale, were Madge Kennedy, Owen Moore, Alice Joyce, James Rennie, Georges Metaxa, and Mary Brian. Mary leaps back and forth across the country, alternating pictures with vaudeville. Metaxa, after making one picture in this country with Claudette Colbert, went on the stage and has enjoyed enormous success in "The Cat and the Fiddle." If musical films come in favor again, he will be in great demand. He has a glorious voice and a winning personality, a little like Chevalier, but not so distressingly cute, and much more romantic.

Welcome Visitors.—During those months when the producers unload their so-so pictures, the New York theaters offer gala stage shows to lure the customers in. In one week the Capitol had Una Merkel, Lew Cody, Jean Hersholt, Armida, and Anna May Wong. Lew Cody told funny stories, nice clean ones, and Jean Hersholt did a dramatic bit from "Un-ashamed."

Una Merkel was the great joy of the occasion. She's just as clever a comedienne in person as she is in "Red-headed Woman." I like her so much that I am afraid you will all holler "Teacher's pet!" if I attempt to describe her to you. All right, I won't say a word about the liquid, sparkling voice, the alert manner, the complete aliveness of her. But take my word for it, please, she is swell.

Harry Richman sang flamboyantly at the Paramount and Bert Wheeler clowned. He was about as funny as he is in pictures. It all depends on how you feel about his humor.

George Brent and Loretta Young came to town to make personal appearances. It is her very first trip to New York and she had to spend her time posing for fashion pictures in lounging pajamas and rushing off to the theater to take a bow. However, I did catch a glimpse of her in a flowing shell-pink dress at a night club looking like budding young April, so she did manage to get around and have some fun. The noise and oppressive heat and confusion of the city seemed to bewilder her. She would get half finished with a sentence when something would distract her attention. At the risk of making her seem less glamorous than she really is, let me assure you that she seems like a sensible young woman in no danger of brooding over her whims, if indeed she has any.

John Holliday—and if you didn't adore him in "Week Ends Only" you

Sally Eilers will portray a popular Broadwayite in "Hat Check Girl."



Photo by Powolny

just have no appreciation of a suave villain at all—Genevieve Tobin, and Laurence Olivier rushed through town on their way to London to work in Gloria Swanson's picture.

For a while Gloria intended to use her husband, Michael Farmer, in a leading rôle but he has been demoted to a bit. If, when Gloria returns, she can look me straight in the eye and say that Mike's tests were worse than Laurence Olivier's performance in "Westward Passage," I'll still be incredulous. It must be that she did not see that picture.

Una Merkel is a great hit in personal appearances.

Photo by Bull



Fashion Notes.—Gloria's title of well-dressed woman looks secure for the coming season. She was in Paris at the time of the advance showing of styles at the leading *couturieres*. She chose Schiapperelli as her favorite designer, a verdict in which she agreed with the leading buyers for American shops. Schiapperelli designed several models for her which she will wear in her new picture. One unusual frock is of white silk whose only trimming is a sort of apron made of large polka-dotted handkerchiefs. A suit of pale-beige tweed has a very high-waisted frock and a bolero of striped beige and brown jersey that fastens with gold clips forming her initials.

Gloria is in favor of continuing the vogue of lounging pajamas. She ordered one outfit of blue wool with a wide belt of periwinkle blue and white toile, and a brief sweater of periwinkle blue. Another set of pajamas was of pale-gray jersey with a double-breasted short jacket of brown jersey. Evening pajamas she selected are of flowered blue and white chiffon and have a tiny bolero of pale blue.

The loveliest evening gown she ordered was of coral crêpon with

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SHRIEK EASILY

Instead of wrecking her career, Barbara Stanwyck's temperament has put her at the top as an emotional actress.

THE foolhardiness of most actresses, any director will tell you with a sigh, is temperamental!

By Virginia Maxwell

It has put more budding talent on the skids to oblivion than is nice to mention. It has broken producers' hearts, wrecked movie homes, and caused more damage around Hollywood generally than a dozen temblors.

That is why Barbara Stanwyck is considered the outstanding enigma of filmdom. It was her temperament which put her on the road to film fame and will, no doubt, keep her there for a while to come, instead of wrecking her career at the start.

Mild-mannered little *Bab*, whom everybody looked upon as the perfect lady type grown up from *Godey's Book*, and looking every inch her nice little china-painting, front-porch-embroidering self.

Zowie!—came the sudden revelation that all was not as it seemed. One day something went wrong on the set where the mild-mannered Barbara was working. A torrent of sharp words burst from her lips. Stage hands dropped their props and stared. Directors looked dumb. Barbara stood there, her eyes blazing, her body taut, her hands trembling.

"Hold it!" shouted Frank Capra, her director. The cameras, not according to script, however, ground out some footage. Barbara was furious. She turned on her heel and walked off the set.

Raging to emotional heights was really the beginning of her fame in films. For Barbara rages perfectly, as you have noticed in most of her recent films, and with that naturalness which makes us all akin.

When Barbara came to New York recently with her husband, Frank Fay, photographers greeted them at the train and called her "Miss Stanwyck."

"Please," said *Bab*, drawing herself up, "I am Mrs. Frank Fay off-screen."

Of course, this tickled Frank, who beamed his approval. But it wasn't a week later when a real-life scene took place between these two dynamic people of the

theater. To really understand the quarrel which fairly shook the walls of the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue, and which culminated in Frank Fay not appearing at the Palace Theater the second week of their engagement there, one must go back a few years to the days when Frank was the big drawing card on Broadway and Barbara was just a beginner.

Those in the know are saying it was because Frank Fay could not stand the immensity of his wife's popularity. Plain little Barbara, who a few years back was quite content merely to hang on to Frank's arm and look lovingly into his eyes.

After the first week's appearance at the Palace, Frank went into a fog of melancholia over the tremendous applause which Barbara received, compared to a few remote rumblings which greeted his wisecracking. When they got back to their hotel suite an argument ensued. Frank decided to go out and forget his disillusionment in the Broadway manner.

You couldn't blame it altogether on the pique which Fay registered whenever any of his old friends gave him a slap on the back and a little flattery.

When the evening's fun was over and Fay returned to the hotel, he started making speeches to Barbara. And—oh, you know how those things roll up into big scraps—

Barbara went into a real, real-life emotional scene, the kind she'd become famous for before a camera.

Some one told about the scrap and news got around. Reporters flocked to the Fay suite next morning.

The mild-mannered Barbara in repose discusses love and a sentimental journey to St. Louis.

And Barbara, madly in love with Frank as ever, and willing to shield his pride at any cost, related the tale which Broadway tried to believe: that

Frank had dropped out of the act because of a cold.

"My marriage," Barbara said that day, "means more to me than anything else. Frank comes first with me and always will."

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Photo by Elmer Fryer

BARBARA STANWYCK has a will of her own and believes that marriage and a career can be made to mix, as you will learn from the story on the opposite page. Her next pictures are "The Purchase Price" and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."



Photo by Powolny

IT'S a "Strange Interlude," indeed, when Alexander Kirkland finds time to read his mail, for this young actor has gone from one picture to another with scarcely a day's intermission. His next are "Undesirable Lady" and "Almost Married."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

"BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES," Marion Davies's next picture, indicates a frivolous girl, but Marion is just the opposite, for, in addition to showing her friends a swell time, she contributes liberally to many less fortunate than she.



ALTHOUGH suffering from poor health, nothing can down Marie Dressler's indomitable will nor dim the infectious gaiety of her spirits. Her forthcoming release, "Prosperity," is eagerly awaited by her admirers all over the earth.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



Photo by Elmer Fryer

AFTER seeing "Winner Take All" we believe James Cagney is entitled to do just that, for the film, largely due to Jimmy's efforts, is one of the most boisterously hilarious pictures we have seen in months.



HER two pictures, "Mante Carlo Madness" and "Forgotten Cammandments," have inspired such faith in her employers that Sari Maritza is being graamed for stardam, and she is already one of the most popular girls on the Paramaunt lot.

Photo by Otto Dyar



Photo by George Hurrell

STARS may come and stars may go, but Norma Shearer goes right on from one hit to another, to the delight of her ever-increasing army of fans. "Strange Interlude" is her next, with the unforgettable "Smilin' Thru" now shooting.



ARLINE JUDGE, whose next film is "Fraternity House," has made a distinct niche for herself in the screen hall of fame with her vivid portrayals. In the story opposite she reveals a whimsical personality the camera has not yet caught.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachra

Don't Call Her Mrs.

Arline Judge rebels when people mention her as Mrs. Ruggles—but in the best of humor.

By
Samuel Richard Mook

BY all the laws of something or other she should have been named Pert. It's the only word that aptly describes her. Her moods change suddenly and, with her moods, her vocabulary. When she opens her lips you never know whether that husky voice will speak in a warm romance of words or in the picturesque jargon of the day, just as you never know whether she will be sophisticated or naïve.

Sometimes she is capable of the two contradictory qualities at the same moment, just as she can be aristocratic in appearance and entirely unconventional in thought and manner. She has small delicate features, that schoolgirl complexion, limpid brown eyes and dark-brown hair shot with red, which she wears close cropped in a windblown bob.

There is something about her reminiscent of Sue Carol in the days when Sue was all in all to the masculine half of practically all the colleges. Arline is smaller than Sue and has a better voice.

She also has a level head on her small shoulders and there is something straightforward about her that precludes any possibility of quibbling or evading issues.

The day I talked to her for this story she was in a flippant mood—a very flippant mood. We had been swapping wisecracks for the better part of an hour when I happened to glance at the clock and noted it was almost time for her to be back on the set.

I lapsed into the interviewers' theme song, "I haven't anything for my story," I chanted. "Let's get serious."

"You get serious," Arline retorted. "Me—I'm married."

"Well, what kind of story do you want me to write about you? Here's your big opportunity: I'll write anything you like."

"Great," she murmured, tears of gratitude in her lustrous brown eyes. "Write one without mentioning my husband's name. Every time I'm interviewed, when the story comes out, there in great big type is Mrs. ———— No!! I'll be darned if I'll say it for publication, but you know my married name. And my husband flaunts it in my face and says, 'Well, old dear, I see I'm still the star and all you get is second billing.'

"I want a story in which he doesn't figure so I can tack it up on his wall where he'll see it the last thing before he goes to sleep at night and the first thing when he wakes up in the morning. He *must* be taught to respect me!"

Arline was kidding, but I'm not. There'll come a day—and not so far in the future, either—when friend husband will be proud to be known as Mr. Arline Judge.

For a girl who scored the hit she did in "Are These Our Children" she is the most modest girl I've ever met. Most actors—and actresses—get a tiny bit in one picture and immediately flatter themselves they're known in the far corners of the earth. The Judge is different.

She laughs and tells how she went to a première after the picture was released and some fan said 'Oh, there's Arline Judge.'

"Dja hear him, Wes?" she demanded of her husband.

"No," said that stony-hearted individual and Arline was practically prostrated. But when they went to the grand opening of "The Wet Parade," she was recognized three times and he couldn't help but hear, so the evening was a success. That is, it was except for the urchin who jumped on the running board of their car as they were arriving, took a look at the occupants, hopped down, and said to his companion, "Let's try the next car. Nobody in that one!"

She tells these things on herself which is another thing that endears her to every one who knows her. She is utterly without affectation.

Nicknamed "Mousie," good-naturedly jealous of her husband's fame, and in favor of babies—that's Arline Judge.

Born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on Feb-
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Photo by Baehrachi

TURNING

By Kay Bates



IT'S hard to believe that some of the greatest directorial minds in the studios run to slapstick for inspiration.

Prowling about one of the stages, I was startled to hear a bloodcurdling shriek, accompanied by a roar of laughter and the sound of running feet. Arriving on the scene, it didn't take long to discover the cause of the excitement.

High up in the flies, on a dangerously narrow cat-walk, one of

the biggest directors in pictures was tormenting a protesting prop man. Every time the big shot made a move toward his unfortunate victim, "Props" would shrink back, clinging desperately to the flimsy railing.

"Please—please, Mr. ——" he begged. "Not up here—*please!* I'll fall!"

Disregarding the man's pitiful pleas, Mr. —— continued his persecution, and the more the poor fellow protested, the more the director seemed to enjoy it.

This unnecessary torture irritated my Golden Rule complex. "That's cruel!" I raged to one of the electricians standing near by. "Why doesn't somebody do something?"

"Think nothing of it, lady," he advised me laconically. "Pete don't mind. In fact, that's what he's here for. Mr. —— keeps him on the pay roll for no other purpose. At that"—he rubbed a sleeve across his perspiring brow—"it's easier than driving a truck. Pays better, too."

There was another yell of protest from the flies.

"Do you mean," I sputtered, "that this Pete actually gets paid for playing the goat?"

The juicer nodded.

"And he's just putting on an act? Isn't he scared at all?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. You see, Pete's ticklish—in spots." He chuckled.

"Well, I've heard of rackets," I murmured resignedly, "but this wins the barbed-wire bath mat! And what does Mr. —— get out of it?"

"Mental stimulation," he winked wisely. "Or so they say."

Margery Stocking

the OTHER CHEEK

When Hollywood laughs, somebody suffers. And the victims love it.

On the same set, a star was supplying his own gray matter with a little of the same stimulation.

A recent interview had described him as a dreamer, a high-minded fellow whose great aim in life was to do big, worth-while things.

At that particular moment, he had just pulled the chair from under an unsuspecting extra man, much to the latter's surprise and discomfiture, and the rest of the company did what was expected of them and began laughing uproariously.

All but the extra. He painfully struggled to his

The star shrugged. "You're a poor sport." His tone was contemptuous.

Opening his mouth to reply, the extra evidently thought better of it and, turning, walked across the set.

Several minutes later the star tiptoed behind his unappreciative victim, slipped something in his pocket, and retired to a safe distance.

Suddenly there was a deafening explosion and the extra slapped frantically at his tattered, smoking pocket. His face was white. Again the crowd laughed convulsively.

A satisfied smirk graced the star's features. He had accomplished something big and worth while—with a three-inch firecracker.

At another studio, the company was working late. Every one was tired, and an elderly bit man, recently out of the hospital, was particularly weary. His check had been cut from the usual fifteen dollars to seven fifty. Rent was three months overdue, and his family of five was actually in want. Leaning against a flat, he wearily closed his eyes.

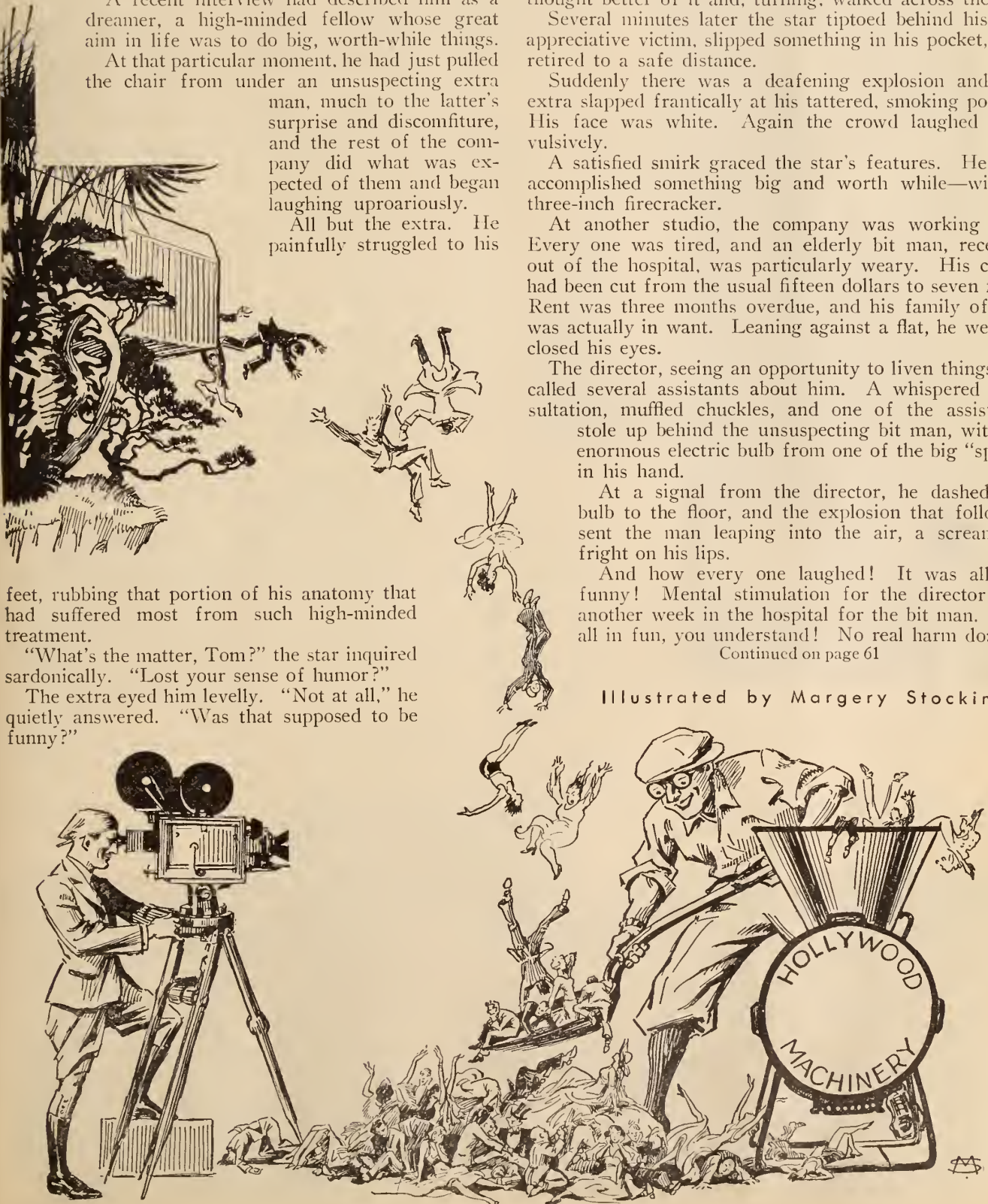
The director, seeing an opportunity to liven things up, called several assistants about him. A whispered consultation, muffled chuckles, and one of the assistants stole up behind the unsuspecting bit man, with an enormous electric bulb from one of the big "spots" in his hand.

At a signal from the director, he dashed the bulb to the floor, and the explosion that followed sent the man leaping into the air, a scream of fright on his lips.

And how every one laughed! It was all too funny! Mental stimulation for the director and another week in the hospital for the bit man. But all in fun, you understand! No real harm done.

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Illustrated by Margery Stocking



feet, rubbing that portion of his anatomy that had suffered most from such high-minded treatment.

"What's the matter, Tom?" the star inquired sardonically. "Lost your sense of humor?"

The extra eyed him levelly. "Not at all," he quietly answered. "Was that supposed to be funny?"



Photo by Hurrell

Nils hopes he will never have to play the nice boy friend hero again.

He used to be horribly introspective and keep a pet leopard, but not now.

Photo by Bull

The TIGER

Nils Asther is now a much milder man in person, but, as those things go, he comes back to the screen as a villain.

IT took six women to turn heroic Nils Asther into a menace. "How are your two women?" I asked, meaning his wife, Vivian Duncan, and his baby, Evelyn. "Two?" His eyebrows shot up. "You do me an injustice. I have six women—a harem—in my home. My wife, my child, my mother"—he held up fingers to impress his count—"the nurse, the cook, and the maid."

He paused on a triumphant note. I agreed that in order to keep half a dozen women tamed, it was inevitable that he go a bit Gable-ish.

In his comeback, Nils has done more than rid himself of an accent. He has won greater distinction in two rôles as a heavy than he ever enjoyed as a conventional hero.

And he has developed a new personality. As charmingly gallant as always, as mystifying in the sense that he still reveals little of his actual feelings, he is happier, better-humored.

He appears to have lost much of his earlier habit of turning upon himself and asking the why of things and of his own feelings. No longer is he given to rebellion and moody introspection. But his habit of being teasingly uncommunicative remains.

He can be debonair and detached at the same moment, which, if you know our single-purposed actors who select a publicity type and stress it, is rather an accomplishment.

Three years ago I wrote, "Interviewing Nils is like interviewing twins; he delights in baffling you with his dual personality." Those words suffice for to-day.

We were lunching in the interview room of the M.-G.-M. publicity department, a table set before the dark-red-upholstered divan—a room that somehow breeds a spirit of confidence.

Nils, however, remained vaguely impersonal. Preserving an immaculate appearance, despite the day's wilting heat, bending his tall liteness in deferential bows, solicitous for my comfort, he gave to the courtesies of the occasion all that breeding demanded. He talked pleasantly of his work, of his family.

Always, though, I felt a barrier behind which he was looking out with a quizzical humor. Was he laughing at me, I wondered, at my fumbling for the real Nils, at his own ingenuity in puzzling me, or at the whole job of being interviewed?

Though uncommunicative rather than reclusive, he has some of that mysterious quality which draws to a few foreign actors a great deal of unintentional publicity. Even though no copy be sent out about them, their names are in the air of Hollywood's conversation.

During his two years' absence from the sets, Hollywood didn't forget Nils, as others slipped unobtrusively into the shadows a block away. One often heard his name mentioned.



TAMED

By Myrtle Gebhart

These stories are at variance with the ones he now tells with such charming ambiguity. For instance: When a bank failed it was said that Nils's savings had been wiped out. Hotel men told me that for three days he remained cooped in his room, weeping sorrowfully. Confronted with this account, Nils smiled and replied:

"I was never penniless. I had bonds and securities. I did lose forty-six thousand dollars, having turned some of my holdings into a cash deposit only the day before the organization closed, in order to go abroad soon. It was a disappointment, yes. I could not have my trip, could not join my wife in Europe.

"No, I did not worry. I never am upset. It is fate. Why be despondent—why regret?"

A tale still current insists that poverty-stricken Nils got a job in an insurance office, interviewing prospective customers, mostly up-State, in little towns around San Francisco, for the dual purpose of earning his livelihood and of improving his accent.

"Incorrect." Nils shrugged. "I never sold insurance. I merely financed a friend in such a venture."

Was it just a publicity story? But what interest would the press agents have in an inactive Nils, no longer under contract? And, if true, why should he now deny it?

Your guess is as good as mine. The weather is too warm to puzzle over Nils's vagaries. I am content to be highly entertained by them. A matter-of-fact, easily solved Nils would be so much less diverting!

Several years ago it was announced that he had applied for citizenship papers. Now he states that this has been a recent move.

"But the Flesh Is Weak" brought him back to us. "Letty Lynton" followed. The rôle of *Henri Brenner*, a lobbyist in "The Washington Masquerade," engages him at present.

To another reporter he had confessed to nervousness at facing the camera again. With me, however, he was poise personified, gayly denying any trepidation.

"Thrilled, yes, and happy. But nervous? No."

Just *when* is Nils acting?

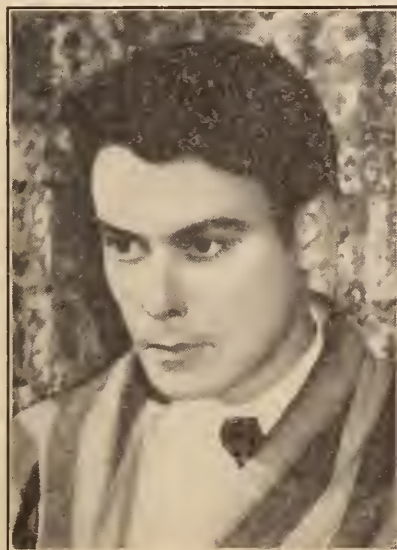
How many of his assertions are true? How much of it is a peculiar, persistent contrariness?

I used to think he loved to dramatize all that touched his life and his own reactions. Well do I recall, when first he came here, how he would go to parties and apparently enjoying himself immensely while complaining to me in interviews that he had few friends—that loneliness enveloped him.

Reminding him of that statement, I was rebuffed by the suavely courteous Nils who gently claimed he had said no such thing. He was never lonely!

He used to say, too, that he hated the noisy confusion, the hypocritical back-slapping of America, that he longed for the vast stillness of Sweden's woods. Now—

Here is a glimpse of Nils as he used to be at the time of "The Blue Danube."



Daughter Evelyn and Vivian Duncan head Mr. Asther's household of six women.

"Oh, no! I have always felt myself very much an American. In Europe I had known so many people from your country. I came here not as an alien, but as one more than half in sympathy with your manners and customs."

Baffling and contradictory, Nils is, certainly. Whatever you expect, you will meet an attitude which you have not anticipated.

Perhaps he forgets easily, in the actor's shifting moods. Maybe he fabricates these little mysteries to amuse others. Whatever the truth may be, they do keep Nils out of the pigeonhole.

Only in his home, I feel, can one ever find and know the real Nils. There, particularly in his black-and-gold den, surrounded by his favorite pictures and dreaming of the antique shop which he still plans to open in Hollywood, and scuffling with his dogs, he is himself.

The door is open to his small world: his wife, his baby, his mother. They close him in, and all else out. *They*, surely, must understand this chameleon who at thirty is both experienced man and naïve boy.

The house sprawls over a mountaintop. There he enjoys that isolation from crowds, some need of which is bred in his Swedish blood. He is content in that home atmosphere, of peace and harmony and a steady, quiet growth, a respect for which Scandinavia gives to her children.

After a glum, sickly childhood, Nils ran away from home to become an actor. He studied with

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NEW FACES FOR

Now that you have put on your summer coat of tan, here's what to do about getting rid of it.

SOME one wise in the ways of beauty said that nature is all right for poets and for tourists' booklets, but art is better for faces. And any of you who threw caution to the winds and went rollicking through weeks of midsummer joys, letting brisk winds and Old Sol do their worst, will agree.

You don't have to tell me—I know. Your face, instead of being a romantic olive tint, is covered with a deep layer of tan, distributed like patches on a crazy quilt. Your erstwhile cool, white nose is red and freckled. You have eye wrinkles that came from too

much squinting and scraggly, bleached hair. There's a well-defined V of sunburn on your neck and chest. Nature has had her way.

A complaint about nature is especially seasonable now, for we realize that while getting a sunburn was the work of only a few days, getting rid of it may be the work of a winter. Our grandmothers wore veils, wide brims, and carried parasols. They were against nature and they didn't know about art, so they took no chances and stayed out of the sun. Perhaps they went a little too far, but at least they preserved their complexions.

Well, how would you like to exchange your weather-beaten face for a rejuvenated fall one? How about a little art? Cheer up, girls. If you neglected the ounce of prevention, we'll look around for the pound of cure.

It isn't every girl who came through the summer as cool-looking as Colleen Moore.

My mission in life is to peddle comfort, so let's see what we can do.

Freckles menace many a girl's peace of mind and her otherwise flawless skin. Really I believe a few freckles under the eyes enhance their expression and, as a rule, they appear only on fair skins. But that doesn't mean a thing to the average girl. She even passes up the fact that some of our most popular screen heroines have freckles and don't care. She figures that if a girl's skin is nice with freckles it is much nicer without them.

Freckles are obstinate, for while they may be removed, they are sure to return again so long as conditions remain the same. By conditions I mean iron in the blood, strong light, and lack of preventive care. Freckles are caused by little particles of iron deposited under the surface of the outer skin. Strong light colors transform these particles into the irregular discolorations called freckles. Iron in the blood is a necessity, and sunlight is necessary to good health. But sunlight applied directly to an unprotected skin is not essential to health and is ruinous to a sensitive skin.

Of course the right answer is, don't engage in combat with the sun without due preparation. No face should be exposed to the sun for long periods, and something should always be used to keep the skin from burning. However, I've taken enough space being informative, but would like to mention in passing, that if you live in a warm climate, protective preparations are always in order. And whether you live there or just go for a play spell, you will have a better time if your skin is sun-proofed, or at least protected. So keep on hand a few jars of beach oil or sunburn creams.

But I want to tell you how, having acquired a beautiful coat of tan and a fine sprinkling of freckles, you may get rid of them and look pink and white once more.

There are many homely remedies for fading out sunburn and freckles, such as buttermilk, pure cream, juice of cucumber, and lemon juice. The first three are effective, but messy to use. Lemon juice is a good home remedy and is recommended for bleaching throughout the year. But for most of us it is more satisfactory to use a remedy compounded and prepared by well-known manufacturers.

Photo by Bull



OLD

By
Lillian Montanye

A freckle or bleaching cream should be used according to the nature of the skin. If you are in doubt, apply the bleach just above the elbow before retiring and allow it to remain there all night. If, after removing it, the skin shows no irritation, it is safe to use it on your neck and face. If it seems a bit too strong, mix it with cold cream or put on a thin film of cream before applying the bleach. This takes longer, but it is better to take more time than to run the risk of irritating the skin.

Bleaching preparations to be effective should be left on the skin for a considerable length of time. If convenient, use at night before retiring, first cleansing the face and neck with a good cream. In the morning, cleanse again with cream, apply a thin film of the bleach and leave on while dressing or as long as convenient. Follow with a soothing, protective foundation cream or lotion. Sun-tanned skins must be kept well lubricated during the bleaching process. This is especially true of the dry skin. And there are creams that combine bleaching with cleansing.

For obstinate freckles and tan of long standing on arms, hands, and shoulders, the bleach may be applied more freely, as these parts of the body are less sensitive than the face and neck. There are few complexions that cannot be improved by an occasional bleaching treatment. And don't neglect the neck which frequently takes on a weather-beaten look so at variance with a well-cared-for complexion. Give the neck a bleaching treatment once a week.

When the bleaching treatment does not sufficiently refine the texture of the skin that has been coarsened by severe sunburn, it should be given a treatment that will stimulate relaxed pores to function normally, with lotions and pore contracting preparations.

If the eyes are strained and lined by too much glaring sun, give them a rest treatment at least twice a day. Wash the eyes with a good eye lotion, or use a solution of salt and water or boric acid. Place pads of absorbent cotton drenched with a soothing lotion over the eyes and relax for fifteen minutes. In giving this treatment before retiring, pat a nourishing cream about the eyes. Exercising the eyes helps restore them to normal, and the eye exercises of which I sent out hundreds of copies, are still available.

Hair, too, shows the effects of too much sun, just as



Photo by Hurrell

Myrna Loy's mirror reflects no sun-kissed patches or freckles, and neither should yours.

surely as does the face. Perhaps you had a permanent early in the summer, thinking it would cover all hair difficulties until fall. You neglected brushing and scalp massage. You sat on the beach after bathing, letting the sun dry your hair into a sticky mass, instead of rinsing out the salt in fresh water. You forgot about cleansing tonics and the regular care the hair needs, regardless of season, permanent or no permanent. And here you are with dry, faded, brittle, lifeless hair. What to do!

If you have after-summer hair troubles, nothing will so quickly restore life and beauty to the hair and scalp as a few hot-oil treatments. Apply the warm oil with bits of cotton to the hair and scalp, then wrap your head in towels that have been heated. Repeat this two or three times to drive the oil in. Leave on as long as convenient, then shampoo thoroughly and rinse well. If the hair and scalp are too dry or too oily, use tonics so your hair will look nice for the winter season.

When you apply tonic, part the hair at intervals. Moisten a pad of absorbent cotton with the tonic and

Continued on page 72

HOLLYWOOD



Recording the spice of cinema news and rumors.

Clara Faces Menace.—Clara Bow, returning to the screen in "Call Her Savage," finds her chosen province of hot-cha flapperdom invaded by rivals. But does she care? Not Clara! She's really the changed person you've been hearing about, keeping very silent and tending to business. She's nineteen pounds lighter, and in certain photographs looks quite distingué. Well, *almost*. Anyway, she's endeavoring to cultivate a new personality.

Clara will have lots of trouble to do to win back her old place. Jean Harlow is the most definite menace, and Joan Marsh is stepping right along in her pep portrayals. Clara also faces the handicap of a prolonged absence from the screen, which doesn't always make the heart of the fan grow fonder.

Just the same, we're for her comeback in "Call Her Savage"—or anything!

Connie Gets the Money.—This Constance Bennett is ever a smart one. Here was she with a \$30,000 check from Warner Brothers deposited in a bank just a day before it went broke, and hearing rumors of the bank's demise, did she let the check remain there without doing something about it? No, no—not Constance. She had payment stopped on the voucher. The bank got mad enough about it to file suit, or probably will if they haven't.

Mary Boland has left Broadway to show Hollywood comédiennes a thing or two. Her first picture will be Lubitsch's "The Honest Finder."

GEORGE BRENT steps right out as the new romantic speed demon of the films. And we're not talking about his screen appearances. Clark Gable may surpass him in that respect, but even Clark couldn't beat George's time in proposing to a lady and letting the world know about the engagement.

As you know, he's to marry Ruth Chatterton when she returns from Europe, provided her divorce from Ralph Forbes goes through.

When the newspapers came out with the story of Ruth's shift in husbands, it looked very much as if George had voluntarily made the announcement. The fact is he didn't. He wouldn't have let anybody know if he had had his way about it. He just happened to tell the wrong person on account of a business deal that would have interfered with his going East to meet Ruth, and apparently that person tipped off the news to a trade paper.

George, being the soul of straightforwardness, wouldn't deny his intention of wedding Ruth, even though she was still Ralph's wife. He was just up against it.

In Hollywood it is still bad form to make known an approaching marriage while one is existent. For what reason, one often wonders!

Second-run Reclusing.—Ann Harding's act in imitation of Greta Garbo isn't going over so well. Nobody is storming the gates to interview her, now that the excitement about her divorce from Harry Bannister is over. She may go along in solitude for a while, but the game will probably become more or less irksome, and not so good for her popularity. Ann, more than many other stars, needs a lot of publicity right now.

By the way, Harry Edington, who formerly bossed the Garbo career in so far as it could be bossed, is now doing the same duty for Miss Harding. He's credited with instituting the recluse life for her.

Does Jeanette MacDonald look bored while going over her fan mail with her secretary, Mrs. Lewis?

Photo by Wide World



The DeMille Grandeur.—All the old-time grandeur is surrounding the proceedings connected with Cecil DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross." The same great suspense over the DeMille discoveries, the identical ballyhoo when the choice is finally made, in addition to much talk about bathtubs, the spectacle of gladiatorial combat, the burning of Rome with Nero fiddling, and other circusy stuff. DeMille has always been great with the theatricals.

Elissa Landi is his current big find. He feels that she will have a rôle suitable to her vigor and power in his picture. We hope it's true.

HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Jean a Changed Woman.—"The most honest and genuine person I have known in Hollywood." Thus Paul Bern described Jean Harlow to us when we attended their wedding reception.

Their marriage was the biggest surprise of the year. Paul had so long been the resistant bachelor that nobody believed he would ever marry any one. Somehow Jean has always been associated with the light and frivolous, and Paul with the serious and studious.

Their mutual affection and understanding has become the marvel of movieland, which is even more amazed at the change that is occurring in the personality of Jean herself, who seems a new being of gentle and charming demeanor. Even the contours of her face, partly due to change in coiffure, have grown softer than of yore.

George and Marguerite.—Very, very much that way about each other are George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. George wouldn't even inaugurate the official ceremonies in introducing his new stables to a crowd of newspaper folk without her presence. Marguerite was the guest of honor, though a little late, and so the party waited her arrival. It was very uncertain for a while between George and Marguerite, but everything is steady as the stars above now.

Meanwhile, one of George's old flames, Olive Borden, has been breaking up with her husband.

Gwili Andre Gadabout.—Gwili Andre, the new RKO discovery, is emerging socially more and more. We caught a glimpse of her, and also had a nice conversation with her, at a party given by Lilyan Tashman at Malibu, and later ran into her with Willis Goldbeck, the scenario writer, at a premiere.

Willis undoubtedly will take Paul Bern's place as the beau ideal of the film capital, now that Paul is married. He, too, is one of movieland's most resisting bachelors, and has escorted many of its most interesting ladies.

Gwili was also being rushed for a time by William Bakewell—and with orchids.

Cinderella Girl Fêted.—Quite the most overwhelmed girl we have seen in a long time is Dorothy Wilson, the stenographer who became a star. Attired in a pretty blue suit, she was guest of honor at a preview of "The Age of Consent," in which she plays her first rôle, and does it with surprising youthful cleverness.

Everybody showered Dorothy with compliments, and though the experience was new to her, she managed their acceptance gracefully.

It is a curious thing that she typed the script of "The Age of Consent" before making the picture, not having the slightest idea that she was to appear in it.

Tala Birell is a new addition to the exotics whom you saw in "The Dcomed Battalion."



Here's Baby Peggy all grown up and ready for a comeback in short films. Her real name is Peggy Montgomery, and she's now thirteen



Polo Ponies Discarded.—Records of good-heartedness in the colony may just as well be brought up to date by chronicling the fact that Robert Montgomery has disposed of his polo ponies in order that he may help two destitute families, and that the comic slang expert, James Gleason, got rid of his "string" for a similar charitable purpose.

Bob, by the way, has been bothered lately about those rumors of a separation between him and his wife, but there doesn't seem to be a vestige of truth to it. She took a trip East, and that started the talk.

Greta Garbo's Reverses.—All pronouncements to the contrary notwithstanding, Greta Garbo is reported to have taken the rap financially both in the failure of a Swedish match company and a Beverly Hills bank. The rumors say that this totals more than a million dollars, but try to find out anything one way or another from the Swedish star!

Incidentally, M.-G.-M. omitted her name from their contract list in making their announcements of the new season's pictures.

Garbo's troubles—if the financial ones are true—are augmented by her poor state of health. She is weary, worried, and ill, according to the best information. [Continued on page 62]

FORGOTTEN PAPAS

Fathers do not share the glory of their screen daughters, for many of them have never set foot in Hollywood. Some of them are entirely lost, in fact.

IT was Abe Lincoln, I think, who first hurled the sentiment, "All that I am, all that I ever hope to be, I owe to my darling mother." Or words to that effect.

Abe's tribute to his ma has come bouncing down through the ages to be repeated by the great and the near-great, including the picture stars, with all the fervor of a cardinal saying his evening prayer.

"All that I am, all that I ever hope to be," chortle most of the sable-clad, Rolls-Royced little shebas, "I owe to my darling mother."

Which mother swallows with avidity—seeds, rind, and all.

But they haven't a word to say about father! Father simply is out. He doesn't fit into the scheme of things.

I have seen ambitious mothers, as welcome as a flock of Russians in a gathering of Japs, parade onto the studio sets in the wake of their daughters. I've seen these mammas photographed beside their offspring at the premières, at the beaches, at their homes, at the beauty parlors, on the sets, and in the back seats of rented limousines.

But I've never yet seen any dad come horning onto a stage to watch what his child was doing, nor heard one being asked to pause a moment at a picture opening to be photographed alongside of his progeny. He's looked upon only as incidental.

"Where *are* their fathers?" I began asking the other day.

The answers were amazing.

"I don't know!" replied some.

"Haven't heard of mine in years," said others.

"He never comes to Hollywood," declared a third group.



Frances Dee's father is in business in Indianapolis.

By
A. L. Wooldridge

There were a few whose faces lighted with a glow as they exulted, "Dad? Bless his old heart, he's at home attending to business while tolerating me and humoring mother! He's a darling and we love him to death."

Which seems really to express the relations between most movie fathers and their wives and daughters. "Go movie yourselves to death if you get any pleasure out of it," is their attitude, "while I stick to the ship. I've plenty to keep me busy."

There are some stars, I find, to whom the word "father" is little more than a memory. Gloria Swanson's dad, for example, was Joseph T. Swanson, a field clerk in the United States army, who died at Fort McArthur, November 3, 1923, but not until Gloria had contracted two marriages and was making a name in pictures.

Father Swanson saw her in a little operetta in San Juan, Puerto Rico, while he was stationed there, and sent her to Los Angeles to study voice culture. But Mack Sennett inducted her into his comedies instead. Then Father Swanson and Addie Klandowsky Swanson, Gloria's mother, separated.

Joan Crawford is another to whom her father, Henry Cassin, is just a memory. Papa Cassin was operating a string of theaters in Lawton, Oklahoma, when he and Joan's mother separated. Mother and daughter started out to fight their way alone and often found the going rough. Joan's success was won on her own and sometimes she feels a note of bitterness toward the man who was her sire. His name seldom is mentioned.

Little Jackie Cooper's father is somewhere out in the world. John Cooper is a vaudeville actor. He and Jackie's mother came to the parting of the ways when

Even Marino Pomares, Anita Page's father, will not enter a studio.



Senor Asunsolo sometimes visits his daughter, Dolores del Rio.



Leila Hyams's father is John Hyams of the Hyams and McIntyre team.



their son was a mere urchin. The shaggy-headed, talented boy doesn't know where his father is to-day.

Dramas of life are written about the fathers of some of the stars. John Pringle, for example, John Gilbert's father, figured little in his son's career. Jack had won success and was drawing an enormous salary from Metro-Goldwyn when his father, after years of absence, suddenly reappeared—a stranger to his son. Their meeting was cold and formal with an invisible barrier between the two. Nevertheless, John helped get his father employment at the studio and looked after his immediate needs.

Mr. Pringle died in the California Lutheran Hospital in Los Angeles, August 12, 1929, following a surgical operation. Jack arranged for his burial and thus ended a strange chapter in his colorful career.

Sven Gustaffson, the father of Greta Garbo, a small merchant in Stockholm, Sweden, died penniless when Greta was fourteen. He sensed none of the heights to which his daughter was to rise.

The father of Lupe Velez, a colonel in the Mexican army, passed on before Lupe arose to fame. But Papa Velez sensed his daughter's talent and vitality and on his deathbed called her to his side and placed the keeping of the entire family in her hands. That's why her mother to-day calls her "daddy."

The father of Anna Sten, the Russian actress recently brought to this country by Samuel Goldwyn, was a strolling ballet dancer and instructor. He was killed in an accident in 1922, leaving his family without a kopek. This is what started Anna on a career which took her into the great theaters of Moscow, Berlin, and Paris before coming to America.

Maurice Chevalier's father was a house painter and his mother a charwoman when times were hard. Both died before Maurice drew the attention of the world.

Ina Claire's parents lived in Washington, D. C. Her father was killed in an accident four months before Ina was born.

Natalie Moorhead's father was an official in the United States Steel Corporation at Pittsburgh. Following his death it was learned that the family finances were low and Natalie went to New York to be a bridesmaid and an off-stage voice in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Irene Rich's father lost his fortune when she was thirteen and she had to go to work.

The afore-named fathers, of course, are unmentioned at the studios now. But there are some sturdy men who occasionally arrive in Hollywood to set little actress hearts all aflutter. There is, for example, one Señor J. L. Asunsolo, a banker of Mexico City who is about as wide as he is long, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and has the bearing of an attorney, although a smile lurks perpetually about the corners of his mouth. "Father!" cries Dolores del Rio when she sees him. Then she tries to climb on his knees and his neck all at the same time.

"Chapeeta!" Papa Asunsolo calls her. Which means "little-turned-up-nose." But Señor Asunsolo doesn't tarry. A few days' visit and he's off again to the southern republic. He's not too strong for pictures, but he's proud of his girl.

There is Marino Pomares, Anita Page's manager-

father who accompanies her to the studio, but you could never drag him on the set with a rope. He knows parents are not wanted when their darling daughters are acting.

And Charles Rosher is the father of Joan Marsh. He and Joan's mother were divorced many years ago and the mother has since remarried. Mr. Rosher is a cameraman, and for years photographed the Mary Pickford productions. He also taught Joan the art of make-up and gave to her much from his well of experience.

Arno Merkel, patent broker, the father of Una Merkel!, lives in Beverly

Hills, as does Andrew Shearer, a former building contractor of Montreal and father of Norma Shearer. Both virtually are unknown on the picture lots.

Robert Bow, father of the famous "It" girl, runs a restaurant in Nevada—a restaurant which Clara bought for him.

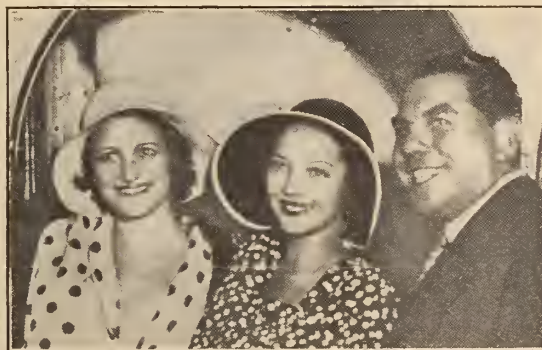


Where you see Eddie, Papa Quillan can't be far away.

Jose Altamar (High Sea) Fazienda, daddy of Louise, lives in Los Angeles. He was in business in Guadalajara, Mexico, until an upset in politics caused him to leave while the leaving was good. In Los Angeles he was called upon to spend considerable time explaining to the police that the little girl they found on the streets really was not a homeless orphan, as she had said, but was his daughter. Louise was always dramatizing herself.

At Biltmore Shores, Long Island, lives Frank W. Gibson, the father of Wynne. He's an efficiency expert.

Arletta Duncan's father, Danny, a vaudeville performer, calls her on long-distance phone from some distant city every now and then, or sends her a telegram. Danny and Mrs. Duncan separated when Arletta was six years old. The only picture this Universal actress has of her father is a little kodak snapshot taken when she was eighteen months old. One of the greatest thrills she ever experienced, she says, was when he bought



While Mother Sidney guides daughter Sylvia's career, Sigmund Sidney grinds molars in New York City.



Karen Morley is brilliant in "The Washington Masquerade" and Lionel Barrymore acts the stellar rôle as only he can.

WHETHER you care for political drama or not, you are more than likely to be held by "The Washington Masquerade," which gives Lionel Barrymore a stellar rôle and permits him to act as only he can. His efforts cause the uncritical picture-goer to exclaim "Gee, how that boy can act!" while the more exacting onlooker is apt to murmur something about overacting. But no one can deny Mr. Barrymore's magnetic, showy, and engaging performance. It is a masterly example of florid acting in which little is left to the imagination and nothing to repose, but it is extraordinary acting, nevertheless, and he deserves unstinted applause for it.

Applause, too, is the reward of Karen Morley who is nothing short of brilliant. What a transition from the bony, but interesting *Diane* of "Inspiration" little more than a year ago! Poised, glamorous, mental, she is perfectly cast as the subtle adventuress who marries Mr. Barrymore solely to ruin his political career.

He is an outspoken senator whose honesty is a menace to the interests of schemers. Their plot to remove him is an illuminating example of far-reaching intrigue minus the elementals usually found in movie stories, which only credit the victim of a plot with the intelligence of a child.

Here one can see exactly how a man like Senator Barrymore would be dangerous and how he could be eliminated by the characters and the methods they employ.

Hardly a merry tale, though it has amusing lines, it avoids the happy ending feared and shows Mr. Barry-



The SCREEN

A critical appraisal of new films and performances.

more cleared in the eyes of the public, but the strain of the ordeal is too much and he dies.

Various aspects of Washington life, both political and social, are splendidly managed and the piece is capitably acted, especially by Nils Asther, C. Henry Gordon, and a delightfully natural ingénue, Diane Sinclair, whose first appearance on the screen is one of the pleasant events of the new season.

"The Purchase Price."

The fates seem determined to keep Barbara Stanwyck in mediocre pictures while she stands ready and eager to step into a needed success. Her current vehicle is far from that. Indeed, it has little or no merit and, but for the saving grace of Miss Stanwyck's presence, it might as well be raw film for all the entertainment it affords. Trite and dull, it abounds with touches of caricature instead of character and emerges as a clumsy picture badly acted. Yet through it all Miss Stanwyck's charm and naturalness remain undiminished, and she manages to achieve something of a characterization in spite of handicaps.

But it is wasted in this story of a night-club girl who, in order to get away from a paramour, goes to the wheat-fields of Dakota to marry a farmer whom she has never seen—one of those matrimonial-journal matches. And it runs true to form when Miss Stanwyck marries the fellow without a tremor, then shrinks in refined horror from his uxorious embraces. I believe she even shrieks "Don't touch me!" All of which means to the initiate that true love will bloom in bleak surroundings and that Miss Stanwyck will eventually find spiritual uplift in farm chores and poetic rapture in the contemplation of wheat.

George Brent plays the farmer as a lout with sniffling, probably to demonstrate his versatility as an actor. But the experiment fails and Mr. Brent convinces us that he is more at ease in the airy nothingness of Miss Chatterton's classes in drawing-room department. Lyle Talbot, a likable villain, and Hardie Albright do the best they can under the circumstances. The picture is from "The Mud Lark."



Robert Young and Helen Twelvetrees recall *Romeo and Juliet* in "Unashamed," although they are brother and sister in a modern courtroom melodrama.

George Brent and Barbara Stanwyck suffer from the dreariness of "The Purchase Price."

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

"Unashamed."

Another talkative picture fails to approximate the drama intended, or at least all of it. Hence an excellent cast labors with no especial distinction and the author of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" garners no new honors. Still, you may care for the story of a girl who gives evidence that sends her beloved brother to the chair because he killed the rotter she loved.

Somehow the situation is far-fetched and forced, a crisis devised by a playwright rather than the expression of honest emotions, and you never accept it as being anything but a trick. Incidentally, in order to show that brother and sister are more than ordinarily congenial, Robert Young and Helen Twelvetrees portray a relationship worthy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Such embraces, such lingering lip-to-lip kisses are unheard of in real life except, perhaps, among morbid misfits. However, it isn't the fault of the players but a director keyed to exaggeration and overwrought effects.

Miss Twelvetrees, quaint in a new coiffure of massed and burnished ringlets, is always a good actress, although her current rôle isn't exactly a winning one. Monroe Owsley is more caddish than usual, but not at all subtle, and Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan, and Robert Warwick, are variously parents and attorneys in the accustomed manner.

"Skyscraper Souls."

This, the "Grand Hotel" formula applied to a skyscraper, is a lively combination of big business and hundredth-story love. Its broad pattern is more important than the petty affairs of any one worker in the building, and you care very little when the leading characters come to grief, which, of course, means that the director has sketched his story well.

Warren William again plays a ruthless adventurer, this time without the humor "The Dark Horse" afforded him, for his raids on the market to ruin his friends are not so amusing as the humbuggeries of political campaigning. He also plays for high stakes in love, keep-



Jean Harlow and Chester Morris have the biggest box-office hit of the month in "Red-headed Woman."

ing his wife, Hedda Hopper, in France just as a means of checking affairs that may get out of hand.

Maureen O'Sullivan, a young secretary in the skyscraper, is followed by Norman Foster in the corridors, until she gives him a date. Mr. Foster makes a more obnoxiously fresh pick-up than Bill Haines ever put over a few years ago. Finally the young love interest grows out of this acquaintance, in spite of the attentions of Mr. William. It seems that the latter is about to take Maureen off on a yacht, when his old girl friend puts a dramatic quietus on his two-timing habits.

Miss O'Sullivan has never looked more modestly attractive, and in the delivery of her lines combines the requirements of her rôle with pleasing naturalness. And of all things, Anita Page appears as a sort of model who capers around in sheer black undies, and refers to her profession as "the oldest in the world!" But since her speech doesn't sound quite convincing, as she says it, it is as if she is not sure of what it means, so it's all right.

If it seems that I have slighted the plot, it is because this is one of the now popular mass action pictures which cannot be outlined in a short paragraph. Although I have mentioned chiefly the little personal conflicts, the foundation of the story is really the rise and



Kay Francis and William Powell are condoled for the short-comings of "Jewel Robbery."

Wynne Gibson and George Bancroft are amusingly true to life in "Lady and Gent."



fall of a man who stopped at nothing to build a great monument for his ego—a huge skyscraper. You will find it worth seeing.

"Red-headed Woman."

Jean Harlow goes red-headed to considerable advantage in looks in this story of a little roughneck who batters her way through to the local Four Hundred, only to find that she will always be despised

for her viciousness and impudence. She makes the social-climbing, husband-stealing *Lil* so brash, so shallow, yet so handsome in a Coney Island beauty parade manner, that you wonder if the box-office success of the film is the result of the public thinking it a grand satire of a feminine type, or whether they consider Miss Harlow the hottest number on the screen.

This is a fast, compact story of how *Lil*, the stenographer, hypnotized her boss and continued to force her way into his presence until his wife leaves him. *Lil* marries *Bill Legendre, Jr.*—Chester Morris—then runs off to New York on the trail of bigger game, where her apple cart is upset when she is caught in an affair with her would-be victim's chauffeur. But is she then punished by fate? Not at all. We last see her stepping high, wide, and handsome in a French resort with a rich old sugar daddy she has picked up somewhere.

Chester Morris fails to keep the dramatic pace set by Miss Harlow and Leila Hyams, the latter playing the abandoned wife. Una Merkel is pleasing as *Lil's* roommate. Lewis Stone contributes his always good bit as *Lil's* father-in-law during her brief stay in the circle of the town's richest citizens. Henry Stephenson is Miss Harlow's prey when she leaves her husband.

"Lady and Gent."

George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson are admirably paired in this sentimental tale of a third-rate pugilist and a tough night-club chatelaine. The result is a reasonably entertaining picture, with Mr. Bancroft giving one of his best and least mannered performances and Miss Gibson atoning for somebody's mistake in thrusting her into the murk of "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." She emerges from that morass of stodgy emotionalism with brilliant ease, which should teach somebody a lesson and acquaint backward studio executives with her true metier.

If you inspect the story too closely you may won-



John Breeden and Evalyn Knapp are pleasant aids to the triumph of Alison Skipworth's rowdily humorous characterization in "Madame Racketeer."

der at its odd point of view. It represents the prize ring as a disgraceful calling, which is certainly something new in films. Thus we have James Gleason, as Mr. Bancroft's manager, losing his life rather than let his schoolboy son know his calling, while Mr. Bancroft and Miss Gibson see the boy through adolescence fearful that he may learn the awful truth—that his adopted father once battled with

his fists. In fact, Mr. Bancroft suffers from a guilty conscience when he secretly engages in bouts to keep the pot boiling and educate the youth. Nevertheless, the film is lively, is replete with racy character studies and on the whole is well acted by a long cast, which includes Charles Starrett as the son. But it's Miss Gibson's picture.

"Jewel Robbery."

William Powell and Kay Francis are victims of misguided effort. They are overwhelmed by a mood they cannot capture in the material at hand, because it isn't there. If this isn't sad news I don't know what is, for both are exceptional in their proper sphere—a good picture, which this isn't. So they really cannot be blamed. But stars are rated by the pictures they make and not those that might have been. Consequently we are in duty bound to step up and view the remains.

Mr. Powell is a dress-coated bandit and Miss Francis a susceptible society woman. Both are given to banter and persiflage and Mr. Powell is so whimsical that he must be accompanied by the right music when he steals, so he brings favorite phonograph records along with him. This gives you the mood of the proceedings; the developments hardly matter. What does matter is that Mr. Powell and Miss Francis seem silly for the first time in their respective careers. Another disquieting discovery is that Miss Francis pronounces "r" as "w." "He sent these woses."

Don Alvarado, Joan Marsh, and Adolphe Menjou keep time with the lively comedy of "Bachelor's Affairs."



"Madame Racketeer."

Highly amusing, racy, lively, pungent, skillful—these are some of the adjectives that describe Alison Skipworth's brilliant characterization of a reprobate in this diverting picture. She is another veteran of the stage who brings to the screen the same gusto, the same enormous zest for acting which makes Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore so entertaining. But there the similarity ends, for she has not the Dressler pathos.

Continued on page 60

Oh, That MITZI!

Genevieve Tobin has thrown aside cool restraint and is now one of the high-voltage ladies of the screen.

By Ben Maddox

TEN years of stage prominence, two on the screen, and not a trace of a love life is Genevieve Tobin's strange record!

Furthermore, she has got along very nicely entirely on her own and is not pining for a lover. There have been numerous males more than willing to be very much in her life. Genevieve has thanked them kindly, and serenely proceeded to enjoy what comes her way without the proffered company.

If you can remain aloof when all your fellow workers are marrying, divorcing, and continuously falling in and out of love, then you and Genevieve are sisters under the skin.

Until she appeared as the naughty but alluring *Mitzi*, in "One Hour With You," a lot of us were immune to the Tobin charm.

She was first signed as a child actress by William Fox years ago, and in 1923 she reappeared under the same company's banner in an opus called "No Mother to Guide Her," which was billed as "a human drama of life's pitfalls."

An interview with her in Picture Play at that time chronicled the fact that "those in the know believe that she will be an overnight sensation." The predictions of "those in the know" fell on fallow ground. Her sensationalism failed to materialize and she returned to the stage.

Inducted into pictures for the third time in 1930, she displayed herself in "Free Love" and four other films as a capable but unexciting personality. Her contract lapsed and once again

Alas, "No Mother to Guide Her" was a flop years ago and Genevieve went back to the stage.



Her hair blonder, her manners hotter, the new Tobin makes the fans sit up and take notice.

she returned to the stage. Beguiled by more dashing and exotic women, we forgot all about Genevieve.

Then came "One Hour With You." The lovely Jeanette MacDonald was thrilling, as usual, but oh, that *Mitzi!* Her hair gone blonder—in the days of "No Mother" it was auburn—her manners gone hotter, and her restraint gone entirely, *la* Tobin goaled all of us with her glamour.

It then seemed imperative that I meet this million-voltage lady who had so suddenly turned on the heat. When that free-lance hit for Paramount had won her a six-picture contract with Columbia, I arranged for a noon rendezvous. Ah, one hour with Tobin! She is smaller than you imagine, not ritzy as reputed, and amazingly frank. Her eyes are green and happily cynical. You wouldn't call her a beauty, but certainly you'd classify her as intelligent, cosmopolitan, and witty.

I had heard that she was snobbish, thoroughly disliking Hollywood and its gaudy ways.

High-hat? Well, judge for yourself. In make-up and an evening gown she climbed into a roadster and we drove to an inconspicuous French restaurant where we had a forty-cent lunch, served without even the formality of a menu. That alone reveals a lot! She doesn't diet, isn't fussy, and she's a good sport.

"Actresses don't marry for love," she explains. "They marry a producer or director to help their careers, or a writer so he will write plays especially for them. I have never married because I know I can't mix alcohol and gasoline!"

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George Arliss held up "A Successful Calamity" until Hardie Albright was cast in it. Hardie is shown here in "Skyline."

LUCK and PLUCK

Our success story this month tells how Hardie Albright's ideas carried him through the dark days to bright prospects.

WHILE playing with a stock company the young actor is seen by a Hollywood scout, who is so impressed by his work that a contract follows, and the young man is soon on his way to the West Coast.

That's how it usually begins. But how does it end? This is the story of what has become of one of them—Hardie Albright.

He's a young man. One of those mysterious scouts saw him with a road company in Boston and called him to the New York office of a picture company for a test. He soon afterward found himself in Hollywood. They met him at the train and insisted that he come out to the studio and go to work without stopping to find a place to live, or even to wash his face after four grimy days on the train.

An executive took one look at him and cried hysterically, "They told me you were good. Boy, you're better than good! You're starring material!"

The publicity office got to work. The newspapers were advised. Hardie was a find. He was a hit, a knock-out, a smash, a new star!

And then—

By Jack Jamison

Then happened the inside part of the story that never gets into the newspapers. Now that they had Hardie, the studio didn't have the least idea in the world what to do with him. Hollywood lives on enthusiasm. Here they get all excited about a thing one minute and forget it the next. For two weeks straight they made him take test after test. His reward was to be told how punk he was.

For one picture, "Young Sinners," they gave him exhaustive tests, told him he couldn't have a part, gave him another series of tests, told him again that he wasn't the man for the job.

Then they ordered him to report for more tests for the same rôle. He got the part. It should have been the end of his troubles. Instead, it was just the beginning.

A director said, "Ronald Colman was a failure until I took him in hand. He's a success because I made him grow a mustache. You've got to grow a mustache."

Hardie grew a mustache.

Another studio mogul ordered him to curl his hair. Hardie said "But——" And then remembered that a studio contract is a stern thing.

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Photo by Irving Lippman

NO young actor ever went through a more discouraging period of being tested and rejected, Marcelled, painted, and generally worked over than Hardie Albright. The story opposite tells of his victory over this fate.



"AIRMAIL"



THE traditional daring of the old pony express rider is applied to sky pilots. In this drama of daring flights—and love below—you will see Ralph Bellamy, Lilian Bond, Russell Hopton, Frank Albertson, "Slim" Summerville, and Gloria Stuart.

WINE and WOMEN

In John Gilbert's new film the amours of a chauffeur bring on tragic happenings "Downstairs" in the wine cellar.



VIRGINIA BRUCE and Olga Baclanova are both under the thumb of Mr. Gilbert, as the scheming chauffeur.



ALTHOUGH driver for the Baroness, Miss Baclanova, Mr. Gilbert almost immediately upsets all the ladies of the Von Bergen castle, particularly Anna, the maid, played by Virginia Bruce. He tries to blackmail the Baroness after he takes her to a rendezvous. But Anna's husband takes matters into his own hands and clears up the tangle.



AMBITIOUS

Richard Barthelmess goes back to the soil in "The Cabin in the Cotton."



MARVIN, a "poor white" lad with cravings to better his position, is adopted by a rich but horribly mean old planter. He is disturbed about leaving his cabin sweetheart, Dorothy Jordan, above, and living with the "quality."



MADGE—Bette Davis—daughter of the rich, above, almost persuades him. Then war breaks out between the planters and the renters. The lad from the cabin smooths it all out, however—but remains troubled about the girls. Darathy Peterson, left, is the hero's mother, and Flarine McKinney is Lizer.

FAY WRAY is once more the only girl in a large cast of men—and one of the men collects human heads!



HEADMAN

"The Most Dangerous Game" is head hunting.



LESLIE BANKS, as a mad Russian count, offers shelter to Fay Wray and Joel McCrea, and then begins to scheme to add McCrea's head to his collection. He reverts to primitive bows and arrows to add to the chills.





SALVAGED

In the much-discussed "Blond Venus," Marlene Dietrich plays a woman who sinks low for her man, loses him, and finds another.

MARLENE raises the money to save her husband's life—but does not stop at that, not even for her son, Dickie Moore. Herbert Marshall, left, plays opposite Miss Dietrich, and Sidney Toler, below, is out to rescue the errant wife.



MONEY

The pitfalls in shortcuts to prosperity are dramatically pictured in "American Madness."

HIGH finance runs amuck, left, when a defunct bank is stormed by the cheated depositors, and Walter Huston, as head of the institution, cannot cover losses with mere wads.



THE bank is rabbed by Gavin Gordon, the gambling cashier, right, climaxing the general mismanagement. Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings, below, provide the common-sense relief and love interest. Kay Johnson is the banker's wife.





THE tropical drama of a bad girl and good man, familiar to so many fans already, provides a meaty rôle for Miss Crawford, with Walter Huston opposite her. Memory of Jeane Eagles is doubtless a stimulant—and perhaps a handicap to be combated.

Photo by Miehle

"RAIN"

The distinction of bringing Sadie Thompson to new life falls to Joan Crawford.



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Sari, née Patricia Nathan, for instance, was born in Tientsin, China, of an English father and a Viennese mother. She speaks Chinese, as well as several other languages. Educated all over Europe, she spent most of her vacation time in Hungary. Perfected make-up and costume will reveal her as the extreme in realistic, modern exotics.

Off-screen she reminds one somewhat of Clara Bow, the ultra-American. She has won medals at skating, swimming, and diving. She sleeps soundly, drinks no intoxicants, and dresses simply in real life. Round-eyed, healthy, and wholesome, and more youthful in appearance than her twenty-one years, Sari looks for all the world like an unusually attractive American high-school girl.

Tala Birell brings both Austria and Poland to the screen. Born in Vienna, she lived much with an uncle, Baron Bogdanski, in Poland. She is pleasingly exotic, and an intense, capable actress in her initial American picture, "The Doomed Battalion." In real life, as one may surmise, she is healthy and athletic. Her hobbies are gardening and dancing; her sports riding, tennis, and swimming.

Gwili Andre begins her movie career by being more mysterious than even Garbo. Garbo had a past. Gwili has none! At least, her employers are giving out no history of her. Some snoopers soon identified her as a fairly well-known artists' model. Like Garbo, she gives no interviews, but that does not prevent one from meeting her socially and

discovering that she is quite a normal girl.

She is introduced to her public in "The Roar of the Dragon," with Richard Dix, thus paralleling Marlene Dietrich's introduction with Gary Cooper, in "Morocco"—and not failing to remind one at the same time, of Dietrich in "Shanghai Express."

Gwili is no less hearty and healthy for having been denied a past upon which to feed and grow. She eats the exotic's usual husky rations, and guards her health jealously. Her chief distinction is a really striking beauty. She is a skillful horse-woman, and is learning to play tennis.

It all sums up to one inevitable conclusion. In defining "exotic," Webster was right.

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Genevieve is not a man-hater. Heaven forbid! She likes us men-folks—at our proper distance!

"I have been making money for years," she explains, "and have never been dependent upon any man. My family and my friends have amused me when I wasn't working. I love acting, but I don't expect to go on emoting indefinitely. Oh, no! When the time comes that I need the companionship of a husband, I'll retire, marry, and raise a family. That will be the end of my career."

The rumor that she is anti-Hollywood is vigorously squelched.

"I can't imagine where that story started. Why, I like it so well that I haven't been back to New York in two years! The climate, the sun, the beaches, are heavenly. Santa Barbara is my pet spot."

Wherever Genevieve happens to be is apt to be her favorite place. When she was playing in London she was all for settling down in the English countryside. Now she can't decide between Beverly Hills and Santa Barbara.

"Actors are half talk. We are always announcing that we will do this and so. By night we are equally determined to do the opposite. I've made plans for building a home, but somehow never get started on the actual building."

She lives in an apartment with her mother and has had the same Ford car for three years. Although she attends premières occasionally, she is not often seen with the movie folk.

"What have I against Hollywood society? Nothing at all. It's just that I am not well acquainted with those who head cinema society. But I run into all my Broadway friends

Oh, That Mitzi!

here and surely can't be called a recluse."

The rapidity with which untrained boys and girls skyrocket to film fame astonishes her. Born in New York City of nonprofessional parents, she and her sister Vivian toured the country in vaudeville as children. She retired to complete her education in Paris, and then made her grown-up début on Broadway in 1920.

Remember Marion Davies's "Little Old New York"? Genevieve created the stage lead in 1921 and played it for two years. She has shared billing with Leslie Howard and was featured in the English production of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." While in London she gave a command performance for British royalty. She spent the whole year before she came West for pictures as leading lady on Broadway in "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Her accomplishments include singing, dancing, and considerable ability at the piano and harp.

Her startling metamorphosis from the cool, plain woman we used to see to the enticingly warm *Mitzi* has attracted more fans to her than all her previous work rolled together.

"Don't evolve any subtle theories about my 'transformation.' I'm an actress! I had never been cast in a screen rôle before *Mitzi* required vivacity and gayety."

Simple and astounding, isn't it? Love or *Svengali* directors are credited with all Hollywood miracles. Here's one caused by a script!

Her faith in the power of a good rôle is extraordinary in a city where developing a unique personality is generally considered the major objective.

She likes the screen better than the

stage. "If you do four or five plays a year, it's because they are flops. A successful show runs all season and is, therefore, monotonous. The screen offers a never-ending variety."

John Barrymore once told her she was a great actress, and the thrill lingers on. She regrets James Cagney's absence, as he was her favorite actor. Garbo and Dietrich are her feminine crushes. Noel Coward's plays arouse her to great enthusiasm. She thinks that one picture a year is enough for any star.

A self-made person, Genevieve's reputation for being a bit exclusive may have come from her unconscious superiority. Having made her way by specializing in her chosen profession—without pull—and having acted in the best theaters of New York and London, she has acquired a mature outlook that marks her as intellectually a step ahead of the average player.

In "Hollywood Speaks" she portrays a movie-struck girl who would accept death as the alternative to becoming famous in the typical movie manner.

Some day she'll wake up and decide she needs a man in her life. Then she'll bid us all good-by. Until that momentous day she'll keep us guessing as to which of her widely divergent screen selves is the real Tobin.

In the meantime, if it's all the same to you, most efficient of actresses, please give us more pulse-pounding, glamorous girls. You have everything under control most of the time, Genevieve, but when you elect to go hot-cha—well, Maurice, you said it. Oh, that *Mitzi*!

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Nor has she any need for it in this, for the character of her confidence woman is a humorous one who glories in her penitentiary record. Nick-named the *Countess of Auburn*, she is a ritzy grande dame on occasion, but is proficient in the lingo of crooks when dealing with them. Even the police cannot help admiring her nerve and smoothness. She swindles every one from the warden to a bank president, saves one daughter from a sinister marriage, maneuvers another into an advantageous one, then goes back to prison and makes the other inmates gasp their admiration for the wonderful fling she's had.

Miss Skipworth provides unflagging entertainment in a picture that is hardly conceivable without her. But it affords a splendid vehicle for her talents and the exploitation of a character that is unusual. Evalyn Knapp, Gertrude Messinger, and John Breeden are the attractive young people involved, George Raft has a subordinate rôle and Richard Bennett is not happy as Miss Skipworth's husband because the character isn't convincing.

"Bachelor's Affairs."

That the cure for old age is a frolicsome young wife to pep up a bachelor's home was *Andrew Hoyt's* belief until he tried it. Then the incessant dashing of the young thing from pleasure to pleasure wears him out, and he calls upon his business associate to find a young man to take her away from him. This is done, after several amusing hitches, much against the will of the wife's sister, who has a keen appreciation of the value of a rich brother-in-law. In the course of the mix-up some one says that the husband has asthma, and has mistaken short breath for passion. This remark perfectly describes the rôle Adolphe Menjou plays with humorous contrast to his former films, in which he was always positively devastating.

Joan Marsh, as the dizzy little blond wife, is a perfect contrast to her rheumatic mate. Her dumbness is carefully covered by the elder sister, nicely represented by Minna Gombell, until the rich man is safely hooked, and it is she who must be outwitted in getting rid of the wife. After which Irene Purcell is recognized as the real love, after all. And Miss Purcell makes *Jane* a very likable young lady worthy of a handsomer reward than a weather-beaten playboy. Alan Dinehart is all right as the sensible business partner.

The film is much more amusing than was the stage version, under the title of "Precious," four years ago.

"Aren't We All."

Shining through rather heavy-handed direction, here is a comedy from the English studios, with Gertrude Lawrence playing an aggrieved wife who is tripped up when a little indiscretion of her own comes to light, and she can no longer annoy her husband about his holiday flirtation. Miss Lawrence has all the dash and good looks one could hope for, and her clothes are a treat to the eyes after a long course of the caricatures of style so often designed for our own screen ladies. Her speech is excellent, but as to most of the cast, one must be patient until he gets the swing of the British inflection, after which the lines from Frederick Lonsdale's play are delightfully amusing to an American audience.

A few years ago this play was brought to the silent screen by Adolphe Menjou and Aileen Pringle. Dominating the scene is a dashing man-about-town who has gone into his second wild-oats age, played in the new version by Hugh Wakefield. He is approached by his daughter-in-law's suitor, well played by Harold Huth, who is asked to come to the country for a week-end to face the estranged couple. After much difficulty, and many epigrams, the old man brings peace to his household and the disappointed lover departs.

Emily Fitzroy, who used to be seen in American films, has a minor rôle.

"Make Me a Star."

Stuart Erwin finds his best opportunity in this new version of "Merton of the Movies" and leaves nothing wanting in a highly artistic characterization. Of course you remember the trials and tribulation of *Merton*, the bucolic simpleton who takes a correspondence course in acting and goes to Hollywood intent on becoming a star. You haven't forgotten, either, how an extra girl takes pity on him and gets him a job in a burlesque Western which poor *Merton* takes seriously and therefore makes all the funnier. He becomes a star all right, a comedy star, and never knows the difference.

All this is nicely set forth in the talkie version, but it isn't pungent with novelty because practically every one knows the story by now. Hence Mr. Erwin's is strictly a personal triumph, with Joan Blondell scoring almost as strongly as the extra who plays the joke on *Merton* and learns to pity and then love him. Pleasant, unpretentious entertainment.

"The Man from Yesterday."

Claudette Colbert is photographed as she should be in this story of War's aftermath—striking and allur-

ing. Her believable performance is matched by the effective portrayal of a blighted soldier-husband by Clive Brook. Photography and dialogue are excellent. With these assets, one should expect an unusually fine picture. But not so. The story is our old friend, *Enoch Arden*, in uniform, and it suffers for want of the imaginative touch that would have brought it to new life.

Clive Brook and Miss Colbert, army officer and Red Cross nurse, are separated after a hasty marriage behind the front. Mr. Brook is reported killed. She falls in love with



the French doctor who sees her through her troubles, including the birth of a son. Years later the wreck that was once her husband turns up. Sensing that he is not wanted, he goes out and drinks himself to death.

The minor rôles are played with skill, also. Charles Boyer, as the French doctor who helps the distracted wife search Europe for trace of her husband, is particularly good, and Andy Devine, as Mr. Brook's pal and protector, is all there. One of the most effective scenes is the one in which Mr. Brook sees his son for the first—and last—time, before stepping aside. The lad, played by Ronald Cosbey, chats with Mr. Brook, thinking him only an interesting intruder in his bedroom, and for naturalness he is second to none. He makes you forget your peevishness against child prodigies.

"Stranger in Town."

Those who like cracker-barrel "philosophy" from the perennial vaudeville hick, with not a wheeze or whisker altered since the theatrical season of 1849-50, may get a chuckle from this. In fact, when I saw this Chic Sale offering, a man near me kept his well-padded ribs in a constant flutter of guffaws, and occasion-

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Turning the Other Cheek

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Of course the bull was a total loss, but it could be easily replaced for a mere seven fifty, and the studio depression that cuts a bit man from fifteen dollars to seven dollars and fifty cents can well afford to use the difference in the promotion of good, clean fun.

On the other hand, some of the most generous souls in the world can be found among the extras.

Half a dozen men had been called to report for an interview. Five butlers were wanted for Maurice Chevalier's picture. The schedule called for one taller than the rest, and there were two "talls" in the group.

One of them proved satisfactory and was told that the part was his providing the uniform would fit him. It did—perfectly.

Leaving the interview, the fortunate extra overheard his tall contemporary confide in another man that he hadn't worked in months. The hopelessness in his voice touched something in the first man.

"Here you are, Mike," he said kindly. "I'm not dead broke yet, and I guess you need it worse than I do."

And before they could stop him, he strode through the door and out of sight.

When an interested observer related the incident to Chevalier, the star listened with a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

"Give me that man's name," he said earnestly when the tale was told. "I want him in my picture!"

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They Say in New York—

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a low square neck line and a ruffled cape of crinkly coral ribbon. She did not fall for Schiaparelli's pet creation, a cape or necklace of coq feathers, but that may be because Gloria likes to be the first to wear a style, and Schiaparelli herself had launched the style at the Bal Blanc in Paris.

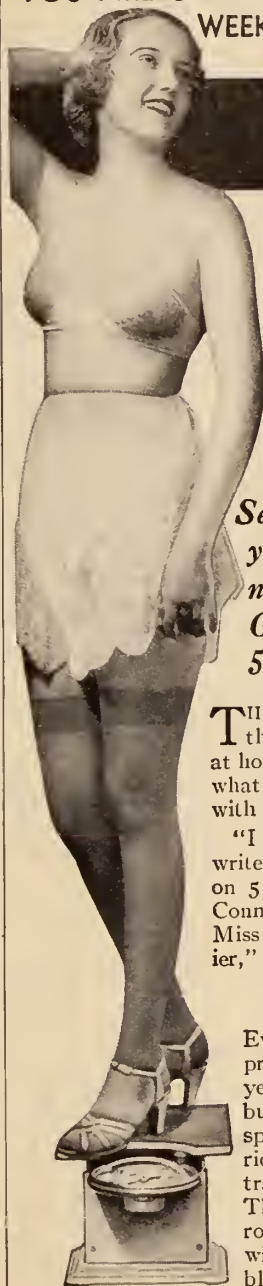
It may help in planning your tall wardrobe to know that many of Gloria's frocks are to be extremely high-waisted. A wrap-around skirt fits closely and forms a high bodice. The briefest of boleros or double-breasted jackets accompany the dresses and dull-gold clips form the fastenings at the neck.

Malicious or Dumb.—The funniest story of the month comes out of Chicago and concerns that wily little wag, Mitzi Green. She was being interviewed by Caryl Frink, movie

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I WAS SKINNY AS
YOU ARE UNTIL A FEW
WEEKS AGO

I WISH I KNEW HOW TO
PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU
HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY
ADMIRE



New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—quick!

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skininess a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast

should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 710, Atlanta, Ga.





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Noted Screen Beauty"

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can have eyes
like the stars*

by the simple magic of the NEW
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Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, *alluring eyes*—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. *You can have them. And instantly!*

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? Bewitching, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

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The Tiger Tamed

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Hertel, competed for the skiing championship of Stockholm, played a lead with Stiller at seventeen and went bohemian.

At nineteen he was working eighteen hours a day at Lorenz Lindberg's theater in Göteborg for a small salary, with the artist's commercial inconsistency having turned down a much higher offer for films. He loved the repertoire of Molière, Strindberg, Ibsen, and Shakespeare.

There was that island within motorboat distance of the mainland, the simple life. Then mercurial Nils was seen in the capitals of Europe, acting, enjoying himself. Later America and success. Morbid weeks when he pondered over it all and berated himself because he could not conform.

He would retire into the hills, playing with a leopard cub, and reading, and mooning around. Eccentric, he was called.

Nils is lighter. That subtle melancholy which nature or artifice used to drape around him is gone. He is less of mood, more of action.

Vivian, I believe, has wrought this miracle, with the tactful understanding of his needs which love developed in her, and with her tinkling giggle that runs on in a streaming gayety.

His devotion to his child supersedes ambition and all else. They romp together and he proudly repeats her cute actions. She is fourteen months old.

When finally Oliver Hinsdale, the studio's vocal teacher, had perfected Nils's accent and he had spent two months on a personal-appearance tour, his return to the screen was broached. He refused to do eleven rôles, though surely he must have been eager to reestablish himself. This information came from the studio.

"I was afraid of doing the wrong thing," he said, which seemed quite an admission. "But it has turned out right. I will be the menace for a time, though I am tired of evening clothes and bows. I would like to do a rugged rôle, a he-man. Most of all, I would prefer romantic light comedy."

The call came for his return to the set. With another debonair bow, Nils was gone, greeting those he passed with a blithe "Hallo!"

However much he may or may not have suffered during the past two years, it is certain that now Nils is on his tiptoes to meet whatever challenge each day may bring.

Hollywood High Lights

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Ben Pays for Slap.—Ben Lyon had to pay up for slapping that boy who wouldn't let Bebe Daniels into the Columbia studio. It cost Ben only \$450, instead of the \$35,000 sued for by the youth, Cedric LaMar.

It seems that young LaMar felt that rules were rules, and that even a well-known star wasn't an exception to them. Ben naturally thought otherwise, and one thing leading to another, he up and smacked the young man quite vigorously.

Wealth of Famed Ones.—If you want to know what stars are worth, here's a new inkling, very official, concerning their taxable property: Charlie Chaplin, in stocks and bonds, \$7,687,570; Mary Pickford, in stocks, \$2,316,940; Douglas Fairbanks, in stocks, \$1,384,690.

Harold Lloyd, Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, and others didn't show so high, but probably have considerable in tax-exempt securities which weren't listed.

Some odd possessions were included on the rolls of the county assessor, such as an aviary of John

Barrymore's which he values at \$500, and a harp on which Gloria Swanson puts a price of \$350.

With all her "millions," Constance Bennett was assessed for only \$200 worth of furniture at Malibu.

Rivalry Still Goes On.—Even though separated by leagues of land and sea, Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson must still be rivals. Else how explain the fact that Connie gets the picture "Rockabye" to do, which Gloria once so warily contemplated. Also Connie captures that most splendid of all leading men, Leslie Howard, for this production.

To add coals of fire, or something, Gloria had trouble securing the leading man she wanted for "Perfect Understanding." Sam Goldwyn wanted all money laid on the line, including expenses of the trip to London, when the parleys were on for the services of Melvin Douglas, whom Goldwyn has under contract. Sam and Gloria weren't on such friendly terms a year ago, on account of story arguments.

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Exit Youth

Continued from page 21

mature men who have lived even more strenuously than have our heroines.

Clark Gable, our greatest current heart throb, is thirty-one or thirty-two and has lived well, if not too wisely. When a woman looks into his eyes, she knows his familiarity with the ways of the world will be greater than her own—and more penetrating.

No one has yet accused James Cagney of being immature or childish—and I doubt that any one will.

Melvyn Douglas, whose short screen career has been devoted exclusively to wooing such stellar lights as Gloria Swanson, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, and Greta Garbo, is thirty-one years old. His sophistication is of the old-world type—suave and almost menacing. But how we girls do love to be menaced—by Melvyn.

Another box-office record smasher is Edward G. Robinson. And Eddie's closer to forty than any other age. Irving Pichel and Paul Lukas are two more current heartbreakers, while even our own pet boy friend, Gary Cooper, is growing up and playing men with worldly eyes. Didn't he wear a derby home from England?

Not to be outdone by the newcomers, the tried-and-true old-timers like Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, and Edmund Lowe have long since forsaken coy, boyish rôles and are devoting their talents to portraying men who know their own way—and everybody else's way—around.

Of course, there are still young, new faces greeting us from the screen. We still see Anita Page, Mary Brian, and Leila Hyams in pictures. Not to mention the influx of new talent—Madge Evans, Bette Davis, Marian Marsh, Ann Dvorak, Frances Dee, Virginia Bruce, Richard Cromwell, Donald Dillaway, John Breeden, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan, Evalyn Knapp, and so on.

But there's no getting around the fact that, with few exceptions, these youngsters come to us in rôles of lesser importance, leaving the stellar parts for their older brothers and sisters.

Now don't ask me why this is. You're the cause of it, you fans who storm the box office, as much as I am. But if you want me to hazard a guess—just a guess, mind you—I'd say that it's because at last the movies have grown up!

Turning the Other Cheek

Continued from page 61

What with executives' uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, in-laws, and what-have-yous, holding down the fat parts these days, real talent has been ruthlessly shoved into the back-ground.

In a studio scene, a third cousin to one of the big shots was successfully murdering a particularly dramatic speech.

After a frantic hour of showing him, or trying to show him, how it should be done, the harassed director leaped to his feet.

"Come here, Miller!" He called a well-known bit man from his insignificant spot in the background. "See if you can show this fellow what I'm driving at."

Quietly, capably, Miller went through the speech. His voice was perfect, every inflection significant.

And still the third cousin couldn't seem to grasp the idea.

In despair, the director went into a huddle with the production manager.

"Give Miller the part," he begged. "That other fellow is impossible. He'll ruin the scene!"

The p. m. scowled. "Don't be a fool!" he advised scathingly. "Put Miller in and we'll both lose our jobs! It can't be done."

The director shrugged resignedly. "All right," he growled. "But the scene's shot. Unless I can think of something—"

In the end, there was but one solution.

With his back to the camera, the third cousin went through the motions attending the speech, while Miller, out of range of the camera, read the lines.

That night at the cashier's window, Miller reached eagerly for his usual seven fifty, while the third cousin, swaggering importantly, pocketed his own thirty-five dollars with a deliberate flourish.

Hollywood! What heartbreaking injustices are committed in thy name!

Ah, for the good old days of the Spanish Inquisition!

And still victims come! Trample them, grind them into the dust—But try to send 'em home! They love it!



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Shriek Easily

Continued from page 26

Some one suggested that a man's love was a slender rod on which to lean all one's happiness. Barbara, eyes flashing with anger, replied: "Well, what about movie fame? In pictures I'm a success just as long as people like me. When they stop coming to see me, I'm just a flop. It isn't that way with love. You may lose some one's love, yes, but it's something you never quite get out of your heart once you've known the real thing."

Maybe Barbara has found that ideal balance in the way she handled her domestic and professional problem in New York, because you can't blame Frank for feeling hurt.

Back in the days prior to their advent into pictures, Barbara was not so well known as Frank. She was at the threshold of a career on Broadway when she made her first hits in "The Noose" and "Burlesque." This after a few years of night-club dancing. But Frank Fay was for years a topnotcher in the profession. When Fay's name went up at the Palace Theater, it meant a sold-out house. Frank was one of the grandest comedians on the stage. I can chuckle yet at his bit of business with the caviar—so true to life.

Then Ruby Stevens, who had changed her name to "Barbara Stanwyck" when she got her first big chance in the theater, married Fay and together they decided upon a trip to Hollywood.

Frank Fay was funny. The movies, just turning talkie, needed comedians. Frank was such a big hit in New York that it was natural to suppose Hollywood would grab him up. It did. But there is a strange reaction to popularity on the screen after popularity in vaudeville.

Fay became disgusted with Hollywood and decided to leave. He told Barbara so and that raised a problem peculiar to professional married couples. Barbara was a big hit in pictures. Columbia refused to release her. There was an argument, and it looked as though neither one would win for a while.

If Barbara had to stay on in Hollywood and Frank came back to New York, what then? Barbara had her first opportunity to show what she could do with this "marriage and a career" problem she claimed could be solved with common sense. So she cleverly effected a compromise and arranged for a leave of absence from the studio to make personal appearances in vaudeville—with Frank!

They appeared at the Palace where Frank was always a headliner. And you know the rest.

Frank had had his way about things. Barbara had acquiesced to his wishes. Now they are both back in Hollywood, happier for the experience, the longing in Frank's heart for a taste of Broadway dispelled for a long while to come.

"We're going back to the Coast by way of St. Louis," Barbara smiled happily when they got off, "because we were married there and we're going on a second honeymoon now."

And now that everything seems hotsy-totsy in the Fay-Stanwyck household once more, Barbara is all ready in her next picture, "The Purchase Price," to let off some of that pent-up temperamental steam which her fans have come to look for and which, by a strange quirk of fate, put her over as a star instead of wrecking her, as it has done to so many others.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 61

columnist on a newspaper. That inevitable question about her favorite actress came up. "Helen Hayes," Mitzi blurted out and went on to rave about her. Miss Frink seemed to lose interest in her about that time and departed shortly afterward. It happens that Helen Hayes is now married to Charles MacArthur who used to be married to Caryl Frink, and the latter, thinking that their divorce was obtained a little hastily, is suing Helen Hayes for alienation of his affections.

Mistaken Identity.—There are at the moment roaming around the

better Broadway night haunts two girls who are the image of Greta Garbo—they used to stand in for her while the cameras were focused—one that you would swear is Jean Harlow, and one who is gorgeous in the manner of Billie Dove.

These replicas are having more fun. They deny nothing, just act a little vague and flustered when asked for autographs, meanwhile getting lots of service at theaters and restaurants. So, if you hear any wild tales about Garbo or Harlow or Dove being part of the noisier night life in New York, just give them the benefit of the doubt.

No Treat to Lois.—For the first time in sixty years a girl has been permitted to enter the Lambs' Club in New York. It was Lois Moran, who is making a screen short for the benefit of the club treasury. The story calls for her to be dressed in men's clothes and smuggled into one of the Lamb's Gambols. You might think that Lois would get a thrill out of being completely surrounded by attentive men, but the gathering just looked like any quiet afternoon at her apartment when she was receiving callers—except, of course, that Lois was dressed differently. Lois looks very dapper as a male impersonator.

Eternal Chuckles.—"Face the Music," one of the season's stage successes, had to close recently because Mary Boland, the star, took it into her flighty head to go to Hollywood to make "The Night of June 13th" for Paramount. The play could have gone on, no doubt, without its juveniles, without its dances, or without its music, but it could not go on without the fluttering, absent-minded amiability that was her contribution.

After the last performance she went around saying good-by to the other performers, her voice choked with sobs, her eyes veiled with tears. Every one was touched, even the old trouper who said gruffly, "The old act is still going over great, isn't it, Mary? There's nothing so heart-rending in the theater as one of your good-bys—until the next one."

Several times her aging contemporaries have tried to pack Mary Boland in lavender and old lace, but she always pops up again wearing a more ludicrous cap and bells. Our mothers and grandmothers knew her as a serenely beautiful young person who played opposite John Drew. Ten or twelve years ago she startled old theatergoers by coming back, a gifted comédienne with a style all her own, in "The Torch Bearers." She epitomizes in her characterizations all the silly, vain women you have ever known and makes you adore her.

When you are amusing yourself by picking an absolutely perfect cast, you could do no better than to ask for Mary Boland, the Marx Brothers, and Zasu Pitts.



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Fair and Warmer

Continued from page 23

"From then on, we became acquainted by telegrams, radio, and long-distance telephone, as she sailed shortly for New York, by way of Panama. She was gone three weeks—and they were the longest three weeks of my life!

"When she came back we lunched and dined together every day and I realized I'd never be happy until we could include breakfast!

"One evening a fortnight after her return, we were driving over to the Fox studio to see a picture, when I was surprised to hear myself say, 'Do you think you'd care to marry me?'

"There was a loud silence. 'Think it over,' I suggested magnanimously.

"'I have,' said Joan. 'I'd love to.'

"Can you imagine anything more charming?"

"There are so many delightful qualities in Joan," Gene went on. "She is the most completely feminine girl I've ever known in my life. Do you know that, busy as she is at the studio, she still finds time to run this house? She plans every meal and all the purchasing is done under her supervision. She knows how to get the maximum amount of work out of the servants, and she does it without antagonizing them and without working them like slaves. They *adore* her!

"I admire her because she has absolutely no capacity for pushing her-

self. When she enters a room she doesn't make an entrance. Instead, she tries to slip in unobtrusively.

"All the Bennetts have a sound sense of humor, but Joan's is the most subtle. I have known some lovely ladies—but Joan is the only perfect companion I've ever found.

"Not long ago her father was being interviewed in Santa Barbara by one of those rambling reporters who take this silly life pretty seriously. 'What,' he demanded, 'do you consider your greatest creation?'

"'My daughter Joan,' said Richard Bennett, without a moment's hesitation.

"And not the least of her attractions is that there is never anything ostentatious about Joan. Everything she does is done in flawless taste. She has a grand imagination—but look here!" Gene sat up suddenly. "Maybe I'm giving you the impression I'm in love with my wife? Well, I *am!*"

They are ideally happy, and if I'm any good as a prophet, you can take it from me that that is one marriage which will last. The same thing will hold Gene that holds every one else who knows Joan: it isn't just her imagination or her sense of humor or her sense of fairness and loyalty—it's that indefinable something which we call charm.

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Off Goes the Lid

Continued from page 19

When Miss Dietrich is working, Maria does not get so much of her mother's time. Not since the days of Nazimova has any star worked as closely on all phases of a picture as Marlene. Von Sternberg and she carry a picture through from the story to the final editing.

This is unusual for a star who is not a producer. Mary Pickford and Swanson stay close to their productions, but, of course, their positions are different from Miss Dietrich's.

Hers is a very subtle sense of irony and very few persons know this quality in her. The prevailing impression of her is that of an aloof, serene, and slightly bored young woman.

If Marlene Dietrich remains in Hollywood, it will be interesting to see how long her artistic alliance with Von Sternberg will last, and to what heights it will carry her.

The Germans are very anxious to have their daughter return home and make films for them. And Marlene is homesick to get back to Berlin among her own people, her relatives, her friends.

"If I stay away too long, they may forget me," she said. "That would be too sad. My contract has called for six months in America and six months in Berlin. When I go home this time, I may never return."

She is a young woman of tremendous devotion, loyalty, and sentiment, this Marlene Dietrich. She is much more human than any of her pictures have revealed her, which makes it all the more amazing that she has struck so big with the American public. Perhaps in her next film, "Blond Venus," Von Sternberg will show these facets of her personality.

At any rate, it will be interesting to keep an eye on him, for apparently Marlene will follow his artistic lead. He's her story and she's going to stick by him—unless she should change her mind.

Luck and Pluck

Continued from page 50

"I don't like him with curly hair. Dye it black," said some one else in power.

"What's wrong with him is that his lips aren't pretty enough," said another. "Rouge a nice big cupid's bow on him."

By this time the executive who liked curly hair so well had decided Hardie would be better with straight hair after all.

Some executive was mighty dumb or needed a good poke on the chin.

He had signed the contract. The sporting thing to do was to grin and bear it. But it hurt. Why must he be changed? They had liked him for himself. Now they wanted to make something else of him entirely. On the stage in New York he had been a good enough actor, so nobody cared whether his hair was pink or green. It sounded insane. Why?

Finally the studio decided he was ready for the public to take a peek at him, and gave him a picture. Whatever had been Hardie Albright was spoiled. This wasn't Hardie standing before the camera. It was a self-conscious young chap worrying about how he looked. He stood there before the camera with his lips painted to a girlish cupid's bow, his hair fluffed up on his head like a silly debutante's, his eyes heavily mascaraed the way Pola Negri's and Theda Bara's used to be in the days of vamps. He was a sight.

"I was in four pictures. Out of the four, I liked only one, and I liked only one scene of that. There were 'Young Sinners,' 'Hush Money,' 'Skyline,' and 'Heartbreak.' I liked the scene in 'Heartbreak' in which Carl, the fellow I was playing, had to go up in his plane when he knew it meant death for him.

"The pictures weren't any too successful. But the studio knew just what was wrong! Oh, they'd fix everything. They told me to grow some more hair down lower on my forehead."

How Hardie was to grow hair where it did not grow was not specified in the contract. Hardie took a deep breath, and walked into the front office. "I don't think you know what you want to do with me or how to do it," he said calmly. "I'd like to buy back my contract. I'm in a rut here. I'm miserable. Let me go."

He wasn't angry; he was just discouraged and sad. He tore up his contract and walked out, a free man.

A free man? How many who read this know what it means to tear

up your contract in Hollywood? For one thing, it means the possible circulation of that whisper which covers all Hollywood sins—"He's hard to work with."

A dreary month went by. Hardie is tremendously active, and the mere sitting around the house day after day, with no job, waiting for the telephone to ring, was bad enough.

Hollywood didn't want Hardie Albright. That was all there was to it. He might as well leave town.

The telephone rang. Universal wanted him for "Night World."

The phone rang again. Warner Brothers wanted him for "So Big." He was to play the part that made Ben Lyon in the silent version. They told him to rush out to the studio. He met a man who was tearing his hair and saying over and over, "I can't do anything with him!"

"With who?" said Hardie. It was no time for grammar.

"Mr. Arliss. He says he won't have any one but you in 'A Successful Calamity.' I try to suggest some one else. I tell him we want you for 'Miss Pinkerton.' He puts his foot down and says he won't have any one but you!"

The dignified George Arliss appeared around a corner. Sternly, crisply, he demanded, "Know your lines, Albright?" There was a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes," said Hardie. He burst into a speech from "The Merchant of Venice," in which he had appeared with Mr. Arliss in New York.

"Odd," said Mr. Arliss, "that sounds familiar. I think I've heard that somewhere before."

He walked sternly away. A harsh, cruel man, George Arliss, who thinks of no one but himself!

And after that film, Hardie was cast in "Jewel Robbery," with William Powell. First National has just given him a nice contract.

And after that—

Oh, the young man seems to be doing quite well, thank you. Sometimes ideals do pay.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 62

Old Man Depression.—Hard times in the colony are indicated by the fact that numerous stars are being sued for small bills. Jack Mulhall, Lew Cody, and Blanche Sweet, who has but recently returned to town, have been pounced upon by creditors lately. The delinquent tax list of movie folk ran into the hundreds during the recent check-up.

And on top of everything else, Metro-Goldwyn, regarded as the

Gibraltar of success in Hollywood, has announced cuts in salary ranging as high as thirty-five per cent. It will eventually hit their bigger stars if they want to stay on at that studio.

Most of the other studios have been slicing away for months. Players don't have to accept the cuts, if they're working under contract, but when option time comes around their position won't be pleasant, if they don't.



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Don't Call Her Mrs.

Continued from page 35

bruary 21, 1912, she graduated from Ursuline Academy Prep School and attended college at New Rochelle for a year. From there she went to a dancing school run by the late Jack Donohue and shortly thereafter found herself dancing in his act. Her introduction to theatrical society occurred a week later when she was escorted to a party at Freeport, Long Island, by none other than Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante and his partners in crime and merriment, Clayton and Jackson. They introduced her as "Mousie" and the name has stuck ever since.

She worked in the Silver Slipper, a New York night club, then in "The 9:15 Revue," and later toured in vaudeville with Harry Carroll's revue. Returning to New York, she got a small part in "The Second Little Show" and established herself by means of the "Sing Something Simple" number.

A test followed, she was given a contract by RKO and came to Hollywood.

Her life there is the antithesis of that she lived in New York. Instead of being up all night and sleeping all day, she leads a normal life and loves it. They—she and the husband—rarely attend large parties—or give them.

"We give maybe one or two large parties a year," she explained, "and the rest of the time we just have small groups down to the beach house. I like people around me whom I know well and with whom I don't have to stand on formality—the kind of people to whom I can say, 'I'm tired. I'm going to bed but make yourselves at home,' and who'll go right on and have a good time without me."

"How come you don't like night life any more?" I asked.

Arline looked blank. "Blessed if I know."

"Do you s'pose it's because you worked in New York night clubs so long you got fed up with that sort of thing?" I persisted.

"Gosh, no. I loved it all the while I was there. I used to hate it when it came time to close the place up. Maybe it's because everything is so different here. We like to travel and whenever we have a few days off at the same time, Wes—I mean, my husband—I'm not going to have his name mentioned in this interview—and I get on his yacht and off we go for as long as possible.

"Sometime this summer if we can all get off for a couple of weeks, Helen Twelvetrees and her husband,

Frank Woody, and my husband and I are going to load a couple of pack mules with supplies and go roughing it up in the Sierras. No servants—no nothing but ourselves. Helen and Frank are going to do the cooking. Helen says she'll feel better about it that way. But wouldn't we all?"

"How do you like working with Mr. ——— with your husband?"

"I love it, of course. I'd never have got anywhere if it hadn't been for him. But he didn't favor me any more than any of the rest of them in that first picture. He was swell to all of us. None of us in it—none of the young kids, I mean—had had much experience.

"The only trouble was, it gave me an inferiority complex. I mean he was in love with me and I hadn't sense enough at the time to know that in this business there is no such thing as sentiment, and I was afraid he was giving me all the breaks and I'd never be able to do anything with another director who might not take such pains with me. Now that I've made 'Girl Crazy' and 'Young Bride' with another director, I feel better."

"One last question," I pleaded. "What kind of parts do you want to play? Ingénue leads, I suppose?"

"One last favor," Arline begged: "Please quote me correctly on this. I don't want to play ingénue leads. I want to be a—a—well, I want to play the kind of girls nice boys don't take home to introduce to their mothers!"

I gasped. With at least a couple of girls I know who are admirably equipped by nature to play that kind of part, but who are yowling to play sweet young things, I couldn't understand Arline clamoring for the other. But she does.

Arline gave me another start by saying she'd never be happy until she had a baby.

"And don't forget," she finished, "you're not to mention my husband's name. I want to stand on my own pins."

And on rereading this interview I see something else. Friend husband may get screen credit in this Picture Play epic—but it's only a bit he plays. Arline is the star and a dozen "Cimarrons," "Last Frontiers," and "Roars of the Dragon" will never make him anything more in my eyes than Mr. Judge. How could any man expect to keep his individuality when he's married to a girl like Arline, who thinks bad girls are interesting and who, in the next breath, tells you that life isn't complete without motherhood?

Forgotten Papas

Continued from page 45

her at the age of nine a fur coat made of gray squirrel.

Frances Dee's father is an executive in a public-service corporation at Indianapolis, Indiana. Sari Maritza's father is Major Walter Nathan, C. M. G., who kept a stable of racing horses in China and now is head of the Peking Syndicate and stationed in London. Leila Hyams is the daughter of John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous vaudeville team. Buster Keaton and Eddie Quillan both come from vaudeville families.

If you'd like to see a chip of the old block, take a look at Sylvia Sydney and her parents. Sigmund Sydney is a dentist in New York. Regular old grouch, isn't he? Such photographs, I surmise, must bring little pains to the hearts of those young women whose fathers exist only in memory.

Yep, some dads still live. But they're never in the spotlight. They can't be bothered. Screen acting is all monkey business to them. They've paid the bills for their daughter's training and then stepped aside to let the glory go to mother and the child. But that's the nature of man, isn't it?

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 60

ally muttered to his spouse that nere was a swell show, indeed. I must take issue with this unknown person to the extent of questioning his entertainment resistance. It is somewhat below zero, and ever consid-



erate of my fellow fans, I would suggest that he never trust himself to be tickled by a Chaplin or Lloyd or Laurel and Hardy film.

Chic Sale also had a good time, blinking his eyes, scratching his head, and uttering words of city-made

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homespun wisdom all over his country store and post office, the setting of the story. The rest of us back in the audience, and Ann Dvorak and David Manners on the screen, found the situation rather trying. Finally, not being a cash customer and therefore demanding better entertainment or nothing, I quietly eased out of the theater. But not before *Old Man Crickle's* pretty granddaughter, Ann Dvorak, just home to Boilsville from a finishing school, had fallen in love with the young upstart manager of a chain grocery store, David Manners. His fearful price-cutting ruined the old man, and even though the young people are married now, she thinks her husband is not playing fair with grandpa and leaves him. I understand it turned out nicely, though, and everybody was happy.

"The Killer."

This Western melodrama has the old-time picturesque background and the usual quota of fine horses, the two reasons why Westerns go on and on. Unfortunately, it also has the same old story of the villainous ranch boss and a pretty girl badly in need of being rescued. Doubtless that is the third reason. Although this film has its tense moments, when it's finished one realizes that he has yielded to the spell of just another horse opera.

George O'Brien is the fast-riding hero, a Texas Ranger disguised as a tramp cow-puncher. He comes to "Mystery Ranch," as the picture was called for a while, to investigate the boss, Charles Middleton, whose henchmen have been careless with human life. Cecilia Parker is being held a prisoner until she can be bullied into marrying the scoundrel.



Our hero would never permit any such disaster to befall a pretty lady in distress, as you know.

For some strange reason characters in Western films still talk like the subtitles in silent pictures. It is usually funny to hear the hero and heroine exchange love vows in this

stilted dialogue. And while I am picking flaws in Westerns, some one should tell the boys who *clomp-clomp* the coconut shells into the microphone to produce the sound of pounding horses' hoofs, that it would be much nicer to muffle this clatter a little—or at least to keep the sound down to gunshot volume.

"Radio Patrol."

Without being irritating, this is a strictly routine melodrama which ex-



plots the nobility of a policeman who receives orders from headquarters by radio. The latter device is not new to the screen, nor are any of the situations fresh. Thus we have two policemen in love with the same girl, the quieter and worthier one losing her to his pal who, it is hardly necessary to add, accepts a bribe which further throws into relief the superior character of his friend. When the weak policeman sacrifices his life in atonement, it is no surprise at all to find the good man consoling the wife in the maternity ward, with a happy ending right around the corner.

All this is well acted, especially by Russell Hopton, a hero for the first time and a good one, too. Robert Armstrong is his pal, Lila Lee the wife and Andy Devine, Onslow Stevens, and Sidney Toler, other contributors to a picture that set out to be exciting but isn't.

"Million-dollar Legs."

This is the sort of comedy which highbrow critics gurgled over and say "How exchantly mad!" But we who like our enchantment serious and who are mad enough when Ramon Novarro is not permitted to sing, find this incursion into madness only slightly funny and unimportant at best. Evidently intended as a satire, it loses sight of its original intent and becomes exaggerated farce

in which scenario writer and director were apparently given free rein to be as "enchantingly mad" as they pleased. To make this doubly possible the scene is laid in a mythical republic called Klopstockia, of which W. C. Fields is president. Jack

made partly in Austrian Tyrol against a magnificent Alpine background and the scenes made in Hollywood preserve all the ruggedness of the authentic settings. There are stirring glimpses of the Austrians flashing across the snow on skis. The note of fatality when a group of soldiers stick to their post on Collato peak, while the enemy is preparing to blast it, is grandly struck, because it is simply done.

Here is one of those rare and unheeded lessons in film-making showing that a simple story well done makes a better picture than all the glamour and flubdubbery in the world. The story is concerned with the defense of a keynote position in the Alps during the late War and it is said to be based upon an actual occurrence in the fighting between the Austrians and Italians.

Luis Trenker, who plays the hero, wrote the story and directed the Alpine scenes. Tala Birell plays his wife, and Victor Varconi his Italian friend who must become his enemy. Although Varconi stations himself in *Florian's* home, and plans the blasting of the mountain which will kill the husband, there are no hysterics—better still, there is no love-making. This indeed is a refreshing picture.

"Week Ends Only."

Sumptuous apartments, riotously gay night clubs, beautiful girls, gorgeous gowns, handsome men—even flaming youth do not make great movies. This is the pathetic story of a daughter of a once fabulously rich father who dies—or commits suicide—as a result of the stock-market crash and leaves his daughter penniless. She obtains work as a hostess in the elaborate night club owned and operated by her ex-butler. And, as a side line, she acts as hostess for wealthy, unattached gentlemen—on week-ends only.

She falls in love with an impoverished artist and helps him to success, only to find him politely doubting of her purity when he finds her acting as hostess on one of the famous week-ends. He leaves her and, feeling life has little to offer, she accepts one of her patrons' offers of jewels, furs and a trip to Europe. In the end, of course, the artist learns of his mistake and catches the boat on which she is sailing, just in time to rescue her.

Joan Bennett has never looked lovelier nor worn more lavish gowns, nor done better work than she does in this trite and implausible story. Ben Lyon is his own self as the artist and to prove it, dons a false face to fool the landlady. John Halliday is the disappointed millionaire.



Oakie, a live-wire American, comes along and recruits a team of Klopstockian athletes for the Olympic games, and there is a female spy named *Mata Machree*, a man who can outrun express trains, Ben Turpin as a cross-eyed spy, and so on. Don't you see how deliciously comic all this is? Anyway, I heard few laughs and certainly I contributed none. It made me glumly somnolent.

"Bring 'Em Back Alive."

Here is a picture that kids and men alike will go for in a big way. It has no love interest, there is no plot, and the cast is composed entirely of wild animals. It deals with the exploits of Frank Buck in capturing savage beasts alive for circuses and zoos, but there are moments that lift the spectator right out of his seat.

There are moments of photographic beauty that alone are worth the price of admission.

If you can still find joy in the animals who thrilled you in your school days and entertainment in a picture devoid of sex, here is a film you cannot afford to miss. The tiger furnishes the villainy.

"The Doomed Battalion."

If you are looking for a film entirely free of the picklewash which taints so many pictures, this simple story of fighting in the Alps against man and nature is your treat. No more pleasing combination of camera and microphone has yet been seen by this reviewer. The picture was



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New Faces for Old

Continued from page 41

apply to the scalp until you have covered every portion. Then, with a clean towel, remove every trace of moisture. While applying the tonic, massage the scalp well, and after drying, brush the hair until it shines with burnished luster. Such a treatment two or three times every week will restore the hair to a normal condition and keep it live and healthy.

While trying to repair the ravages of summer give special attention to the art of make-up. After-summer complexions call for darker powders than are used the rest of the year. Your regular powder will make your tanned skin look whitewashed, so match your skin tone as nearly as you can. Choose a powder a bit darker rather than lighter. Not too dark, as it will make your face look dirty and dingy, and not too yellow a tan or brown. A pinky cast giving the skin a warm, rich sun-kissed tone shows up better in the long run on most types. With the darkish powders, a rather bright rouge toned to a natural appearance is always flattering. And remember that rouge and lipstick should shade together if they are to get along well on the same face. Make your face a color harmony of perfectly balanced tones. Let art outdo nature. That's one way of getting even!

What is your after-summer problem? Did you sit too long on the beach, or play too long in the sun? Or did you spend your time in a comfortable chair, eat too much, and acquire bulging hips, a large waistline and a few unwanted skin blemishes? Whatever your problem, I shall be glad to help if I can. When you write, please inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

ley's right name is Mildred Linton, and she celebrates her birthday on December 12th.

HOT-CHA.—Arline Judge was a stage actress before signing a contract with the RKO. Her recent films are "Is My Face Red?" "Roar of the Dragon," and "Fraternity House." Born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, February 21, 1913; five feet two, weighs 100; black hair, brown eyes; married to Wesley Ruggles, director. Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 5, 1900; five feet ten and a half, weighs 165, dark-brown hair and blue eyes. He, too, is from the stage, and is under contract to Fox, "After the Rain," with Peggy Shannon and William Boyd, being the latest. Married to Louise Treadwell, and they have a young son.

JULIA HAIGHT.—A thousand thanks for checking me up on "The Leatherneck." Yes, it was the late Diane Ellis who was

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the blond heroine, and I hope this comes to the attention of E. McE., who wanted to know in an earlier issue.

I. S.—Hasn't "The Mad Parade" reached Winnipeg yet? Thought it would have reached the north pole by this time, since it was released last October. How about asking the manager of your local theater where Paramount pictures are shown to try to book it for you? No doubt by this time you know that Irene Rich is playing opposite Will Rogers, in "Down to Earth."

BARBARA WELLS.—You can reach young Leon Janney at Box 425, Hollywood. He is not a contract player. Write to Bill Boyd at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. Did you see him in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble," and "Carnival Boat"?

W. T. R.—Dorothy Lee has been in pictures since 1929. Her birthday is May 23, 1911. The latest Wheeler-Woolsey offering is "Hold 'Em Jail," but this will probably be their last together, since they have decided to break up the team. Bert Wheeler was born in Paterson, New Jersey, August 31st, and is separated from Bernice Spear; Robert Woolsey was born August 14, 1889, in Oakland, California; married to Mignone Reed.

CELESTE.—Oh, by all means always say "Hello." Makes it more friendly, you know. Mary Brian is a February child, the day being the 17th, the year 1908. Her latest is "Blessed Event," with Lee Tracy.

Raquel Torres was making a personal appearance the last time I saw her. The Richard Arlens have no children. These players have birthdays on November 25th: Helen Gahagan, Margaret Livingston, Helene Chadwick, Vera Reynolds. Joan Crawford's is March 23, 1908; Marlene Dietrich's, December 27, 1905; Adrienne Dore's, May 22, but she doesn't give the year.

A. C.—Sorry, but I do not know exactly where the late Robert Williams is buried. No doubt near Los Angeles, since he died in the Hollywood Hospital. Born in Morgantown, North Carolina, September 15, 1899, he ran away from home when but eleven to join a tent show. He made his first Broadway appearance with Marjorie Rameau, in "Eyes of Youth." His widow is Nina Penn, a former New York actress. As far as I know, that was his right name.

E. V. H.—Leon Waycoff was *Judd Brooks* in "The Famous Ferguson Case." Write to him at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

EDWIN BURDEN.—So you think I must be twins to be able to answer so many questions, eh? Sounds mighty like a compliment to me. Anyway, thanks, old boy, for all the nice things you have to say about Picture Play. Perhaps George Bancroft's "World and the Flesh" hasn't reached New Orleans. Also, watch out for his "The Challenger," with Wynne Gibson. And didn't you see Thomas Meighan in "Skyline" and "Cheaters at Play"? Jack Holt is under contract to Columbia, "The Thirteenth Man" and "War Correspondent" being his most recent releases. Yes, it is too bad they broke up the Mackaill-Mulhall and Beery-Hatton teams. But if they hadn't, we probably would never have seen a picture like Beery's "Hell Divers" or "The Champ."

DOTTY.—"Brown of Culver" and "Fraternity House" are Richard Cromwell's latest. His correct name is Roy Radaugh; born in Los Angeles, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes.

ADMIRER OF JOHNNY WEISSMULLER.—"Tarzan, the Ape Man," was Johnny's first picture. This film was made in California, though I suspect that some of the shots were left-overs from "Trader Horn." A double was used to swing from trapeze to trapeze, but in most of those shots in which he battles a lion and a tiger, no double was employed. Born at Wimber, Pennsylvania, June 2, 1904. Married to Bobbe Arnst, dancer.

JUST MIL.—That young master of ceremonies in "One Hour With You" isn't listed in the cast, and I am unable to identify him. Joan Crawford is twenty-four, and you can celebrate her next birthday on March 23rd.

RUTH KRENTZ.—Weldon Heyburn was *Jito* in "The Gay Caballero." George O'Brien is playing in "The Killer." Sorry, but I do not keep a record of the songs from the various movies. No doubt there will be reproductions of the gowns worn by Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton." Charming, weren't they?

YVONNE DELL.—Your questions about Dorothy Jordan have already been covered in this department. See Lee. I might add that you are quite welcome to this bit of information.

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TO ZASU

I take off my hat
To Zasu Pitts,
The tearful star
Of a hundred hits.

R. W.

CINEMATIC DREAMS

Oft some inspired ideas pass us,
Like fleeting phantoms of the night,
And we mount our swift Pegasus
To overtake them in their flight.

But, alas! Poor old Pegasus
Soon reveals a case of heaves,
Ignobly sinks to *terra firma*—
Then our inspiration leaves.
JEANETTE NOURLAND.

AH, CRUEL FATE

An actress chokes and sobs,
And an actor hollers,
And—sweet mystery of life—
They earn a thousand dollars!

If I should emote grandly,
And holler or turn pale,
I'd earn no thousand dollars—
I'd probably land in jail!
RUTH WILKINSON.

THE KNOCK-OUT

I can take any sock,
I can stand any shock—
I said.
Then the gods waved a wand
And the Platinum Blonde
Went red.
BROCK MILTON.

"MERRILY WE GO TO HELL"

You can take your cinema stars,
Blonde, brunette, short, or tall,
There's one little gel,
Who's high above them all,
Her beauty—and her curves—
The name? Alas—I must tell,
'Tis little Sylvia Sydney,
Or just "Merrily We Go To Hell."
ROBERT A. ARNOLD.

OUR MARION

Golden hair the color of the California sun,
Blue eyes dropped down from out the gentian sky,
An Irish smile, a face alight with fun,
Marion Davies! May her star shine for aye!
TERESA VONDENBERG.

TWINKLE-TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
'Way up in this world so far,
Shine and glow with all your might,
For stars have fallen overnight.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We're sure you're what you think you are.
To-day your life may seem sublime,
To-morrow, though, is option time.
CHESTER L. MASON.

TO DOROTHY JORDAN

I have saddled up Pegasus,
And we're goin' for a ride,
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Whom success will guide with pride.
She's as fair as any flower,
She's as natural as a rose,
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As she climbs the starry ladder
She'll deserve a hand from you.
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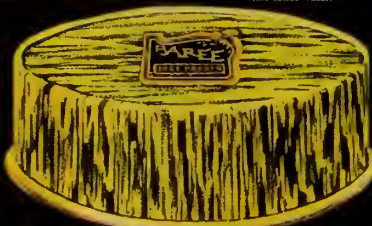


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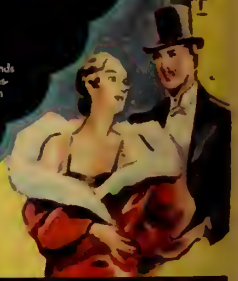


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Is Novarro Tired of Success?

If not, then why does he not fight for what his fans expect of him? Most popular of all stars with readers of Picture Play, he is as important to them to-day as he was years ago—a fact that can be recorded of no other star.

But his fans are complaining. They are demanding that he appear in better pictures. They insist that he sing. They are up in arms because Ramon will do nothing to comply with their demands.

Now Madeline Glass, a favorite writer as well informed as she is outspoken, steps in and says what she thinks of Ramon, his personal life and his professional standing. It is she who asks, "Is Novarro Tired of Success?" and in next month's Picture Play she gives her answer. Every Novarro fan *must* read what Miss Glass has to say.



Joan Crawford's Childhood

All Joan Crawford's admirers know that she spent her early youth in the Southwest, but Mabel Duke will tell you more than that in December Picture Play. She recaptures the schoolgirl Joan—then Lucille—and tells countless anecdotes of the child who was destined to become world famous.

She shows you a picture of Joan's school, tells you about her childhood chums. Most important of all, Miss Duke clearly traces the characteristics that made Joan successful at school and later caused her to fight for success on the screen.

This is another strong attraction in December Picture Play, and there are innumerable others.



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GARY COOPER

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What the FANS Think

Karen Morley's the Girl.

DON'T make me laugh! Yes, I know it's impolite, but I'm saying it to you, Jack Rawley, of Bangor, Maine. Joan Crawford learned her lesson! Constance Bennett jealous! When was Anita Page ever any more than a pretty ingénue and a mediocre actress?

Four years ago Anita Page flashed to prominence in "Our Modern Maidens." She did a neat bit of acting—I'll grant you that—and great things were predicted for her. But although she has had many good rôles she has not fulfilled these predictions. In "Night Court" she had the opportunity of her career—and she acted like a hysterical schoolgirl. And there she is, no nearer stardom than four years ago—still a pretty leading lady and sweet ingénue.



As for Karen Morley, of whom you spoke so slightly, she's gone further in a year than Anita Page has in four. Making the rôle of *Liane*, in "Inspiration," stand out in startling relief, Karen Morley made us conscious of her in her first rôle a year ago. Since then she has become one of the best of the leading ladies. Karen Morley with her beautiful voice, charming manner, aristocratic appearance, emotional restraint, and air of exoticism—what a combination!

Another year will find Anita out and Karen one of the new stars, and I'll bet you a year's subscription to Picture Play! Take me up? ELEANOR STEWART.

327 Commercial Street, East Braintree, Massachusetts.

Oh, that Maritza!

THE reason I used to see "The Ten Commandments" over and over again was to watch the marvel of the Red Sea opening. Now when I go to the revamped version, "Forgotten Commandments," again and again, it is because of Irving Pichel's fine acting—and the charm of Sari Maritza. Gene Raymond is good, too, but, as Maurice would say, "Oh, that Maritza!" She's *grand!*



Why doesn't the public realize it? All I see is disparaging remarks such as "just fair." Sari Maritza just fair! Yes, indeed, but in the sense of "with great beauty, alluring, pretty, lovely," et cetera. I like her name, I like her looks, I like her personality. I liked her voice; her acting; herself! A rave for Sari Maritza! FORREST J. ACKERMAN.

530 Staples Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Give Jordan a Break.

AT last an actress after my own heart! Petite, lovable, with that appealing wistfulness that has endeared her to so many fans is this little Southern girl, Dorothy Jordan. Her acting in "Lost Squadron" was marvelous, yet Mary Astor was billed as the leading lady.



Why can't producers be fair? She hasn't Joan Crawford's eyes, Marlene's legs, or the sophisticated, mysterious allure of Garbo. Ah, no! Her personality is all her own, and is it any wonder that she is adored by so many fans? In my opinion her performance in "The Wet Parade" could not have been equaled by any other young actress in Hollywood. Here's hoping the directors will wake up and give Dot a nice juicy rôle. *Vive la Jordan!* LEE.
Brooklyn, New York.

Mean to Harlow.

IN the July Picture Play, Dwight Walsh said that he and "many, many others" think Jean Harlow is a "star ham." It is not true that many people agree with him, for two fans in the very same issue, Bill Noonan and Minnette Shermak, believe the same as I do: that Jean is on her way to stardom. If she is given the right parts, I'm sure that Dwight Walsh and his "many, many others" will think the same about Miss Harlow as I do. She is a sweet, beautiful, entrancing girl.



DOT KELLY.

Hollywood, California.

Mae Clarke Is Grand.

THERE is a little lady on the screen who does not get the write-ups enjoyed by other ingénues. She has a clean-cut and perfectly modulated speech. By dint of sheer hard work and determination she has emerged from the subordinate to the sublime. Give her the tight skirt and kiss curls of the tough girl, or the beach pajamas and cocktails of the blasé sophisticate, and she is equally at home as either. What is more, she makes one feel the part she portrays from her entrance to her exit. The lady is Mae Clarke.



Consider her acting ability in "The Front Page," where she had an inconspicuous rôle, and her *Myra* in "Waterloo Bridge," which she played to the limit of distinction. Her later films, some of unsuitable material, reveal her perfect mentality, depth of talent and characterization, and an appeal that is universal.

What we want to know is, where have all the Clarke fans been hibernating? Come out into the open, into the light of these columns and give this fine actress the uplift necessary.

DAVID AND ROBERT M. MACKENZIE.

18 Maule Drive, Glasgow, W. I, Scotland.

Star John Arledge.

WHEN I saw "Huddle," the picture John Arledge played in, I listened carefully for his Southern accent, but couldn't hear it. But I heard a voice soft and quiet instead. But I could detect the foreign accent of Ramon Novarro. I thought John Arledge played as well as Ramon Novarro in "Huddle." That was the best picture I think M.-G.-M. has put out this year. It was not too funny, and not too much love-making, and not sad at all. Everybody likes that kind of picture. I wish they would star John Arledge.



204 First Avenue East, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

See Wayne and Swoon.

HHEY, fans, wake up! Here's John Wayne playing in unimportant films. What are you going to do about it?

He is the most likable fellow I've ever seen on the screen. Even if he couldn't act, I'd still go to see him because of his personality and good looks. Stop raving about the Gables and Novarros and take a good look at

Continued on page 10

LEW AYRES

reaches the very top of his career in the character of a newspaper columnist who thought more of his country than he did of his life, in—



OKAY AMERICA

"OKAY AMERICA" is the snappiest, time-liest picture ever made and the finest performance LEW AYRES has ever given the screen. This picture shows the courage, the great sense of loyalty and of duty of the newspaper man. This is the first time the newspaper man has been shown without a bottle of gin—and the picture shows the power of the press and the radio in battling crime.

The story deals with the kidnapping by gangsters of the daughter of a Cabinet Member and reveals in a *fast moving, tensely dramatic* story how a newspaper man solves a mystery that baffles the police and also how *he sacrifices himself to bring to a halt the racketeering in human souls.*

It is more than a newspaper picture—more than a radio picture. It is full of suspense—full of thrills—full of intense excitement—yet modern and true.

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Story and screen play by
William Anthony McGuire
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Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

A FAN.—Helen Twelvetrees, whose real moniker is Helen Jurgens, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on a certain December 25th, but you'll have to guess which one. Having divorced Clark Twelvetrees, she became Mrs. Frank B. Woody on April 17, 1931. Five feet two, weighs about 108, brown hair, blue eyes. Don't miss her in "Is My Face Red?" and "Unashamed." The other players with her in "The Cat Creeps" included Raymond Hackett, Neil Hamilton, Lilyan Tashman, Jean Hersholt, Montagu Love, Lawrence Grant, Theodor von Eltz, Blanche Friderici, Elizabeth Patterson.

BETTY EMERSON.—His many fans will be glad to know that Monte Blue has signed a two-year contract with M. H. Hoffman, his first picture, "The Stoker," having already been released. "The Flood" for Columbia, in which he played opposite Eleanor Boardman, was released in February, 1931. That he-man of the West, Bob Steele, is still single. Address him at the World Wide Picture Studio, Hollywood.

LEE ALLEN.—Yes, that was the correct way to address me. But don't ever let a little thing like that worry you. No matter what you call me your letter will still reach me. John Breeden, who played Phillip in "False Madonna," can be reached at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, and Morgan Galloway, who played the part of Rutherford Dale, defense lawyer in "Ladies of the Jury," at the RKO Studio, Hollywood. "Pajamas" with Olive Borden, was produced in 1928. Madge Bellamy has been in Hollywood writing about art, and only recently made a comeback in "White Zombie," with Bela Lugosi. After a long vacation in the South Seas, where I understand he lost some weight, Barry Norton plans to resume his film career. I think just Hollywood will reach him. J. Harold Murray played in "Married in Hollywood," "Cameo Kirby," "Happy Days," "Women Everywhere," "Under Suspicion."

JOAN GAYNER.—Your previous letter certainly never reached me, else you would have seen your answers long before this. Now, aren't you sorry you gave me such a scolding? John Boles is playing in "Back Street," opposite Irene Dunne. He has two children, one eight and the other ten. It isn't likely that he will come East again, for a while, at least.

ANNABELLE HEGGENS.—For a photograph of Clark Gable, write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, and for one of Claudette Colbert to the Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Norma Shearer has dark hair, blue eyes; five feet three, weighs 109; married to Irving Thalberg, and they have a baby boy.

FLORA VIEZZOLI.—Happy to have you call on us again. Your question puzzles me somewhat. I believe the sound that Johnny Weissmuller made to the apes in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," were the con-

ception of the director as to the way apes articulate their desires and emotions to one another; not founded on any known language. Yes, Janet Gaynor's hair is naturally curly.

CAROLE V-B.—It was Victor Varconi who played Lord Nelson opposite Corinne Griffith, in "The Divine Lady." Marian Marsh had a small part in "Hell's Angels," "Whoopee," and "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Her first big rôle was *Trilby*, in



Photo by Shalitt

Since Sari Maritza made a hit with the fans in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount is casting about for a rôle for her as interesting as her personality.

"Svengali," followed by "Five Star Final," "Road to Singapore," "Mad Genius," "Under Eighteen," "Alias the Doctor," "Beauty and the Boss." Ralph Morgan seems to be the only one whose birthday falls on July 6th. Sorry, but I do not keep a record of the home addresses of stars.

NANCE UNDERHILL.—After a much-needed rest, Gary Cooper returned to the screen in "Devil and the Deep," with Talullah Bankhead. May 7, 1901, is his birthdate; dark hair, dark-blue eyes, six feet two, weighs 180; not married. He comes from Helena, Montana. Johnny Weissmuller was born at Wimer, Pennsylvania, June 2, 1904; six feet three, weighs 195, brown eyes and hair. Married to Bobbe Arnst, dancer.

BARBARA WARD.—In "Hotel Continental" the male lead was played by Theodor von Eltz. Lee Tracy played the part of Stanley Fiske, in "Love Is a Racket."

B. B. W.—Guess you win the bet, all right. Ronald Colman made "The Dark Angel" in 1925, and he played in "Hand-

cuffs and Kisses," released in 1921, and "The White Sister" in 1925. Dixie Lee was born in Harriman, Tennessee, November 4, 1910; five feet three and three quarters, weighs 110; married to Bing Crosby. Dixie has appeared in "Happy Days," "Harmony at Home," "Let's Go Places," "Big Party," "Cheer Up and Smile," "No Limit," "Night Life in Reno."

JOHNNY CASEY.—Your letter intrigued me, but I am awfully sorry that I have no information as to the whereabouts of Mr. Gall.

E. N.—Although Kent Douglass proved to be very popular on the screen, he returned to the stage under his real name, Douglass Montgomery, where he felt there was more opportunity. Perhaps the Universal Studio, Universal City, California, can supply his photo, if you inclose the customary twenty-five cents. Ann Dvorak's name is pronounced Da-voor'-ak.

MAX M. ADLER.—Glad you think so highly of Picture Play as to choose it for your "first crack at asking questions." Move over, fans, and make room for Max, who has been a silent but steady reader of this magazine for a long time. Although approached many times by producers during his stage career, Fredric March held off until the advent of the talkies. His first part was in Paramount's "The Dummy." Selznick Pictures released "\$20 a Week," with George Arliss, in 1924, but I haven't the complete cast. "Sally, Irene, and Mary" was released by M.-G.-M. in 1925, with a cast which included Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Sally O'Neil, William Haines, Douglas Gilmore, Henry Kolker, Kate Price. Rosemary Theby has retired from screen work, but as the wife of Harry Myers, comedian, she is socially prominent in Hollywood. J. Warren Kerrigan lives in Hollywood. Elmo Lincoln, the original *Tarzan*, has turned hermit. He is living in a mountain lodge near Hollywood. E. K. Lincoln married a wealthy widow, and is living in the East, where he breeds champion Chows. Helen Holmes retired after she became Mrs. J. P. McGowan. Elaine Hammerstein married a wealthy insurance man and retired; living in Hollywood.

GRACE LEWIS.—Allan Mowbray, former English stage actor, was *Doctor Waite* in "The Man From Yesterday," with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. He is freelancing, but it is quite possible that the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, can supply his photograph.

ROSELLA.—See Nance Underhill for information about Johnny Weissmuller. "Tarzan, the Ape Man," was filmed at the M.-G.-M. Studio. Johnny is scheduled to make further "Tarzan" pictures.

COLLY.—Eric Linden's latest is "The Age of Consent," with Arline Judge and Richard Cromwell. We published an in-

Continued on page 76



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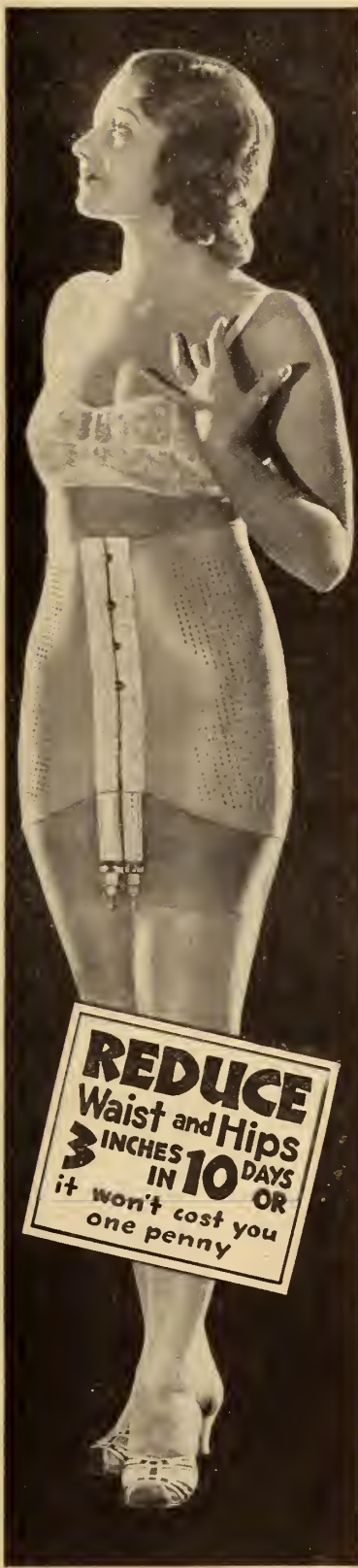
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I have been wearing a Perfolastic girdle since the Spring of 1925 and measured 43 inches through the hips, 26 inches in the waistline, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches in hips and 25 inches in waist—I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired and having back aches.

MISS B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria, N. Y. C.



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K. MCSORLEY
New York City



I want to assure you it has made good on every claim you made. I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller.

I only wish every woman could know about the many good qualities of the Perfolastic girdle. I have revealed this to all my friends, who, after a trial, heartily agree with me.

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Continued from page 6

John. He's tall—six feet two, a real man's physique. One of my friends took one look at those broad shoulders, that magnificent body, and has been saving her money ever since to go to Hollywood!



John has dark wavy hair and gray eyes, a swell combination. When he smiles, half the female portion of the audience swoons in ecstasy. Men like him, too. They think he's a great guy. Sincerely I can say that boys, girls, and even their parents, like John Wayne. He has everything that makes for stardom except publicity.

You can't tell me that John couldn't have played *Tarzan*. Yes, that's what I think of him. He's wonderful, he's marvelous. If any fan knows him personally, please write me about him.

GLADYS ZIMMERMAN,
Lisbon, North Dakota.

A Rave for Miss Brent.

I HAVE searched through several magazines hoping to find a word of praise for the splendid work done by Evelyn Brent, in "Attorney for the Defense."

Here is an actress, who through sheer dramatic ability, succeeds in subjugating her identity so completely that one forgets the charming Miss Brent and is conscious only of the despicable creature who is *Val Lorraine*. Even after *Val* comes to her untimely end, her personality dominates the remainder of the picture.



Miss Brent is one actress who does not give the impression of using clever lighting effects and studied poses to put herself across. Her naturalness is her greatest charm. Her vivid beauty is like a flame—her radiant personality causes her to become the leading character in whatever film she appears. Each new picture brings into play different mannerisms which are inimitable. We love the whimsical lift of her brow when amused, the wistful droop of her mouth in repose.

Her clear, cameolike beauty, lustrous eyes, and sensitive mouth should win for her the title of the screen's loveliest lady.

MABEL PEARSON.

36 Lynde Street,
Melrose, Massachusetts.

Cynic's Guide to Fame.

IF you want to be a success like:

Clark Gable—get a reputation for being a he-man, and then take the part of a minister and bead your eyelashes and goo your lips to show your public you're not such a bad-looking guy underneath. Never bother to do any acting, but display a lot of blah that will pass very well. Cater to a mob of half-wit flappers and show your manly strength by manhandling a few weak females. Pose in the great outdoors of a photographer's studio with a high-necked sweater, an empty pipe, and a prop horse.

Joan Crawford—pick the most glaringly bad faults of every popular actress and use them all in your own pictures. Forget you once earned your way to fame by being a good, honest dancing daughter, and assume a culture that is ridiculously beyond you. Look as actressy as possible and wear gowns that would prove outlandish even on an exaggerated manikin. Never for a moment be yourself.

Constance Bennett—be a member of a famous family. Use exactly the same expressions in every one of your pictures. Demand a fabulous salary for doing as little as you can. Portray characters such

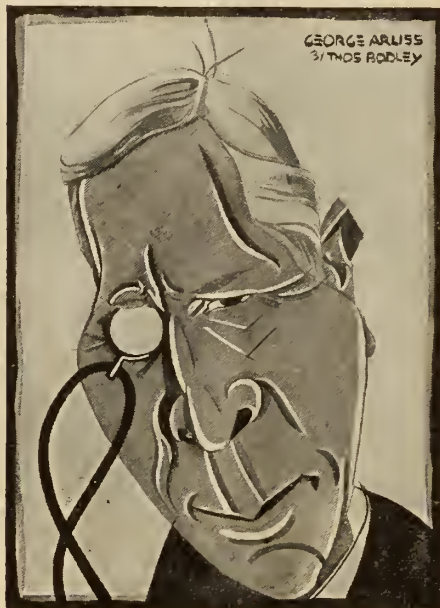
What the Fans Think

as artists' models and manikins when your figure wouldn't earn you a dime modeling gingham aprons. Look as dead as it is possible for a live person to look.

If you want to be a failure like:

Leslie Howard—have a wife to whom you have been married for years and don't even hint at divorce. Never give out any lurid publicity and don't break into print with why you adore American women and which of your leading ladies you love the best. Don't show yourself at every premiere and grin rapidly into every camera. Speak with a natural, subdued voice and act like a human being. Use gestures that are real and always be a gentleman.

Ramon Novarro—possess such a remarkable flair for beauty and romance that you are immediately put into a football film like "Huddle." Have a gorgeous singing voice so that you can be kept in musicless films despite the outcry of your public. Give evidence that you have culture, brilliancy, and intelligence, and you will be put in asinine films like "Daybreak" and "Mata Hari." Be the hero of a hundred wonderful and famous stories so your bosses can go to a great deal of trouble digging up a lot of stupid ones in which they can miscast you. Prove altogether



Here's the kindly old gentleman who played God.

that you are the most magnetic, handsome individual and talented star in filmdom, and you will be kept out of pictures altogether.

H. N. TEMPLE.
Los Angeles, California.

Why to See "Huddle."

THIS Novarro controversy is a bit nauseating. It's been raging for years and years and what has it accomplished? His fierce admirers adore him and go and see his pictures and still adore him. His detractors loathe him and go and see his pictures and still loathe him. Either way his films seem to make money and that is the important thing.

My solution of the dispute is to see "Huddle." You'll see a man thirty-three years old, and looking that and more, trying vainly to be as boyish and charming as he once was in the dear dead past. Novarro looked old enough to be John Arledge's father. And notice his profile in comparison with Madge Evans's profile. Her strong chin shows up his weak chin in a pathetic fashion. And after viewing this weak profile fans still call him "beautiful, ex-

quisite, romantic, and classic." Classic! What Greek god had a weak chin?

The only reason for any one's going to see "Huddle," outside of the Novarro fanatics, is to enjoy the delightful acting of John Arledge in a small part. He's really charming without being obnoxiously and artificially so. And he has real youth on his side. He steals the film and will continue to steal films until he is given films of his own, which I hope will be soon.

MARTIN JACOBSEN.

912 Peck Avenue,
Racine, Wisconsin.

That "Inspiring Creature."

TO use words similar to those of Dorothy Aldrich, why, why, why can't people lacking the intellectual and aesthetic capacities to understand Garbo's strange soul and exotic personality simply ignore her? Why must such plebeian individuals as "An American," who shows himself to be a cringing, narrow-minded, bigoted type of person, fearful of signing his name to so rebellious a letter, be so unkind and prejudiced toward so wonderful, so incomparable a woman!

Garbo is the most enchanting actress of all time. Her strangeness, her exquisite voice, her rare laughter, and her dynamic acting harmonize like the intricate designs in old filigree. The woman herself seems to have music to her, rippling, soft, mysterious, leaving you with a vague melancholy.

She is without gainsay the greatest actress on the screen. She has her particular manner of expressing her emotions. It is a subtle manner, a deft one, with none of the frenzied acting and gyrating which the majority of dramatic actresses find necessary to employ to win the appeal of their audiences. By just a slight gesture, a fleeting look, Garbo can convey the most intense emotions. How can any one misunderstand or dislike so inspiring a creature!

DUNCANA STEINMETZ.
423 Thompson Place,
San Antonio, Texas.

Hadn't Oughters and You-alls.

I AM a fan of long standing and what I think is plenty. First and foremost, Alice Clifton is not only tone deaf, she's stone deaf. I guess some people simply have to gripe about something, so she knocks Miriam Hopkins. Well, in this case a knock is a boost, because Miriam doesn't claim to be a songbird, but darned if she wasn't the best torch singer in "24 Hours" I ever heard. That very picture made her, and it'll take more than a Clifton squawk to break her.

Miss Shue, I take off my hat to you for mentioning Victor Varconi. He's always been one of my pet raves. That was great of him writing you a personal letter, and I know just how much you appreciate it.

To get to my idea in writing you, that Northern-Southern conflict is a huge joke. I'm Southern and I get the biggest kick out of hearing a Yankee talk, and every Yankee I know makes me repeat things until I'm blue in the face. The saying that "opposites attract" is true; your twang pleases us and our drawl pleases you-all. Remember that the Mason and Dixon's line is the division between "the hadn't oughters" and "you-alls." SHARON WARNER.
Birmingham, Alabama.

MacDonald Is Neglected.

MAY a hitherto silent English voice shed a few lines to the fans?

Firstly, can't you pipe down about Garbo? We know what she eats, drinks,
Continued on page 16

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Regularly priced \$1.00. The mastery and one-way craftsmanship of our chemist is emphasized in the presentation of this new soft, satisfying face powder. A little goes a long way to keep face attractive, eliminating alone and other unattractiveness.

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STAR POWER



Marion Davies



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Marie Dressler



Greta Garbo



Jimmy Durante



Buster Keaton



Ramon Novarro



John Gilbert



Laurel & Hardy



Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play



Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Lewis Stone
Polly Moran
Jean Hersholt
Jean Harlow
John Weissmuller
Walter Huston
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan
Leila Hyams
Joan Marsh
John Miljan

Conrad Nagel
Robert Young
Nils Asther
Wallace Ford
Ralph Graves
Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
Verree Teasdale
Helen Coburn
Nora Gregor
Hedda Hopper
Diane Sinclair

Louise Closser Hale
Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard
William Bakewell
Helene Barclay
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle
Claire DuBrey
Muriel Evans
Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael
Kane Richmond
May Robson





Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"... "POSSESSED"... "TARZAN THE APE MAN"... "MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"... "RED-HEADED WOMAN"... *space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.



Clark Gable



Wallace Beery



John Barrymore



Ethel Barrymore



Lionel Barrymore



Helen Hayes



Jackie Cooper



William Haines



Colleen Moore



Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL... STRANGE INTERLUDE... NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH... MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY... JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK... WALLACE BEERY in FLESH... HELEN HAYES in THE WHITE SISTER

— and many others



GOLDWYN-MAYER

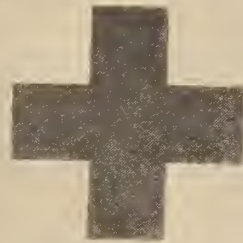


Photo by Hurrell

ANITA PAGE

EXCITING discoveries may come and go, but Miss Page remains to give a charming performance whenever she has the chance. The trouble is she hasn't enough assignments to suit those fans who have faith in her ability to reach the top.

Join



**YOUR RED CROSS
NEEDS YOU**

What the Fans Think

says, how she lives, and almost how she thinks. I, for one, am not interested and am bored to distraction by Garbo and the rest of these exotic mystery ladies. We Londoners have given her a trial and found her guilty of incompetent acting and lacking in allure. Need I say more—or is that too much?

It seems to me that of all the idols of the screen, there is one who is not getting her fair share of publicity. I refer to the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. This beautiful and talented actress has done more to uphold the prestige of Hollywood in England than any other star.

Speaking as one of thousands, I count such films as "The Love Parade," and "One Hour with You" as events of paramount importance in my life. She's exquisite, she's delicious. Why can't we see this divinity more often?

England cannot produce musical comedies. We know it and look to you to fill the breach. Give us romance, give us music and comedy, and to complete our bliss, give us more Jeanette.

HERBERT D. G. HINTON.

162 Upper Brockley Road,
Brockley, London, S. E. 4, England.

Must He-men Bellow and Booze?

I'M tired of disrobing scenes and semi-nude women. The really great plays are the clean ones, yet the producers seem to think that the public demands smut. The vast majority of people are decent, and yet we are constantly given pictures that are unworthy. Everything is put on the altar of passion, while all spirituality is concealed as if it were shameful. If a player does have a really fine rôle, he is made to portray it as sappy as possible while the ne'er-do-well is brought out as a so-called he-man!

Now for my part, I'd rather the clean rôles would be the he-man characterizations. A he-man, by the way, doesn't have to bellow and booze and cuss. It takes more character to refrain. Besides, all the fun in the world isn't in vice. I'm just an average, everyday citizen, but I'd rather see a little sentimental hokum than all the jazzy, sexy, crazy hodgepodge that is given us to-day. No wonder the movies are down in the doldrums, and the theaters are mostly empty; we're learning to stay away unless we are absolutely certain what the picture is all about. There was a time when we could just drop in to see a movie regardless of what it was, but we've learned better now that there is so much muck in them.

We want more clean pictures.

D. BILINGS.

Los Angeles, California.

More Than Actor.

NORBERT LUSK in his review of "Two Seconds" says that Edward G. Robinson shouldn't have played the rôle of *John Allen*, because he is too intelligent to be "taken in" so easily. Using that argument, I wonder where Mr. Lusk thinks the producers would find a player as ignorant, innocent, and guileless as is this character?

I have lived in Hollywood for ten years and have met many players, but none quite like *John Allen*. *Allen* is so old-fashioned that he thinks he has to stick to his marriage even when he knows he has been tricked.

Do the Hollywood actors stick to marriage even when they marry with their eyes wide open? They run to the divorce courts if they don't like the way their wives ears are set, or the way she holds her mouth. It would be impossible to

cast a picture if all the players had to be exactly like the characters they play.

Mr. Robinson cannot correctly be called an actor; he is far more than that, for instead of acting a rôle he lives it. The quiet, gentle, studious man who is the real Robinson has never been seen on the screen. More than any other player Mr. Robinson succeeds in submerging his own personality into that of the character he plays. Except for his face and figure nothing of the real Robinson remains. It is because of his ability to do this that Edward G. Robinson is the finest artist the screen has ever seen or is ever likely to see.

GRACE SHAVER.

1738 Whitley Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Adores Yankee Talk.

IN the August Picture Play Karen Hollis seemed to be on the warpath with Miriam Hopkins and a few others. I don't know how some people feel about it, but to me just picking on people to fill up space is a bad way to spend valuable time. She was raving about Miss Hopkins's refusal to see reporters. Well, that's her business and not Miss Hollis's.

To make matters worse, she put in a little dirty dig, saying, "I wonder if Miss Hopkins considers it an intrusion on her privacy if we go to see her pictures?"

Well, my dear Miss Hollis, since sarcasm seems to be your language, I'll reply that I'd rather intrude on Miriam's pictures than miss them, because they are always worth the trouble.

Last, but not least, I think the accent discussion is so silly that I get dizzy just reading about it. I'm about as Southern as they come and I just adore hearing Yankees talk. I've entertained plenty of them with my drawl, so let's all make up and be friends.

DINAH TRENTON.

Birmingham, Alabama.

Our Rural Accents.

WHILE the conflict of accents is raging among the fans, permit me to make a few comments.

Why is the contention between the Northern and Southern accents only? There is no complaint about any other accent. The Swedish, the French, the English accents are all adorable. It is the so-called Northern and Southern accents which get on the nerves.

In reality the difference of accent is wrongly interpreted on both sides. What some Southerners classify as the Northern accent is simply the provincial type of speech with its intensified R's. Likewise, the Northerner's conception of the Southern accent is the brogue of the rural population with its eliminated R's. The difference is between the two rural types of speech only.

The speech of the educated upper class of both sections differs but little. The drawl or the vivacity is characteristic of temperament and is not a matter of geography.

Anyway, who cares for accents? The fans want good acting, good stories, good enunciation, and above all, genuineness.

INES DE BLANC.

213 West St. Peter,
New Iberia, Louisiana.

Is His Face Red?

I SUPPOSE that will be the next issue concerning some one of the cinema circle. After reading all the criticisms I am gradually losing control of a perfectly good temper. Now I find Norma Shearer's laugh is being razed. What next? Why can't people realize that none of us are perfect? Why should we care

if Norma has a silly laugh, if Garbo has big feet, Gable has large ears? They are put on the screen to entertain us unworthies, not to be found fault with and corrected. They must have some redeeming feature which overshadows their faults, or they would not be where they are to-day. If we took each faulty person from the screen, I fear there would be no more movies.

Why can't we all sit back and thrill with the lovers, shudder at villains, ache with sorrows, without finding fault with the persons? It isn't hard to do, for we have some mighty fine actresses and actors in Hollywood that, if we let them be as they are, will take us away from the aches of a weary day to untraversed lands of peace. Try my method and see if it isn't sensible.

LEE MORRIS.

5940 South Olive Street,

Los Angeles, California.

First-hand Impressions.

HAVING recently returned from glamorous Hollywood, where I lived for several exciting years, I wish to give the fans my impressions of some of the stars I met.

Ruth Chatterton: a very poised and intelligent woman, with lovely, deep-gray eyes and a poignant smile.

Jackie Cooper: a most adorable and amazing child.

Sylvia Sydney: a slovenly peasant type cruelly indifferent to the people with whom she works, interested only in those who can help her career.

Wallace Ford: the most lovable chap in Hollywood.

Clark Gable: boyish, good-natured, naive, charming.

John Barrymore: awe-inspiring, actory.

Leslie Howard: intelligent, whimsical, fine.

George Arliss: a well-mannered, dignified gentleman, courteous to all.

Joan Crawford: a trifle self-conscious, temperamental, yet capable of humility. Takes her work very seriously.

George Brent: fascinating, reserved, clever, handsome. Is delightfully scornful when he looks at you, but he places women on a golden pedestal.

Constance Bennett: an ordinary, good-natured dame.

Norma Shearer: too much acquired sophistication; always well groomed.

Paul Bern; one of the nicest men in Hollywood.

Marlene Dietrich: a typical German type, with expressionless eyes, though irritatingly attractive.

Ralph Forbes: a breath of mountain air; virile, wholesome, with a well-bred English accent.

Dickie Moore: just try to keep from hugging him!

RUSIE TONSELLEE.

Stage English for Cowboys?

IN squabbling over the merits of voices from various localities, aren't we overlooking the most important thing—suitability?

To me, all accents are pleasing when used in the proper place. I don't like the stage accent when applied to all sorts of pictures. A cowboy shouldn't say "grahss," for instance.

It strikes me that accents are every bit as important as costumes and settings in showing the locale of a picture. A truly versatile star is one who realizes this, and suits his or her language to the type being played. The Yankee twang does not sound unpleasant when a Yankee rôle is being acted, and a real—not fake—Southern accent belongs to a Southern picture.

Perhaps because this is a hobby of mine,

GUILTY—AND DIDN'T KNOW IT....by ALBERT DORNE

I notice it more than others do. I dislike the stage dialect used for Mexican pictures, equally as much as I do the stage English accent. Frankly, I don't even think that it's necessary to pronounce all words clearly. Who does in real life, save a very few?

It would mean real work for the actor or actress who essayed to "dress" the voice for the part, but I hope the time will come when unsuitable voices will be as obvious as costumes of the wrong period.

ROSE KENWOOD.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Gable Won't Write.

CLARK GABLE is a capable actor, and deserves all the praise that he is getting, but I am sorry to say that he lacks one thing, and that is politeness. He is indifferent to his fan letters!

He must surely realize that he is making a grave mistake in failing to respond to his many letters of praise. I know if a long-standing actor like Richard Barthelmess answers his fan letters, Mr. Gable can do the same. Mr. Barthelmess is a polite and conscientious man. That is partly the reason for his lasting popularity.

Take a tip from me, Mr. Gable, and answer your fan mail.
G. I. H.
Knoxville, Tennessee.

Try Gable in "The Pagan"!

R. L. J., of Florida, thinks that all movie goers will agree that Clark Gable is a splendid actor. What is even more surprising is that R. L. J. was actually convinced by Mr. Gable's idea of a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners." I must say he looked the same man to me all along, despite the pious garb, the smug expression on his face, and the charming way he frolicked with the kiddies at the Sunday-school picnic.

In one of his always-to-be-relied-upon reviews, Norbert Lusk remarks that as the minister in "Polly of the Circus," Clark Gable is deplorable, and this is not hard to believe if he has to depart so widely from his narrow world of gangsters and beetle-browed, brutal woman-beaters.

But here we come to the bone I want to pick with R. L. J., and the reason why this letter was written. R. L. J. has been indiscriminate enough to haul out Ramon Navarro for comparison with Clark Gable, to the detriment of the former. I should like to know who in their proper senses would want Ramon to waste his talents playing a gang leader? As though we hadn't been swamped by that pestilent brood ever since talkies arrived! We want him to rise clear of the stereotyped for all time, and I'm sure none of us would consider such a rôle a break for him.

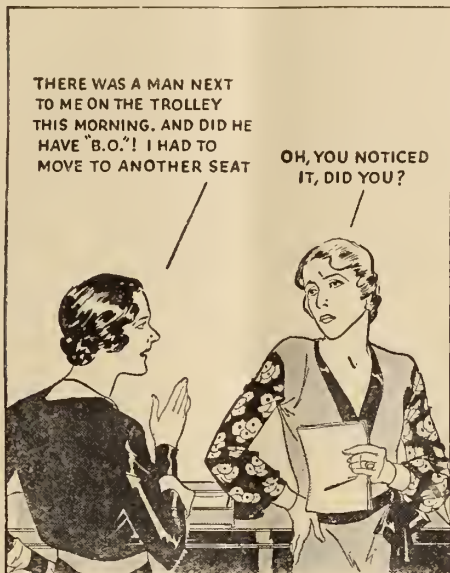
On the question of versatility none can deny him the prize plum. I should really like to see what Gable would do with "Ben-Hur," "The Student Prince," and "Call of the Flesh." It would also be amusing, unless it was tragic, to watch him play "with vigor and sincerity" the rôle of *Henry Shoemith*, in "The Pagan." Poor little *Tito* would have a tough time of it between the whippings of her master and the blows from Gable as her lover. She'd be knocked cold with a vengeance!

C. BANNERMAN.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

Tully's Swan Song?

MY heart goes out to Lucille P. Woods in her great affliction. Her case is the saddest to come to by attention since Crocella Mullen was rhapsodizing about beautiful nostrils, baby pictures, christen-



Many thousands offend —unknowingly!

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor) because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Yet others notice instantly. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its creamy, searching lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions grow lovelier
Lifebuoy's bland, deep-cleansing lather frees pores of clogged impurities. Brings healthy radiance to dull skins. Adopt Lifebuoy.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

What the Fans Think

ings, maternity complexes, and what not. I hope Ramon will make at least one record of his beautiful "barrelltone," so Lucille can have him all to herself. See if I care.

It is more than strange to me why fans shut their eyes to the faults of their favorites, and yet see invisible defects in those they dislike. For example, Dwight Walsh's letter describing Jean Harlow as coarse-looking, and saying that she reminded him of a taxi dancer. Which reminds me that Joan Crawford was a nightclub entertainer not so many years ago. Ditto Barbara Stanwyck. Joan and Barbara are two of Dwight's favorites.

I guess Dwight took his Aunt Matilda to see "Hell's Angels" by mistake and she cut him off in her will, or something. How else account for his prejudice against Jean?

Here you have two fair specimens of fans at their worst. One taking a Mexican "boy" much too seriously, and another picking flaws in a girl who is almost perfect. I have been crusading against this very state of affairs, and state of mind, for almost three years. With what result? What price intelligence? Who's loony now?

This is absolutely my last appearance in our beloved forum unless I should be called back by popular demand. Do I hear you ca-a-lling me?

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

Home with Foreign Whatnots!

AND still they keep importing 'em! First Garbo, then Dietrich, and now it seems a long procession of Birells, Maritzas, Andres, and other foreign whatnots—and have you noticed, all on the Garbo model?

All lazy, languid ladies, interesting at first, but then very, very boring. Oh, producers, have mercy and do not keep forcing these exotics on us continually. There is such a thing as overdoing, you know.

A steady diet of so-called glamorous, half-asleep, slow-moving Garbos and would-be Garbos is enough to exasperate any one. And I'll bet I'm not the only one who's fed up! Good actresses? Well, if languidly puffing a cigarette, draping oneself all over silken lounges, remembering to keep one's eyes always half closed in what they fondly imagine is a fascinating, mysterious way, but really makes them look as if they had a perfect hangover from the night before—oh, why go on?

How about deporting those sickly-looking bananas and giving us some *real* actresses?

Less of this mystery and exotic bunk and more acting. Give our own actresses a chance. We've plenty good ones, too—and if you doubt it, take a look at Crawford, Stanwyck, Evans, Gaynor, Harding, Bow, Sidney, and Chatterton, and judge for yourself.

SALLY MEYERS.

Buffalo, New York.

Joan "Putting on Garbo."

AGAINST my better judgment I saw "Lety Lynton," mostly to see Robert Montgomery and Nils Asther and to try to overlook Crawford. But there she was putting on the Garbo as usual—which isn't Garbo by any means. Joan just *thinks* it is. I heard she was so sincere in "Possessed"—maybe; I missed it, just as well, no doubt.

Why don't they do something about it—anything. First it's her eyebrows, then her hair, now it's the trick hats, and it takes a face and a profile to wear them. Now it's Garboitis—her husky voice is being imitated. It's too much.

Joan at one time was Miss Crawford, if

I remember—that is, before the epidemic set in—smiling, wholesome-looking, not hungry, wild eyes staring out at the world as if all were lost! Hooey! Let's all be ourselves; it's so much more comfortable, and besides I don't like imitations unless done by some one like Elsie Janis.

JANET K. WEFEL.

Mount Kisco, New York.

Let Gable Fight!

POOR Clark Gable! A little more miscasting and his popularity will wane.

Does M.-G.-M. realize that his success is due to the he-man rôles, as in "Hell Divers"? I'm sure many fans will echo my sentiments when I say that I am heartily sick of seeing him make love to exotic ladies in perfumed boudoirs. I'd bet that he hates to play them as much as we hate seeing them.

Why don't some of those highly paid writers at M.-G.-M. studio get busy and write a story based on the life of Jack Dempsey? It would be great to see Clark as a boxer.

Please, M.-G.-M., leave all the dressed-up *Roméo* parts to the pretty boys, and give us Clark as he really is—a strong, two-fisted he-man who knows what he wants and can fight for it. Then his popularity will be greater than ever.

MARIE BROWN.

7 Tara Hall Avenue,
Montreal, Canada.

The Children Answered.

AS an original cover-to-cover reader of *Picture Play* since 1916, I must answer these children whose letters are printed in the July number. Borrowing the style of the dear old Oracle, here goes: "Kentucky" and "Georgia Cracker."

Please stop your foolish quarrels about Southern and Northern accents. The only players who have ever spoken English as it should be spoken on the screen are Leslie Howard, Anthony Bushell, and Mary Forbes. I have never been able to understand a word John Mack Brown, Ona Munson, Una Merkel, and Melvyn Douglas ever spoke from the screen—not so good for the South. On the other hand, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Lev Cody, and Billie Dove, Northerners all, sound like rain on the roof to yours truly.

And, oh yes, Chatterton's English is decidedly phony, and Colman and Brook speak English with unmistakable provincial accents.

Edith Le Roy, New Orleans.—You complain because Joan Crawford has changed her birth date from 1906 to 1908. You must be a new fan, Edith, or you'd know that stars don't have birthdays every year. For instance, Buddy Rogers has been twenty-one since 1925. Joan Crawford has sliced off only two at a time, but I know one ingénue who confessed to nineteen in the first issue of *Picture Play*, 1911, and the other day admitted coyly to twenty-three.

Bill Noonan, Washington, D. C.—I suppose Jean Harlow is O. K. for those that like them dizzy, but for me she is a wash-out.

Martha Colby, Judith Field, and "Twin-kle."—Razzberries!

"An American"—Is my face *red*?

HARRY M. COHEN.

Newport, Rhode Island.

Quick—the Hatchet!

IT is a shame when an actress like Ann Harding wastes her talents on such a miscellaneous mishap as "Westward Passage." After her exquisite "Devotion" and after the exciting "Prestige," this opus

about a gibberish author and his suffering wife seems careless and crippled.

Indeed, I found "Westward Passage" to be a lengthy aggravation! Certainly Laurence Olivier was possessed of the devil, so jumpy was his characterization!

Ann Harding is a skilled player—fans everywhere agree. Even as the luckless *Olivia*, Ann was interesting, charming, and admirable. But the rôle was banal. Being foil to witticisms of a man is no position for the capable Miss Harding. I'll be lenient and admit, though, that one or two were snappy.

Zasu Pitts, bless her melancholy, brightened things somewhat. But all in all, "Westward Passage" was dull.

What a pity the Pathé rooster crowed so loudly in announcing this release. Undoubtedly Miss Harding is searching Hollywood for a hatchet!

ALVIN TWEEDY.

15 Highland Street,
Taunton, Massachusetts.

Too Much Gable?

ESTELLE WADE gave in "What the Fans Think" her opinion as to what Clark Gable would seem like if chosen to play in a revival of "The Sheik."

Too much of anything, however sweet, makes one sick, and the producers responsible seem to be all out to give the public a great big handful of Gable films. This will result in his flame of popularity waning, especially if he is placed in a part such as that of "The Sheik," which is foreign both to his nature and his nationality.

What's wrong with Novarro for the part? It would be something to fall back on if "Mata Hari" fails to put him back to his proper standard.

Consider Chevalier. His producers are common-sensed. They don't rush him through picture after picture. And no one can say he has lost any of his popularity. On the contrary, Maurice will become an even greater favorite than ever.

NORMAN R. KERRIDGE.

Care of Mrs. J. Brady,
"Sunshine," Kelvin, via Gunnedah,
New South Wales, Australia.

Spare Gable's Ears!

IN the July *Picture Play*, Henrietta and Abigail spoke their minds about Clark Gable. I don't want to insult you girls. Just take it for granted.

Clark Gable's ears don't stick out for anybody but the few who don't like him. I don't see how his ears can spoil anything. You girls who keep going for the eyes, ears, and noses, see where you land. At a lawyer's office for a divorce every month.

By all means give Clark a chance. If you think his ears stick out, keep it under your hat. He's the one who's carrying the ears and not you—or you—or you.

That his ears won't spoil his career is shown by the fact that he made thirteen pictures in about a year. I am a Gable fan only. No other man sends thrills up girls' spines and makes men's hair stand straight up on their heads. If Mr. Gable is prehistoric for some, let him be. Shaking won't change him. And it will be a long time before you girls can put on an act as Clark did.

Those stick-out ears are those of a man who has risen to stardom and who has won fame. Every nine out of ten have a vote for Gable, whereas the good-looking guys are down to one out of ten. Do you girls understand fractions?

ANNA M. BOWAN.

Hudson Street,
Jermyn, Pennsylvania.



"SMILIN' THROUGH," tenderest and most romantic of idyls, is wafted back to the screen because people everywhere need to restore their faith in idealistic love. The sophisticated modern heroine, with her code of free love, hasn't satisfied the majority after all and is rejected as shallow and false. Here Fredric March and Norma Shearer capture the beautiful spirit of the play in a single scene.

SHOPGIRLS'



"'Tabu' is the only picture I'd like to see the second time."

IN the "What the Fans Think" columns of a recent Picture Play appeared this letter from a fan who resents the implication that cheap films delight the shopgirl's soul.

I often run across articles, reviews, and letters of opinion, in which racy, sexy, cheap pictures are described as "the shopgirls' delight."

Just why writers have the impression that shopgirls lack the intelligence to appreciate really fine, clean pictures is beyond my ability to understand. We girls who spend most of our hours behind counters see more pictures and, consequently, know more about them than any other theatergoers. Movies are our one great recreation.

I consider it not only unkind, but absolutely untrue, for any one to intimate that shopgirls are incapable of recognizing the worth of a truly excellent picture. I. K.

New Glarus, Wisconsin.



A serious discussion of acting versus personality took place in a bakery.

Do the girls behind the counters like cheap, sexy pictures? The answer, from shopgirls themselves, may surprise you.

For the first time, to my knowledge, here was something to contradict those who, for the sake of argument, are too easy with their terms of classification. I am among the guilty ones myself. In the heat of discussion, such phrases spring so quickly to the lips, are so convenient. Yet here

A tired woman at the hat counter liked "Street Scene."



is concrete proof of the fallibility of the writers. Although I have used that exact term, "shopgirls' delight," in cooler moments I have resented the wholesale lumping of all bad tastes into one general category.

On reading this letter, I decided it was high time something was done about it. I set about a test which, although it may not go down in cinema history as the Great Reid Experiment, would, nevertheless, throw light on a subject long fogged over by popular misconception.

Just what *did* the shopgirls like? Producers have always pretended to know—the only hitch being that they had never known any shopgirls. Producers, whose secretaries do most of their shopping, sit behind their desks and with large ges-

tures announce that "shopgirls like this—shopgirls do not like that."

Me, I would find out for myself, not from producers, but from shopgirls. I decided that from twenty selected at random, a pretty fair estimate might be drawn. Nor would I canvass the Hollywood shops, where opinions might be influenced by personal contact with stars. For my experiment, I spread my activities over downtown Los Angeles, Pasadena, and the beach town of Santa Monica—always in stores unknown to film trade where opinions are necessarily as impartial as in Grand Rapids, Charleston, or Duluth.

My first inquiry was in a five-and-ten-cent store in Los Angeles. Behind the notions counter was a blonde, a terrifically blond girl, her pretty face

DELIGHT

By Margaret Reid

Illustrated by Margery Stocking

masked by excessive make-up, cheap jewelry glittering in her ears, on her wrists, and fingers. She willingly offered her opinions.

"I like 'em when they're nice to look at. I mean I like 'em when they're—well, pretty. That sounds dumb. But I mean I like swell photography and good-looking people and I like to see what the women wear. I don't care much about the story as long as it isn't about people living in tenements. I like Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery and Marlene Dietrich."

Routine stuff, I thought, routine opinions of a piece with what producers say. Perhaps they

are right, at that. Then sud-

denly she leaned her elbows on

the counter and added sheep-

ishly:

"But you know, the funny

thing is, one of the swellest

pictures I ever saw was about

a bunch of natives. Me and

any boy friend didn't have any-

thing else to do one night so

we went to a theater without

giving a whoop what the pic-

ture was. And, gee, we had

a nice time! It was something

called 'Tabu'—I don't know if

you ever heard of it—all about

two kids in the South Seas

that get parted. It was so

darned beautiful, you know

what I mean? I guess I'm

crazy, but I *loved* it."

I reeled slightly. "Tabu,"

the artistic success—which

means financial flop. "Tabu,"

the unwitting epitaph of the great Murnau and contain-

ing the essence of all his exquisite talent. *Here* was an

argument to fling in the faces of producers who don't

even bother to advertise such pictures adequately so

that the mass public will hear of them.

"Why do you think you're crazy for liking 'Tabu'?"

I asked curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. I never heard anything about it,

so I guess it wasn't much of a picture. But I'm telling

you something, it's the only picture I know that I'd go

to see again if I had the chance."

Remembering the passionate arguments in which I had

battled for the idea that it doesn't take a college education

to appreciate the quality of a good artistic—I do *not*

mean "arty"—creation, I left that store in a glow of

encouragement.

My next stop was a big department store. In the

basement, selling kitchen utensils, I found a dark-

haired girl with a bright, impudent face, who looked

as if she might have ideas of her own. Which im-

mediately proved the foolishness of looking for cer-

tain things in expected places, as producers do. This

girl's ideas consisted mainly of thinking that Clark

Gable was cute and Norma Shearer was swell.



"Shopgirls like *this*—shopgirls do not like *that*."

"But what kind of pictures do you like? Not stars, you understand, but pictures?"

"Oh, I like good, hot love stories. You know—the kind where you wouldn't take your mother," and she laughed knowingly.

So much for that type. A type which is popularly supposed to be in the majority. But which isn't, as I found to my own satisfaction.

Next came a tired gentlewoman in the millinery department. A woman who, one would think, would want escape from dull reality. And yet:

"Well, let me see. I see a lot of pictures and I think a lot about them, so I may be stubborn in my opinions. First of all, I like any picture that is *true*, that looks as if it really happened. I'm not interested in pictures about terribly rich people. They're too far away from the things I know."

Continued on page 71



"I was crazy about 'Rango' and 'Trader Horn.'"



The waitress preferred the Marx Brothers.



Though Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is riding high now, he has seen dark days.

Before Fortune suddenly smiled, Joan Blondell was always broke



ALADDIN had a lamp and a ring which he rubbed and out of the nowhere came a jinni who laid wealth untold at his feet. George Randolph Chester wrote a series of stories dealing with the adventures of a certain *Wallingford* who had countless schemes for getting rich quick.

But none of them had anything on Hollywood, for *Aladdin* had to do quite a little rubbing to get the jinni before him, and *Wallingford* had to exert his brains to the utmost to outwit the people with whom he was dealing. In Hollywood, all the boys and girls have to do is make faces at a camera and they own the earth.

Years ago—not so many years ago, either—Joan Blondell was flat broke in the Big City. She hardly knew where her next Rolls-Royce was coming from or if, indeed, it was coming at all. So she got a job, after a long search, in a circulating library at the munificent salary of eighteen dollars a week.

Once she had an argument with one of the patrons of the library. "Aw, be yourself," was the fresh guy's retort. Joan took his advice and to-day she gets nearly \$1,000 a week for doing just that.

And her partner in crimes and laughs, James Cagney, was even worse off. Jimmy grew up in Hell's Kitchen in New York and nobody in *that* exclusive residential district has a penny above his actual needs. He was tickled to get a job as bundle wrapper in Wanamaker's basement at sixteen dollars a week. To-day he doesn't have to worry about where the dough is coming from to pay for the glass of hot milk he drinks before going to bed at night. "The Public Enemy" and "Smart Money" did that for him.

And Joan Crawford, who now owns a beautiful home which she refurnishes in a different period every time she reads a book with a different locale—is it her fault if she works so hard she hasn't time for much reading?—well, she used to wait tables in school to help pay her expenses.

And don't think, either, that because her husband, Doug, Jr., belongs to the mighty house of Fairbanks that he laid his little head on a pillow of roses when he went to bed at night as a child. When his father

Those GOLDEN S

In get-rich-quick Hollywood one has only to make faces at a camera and the world is his.

and mother separated, Doug, Sr., fixed a lump sum settlement on his ex-wife. Through bad advice and poor investments, the lump subsided.

Doug, Jr., used to jerk sodas by day and set up pins in a bowling alley by night to pick up a few dimes for groceries. To-day his grimaces bring in enough to enable him to drive a sixteen-cylinder car, have a secretary and valet, and still put a nickel in the bank occasionally.

If there are two stars on the screen who seem to the grand-lady manner born, these two are Norma Shearer and Hedda Hopper.

But hold your breath. Norma, in the days before she achieved success on the screen, used to model lingerie for New York commercial photographers, and the lingerie was pretty nearly all lace, if you get what I mean. But ladies must live. I know she hated it, and as she pulled the things on, I wonder if she ever thought that some day she would be one of M.-G.-M.'s ace attractions—and paid accordingly.

Hedda Hopper has been on the stage practically all her life, but she hasn't been in a position all her life to wear mink coats valued at \$30,000. Ah, no. There was a time before her salary jumped to four figures when Hedda tramped up and down through Illinois and Iowa with a repertoire company playing one-night stands and wondering how she could get enough money together to pay her fare to the next town—to say nothing of a cup of java and a hot bun. But her experience enables her to play sophisticated rôles to-day.



Joan Crawford used to wait tables in school.

Johnny Arledge jumped from shoe clerk to featured player in a short time.



STARES

By Samuel
Richard Mook

And when you see Glenn Tryon sailing down Hollywood Boulevard in that five-thousand-dollar car of his, don't imagine 'twas ever thus. Once Glenn was a farm hand and tickled pink to get the job. His pay was two dollars a day "and found" during the harvest season. "Found" means room and board in English and, as he explains, he usually found a place on the ground for his bed and a few empty sacks for his covering.

You've probably read how Alice White is knocking 'em cold on her personal appearance tour—for a consideration of \$3,500 a week. And before she went on this tour she was a First National star at \$1,750 per. But before that, life wasn't all beer and skittles, believe me. She was a stenographer at twenty dollars a week when she worked—and she didn't work much because she had too much sex appeal to suit the wives of her various employers. But Hollywood has changed all that.

In almost every paper you pick up to-day that pertains to the movies is mention of the fact that he-man Charlie Bickford owns a lingerie shop, a fleet of whaling vessels, gasoline station, a restaurant, and two or three other little knick-knacks. Do you imagine that when he was a motorman on a Boston trolley car he ever had an idea he would some day be a Hollywood resident?

To-day Betty Compson owns two of the most beautiful homes in the film colony. She lives in one and lets the other. Her automobiles arouse envious comment in a city noted for its gorgeous cars, and she is reputed to be one of the wealthiest women in the country. Do you think when she lost a job as violinist once and took a job as nursemaid to keep body and soul together she had any idea Hollywood would do all that for her?

When Regis Toomey first married, he went to London with his bride. Those were desperate days for Regis.

His wife was working but he wasn't. His pride wouldn't allow him to take money from her and the few dollars he had saved were soon used up.

Then he got a posi-

Norma Shearer posed in lacy underthings for ads before she found Aladdin's lamp.

Neil Hamilton hasn't forgotten the sting of New England boulders on cold, bare toes.



Hedda Hopper doesn't look like an ex-trouper who wondered where fare to the next stand was coming from.

tion with a third-rate company of "Little Nelly Kelly," touring the British provinces. His salary was so small that, try as he would, he couldn't save a cent—and Regis is not extravagant. As the tour drew to a close and he was faced with the prospect of another period of unemployment, no one, least of all himself, ever thought that one day he would be a success in Hollywood at a salary of about \$1,000 a week.

When Garbo came to America she was known merely as "that Swede Stiller brought along." She had no money, no friends, nothing. It is even reported that the \$250 a week she got was charged back to Stiller. She is said to have had over \$500,000 salted away in government bonds two years ago, and what she has by this time only she and the Almighty know—and neither of them will tell.

And as Neil Hamilton trudged across the Massachusetts hills, barefooted because his father was too poor to buy shoes for him, I wonder if he ever gave a thought that only a few short years later he would be pulling down \$1,500 a week and doing it for over five years at a stretch.

Did you know that only three or four years

Continued on page 66

Charles Bickford was nickel-snatcher on a street car long before he was called to the Gold Coast.



SOULS X-RAYED

By
E. R. Moak



No other player promises so much as Frances Dee, says Doctor Morgenstern—if she stays out of love

Photo by Gordon

THE famous psychoanalyst, Doctor Elia Feodorovich Morgenstern, sat in the book-lined study of his Los Angeles home unfolding to me the startling revelations made when he applied the soul-piercing rays of his science to ten screen luminaries.

"Garbo has none of that fire for which she has been so widely publicized," he was saying in a serious tone of voice. "She is artificial, lacking in any superabundance of intelligence, and unprepared for the important niche she is trying to fill on the screen. She is not the able Thespian she believes herself to be, and never will she rank with—"

A servant interrupted to announce Frances Dee, who had arrived in response to my invitation. I introduced her to Doctor Morgenstern.

"Sit here at the desk where I can look at you," ordered the grayed, kindly old scientist, indicating a chair, "and write something on that pad."

"What, for instance?" Frances wanted to know.

"Oh, anything. Copy the names of those two volumes there at your elbow and sign your name," he replied, without relaxing his scrutiny of the visitor.

"There," she said, passing him the paper.

Doctor Morgenstern glanced at the very feminine handwriting, then turned to me and declared:

"Now, this young lady, with proper guidance, will within the next two years become a far more brilliant dramatic star than the one we were discussing a moment ago."

A puzzled expression swept the countenance of the object of his remark.

"Why not tell Miss Dee of whom we were talking?" I suggested.

"If you choose," he answered, continuing his perusal of her penmanship.

Frances beamed happily when informed it was *la* Garbo to whom Doctor Morgenstern had been comparing her.

"But wait a moment before you lift your hopes too high," he interposed. "Much depends upon the changes you bring about in yourself and your way of thinking. Your face, your eyes, posture, mannerisms, and handwriting reveal to me a great deal more than you suspect. You are young, yet you are already well-versed in the secrets of life," he went on.

"Taking your handwriting on the whole, I find you have a dual character. One minute you are sweet and tender, and the next you are a wild cat—an extremely wild wild cat, if I may say so."

"That's true enough," agreed the amazed Frances, "but please tell me what I've got to do to succeed."

"You have two distinct personalities, one childish and naïve; the other mad and obstinate. Your education has been a messed-up affair, but you are very smart. You have a bitter sense of humor. You are lively, burning with nervousness, and that fire should be of inestimable value to you in your profession.

"You are too susceptible to the yearnings of your heart. Love affairs have worked havoc with you, both in mental anguish and in retarding your professional advancement. I can see that you have suffered some severe bumps in the last two years.

Garbo is an egotist, she is sex-hungry, and wanting in love of humanity which a great artist must have.



A psychoanalyst looks at some of your favorites and discovers both shortcomings and possibilities the players themselves did not suspect.

"Right now you are becoming entangled again. It is up to you to fall out of love and stay out, if you want to go to the top.

"Furthermore, you'll have to pay stricter attention to your own business, and give less heed to that of others.

"I haven't the slightest doubt that you will become one of the greatest of all dramatic actresses in Hollywood if you assert your independence, free your brain of so many outside interests, concentrate on your work, and study. No other girl in pictures offers more marvelous possibilities!"

Doctor Morgenstern, sixty-three-year-old native of Russia, holder of degrees in medicine, philosophy, criminology, and psychiatry, was for a quarter of a century personal physician to the late Czar of Russia and chief criminologist to the Russian high court. Imprisoned during the revolution, he escaped and made his way to America. For seven years he has watched closely the development of the film industry. He is the friend and confidant of many of its leaders.

"The great American film will never be made until the money gods have released the studios from their grip, and art has been given a free reign," he asserted.

The greed for gold is not confined to executives, he insists. Many players would attain new artistic heights were they to quit the race for the almighty dollar and turn their attention to the footlights.

I switched Doctor Morgenstern back to the subject of Greta.

"Miss Garbo will never be another Duse or Bernhardt," he resumed, "nor will she attain the artistic position held by Rudolph Valentino before the money powers strangled him. He was a real artist who fought for his freedom and lost.



Photo by Hurrell

Robert Montgomery's suppressed desire to go back to the footlights makes him vaguely unhappy.

"I have watched Garbo on the set and on the screen, and I have analyzed her handwriting. Even the camera cannot blur to the trained eye the true characteristics and thoughts of a person.

"Intent reading of the proper type of literature, and development of a broader understanding of humanity would improve her work. Every great artist has displayed love for mankind, and in this Miss Garbo falls far short of the mark.

"She is sex-hungry. She probably never will marry, though, because of her fear of childbirth. And climaxing all her negative qualities, she is a supreme egotist!"



Unless Lew Ayres outgrows some of his negative qualities he will defeat himself.

Photo by Jones

Claudia Dell has talents which have remained dormant due to lack of faith in herself.

Photo by Frenlich



Souls X-rayed



Despite Elissa Landi's work on stage and screen, her real talent is for writing

Robert Montgomery is a modified edition of *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, according to Doctor Morgenstern. His widely contrasting moods carry him from the extreme pole of optimism to the other of melancholy.

"What's the significance of this strange sadness that surrounds me?" Montgomery asked.

"It's the reflection of suppressed desire," responded Doctor Morgenstern. "You have an overwhelming urge to go back to the stage, where you can act before an audience. You never will be completely satisfied until you do return to the footlights. Money is all that holds you in Hollywood."

On the surface, Montgomery is light-hearted, cheerful, and apparently carefree, but actually he is a deep thinker, much more so than the public is apt to surmise from his actions, Doctor Morgenstern said.

"When he is melancholy, he is prone to follow suggestions too easily. There are times when he is dejected without reason. Somewhere in the remote corners of his brain there is a lack of confidence that could be overcome through resumption of his stage career.

"Occasionally he is carried away on the wings of optimism, and then he has the fantasies of a dreamer. His type is easy to work with, which clearly shows the reason for his popularity with his associates."

Sylvia Sidney left a lasting impression with Doctor Morgenstern.

"She has a soul of beauty that is reflected in her face," he told me. "Her every movement is sublime. She has a natural simplicity, and is totally without artifice or sophistication. In her home life she is childlike."

Sylvia's climb, he pointed out, is being retarded because of her failure to organize her mental state so as to gain complete control over herself.

"Right now she is in a mental and spiritual turmoil, and she can overcome this only by strong determination to follow her own intuition, instead of bending to the will of others.

"She has the ability, and, with a little effort and self-sacrifice, could some day succeed to Bernhardt's crown."

Loretta Young is led too far by emotion, Doctor Morgenstern declared.

"She must be handled with kindness, due to her nervous temperament. She is very susceptible to worry, and often drops off into the depths of melancholy.

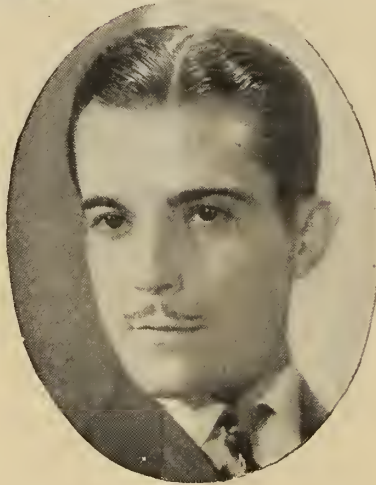
"She has a creative mind, and lives in her dreams. These sometimes have a devastating influence, and she is inclined to build up fantastic tragedies about herself."

Like Sylvia Sidney, she is unable to coordinate her actions. She needlessly expends much of her energy.

"Loretta has a sweet and pleasing disposition, and is very considerate of others, but she never for a second loses sight of her one ambition—to be the screen's outstanding tragedienne!"

We must overlook some of Lew Ayres's negative traits because of his youth, but unless he soon outgrows them, he will go down to ultimate defeat.

Ramon Novarro is unhappy because he suppresses love and the physical side of his being.



"Lew has not yet brought into play the full power of his talent," declared Doctor Morgenstern. "He is inspired too much by physical feelings and emotions that tend to check his spiritual growth. He has an overdeveloped sex instinct.

"Through lack of mental stabilization, he has a desire to delve into too many things that interfere with his natural bent. Often, he is stubborn and hot-tempered, even eccentric to a point where his close friends are unable to account for his actions.

"He has a capacity for acting, but he will not make a name for himself in character rôles. He has an elusive quality that calls for romance and affection, and his biggest achievements will come as a romantic lover. He acts from emotion rather than from calculation and reason."

Elissa Landi has a masculine power of thought and reasoning that destroys much of her feminine appeal. Despite her work on both stage

and screen, her real bent is for writing, and she would find more satisfaction in that field, Doctor Morgenstern revealed.

"She masks some of her feminine qualities on the screen. I believe she would have more success in character portrayals than in rôles calling for sex appeal. She is very much misunderstood."

Continued on page 68

Sylvia Sidney is handicapped by a mental and spiritual turmoil, but with strong effort has great possibilities.





LULLABY

THIS unusual portrait of Constance Bennett illustrates the character she plays in her new picture, "Rockabye," an actress with a maternity complex that gets her into trouble. Phillips Holmes and Paul Lukas are the men in her life.



Londoners found Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton refreshing but a little puzzling.

MARY PICKFORD came to New York to try to buy the screen rights to the hit of the season, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent got married, Loretta Young heard the glad news that she was to play the nun in "The Miracle," James Cagney made arrangements to appear in a stage play—Warner Brothers and injunctions permitting—Metro-Goldwyn's latest import from Germany, Charlotte Susa, arrived, and leading *couturiers* announced styles for the coming season based on the assumption that every one looked like Lilyan Tashman, Constance Bennett, or Helen Hayes.

And hardly a ripple of interest was caused by any of it, because Norma Talmadge came to town and stole the show!

The opening of her act with George Jessel at the Paramount Theater may be set down as one of those events which should be recorded in any history of the American theater. Not since Geraldine Farrar sang her farewell matinee at the Metropolitan Opera has there been such congestion of girls and women storming the doors of a theater in New York. Hats were

They Say in

New favorites pause momentarily in the limelight until Norma Talmadge comes to town and steals the show.

knocked off, dresses torn, people fainted, and early comers who succeeded in getting seats hardly dared to stand up to let any one pass lest some one grab their place.

It does not seem particularly surprising to find the elder Miss Talmadge so deeply entrenched in fans' hearts. There has always been warmth and friendliness and a sort of gallant bravado about her actions, whether she was playing a part or just weaving the threads of her own life.

For another star to break away from the devoted husband who fostered her career might have been fatal to her popularity, but Norma was readily forgiven. Her husband's pictures showed him as far from romantic in looks. George Jessel is hardly the answer to a maiden's prayer for that matter, but when he sings "You're My Everything" to her, he does it with such romantic fervor that little things are forgotten.

Anyway, there is Norma standing beside him in a gleaming white dress and an ermine jacket, looking so luminously beautiful that one wants her to have whatever she desires.

Hers is a triumph of sheer personality. Her voice is nothing to cheer about, and she gives something less than a dancer's grace to her movements, but so infectious is the audience's admiration for her, one is moved to add to the fireworks by applauding loudly.

The day before they opened, Mr. Jessel finally persuaded his wife to go to Reno to divorce him. A settlement of \$100,000 and a few thousand more for expenses were involved. A Mexican divorce is rumored to have been arranged for Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck. A stage play is the next move in the partnership of Jessel and Norma, with marriage to come later perhaps.

Helen Hayes will inherit Lillian Gish's rôle in "The White Sister."

Photo by Richee



Mary's Quite Contrary.—Failing to buy "Another Language" for immediate production, Mary Pickford is determined to have another try at filming "Secrets," in spite of the advice, pleas, and protests of her friends. She had filmed about half of it more than a year ago, when she looked at it and decided it was so terrible that she would rather take the \$300,000 loss than to show it to the public. Now her thrifty soul rebels at relinquishing the picture and she will try it again after the story is rewritten.

Miss Pickford came to New York with Countess di Frasso, whose name is often mentioned with Gary Cooper's as "among the present." The countess is a sister of Beatrix Taylor, who all last winter and spring danced attendance on Lupe Velez. Wouldn't you like to attend a family dinner party with brother, sister, Gary, and Lupe present?

How Old Is Ruth?—You may have felt in reading the soap advertisements that some of our actresses are a little lacking in candor when it comes to telling their age. Ruth Chatterton, however, topped all records when she gave her age as thirty-four when taking out a marriage license to wed George Brent. In theater records, which always lean a little toward flattery, she is listed as thirty-nine. Brent gave his age as twenty-eight.

New York—

By Karen Hollis

When Miss Chatterton arrived from Europe two days before her wedding, she wasn't quite sure whether she was divorced or not, but a wire from Nevada announced that Ralph Forbes had been awarded a decree that day. Brent, who was in St. Louis, immediately hopped a plane and came to New York.

Brent and Miss Chatterton were married by a justice of the peace in Harrison, New York, with Frances Starr and Virginia Hammond as witnesses. Afterward they motored to the home of William Courtenay at Rye, where some old theater friends of the bride were gathered for a wedding breakfast. They will go back to Hollywood soon and hope to play together in future pictures.

Not So Grand Hotel.—The success of the Halperin Brothers, those adventurous souls who produced "White Zombie," is apt to bring a collection of shoe-string ventures in its wake. Every one who hasn't worked recently thinks that he or she can crash the market now. So at a theatrical hotel in the Forties, in a big room reserved for club meetings and the like, Olive Borden, Charlotte Walker, and Hal Skelly are rehearsing under the direction of Raymond Cannon. When they know their parts and can go through the action without a hitch, a studio will be rented for a day or two so that the story can be filmed without a moment's delay.

Raymond Cannon won a Fox contract some time ago by filming a little picture called "Life Is Like That," mostly on Los Angeles street corners. He rankled under studio supervision, rebelled against the stories assigned to him, turned out some very pretty limp pictures and vanished from the records of films. He hopes to prove something or other by this one that he is making.

Unfortunately, the neighbors in the hotel are not always sympathetic to the noise of rehearsals. Just downstairs there is a successful scenario writer who blew herself to a sabbatical year and chance to work on some plays of her own and she does not find it easy to concentrate when actors are raging above her. Once more Raymond Cannon is suffering under the restriction of supervisors, only this time it is the hotel manager who tells him that he has to shut up his trained seals at ten p. m.

Fashion Notes.—Paris and American designers have not decided what the com-



Photo by Acme

After finishing "The Sign of the Cross" Elissa Landi may return to Broadway.

Studios recalled Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., from their European holiday.



ing season's styles are to be, and recognizing stars as the women every one tries to be like, they have classified their new models as Tashman, Helen Hayes, Constance Bennett, and Garbo types. The last two, of course, are conservative—rather English tweedy sports things with long, loose coats, sweater blouses and skirts that are easy to walk in.

The Tashman clothes are a smart, dashing collection with high neck lines, broad shoulders, and intricate scarfs. The Hayes models are faintly Victorian in feeling, with fitted bodices, flowing skirts, puff sleeves, and a great deal of short fur used as fabric.

The clothes that have been created for the Bennett type are simple and elegant, and are designed to accentuate what used to be referred to as the figure, but is now shouted around as sex appeal.

Just to give these clothes that touch of irony so dear to the hearts of the rich, the evening wraps and frocks are quite strictly tailored and made of fabrics, such as jersey, that never went out nights before, while the day dresses are fluffy, embroidered, and thoroughly impractical.

Incidentally, Joan Crawford broke the

Continued on page 68

FIFTY-GRAND BABY

Helen Twelvetrees will soon present a future starlet—at a cost of \$50,000!

MARK October 20, 1932, as memorable in movie astrology. Then if the gods are kind, a new asteroid is to appear in the movie heavens, perhaps some day to eclipse totally the current luminaries.

Specifically, on October 20th Helen Twelvetrees expects to present to an interested world a new little "It," a little six pounds or so of pink-and-white charm that will some day articulate the memorable two-syllable word "Mamma." Blessed event!

How stellar conventions have changed in the talkie age! It was considered good form in the dim, distant era of the silents to remain enigmatic concerning one's children. A child was the arch taboo, and a photograph of a star with his or her offspring sent producers, press agents, and fan-magazine editors scrambling for the sacrificial pyre upon which these choice titbits of evidence could be consumed with all possible speed.

Now with the talkies, the new age confirms all that the word implies. One may have children quite openly, even be photographed with them as "Blond Venus" Dietrich so often is, or Ann Harding, or many others, and yet retain, yea, even *add* to a fan following. It is indeed a hopeful omen.

And now Helen Twelvetrees, in her twenties, at the height of her screen career, looks forward to her coming motherhood as the most important event of her crowded young life—and speaks freely of her anticipated joy.

Helen, who is now the wife of Jack Woody, wealthy Hollywood real-estate man, has always wanted children. A girl child, she will tell you. And she hasn't changed. Three years ago when her adolescent marriage to Clark Twelvetrees went haywire, one of her sincerest regrets was that she had no children to make her loneliness less acute. Now, a year since her second nuptial venture, she is close to attaining her dream. And *is* she happy? And *is* Jack proud? Well!

Jack hastened to explain quite confidentially that he hadn't rushed Helen into motherhood; it was a mutual wish, but he was fearful for his young bride to impose an additional taxation on an extremely busy career. However, with Helen elated, Jack is little less than ecstatic.

"Will you mix the cocktails, Pop?" Helen will say, and "You bet, Mom!" Jack answers.

"Pop" and "Mom" they are, and having a lot of fun, these happy young people. And "Little Oscar," no more, no less, is the absurd name they have coined for this Woody nymph-to-be. In their quaint game Little Oscar has already become a very real third.

By Helen Harrison



Miss Twelvetrees is one of the new order of stars who are proud of motherhood.

Helen, who has a sane, practical little mechanism behind her tragic eyes, estimates that this "little stranger" will cost her exactly \$50,000. Those of us who leave our orders at \$3.94 marked-down counters may think \$50,000 a trifle dear, even for a Hollywood starlet. But not Helen; she's willing to pay the price and considers it fair.

Her salary of upward of \$2,000 a week will be relinquished during the four or five months she will remain away from the studio. Say between \$40,000 and \$45,000 there. Add the price of sumptuous layette and the cost of furnishing the exquisite nursery which is being prepared for the Heir Unapparent, and what have you? Assuredly one of the fortunate \$50,000 Babes in Hollywood, and if it's the girl Helen hopes for, a certain star of 1950.

Helen's greatest wish is to become a truly great actress, a heritage which she would wish to will her daughter. If it's a boy, as Jack somewhat less vehemently hopes, he is to be a nonprofessional. "Like father, like son."

Mrs. Jurgens, the mother of Helen, and a slightly older blond counterpart of her famous daughter, has recently spent a great deal of her time on the Coast, and will leave her Brooklyn home the early part of October to be with Helen. Accompanying her will be Mrs. Winner who was nurse to Helen and her brother Jack.

Mrs. Winner is to have the bedroom sitting room and bath close to the nursery which even now is being painted and plastered with care.

Pink chiffon drapes will festoon the windows which line the three walls and from which one may view through strong iron bars all the beauty that is California. Soft petal-pink velvet rugs will cover the floors which will be receptive only to slippered feet. Great hammering, measuring, and blueprinting will transform the vacant wing into a rosy setting or the pearl of such great price.

The government bonds into which Helen converts her salary will go, in the near future, to secure the well-being of Little Oscar, and what planning, replanning, exclaiming and declaiming engage the enthusiastic pair!

"What do you think of California Tech, Charlie?" Jack will ask Charlie Ruggles, who invariably drops in for cocktails at the end of a busy day.

"O. K., but perhaps he'll prefer Cambridge or Eton. Some chaps do, you know," Charlie will answer.

"But I think Vassar is ideal or perhaps Wellesley," Helen will interpolate, "and then, of course, a dramatic school." [Continued on page 5]



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

FAR from concealing her approaching motherhood, Helen Twelvetrees exults in it and says that October 20th will bring the blessed event that will cost her \$50,000 for time out from the studia. Truly times have changed! Particulars on the opposite page.



STEADILY but surely Constance Cummings is climbing to that position among leading ladies which her consistently good performances entitle her to. She was delightful in "Movie Crazy" and you will admire her still more in "Washington Merry-Go-Round."



LILIAN BOND, the English girl, used to wear a monacle to attract Hallywaad's attention. But since she has earned admiration far her acting, she doesn't bather with the eye-glass any mare. And everybody discovered she's a beauty.



Photo by O

NOW that he's become a man of the world, Gary Cooper, boutonniere and all, is ready for fewer and better rôles. He will be Mary Pickford's hero whenever she makes that threatened comeback, and nowadays you're seeing him in "A Farewell to Arms."



Photo by Elmer Fryer

EVERY one join in now and give a rousing cheer for Joan Blondell's happiness. She's married to George Barnes, the cameraman, and it's just another point in her favor that she didn't choose a marquis, a make-believe prince, or even a helpful director.



MARRIED, divorced, and a star—all at nineteen. That is Loretta Young's unique distinction besides being one of the most charming belles in Hollywood. Ah, but she needs suffering and heartbreak to become the great actress she might be, says Laura Benham, opposite.

Photo by Irving Lippman

WANTED—HEARTBREAK

That's what Loretta Young needs to give depth
to a fine natural talent, a writer believes.

LORETTA YOUNG, beautiful, pampered, gay, always exquisitely gowned, always surrounded by admirers, among those present at every important Hollywood festivity—the Loretta Young that every one knows—

But there is another Loretta, an inner, unpublicized Loretta, shy, bewildered, uncertain. A wistful, groping girl-child who has never been completely happy. Who, I believe, will never know happiness.

Perhaps she approached it during those first ecstatic months of her marriage to Grant Withers. Even that, the one emotional upheaval she has ever known, left her singularly untouched—still unawakened.

It's an old platitude that an artist must develop through suffering. Yet platitudes have a habit of proving true.

That is why there's heartbreak ahead for Loretta.

For Loretta is an actress born. A natural, an intuitive actress. By that I don't mean that she is a great actress. Rather I mean that she, more than any other youthful star, has within herself the potentialities of genius. Some day she *may* become a great actress.

That is the only explanation for her amazing career. The only reason that can be ascribed for her ability at the age of fourteen to play the lead opposite Lon Chaney, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and to follow it with one of the most secure rises to stardom.

In a hundred little ways it is apparent that this slim, almost fragile Young person is the instrument of a great acting talent. A talent as yet entirely undeveloped. It is inevitable that life shall discipline Loretta Young.

At present she is satisfied to drift—to live from day to day, enjoying the sunshine, the well-prepared food, the organized efficiency of her life. She is still unsophisticated enough to find joy in the new home she has built for her family in Beverly Hills, the cars she can afford, the smart clothes. In other words, the symbols of success which mean so little to the heart, as she will some day learn.

Sitting opposite her, talking to her as she sipped iced coffee, I was conscious of how little she had changed during the past few years. Though at nineteen she is a star, has been married and divorced, she is still just a kid. A kid who has always had her own way.

"I've loved every moment of my trip to New York," she confided in her soft, nicely

By Laura Benham

modulated voice, making a well-bred effort to restrain an exultant enthusiasm. "The entire town fascinates me.

"It's the first time I've ever been any farther east than Utah, where I was born. I've never seen a real skyscraper before," she added.

For a moment I could find nothing to say. I was startled by the thought that here was a girl who for five years had been depicting the emotions of all types of women—yet she had never traveled away from her native element. An element comprised of the vast, lonely countryside of Utah and later, of the more stultifying small-town influence of Hollywood, with its petty hates and jealousies. She had never envisioned those things which the world considers commonplace. She was getting a thrill out of them!

It was another proof that Loretta Young is only vaguely aware of the actual reality of the emotions she portrays. Not that viewing a skyscraper means one thing or the other as far as emotional expression is concerned. But in Loretta's case, it is a symbol, and as she talked further, I was more and more convinced.

"I did a lot of shopping here," she went on. "To tell the truth, though, I was a little disappointed in the shops. Of course, they had some wonderful clothes. But I missed the more imposing entrances, the more elaborate furnishings of our best Hollywood shoppes. The stores here seemed rather dull by comparison. It was only after you penetrated behind their exteriors that you found their worth. I like appearances to give some indication of what you can expect!"

"But surely you can't expect always to judge things or people by their outward manifestations," I murmured in some surprise. "Haven't you ever liked an ugly person?"

"Yes," she responded. "But I've only learned to do so lately. In fact, since my marriage. I started going out with boys when I was thirteen. And I would never think of giving a date to a boy who was plain or who couldn't dance.

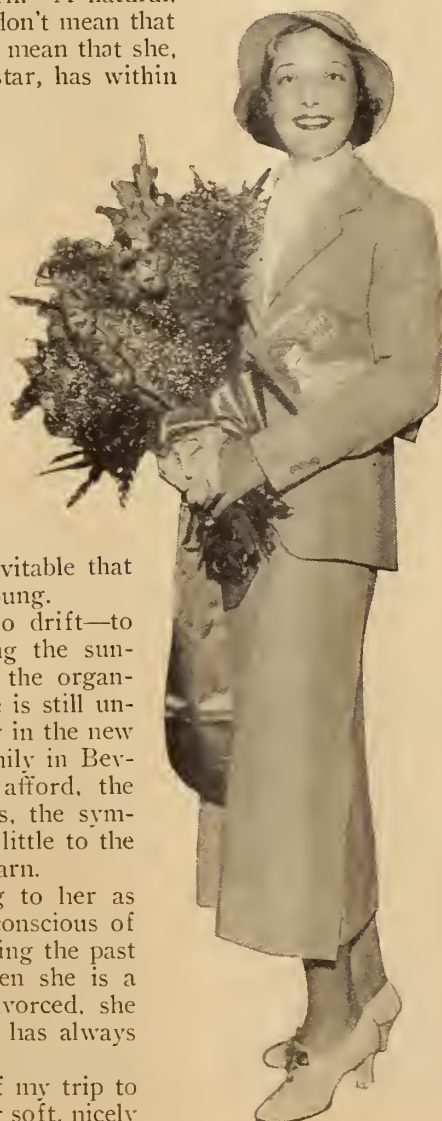
"I thought Grant was wonderful-looking. And then when my marriage crashed, I learned for the first time that looks weren't all-important."

She looked at me seriously, her eyes growing dark and luminous as she talked. I realized that she had learned the first lesson in being a grown-up.

Loretta is even prettier in real life than she is on the screen. Hers is a natural, fragrant beauty. She wears only a slight touch of rouge on her cheeks, much lipstick, and a slight shad-

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At nineteen Loretta has been married and divorced, and is a star, but she's still just a kid.



Make BEAUTY YOUR

Schoolgirl, office girl or home girl, being well-groomed is easier if you adopt a beauty schedule.

FALL again and we're back on the job. Vacations are done with until another year. Friday to Monday week-ends are but pleasant memories. We are sorry in a way, but glad, too, that tasks await us. Glad we have jobs to come back to! Happy to be alive and fit, to start the season with a rhythm we want to keep all through fall and winter.

Schoolgirl, business girl, or home girl, you don't need to be told that charm is a decided asset. This is particularly true in the business world. I don't mean that a pink-and-white complexion and long eyelashes are greater assets to a good secretary than the ability to spell, but I do mean that good grooming, grace of manner, and charm of voice will make her not only a pleasant person to work with, but will make for her advancement in the world of business.

Time is precious in the life of the girl who works.

Gwili Andre's looks are not more important to a stenographer than spelling, but making oneself attractive helps.

Photo by Bachrach



Eight hours of every workday belong to her employer. Eight hours for rest and sleep she must have if she is to maintain steady nerves. Time for play she must have, for all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl and detracts from her efficiency as well as from her charm.

It is obvious that a part of her playtime must be devoted to caring for her looks, but this need not take a great deal of her time, if she decides what things she must do for beauty's sake and makes a habit of them.

Now then, what to do. Take inventory of your beauty supplies. These should include cleansing cream, skin food, a skin lotion, a hand cream or lotion, toothpaste or powder, mouth wash, eyewash, manicuring articles, bath salts, a deodorant, and a good depilatory.

Sounds like a lot, doesn't it? But if you replenish each item as needed, it will be easier. You can't afford to be without any of them, for never was there a time in which we have to put the best face on everything, including ourselves, as right now. Use your preparations less lavishly, learn to do more things for yourself. Establish a beauty régime on an economy basis, but don't let down in your beauty care.

Faces, like railroads, are much better if run on schedule. The actual care of skin, hair, hands, and teeth need not take more than half an hour a day if done systematically, and one evening every week or every two weeks is set aside for a thorough going over of the whole body.

An occasional trip to an up-to-date beauty salon is advisable, for it keeps you in touch with modern methods and, if you are observant, you will learn many things that will help you in your home treatments.

An occasional facial treatment is not, as some pessimists will tell you, worse than none at all; it is just one treatment to the good. But there's no getting around the fact that it is regular daily care which gives lasting benefit.

Now let's get down to the beauty schedule, beginning with an alarm clock if necessary, for unless you can be sure of getting off to a good start in the morning, a beauty schedule doesn't help much.

First brush your teeth, following with an antiseptic mouth wash. Then drink a big glass of water, hot or cold. Two or three times a week add the juice of half a lemon to the drink. While your tub is running, take a good cold splash in the face or apply cleansing cream, whichever is your morning method.

Exercise is an important part of the morning schedule. In warm weather it is usually better to exercise before bathing, but in cool weather bathe first.

Perhaps you are tired of hearing about exercise. Perhaps you went in for outdoor sports all summer long, keeping your circulation good, your body lithe, graceful, and supple. But you want to keep it that way, don't you? Or per-

JOB

By Lillian Montanye

haps you spent your vacation resting, eating indiscreetly, and your figure has suffered? In either case, exercise is essential if you are to keep glowingly alive.

Don't be spasmodic about your exercises. Five minutes of exercise every morning is better than fifteen minutes one morning and two or three the next. Stand near an open window and systematically bend, stretch, and breathe, following one of the excellent systems now in vogue.

Then, if you are still wearing cold cream, remove it with tissue, pat on skin tonic with a pad of cotton, wipe the face dry, then apply your powder base, rouge, and lipstick all in outdoor light. Then do your hair, inspect your nails, dress, and you are ready for breakfast and the day's work.

Take time during the lunch hour to freshen up for the afternoon. In a corner of your desk keep a box containing a tube of cream, a small bottle of skin freshener, a hand lotion, facial tissues, and the small squares of absorbent cotton useful for everything, from applying powder to cleaning shoes.

Moisten a pad of cotton with skin tonic and go quickly over the face and neck. Smooth on a little cream, apply a touch of rouge if you need it, freshen your lips with lipstick, and dust with powder. This will make you look better, feel better, and will obviate the necessity for applying make-up during office hours. It is true that many business girls persist in using powder and lipstick at all hours of the day, and their masculine chiefs have become accustomed to it, if not resigned. But it will please your employer, I haven't a doubt, if you will keep your make-up aids out of sight.

Remember, too, that your hands must be presentable. Do not indulge in bright-red or colored nails when engaged in business. Be sure that the nails and cuticle are exquisitely clean and well cared for, and that your hands are not red and rough from imperfect cleansing in cold water and careless drying.

A popular phrase of the beauty salons is "getting up your circulation." Whether they want your hair to grow strong and vigorous or your face to bloom with youthfulness, they first set about stimulating local circulation by means of a cream or liquid treatment. But the girl who stands or sits in nearly the same position all day is so tired at the end of the day she is inclined to let sleeping circulations lie.

She must consider, however, that while rest she must have, this applies in her case to her nervous system and not to her blood and muscles. There is nothing better at the end of a tiring day than a set of tennis, basket ball, or if possible, half an hour of exercise in a gymnasium, followed by a swim in a pool. Walking is a splendid exercise and this every girl can do. You may not have time in the morning, but walk at least part of the way home from work. Do this no matter what the



Kay Francis gives her hands just as much attention as her hair—and Hollywood is a busy place. But she is no busier than the office girl who can cultivate beauty by schedule, too.

weather. Buy a pair of smart galoshes, a becoming raincoat and hat, and walk, breathing deeply and rhythmically.

Your evening schedule is even more important than your morning one, from the standpoint of permanent benefit. In the morning, you're putting things on your face and in the evening you're taking them off. And the latter, according to the skin specialists, is what really matters.

To leap from your clothes into your bed is not doing well by your face, which has probably acquired a layer of dust and oil, to say nothing of make-up, since morning. Bind up your head in a towel and help your face return to normal. Cleanse your face with soap and water or cleansing cream. Brush your hair, wash your hands, and apply lotion. Remove stains and rough edges from your nails. Brush your teeth, rinse your mouth with antiseptic lotion, bathe your eyes with a solution of boracic acid, salt and water, or with a good eyewash.

If you are eighteen, your face will do well enough with a soap-and-water cleansing. But if you are a few years older, you can't afford to be casual with your skin. It needs more food and more stimulant. Watch it for the dryness which precedes lines, and feed it with creams rich in oils. Skin food is important if you would have your skin fit at thirty.

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Something had to be done to create that clinging vine effect the fans like in the "Mata Hari" close-ups of Garbo and Novarro, who are about the same height.

WHEN a fan wants information concerning his or her newest idol the information department of a movie magazine is consulted. There the fan will find, among other data, that Percy Snicklefritz is five feet, eleven inches tall. Perhaps he is, and again he may be but five feet, eight inches tall—in his shoes.

The studio publicity people, knowing that most women prefer a "good, big" man, have tried to conceal nature's parsimony by a minor fib. If it seems necessary, Mr. Snicklefritz will be put into shoes which have been skillfully built up inside the heels, the camouflage being nicely concealed by the cuffs of his trousers.

Moreover, you will find that he is cast to play opposite small women, although, as a matter of fact, there is scarcely any other kind on the screen. Actresses are chosen principally because of their height and weight, and large girls know better than to apply for dramatic work in pictures. Talent by the pound, as it were.

But if stardom is closed to big women, big men are very much in demand. Indeed, shortness of stature is a definite handicap to an actor. Nothing is more satisfying to the romance-seeking public than a brace of lovers comprised of a big, strong he-man and a clinging wisp of a girl. In the rare instances where the hero is found to be no taller than the heroine the studio feels it necessary to do something about the situation.

For instance, Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro are about the same height. Consider then their tandem appearance in "Mata Hari." Rarely were they shown standing together, but when such instances did occur, Ramon appeared almost to tower over Greta. Any romantic interest that such scenes might have had for me were dispelled by mental visions of Garbo padding about in her stocking feet while her victim stood on some sort of elevation.

CAN BIG

Why the handsome he-man often plays a minor rôle while the romantic hero is a little fellow on built-up heels.

The funny part of the whole situation lies in the fact that "good, big" men seldom become great actors. Our real artists are the short, slight fellows who have to submit to built-up heels.

In delving into this subject I am not attempting to disillusion the girl fans nor cast disparagement on the he-men of the screen. I, too, am one of those women who prefer 'em tall. Still I do not choose my favorites because of their height and weight. Any woman who does deserves to be disillusioned.

Let us consider, just for fun, forty-five actors who have been, are, or are expected to be, popular favorites. Of this number I find that nineteen are approximately six feet tall: Robert Montgomery, Nils Asther, William Haines, David Manners, Clark Gable, Lew Ayres, Gary Cooper, John Boles, Ivan Lebedeff, Warren William, George Bancroft, Victor McLaglen, Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Wallace Beery, George Brent, Johnny Weissmuller, Charles Ray, and Joel McCrea.

Of these nineteen men I find only two who may honestly be considered artists: Wallace Beery and Charles Ray. The others are handsome, earnest, capable actors,



Edward G. Robinson is not a "good, big" man, but he's a candidate for highest dramatic honors.



Six feet three, 190 pounds, Johnny Weissmuller has created quite a flutter, although no one has raved about his acting.

MEN ACT?

By Madeline Glass

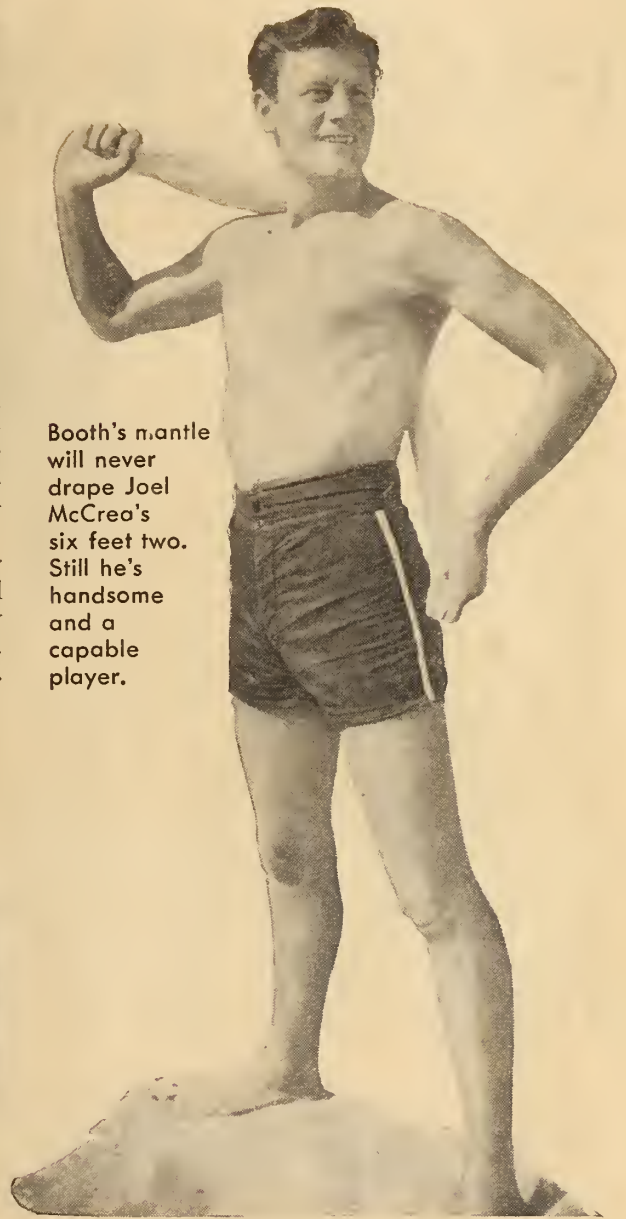
but the Booth of the screen is not among them. Perhaps two of this group approach greatness—Nils Asther and William Haines. Nils has distinction and ability, while Haines possesses a talent for blending pathos with comedy in a manner that is close to real art. Yet, neither of these men has identified himself with a characterization which will live. Beery and Ray have.

Clark Gable is by no means a great actor, although he may develop into such. Thus far his performances have ranged from excellent, as in "A Free Soul," to mediocre, as in "Polly of the Circus." But even his best performances to date will not be held up to posterity as examples of great acting.

Gary Cooper is an indifferent performer, and Lew Ayres's flashes of greatness are distressingly seldom. Robert Montgomery and several of the others are consistently good actors rather than real artists.

Much fuss is being made over Johnny Weissmuller, our newest and brawniest star. Well, I'll bet a last year's hat against anything you care to risk that Johnny never develops into an actor. He didn't, of course, do any acting in "Tarzan," however much he may be starred because of his appearance in that picture. His

Booth's mantle will never drape Joel McCrea's six feet two. Still he's handsome and a capable player.



Paul Muni is a histrionic genius, yet who has ever exclaimed "What a man!"



George Raft fits the mold in which great actors are cast—slight, taut, imaginative.

magnificent size is against him. His supposed dramatic ability will vanish when he puts on his clothes. Men of his type have developed their bodies, laudably enough, while their artistic abilities, invariably limited by nature, have been submerged. I still remember with acute horror the efforts of Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey.

The best that this list of stars can offer, even by including the long-lost Charles Ray, is two great actors, a couple of nearly great actors, several who are very competent, and a few who are plainly mediocre.

Next we have a group of stars of medium height, five feet eight inches, to five feet ten inches. Although they are fewer in number, the percentage of great actors is much higher than in the first group. Consider Maurice Chevalier, William Powell, Richard Dix, Fredric March, Emil Jannings, Chester Morris, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Ricardo Cortez, the late Lon Chaney, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the late Rudolph Valentino, Richard Cromwell, Paul Lukas, Phillips Holmes, and Robert Armstrong.

This list contains no mediocre actors, and at least four who are, or were, great—the two Barrymores, Emil Jannings, and Lon Chaney. And for good measure we have William Powell, whose

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HOLLYWOOD

WILL it be wedding chimes for Chevalier upon his return to Hollywood in the fall? Everybody is asking. But a wedding to whom? The French star is a mystery man in his loves, if there is one.

The abruptness of his divorce from Yvonne Vallée in Paris has created the impression that there must be some romance lurking, but try to discover it! That Marlene Dietrich flurry can mean less than nothing in a marital way, since Miss Dietrich is still wedded to Rudolph Sieber, and apparently devoted to him even though they are separated by many leagues of land and sea most of the time.

The only other hint of interest on Chevalier's part in a feminine star was when he chose Frances Dee to play in "The Playboy of Paris," and that's a *long temps passé*, as they would say in his native language.

Maurice has never evinced any susceptibility to the amorous influences of movieland. He has remained aloof and silent, appearing in public most frequently with his manager, and very, very occasionally with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

Therefore, whatever happens on his return will furnish a surprise—that is, if anything *does* happen.

A Pugnacious Chaplin.—Every one is wondering where "Tommy" Chaplin got his pugilistic training. Tommy is Sydney Earl's nickname, and he seems to have ambitions to become a feather-weight champion. On arrival in Hollywood he

Leila Hyams is a perfect listener for the crooner everybody knows. So thinks Bing Crosby, in "The Big Broadcast."



Here's good news! Renée Adorée has recovered from her long illness and is regaining strength for a comeback.



Sari Maritza, looking everywhere for a part since her success in "Forgotten Commandments," has the lead in "Evenings For Sale."

was met by several studio press agents, and took occasion to biff one of them on the chin after being introduced. Also, he tried his prowess on Winfield Sheehan, chief executive of the studio, and chose that prominent official's diaphragm as the strategic point of attack. It came near being a breathtaking climax, but Tommy topped that by marking up the white shirt of his director, David Butler, with a lead pencil.

Charles Chaplin, Jr., is entirely different—sedate, sorrowful, and taciturn. He is apparently the reflection of the serious side of his father's personality, while Sydney Earl goes in for the antics.

Holiday à la Greek.—Two weeks of Olympic Games all but demoralized activities in film-making. The colony turned the event into a sort of prolonged holiday. Only the regal Barrymores sailed splendidly on undisturbed in the making of "Rasputin, the Mad Monk." They had such huge sets for this picture that they could entertain a whole national delegation of athletes without any sudden soaring of overhead on the picture.

One day that we were on their set the entire Canadian contingent, numbering one hundred or more young men in red coats and white trousers, were there as onlookers. It was the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the Romanoff dynasty, and Ethel Barrymore, very impressive in robes that weighed nearly a hundred pounds, marched back and forth in a grand processional. John and Lionel were nowhere about at the time, and we suspect that Lionel was comfortably sleeping somewhere as is his wont when not in action.

Despite all this apparent separateness of their activities, the picture is planned to give the three stars a maximum of scenes together.

Lionel Versus John.—The Barrymores are always quite capable of ribbing each other. One day John was acting, and had had a hard day of it. He was wearing

HIGH LIGHTS

Buzzing the news and gossip of the merry, mad movie world.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

a pair of high Russian boots drawn up his thighs, and looking terribly weary.

"Humph," said Lionel, looking on rather sardonically, "those boots are all that's holding him up now."

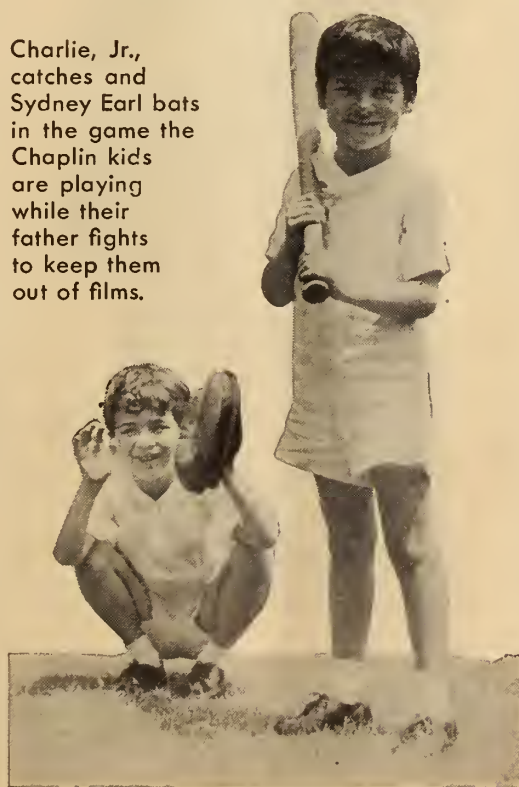
Mix Gets Funny.—Entertainments for the Olympians were lavish in the movieland fashion. The best show put on by anybody was that of Tom Mix. He staged a rodeo at his home in Beverly Hills, and contributed to the entertainment by talking from the middle of the circus ring, as well as putting Tony and other horses through their paces. When Tom started shooting, some of the guests got frightened and hid in corners. Tom came out with the statement that if "Tony ever started to talk, I'd have to shoot him. He knows too much about me."

Question of Capacity.—The best we heard about any star's party was one given by Norma Shearer. She invited the Canadians down to her place to go swimming, but sent only one bus for them, capacity about twenty. With their number totaling one hundred, it was a wild scramble to see who would get aboard the bus. It probably would have been a wilder affair if the full hundred had all tried to get in her swimming pool. Norma played conservative.

A Nice Cheering Reception.—The biggest bust during the Olympics was a ball, called International, at which a number of the stars were introduced and received such stingy applause that they all went home mad. Joe E. Brown made the greatest hit at this by opening his mouth to its full width. Even the foreign athletes recognized Joe's oral cavern. Polly Moran blasted the microphone, and consequently almost nobody knew what she was talking about. Lilyan Tashman met her there and told Polly she ought to wear earrings. Next day at another reception Polly appeared with three ivory balls hanging from her lobes, and added a necklace of like character.

No Thrill for Her.—The best ritz given any star was when an all-around feminine athlete was photographed with Clark Gable, and upon being asked later whether it wasn't a thrilling experience, exclaimed, "Hell, no!"

Charlie, Jr., catches and Sydney Earl bats in the game the Chaplin kids are playing while their father fights to keep them out of films.



Marian Nixon beams with pleasure over the nice things critics are saying of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" as she steps into the cast of "Jubilo."

Rogers Again Caroler.—Will Rogers's singing (?) voice will be heard again in "Jubilo." Remember his warbling in "They Had to See Paris"? Will it be as good, though, without the aiding and abetting of Fifi Dorsay?

Well, Rogers should bother about that. He has just signed a new contract at \$125,000 per picture. Good money, that, nowadays.

Salary Fight Still On.—Stars are being subjected to further trimming of their salaries. Warner Brothers have announced that all those who haven't taken cuts at their studio will be required to take them if they are to remain on the honor list. This includes Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, who draw the hugest stipends.

The stars still remain the most difficult to deal with on the subject of studio retrenchment. Most of the writers and directors agree to reductions, but the stars continue to adhere strongly to the idea that their careers are very short-lived anyway, and that they had better make the most of them financially. The way things go to-day they're not all wrong, either.

Chorines Well Attended.—What course will the romance of Harry Bannister and Nancy Lyon take, now that Bannister is absent from Hollywood? The engagement of the two was admitted while Bannister was still on the Coast, though shortly after he left for England. Nancy Lyon is one of the girls in the chorus of "The Kid from Spain," and Bannister was frequently on the set while the company was rehearsing.

Charlie Chaplin also was there, for his most recent interest is Paulette Goddard, another chorister, famous

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GIRL WHO PLAYED

When Hollywood rejected Bette Davis, she set about giving what it wanted—sophistication.

OF course, I owe it all to George Arliss," said Bette Davis when I spoke of her sudden rise in pictures. "If he hadn't chosen me for a rôle in 'The Man Who Played God,' I'd be in New York now pestering managers for a job on the stage, instead of making a personal-appearance tour for the movies. I don't know why Mr. Arliss chose me, either. I guess it was just because I happened along at a time when Warners were desperate for a girl to play that part."

Don't get Bette wrong. One look into her blue eyes and you know she has no false modesty. She had as much faith in her acting ability as George Arliss had when he persuaded Warners to sign her. For her youth, she is amazingly clear-sighted. She has been in the film capital two years now, but it didn't take much

more than two months for her to get Hollywood's number, although Hollywood is just now beginning to get hers.

Bette graduated from high school in Lowell, Massachusetts, where she was born twenty-five years ago. It is indicative that she tells her right age, although she looks much younger. On the advice of a stage producer, she came to New York with her mother and attended the John Murray Anderson School of the Theater. They made their pupils realize that the theater was a serious art and made them eager to do fine things for it.

Bette got a week's stock engagement in Rochester. Then she got into a play, "The Earth Between," that reached Broadway. Next she went into Ibsen repertoire, playing *Hedvig* in "The Wild Duck." She was now definitely an Actress with a capital A.

"How I love to portray emotional children like *Hedvig*," sighed Bette, "but just try it in Hollywood! Movie audiences would walk out on you. They want sophistication and glamour—no one knows it better than I do!"

For a while she turned down offers to take picture tests. After all, she was an actress in Ibsen. But when she went into "The Solid South," starring Richard Bennett, that sage old trouper told her several things. One, that the theater wasn't what it used to be and that she'd better not turn down any more picture

tests; and, secondly, that she resembled his daughter Constance. At that time Bette didn't dream it would be the first thing a picture company would publicize about her.

She finally took a screen test and was signed by Universal for "Bad Sisters," in which she was to play a plain country girl. By the time the picture was released, Bette realized the mistake she had made. In the best tradition of the Anderson school and of the theater, she had submerged her own personality to the rôle. Hollywood thought that the gawky country girl was the *real* Bette. Davis and said, "What in the world does Universal see in her!"

Universal wondered, too, and did not take up her option. Sadder and wiser, Bette expected to return to New York. A friend sent her to George Arliss—and in a few minutes she was engaged to be a picture actress once more. You who saw "The Man Who Played God" know how Bette Davis emerged as a brilliant modern with a definite screen personality.

Her resemblance to Connie Bennett in that picture was noticed by the public. Bette merely says, "I suppose all blue-eyed blondes look somewhat alike. I've also been said to look like Carol Lombard. It's too bad, in a way, for I think individuality in screen actresses is much to be desired."

I believe the likeness is due not merely to the fact that both Connie and Bette have blond hair and blue eyes, but because their eyes are large and set far apart, a feature which gives them an intriguingly innocent expression in an otherwise sophisticated face.

With each new rôle in "So Big," "The Rich Are Always With Us," "The Dark Horse," and "Three on a Match," Bette's sophistication has increased to wipe out her first sting of failure. But it is a surface sophistication. She is merely giving the producers and the public what they want.

"Of course I'm not sophisticated," she admitted laughingly. "I'm much too thrilled with life and everything

in it. I think to be sophisticated you've got to be bored to death and you've got to be self-conscious always."

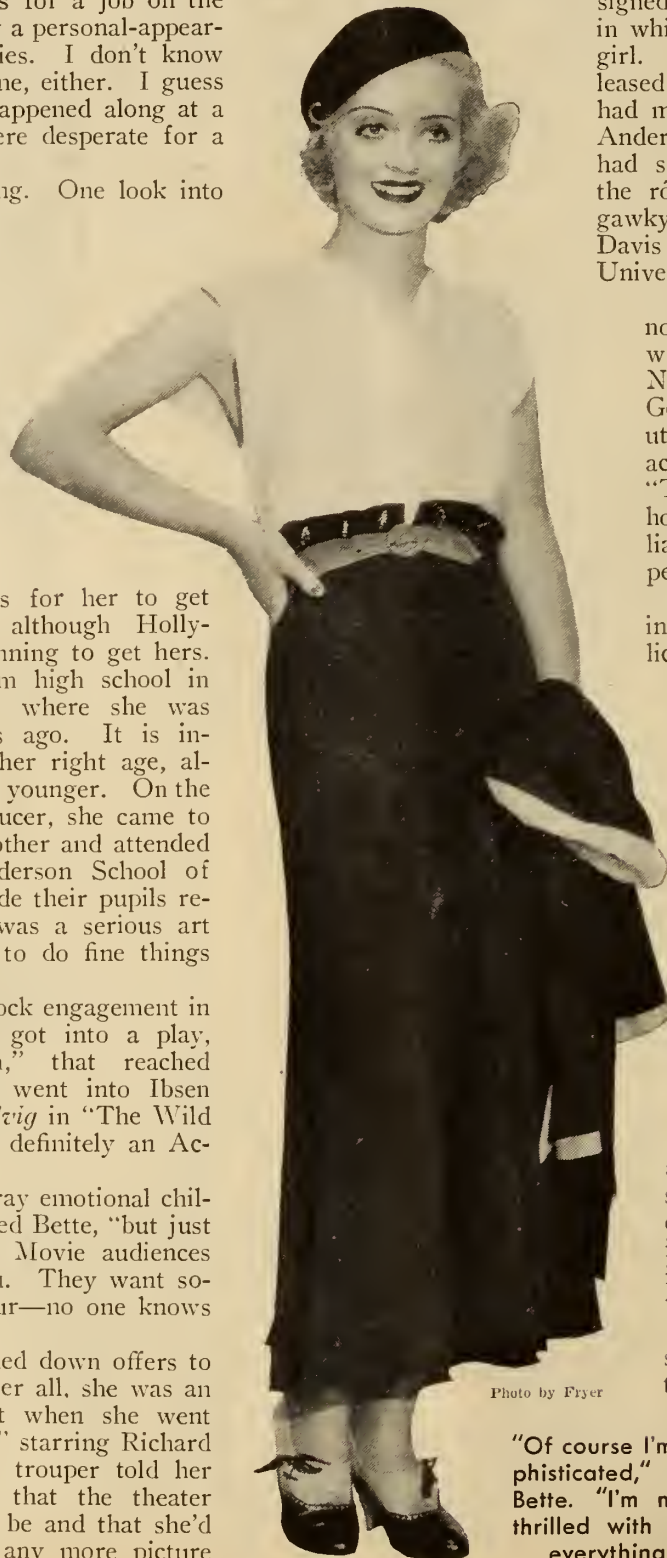


Photo by Fryer

"Of course I'm not sophisticated," laughs Bette. "I'm much too thrilled with life and everything in it."

WISE

By Dena Reed

Bette knows herself. She's eager and interested as a child, and she has the animal spirits that come from good health and lots of sun.

She wore simple printed pajamas and, as she sat talking to me at the Biltmore, her feet were over an arm of the chair, and her arms hugged her legs. Her hair was not set in waves—merely curled at the bottom. Her grin was as quick and as wide as a boy's, and her blue eyes as frank—all of which should have made her seem little-girlish, but somehow she wasn't. Her vibrant voice, the way she holds her head, her carriage, seem to bespeak the sophisticated woman. She is that happy blending of child and woman of the world that men find irresistible.

"I bet you get on better with men than with women," I said, and Bette laughed.

"I do, as a matter of fact," she confessed.

"And love?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm always in love," said Bette. "I like being in love. I don't think a girl ought to marry till twenty-five, at least, when she's better able to judge men. And then it ought to take—if possible. I can't get used to women having four or five husbands."

"As in Hollywood?"

Bette nodded. "Still, as some one just pointed out, they have a lot of fun—or are supposed to. I don't think it would do for me, though. Hollywood is a married people's town. I guess because actors work hard when they work and then between pictures it's nice to have some one to spend your free time with."

Bette hasn't quite learned how to air her innermost thoughts for the benefit of newspaper people she has just met. Her words come slowly or tumble out as if she were thinking aloud and she says apologetically, "I'm shy. Talking about myself comes hard, but that's one of the things I'm learning to do, too. In about five years," she grins, "I ought to be quite good at it."

She admits she is not sure of her real goal. So well has she handled her parts that stardom has been promised her within a year, but Bette still doesn't know whether that's what she wants out of life.

"If I do reach stardom, I know I'll be unhappy," she says, and when you ask why, she answers soberly, "Because Hollywood's funny. You get a break; you work hard—you're made. The public likes you—for a while. You're made a star and everything's rosy until suddenly the public that raised you to stardom gets tired of seeing your face.

"You happen to get a poor picture. It's not your fault and you do your best in it, but every one goes around shaking his head and says, 'Davis is slipping,' and then, 'Davis is through.'

"That's what they did to Ruth Chatterton when she was getting bad pictures at Paramount. As a matter of fact, she never was better in her life and proves it with each new picture. No, certainly being a star isn't all as lovely as the fans think it.



Photo by Fryer

Bette Davis was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, twenty-five years ago, and it is indicative of her frankness that she tells her right age and doesn't lop off a couple of years.

"Of course, I'm growing—my ideas aren't set. I hope they never will be. But just now I think the thing to do while you're rising is to save your money against the day when they don't want you any more."

From all indications, Bette need have no qualms. They'll want her for a long time yet. For some fairy godmother endowed her with all the gifts that mean money at the box office—beauty and brains, acting talent, and the ability to think and yet look naïve as a child and intriguing as the most vibrant sophisticate. Indeed, there is a new Eve come to take her rightful place among the darlings of the screen.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A short while after this story was written, Bette Davis was married in Yuma, Arizona, to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., of Whitinsville, Massachusetts. They knew each other in the days when Bette was taking part in the school dramatics at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, and renewed their acquaintance at the Olympic Games where Mr. Nelson played in the Olympic orchestra.

Bette's real name is Ruth E. Davis. Her professional name—pronounced "Betty"—is not the invention of a press agent in search of a catchy name. She had always liked the name Betty and when she started to school she adopted it, but spelled it "Bette" because she thought that was correct. Her mother liked it and the name stuck. Her father is a corporation lawyer in Boston. Her mother's maiden name was LeFavre, a French theatrical family. Her parents separated when Bette was quite young.



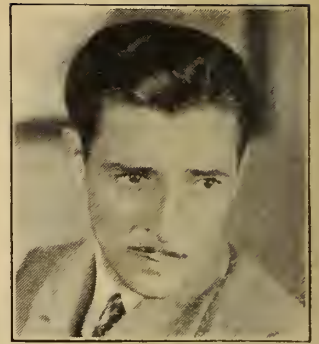
Anita Page—fireside virtue.



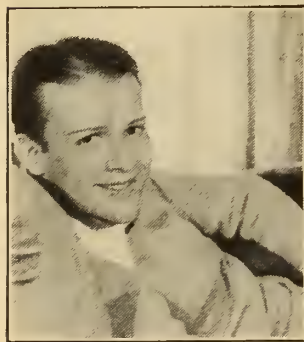
Clara Bow—hectic love.



Ruth Chatterton—meditator.



Ronald Colman—recluse.



Barry Norton—sensationalist.

Nine ROADS

How every form of self-expression leads to the top if the players stick to one line of soul emancipation—and shout it from the housetops.

SELF-EXPRESSION! Ah, that's what artistic souls crave.

Will some of you titter to hear that the picture colony can be compared to ancient Athens in the matter of self-expression and such? Well, titters, titter away. Let it be recorded now that the glory that was Greece lives again in the self-expression of players in Hollywood. They can be divided into nine classifications—nine roads to fame.

The Sensationalists.

Our chief sensationalist was Clara Bow. While others were reticent, Clara was frank and free. She found self-expression in her loves. And Clara shouted the news from the housetops. But when she finally became enamored of Rex Bell she found self-expression in love's young dream. To-day Clara is as quiet and mouselike as they come.

Then there was Lupe Velez. Self-expression to Lupe meant jumping all over the place. This, together with other self-expression gestures, made her an instantaneous success. When appearing in "Hot-Cha!" Lupe announced that she might not sing well but she sang loud—the audience always knew when she was on the stage.

One cannot forget John Gilbert, either. John declared that so many false reports had been circulated about him that he decided not to give any more interviews. With his present standing this may be rather an unnecessary precaution. Yet, hitherto, baring life's secret sorrows was one of John's favorite pastimes.

Barry Norton became a celebrity as soon as he entered pictures. Whatever he did seemed sensational. Whether it really was, or whether the public imagined it, I cannot say. Nevertheless, after being minus a contract for some time, Barry declares he intends to become a recluse.

It seems all our sensationalists are toning down their claims to the spotlight.

Philosophers and Meditators.

Now we come to our most serious group of players. They delve into teachings of the great and try to ascertain what life is all about.

Ramon Novarro is a constant meditator. His ponder-

ings on the profundities of life are well known. Seclusion is dear to his heart. For only in solitude does one learn things unknown to others. Ramon is tremendously sincere in this.

Though hardly a recluse, Ronald Colman belongs to the same class. Ronnie studies the philosophers. To you, this may seem a strange occupation for a screen idol. But really it is not. For in his philosophic delvings, Ronnie encounters his spiritual twins, William Powell and Richard Barthelmess. These three humorous souls find all the self-expression they desire in turning a cold—but artistic—shoulder on Hollywood's lesser circles.

Ruth Chatterton is also a keen meditator. Philosophies, biographies, histories, social economics—all of them interest *la Chat*. She is an omnivorous reader and, in addition, is an inveterate night owl. She loves nothing so much as sitting up until the wee sma' hours arguing life's problems pro and con. She has often stated there is nothing that interests her so much as an argument—unless it's two arguments.

And it is no graveyard secret that when Claudette Colbert finally moved herself and belongings to Hollywood her library of some two thousand books followed her. In fact, of her household belongings we heard little, but a list of the books she reads can be had for the asking. Claudette goes about but rarely, most of her time being devoted to assimilating what others have learned of life.

Fredric March, too, for all his buoyancy on the screen, is addicted to serious thinking and plenty of it. Nor is it any pose with Freddie. He lives, loves, and laughs—but he also thinks.

Storm-racked Souls.

Of course, self-expression leads us to strange places and stranger moods. You have undoubtedly heard that great souls suffer.

Leslie Fenton has long been our prize sufferer. That is, Leslie likes to see himself as a storm-swept soul tossed hither and yon upon the waves of self-expression. He used constantly to get into scrapes of one kind or another.

Emotionally exhausted, he spent more time trying to discover what it was all about than he did in acting, which should have engaged all his concentration.



Frank Albertson—life of the party.



John Gilbert—baring secret sorrows.



Dorothy Jordan—simple soul.



Leslie Fenton—storm-swept sufferer.

TO FAME

By William H. McKegg



Constance Bennett—sophisticate.

Mary Nolan has much in common with Leslie Fenton. Or had. Mary has changed. Unlike Leslie, Mary did not start her acting career first. She was a "Follies" girl, but one could hardly call that acting. She ended her stage career by roving over Europe, and let herself be swept to and fro. From Hungary to Italy, from Norway to Greece, where thousands of years ago Mary might have been one of the vestal virgins.

They say self-expression makes an actress. Mary Nolan is an actress—a good one. Yet even to-day she seems to be caught up from time to time with that storminess of the soul. Self-expressing beings seldom find rest.

But one has, to all appearances. Joan Crawford has put behind her her soul-racked years. And quiet is the Joan of to-day. Flung into the maelstrom of Hollywood by her everlasting search for self-expression, Joan found herself swept into excitement. But no longer. After the storm the calm. Joan found her calm in the arms of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Simple Souls.

We have quite a few simple souls. Our leading one used to be Mary Brian. Mary was considered the epitome of girlish innocence. When scoffers entered Hollywood's gates and laughed at the stars, we used to say, "You're mistaken. Not all are as worldly as you think. We have Mary Brian."

Mary, indeed, served her purpose. But she left to go on a personal-appearance tour and the last time we saw her in New York, Mary had on a make-up that shrieked her sophistication to the high heavens.

But we have Anita Page. For years Anita was known as the "nine-o'clock girl" because her parents wouldn't allow her out after that hour. Only on rare occasions was she permitted to attend any gathering that was apt to last into the night and, even then, she was chaperoned.

With her coming of age, things were altered slightly. An occasional date was permitted, but the curfew still tells the knell of parting company at a reasonably early hour. But now she is trying to go violently sophisticated on the screen.

And, of course, there is Dorothy Jordan. Dorothy is the quiet damsel who, while working in a New York

chorus, scorned night clubs and stage-door cavaliers. When the show was over Dorothy pursued her lonely way homeward, reading—always reading. So engrossed was she in her studies that she even tells how she continued her reading in the glare of the shop windows as she walked along Broadway from the subway station to her dwelling.

So quiet and simple is Dorothy that when a year ago a story was written stating that she could not decide which of two men she preferred, Dorothy sought to have the story suppressed on the grounds that if such a thing were printed about *her* it would break her mother's heart.

Fay Wray also used to be that way. Simple, I mean. At least, report had it so. But Fay married, and marriage, so they say, broadens a girl's mind. So we may call Fay a broad-minded simple soul.

Sophisticates.

In contrast to the above elves, we have Constance Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Kay Francis, all sophisticated young women.

The Bennett is a shimmering blonde who lived a couple of years in Paris. And that's that. Connie married a millionaire several years ago, just when she was becoming known on the screen. With millions surrounding her, *la* Bennett went with her husband to Africa to hunt. Then to Europe to see the sights and join the fun. Connie rounded this up with a divorce and reentered pictures.

When strangers bewail the lack of Continental dash among our fair players we deafen them with eulogies of Constance Bennett.

To emphasize this Continental pride of ours we also point to Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan belongs to the sardorial school, talks in a husky voice, and looks at crowds through half-shut eyes.

A party never has exactly the right touch of sophistication unless the Tashman trails in to scan the guests with her sophisticated glance.

And Kay Francis seems to do likewise. Kay and

Continued on page 63



Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead are the romantic stars of "Devil and the Deep," but Charles Laughton surpasses them in acting.

AT last Tallulah Bankhead appears in a picture that needn't be dismissed with a pitying smile. "Devil and the Deep" is worth her while and yours. It enables her to give a legitimate performance of varied moods rather than the picturesque promenade that hitherto has engaged her. She smokes but one cigarette. This is significant. It means that she is kept busy acting. Consequently she comes off with flying colors, justifying the faith of the loyal while confounding those of us who thought she had nothing to offer the screen except the image of a jaded sophisticate. With a believable character to portray, she makes real and sympathetic the wife of an insanely jealous submarine commander.

Charles Laughton, the English actor, makes his screen debut in this rôle and gives a superb performance. In personality and method he is quite different from any other actor. He is the last man you would type as a villain. That is why he is perfectly cast, and he makes his rôle doubly fascinating when he disarms suspicion by his social graces, wins the sympathy of all the other characters, and treats his wife with cruelty in private. She is in disfavor while he basks in the light of a martyred husband.

Neil Hamilton and Constance Bennett appeal to popular taste in "Two Against the World."



The SCREEN

A brilliant newcomer, Charles Laughton, gives the outstanding performance in a month notable for good acting.

It seems to me that only Mr. Laughton could achieve this feat of characterization convincingly. He is, in fact, Jannings in English. Just to show you to what ends he goes, when he discovers that his wife has a lover—Gary Cooper, second in command of the submarine—he attempts to wreck the undersea craft in the hope of drowning the pair as well as himself and the entire crew.

Mr. Laughton's death is perhaps the most ghastly ever pictured on the screen, while the manner of Miss Bankhead's rescue is something new, too. She is shot from the bottom of the ocean to the top. Naturally, Mr. Cooper survives, although he need

Joel McCrea and Dolores del Rio are in the most beautiful picture of the month, "Bird of Paradise."



not have come to the top to claim applause for a notable performance. For once his characteristic repression appears to repress nothing. Cary Grant comes along nicely in a single sequence that reveals him as Miss Bankhead's gallant sympathizer and the victim of her husband's unjust suspicions.

"Two Against the World."

Constance Bennett's new offering is neither as emphatic nor as subtly clever as "What Price Hollywood," but it is popular entertainment with the virtues of earnestness, constant movement, and a display of dresses

by Miss Bennett that are as smart as they are becoming. Miss Bennett, too, has carried over from her preceding film some of the animation that gave new interest to her acting as the Hollywood waitress who became a star. She is a society girl here and her lightness of manner sets off her frocks, though in serious moments she finds it impossible to achieve the depth of feeling that we ask of a first-class actress. Miss Bennett prefers to skim pleasantly the surface of emotion.

In the new piece she is required in almost every scene and her moods range from the gay irresponsibility of

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

the spoiled girl of wealth who generously assumes the guilt of her married sister's escapade, to fear of newspaper notoriety when she is identified as the last caller at the apartment of a murdered man. There is a courtroom sequence, too—excellently managed, by the way—in which Miss Bennett's timely confession clears her brother and makes possible her reconciliation with the young lawyer who prosecuted the case. This rôle is engagingly played by the increasingly capable Neil Hamilton, whose acting in the lighter passages with Miss Bennett is especially good. You will laugh when he says "When I say 'Don't,' I mean *don't*." See if you don't.

Excellently cast also are Allan Vincent, Gavin Gordon, and Helen Vinson.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have a little masterpiece of humanness in "The First Year."



"Bird of Paradise."

For sheer physical beauty this is the month's prize picture. It enchants the eye and lulls the senses with the drenching loveliness of the tropics. Sad to say, it does not satisfy the mind and it falls short of being a noteworthy dramatic composition such as we expect of King Vidor, the director. For one thing, it bears slight resemblance to the original play. Not that that matters, but a free adaptation should have yielded improvements from the hand of a great director. However, it is exceptional as it stands. It should have been extraordinary.

The love of *Luana*, the native girl, for an American youth is touchingly set forth with a high degree of honest poetic fervor. Belief in their love is strengthened by the ingenuous speech of the youth. You feel that he has the mentality of a twelve-year-old and, therefore, his decision to forsake his companions and live with *Luana* in the jungle on fruits is the impulse of youth's first love. But when they are rescued by a group of yachtsmen from the vengeance of *Luana's* tribes-



Jeanette MacDonald again is Maurice Chevalier's princess charming in "Love Me To-night."

men, you feel that the scenario writer was hard put for a device to prolong the picture. The rescue is without reason for the youth's companions willingly left him behind. In short, let it be said that *Luana* returns to her people and becomes a living sacrifice to their superstitious belief that the volcano has to be appeased by her descent into its fiery crater.

The acting is careful, intelligent, and altogether good. Dolores del Rio is amazingly real as the dusky girl—unself-conscious in her movements, poignant in her passionate love, clever in her use of native speech. Joel McCrea is boyishly likable and physically triumphant in furthering the nudist cult, while the other rôles are in equally capable hands.

"Love Me To-night."

Maurice Chevalier's latest performance will delight those who extol his charm, magnetism, sex appeal, or whatever it is that makes him one of the most popular players. Those who look at and through him and see nothing will focus their interest on the picture and the supporting cast. They will find both worth their attention. The problem of combining music with action has been cleverly solved, with the dread signs of musical comedy obliterated.



Kay Johnson's lovely voice and Walter Huston's virile acting make "American Madness" worth while.



Eric Linden, Loretta Young, and Aline MacMahon portray the mental and physical agonies of the maternity ward in "Life Begins."

Even more than in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "One Hour With You" music is incidental, the camera darting here and there to pick up sounds that merge into the happy chorus of Paris street life. Of course, there are some songs for Mr. Chevalier, but they, too, are less like special numbers than before. They are even more spontaneous.

This time it is the romance of a tailor and a princess that gives Mr. Chevalier his cue, with a handsome palace setting for his masquerade until the dénouement which reveals his deception and breaks the princess's heart. However, she changes her mind and pursues his train on horseback and thus we have a good old-fashioned chase, as much a novelty in a Chevalier picture as is the spectacle of Jeanette MacDonald astride a racing steed. It is not her happiest performance at any time, probably because she wears fewer beautiful gowns and has less opportunity for her delightful comedy. Myrna Loy is intriguing as an uninhibited countess and Charles Ruggles and Charles Butterworth also add to the quota of adroit and knowing comedy.

"The First Year."

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are entirely delightful in a simple, tender little tale of young married life, Mr. Farrell in particular qualifying with a performance that is his best since the silent picture, "The River," some years ago and quite the superior of anything he has done in talking films.

As the bashful suitor of the small-town Miss Gaynor he is entirely credible, and when they marry and move to Joplin, Missouri, he to go into real estate and she to keep house, Mr. Farrell is perfect in all the perturbations and misunderstandings of a young husband in the first year of married life.

Miss Gaynor is ideally cast in this, her first grown-up rôle. At least it is adult in the sense that she admits that she is about to become a mother, which is something new for Miss Gaynor. She acts with such artless charm and natural sincerity that the exacting critic is disarmed and is willing to grant that she is either a consummate artist or an actress unconscious of her pronounced talent. At any rate he overlooks the vocal deficiencies he has often complained of and eagerly adds star after star to his rating of Miss Gaynor's performance in relation to the other best ones of the month.

Much of the success of the stars as well as the appeal of the picture is traceable, as usual, to the director, William K. Howard, who is surely one of the most understanding and versatile in Hollywood. Noted for his brilliant use of the camera in achieving striking effects, here he concentrates on a homely little idyl with loving care, camera angles forgotten, technical brilliancies ignored.

And he offers, instead, something so human that it is a little masterpiece.

This is all the more remarkable when you realize that the original play is far from modern in its situations and viewpoint. At least it is old-fashioned as screen stories go, although I insist that there must be young husbands and wives who adhere to the reticencies and the realities as they existed before the gangster-night club era of films. There must still be young husbands who are earnestly striving to put over a big deal, young brides who are aflutter when strangers are invited to dinner and who prepare the meal themselves instead of making it a cocktail party. There must indeed be households where differences between husband and wife are caused by everyday occurrences and not alcohol or infidelity. Such a couple are these and I know you will enjoy their unassuming charm as much as I did.

My favorite character comédienne is great, as usual, as Miss Gaynor's mother. Her name is Maude Eburne, who can be eccentric or commonplace as only an artist can. Robert McWade is equally expert as the father, while Minna Gombell, Henry Kolker, George Meeker, Dudley Digges, and Leila Bennett are perfect. So perfect indeed is Miss Bennett, as a substitute Negro maid at the embarrassing dinner, that you overlook her black-face make-up to roar at her skillful characterization.

"American Madness."

The public and private life of a banker is excitingly unfolded by smart direction and clever acting in one of the best melodramas of the day. True, I have never seen the head of any business, banking or otherwise, take such a personal and paternal interest in underlings as Walter Huston does. Why, he even is anxious that an old porter have a nice uniform and he's as jauntily familiar with the watchman as if they were schoolboys together. Under the circumstances his employees adore him. Therefore, it hurts us when the directors criticize him for being too kind and liberal in making loans with inadequate security. But Mr. Huston goes his benevolent way, helping the widow to keep her home, aiding the tradesman to stave off bankruptcy, the while he inveighs against frozen assets, hoarding, and other economic evils. It's a lesson in the higher ethics of the banking business all right, and Mr. Huston makes the president a selfless servant of all humanity. However, this doesn't lessen one's admiration for the actor's splendid performance.

Continued on page 64



David Manners gives his best performance in "Crooner," a merciless satire on the rise and fall of a dim-voiced tenor.

DID YOU KNOW THAT —

CHARLES BICKFORD
BIG HE-MAN
OF THE MOVIES,
OWNS A
LINGERIE
SHOP IN
HOLLYWOOD!!!



NEIL HAMILTON IS A
PHONOMANIAC!! HE CAN'T
RESIST KIDDING PEOPLE
ON THE TELEPHONE!!



ORIGINALLY, MAURICE CHEVALIER
WAS A BURLESQUE
COMEDIAN!!!

THE AUTHOR OF
"LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE"
HAS NEVER SEEN THE PICTURE!!
HE IS A LIFER AT
FOLSOM PRISON!!!



— J. T. ELMO

ASK CHATTERTON

She'll agree that George Brent shines as an actor and as a likable, genuine personality.

MOST men are about as sociable as flea-bitten bears before breakfast—so women say. However, I'm

not trying to start an argument. I mean only to say that on one of those muggy mornings New York is noted for, I went uptown to breakfast with George Brent, the man of the hour in the opinion of many fans and Ruth Chatterton. I will agree that men often are not exactly at their best before coffee, and what would Mr. Brent be like?

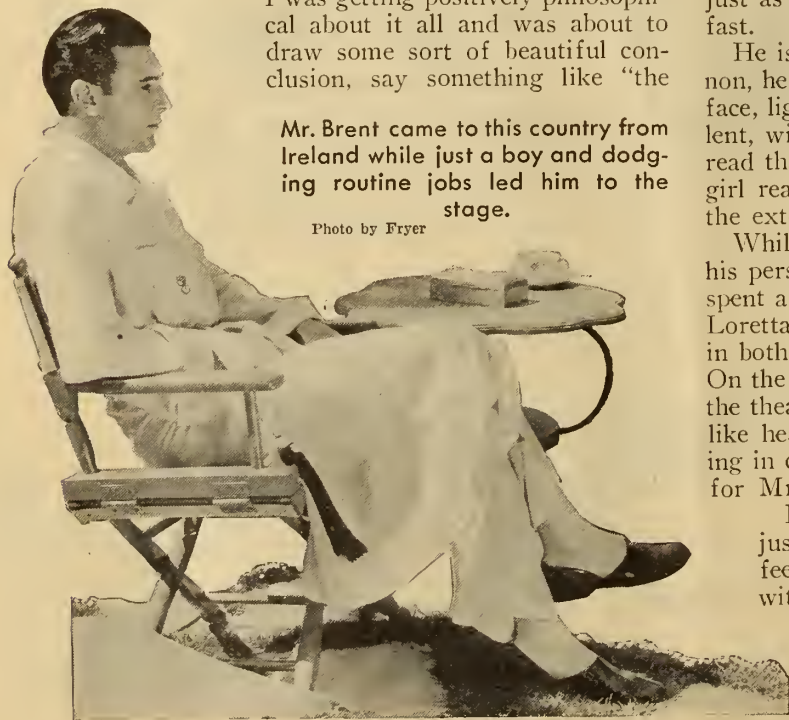
"Just a moment," he yelled through the door. The minute passed, and the voice from within renewed the request. Then the door opened and Mr. Brent, in a black and white robe, grinned good-naturedly and explained that the damn telephone had kept him so busy he hadn't had time to bathe and shave—and wouldn't I make myself comfortable while he finished?

George Brent is *not* grouchy before breakfast. He didn't even squawk about the weather. Pay no attention to actors' complaints about the telephone ringing all the time. They're not at all sore about it. In fact, they'd feel all torn up if it didn't ring.

I waited in the sitting room while Mr. Brent went on with his splashing and scraping. Seventeen floors below in Central Park was some sort of zoölogical collection. The raucous complaints of a discontented gander waited up to the swanky apartment in the Hotel Pierre, a genuine barnyard sound, even though it may have been a rare bird. Inside, the setting was smart New York. From the bathroom came the same loud splashing that your brother or your father makes, this from the rising candidate for the he-man honors of the screen—and the man of Ruth Chatterton's dreams. I was getting positively philosophical about it all and was about to draw some sort of beautiful conclusion, say something like "the

Mr. Brent came to this country from Ireland while just a boy and dodging routine jobs led him to the stage.

Photo by Fryer



By James Roy Fuller

whole world's akin, after all," when a better time-killer presented itself.

George Brent had entertained last night—and rather late, too. Several well-used ash trays, distributed in party array, spoke of late hours.

He's having eye trouble. Brown goggles on the table revealed that.

He's been in New York for a week. Not a magazine or book was in sight. So he must not read much. His eyes, perhaps.

He doesn't prop himself on pillows at night the way folks do in the movies. He had chucked a pillow out into a very dignified-looking armchair in the sitting room before going to bed last night.

Getting on very well, eh, Watson? But now we must be interrupted. It is an old cinema tradition that stars are apt to forget themselves so far as to tell reporters something simply terrible about themselves or their bosses, so a gentleman from the publicity department always sits in on interviews. One arrives now.

A short time later Mr. Brent hurries in, clad in dark gray trousers cut *à la* Hollywood, beige open shirt and blue slippers. The press agent introduces himself to Mr. Brent and then introduces me. Mr. Brent and I could speak to each other now. He asks us what we'll have for breakfast. We've had breakfast, but would like a cup of coffee, the publicity man and I say. Mr. Brent phones down for coffee, plus grapefruit juice, bacon, scrambled eggs and toast for himself. No dainty, soul-weary breakfasts for Mr. Brent.

He looks like a man who eats well and lives well. Who doesn't like a man of that sort? You like Mr. Brent immediately, because he impresses you as being just as hearty about everything he tackles as his breakfast.

He is about six feet tall. Born near the River Shannon, he's as Irish as a four-leaf clover—pleasingly ruddy face, light-blue eyes and black hair. His speech is excellent, with a trace of Irish showing now and then. I've read that he has a dimple, though I must disappoint our girl readers in reporting that I fell down on the job to the extent of not noticing that.

While waiting for his breakfast Mr. Brent told about his personal-appearance tour with Loretta Young. They spent a week in Washington and a week in Philadelphia. Loretta's mamma chaperoned. They packed the houses in both cities. George doesn't like this vaudeville work. On the stage about ten minutes, you have to stick around the theater all day, in and out of make-up, and the oven-like heat of the Capital City. Not a word about coming in contact with the dear public. Score another point for Mr. Brent. He doesn't think in bromides.

Breakfast came and George proceeded to eat with just enough gusto. Not too much. He's a nice feeder, and will grace the Chatterton-Brent table with dignity. He put on his brown goggles. "The studio lights hurt my eyes. I had to have a three months' treatment." He told some of the hardships of making movies. "The heat

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HOW would you like to meet George Brent? James Roy Fuller did, and he all but materializes Mr. Brent for you in the flesh, so intimate and revealing is his interview on the opposite page. He tells you exactly what manner of a man is George—and before breakfast, too—making clear why the good-looking Irishman has succeeded not alone with fans, but as the man of Ruth Chatterton's choice.

A LA RUSSE

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may change the title of his "Son of Russia," but these scenes will identify it under any name.



NANCY CARROLL lends her support to Mr. Fairbanks's stardom, playing the heroine, a servant whose devotion to Prince Nikiti inspires the romance of the story. Lilyan Tashman menaces their happiness, and you can be sure she does it amusingly.





Mad Myrna The lady known as Loy plays a fiend incarnate who all but destroys the entire cast of "Thirteen Women."





ANGUISH

Domestic torment in a quiet English home—this is the background of "A Bill of Divorcement," this the chance for splendid acting.



A SHELL-SHOCKED husband and father returns home to find that the wife who divorced him is about to remarry. John Barrymore is the father, Billie Burke the mother, and Katharine Hepburn, from the stage, makes her screen début as the daughter who sacrifices herself to bring happiness to her parents.

SHOWGIRL

Loretta Young graduates from church organist to musical comedy, with an accusation of murder, a broken heart, notoriety, and finally the love of a strong, good man in "They Call It Sin."

MISS YOUNG, right, as the girl whose life just couldn't follow a smooth course.



LORETTA YOUNG portrays, above, one of the lighter moods of the hectic heroine, Marion, who couldn't make fate give her a decent break till the last reel.



WITH two such popular leading men as David Manners and George Brent, the picture is sure to be interesting, especially as Una Merkel also plays in it.

HAW! HAW! HAW!

Hollywood dares to laugh at it-

self in "Once In a Lifetime," the most hilariously cruel satire on the movies that the stage ever offered.



BOUND for Hollywood, above, are Jack Oakie, Russell Hopton, Sidney Fox, Louise Fazenda, and Aline MacMahon. All are due to add merriment to subsequent events which bring them fame, fortune, and delusions of grandeur.

LOUISE FAZENDA, all dressed up for a change, plays a chatter writer in the act of extracting information from Gregory Ratoff, as Glogauer, the producer, in the scene, above.

ZASU PITTS, also in fine raiment, presides over the information desk at the studio, while Gregory Gaye plays a self-important actor in the scene at the right.





GALL

Wormwood is Nils Asther's potion in
"The Bitter Tea of General Yen."



BARBARA STANWYCK, a repressed New England girl, goes to China to marry a missionary and is taken prisoner by a Chinese general, young, fascinating, a graduate of Oxford. Now guess the rest—but you won't figure out the ending at that. Gavin Gordon is the missionary, top, and the attractive Chinese girl is Toshia Mori.



AT SEA

Anything can happen aboard ship, and much that is unusual does occur in "One Way Passage," which stars those two smooth artists, William Powell and Kay Francis.



MR. POWELL plays one of his many debonair crooks, a prey to honest love at last, with a prison sentence awaiting him. Miss Francis is the victim of an incurable ailment of the heart. Between them they laugh at fate and have a final fling with love.



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fine performances are numerous, Richard Dix, Fredric March, Riccardo Cortez, a sensitive and vital performer, and the skillful Richard Cromwell.

Delving into the melancholy past, we recall "Blood and Sand" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and realize that Rudolph Valentino was a unique and individual performer who might have become an artist.

And last we have those actors who are five feet eight inches or less in height. Although there are only ten of them this small band bristles with accepted artists: George Arliss, Richard Barthelmess, Edward G. Robinson, Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, Paul Muni, James Cagney, Ramon Novarro, Charlie Chaplin, and that exciting newcomer, George Raft.

George Arliss's reputation as an artist is too well established on both stage and screen to require comment.

Richard Barthelmess has remained a star longer than any other actor save Wallace Beery and Chaplin and, despite occasional lapses, is conceded to be one of the few great actors of the screen.

Airily passing over "Two Seconds," I find that in "Five Star Final," "Smart Money," and "Little Cæsar," Eddie Robinson established a good claim to dramatic greatness.

Ronald Colman, adroit and sensitive, is one of the near great.

Although tragically unfortunate of late, there was a time when John Gilbert was second to none in the matter of dramatic standing. During the years of his greatest success I disliked him for no other reason than that ten million women were beside themselves about him. But even then I secretly admitted that his work was a credit to the screen. And because he has more fine silent performances to his account than most actors have of both silent and talking rôles, I think he deserves to be included with the screen's great actors.

Paul Muni's gorgeous performance as the murderous gangster in "Scarface" has not dimmed my recollection of his wonderful work as the martyr hero in his first effort, "The Valiant." These two perfect characterizations, together with the amazing versatility he showed in "Seven Faces" and his unsurpassed stage work establish him as nothing short of a histrionic genius. He is, to my mind, America's greatest actor.

Ramon Novarro is a member of the old guard. He has been a star for nearly twelve years, and since an ineffective actor would have been discredited and dismissed long ago, I take it that his talent is of sterling quality.

George Raft? Ah!

Not only do smaller men make better dramatic actors, but practically all our comedians are of dapper build.

The typical actor is a slight, taut, imaginative, enthusiastic being who was born for the art of entertaining, and he is seldom, if ever, successful or happy in any other line of endeavor.

As for most of those big, handsome fellows, nature never intended them to be actors. They were meant to conduct the commercial and industrial work of the world, to be explorers, seamen, soldiers, or farmers. David Manners originally studied to become a forestry expert. Gary Cooper would have made a first-class cattleman—and this is not meant disparagingly. Victor McLaglen was a soldier; Ivan Lebedeff was a military leader; Johnny Weissmuller is an athlete.

I prefer to think of these stalwart fellows as being out in the great open spaces, or on the high seas, or exploring far countries, rather than to see them behind a neat layer of make-up doing the work for which the Munis and Robinsons are better fitted by nature.

As it is, the good, big men follow their natural vocations vicariously by portraying, adequately enough, soldiers, ranchmen, explorers, and military leaders on the screen. Thus they give pleasure to millions of fans, and although they seldom become artists, they do become acceptable actors. So there is room in the movies for artists and for those who merely act.

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Lilyan appear to have much in common. Kay came to Hollywood heralded as "the best-dressed woman on Broadway"—whatever that means. In living up to her reputation, Kay finds herself one of the outstanding sophisticates in Hollywood.

Mystery Women.

The ancient Greeks had their Delphian mysteries. Hollywood has Garbo, Jetta Goudal, Marlene Dietrich, and lately Gwili André.

Goudal was the first to astound Hollywood by being a very mysterious recluse. She saw no one. She cared nothing for parties. Furthermore, Jetta remains as she has always been—a mystery.

Garbo is not so deep a mystery as Jetta Goudal, but she, nevertheless, puzzles Hollywood. Her position on the heights is probably the cause of her enigmatic ways. Garbo can please herself—and does.

Dietrich, too, has little to say. More or less candid when she first arrived in this country, she now gives interviews but rarely, and usually demands on these occasions to know

Nine Roads to Fame

what the writer wants to discuss before she consents to see him.

And Gwili André like Garbo, permits no interviews at all. You can discuss her, but you can't quote her.

Although we do not recommend this course for the multitude, when it can be successfully practiced it is a very smooth road to fame.

Seekers of Solitude.

It seems that to many self-expressing souls, solitude is most essential. It does something to them.

I recall bouncing Jimmie Dunn stating that he never went anywhere. He stayed home o' nights playing backgammon with his mother. But, on the other hand, it is hard to reconcile that statement with the news of his romances which spatter the pages of newspapers, magazines, and gossip columns. Maybe he meant "practically never."

And Phillips Holmes always refers to himself as a lone eagle. Yet Phillips, too, is seen hither and yon at parties—at Malibu on Sundays and at the Santa Monica Swimming Club.

Lew Ayres, in the days before his marriage, was another solitude seeker. What he is now I don't know; for Wife Lola loves the spotlight and bright lights. This chap doesn't pose. In fact, he never even spoke of solitude when I talked with him. But, as he likes solitude, I think he ought to be mentioned here.

Rex Bell certainly shall be mentioned. Rex not only desires solitude, but keeps incessantly reminding you that such is his craving. Before he was married I used to see him out late at night—and not alone. But he always looked hurt when reminded of it. Now since he and Clara live on their sixty-thousand-acre ranch he may find the solitude his soul craves.

The Stimulators.

Self-expression would be dull without its lively spirits.

Hollywood has its replica of the comedians of ancient Greece in such gay souls as William Haines, Jack Oakie, William Bakewell, Robert Montgomery, Eddie Quillan, and Frank Albertson.

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It is no wonder, then, that the banker neglects his wife. Nor is it surprising that she flirts ever so little with his cashier and pays an innocent visit to his rooms after the theater, where she is followed by the loyal assistant cashier intent on preventing a first false step. In the interval the bank is robbed and evidence points to the chivalrous assistant who must betray his employer's wife to clear himself. But does he?

Pat O'Brien is excellent in this rôle and so, too, is Gavin Gordon as the weak cashier. The ladies are Kay Johnson, as the wife, whose lovely voice and intelligent acting once more elevate her to the elect, and Constance Cummings, the secretary, is, as usual, sensible and gracious. While I remember, the scenes picturing the run on the bank are exceptionally well managed. So is the entire film.

"Life Begins."

This is a "Grand Hotel" of the maternity ward, with all the scenes in a lying-in hospital, the action centering around a group of expectant mothers. They include *Grace Sutton*, who must complete her prison term after her baby is born, the gray-haired mother of six whose resignation cheers the others, the hard-boiled chemical blonde who drinks whisky out of a hot-water bottle and bargains with the doctor for the sale of her unwanted twins before they are born, the Italian mother who is grief-stricken by the loss of her child, and the ultra-modern mother-to-be who decides to deny her baby all affection in order that it may be free of complexes, and so on—not forgetting the psychopathic patient who imagines she is to become a mother.

Then there are the husbands, chiefly the youthful mate of *Grace*, who is asked to decide which the doctors must save, his wife or his child, and who closes the unusual picture with the child in his arms, his wife dead in the operating room.

Dominating all these characters is the head nurse, wise in the ways of human nature, resourceful in dealing with every mood and emergency and superbly played by Aline MacMahon, who manages also to be the confidential friend of every one in the audience—a grand woman, a grand actress.

Loretta Young gives her best performance as the unhappy, tenderly appealing *Grace Sutton*, and Eric Linden is her husband quavering, as usual, on the verge of hysteria—a clever young actor whose eagerness for a great, big emotional breakdown is destroying his sense of balance.

Glenda Farrell is vividly successful as the rebellious tough girl, as fine

in her hard-boiled wisecracks as she is in her emotional scene and its aftermath of tenderness. Dorothy Peterson, Clara Blandick, Ruthelma Stevens, and Dorothy Tree are perfect, too, as are Frank McHugh, Hale Hamilton, Walter Walker, Preston Foster, and Reginald Mason, with Gilbert Roland, of all persons, adding interest to a brief bit.

"Life Begins" is courageous and harrowing. I do not think the general run of fans care to be confronted by such grim realism.

"Once in a Lifetime."

Give Universal credit for courage and daring in bringing to the screen the fiercest satire on Hollywood that the contemptuous stage ever wrote. Give the studio credit, too, for slyly triumphing over the stage in doing it better. It is great fun any way you look at it. The casual picturegoer will enjoy it for its broad comedy, while those wise in the ways of Hollywood will rejoice in its subtle digs and its frank burlesque of the producer *Glogauer* and what he represents. They will not accept him as the counterpart of any producer they know, but they will find in him a reminder of almost every magnate. After all, there could be but one *Glogauer*, pompous, glib, futile, "the men who turned down the Vitaphone." Nor will they see a true picture of Hollywood, but they will see a florid representation of its maddest and most absurd aspects.

It begins when a knockabout vaudeville trio—Aline MacMahon, Jack Oakie, and Russell Hopton—go to Hollywood at the birth of the talkies and convince *Glogauer* that they are fitted to teach his contract players how to speak. In the hectic life of the studio their fortunes rise and fall at the whim of *Glogauer*, who finally makes Mr. Oakie a supervisor, presents him with a gold dinner service, and discharges him when he discovers that he has produced the wrong picture. But when the Los Angeles newspapers hail it as an artistic triumph, Mr. Oakie and his friends are reinstated.

This is merely the framework of the story. On it is hung every quip at the expense of the movies, every temperamental absurdity of studio people, and all the vanity, bluff, and shallowness that you ever heard of, all so shrewdly articulated and so laughably exposed that "Once in a Lifetime" bids fair to become the gold-medal comedy of the year.

Too much cannot be said of the players. They are perfect, each one leaving you wanting more of his or her life in Hollywood. Mr. Oakie surpasses himself as the dumb supervisor and Miss MacMahon endears

herself by her perfect understanding of her rôle. Besides these, there is Gregory Ratoff, as *Glogauer*, surely without an equal in dialectic irascibility, with Sidney Fox, Onslow Stevens, Louise Fazenda, Zasu Pitts, Jobyna Howland, and Robert McWade all contributing to the real success of an extraordinary picture.

"Hollywood Speaks."

As a follow-up of "What Price Hollywood," this is pretty feeble chatter, an ordinary melodrama against a studio background. Let's see what it's all about and you can judge for yourself. A movie-struck girl is about to commit suicide outside a Grauman theater, where footprints of the stars are immortalized in cement. As hers are not among them, she chooses to believe that there's just no hope. A gossip writer saves and pities her. With the help of a foreign director, he makes her a star. This should be good news for Hollywood writers who have tried to get extra work for relatives, and failed. At any rate, the director has designs on the girl who succeeds in leading him on. She even gets a starring rôle with her virtue intact. Then his wife kills herself, a blackmailer attempts to extort hush money from the girl, is killed for his pains, and the writer becomes a fugitive. When the girl tells the truth to the district attorney she automatically relinquishes stardom, but the writer is waiting to offer her a domestic rôle.

Genevieve Tobin fares not at all well as the silly, unsympathetic heroine, Pat O'Brien infuses the speeches of the writer with vigorous sincerity, and Lucien Prival burlesques Erich von Stroheim as the eccentric director, forgetting that Mr. Von Stroheim topped all imitators when he imitated himself in "The Lost Squadron."

"Crooner."

One of the best performances of the month comes from David Manners in this, the best opportunity he has ever had. The picture is superior, too, up to a certain point and there is no denying the novelty of its subject. It depicts with cruel realism the rise and fall of a crooning tenor, beginning with the discovery of his gift, his sudden, rich success, his inflated ego, and his sudden loss of favor. At this point the story sags in an effort to gain sympathy for the crooner's misfortunes and pave the way for a happy ending where obviously it doesn't belong. But on the whole this film document is entertaining and lively, ranking with the better offerings.

It shouldn't be missed, particularly if you admire Mr. Manners. His

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Make Beauty Your Job

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Do these things regularly and you will learn to do them in less time than it has taken me to tell you. It becomes as habitual as going to sleep.

On the evening set aside for beautifying, let nothing interfere. Take a long bath, using your favorite salts. Wash your hair and wave it, or, if you have it done at a hairdresser's, give it an extra brushing, and your scalp a thorough massage. Give your hands particular attention and your nails a complete manicure. Give your face a special treatment. Cleanse face and neck with cream, remove with tissues. Follow, if you like, with soap and water, rinsing well. Then apply nourishing cream, patting it briskly upward over the expression lines, over the forehead, and about the eyes. Pat firmly until the skin glows with renewed circulation. If your skin is oily, remove cream and apply an astringent. If dry, leave on all night about the eyes, on the throat, or wherever you are inclined to lines.

This may sound ominous, girls, but it is time well spent. Think of the centuries of hammering it took before the portals of industry were reluctantly thrown open to women. Think how few years it has been since they were allowed to turn from school-teaching and dressmaking to typewriting and business careers. Now that it has happened, it is each girl's duty and pride to conduct herself in such a way that there will be no vain regrets for the girl of yesterday.

Fifty-grand Baby

Continued from page 30

And so it goes. Jack with his dreams and Helen with hers, and then, "It really doesn't matter whether it's a boy or a girl," they'll declare in unison. A great pastime indulged in from White House to poorhouse, and back home to Hollywood.

The stage is set. The cameras are waiting. To Helen Twelveteers, who has so rapidly attained the heights of screen favor, go out the hopes and prayers of those unseen folks the world over who have found keen enjoyment in her fragile beauty and emotional talents.

As spokesman for these well-wishers, let me offer all good luck—long life and happiness to Helen, Jack, and the \$50,000 baby, who will make one of Hollywood's most intriguing triangles.

A SKINNY FELLOW HASN'T A CHANCE. I WISH I COULD GAIN SOME FLESH

YOU CAN—EASILY. I WAS A REGULAR SCARECROW TILL RECENTLY. LISTEN—

Skinny! New way adds pounds quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

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Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then ironized—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears—you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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ago Ruth Chatterton was in Hollywood, washed up on the stage, separated from her husband, and with less than two dollars to her name, and with very little chance of getting more? And look what Hollywood has done for her—\$7,500 a week!

Are you aware that Richard Arlen, who now pours the best Scotch in Hollywood—with the exception of Chester Morris—and who spends his time between pictures on his palatial yacht, used to be a roustabout in the Texas oil fields?

And when Rita LaRoy was "dealing 'em off the arm" in beaneries, I'm quite sure she never dreamed that one fine day she would negotiate a movie contract which paid her enough to enable the studio to claim she was the best-dressed woman in pictures. And you can't be best-dressed on nothing a week, you know.

And David Manners, who wears the dress suits in Warner Brothers' pictures and looks as though he'd been born in one, well, once upon a time things were not so hot with

Those Golden Stares

Davie Sonny-boy Manners and there was no likelihood of their getting any hotter. He got a job on a ranch near Phoenix, Arizona, and thought he was rich when they paid him thirty dollars a month "and found," as Mr. Tryon, says. But eventually Davie found his way to the Land of Opportunity—for handsome men—and thirty dollars a month doesn't even pay for gas for his car now.

A year or so ago Norma Talmadge was chatting with a friend of hers over a tea table. It was shortly after the release of one of her two talking pictures, and it had been pretty bad. So were Norma's notices.

"Hollywood is so unappreciative," she murmured softly as she poured tea. The late afternoon sun caught the diamonds in her rings, the emeralds in her bracelet, and made them sparkle. The tea service was worth a king's ransom, what with kings a drug on the market and everything. The house in which they sat had cost her several times what most of us earn in the course of a lifetime, yet it was but a drop in the bucket to her.

Unappreciative, indeed! "Haw!" as Walter Winchell says.

And Johnny Arledge, the boy who lost Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," but found a movie contract. As he fitted shoes in the retail department of Sears-Roebuck for nineteen dollars a week, do you suppose he envisioned himself in the rôle of a featured player with a hillside home, than which there is no greater affluence in this fantastic place?

When Clark Gable was out here five years ago with not a cent to his name, he never dared hope that one day this same Hollywood that spurned him then would have put him in the position where he could buy twenty pairs of socks, twelve shirts, a hat, a tobacco pouch, two sport coats, and a cap simply to pass the time away while waiting for a call to the set, as he did recently.

The moral to this story is simply this: if you must make faces at people, be sure they're pretty faces and don't waste them on your kid brothers and sisters. Come to Hollywood and get rich quick.

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because she drives a very high-priced foreign car, said to be part of a marital settlement from her former husband, who is very wealthy. Jack Oakie added to the stage-door-Johnny atmosphere by dancing attendance on a cute little blonde, Toby Wing.

Dorothy Hale, Intellectual.—Chaplin for a time also seemed interested in Dorothy Hale, who is playing in "Cynara," with Ronald Colman. There's a bright girl, too—one of the smartest who has dawned on this Western horizon since Aileen Pringle made her début. If she suffers the fate of most clever people who come to the films, she probably will never be known to many fans.

Hollywood High Lights

For it doesn't seem possible for any one to possess too pronounced an intelligence and to be a success on the screen. For all the adulthood of the talkies, the movies are still the land of the beautiful and the mentally debatable.

Strange Camouflage.—Ann Harding's efforts to avoid the spotlight of public attention are becoming somewhat fantastic. She went to a première recently wearing a black wig, and even at that some people recognized her. Her escort was Alexander Kirkland.

An Ardent Salutation.—It happened at a party given by Polan

Banks, and we would never have believed it, if we hadn't seen it with our own eyes. Charles Ray and Lew Cody met there for the first time following Charley's return in California, and did they just shake hands? No, sir! They kissed each other's cheeks in the fashion of a Frenchman's greeting.

Jackie, the Unconventional.—Jackie Cooper is himself on every occasion. Recently he bawled out a clerk in a store because he didn't think he was getting the right kind of service. Then he and Ruth Nagle were playing "Tarzan," and he pushed Ruth over into the water in

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understanding of the part is keen and his methods of putting it across are skilled and merciless. Altogether it is a star performance. Ann Dvorak is also effective as the singer's sweetheart who condones his faults and overlooks his shabby character to marry him in the end with the jubilation of a prize winner.

More understandable is Ken Murray, the press agent who makes the crooner a success and expresses one's own opinion of him in wisecracks as pointed as they are witty. One of them is the descriptive phrase, "Marconi's gift to the morons." Mr. Murray is likable, clever, and human and

The Screen in Review

should be seen more often. Guy Kibbee; Claire Dodd, Eddie Nugent, and numerous others are seen in pungent bits. J. Carroll Naish is especially true as a night-club proprietor.

"The Man Called Back."

The story of this must have been acquired at a literary rummage sale. It is old-fashioned stage stuff which would have been called a "problem" play thirty years ago, but offers neither question nor answer now. It is acted well enough and is politely directed. There just isn't any reason for it. Let's see what we have in the way of a story.

Conrad Nagel, formerly a London doctor, is drinking himself cockeyed in the tropics, trying to forget the patient who died as a result of his carelessness. Doris Kenyon also comes to the same place in an effort to forget her wicked husband's cruelty. The two sorrowing humans cure each other's woes by means of understanding and love. Miss Kenyon goes back to England to face the issue bravely and Mr. Nagel, who already has stopped drinking, becomes the leading doctor. He is summoned to operate on a rich stranger whose yacht rides at anchor

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Nine Roads to Fame

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To make a party go, one of these wits must be present. When the gathering becomes dull, Billy Bakewell or Robert Montgomery can be relied upon to pep it up with their wisecracks or antics. Such boys!

Frank Albertson is amusingly humorous. So is his fellow spirit, Eddie Quillan. When Frankie and Eddie get together there's no knowing what'll happen.

The Eternal Boys.

It is hard for boys to grow up. Buddy Rogers and Charles Farrell are just boys—pure and simple. Their pictures reveal them exactly as they really are—they don't have to act. Their boyishness has withstood Hollywood and success, proving them the most durable of boys.

Glancing over these groups of players, could you find anything closer to the glory of ancient Athens? They say the soul's desire could always find its wish in Greece of old. And so it is in Hollywood. Don't tell me you can't find self-expression. Such a statement is wrong. And I'll have no back talk.

PARAGON.

Take gay Novarro's Latin eyes. Annex his dulcet tones likewise: Combine with Cromwell's boyishness. And Richard Arlen's earnestness. Then add a dash of Oakie's pep. Plus Ronald Colman's poised step—Blend well with Gary's silent nerve. And Gable's superthrilling verve; The mirthful charm of droll Maurice Will season Ivan's "hands I kees"—Mix ingredients all together—There's your boy friend—made to order!

HAZEL WILLIAMS.

ADORING POLLY MORAN.

No eyebrows to pluck,
No nails to file,
No figure to guard,
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No bored attitude, or
No one to scold.
Just plain old Polly Moran,
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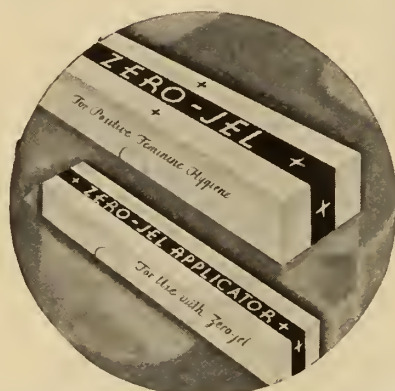
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Souls X-rayed

Continued from page 26

Ramon Novarro is supersensitive and inclined to be too independent for his own good. He is a natural artist.

"That Novarro is extremely nervous and quick-tempered is to be expected because of his Latin blood," Doctor Morgenstern explained. "He is petty in trivialities, but magnanimous in large things.

"There are periods when he is impetuous, but as a general rule tact, modesty, and shyness dominate him. He has the soul of a musician, and from my analysis, I am convinced he would attain more fame in that field than as an actor.

"He is of brilliant intellect, original in thought and action, injects vigor into his performances, and has a fine flair for dramatics. He could, however, capture equal honors as a director.

"In spite of his wealth, Novarro is unhappy. This can in part be laid to his attempts to suppress love and the physical side of his being."

Claudia Dell's failure to progress is due to lack of confidence, he declared. She is the victim of an inferiority complex.

"Claudia has talents that, in the main, have remained dormant due to her own lack of faith. She is mentally alert, yet gives too much thought to her faults and weaknesses.

"Her judgment of people is primarily based on her emotion rather than reason, and this often leads her to misplace her confidence."

So there you have the keys to nine well-known players.

"None have won fame without tremendous effort and perseverance, disappointments and reverses," added Doctor Morgenstern. "But it is in disappointments and setbacks that character is constructed and personality is designed.

"Too few people attain success because the average person uses less than ten per cent of his or her potential ability."

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 29

hearts of Paris *couturiers* who urged her to come to their showings. Joan, who has always dressed as she pleased, regardless of fashion, retorted that she had bought all the clothes she would need before she left New York.

London Is Curious.—Having taken Gloria Swanson and Corinne Griffith to their hearts, the British

Continued on page 71

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 66

her Sunday best. At a reception for Vice-president Curtis at Louis B. Mayer's residence, Jackie stood the formality as long as he could, and then spied the swimming pool. It looked too tempting. So shortly he emerged with his bathing suit on, and instead of its fully covering him, he wore it at half mast in the approved modern fashion. Just what would have happened had he lost it nobody knows, but things looked sufficiently precarious at moments to cause even that catastrophe to be anticipated.

Living Her Own Life!—Karen Morley is among the latest rebels from the parental roof-tree. Or maybe she just likes solitude. Anyway, she has taken an apartment of her own. This girl is strangely pale and interesting-looking whenever one meets her, also rather quiet and shy. She seems very determined and serious about the business of making a success.

Leslie Howard Bon Mot.—Leslie Howard has a gentle sort of wit, as evidenced when he was introduced to a large assemblage of luncheon visitors at the M.-G.-M. studio. All the stars were being presented, and when Howard appeared on the platform for a brief moment he was in his make-up for "Smilin' Through," and quite unrecognizable in a gray wig, and much make-up-seamed face. He said, "I am sorry that I cannot introduce my son, but he is not here. However, I can make my daughter known to you." Whereupon Norma Shearer appeared on the stage alongside of him.

Sketcher and Romancer.—Among the more permanent acquisitions is the Baron Kurt von Panz, of Austria, who sketches the stars in water colors. Greta Nissen, Irene Rich, and Ina Claire have been among his subjects. How the stars love to be sketched, and especially by a baron!

Another of the more permanent royal sojourners is the Prince Ferdinand von und zu Lichtenstein, who has paid much attention to Ina Claire, and whom she apparently dotes on considerably, too.

Jack Disdains Privacy.—Conviction that Jack Gilbert's marriage to Virginia Bruce is something out of the ordinary is conveyed not only by the swiftness with which Jack pursued the romance to its culmination, but also by the elaborate ceremony which attended every phase of that

romance. Not only did Jack give his wife the most lavish presents prior to their marriage, including a handsome car, a huge diamond ring, and a diamond wrist watch, but their engagement was publicly announced, and so, too, was the fact that they had taken out their marriage license.

What a contrast to Jack's flight to Las Vegas, Nevada, with Ina Claire, and the secrecy that surrounded his wedding to Leatrice Joy. A change had taken out their license to be married.

Was the Inflection Acid?—The most famous last word about the Gilbert marriage was Ina Claire's. She was playing on the stage in "Reunion in Vienna" at the time. She declared, when news of the wedding was definite, "I know that Miss Bruce will make Jack perfectly happy."

Marlene Hotly Pursued.—Studio visitors hereafter probably will have to carry a ball and chain. For there was too much excitement at the Paramount studio about one merry escapade. Seems that a group of Argentineans were going through the plant, when they espied Marlene Dietrich crossing the lot. Flinging restraint to the winds and their guides aside, they started out in wild pursuit of her. Marlene viewed the onrush with alarm and took to her heels, four gentlemen dashing after her. She finally fled into her dressing room and locked the door, while order was restored gradually. Of course, it was only the Argentineans' eagerness to catch a close-up glimpse of the star that inspired the race, but it was thrilling.

Are They Super-civilized?—Say what you will, Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, despite their divorce, remain thoroughly friendly. When she was in the East, Ruth even talked to her "ex" over the long-distance phone occasionally, and they greeted each other warmly on Ruth's return to Los Angeles. They both left their former home, each removing his or her own furniture. Ruth now lives in the house that was occupied by Florence Vidor, with her new husband, George Brent. And Ralph has acquired bachelor quarters, a secluded retreat in one of Beverly's canyons. Friends of Ralph's and Ruth's feel that they have always been more like brother and sister than husband and wife, and so their devotion is carried on quite naturally. Which is pretty nice when you come right down to cases.



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Wanted—Heartbreak

Continued from page 39

owing about her eyes. All of which serve to accentuate her youth rather than to detract from it. Her skin is as soft and delicately textured as a baby's, her hair a silken brown which she wears in a long bob because her neck is so thin, she explained to me.

She has been rumored engaged to most of the eligible bachelors of Hollywood. I wondered if she was contemplating another venture into matrimony.

"No, I'm not going to marry again for a long time," she insisted. And though I've heard picture celebrities make the same statement on the eve of their weddings, somehow or other I believed Loretta. "And whenever I do, I mean for it to be for keeps.

"I do want to marry again. But next time I want to marry a man quite a bit older than myself, whom I can not only love, but also respect. And I want to have children—lots of them."

Loretta has always been definite in her likes and dislikes and determined to achieve her desires. When she was very young, her father died and her mother moved the family from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. There were four children at that time, three girls and a boy. Since then, Mrs. Young has become Mrs. Belzer and there is a young half-sister whom Loretta adores.

Mrs. Belzer moved to Los Angeles with the intention that her girls should become actresses.

That suited all of them—but only Loretta was destined to take her career very seriously. Only Loretta seemed imbued with the spark.

Polly Ann, the oldest, made a try at pictures, but was not very successful. Her teeth were bad and she refused to have them corrected. However, it was through Polly Ann that Loretta made her screen debut.

Before that time, though, Betty Jane, the second daughter, had adopted the name of Sally Blane and was making rapid strides toward cinema fame and fortune. Sally liked acting as long as it didn't interfere with her good times.

But after she had played and laughed her way successfully through numerous comedies, she was signed by RKO and told to get really to work. That seemed too great an effort to fun-loving Sally, and her appearances have been only spasmodic of late.

In the meantime there was the day when the director of one of Colleen Moore's films, "Naughty But Nice" called the Young ménage and asked

for Polly Ann. That young lady wasn't at home and an obliging brother asked if Loretta might not do instead.

She would and she did. To such an extent that Lon Chaney selected her to play opposite him in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," the notices from which netted Loretta a Warner contract.

Since that time, nearly five years ago, she has made phenomenal progress, playing opposite the most important male stars on the lot and recently earning star billing for herself.

One of her most recent pictures was "Taxi," in which she played opposite the belligerent Jimmy Cagney. I wondered how the refined and lady-like Miss Young felt about the treatment she had received at his hands.

"When I read the script of 'Taxi,' I didn't know anything about the action that went with it," she explained. "The director didn't warn me, either. Even during rehearsals, nothing unpleasant happened.

"But when we began actually to shoot, we came to the scene where Jimmy gets mad at me, and much to my surprise, he slapped me!

"I was furious—I've never been so outraged in my life, but after a moment, I realized it was just part of the script and that Mr. Del Ruth hadn't warned me because he knew he'd get a better effect if I were really surprised.

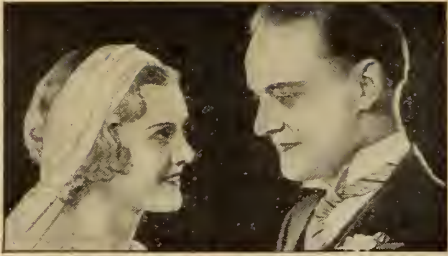
"A few days later I got even. There was a scene where I was supposed to slap Jimmy's face. And this time Mr. Del Ruth didn't warn him. You should have seen Jimmy when I hit him. Did I hit hard? I hauled off with all my might—and he didn't like it, either!"

Loretta's eyes flashed at the recollection, her lips parted in a gamin-like grin. I'd always wanted to know how the girls Jimmy abused felt about it. Loretta left me little room for doubt.

The entire family is devoted to Loretta. And somehow or other, in her own quiet way, she manages to dominate the household.

Loretta's unsuccessful marriage did not make her bitter. She has lost none of her illusions—she is still ready to believe in life and love. But because of this potentiality of a great talent, I do not think she will ever attain the happiness she expects from life. At least, not until she has experienced a greater heartbreak than she has ever known.

Then will Loretta be a great actress!



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and actresses playing débutantes in clothes no one but an actress would wear."

Still in Pasadena, in a bakery three girls and the manager were precipitated into an argument by my question. One who thought Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor perfectly sweet was loudly talked down by the rest, who insisted that Fox's prize team should be sent to dramatic school. They all finally agreed that stage actors really knew more about acting than Hollywood players. It so happened that they had all seen Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, in "The Guardsman," the night before, and had been enchanted.

Yet when I drew conversation around to this point with two girls at the stocking counter of a shoe store, one of them said she didn't care about anything else so long as the principals had "sweet personalities," like Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, and Ramon Novarro. But, unconscious of my silent gratitude, the other girl said that was silly and, although she couldn't understand any one liking the first two, certainly she must admit that Novarro had more than a "sweet personality."

That made fifteen out of my allotted twenty. On the way to Santa Monica, I stopped at a wayside restaurant. My waitress liked comedies, any comedies, but she thought the Four Marx Brothers were the funniest of all, although I am sure she had never heard that the Marxes were the chosen entertainers of the intelligentsia. The cashier, however, liked only pictures in which people behaved like "ladies and gentlemen." She, poor dear, must find life very dull, but that's neither here nor there.

Three to go, and if even only one of them showed discernment, my argument was complete. In a little general store, Santa Monica being that kind of town, I found a dear little lady with snowy hair, who liked "Merry pictures. Especially pictures about children, if the children aren't those tragic little creatures with painted faces and blondined hair."

With a grateful blessing on her head, I left that old lady and went into the drug store next door. The girl polishing glasses at the fountain had no idea what pictures she liked. "A movie is a movie," she offered out of her vast boredom. But the eavesdropping young soda jerker interrupted.

"Give me," he said vigorously, "pictures about what's going on in the world. Like these Russian pictures and travelogues and news reels—straight-from-the-shoulder stuff."

Twenty! Twenty, by Heaven, and success was mine. "Shopgirls' delight" indeed!

What do shopgirls like? No one can say any more than one can say what Americans like, or Europeans, or Lithuanians. Some shopgirls, as some débutantes, like hot love stories. Others, like other débutantes, like materializations of beauty such as "Tabu." Some shopgirls, like some products of culture, prefer sweet personalities. Other shopgirls, like other products of culture, like intelligent comedy, Russian realism.

After this, if you need implements of damnation for a picture, say "moron's delight." That will include some of your friends and exclude that considerable number of shopgirls who have borne the blame for bad pictures far longer than is just.

Ask Chatterton

Continued from page 54

is terrific, and it's a strain going through a scene, even if it lasts only two or three minutes. You hear about whoopee in Hollywood—why, when you get up at six in the morning and go through that all day, when night comes it's whoopee to bed."

"Of course," I said. "But when the stars are not working—or on vacation here in New York?"

"Oh, that's different. I've been up until four o'clock every night this week—"

"How do you like Hollywood?" helped out the publicity man, noting that the interview was dragging.

"Fine," et cetera.

"What's this I read about you and Miss Chatterton?" I began on a new angle. This was a couple of weeks before they were married.

"I'm going out the window!" exclaimed the p. a., as if warning me that I had better run after bringing up his matrimonial plans. The announcement of his engagement to Ruth Chatterton had been printed in every newspaper in the country, coming from Brent himself, so I took a swig of coffee and remained planted solidly at the table.

Mr. Brent grinned. "What did you read?"

I told him. "So, well?" he countered. "Ask Miss Chatterton when she comes back." He preferred to say neither yes nor no. Incidentally, to leave no holes in the plot, the press agent did not jump out the window. And they were married August 13th, two days after Miss Chatterton came back from Europe—and the next day

after Ralph Forbes got his divorce in Reno.

Mr. Brent chatted of his stage work and movies. He did not go on the stage in answer to that traditional urge to express his inner soul. "I went on the stage because I hated routine jobs." He tried working in banks and the like, and quit. He came to this country when he was fifteen, but returned to Ireland for several years. He went on the stage in a stock company in the Bronx, and since 1922 acting has been his calling. Climaxing his Broadway career, Mr. Brent played with Alice Brady, in "Love, Honor, and Betray," and oddly enough, Clark Gable was also in the cast.

Gable played the husband who died and Brent was the chauffeur who lived through to a happy ending. Thus technically Brent had the best rôle. Clark went West to play in "The Last Mile" and George dallied with films for several uncertain months. Not until he landed with Warners did George begin to climb. His favorite rôle is the one opposite Miss Chatterton, in "The Rich Are Always With Us." As you know, he played the man she loved, though she had some misgivings about duty to her husband. He expects to play opposite Chatterton in her next film. When Miss Chatterton saw his film tests, she is said to have exclaimed, "Where has this man been all my life?" They will play together again in "A Paris Divorce."

A fan writes of Mr. Brent, "What love-making! Where Gable is brutal, Brent is tender, whimsical, and persistent."

Mr. Brent just loves being compared to Clark Gable. He is also crazy about newspapermen who ask personal questions, Chicago reporters being his pets in this respect. "They actually tried to make James Cagney

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pose kicking his wife through a baggage car door!"

Brent hasn't had two days off in Hollywood since January 10th. He lived alone in a cottage at Toluca Lake, where Charles Farrell and Richard Arlen are leading citizens. He has time for some tennis and polo.

"I like polo but I play it badly," he said. He insists that there are some good players in Hollywood, though. "Bob Montgomery is really good most of the time."

That is like Brent. He gives the other fellow credit. And he had good words to say of two directors. And Jack Warner—he likes Mr. Warner because an actor can see him and talk with him about pictures. "It takes a note from Hoover and three hours waiting to see some of them, and then you're laughed out of the office."

Well, George can just forget those routine jobs he escaped.

GEORGE RAFT.

When I saw "Scarface"
And viewed this little Gino,
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I met her on the street one day,
The blithe and lovely Anna May.
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TO LEON JANNEY.

The lamp burns low,
And little playful shadows
Frolic in the corners
Of my room.
Feathery wisps of pungent smoke
Wreath about a jade Buddha;
While from your picture
On the farther wall
Shines your happy smile
To drive my cares away.
DONATO R. CEDRONE.

But when I 'gan to press my suit
My ardent love she did refute,
And cried with slant-eyed glance,
"You brute,
Don't try to be so fresh and cute!"

"Ah, Sweet," I cried, "you led me on
Until my heart for you did long."
She lisped, "Forgive me, man so strong.

I know I was a little Wong."

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

in the harbor. It is Miss Kenyon's husband. He takes such a fancy to Mr. Nagel that he bears the doctor to London with him. When the husband dies suspicion points to Miss Kenyon, but as she is cleared, Mr. Nagel is prospering and she is a widow to boot, it looks as if the author couldn't think up any more jerks to prolong his mechanical story.

Mr. Nagel gives one of his stereotyped, inoffensive performances, Miss Kenyon is lacy coy and dentifricial even in physical agony, Juliette Compton glowers statuesquely somewhere among the personnel, and John Halliday manages to give a fine performance, nevertheless.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Scoff at this, if you will. Call it old-fashioned, cloying, unreal. It is old-fashioned and the sweetly sweet heroine does cloy at times, but I say she is refreshing after some of the loose ladies we have had to accept lately and her "philosophy" is sounder than some of the sophistries that we applaud as sophistication in our liberal heroines. Anyhow, Marian Nixon gives a remarkably sincere and reserved performance considering the

at her as another *Pollyanna*, but it is quite possible for an ingénue of *Rebecca's* quaint originality to accomplish what she does in a community such as we find. Nor is it disgraceful to respond to the influence of an innocent young girl, the trouble being that innocent young girls are virtually extant on the screen.

The picture is beautifully produced and the charm of rural Maine is evident to all beholders. It is rich in human touches, too, and every performance is good. Especially is this true of Louise Closser Hale and Mae Marsh, the aunts, though I thought Ralph Bellamy too suave, too polished for a country doctor, and too mature to be the big moment in *Rebecca's* life.

"War Correspondent."

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves are so well established as a team that you know what to expect of them. They surprise you this time, however, by falling below par. Or rather their picture does that. Certainly Mr. Graves is as brash and breezy as ever and Mr. Holt as growling and grouchy. Neither enlists any sympathy, although Mr. Holt dies nobly in the arms of Mr. Graves.

All this happens in a picture that has the quality of a serial condensed. Which means that it has movement all right, even liveliness, but it deals with elementals and the acting coincides.

Mr. Graves is a dashing journalist who exaggerates his importance in radio broadcasts from the Chinese front, Mr. Holt an American aviator in the Chinese service, and Lila Lee is a spotted lily like the heroine of "Shanghai Express" who forsakes Mr. Holt for the more youthful Mr. Graves. Hence we have deadly enmity between two men who should know better.

Be that as it may, when Miss Lee is kidnaped by bandits. Mr. Holt walks bravely in their midst to rescue her, Mr. Graves doing likewise to prove his courage, too. They miraculously escape the bandits, whose numbers are almost as great as an army, this feat costing the life of Mr. Holt and insuring a happy ending for Mr. Graves and Miss Lee. There isn't anything more to say about "War Correspondent."

"Tom Brown of Culver."

An excellent picture of pre-school life glorifying a famous military school, this is sure to please those who are in the proper mood. It is



swamp of sweetness waiting to engulf a less intelligent actress. She can evoke an honest tear from the hardened critic any time she likes.

Perhaps you remember *Rebecca* in Mary Pickford's heyday. If not, you won't be surprised to learn that she is the eldest of a large family in the Maine backwoods. Sent by her impoverished mother to visit her rich aunt, she melts that iceberg into something human and is tireless in improving the outlook of every one she meets. It's all very well to sneer

intelligent, it has depth, and the details are, of course, authentic. Furthermore, the picture has the advantage of admirable performances, particularly on the part of Tom Brown,



Richard Cromwell, and Slim Summerville, although, for that matter, every player is more than satisfactory. There is no callow love interest, except the worship of a movie actress by Mr. Cromwell, and this episode is not one of the happiest in the picture. It is strained. The actress is played by Betty Blythe after a long absence from the screen. But it is first of all a story of boys for boys.

"Horse Feathers."

Reviewing a picture starring the Four Marx Brothers is either the most difficult task that is likely to befall a critic, or it is no task at all. Be that as it may, it is impossible to describe their fast and furious antics or to record their often ingenious gags, wisecracks, and tumbles. As for recounting the plot of their picture, Heaven help the scribe who attempts it. If he tries a humorous synopsis it is bound to be flat, while if he solemnly sets down the bare



facts of the story he shows himself to be a fool. Enough, then, to say that the quartet is on the rampage in their current vehicle and they leave nothing undone to earn their respec-

tive salaries. It goes without saying that they are funny, the scene of their activities being a coed college, with football, touchdowns, and higher education the motivation of their comicalities, with dog catching, speak-easies, and other irrelevancies thrown in and Thelma Todd a beautiful leading lady. If you like the Marxes, you'll laugh at this.

"White Zombie."

In case you don't know, a "zombie" is a person who rises from the dead to do the bidding of a witch doctor. At least that is what they say in Haiti where the superstition exists. There countless zombies slave in mills and fields, the living dead. Or so they say.

This superstition has been adapted to the plot of a movie, with a beautiful American girl as the principal zombie under the control of a hypnotist called *Mr. Murder* played by none other than Bela Lugosi, who seems to have a monopoly of horror



rôles. Incidentally, he is quite bad in the part and innumerable close-ups of his eyes either glittering or dilated are tiresome and faintly comic. But no matter. The picture, though panned by every critic, is liked by fans and has done well wherever it has been shown. It is wildly melodramatic, so overwrought, in fact, that it is embarrassing and you sympathize with the players for direction that causes them to rant as they do.

Madge Bellamy returns to the screen to play the title rôle, the hapless victim of a frustrated lover who causes the witch doctor to make a zombie out of her. Miss Bellamy is as beautiful as ever and her performance is good, the pity of the situation being that she is supposed to be in a trance most of the time and therefore has little opportunity for animation or even acting. Robert Frazer also

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returns and nearly tears out his hair in depicting the anguish of the rejected suitor. John Harron is the juvenile hero.

"Guilty As Hell."

Once more Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen are paired for their familiar performances, only this time their picture has substance, suspense, and genuine merit. It is a murder mystery, but the crime is mysterious only to the characters, the audience being aware of the criminal from the start. He's a doctor who cold-bloodedly kills his wife and then proceeds



carefully to fasten the guilt on her boy friend. Suspense comes from watching the police force as it picks up the false clues that have been arranged for it, and then slowly begins to break down the killer's perfect alibi. Mr. Lowe plays a brash newspaper reporter, Mr. McLaglen a detective captain who is the victim of Mr. Lowe's continuous razzing. It is the policeman and not the reporter who finally unmasks the doctor.

Uncommon in its reversal of a trite situation, the picture is unusual in its characterizations, development, and climax, while the acting is first-rate. The really superior performance comes from Henry Stephenson, of the stage, as the doctor, but this does not imply that the stars are less adroit than usual because their work is familiar. Richard Arlen is excellent as the suspected lover and Adrienne Ames is all right as his sister, the nominal heroine. Ralph Ince, Noel

Francis, Elizabeth Patterson, and Willard Robertson are only a few experts in a long list of them.

"Doctor X."

Another eerie exhibit, this time entirely in Technicolor which makes it unusual. The story is out of the ordinary, too, while the acting, especially that of Lionel Atwill who plays the title rôle, is excellent. He is the head of a laboratory where several murders have been committed, evidently by a maniac. Police investigation follows, with a crack reporter also on the job, and the major part of the film is given over to the elaborate, creepy means employed by the doctor to reveal the murderer among the eccentric men who make his laboratory their headquarters for research work. With mechanical devices galore, all in color, mysterious-looking retorts, crucibles, tubes, and whatnot, these scenes are interesting in the extreme.



I won't tell you who the criminal is, nor what means he uses to strangle his victims. Rest assured, though, this is entertaining if you are in the mood for the type.

Besides Mr. Atwill, we have Lee Tracy, Fay Wray, Preston Foster—an admirable performer, by the way—John Wray, Harry Beresford, and Arthur Edmund Carew, whose fans should be interested to see him in this.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

interview with him in the March issue. He was born in New York City, July 12, 1912; five feet nine, weighs about 140, and has brown hair and eyes.

CURIOUS JOAN.—You did ask a lot of questions, but they didn't make me sigh. On the contrary, when I opened your letter and discovered the fancy stationery, it gave me new vigor. So here goes. There

are at least four Clark Gable fan clubs. Send me your name and address and I'll be glad to mail you a complete list. I haven't Gable's home address, but you can reach him at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California. Thelma Todd is a natural blonde, as are any number of other players. Lupe Velez played in the stage show "Hot-Cha!" Her right name is Guadalupe Villalobos, and her birthdate

is July 18, 1909. Tallulah Bankhead was born in Huntsville, Alabama, January 31, 1902; playing in "Devil and the Deep," with Gary Cooper. Sari Maritza, pronounced *Shar-ee Mar-cet-sa*, started her film career in Hungary and attracted the attention of Vivian Gaye, English actress, who induced her to enter British movies. It was there she was discovered by Charles Chaplin, and about a year ago she came to America to start a Paramount film career. Her first appearance here was in "Forgotten Commandments." Born in China, March 17, 1910; five feet one and a half, weighs 103, brown hair, blue eyes.

DORIS WARNS.—Here are the heights of the players for which you asked: Madge Evans, five feet four; Greta Garbo, five feet six; Carol Lombard, five feet six; Constance Bennett, five feet three; Joan Crawford, five feet four; Clark Gable, six feet one; Norma Shearer, five feet three; Loretta Young, five feet two; Jean Harlow, five feet three and a half.

MISS MONTREAL.—"Girl Crazy" was released through RKO. The young heroine of "Phantom of the Opera" was played by Mary Philbin. These players were in "Once a Lady": Ruth Chatterton, Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr, Suzanne Ransom, Doris Lloyd, Herbert Bunston, Gwendolen Logan, Stella Moore, Edith Kingdon, Bramwell Fletcher, Ethel Griffies, Theodor von Eltz, Claude King, Lillian Rich; "I Like Your Nerve": Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young, Claude Allister, Andre Cheron, Henry Kolker, Edmund Breon, Boris Karloff, Luis Alberni; "Expensive Women": Dolores Costello, Warren William, Anthony Bushell, Joe Donahue, H. B. Warner, Allan Lane, Morgan Wallace, Polly Walters, Mae Madison, Adele Watson, William House; "Caught Plastered": Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Lucy Beaumont, Jason Robards, DeWitt Jennings, Charles Middleton, Bill Scott, Nora Cecil, Josephine Whittall.

BILLIE.—I hope it didn't get your goat when your answers failed to appear in the September issue. But you must remember that we make up the magazine a long time in advance of the publication date. Jack Holt's birthday is on May 31st; Bill Boyd's, June 5th; James Dunn's and Dennis King's, November 2nd. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were married June 3, 1929; Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker, June 2, 1928, and recently divorced; Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allen in 1928; Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston, January 28, 1927; Warner Baxter and Winifred Bryson, January 29, 1917; Chester Morris and Sue Kilborn, November 8, 1926. Polly Moran was born June 28, 1885; Gene Raymond, August 13, 1908; Marguerite Churchill, December 25, 1911. Gwili André is an RKO find, an ex-fashion model, whose first picture is opposite Richard Dix, in "Roar of the Dragon." Born in Denmark, where she received her first dramatic training.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW.—Well, here are your answers, so your hopes weren't in vain. For photographs of the players, write to them in care of the studios for which they work, inclosing twenty-five cents for each photo requested. Write to Joan Bennett at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Clark Gable, Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California; Tom Keene, RKO Studio, Hollywood; Mitzi Green, RKO Studio, Hollywood; Dickie Moore, Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank,

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California. Jack Holt is playing in "Polo," and can be reached at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. "Maybe It's Love" had the following cast: Joan Bennett, Joe E. Brown, James Hall, Laura Lee, Anders Randolph, Sumner Grethell, George Irving, George Bickel, Howard Jones, Bill Banker, Russell Saunders. Most any music store should be able to supply copies of the song hits from the various movies. If there isn't any in your vicinity, you might try the Plaza Music Company, 10 West Twentieth Street, New York, or G. Schirmer, 3 East Forty-third Street, New York.

A RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.—Sorry, but back issues of Picture Play containing interviews with Miss Roland are no longer available. There is a Ruth Roland fan club with Lillian Conrad, 4822 North Meade Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Why not join and help boost your favorite? Miss Roland was born in San Francisco, California, on August 26th; five feet four, weighs about 125, and has auburn hair and blue eyes.

M. L.—You may address that hard-ridin' he-man of the West, Walter Miller, at the Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, inclosing twenty-five cents for the desired photo.

JEANNE A.—And still another new reader to welcome into the fold! Hope we can always make you feel that way about Picture Play, Jeanne. Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908; not married. Robert Montgomery in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904; Elizabeth Allen is the missus. Melvyn Douglas in Macon, Georgia, April 5, 1901; married to Helen Gahagen, well known on the stage. Richard Cromwell in Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; still single.

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And dote on enigmatic Garbo.
I'm mad about the Sidney face,
But, oh, the gamin that is Harlow!

Platinum, redhead—what's the difference?
Naughty, nice, it's all the same.
Never would I change my preference—
To be like Harlow is my aim.

BEE BUCKLEY.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Of all the lovers of the screen
Who thrill a million maids,
There's one most worthy of a queen
To share his escapades.

John Gilbert? Gable? Wrong again—
In parlors, pantries, parks,
The guy who is the King of Men
Is clearly Harpo Marx.

BROCK MILTON.

MY CHOICE

Will some one please Page Anita?
To gaze at her I have a fancy;
But when I want to sing
I love to Carroll with Nancy.

I adore to Chatter with Ruth—
I trust my words don't pain her.
But the girl I choose for life
Is Janet—if I can just Gaynor.

E. H. RHETT.

ONLY THE HALF

He's called the white hope of RKO.
That's only the half of it, I'd say,
There's no one else in cinema land
Like California's handsome Joel McCrea.

TERESA VONDENBERG.

IF JIMMY QUILTS

Cagney wants to quit the movies!
(If a current rumor's true.)
Cagney wants to be a doctor
With an office, bright and new.
How the girls will miss young Jimmy!—
He gave action, never mush—
Once he opens up that office,
They'll get trampled in the rush.

BROCK MILTON.

S. R. O.

He isn't much to look at;
His feet are big and flat.
And though he's not collegiate,
He never wears a hat.

His ears are *à la* Gable—
His nose, Durante's pride;
And in his number 'levens,
A regiment could hide.

He's popular, this fellow,
The ladies think he's grand.
And even most sardonic males
Will give the boy a hand.

Exhibitors applaud him;
His name will pack the house.
So, grab your hat and come with me—
They're showing *Mickey Mouse!!*

BARBARA BARRY.

WHICH?

Shall I be a Dorothy Jordan
Adorable, sweet, and divine?
Or let nonchalant Karen Morley
My fallible fate to consign?
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And budding stars whose woe
Is that mean old contracts
Won't let their stipends grow.

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He'll miss his weekly pay check
When he tries to get his fee.

And there's Titian-tressed Nancy
Who's sure that she's a wow.
"Half a loa'" is an old saying,
Nan, it's time to learn that now.

Madge and Marian are sillies,
Kicking traces far too soon.
One must be on terra firma
Before reaching for the moon.

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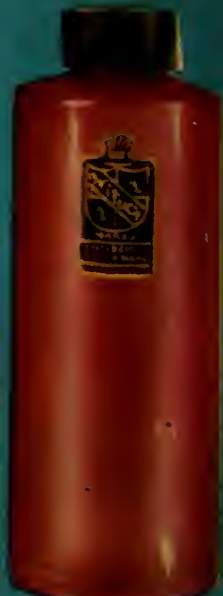
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PICTURE PLAY ★
DECEMBER 1932

10
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Painted by
CHETCHET

IS NOVARRO
TIRED OF SUCCESS?

DAN CRAWFORD'S TEXAS GIRLHOOD

The Royal
Family of
the American
Show World!

John
Ethel
Lionel



**SAINT or
DEVIL?**

*They came to wor-
ship, these gor-
geous beauties of a
debauched dynasty,
and met a mad monk
of hypnotic power.*

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for the first
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Directed by Richard Boleslavsky

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with

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DUNN

Boots

MALLORY

ZaSu Pitts

Mina Gombell

Terrance Ray

Directed by

Erich von Stroheim

A **FOX** PICTURE



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Erich von Stroheim, whose great directorial successes, 'Wedding March' and 'Lost Squadron' are outshone by this, his latest production

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PICTURE PLAY

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Is Tashman Clothes-Crazy?

Everybody likes Lilyan Tashman and her friends say she is grand. She is admired for her self-made career, her knowing wit, and her brittle manner which conceals the proverbial heart of gold.

Then there is her reputation as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. You aren't allowed to forget that, for Miss Tashman works hard to put it across. In fact, doesn't she work *too* hard in driving home the idea? Isn't she letting clothes run away with her? Isn't she forgetting that she is supposed to be an actress? It has been a long time since any one could point out a striking performance of hers.

Anyway, in next month's Picture Play will appear an article by Judith Field, clever, penetrating, analytical—a sort of an open letter to Miss Tashman—in which the writer asks the actress some pointed questions and gives advice which will throw light on the future of one of the screen's most popular luminaries.

Scene Stealing Debunked

Often you read about a minor player "stealing" a scene from a star. Sometimes you are told that a player "steals" the entire picture from a star. Perhaps you believe, perhaps you scoff.

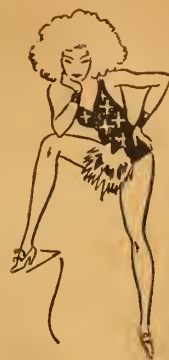
Be that as it may, in January Picture Play George Kay takes the stand that stealing implies secrecy, and therefore there's no such thing as the theft of honors from a star. He cites many reputed examples, including Marie Dressler's supposed thievery in "Anna Christie," and debunks the whole legend. He is sound and logical—you will be amazed at what you've believed.

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as the "*Blonde Venus*"

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with HERBERT MARSHALL
CARY GRANT · DICKIE MOORE
Directed by JOSEPH VON STERNBERG

Paramount  *Pictures*

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What the FANS Think

"Adult" Disappoints Us.

IN the May Picture Play, there was published a letter of mine that seems to have drawn a lot of animosity toward myself. I have been accused of being a conceited snob and have read that I have put a very high valuation on my own intellect.

Really, it is too much of an asinine task to try to justify my remarks through these columns, because most of the letters against me were written by people that were so enraged at my daring to be frank about their favorites, that they completely failed to see the point of my letter.



People are judged by what kind of people they like, what they like, and their associates. The players are our screen associates, and we are judged by what we prefer. I am perfectly content to be

judged by those I like.

One point that I should like to clear. I said that Norma Shearer is a shopgirl's conception of a society girl. I passed no reflection on a shopgirl, but I rather suggested that Miss Shearer behaves as one who knows nothing about the way society girls conduct themselves. I should not be so stupid as to reflect on any body of persons, for there is no excuse for any one being a snob. The only people who are snobs are those that have an inferiority complex and who are not sure of themselves.

I am told that I made wisecracks "refreshing only to the moronic mind." I made no attempt to be refreshing, but if a moron *can* be refreshed, then I did a good deed. However, it happens that a moron would not have got anything out of what I had to say. I did not even make an attempt at wisecracking, so I must have been pretty good without knowing it.

Well, fans, I hate to disappoint you, but I shall not give you my name and address, but I told my story and I stick to it. When some adult answers my letter I shall be glad to write to him or her personally. The published answers to date—well, really, they are not worth bothering about.

"AN ADULT FAN."

La Grange, Georgia.

Now It's Joan's Thyroid.

IREAD many letters saying Garbo's place can be taken by any one who is surrounded with her opportunities, that is, good story, good cast, and beautiful clothes. These fans seem to forget that Garbo reached great heights with no ballyhoo to bring her before the public eye, as Rosemary McCormick seems to think. Evidently when she speaks of Garbo's contempt for the public, she has no appreciation of the most artistic temperament in Hollywood.



I admire Garbo for not letting Hollywood get the better of her. It is my honest opinion that her place may yet be taken by an actress of superior technical skill, but as an emotional actress, Garbo can never be surpassed.

Without a doubt Joan Crawford should see a doctor about her thyroid. It might improve her bulging eyes and so-called good figure. Her characterizations would be more human if she did not try to make them overly dramatic.

ELIZABETH DOWNING.

Box 140, Hamilton,
Ontario, Canada.

Weeping with Gable.

WE certainly are not going to quarrel with "Hollywood High Lights'" choice of Helen Hayes as the best actress. We think so, too. But if Leslie Howard is the best actor, we should like to have something explained.

We have seen "A Free Soul" four times and have a rather faint recollection of Mr. Howard being in that picture. However, we were so engrossed and enthralled with Clark, Norma, and Lionel, that we may be mistaken. If so, why did Mr. Howard let the medal for the best performance go to an actor in the same picture? Also, why did he allow every vestige of the romantic interest to center around Clark Gable, playing a perfectly despicable part?



I know a girl who was so disappointed because Leslie got the girl instead of Clark that she wept when she came out of the theater.

"COLLECTIONS."

Toronto, Canada.

Reading Between Lines.

IN September Picture Play I happened to be looking over some fan letters and had a good laugh over one written by a little Southern gal who calls herself "Mississippi." After reading the first part of the letter I felt that "Mississippi" thought quite a lot of her Southern accent, but when I came to the last paragraph, "My husband says that he would as soon listen to a mad honey bee in a bottle as any of those Yankee voices," I found the reason for her delusion. Her husband has been talking to keep her quiet. I wonder to how many more Southern ladies he has told the same thing? We'll all up No'th don' fall for a line like that.



Concerning M. F. H.'s letter about Buddy Rogers staying single, I am afraid that this little Iowa girl—for one must be a girl or how could one rave about Buddy Rogers?—has also been deluding herself. In the last sentence of her letter, "And I don't believe there is a girl on the continent fit to be Mrs. Buddy Rogers," she gave herself away completely. She is probably picturing herself as the only exception.

"PENNSY."

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Cowgirl's Lament.

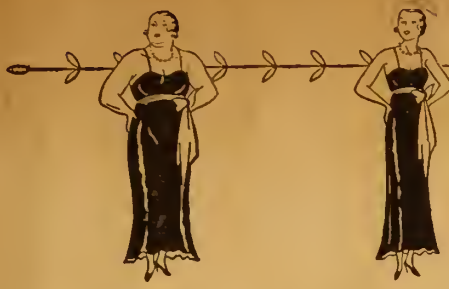
IHAVE read all the letters on the battle of accents and I sat back and thought it sort of interesting but nothing special, until one smart Easterner thought she would try to tell us of the mid-West where to get off. All I can say is that she certainly insulted us.

Well, stranger, I reckon you thought "Northerner," of Wisconsin, pretty dumb for mentioning "Daniel" Webster's dictionary and you supposed from that that all of us were pretty dumb here in the West. Well, you've got another think a-coming. I bet "Northerner" was so angry that she accidentally made the mistake. An Easterner would never do that. Did you ever fail to see where an Easterner wouldn't slam a mid-Westerner? I never have.



Now for a certain busybody that calls herself "A

Continued on page 10



I have

REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE!

...writes Miss Healy

"I REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic" ... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away" ... writes Mrs. McSorley... and 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!

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Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue
New York City



I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips. I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired.

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City

Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

J. MENDER.—Ralph Bellamy may be reached at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Here is a list of his films: "Secret Six," "Magnificent Lie," "West of Broadway," "Surrender," "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America," "Woman in Room 13," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Almost Married," "Air-mail." He was born in Evanston, Illinois, on June 17th.

CURIOUS CAROL.—Jean Harlow, who was born Harlean Carpenter on March 3, 1911, is the widow of Paul Bern, having married last July. Address, Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Evalyn Knapp is a native New Yorker, and celebrates her birthday June 17th. She is twenty-four. Although a free-lance player, you may address her at First National Studio, Burbank, California.

AUDREY FISHELL.—When sending for photographs of stars it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with each request. Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy are at Fox Studio, Beverly Hills; Constance Bennett at RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood; Joan Crawford and Madge Evans at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City; George Brent and Bette Davis at First National Studio, Burbank, California. Madge Evans was born on July 1, 1909, and Joan Bennett February 27, 1911. No doubt by this time you know that Marian Nixon had the lead in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

BILLIE.—Yes, Marion Davies is popular in her own circle, but her main interest is in her career. "Blondie of the Follies," with Robert Montgomery, is her latest. No doubt as soon as Philippe de Lacy has passed the growing-up stage we shall be seeing him in further films.

MARY.—There are clubs listed in honor of Billy Bakewell, Lew Ayres, and Neil Hamilton. If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope I shall be glad to mail you a list.

RITA FROM BROOKLYN.—You will be glad to know that Vilma Banky has been busy making "The Rebel." Luis Trenker is the star of the picture, as well as one of its directors, and Victor Varconi also has a part. In the meantime her husband, Rod LaRocque, played briefly on the New York stage in "Domino." Virginia Lee Corbin makes an occasional picture. She became Mrs. Theodore Krohl in August, 1929. The rôle of *Phillip Endicott*, the half-wit son in "Murder by the Clock," was played by Irving Pichel.

GEORGIA NELSON.—Like everything else about Greta Garbo, if she is musically inclined it isn't generally known. Perhaps she is being modest and doesn't want to display too much talent at one time. That clever actor, Lee Tracy, celebrates his birthday on April 14th.

GLADYS ZIMMERMAN.—Warner Brothers are starring John Wayne and Duke,

the Devil Horse, in a series of Western thrillers, the latest of which is "The Telegraph Trail." He has also played in "Big Trail," "Girls Demand Excitement," "Three Girls Lost," "Arizona," "Men Are Like That," "Range Feud," "Maker of Men," "Trail's End," "Ride Him, Cowboy," "The Big Stampede," "Lady and Gent." I have no record of a fan club in his honor.

A BUCK JONES FAN.—I can assure you that Buck Jones is very much alive and busy making pictures for Columbia. I often wonder how these rumors get started, anyhow. His recent releases are "Hello, Trouble," "McKenna of the Mounted," and "Rustlers' War." His birthplace is Vin-



The platinum queen in a characteristic moment.

cennes, Indiana, and the date, December 4, 1889. The principal players in "The Iron Horse" were George O'Brien and Madge Bellamy. Your questions about Marion Davies have already been covered, but I might add that she has never been married.

JUDY LENERT.—I am glad to meet you through the pages of Picture Play. Don't be afraid to come again. We invite all our readers to take advantage of the various departments. Robert Montgomery played opposite Joan Bennett, in "Three Live Ghosts," in 1929; his films with Joan Crawford were "Untamed" in 1929, "Our Blushing Brides" in 1930, and "Letty Lynton," in 1932. Miss Crawford's right name is Lucille LeSueur. You may send Leslie Howard a birthday card on April 24th.

BILLIE BOO.—If that means a cow is coming then I'd better get to your questions immediately and be on my way. Jackie Coogan, who is now eighteen, has registered as a student at Santa Clara University, California. The complete cast of "Dance Team" was *Jimmy Mulligan*, *James Dunn*, *Poopy Kirk*, *Sally Eilers*, *Fred Penworthy*, *Edward Crandall*, *Jane Boyden*, *Nora Lane*, *Alec Prentice*, *Ralph Morgan*, *Herbert Wilson*, *Harry Beresford*, *Benny Weber*, *Charles Williams*;

Cora Stuart, *Mimma Gombell*. "Doorway to Hell"; *Louis Ricarno*, *Lew Ayres*; *Sam Marconi*, *Charles Judels*; *Doris*, *Dorothy Mathews*; *Jackie Lamarr*, *Leon Janney*; *Captain O'Grady*, *Robert Elliott*; *Steve Milcaway*, *James Cagney*; *Captain of Military Academy*, *Kenneth Thomson*; *Joe*, *Jerry Mandy*; *Rocco*, *Noel Madison*.

ESTELLE.—Leon Janney's "Fame Street," released last February, had its first New York showing at Warner's Beacon Theater. He is making personal appearances and likes to hear from fans. Address him at Box 425, Hollywood. Picture Play published an interview with this young player last July. If you missed it, I'd suggest writing and asking our subscription department to mail you that number. Be sure to inclose ten cents.

A FAN OF ALICE'S.—It won't be long now before her fans will see Alice White on the screen again. Write to her at First National Studio, Burbank, California. Miss White was born in Paterson, New Jersey, August 28, 1907. In 1927 she made "Sea Tiger," "Satin Woman," "American Beauty," "Breakfast at Sunrise," "Private Life of Helen of Troy"; 1928, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "Show Girl," "Mad Hour," "Big Noise," "Harold Teen," "Lingerie," "Three-ring Marriage"; 1929, "Naughty Baby," "Hot Stuff," "Broadway Daddies," "Show of Shows," "Girl from Woolworth's", 1930, "Playing Around," "Show Girl in Hollywood," "Sweet Mamma," "Sweethearts On Parade," "Widow from Chicago"; 1931, "Naughty Flirt," "Murder at Midnight."

JACK L. L.—You've been mighty patient, but your questions couldn't possibly be answered any sooner. Betty Bronson became the bride of Ludwig Lanerhaus, of Asheville, North Carolina, last March, but plans to make an occasional picture. Mary Nolan married Wallace T. Macrery, Jr., broker, in March, 1931, and has been freelancing. Margaret Livingston has been devoting all her time to her husband, Paul Whiteman, whom she married in 1931. Her birthdate is November 25, 1900, and she has auburn hair and brown eyes. James Murray played in the Clara Bow picture, "Kick In."

MARY FRANCES.—When the producers decided to cut the salaries of those playing in "Hot-Cha!" Buddy Rogers simply left the cast and devoted his time to conducting his orchestra. Most players are reluctant to give information about their religion; they consider that a personal matter. August 13, 1904, is the birthdate I have listed for Buddy Rogers. Rudolph Valentino was five feet eight, weighed 154, and had black hair and dark-brown eyes. He sailed from Italy on December 9, 1913, and landed in New York two days before Christmas. At that time he was just eighteen.

B. R.—The lad who played the rôle of Tom Stone in "Huddle" was Kane Richmond. Fans have been asking questions

Continued on page 12

"Know Thyself"

Let Handwriting
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A brief character analysis, prepared from your handwriting by Dr. M. N. Bunker, founder of the well-known American Institute of Grapho-Analysis, will be sent to everyone who writes me. Handwriting tells your character so accurately and intimately that it may surprise you. Hidden talents may be revealed.

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Date I read your offer.....

I am to receive FREE a brief character analysis from my handwriting and a FREE Character Analysis Chart.

Continued from page 6

What the Fans Think

Tennessean." You say you have met several Northerners in the past four years, and they are all conceited. Well, my dear little girl, do you realize that there must be something wrong with you? Of course you never thought of that!

Either "Georgia Cracker" or "A Tennessean" is wrong, yet they both claim to be Southerners. One said they were all a lively bunch down there and the other said just the opposite. How about it, you two Southerners?

Furthermore, why did Miriam Hopkins from Georgia have to get rid of her Southern accent before she entered the movies?

SOUTH DAKOTA COWGIRL.

Hartford, South Dakota.

Do Clothes Make the Actress?

IN answer to the letter written by Rosemary McCormick saying that any girl can be a Garbo if given fine clothes, a good supporting cast, and a good director, I will endeavor to prove how wrong she is.

In "Anna Christie" Garbo did not wear fine clothes, yet her performance will go down in screen history as one of the finest. In "Romance" the support was practically unknown, but it was one of her best talkies. In "Mata Hari" she was much better than Novarro and Barrymore, and the latter is probably the greatest actor on the screen.

In "Grand Hotel" Garbo had a small rôle compared to the others, yet the critics of six out of seven screen magazines gave Garbo the honor of the best performance in that picture.

Here is still another proof from "Mata Hari." When she lit the Madonna's lamp, if she weren't a real actress how could she have inspired such hate from the audience as she did? It takes a great actress to do that.

LLOYD HIER.

3948 Forty-fifth Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Chatterton's Technique Wins.

SO much has been said against Ruth Chatterton during the past months that I'd like to express my opinion. Some say that she isn't as good now as she was in "Sarah and Son." Others say she is substituting technique for emotion as a means of holding her public. Yes, there is a change in her acting, but regardless of what it may be, she has become my favorite actress because of it.



I saw her first in "Sarah and Son," and didn't like her at all. I was very much disappointed in this new actress I had heard so much about, and certainly wouldn't go out of my way to see her again. Then by chance I saw "The Right to Love," and became somewhat interested. I saw "The Rich Are Always With Us" twice, and would like to see it again, because I think it is the finest piece of work she has yet contributed to the screen. Now her pictures are the only ones I enjoy, and if she left the screen I'd lose interest in movies altogether.

She is much more charming than she was three years ago, a better actress in every way. Here's one fan who is pulling for her, one who admires her technique.

R. S.

Hackensack, New Jersey.

Gentlemanly Contradiction.

I SHALL probably be considered no gentleman for contradicting Judith Field—see July Picture Play—on some of the points in her letter, but I'll take that risk. Maybe when she sees I agree on others

she won't think too badly of me. Here goes:

It's not the *position* of the Cupid's bow that is so irritating, but that moist, dripping appearance which makes me shudder.

"Cawn't" sounds better than "cain't" or "can't."

And "eyether" and "neyther" are considered correct English pronunciation.

Does Barbara Stanwyck talk about Frank Fay? A wife's privilege, I suppose. She should know more about him than anybody else.

Crawford and Bankhead I have never seen. Don't open your eyes so wide! There *are* some places they haven't been yet!

Joan Bennett is sweet; so is her pout.

Why shouldn't Papa Bennett tell, if what he tells is interesting?

Ask Clara Bow whose fault it was, if it wasn't her own.

If Greta Garbo forgot her mystery, where would she—and the Garbo legend—be? I think she is gorgeous.

Marlene has lovely legs anyhow!

Never mind a guardian for Lupe—give her a good, sound spanking.

Some folks like smart guys. Go to it, Billy Haines.

And Bob Montgomery.

Gable? Ugh!

And with everything else you say I shall, with your permission of course, agree. How's that? Thanks!

ALEX KNOX.

Box 35, Vereeniging, Transvaal,
South Africa.



The Robinson scowl means bad luck for somebody.

Norma and the Boss.

HLESLIE hit the nail on the head when he called Norma Shearer "Mrs. Thalberg" in the September Picture Play. I am always glad to hear of another strong-minded person who will stay away from an otherwise excellent production on account of her blank personality. When more people do that the public will be spared the incongruity of pictures featuring this non-entity supported by her superiors. Mr. Leslie failed to mention the elaborate advertising necessary to get new fans into her net, but it is equal to the other gravy that goes with the official position of Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg.

If Norma Shearer had to fight her way

alone to the top she would never have come near it. If the screen magazines are to be believed, Mr. Thalberg sent her three contracts to choose from before she ever came to Hollywood. He pushed her to the top—if she is there—and held her. As the boss's wife she gets the Adrian gowns, perfect cast, fine director, et cetera. Deprived of these advantages, she would have to play "a voice from without," if she was allowed around the studio at all.

IRENE HOLLIS.

Pulaski County, Arkansas.

Must Lawyers Roar?

WHY does a movie actor or actress always pronounce "address" with the accent on the first syllable rather than on the last? Some of them even go so far as to say "don't" when they mean "doesn't."

And may I ask why they make a fool out of Garbo by dressing her in costumes as outlandish as those she wore in "Mata Hari" and in "As You Desire Me"? Every one tittered at the latter picture when, after leaving the train, she met *Bruno* and he caressed her. What was supposed to be poignant brought one big snicker. And, often as I have sworn to myself never to go to see a picture made from a play or a novel, I saw this one because I think Garbo really is a sincere actress with much depth. But once again I was disappointed, for I recalled the play itself with the clever Judith Anderson as *Maria*. Barely a resemblance.

Another complaint! In "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," the male actors seemed to feel it incumbent upon themselves to yell in the courtroom scenes to such an extent that they were inaudible, as was Skeets Gallagher. I work in a law office, so I know lawyers are not given to yelling to the extent that the screen would indicate. It is very essential that they be understood when arguing.

MARY E. LINNANE.

50 State Street,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Voice from Car'lina.

AS a Southerner may I join in the accent war?

I'm from what you might call the near South, and our speech is a mixture of both Northern and Southern, but I think that the Southern voice is the sweetest and softest I have ever heard. "S. C.," "Ohio," and "Northerner" are under the impression that we are a race of lazy, languid, ignorant savages. No education at all, and when we talk we sound like stage darkies.

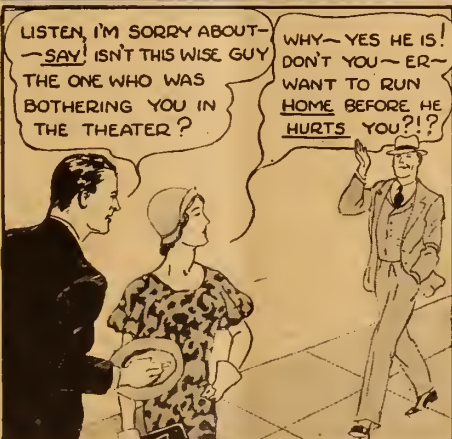
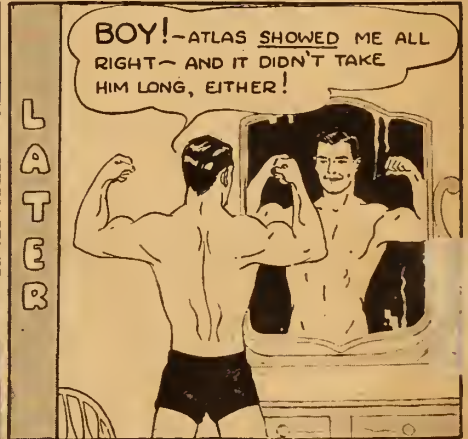
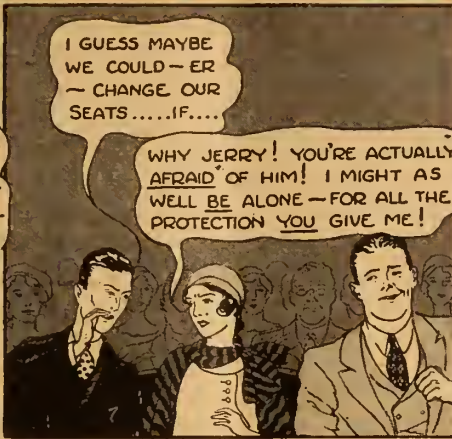
In regard to the two examples "Ohio" picked out, I wish to say that she made sure they were two about whom there'd be no comeback. Say, "Ohio," have you ever thought about the other side of the question? Have you ever heard of John Boles, John Arledge, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford, and last but not least, Melvyn Douglas? Maybe you don't know that there are such names. They are from the South and, of course, you never pay any attention to Southerners.

Have you ever noticed, "S. C." and "Northerner," how many of the really alert actors and actresses come from the South and how many of the dull, languid, and listless Constance Bennett types are from above Mason and Dixon's line?

Perhaps that's why most of the Northern stars are bored. How can they fail, aren't they from the land of culture? The others—bah! They are just dumb, ignorant savages, hill-billies who came from the South, where folks say "you-all," "suh," "Honey-chile," and other "sech" stuff.

Continued on page 12

THE MOVIE-NECKER WHO TURNED A WEAKLING INTO A HE-MAN!



"Give Me Your Measure and I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can Make You a NEW MAN!"

THAT'S all I need—just 7 days to PROVE that you can have a body like mine! I'll show you how I developed myself from 97 lbs. of skin and bones into twice winning the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." I was a scrawny, sickly weakling—afraid to defend myself, only half-alive. THEN I discovered my amazing secrets of *Dynamic Tension!*

I CAN GIVE YOU massive shoulders, a deep chest, layers of steel-like muscle right where you need them most—new pep, boundless health, he-man vigor—*quick!* I've got no use for pills, unnatural dieting, or straining apparatus, either. Just a few minutes a day with *Dynamic Tension* can make you over from head to heels! Make YOU the man that other men respect and women admire.

Mail coupon NOW for my valuable illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about *Dynamic Tension*. Shows actual photos: And it's FREE. Address me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 16-YY,
133 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name

(Please print or write plainly.)

Address

City State



CHARLES ATLAS

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 16-YY, 133 E. 23d St., N. Y. City.

Continued from page 8

about him ever since. No, girls, he isn't married. On December 23rd he will be just twenty-six. Perhaps the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California, will supply his photograph.

MARGIE.—If Jeannette MacDonald is your favorite actress, then I'm sure you were delighted with her in "Love Me Tonight." She was born on June 18, 1907; five feet five, weighs 125, and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes.

SEÑOR PREGUNTAS.—Ramon Novarro's latest is "Man of the Nile," a romance of modern Egypt. Ricardo Cortez, of German parentage, was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, and educated in New York City. Roland Drew seems to have deserted the screen. He is six feet, weighs 195. The average height of an actor is about six feet.

W. FRANCIS.—If Theodor von Eltz doesn't appear in more pictures we'll just have to get after him, that's all. He was very good in "Hotel Continental," and his latest is "Breach of Promise." Born in New Haven, Connecticut; five feet eleven, weighs 150; divorced.

VIRGINIA C.—Lupe Velez will return to the screen in "Kongo," with Walter Huston playing opposite. Armida has been appearing in vaudeville. It isn't likely that the stars have snapshots to send to fans.

NOT MERELY CURIOUS.—Here is a list of Ramon Novarro's films with leading lady of each: "Prisoner of Zenda," "Where the Pavement Ends," "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "Lovers," all with Alice Terry; "Trifling Women," with Barbara La Marr; "The Midshipman," with Harriet Hammond; "A Lover's Oath," Kathleen Key; "Ben-Hur," May McAvoy; "A Certain Young Man," and "The Road to Romance," Marceline Day; "The Student Prince," Norma Shearer; "Across to Singapore," Joan Crawford; "Forbidden Hours," Renée Adorée; "Flying Fleet," Anita Page; "The Pagan," Dorothy Janis; "Devil-May-Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," Dorothy Jordan; "Daybreak," Helen Chandler; "Mata Hari," Greta Garbo; "Son of India" and "Huddle," Madge Evans.

JUST ME.—Richard Cromwell is one of the most promising juveniles on the screen to-day. He has been making rapid strides

since his first appearance in "Tollable David." His other films include "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Shanghai Love," "Emma," "Maker of Men," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Tom Brown at Culver," "The Age of Consent," "That's My Boy." He will be twenty-three on January 8th. Still single. His right name is Roy Radabaugh. For Dick's photo write to Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. Edna May Oliver is divorced from D. Q. Pratt. Sylvia Sidney is unmarried. She uses her own name. Bette Davis, whose right name is Ruth E. Davis, became Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., on August 8th last. Onslow Stevens is not married.

CHATTER.—Welcome! There seem to be any number of newcomers this month, so this greeting applies to every one of you. Greta Garbo's and Joan Crawford's eyebrows are obviously built up. Greta wears a size 7-AA shoe and Joan size 4-D, but I have no record of any others. Rochelle Hudson can sing, dance, and paint. July 3rd is Wynne Gibson's birthday. There are several Joan Crawford fan clubs. Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I'll be happy to mail you a list.

E. C. W.—Write to Constance Bennett at RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. She was born October 22, 1905; five feet three and a half, weighs about 112. Joan Crawford is twenty-four and celebrates her birthday on May 23rd; five feet four, weighs 110.

S. E. P.—Your native State, Missouri, can boast of the following actresses: Jean Harlow, Marguerite Churchill, Mary Nolan, Alice Joyce, Pauline Starke, Patsy Ruth Miller, Laura La Plante, Marjorie Beebe, and June Clyde.

ROSE MAUREEN.—Glad you decided to visit us again. Charles Boyer, who gave a striking performance in "The Man From Yesterday," was brought over from France not long ago to appear in American films. Perhaps you will recall him with Ruth Chatterton in "The Magnificent Lie." Address him at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood. The English actor you mention, John Longden, and who was seen here in "The Ringer," may be reached at Gainsborough Pictures, Ltd., Film House, Wardour Street, W. 1, London. About that gifted young writer for Picture Play,

Barbara Barry, I regret that space only permits me to say that she left her home town in Michigan just about a year ago to make Hollywood her stamping ground for fan-magazine writing. As you say, all her contributions have a delightful and refreshing sense of humor. Long may she write for Picture Play!

The Oracle suggests that fans who wish quick replies to their questions should inclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Otherwise the answers must wait their turn for publication in these columns.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—I see you are still true to your old favorite. Bill has been making a series of Westerns for Darmour Productions, but his mailing address is the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

A FEBRUARYITE.—Here are some February birthdays for you: Frank Albertson, the 2nd, 1909; Mary Brian, the 17th, 1908; John Barrymore, 15th, 1882; Joan Bennett, 27th, 1911; Helen Chandler, 1st, 1909; Ronald Colman, 9th, 1891; Lew Cody, 22nd, 1885; William Collier, Jr., 12th, 1902; Jimmy Durante, 18th; Stuart Erwin, 29th; Clark Gable, 1st, 1901; Russell Gleason, 6th, 1907; Arline Judge, 21st, 1913; William Janney, 15th, 1908; Dorothy Janis, 19th, 1910; Rex Lease, 11th, 1903; Bert Lytell, 24th, 1885; Chester Morris, 16th, 1902; Adolphe Menjou, 18th, 1891; James Murray, 9th, 1901; Eddie Nugent, 7th, 1904; Ramon Novarro, 6th, 1899; Charles Ruggles, 8th; Robert Young, 22nd, 1907.

E. N. E.—It is true that Natalie Moorhead hasn't made many pictures since her marriage to Alan Crosland, director, in December, 1930. A new producing company, known as Freuler Film Associates, recently cast her in "The Fighting Gentleman," with William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn. David Manners was born on April 30, 1905; Spencer Tracy, April 5, 1900.

K. R.—Leslie Howard is now appearing on the screen in "The Animal Kingdom." His films to date include "Outward Bound." Continued on page 72

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Well, suh, I'se better be runnin' alon' an' let yuh Nawtherners have your-all's say.

CLYDE CAUDLE.

225 West Tenth Street,
Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Fans Broiled à la Romani.

SO the fans are telling us what they think. Well, here's where I tell some of the fans what I think of them:

To M. V. Underhill—Gable a grunter? That's a new one. I'm going to wait to see and hear Mr. Gable in his next talkie before I side with you and the grunting idea. Meanwhile stop your grunting.

To Edna Weaver—Cease to be apprehensive, fair child. There is no chance of your being shot at sunrise. You are not important enough for that.

To M. F. H.—Are you a woman? There isn't a man I know who is gifted with enough sublime asininity to bray as eloquently as you brayed in your last two lines. Why

don't you originate a petition to protect poor, little, uncontaminated honey-boy Rogers?

To Rosemary McCormick—Your letter has the qualities that inspire; so much so that my grandmother, after reading it, has decided to run away from home and go to Hollywood. Am I going to stop her? Not on your life! Since anybody can be a Garbo, why not my grandmother? Would you like to go along with her? The more Garbos the better, you know.

To L. B.—Because you take such pains to accuse "Adult Fan" of appointing himself critic, will you be kind enough to give me the source of your appointment to criticize the critic?

There; now I feel better. Now I can go about my day's work without feeling that undefinable, insatiable longing that so often comes to grip the heart.

RICHARD B. ROMANI.

2409 South Oakley Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Ah, Me!

SEVERAL years ago I lived in a middle Western city through which the stars came by train on their way to and from the West Coast. One night the paper stated that Novarro would be through that evening, and a crowd of us went down to see him.

Novarro did not appear, but we finally saw him through the window of his compartment. The crowd gathered and stood looking at him silently, and Novarro without a glance reached over and pulled down the shade. His utter snobbishness disgusted all of us. While we did not expect him to come out and shake us by the hand, he at least might have smiled at us as he lowered the shade. It would have been a far more diplomatic move for him.

I have become thoroughly disgusted with many of the women stars of the screen. Joan Crawford, who once typified the normal girl, has become so artificial and unnatural-looking that I can no longer see one

of her pictures. Her face has become two eyes and a mouth and nothing else. However, such distortion has a definite appeal to the movie-going public which is deplorable. Carol Lombard, Norma Shearer, and a few others are in that class.

R. C. WILSON.

1475 Prairie Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Colleen's Lamented Bangs.

I WONDER if the producers will give us enough of that cute Colleen Moore. Imagine casting beloved Colleen as a featured player! Her pictures still run through my mind, the Colleen that no other yet replaced.

That Metro-Goldwyn will give a break, and do away with that We are so tired of Garbo and

I would like to see Colleen's pictures in all the magazines, and let us get a good look at her new hair dress. I understand it is a knock-out, and that she looks younger than ever. But what will the fans do without those famous bangs?

Colleen has been my favorite ever since she appeared in "Flaming Youth," and she still is. I am wishing her all the luck in the world, with the biggest comeback that has ever been accorded any star.

WINIFRED GOLDEN.

Atlantic Avenue,
Spokane, Washington.

In Defense of Norma.

I WOULD like to ask H. Leslie if he has any knowledge of Norma Shearer's affairs at the studio. Who can prove that she gets the pick of the stories? Who can say that she is getting any better breaks than any of the other big stars?

Norma was adored by her fans long before she became Mrs. Thalberg, and she would be just as popular no matter whom she may have married. She may have had a few pictures not quite up to standard, but she has proved herself one of the finest actresses on the screen to-day, and the result is that her last picture broke all records for attendance at the opening.

Think that over, H. Leslie, and forget your dislike of so fine an actress. As for her beautiful body, well, we all have different ideas of beauty, but I have seen Mrs. Thalberg many times, and I can truly say that I very seldom have seen her equal in beauty.

E. FREDERICKSEN.

389 Third Street,
San Francisco, California.

Hooray for Cortez!

THIS letter is intended as a tribute to an actor who, though talented, has not received the praise his ability deserves—Ricardo Cortez. He is certainly superior to many a player who has been overwhelmed with torrents of praise.

I have just seen his wonderful performance in "Symphony of Six Millions." This picture gives Cortez the chance to come into his own at last. He has been stealing pictures for years without ever getting the break he deserves. "Symphony of Six Millions" should establish him once and for all. May he soon be a star in his own right.

ZARA MAGNANI.

Route 1, Box 141-A,
Pittsburg, Kansas.

Gable's Grunts O. K.

I AGREE with M. V. Underhill, of Texas, that Clark Gable is not a great actor, but I differ with him when he says that what little acting ability he has suf-

fered because of his grunting in "Hell Divers." The physical pain caused by his broken leg in that film could not have been better reflected in the face of any other star. Gable should not be criticized unduly for a minute portion of his rôle as Steve Nelson when he otherwise filled the bill.

In considering the finest actors, Mr. Underhill would be well advised to refrain from dragging in the frowns and facial contortions of Mr. Gable, who relies more on his dominance and his dimples than his versatility. I have not seen a film yet in which Beery's thunder was stolen. Wally thieved "Hell Divers," whether he had his back to the camera, or was in the wings, and that with acting ability.

DAVID MACKENZIE.

18 Maule Drive,
Glasgow, W. 1, Scotland.

Those Galloping Birthdays.

EDITH LeROY is right about Joan Crawford's age. Before she married Doug, Jr., her birth year was 1906 and his was 1910. After they married she stated in a magazine interview that they were the same age. Now, it seems she was born in 1908 and he in 1907. But every fan of a few years' standing knows she is four years older than he. But what of it? As Edith LeRoy says, we should think no less of these charming stars if they did not try to camouflage their ages. Another star with a jumping age is Janet Gaynor, whose birth year is really 1906, but is given as 1907 and sometimes 1908.

A. F. BOOKER.

5 Townsend Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Laurels for Sherman.

A WREATH of laurels for Lowell Sherman. We don't read very much about this distinguished personage in this department. What with the Garbo-Dietrich controversy, the platinum blonde pros and cons, age versus youth, et cetera, there doesn't seem to be much room left for singing praises of such versatile human beings as Mr. Sherman. But he is versatile, we must admit. His work in "What Price Hollywood," in which he overshadowed everybody else, was worth the price of admission.

I quite agree with the critics that this is the finest piece of acting he has ever done. Indeed, I sat entranced while he did his best, as the drunken director, to drink America dry. Surely from now on he will continue his successful career recognized by filmdom and the great army of fans as one of the greatest actors of our day.

His work as a director should not pass unnoticed. His few attempts at that end of the business only go to prove that his technique lacks nothing, for everything he does is inspired with his remarkable personality, his sparkling wit, and, above all, his charming sophistication.

DOROTHY JOHNSON.

343 Saint Antoine,
Lachine, P. Q., Canada.

Is Scandal Necessary?

SHAKE hands with me across the continent, Ann Abicu, for your fine letter about Warner Baxter in the September Picture Play. We see and hear too little of Mr. Baxter. I suppose the writers can't unearth any scandal about him!

In my estimation, he is one of the great actors on the screen to-day. He brings to his portrayals the finesse of the stage, together with the warmth and sincerity of his own personality. His versatility makes

Continued on page 74



Margery Wilson

America's foremost authority on Charm, who has trained distinguished social leaders, business and professional women and dramatic stars in the expression of personal charm, and whose methods are used in exclusive finishing schools.

What are your SINS against Charm?

JUST what impression do you make when you are introduced to a distinguished person, when you attend a social function? Are you self-conscious—awkward in your bearing?—a poor conversationalist?—uncertain of the correct thing to do or say?

FREE Margery Wilson's "CHARM TEST"

This fascinating self-analysis will reveal you as you are, your good points and your bad. Grade yourself! Let Margery Wilson show you how to correct your shortcomings, how to banish your shyness and reserve, how to acquire social poise and magnetic presence—how to express yourself beautifully, graciously, correctly, in everything you do and say.

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NORMA SHEARER writes: "To capture the elusive spirit of Charm and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power."

BETTY COMPTON writes: "Your secrets of Charm are priceless, and will indeed be a help to everyone who is interested in the subject, as who is not?"

RUTH CHATTERTON writes: "Margery Wilson's Charm is all that the title implies and more."

BEBE DANIELS writes: "I wish that everyone in the world might have the benefit of this knowledge."

RUPERT HUGHES writes: "You have given a golden prescription. You have solved the true mysteries of Charm and shown that it is as available to the homely, the poor, the ignorant and the old as to the beautiful, the rich, the sophisticated and the young. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its mystic powers."

Learn to be Charming

Would you like to have Margery Wilson instruct you personally in the cultivation of person-I Charm, in the art of glamorous self-expression? Heretofore Miss Wilson's instruction has been available only at tremendous fees. Now she has prepared a scientific home-training method. Grateful pupils write that it has opened the door to social life, friendships, popularity, business advancement.

Special Offer So you may see just what this instruction can do for you, you are now offered, for the nominal charge of only \$1.00, Margery Wilson's Special Lesson in the Cultivation of Charm, which includes her famous method for overcoming self-consciousness. And you will also receive the "Charm-Test" free.

Margery Wilson,

1148 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

FREE! Margery Wilson's CHARM-TEST

Margery Wilson, Dept. 1412, 1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dear Miss Wilson: I enclose only \$1.00. Please send me your Special Lesson in Charm, together with the free "Charm-Test."

Name
Address
Town State



DO YOU KNOW W. AT TO SAY at the end of a d nce? Have you the charm that attracts partners?



ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS when entertaining? Can you be the smart, gracious hostess?



ARE YOU EMBARRASSED when 21 eyes are on you? Do you know how to walk gracefully?



DO INTRODUCTIONS B OTHER YOU? After "How-do-you-do," can you bridge the gap with fashionable sm-il-talk?



ARE YOU A CONVERSATIONAL LOSS at a dinner? Can you start "table-talk"—keep it going?

"They can't let me go now!

I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

"I've seen what they do to men on the chain gang. I've been through it myself! I've seen men flogged, sweated, tortured. And I've dared to tell the whole hideous truth about it! They can't afford to let me stay at large now. They've got to get me; they've got to shut me up, because . . . they know I'VE LIFTED THE LID OFF HELL!"

Here is a new kind of picture! Not a scenario writer's idea of a prison, but the actual, authentic experiences of an escaped convict . . . who right now may be passing through *your* town in his eternal flight.



SEE . . .
The whipping post—



—The perforated lash under which men die—



—The awful sweat box—



—The heavy chains worn day and night!

Millions . . .
have waited for the REAL truth about that hell on earth—the chain gang . . . here it is! . . .



"I AM A FUGITIVE

FROM A CHAIN GANG"

with

PAUL MUNI

in his first picture since "Scarface"
And Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson and
Preston Foster. Directed by Mervyn
LeRoy. Another sensational hit from
WARNER BROS.



Rob't E. Burns' best seller that startled the world with its shocking, thrilling revelations . . . See it in all its vivid, vibrant reality on the screen . . . At leading theatres soon.

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XXXVII
NUMBER 4

PICTURE PLAY

DECEMBER
1932



Photo by John Miehle

HER differences with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer patched up, Madge Evans returns to the fold of her discoverers while every fan hopes that she will play opposite Ramon Novarro, in "Man of the Nile," and do for Egypt what she did for Hindustan in "Son of India." Here she is as Al Jolson's girl friend in "The New Yorker," which she made while playing truant.

IS NOVARRO TIRED—

It looks as if Ramon is too weary of success to fight for what his fans expect of him.

FOURTEEN years ago when Ramon Novarro was a lad of nineteen, he came from Durango, Mexico, to win success in the United States. His assets for the enterprise, exclusive of youth and health, were practically nonexistent. He knew no trade, he had no business or professional training, he spoke broken English, he had no American friends, and he had no money. And he was a Mexican, a race which Americans that time looked upon with and contempt. The

you know, had re
In addition to th
mon got little or 1
agement
from his family at
friends. His
people were frankly skeptical and the Americans whom he met on his arrival didn't consider him any great shakes.

Fortunately, Novarro thrives on opposition and discouragement. Tell him he is incapable of doing a thing and he will take great pleasure in proving you wrong. His determination is equaled only by his confidence in himself. And he firmly believes that God is with him in all his undertakings, which doubtless helps a great deal.

"If other actors earn one thousand dollars a week," said he, in those distant days, "I will earn one thousand dollars a week."

At that time he was earning about one thousand cents per week—when he had a job. Eventually he worked his way into the Marion Morgan dance troupe and thereafter he ate more regularly. Between engagements he did not hesitate to accept less artistic work, for Ramon is that rare creation, a practical artist. He had said that he would succeed and never did his efforts or determination falter.

Returning to Los Angeles from New York, he parted with the dancing troupe and set about the business of becoming a thousand-dollar-a-week star in pictures. A fellow foreigner had suddenly become the rage—Rudolph Valentino. Novarro didn't envy or emulate; he worked and prayed.

Hearing that Rex Ingram, who had raised the great Rudolph to fame and fortune, was looking for an actor to play the part of *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Ramon, on the strength of his first picture, "A Lover's Oath," got a letter of introduction and presented himself as an applicant for the rôle.

Ingram saw a slender, graceful youth of twenty-two, with a finely etched profile, bright black eyes, and a shock of thick black hair. The director shook his head.



Fatigued or indifferent—who knows? But everybody knows that Ramon Novarro rarely has new photographs these days. That is why Picture Play illustrates this article with old ones. Here he is as *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," his first success at twenty-two.

"I am sorry," said he, "but you are the exact opposite of the type I want. *Rupert* was tall, blond, and arrogant. And he was a year older than you are."

Ingram is nothing if not precise. Novarro was momentarily downcast. He asked to make a test for the part. Finally Ingram told him that he might return the next day, but warned him that he stood about as much chance of getting the rôle as Bull Montana would have in passing a school-teacher's examination. Novarro asked for details as to the character and appearance of *Rupert*. Taking the letter of introduction from his pocket, Ingram drew a rough sketch of the character and returned it to Ramon.

Ramon took the sketch home and studied it, after which he made a trip to the Western Costume Company. The next day he appeared before Ingram in the character of the coveted rôle. Ingram, surprised at his ingenuity, considered for a moment and then added a monocle, which could hardly be made to stay above the youth's smooth cheek.

"I know I can play thees part perfeect," hissed the Mexican. "God ees weeth me!"

After that Ingram broke down and gave him the job. So "perfeect" was he in the part that it resulted in a contract and soon another star name leaped into electric.

Ramon made some of his best pictures with Rex Ingram. With everything to gain and nothing to lose, he went after his rôles in "The Arab" and "Scaramouche" with freshness and vigor. "Where the Pavement Ends" was a gem, and "The Red Lily," made under the

direction of Fred Niblo, revealed much of the Novarro charm and ability. Still, he was so immature that he showed up as a rather weak rival to the older and more physically alluring Valentino. However, he endeared himself to thousands of fans, whose affections have increased with the years.

At that time the country was Valentino-mad, and the dark lads who sprang up in his wake were regarded as mere imitators. The great sheik epidemic of eight or nine years ago is still remembered with misgivings. Conspicuously present, besides the original Rudolph, were Novarro, a Mexican; Ricardo Cortez, a Jew; Paul Ellis, an Argentinean; Raymond Keene, an American; Gilbert Roland, another Mexican; Charles de Roche, a Frenchman, and several others who have since returned to their natural oblivion.

Of all that gallant tribe, Novarro has easily been the

OR WHAT?

By Madeline Glass

most successful, his talents having proved surprisingly deep and varied. Valentino, made famous by life and immortal by death, passed on in a nightmare of publicity and genuine grief. Cortez, after sinking from view for several years, came back with the power of a thunderbolt. Paul Ellis turned to writing, Raymond Keene became a shoe clerk, and Gilbert Roland, after long resting on his withered laurels, now acts intermittently. Charles de Roche went back to France.

Novarro at that time was classified as just one of the sheiks, with more charm and refinement than the average. A wit, who later became Ramon's invaluable press agent, cast a bilious eye over the sleek, perfect-lover brigade and wrote of the Adonis from Durango, "He can't get up as much heat as our janitor—and our pipes have been frozen all winter!"

But Ramon had faith in himself, heat or no heat. Criticisms and obstacles which would have deterred most of us only spurred him on. When casting began on that great picture, "Ben-Hur," few believed him suitable for the rôle of the Jewish prince. But Ramon had his heart set on this alien rôle. Even after George Walsh was chosen and taken to Italy with the company, Novarro still believed that he was meant to portray that tragic hero. How he had pictures taken of himself in *Ben-Hur* costumes, and how he worked to overcome opposition, have been told. And eventually Walsh was recalled and Novarro stepped into the rôle which he had determined would be his. Comment on his memorable performance is unnecessary.

Novarro is capable of excruciatingly hard labor over long periods of time. Unrelenting training plus his career as a dancer developed his body, while close application to acting, music, and voice cultivation developed his artistic talents.

To-day he is the most accomplished star in the picture world. With the help of God and an agnostic press agent, Ramon has lifted himself to professional eminence, and the thousand-dollar salary to which he once aspired has climbed to ten times that amount.

I have reviewed Ramon's past in the hope that we may more clearly judge his present and future. For it now looks as if he is just a little weary of professional success. Otherwise, how can we account for the fact that his late pictures have been inferior to what he is capable of giving us?

Since the advent of talking pictures, Ramon has made eight films: "The Pagan," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "Devil-May-Care," "Daybreak," "Son of India," "Mata Hari," and "Huddle." Of these eight pictures, only four are outstanding personal successes: "The Pa-

If only Ramon would fight to-day as he fought to play *Ben-Hur*!

Fans clamor for a revival of "Scaramouche" as they see Novarro wasted on weak pictures.



gan," "Devil-May-Care," "Call of the Flesh," and "Son of India." His most recent, "Huddle," is not good enough for Ramon and will not add to his professional prestige.

As for "Mata Hari," I am one of those who not only did not enjoy Ramon's performance in the picture, but who feel downright resentful that he should have chosen to play in it. Certainly the rôle did not measure up to his best work either in scope or appeal. And the fact that, disregarding the wishes of his fans, he has done little or no singing of late does not help matters.

Four delightful rôles against four mediocre ones is by no means a good average. It is not what we expect of Ramon, what we have a right to expect.

What has happened to the fighting spirit which brought him to Ingram's notice? To the determination that won him the rôle of *Ben-Hur*? To the persistence and energy which led him to outstrip all his rivals? To the artistic conscience that caused him to rewrite the script of "The Pagan" when the original version was found to be poor? Is "Huddle" the answer? Let's hope not.

It looks as if Ramon is too tired to fight for what his fans expect of him. The Mexican gladiator has been in the arena a long time, far longer than most stars. Fourteen years of toiling, planning, creating, and overcoming obstacles of every sort seem to have sapped his enthusiasm. Nerve strain is revealed in his hurried eating and his frequent attacks of

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Marriage reacted in favor of Sally Eilers, though it irritates fans to be told their hero is married.

It's a Woman's

Women stars "wear the pants," enjoy special privileges denied male stars, and get the breaks in contracts and love affairs.

IT'S a nasty little Hollywood habit to call any feminine star's husband by *her* last name. For example, I have heard old meanies call Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., "Mr. Crawford" and Frank Fay "Mr. Stanwyck."

"They might as well change the marriage ceremony and let the name of the woman's name right away," wisecracks irrepressible—and unmarriageable—Ookie. "They could also take away the man's title, 'Mister,' and give him a number. If he's *Miss* Sadie Smith's third husband, for instance, just call him 'Smith the Third.'"

As Jack infers, the ladies in Hollywood remain "Miss" indefinitely, no matter how many times they marry.

Like so many humorous conceits, this one has its basis of fact. It is true that Hollywood is a woman's town. Women wear the pants there figuratively as well as often literally. More important, they enjoy endless special privileges and immunities denied male stars. They even get higher salaries in proportion to their rank as screen attractions.

Above all, women get the breaks in matters pertaining to their romantic hungers, emotional desires, and soul appetites. Examination of all recent stellar marriages, divorces, engagements, and love affairs shows that lady stars always fare better than gentlemen, even in cases such as Ann Harding's and Barbara Stanwyck's, wherein the women make altruistic

efforts to make it appear otherwise.

Suppose a male star decides to marry some one outside his profession. Instantly his followers become disgruntled. He belongs to them—not to this unknown interloper. Richard Dix's marriage to Winifred Coe affords an excellent illustration. There was nationwide mourning that had in it a definite shade of defiance and a promise of revenge through the box office. The star of "Cimarron," although just as good an actor and lover as before his marriage, isn't the same to those adoring flappers.

Let us see what happens to a woman star who marries an outsider. Does it affect her box-office appeal? Not one whit!

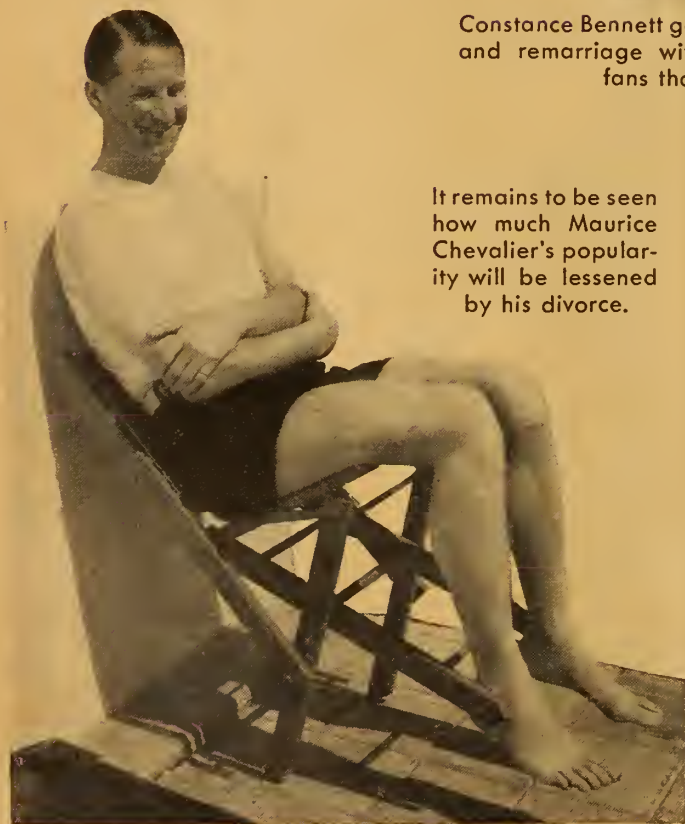
Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson, each marrying the Marquis de la Falaise and various other gentlemen, still flourish. Elissa Landi's British lawyer, Helen Twelvetrees's real-estate man, Anna Sten's German architect, and Dorothy Mackaill's crooner, certainly have had no bad effect upon their wives' careers. Even motherhood is an asset since Marlene Dietrich set the precedent. It has become evident that the effectiveness of cinematic vamping is not lessened by the knowledge that in private life the vamp is a devoted mother.

The stellar father, however, must keep paternal pride under control. A comedian like Joe E. Brown



Constance Bennett got away with divorce and remarriage with more fame and fans than ever.

It remains to be seen how much Maurice Chevalier's popularity will be lessened by his divorce.



RACKET

By Helen Pade

doesn't suffer from parading his offspring in the public print, but a romantic hero must keep photographs of his progeny, in so far as possible, within the confines of his home.

It irritates the followers of married heroes to be reminded of their idols' marital status. An article of mine, in which I merely referred to the oft-published fact that Clark Gable has a wife, brought a storm of protests.

"Why remind us that Clark, Neil Hamilton, Robert Montgomery, Paul Lukas, and other nice men are married?" one young lady demanded. "We know it—but we're anxious to forget it."

On the other hand, who protests against reminders that Marlene Dietrich, Janet Gaynor, Dolores del Rio, and Irene Dunne are wives in private life?

Suppose, instead of marrying an outsider, the screen hero weds a popular actress.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., married Joan Crawford, the two were neck and neck in the race to fame. It was a romantic love affair. Today, despite Douglas's screen record, Joan has overshadowed him and become one of the most popular of stars. Interview the two of them together in their home and you get an inkling of the forces at play. Beside the glamorous woman, the equally glamorous young man has little chance of stepping out of her shadow.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes presented a similar picture before their divorce. Ralph was always gallant about Ruth. When he was the dominant screen figure, and she was a not very popular newcomer, he was a veritable press agent for her, always boosting her. Ruth reciprocated as gallantly when she became the influential one.



Richard Dix will never be forgiven for marrying an "outsider," but a lady star can marry, adopt, or hire unknowns as her fancy dictates.



If Tallulah Bankhead kisses a man's lips in public, it's cute; if Ivan Lebedeff kisses a hand, it's ridiculous.

Several other women have been notably gallant. Barbara Stanwyck, once far less popular than her husband, Frank Fay, fought valiantly for him when her own fortunes were ascendant. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, who started in pictures on equal terms, separated when Ann overshadowed him. Clara Bow tried vainly to have Rex Bell as her leading man in the picture that is to mark her comeback. There are many other cases in which a woman found it impossible to overcome, even

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When players of equal rank marry, the wife usually outdistances the man, just as Claudette Colbert did Norman Foster.



NEIL SQUEALS

By
Franc
Dillon

A leading man tells what it's like to work with Constance Bennett—Mr. Hamilton speaking.



Neil:—"One minute you are the sweetest person in the world and the next you are—you are——"
Connie:—"Stinking."

WHY don't women like Constance Bennett?" Neil Hamilton repeated my question and then asked quite innocently, "Don't women like Constance Bennett?"

Neil had just finished making two consecutive pictures with Miss Bennett, so, of course, was qualified to answer a question that is being served at breakfast, lunch, and dinner in Hollywood: "Why don't women like Constance Bennett?"

"Well, what if women don't like her? Men do," he argued.

"Why do men like her?" I asked him. "Do you like her?"

"I ought to like her," he replied. "After we finished 'What Price Hollywood' Constance asked me what I was going to do next. I told her I had no plans. She said there was a great part for me in her next picture and that she had asked for me. And when Constance asks for anything, it is in the nature of a royal command. A few days later she told me that it was all settled. I was to work with her in 'Two Against the World.'"

A great many actors might have resented not being consulted about the arrangement; not being allowed to make their own contracts; having a mere woman telling them arrogantly that she had arranged everything, that it was all settled. But Neil said, "I didn't resent it. I was grateful.

"Before 'What Price Hollywood' I had never met Constance Bennett," Neil told me. "I had seen her at the Mayfair and the Embassy and different places where you do see people, but I had never been introduced to her. When I was cast in her picture I was plenty nervous at the prospect of five weeks in her company. Because I had heard all the Hollywood tales about Constance, that she was high-hat, bad-tempered, selfish, moody, hard to work with. I went to work the first day in anything but a calm state of mind.

"We plunged right into the most intimate love scenes and worked hard all day. She was very charming. Everything was great. We got along like a couple of pals. When I got home that night my wife was waiting for me with mental arnica and salve, and was as surprised to hear me say that everything was fine as I was to be able to say it. At the end of the five weeks, I could truthfully say that I never enjoyed making any picture more than I did that one.

"Men like and admire her because she dares them *not* to, I think," Neil continued. "She doesn't care whether they like her or not, so there is always the spirit of the chase. And I suppose the men who come in contact with her like her better than the women who know her, because she likes men more than she does women.

"Her fans are largely women, but her friends are men. Everything about her is bound to antagonize other

women. They envy her clothes, her money, her title. Many a girl may think that she could have just as beautiful clothes as Constance if she had the money, and it's true. She chooses her clothes from sketches. She says, 'I'll take that one and that one and that one,' and just like that the wardrobe produces them. But deep in her heart, most any girl knows that if she had the beautiful clothes that Constance has, she couldn't wear them with the air that Constance does."

Neil, being a mere man, meant, of course, that Constance can put on the most charmingly simple gown and make it look simply charming.

"The cast resents her," Neil continued, "because the minute she appears on the scene, every one else is subtly consigned to the help class. Constance is the *star* of the picture. She passes on the script; she chooses the director and the cast; she okays the wardrobe of the other players. She could order any member of the cast to wear red-flannel underwear if she wished. She rewrites half the script and says how each actor shall play his or her part.

"The cast resents being called to work at eight o'clock in the morning because it is in Constance's contract that she shall work from eight until four thirty. And they doubly resent it when, made up and on the set, they wait for Miss Bennett's appearance until nine, nine thirty, or ten o'clock. And if she doesn't like the looks of the set, she goes home.

"A forbidding look, worn as naturally as a ring on her finger, puts every one in the wrong even before they speak. They may like her or they may hate her, but there's one thing sure. *No one ever ignores her.*

"And whether people say good or bad things about us doesn't matter, as long as they say something. I don't care what they say about me as long as they spell my name correctly."

And having uttered that wise remark, Neil leaned back and helped himself to a peanut-butter sandwich.

"Connie," Neil said one day when she was particularly sweet to every one on the set, "you are the most contradictory person I ever met in my life. One minute you are the sweetest person in the world and the next minute you are—you are——"

"Stinking," she finished the sentence for him.

"That's just the word," Neil said.

"Well?" she said inquiringly, and up went an eyebrow.

"Why are you that way?" he demanded. "It's just as easy to be nice to people as it is to be nasty to them."

"Oh, well," Constance said, "if I'm nice to people they take advantage of me. I have to protect myself."

And that may explain Constance's hard, brittle exterior. It's a protection against things she doesn't want, a defense.

Constance has been quoted many times as saying that she doesn't like Hollywood any better than Hollywood likes her.

"But Hollywood is the ideal place to make pictures," she has said, "and I want to make pictures. I want to make enough money so that I'll always be financially independent. Then I'll go to Europe to live, because Europe is the ideal place to live. If Hollywood people do not like me, well"—she shrugs an eloquent shoulder—"I can't help it."

The shrug tells the story. For when most girls of her age were hearing nursery rhymes at their mothers' knees, Constance was being taught to shrug a shoulder, figuratively speaking. She was being told by her father, Richard Bennett, to go out into the world and demand from it what she wanted.

So when Constance shrugs a shoulder, it says as plainly as though it were speaking, "I don't care a whoop whether Hollywood likes me or not. It's fans who see my pictures and make it possible for me to make a lot of money." [Continued on page 61]



"If I'm nice to people they take advantage of me."

Hollywood women could forgive salary, title—everything—if only *la Bennett* didn't wear clothes so well.



They Say in NEW

What every one does not know about stars in Manhattan.



Jean Arthur, out of pictures a long time, has made a hit in the stage play, "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

"Clear All Wires," a vicious exposure of the world adventurer who broadcasts his experiences. This was Broadway's first gift of the season to Hollywood. You may expect the Floyd Gibbons type to be razed in several pictures this year.

Not for Money.—Katharine Hepburn, who left New York for Hollywood little more than three months ago, came back in a blaze of glory. Her work in "A Bill of Divorcement" was rewarded with a contract that calls for featured rôles in two pictures a year, lots of money, and an opportunity to spend several months on the stage in New York each winter.

This Hepburn girl is fascinating. She does not work because she needs the money—she has enough to make a sizable dent in the national debt—but she has stuck to her career through discouragements that would have defeated other girls who had no alternative but a bread line.

Her success in college theatricals at Bryn Mawr led her into a stock company in Baltimore. It folded up three weeks later. A manager who saw her gave her the lead in "The Big Pond." She played that but one night when the producer decided she was just an amateur and let her out. Next came "These Days," which failed so fast few people outside the cast realized that it had ever opened. Then she was hired for "Death Takes

Peggy Kelly is back after four years of films in Europe.



AS the New York theatrical season opened, every train, airplane, and canal boat bore scenario editors and production heads East. They came, of course, to see what the theatrical producers are guessing the public is panting to see this season. Not that they expected in all cases to purchase the film rights. They merely wanted an idea of the trends. No one could stop them if they just happened to think of a story for a picture in the same locale or dealing with the same sort of people.

This is what they have seen so far: "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," a play written around a gruesome character that would have been a natural for the late Lon Chaney. All that producers gleaned from this one is that Jean Arthur, formerly of Paramount, is an ingratiating and skilled young actress. Don't be surprised if she comes back to pictures with a blare of trumpets. She thinks now that she would rather stay on the stage until she gets more experience, but the public's disinterest in plays may cure her of that ambitious idea.

"Best Years" is the story of a devoted daughter who all but sacrifices her life to please her mother.

"Here To-day," a hilarious narrative of a goofy pair who are intensely serious about funny things and flip-pant when something in which they are earnestly interested is involved. Not suited to picture audiences, say the producers, because they come into the theaters to rest tired feet rather than to exercise active minds.

"The Stork Is Dead," a vulgar farce which is "Wife In Name Only" in modern dress.

a Holiday" and dropped during rehearsal. After a few weeks she managed to get into "Art and Mrs. Bottle," which limped along for a brief run. Then her jinx got to work again and she was dropped out of "The Animal Kingdom" during rehearsals and then out of "The Warrior's Husband." They recalled her, however, when they found that her successor was less promising than she.

Women were enchanted by her sense of humor and her infectious, candid smile. Men could recall little about the play except that she had marvelous legs. It was the latter which were held responsible for her invitation to Hollywood.

According to her intimates, Miss Hepburn took her picture work with the utmost seriousness, and looked on its social aspects as a rousing game where you tried to stump the leader.

If Constance Bennett rode the few hundred feet from her dressing room to the set in a limousine, Miss Hep-

YORK—

By Karen Hollis

burn topped her by being conveyed in a resplendent town car with chauffeur, footman, maid, and secretary.

The vogue of staying aloof from reporters was something she gave her enthusiastic support. She sent orders to RKO in New York that no photographers or reporters be allowed to meet her train.

Executives took the order so seriously that her husband, a broker, was unable to get through the gate to meet her. They left for a vacation in Europe soon after she arrived. He is not exactly enthusiastic about her career. He will never run the risk of being announced as "Miss Hepburn's husband" by attending a picture opening with her.

A "Follies" Convention.—When "Blondie of the Follies" played the Capitol Theater in New York, every day was gala day. With Marion Davies and Billie Dove, two Ziegfeld alumnae in the cast, and Lilyan Tashman in the stage show, every ex-"Follies" girl in town turned out to see how the great glorified had been treated.

I could not get any one to admit that "Blondie" was an authentic picture of life in the "Follies." "Even if it had been like that, I'd rather not remember," agreed the "Follies" girls who are now fashionable young matrons. So you can believe it or not, as you prefer.



Broadway smiles at a funny story about Norma Shearer's gift to a girl she didn't choose to know.

Katharine Hepburn is so rich she doesn't need to work, but you'll be seeing a lot of her.

Lil Gives a Party.—Lilyan Tashman has been coming to town every three months or so for the last year, but that does not calm down the welcome given her. Just to accommodate old friends who insisted on seeing her immediately after her arrival, she had to engage a big suite in the Waldorf-Astoria tower. Lilyan swooped through the room, her vibrant voice hailing each arrival as "Darling." She does it with such enthusiasm that you can't help feeling that she really would have been broken-hearted if you hadn't shown up.

She was dressed for the occasion by Hattie Carnegie, eminent American designer, in a clinging gown of sheerest black velvet with a jacketlike yoke of white cotton lace. She wore a tiny pancake hat perched on one side of her head, the other

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Photo by Bachrach



Nancy Carroll denies that temperament had anything to do with her demotion from stardom to featured rôles.

AFTER full-fledged stardom—*what?* In the symphony of the stars, how does it feel to play second fiddle after having been the big noise?

Just as there are all sorts of ladders to the top, so there are ways to step down from the glorified position. And when you are a film celebrity accustomed to the spotlight, a swell salary, and lavish publicity, and you wake up to the fact that a couple of other girls are the new vogue, well, you're on the spot between pride and resignation.

In one of the poems of Laurence Hope, I find this philosophical line: "For this is wisdom—to have, to hold, and in time let go." The Hollywood merry-go-round wasn't on the whirl when this sage bit of advice was written, but it applies to us all, including successful actresses.

Most girls aim for wealth as well as fame in Hollywood. When they have both they find they have grown so used to working that they can't stop. And then comes the most annoying problem of all: how to step down from stardom gracefully.

Some cling to their departed prestige with remarkable determination. They know that good stories made them favorites in the past, and are searching for just the right rôle to restore their glitter.

Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, and Nancy Carroll are currently meeting the situation with enviable finesse. They reached their goal. For a while they were ace high. Now, though other personalities are in greater demand, millions

SECOND

Stepping down from stardom gracefully—that's their problem.

of fans hope this quartet will continue to act. They want to go on. They are making no fuss at being demoted to featured parts.

Colleen, light-hearted exponent of erstwhile flaming youth, returns to the screen after a three-year absence. She's a different person both before and behind the cameras. Rested, happily married again, she has traveled and played until idleness grew as tiresome as too much work. Three years ago I went out to her beautiful home and found her a disillusioned and thoroughly discontented woman. The other day I interviewed her and discovered a new Colleen.

"Yes," she admits frankly, "I did hold out for that big salary three years ago—because I didn't want ever to see a camera again! I was exhausted in every way."

I remembered how she had said then, "What's the use of having money if you can't enjoy it? I've given up everything to be a success in pictures. It's no fun being a star with your

Billie Dove says she has "recovered from her career" and that "happiness comes first."

nose to the grindstone. I'm through! I want to live while I'm still young enough to appreciate things."

And she has made good her threat.

"I like the new friends I've made while living in New York and traveling. But when you've worked hard you can't accustom yourself to just idling all the time. So I hope to find the happy medium between all work and all play."

Her good-looking husband, Al Scott, is a New York broker who spends as much time as possible in California. Colleen says she'd like to live on a huge, isolated ranch. But she is quite pleased with her big home now that there's some one to share it.

Her professional future is in the capable hands of Irving Thalberg, who has decreed that henceforth she shall do serious characterizations. No more flappers or trivial comedies. So certain is he that Colleen will



FIDDLE

By Ben Maddox

be a hit that he kept her waiting three months to get the right rôle with Wallace Beery. And paid her two thousand a week during the wait.

"I'm just getting a button in comparison with my old salary, but I'd work for nothing," she states. One sixth of her peak wage is quite a cut. Since it leaves her in the two-thousand-dollar class we can hardly weep, however.

Thirty years old, Colleen is younger than many of our stage imports. With her thirteen years of screen experience behind her, she ought to score again.

"It's grand to have an objective in life," she believes. "Making a dent in the talkies is my ambition these days. Billing? I hope I'll never be a star again. Too much responsibility."

Billie Dove has had much in common with Colleen. To-day at the age of twenty-nine, the Dove is as beautiful as of yore, but she no longer has stellar drawing power. Recently she supported Marion Davies, in "Blondie of the Follies." It was a lively characterization, a relief from her many stilted heroines.

"Happiness comes first with me," Billie assured me when I spent an afternoon with her on the beach at Malibu. "I've worked hard. Started when I was fifteen. And I missed a lot of laughs and good times. I have made enough money to care for myself comfortably, and from now on I'm not devoting all my attention to a career."

"During my last eight months with First National I made six starring films." Like Colleen, she was worn out. "I didn't see a single movie for the following eight months. Went to Europe, stayed at home, and eventually recovered from my career."

Once a quiet, colorless type, Billie has bloomed into one of Hollywood's most vivid figures. Completely feminine, she scorns the traditional beauty aids. Her hair,

"I'm just getting a button in comparison with my old salary, but I'd work for nothing," says Colleen Moore as she prepares to support Wallace Beery, in "Flesh."

Photo by Bull



Photo by Fryer

Bebe Daniels plays opposite the dominant Edward G. Robinson, in "Silver Dollar," instead of having the starring rôle herself.

for instance, has as much gray as brown these days. It matches her brown-gray eyes and, worn in a long bob of soft curls, is most unusual and attractive in the town of bleached blondes.

"I got my first gray hair when thirteen," Billie relates. "It came in underneath and wasn't noticeable until a few years ago. No, it isn't hereditary. Just happened. I've never bothered to touch it up, because it photographs brown and I could never stand to have it messed with."

With her carmine finger tips, clever bon mots, and gay disposition, Billie is more charming than ever. Hollywood beaux prefer her company to the mannish women. She'd rather you thought her a jolly good fellow than a great actress.

From the Dove's merry home I went to Nancy Carroll's Beverly house to inquire about her demotion. The gossips have blamed it on her temperament. Nancy denies all, and her new husband, Bolton Mallory, ex-magazine editor and at present on Warners' writing staff, was considerably irked at the presumption.

"Yes," she finally said, "I have seen some articles slamming my disposition. But I challenge any one to cite an actual instance in which I was temperamental. I'm sure I've never had a fight with any

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BLOND VILLAIN

Ralph Bellamy, who is leering and sneering his way to fame, obligingly tells all—and there's a chuckle in every paragraph.

By
Barbara Barry



Ralph doesn't like playing bad men all the time, but prefers them to ga-ga heroes.

VILLAIN with a sense of humor. "Peck's Bad Boy" in flannels and sport shirt.

Ralph Bellamy's life story reads like an Alger book—"Sink or Swim," "Do or Die," "Up from the Ranks"—and Bellamy's done all that.

He has sunk and he has swum. He has done, and he has darn near died. And if ever a fellow came up from the ranks, fighting tooth and toe nail every inch of the way, jerking sodas, digging ditches, starving, to make a boyish dream come true, Ralph Bellamy is that man.

"I have a reputation for being a difficult subject to interview," he warned me, as we settled ourselves for the conflict. And then he proceeded to make a liar of himself. May all my subjects be as tough.

When he was seventeen, a traveling show came to town and Ralph struck up an acquaintance with an old Shakespearean actor. Then and there the bud of his Thespian inclinations burst into bloom. He wanted to be an actor. To stick a hand inside the front of his vest—when he should rate a vest—and mutter, "Alas, poor *Yorick*, I knew him well."

And as far as Ralph was concerned, knowing poor *Yorick* even slightly beat fire engines and police patrols all hollow. Home he ran to break the glad tidings to Mamma and Papa Bellamy.

Their fair-haired boy was going to be an actor. Wasn't that swell? Yes, it wasn't! The Bellamys were respectable folks. Their family closet had always been open for inspection. And no son of theirs would clutter it up with long-haired ghosts who boasted of an intimate relationship with a guy named *Yorick*. *Yorick*, indeed! What church did *he* belong to?

But Ralph hasn't got that chin for nothing. (If you think you can get chins for nothing, you don't know your plastic surgeons.) That night, he put on his Sunday suit, pinned the usual farewell note to his pillow, and when the Shakespearean Superattractions caught the midnight train for Dubuque and points west, Ralph was with them.

For a year he alternately shifted and chewed scenery. For three hundred and sixty-five days he collected props and doubled in brass. Hard work, small pay. But at the end of that time, resplendent in derby, fancy vest, and spats, he returned home to make peace with the senior Bellamys.

"They forgave me," he said, grinning, "in spite of the derby. After that, I batted around the country with small stock companies. It wasn't any bed of roses. Lots of times I went to bed hungry. And between engagements I worked at anything that offered three meals a day and a place to sleep. Even dug ditches several times, but I didn't mind. I was just marking time until I could get back to the job I liked best.

"Once I was stranded in New York. Hadn't eaten for four days. I heard of a job about twenty-two blocks from my rooming house. No money for car fare. So I hiked it—both ways.

"By the time I reached the place, somebody else had been hired, so there was nothing to do but turn around and go home. I was so weak from hunger that I could scarcely climb the five flights of stairs to my dingy little room.

"Well, I filled up on water and lay down on the bed to read 'Crime and Punishment.' It was a pretty morbid thing for a starving man to be reading.

"I don't know what happened. I'm sure I was neither unconscious nor in a state of coma, but all of a sudden I found myself out on the fire escape ready to jump off into space!"

He shuddered almost imperceptibly, then smiled reassuringly. "Crazy, wasn't it? I've never been able to explain it. Lord knows I wouldn't commit suicide under any circumstances. Just being alive is pretty nice, any way you look at it."

And let that be a lesson to you.

He has had a lot of fun out of life, simply because he took the trouble to look for the humorous side of every situation, and appreciate it when he found it.

"Once"—he chuckled reminiscently—"we were playing 'Three Weeks.' The *Queen* and I were dining on the terrace—it was the usual stage fare, crackers and bananas—when out of a clear sky I began to choke. And I couldn't stop. Finally, I was obliged to dash into the wings, leaving the *Queen* to carry on as best she could until her choking cavalier could regain his composure.

"But," he continued, "the worst was yet to come. In the next act, I was supposed to climb the rose-covered trellis to the *Queen's* apartment, where the couch of roses and the tiger-skin rug awaited me.

"Well, I started out all right, but when I had just about reached the top, the darn trellis began to collapse—and the *Queen's* balcony with it! You know how an orange crate sort of folds up? Well, that's just the way it looked.

"There I lay on the floor, with my head poking through a tangle of artificial roses and good old *Queenie* descending slowly but surely upon her fallen playmate."

Ralph's laugh is a good thing to hear. It convinces you that he sincerely means it when he says life is grand.

Talking to this extremely personable fellow, one is inclined to wonder why the fates almost invariably cast him in the rôle of the unpopular villain. For he isn't at all villainous.

Pleasant, unaffectedly genial, it just isn't consistent that this affable gentleman should go about foreclosing mortgages, breaking up homes, and kicking defenseless ladies in the shins.

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Photo by Pawolny

THE curiosity of fans about Ralph Bellamy is satisfied by Barbara Barry in her interview on the opposite page, in which the actor's early stage experiences are amusingly described while she introduces him as he really is.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

SUCH photographs as this make followers of the screen eager to see Anna Sten, the young Russian who is being groomed to play opposite Ronald Colman, probably in his next picture, "The Masquerader."



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

MORE and more the stage is contributing the finest talent to be seen on the screen these days. For example, here is Katharine Hepburn whose performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" so thrilled RKO that a big contract was thrust upon her.



THOUGH Kay Francis politely scorns the title of "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood," preferring to let others dispute that empty honor, she manages to be sleek without being shiny and smartly gorged without being "octressy."

Photo by Elmer Fryer



Photo by Elmer Fryer

GLEND A FARRELL made wise-cracking *Florette* in "Life Begins" one of those girls you can't forget, something that rarely happens when a stage actress makes her first appearance on the screen in a subordinate rôle. Now she's to be in "The Match King."



HERE'S Picture Ploy's tribute to Richard Cromwell. Of all the juveniles who have come and gone, or grown up, he is the closest reminder of Charles Ray, and he alone gives promise of acquiring Charlie's never-to-be-forgotten skill.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

ANITA LOUISE'S flowerlike beauty is no flight of the imagination, for it really exists without benefit of make-up or careful photography, the only flaw being that we are not permitted to admire it often enough on the screen. Wake up, Hollywood!



"I LIED and bluffed and pried my way into a foothold. That's the only way to get on the stage," says Lee Tracy on the opposite page. This is perhaps discouraging to honest aspirants, but it has made Lee a grand actor.

BLESSED EVENT

Lee Tracy, whose work in the film of this title put a new name on the screen, makes some confessions but denies he is a bad boy in the studio.

By William H. McKegg



After thirteen years in stock and on Broadway, Lee regards his acting as a business rather than art.

LEE TRACY had just completed, in rapid succession, four pictures for Warner Brothers. An underground rumor had it that he was a bad boy, that no one could do anything with him.

"Not a bit of it!" Lee flared over his lunch, ready for a good fight. He declared he was *not* a bad boy. But he did confess to several weaknesses.

He likes to call himself Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee.

He likes to be alone quite a lot. (Can you mention an actor who doesn't?)

He prefers night to daytime.

He would like to appear at least once in the "Folies Bergères" in Paris.

This ranges his personality from a little boy to a gay man of the world, if you get what I mean. And there you have Lee Tracy, a square-shooting, flat-on-the-earth son of Broadway—that exotic, slightly crazy Broadway which sometimes gives us such splendid actors as Barbara Stanwyck, Mae Clarke, James Cagney, and—Lee Tracy.

Lee meets you with a "What the hell do you want?" attitude. Yet you know it is only further proof of his acting ability. A stranger meeting him for the first time would mentally think of him as Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee. This hits the right note. In spite of all his peccadillos, he is still a boy where his shortcomings are concerned. He jokingly calls himself Mrs. Tracy's little boy. And most things that Lee covers up with a joke are seriously real to him, just as a thick layer of Broadway hides most things he tries to keep from you.

Lee is a product of all branches of the theater world. He has been in it for thirteen years, from vaudeville to stock, from stock to bits in big shows, from bits to leads—with all the ups and downs, the sadness and gladness, the joys and heartbreaks that go with stage life.

Lee was born in Atlanta, Georgia. "Whenever I hear 'Dixie' being played," he remarks, "I feel like standing up and challenging the whole world."

He takes the cake for having had no childish desire to act.

"I never thought of acting until I grew up, then I took to it—why?" He paused to shoot a tough glance at me. Realizing I was adhering only to duty, he explained. "Because it seemed like a good business."

No self-expression, no artistic urge with this fellow. It might have seemed a better business for young Mr.

Tracy when he first arrived in New York if he hadn't had to go hungry. It took him nearly eight years to get what one could call his first good rôles in "Broadway" and later in "The Front Page."

Before he knew it he found himself in pictures. Three years ago, during the long run of "Broadway," a Fox representative saw Lee and signed him.

"No, honestly, I never gave pictures a thought," he declared, with what you could instantly tell was the truth. "It always seemed to me that only good looks got by on the screen. I knew I was no beauty. Who'd take me on the screen with this and this and this?"

He pointed rapidly to a scar at the side of his neck, one at the back, one on his head. I failed to follow further rapid indications, but I had the impression that the Tracy person was one network of scars.

"How did you come by so many?"

"Oh, fights," Lee airily explained, attacking his lunch anew.

He frankly admits that neither good looks, genius, nor luck got him his first job on the stage.

"I did what most people do," he candidly confessed. "I lied and bluffed and pried my way onto a foothold. That's about the only way to get on the stage."

You may have seen "Big Time" about three years ago, with Mae Clarke and Lee. Unfortunately, it was held up a month or two after being completed. In the meantime, several other pictures of backstage life were released. By the time the Fox film was shown, fans had tired of vaudeville plots and were casting eyes toward gangster yarns. Mae Clarke and Lee Tracy were then unknown to them.

Fox did nothing with either player, though each revealed acting ability far excelling the Hollywood average. Mae languished in hope of a break and after a couple of years got the lead in "Waterloo Bridge." Lee returned to New York.

It was O. K. with Lee. One place was as good as another to him. And the stage was his old home.

He scored a sensational hit in "The Front Page," and soon discovered that the movies were to claim him once again. He was sent to Hollywood to make pictures for Warners.

It was said that Warners were out to scare James Cagney with grand opposition. There is a similarity be-

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HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Bachrach

TEN years! These two words have acquired a sinister and somber significance in the movie colony, as sinister and somber as the famous "fatal three."

Ten years now symbolizes the visitation of disaster in the minds of all movie folk who remember. It was ten years ago that the mystery of William Desmond Taylor's murder appalled Hollywood; now the colony is just recovering from the effects of the strange suicide of Paul Bern, husband of Jean Harlow. It is a historic repetition, with, in each case, a flaming and distinctive actress brought into the spotlight. Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter became associated in the public mind with the earlier tragedy; Jean Harlow is linked with the new one. The glare of publicity has sizzled around Miss Harlow, just as ten years ago it blazed about Miss Normand and Miss Minter.

Innocent victims, all three, of this notoriety which literally rocks careers if it doesn't shatter them. The storm has again descended. Will Jean weather it, or will it prove devastating? The picture that will tell much is "Red Dust," with Clark Gable, which was in production when Bern shot himself.

Hermits of Hollywood.—Following the tragedy, Jean went immediately onto the list of the noninterviewable stars in Hollywood. Any pretext nowadays is sufficient to ban the questioners.

The merry-go-round of news and gossip heard in the studio colony.

The studio decided to let the storm of publicity attending Bern's death blow over completely, and quietly, under heavy guard, Miss Harlow was escorted to and from the set.

If the no-interview idea keeps growing many of the players will find themselves living like hermits. One or two are enjoying that sort of solitude already, notably Ann Harding, who for some purely whimsical reason is kept from public contacts, with little or no interest shown in her aloofness, or lack of it.

Tallulah Bankhead manages much better. She is picking and choosing her interviewers with considerable care since certain sensational stories came out about her. Tallulah is sufficiently self-independent, anyway, to take good care of any intruders.

Mitzi Green, of all sirens, now a platinum blonde! Well, see her for yourself in "Little Orphan Annie."

Al Finally Gives In.—Al Jolson has finally consented to his wife, Ruby Keeler, appearing in pictures. She plays one of the leading rôles in "Forty-second Street," which, strangely enough, is being made by Warner Brothers, with which organization Jolson has had many tiffs. "She wanted the thrill of making a picture, so I finally gave in," sighed Al, "but only for one."

Meanwhile Al has put the ban on party-going in Hollywood. He considers most gatherings he has attended too rough, that is, the jokes.

George, the Dependable.—The faithful spouse is exemplified in a new way in the instance of George Brent, hubby of Ruth Chatterton. George is her leading man for yet another time in "Common Ground." In fact, Ruth has had no other leading man except George since he appeared on the scene. It was expected that the combination would be broken up after their marriage, as is usual in movieland, but not so. They are still faithful both on and off the screen.

Meanwhile Ruth and George are not at outs with Ralph Forbes, either. He visits their home occasionally for dinner. That's certainly handling the difficult "ex" situation with gentility.

Helen's Luck and Lily's Thrift.—Helen Hayes is a lucky girl. We saw her walk away from the gaming table at Agua Caliente—or was it Hollywood?—several hundred dollars richer in a very short time one evening.

Who says comedians aren't good to their mothers? Nobody? Anyhow, here's Joe E. Brown lavishing furs and gardenias on his.

Photo by Acme



HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and
Elza Schallert

On the same occasion Lily Damita said quietly though emphatically that she never takes a chance on dice or the roulette wheel. Maybe she too is smart. We've always suspected that Lily's French thrift would enable her to leave the colony, when and if she does, with a nice stake that will last her for years. Lily may be romantically gay and unconcerned, but she knows the value of dollars.

The Crawford Retinue.—And did Joan Crawford take our breath away when she made a grand entrance at the première of her starring picture, "Rain," attended by no less than four men? There was Douglas "Dodo" Fairbanks, of course, and William Haines, Robert Young, and Alexander Kirkland. Bob Montgomery was in the group, accompanied by Mrs. Montgomery.

The Sten Grandeur.—Nothing is to be spared in giving Anna Sten the big forward push on her way to stardom. She gets a bungalow before she makes a picture, and she also has a two-year contract without options, and fourteen weeks allotted for a trip to Europe.

In other ways Anna isn't so lucky. At Caliente she lost about \$800 in a short session. That hurts in Anna's case, because her salary isn't so large.

Dollar-a-day Actor.—In the continuous scramble for higher salaries, you might think that Fox executives would have had a stroke when Alan Dinehart volunteered to take a cut from \$685 to six dollars a week, during his last three weeks with that organization last spring. But his request had a catch in it, since it was made for the purpose of gyping his ex-wife out of alimony. When Mrs. Dinehart called at the Fox office for Alan's salary, she was offered eighteen dollars, three weeks' salary under the clever arrangement. Flouncing out, the lady told the judge about it. The court was so startled that he forgot his dignity and exclaimed, "What, six dollars a week for an actor!" and added, "Well, some actors are worth about that." The judge recovered his composure, however, and handed down a decision holding Fox in contempt of court and requiring them to pay over to Mrs.



Photo by Wide World

Dolores del Rio is the legal guardian of Sandra Shaw's film career, so it ought to prosper. Sandra is her niece by marriage, too.

Here is Charles F. McGrew, Jr., in the public eye lately as Jean Harlow's first husband.

Marie Dressler is as cheerful as possible as she trudges along for retakes of "Prosperity."



Dinehart the sum of \$2,048, all the salary under the original contract being due her under the alimony allowance.

Colman Up in Arms.—Ronald Colman shocked Hollywood by filing suit for \$2,000,000 damages against Samuel Goldwyn, his employer for many years. He bases his claim on alleged defamatory statements said to have been made by the Goldwyn publicity department and

which were published in a New York newspaper. It all came about when Ronnie sidetracked an interviewer and some one in the publicity department obliged the stranger with a sketch he had written about Colman in order to give the visitor a "slant" on the actor. Thus the frustrated interviewer absorbed a few items that didn't look so flattering when printed. One of them was "He feels that he looks better for pictures when moderately dissipated than when completely fit." It wouldn't surprise us, now, if Ronnie joined the rapidly increasing band of hermits who refuse to be interviewed. He's never been keen about publicity anyhow, refusing now and again to be queried on "personal" matters and forbidding photographs of his home.



Photo by Acme

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Gloria's Troubled Affairs.—There will be a new deal, we learn, on the Gloria Swanson contract after her return from Europe. The birth of Bridget Michele has prevented fulfilling the original contract. Gloria has two pictures to make under her contract with United Artists, and she plans to produce one or two independently. Chances are that her salary will be reduced on the United Artists contract.

Gloria even now seems to be having varied troubles over financial matters, judging by the tremendous hullabaloo over amounts due on furnishings at her home in Beverly.

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TOOTH and TOE

Joan Crawford has had to fight every inch of her way up from a scrubby school kid.



Joan, then Lucille LeSueur, once gave her chum a trouncing on her way home from the Lawton, Oklahoma, school.

SO, you little traitor, you don't want to walk home with me! All right, take this!" And *bingo!* Lucille's scrubby little fist contacted Irene's pink-and-white chin, and "Blondie" went down for the count while Lucille scrambled for the refuge of home.

An hour later, a contrite, penitent Lucille, with tear-stained face, timidly presented herself at Irene's back door and proffered a much-erased and rewritten note to the little girl's mother.

"Mrs. Kelley," she said, "please give this to Irene and tell her I'm sorry, and make her forgive me, *please.*"

That's one of the amusing incidents that Lawton, Oklahoma, remembers in the childhood of a great star. The battling Lucille of eighteen years ago is the battling Joan Crawford of to-day.

Always fighting, always with a chip on her shoulder—that's Joan. She's been a fighter all her life and she's still a fighter. Fighting for her work, for good stories, for competent casts; fighting studio politics; fighting the ma-

licious gossip of Hollywood. Joan's been fighting so long she thinks there's a conspiracy against her.

"Why must they pick on me? Why can't they leave me alone?" she moans, while fighting back at the deluge of criticism which has dogged her every footstep, right or wrong, in her seven years in Hollywood.

When Joan danced the Charleston and made whoopee, she was called a "scatter-brained hey-hey girl." When she reads serious literature and enjoys quiet evenings at home, she's "high-hat." When she fraternized with electricians, she was "posing"; when she cultivates celebrities, she's "a snob." If she holds hands in public with Doug, Jr., she's "a show-off," and if she doesn't, she's "on the verge of divorce."

Photo by Acme



Joan's on a spot. Whatever she does, it's wrong. It is very doubtful if any other actress has ever faced as much undeserved gossip as Joan Crawford. And she resents it bitterly. Maybe that's why people gossip about her; they know it gets under her skin

NAIL

By Mabel Duke

Other players accept gossip with nonchalant shrugs. Not so Joan. She wants to fight back, for at heart she's a scrapper. No diplomacy in Mrs. LeSueur's little girl. She lays her cards on the table and expects every one else to do likewise. A heritage from early childhood, unquestionably, and she thinks she has to continue now.

She fought all through her school days in Lawton. She fought with teachers, with other kids during recess, and, occasionally, even with her dearest chum.

This chum was the little curly-haired blonde, Irene. The two were inseparable. One day, however, Irene walked home with another classmate, and Lucille was crushed at this apparent breach of loyalty. She walked slowly at a distance behind them, burning with jealousy and plotting retaliation. Overtaking the pair as they neared home, Lucille confronted her chum and administered the beating for which, an hour later, she was beseeching forgiveness.

That was—and is—typical of Joan Crawford. Quick to anger, quick to regret. But apology was an arduous task. Only to those whose friendship she truly valued above her pride would she so humble herself.

She was a star in the making then—tempestuous and given to tantrums. She slaved for the teachers she liked and baited the ones she disliked. Study was a nuisance, but she was eager for knowledge of any subject that captured her imagination. Geography was one of these. Every country she studied she pictured as it would look when, rich and famous, she could travel there some day. Reading and music were fun for their dramatic possibilities. Spelling was a trial. Arithmetic she loathed.

Joan started to school and continued through several grades in Lawton, a pretty little town of several thousand inhabitants. She lived with her mother, a brother, and her stepfather, whose name, Cassin, she adopted in place of her own, LeSueur. He operated the Airdrome open-air movie theater and dabbled in law on the side.

She dreamed then of being a dancer and actress, but seldom spoke of her ambitions, for few were sympathetic with her high-flown aspirations. However, she cajoled her stepfather into staging frequent home-talent shows at his theater so she could participate. Mr. Cassin was generally more than willing, for the school kids turned out in a body and packed the auditorium to see her dance.

Untrained as she was, without the benefit of a single lesson, the future Joan Crawford had something, a vivacity—call it "personality" for lack of a better word—which moved the home-towners to riotous applause. And which, years later, won for her every dancing trophy in southern California, and now entralls audiences watching her on the screen.

The little wide-eyed stormy petrel wasn't happy at home. There was a good deal of friction in the family, and Lucille was left to shift pretty much for herself. She could hold her own, all right, but she didn't like it. She realized that her home was different from the homes of other girls. She wanted something better than the ugly frame cottage, eating off the kitchen table, bickering

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It was a long, hard fight that carried Joan to her present position among the few screen idols.





Photo by Dyar

A coed fan says it in verse to Gary Cooper and he's proud of her.



Photo by Richee

A New England boy holds first place in Carol Lombard's fan mail.

THEIR

Every fan has his favorite star. But did you know that every player has his or her favorite fan?

Constance Bennett met her prize fan in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

WHEN a dog bites a man, that's just a pain in the leg," so newspapermen say, "but when a man bites a dog, that's *news*."

You know that fans have their pet stars. Do you know that stars have their favorite fans? And, more often than they realize, those fans aid the careers of the stars by encouraging them in their adversity, or striking a sympathetic chord through mutual interests or experiences.

Robert Montgomery's favorite fan, for example, is his first. Bob had struggled a long time, and had tried his hand in many professions, before he found his niche in pictures. After his appearance in "So This Is College," a high-school boy in Columbus, Ohio, wrote and unburdened his heart to him in what was to be the first of the many thousands of Bob's fan letters.

"The kid was a lost soul," Bob explained. "He felt that no one understood him and that he was a misfit. Apparently the rôle I played in the picture led him to believe that I would sympathize with him. I did—more than he knew, because I had gone through so much of the same turmoil. At that very time, I was anything but secure. It was my first break, and I'd had so many disappointments that I hardly dared hope that anything would come of it.

"In advising the unknown youngster to get a grip on himself, I was unconsciously advising myself, and helping myself as much, if not more, than I helped him.

We've corresponded regularly ever since. I appreciate the others, of course, but I think he is the favorite, because he came first and when I needed him; and we had faced so many of the same problems."

You might know that Wallace Beery's favorite fan would be connected with his favorite activity, aviation. Beery had been corresponding with an aeronautical engineer in Kansas City for some time and, partially through his distant friend's advice, had acquired a complete and valuable set of maps and instruments used in aviation. While flying to New York for the opening of "Hell Divers," Beery learned that his home had burned, and that all his carefully collected data had been destroyed. The newspapers carried the story and, shortly after Wally's return to Hollywood, he received a complete set of maps, books, and instruments from his air-minded admirer.

Joan Crawford has been so concerned with making hey-hey while the Kleig lights shine that it might surprise you to learn that her favorite fan letters come from a group of convent girls in Wisconsin. Six or eight girls, all in their early teens, join in writing "round-robin" letters to Joan, who is very much their ideal. At Christmas time they send her delicately done hand-drawn handkerchiefs. The fact that Joan herself passed several years in a similar school draws her to this group. One of the girls has ambitions to become a dancer, and Joan has found time to single her out for advice.



Ricardo Cortez sends to his pet fans sketches he makes from their letters.



Wallace Ford's best fan has undertaken a strange research for him.



Photo by Ball

PET FANS

By

Jack Austin

A titled Latin won Bebe Daniels's favor when he helped her plan a villa.

The outcasts, the misfits, and the defeated of the world lost a good and sincere friend when Lon Chaney died. The only letters he ever wrote personally were those addressed to convicts. A large portion of his fan mail came from imprisoned men. Chaney often visited prisons and kept in touch with his unfortunate admirers after they had served their time. More than one ex-convict who rehabilitated himself owes much of his new start to the aid and advice of Lon Chaney. The popular star declined to discuss why he confined his correspondence to the convict group. Those who knew him best explain it by saying that the rôles for which he is best remembered prove his deep sympathy for the misshapen, the scorned, and the unfortunate people.

A stubbed toe and a skinned knee brought Constance Bennett and her favorite fan together. You may calm your fears immediately; the toe and knee were not the ones belonging to Miss Bennett. Instead, they were the property of a twelve-year-old schoolgirl of Albuquerque, New Mexico, who ran to the star with an autograph book when Connie alighted from the train to mail a letter. Her eyes on the actress instead of the road, the girl fell with disastrous results.

It all seemed quite worth while when the glamorous Bennett picked her up, brushed her off, and ended the suspicion of tears by signing the book. That was four years ago, and the correspondence that has developed between the two has become frequent and intimate.

Lovers are advised to say it with flowers. Fans say it with other things. One might imagine that long Russian cigarettes, or rare books or prints would be quite the thing for Adolphe Menjou. But, believe it or not, Menjou's favorite fans say it with imported and odorous sausages, cheeses, pickles, and fish! They are an elderly German couple in Syracuse, New York, and have been corresponding with Menjou and sending him gifts for several years. Their offerings are more substantial than subtle, and Menjou opens them with the anticipation of a child opening Christmas packages, for he never knows what new variety of wurst will be on the inside.

Ricardo Cortez acknowledges no one fan as favorite, but enjoys corresponding with those who join him in his hobby of sketching.

"It all began as sort of a gag," laughs Ric. "One or two people sent paintings and sketches of me, and as I was playing with sketching myself, I tried to form mental pictures of them from their letters. I drew them as I thought they looked and sent the sketches out, for better or worse. When they sent back snapshots of themselves, I was usually wide of the mark; but once or twice I had come pretty close to giving a likeness through imagination."

Perhaps the most painstaking of fans is the Italian nobleman who earned the preferred position in Bebe Daniels's long list of admirers. Bebe announced some

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FUGITIVE from

Why Paul Muni considers it a duty to himself and the public to portray rôles like *Scarface* and now an escaped convict.



Paul Muni, a graduate of the Yiddish Art Theater and Broadway, has a masterly technique to support his feeling for a character.

HE was beaten, half-starved, forced to wear a forty-five-pound barrel for forty-eight hours before his death, placed in stocks that drew blood from his ankles, strapped into a sweat box, and chained by his neck to the roof."

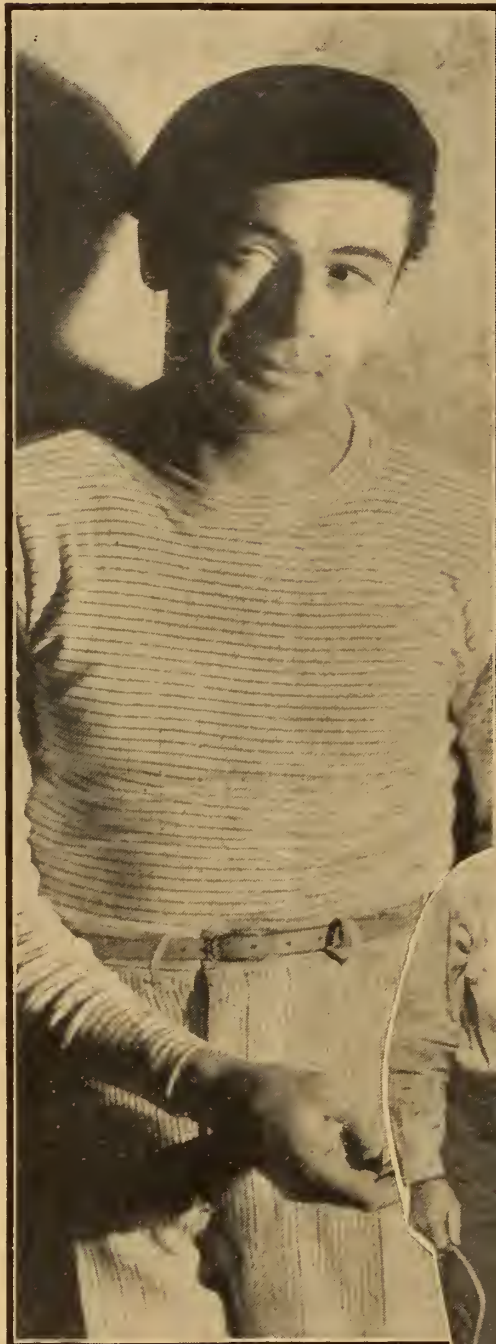
Ah, you say, the lad's been reading about those merry Middle Ages and the jolly old Spanish Inquisition. He's writing of the spiked caresses of the "Iron Maiden," the flesh-crushing pressure of the thumbscrews, the bone-breaking agonies of the rack, of molten lead and white-hot tongs.

But there's where you're wrong!

The time is 1932, the scene a convict camp. The quotation above is from the *New York American*. And the victim, Arthur Maillfert, an American citizen, free, white, and twenty-two, who met his death by torture more viciously devised than any created by half-mad medieval sadists.

He was a fugitive from a chain gang. And he was recaptured!

At the Warner Brothers studio, the star, Paul Muni, had an appointment to confer with



Muni believes that a screen exposure of vice, such as "*Scarface*," does more good than half a dozen books.

"If an actor makes up his mind, rather than his features, he becomes the character he is portraying," says Mr. Muni.

Author Robert E. Burns regarding their new picture. He arrived at the writer's cubicle on time. But the office was deserted. On the desk lay a note, which I'll flash for you.

"Getting hot here. Moving on. Burns."

Muni was mystified. Was this a kick at the California climate? Getting hot, indeed! Even Paul, a newcomer, knew that the only thing that gets hot in Hollywood is Joan Crawford. It looked like a matter for the chamber of commerce. Paul took the note to Darryl Zanuck, wee Napoleon of the Warner lot. Then he learned about Burns.

He was a fugitive from a chain gang. But he hasn't been recaptured.

Perhaps you begin to see why Paul Muni is enthusiastic over his new film. Perhaps you'll understand even better when you know its title, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." Paul wanted a "different" sort of rôle to play. And he's got one.

In his Beverly Hills home, the star scans the headlines. In the Hollywood twilight he gazes at the purpled hills where

Burns may be hiding. He recalls that note, "Getting hot here. Moving on." And he is fired with a crusading zeal to tell the movie millions the story of Maillfert, Burns, and countless other unfortunates. You see, to Muni, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" is something greater than just another picture.

"They say," Paul explains, "that one picture is worth many words. If that's the case, 'I Am a Fugitive' should be more effective than half a dozen books. The movies bring home great truths to the masses, and it is my hope that I'll be able to expose the convict-camp evil in a manner to force reform. That isn't too much to hope for.



HUMDRUM

By Herbert Cruikshank

"Pictures are the greatest potential force for good that the world has known. They ring the bell with impressive force. Just let me point out to you that following 'Scarface,' and other much maligned gangster films, Al Capone and lots more of the boys found themselves out of action. I simply want to mention it in passing.

"Mr. Burns, the author of 'I Am a Fugitive,' is ducking the fate that caught up with Maillfert. After the film is released, I don't think he'll have anything further to fear. The story tells his personal experiences in a convict hell. And I'm happy to say that before things got too hot for him, I was able to learn enough to put myself into his character. It wasn't necessary for me to *act* this rôle!"

The fact is that Muni never *acts* any part. He lives it. After his wonderful characterizations in the theater, and his histrionic fireworks in "Seven Faces," they tried to stamp Paul as a "master of make-up." And this is what he said:

"A bad actor can't hide behind good make-up. It isn't half so important to mask the face as it is to mask the mind. An audience can see through grease paint, no matter how skillfully applied. But if the actor makes up his *mind*, rather than his features, he becomes the character he is portraying."

That's the way it is with Muni.

He comes from Vienna. His parents were troupers, whose parents before them followed the gypsy trail of the theater. Over here they played split weeks and one-night stands. Around and about, the boy, then Muni Weisenfreund, managed to attain the second year in high school by the time he was twelve. There his book learning ceased. His education still is going on.

At twelve, then, he began to be an actor. And his first rôle was that of an old man. He played dozens of old men. Once he played an old man on roller skates!

So enamored was the boy of a new gift that he was skating in the alley back of the theater and missed his cue. There wasn't time to change when the property man located him. So slapping on a beard, he got on the stage and tottered about on his roller skates.

"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," written by a man who escaped, will expose the terrors of a prison hell existing in this country.



Glenda Farrell plays with Mr. Muni in the forthcoming prison film

No two of his old men were alike. One might be an antiquated French roué with an eye for the ladies. Another time he'd be a bearded Jewish patriarch. Again a feeble American *Cræsus* fingering hoarded gold with clammy claws. Whatever the character, he felt it and lived it.

News of his genius echoed from the sticks to the metropolis. So he came to New York and became a sensation in the country's most virile theater, the Yiddish Art group. Uptown might be satisfied with girl-'n'-music shows. But ghetto audiences demanded more robust stuff. Muni Weisenfreund provided it in both comic and tragic masks.

Yet no worlds are more widely separated than that of Broadway and the one in which he worked and lived. Even the language is different, for in the Yiddish theater they speak Yiddish. Finally, though, he bridged the

Continued on page 69



When Ann Harding rose to stardom and Harry Bannister ceased to act at all, it was the beginning of the end for them

CYNICS wonder why so many altar-bound couples with movie affiliations don't have the marriage ceremony's ending changed from "till death doth us part" to "till Hollywood doth us part."

If you follow the papers and magazines, you can't deny that the relations of many, many once blissful couples terminate in that fair city rather than in death.

Psychologists like to account for marital discord among players with all sorts of high-sounding phrases. They accuse them of being inconstant, emotionally unbalanced, and Narcissians, among other things. Players seeking divorce decrees like to blame their domestic woes on incompatibility and mental cruelty, even as the rest of the divorcing world do.

But when you come right down to the root of the matter, it would seem that it's Hollywood's job problem that starts a lot of the trouble among the married set. And it didn't take any depression to create this problem. It's been there ever since the time when a little troop of gold seekers first set up camp under the shadow of its purple hills.

Hollywood has a way of paying favorites with partners in a marriage team. Unpredictable ups and downs often send one member to fame and

IT'S AN ILL

Success, not failure, takes its toll of happiness in Hollywood

fortune, and the other down the toboggan slide—and out. It likes to sift out talent and ambition on the one hand, while blindly ignoring or destroying these virtues in the other member of the same twain.

More domestic tragedies seem directly traceable to a change in the professional status of couples after marriage—a change for the better for one, a change for the worse for the other—than to anything else.

Incompatibility and all the other evils which crop up in marriage relations do play a part, and sometimes a big part, in bringing about the fatal rift, but usually they appear to follow in the wake of chronic job trouble.

It seems especially dangerous to domestic peace for the Little Woman to have the breaks all on her side over any period of

"Till death doth us part," said John Gilbert and Ina Claire in taking their marriage vows when both were successful.

time. Even in so modern a community as Hollywood, the male of the species runs true to form in wanting professional preëminence, or at the very least, professional equality.

Dolores del Rio, Nancy Carroll, Ina Claire, Billie Dove, Colleen Moore, and Ann Harding, among others, all found their marriages disturbed when their careers fared too well and their husbands' did not.

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister's divorce came as a shock to almost every one. They had been happily married for a number of years before they arrived in Hollywood. They were generally regarded as an ideally matched pair. At first Hollywood was kind to both of them, and in their lovely hillside home where they lived with their small daughter, Jane, they led a contented life.

Ann was glad to live in a house instead of in a New York apartment, she said, glad to have lots of sunshine and out-of-doors for herself, her husband, and child. She couldn't get home fast enough. She and her husband played together in their first picture. He got a few good rôles after that; then smaller rôles. Ann rose rapidly to stardom. Then their divorce followed.

Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, too, had been considered happily married for some time when they came to Hollywood, filled with blithe hopes for each other. Kirkland had been a newspaperman in New York and wanted to write for pictures. Nancy had danced in various shows and had played in stock companies, and wanted to act for the screen.

Ironically enough, they settled in



WIND

By Mignon Rittenhouse

Hollywood primarily for the sake of Kirkland's health. Nancy was given the leading rôle in the picture version of "Abie's Irish Rose." She caught on at once. She often declared that, even more than herself, she wanted her husband to succeed.

But Hollywood did not bring prosperity to Jack in the same measure as to his wife. So they separated and were divorced. Nancy married Bolton Mallory, former editor of *Life*.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick seemed happiest when the two were going along together at an even pace professionally, she as a star, he as her manager and producer. So did Billie Dove and Irvin Willat. When Colleen and Billie's stars shone more brightly than their spouses' discord came and eventually they parted.

Ina Claire and John Gilbert were about equally successful when they married in Nevada a few years ago. If anything, John's future looked the brighter of the two. But as it turned out, Ina fared better for a time than Jack did, and they, too, divorced.

Do you remember how happy Jaime and Dolores del Rio were said to be when Edwin Carew found the lovely dark-eyed girl in her sumptuous Mexican home some years ago, and transplanted her to Hollywood? She was rich, had the society of her home city at her feet and, as every one had thought, was adored by her husband.

But although Mr. del Rio was quite as enthusiastic about his

For years Grace and Lawrence Tibbett were happy together until his movie fame caused a fatal rift.



John McCormick was Colleen Moore's husband, manager, and producer in the heyday of their success.



Nancy Carroll married Bolton Mallory after success had parted her from her first husband.

wife's career in the movies as she was—at first—he reckoned without Hollywood. Whereas,

in his native city he had been considered a man of family and importance, in Hollywood he had no real part to play.

He tried hard to fit into the new scheme—writing scenarios and doing other things which Hollywood considered important. But he never was able to receive the acclaim accorded Dolores, and their marriage was severed. He died in Europe, heartbroken, some say. Dolores married Cedric Gibbons, who is an accepted member of Hollywood society. Her second marriage seems to be a lasting one.

Will Marlene Dietrich, one of the few women who still is married to the husband who accompanied her to Hollywood, be able to escape the fate of so many of her predecessors? Her husband's work is in Germany, and he has never tried to become a part of Hollywood. Some time ago Riza Royce, formerly the wife of Von Sternberg, Miss Dietrich's director, sued the beautiful actress for alienation of Von Sternberg's affections. The fact that later she retracted her allegation did not still rumors in the movie capital.

The husband's rise to sudden great popularity on the screen can also cause domestic disaster, especially if the wife is not content with basking in his reflected glory. Flattering friends, a new perspective on life, and lo!—the split comes about.

Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Denny, Lawrence Tibbett, and Ralph Forbes are but a few of those who found that their rise in pictures was the beginning of their fall at home.

[Continued on page 61]



The SCREEN

A critical searchlight is turned on
new pictures and performances.



Marlene Dietrich's "Blond Venus" is an unconvincing story of mother love, with Dickie Moore as the motivation.

ALL the loose ladies of recent films are shown up as mere bread-and-butter ingénues by Marlene Dietrich, in "Blond Venus," who takes to the open road for her experiments with sex and becomes a hobo of amorous adventure. Unlike *Madame X* and *Madelon Claudet*, however, she profits by the fullness of her experience and triumphs in the end as a model wife and mother, face unmarred, figure still perfect, health miraculously preserved, and with a trace of compassion for her stay-at-home husband. Such is the fair falsity of this madonna of sinister street as created by a *Trilby* and *Svengali* of the studios.

Whatever her mood, Miss Dietrich is interesting and arresting, but her moods in this are not always understandable, nor are her motives clear. Devoted to her husband, she accepts without apparent qualms the first man who seeks her and, his check for three hundred dollars hers, she sends her husband abroad to be cured of radium poisoning. Not content with letting us believe that she sacrificed herself for an immediate need, she forsakes her home and enjoys the protection of her lover in luxurious surroundings.

When finally her husband challenges her fitness

to bring up their child, she runs away and embarks on a career that takes her lower and lower until she suddenly decides that the child will be better off with its father and accepts fifteen hundred dollars for him, which she whimsically gives to a derelict in a Texas flop house. From this crisis she emerges as queen of the Parisian night clubs and it is whispered that she is cold and hard and has "used" men to her advantage. Well, anyhow, she is reconciled to her husband over the child's bath and we find ourselves asked to accept Miss Dietrich as an exemplar of mother love.

We prefer, however, to center our admiration on her many costumes, beautiful photography, and her several songs rather than sympathize with her as a martyr to a husband's ingratitude. In short, the picture is unconvincing and Miss Dietrich's character hardly has any character at all. Yet it must be said that neither she nor the picture is uninteresting.

Of positive interest is Herbert Marshall, of the British stage, whose persuasive acting and incomparable speech make the ungrateful husband a man every one would be anxious to know. Cary Grant is likable in the best rôle he has had so far and Dickie Moore is, as we say of screen children, cute.

"Blessed Event."

Of the several pictures starring a gossiping columnist, this is by all odds the best. It is flip, fast, and funny and it has the enormous advantage of Lee Tracy in the stellar rôle. His amazingly clever performance places him among the cinema elect and causes his picture to rank immeasurably higher than it would without him. It is nothing more than a string of episodes arranged to

Lee Tracy's pungent characterization makes "Blessed Event" stimulating, with Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly.



show the columnist in a variety of situations, but Mr. Tracy knits them together with such a completely satisfying skill that one hardly notices the absence of form or the essentials of a continuous plot.

He is *Alvin Roberts*, a minor newspaperman who starts his gossip in the absence of a senior reporter and from then on plunges into the excitement of a keyhole informer who delights in chronicling the intimate secrets of speak-easy, night club, and back-stage life. He double-crosses a weeping victim and mollifies a belligerent gunman with equal ease while still managing to re-

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

tain a semblance of sympathy for himself, this being the highest tribute to Mr. Tracy's persuasive art.

Ruth Donnelly and Ned Sparks are high lights in his support and I predict that fans will go for Dick Powell in a big way. Mary Brian shows what she can do with a grown-up rôle, which is nothing.

"Girls in Uniform."

Occasionally—yet when did it last happen?—there comes a picture so far removed from the best, as we know it, that new standards are created and familiar values are canceled. Such a one is this German masterpiece, with native dialogue and titles in English. In every

respect it is brilliantly distinguished and in every particular it is unlike any other film. For one thing, the acting probes deeper into the souls of the characters than is customary, until it becomes not acting at all. This is emphasized by the complete lack of artfulness on the part of the players; even make-up is not apparent.

It is a simple story devoid of the ramifications of plot, but it is engrossing and powerfully dramatic, with a climax that is nothing short of terrifying. Life in a girls' boarding school under the Prussian régime is the background. Discipline is harsh, the routine dull. A new pupil, shy, sensitive, craves affection and understanding in this cold environment and she idolizes a young woman teacher who symbolizes her needs and becomes her incentive, the teacher wisely realizing the new pupil's need for tenderness more than discipline. When the principal discovers this infraction of her rules she forbids teacher and pupil to speak to each other and the girl, puzzled, frightened, desperate, attempts suicide but is saved by the other girls who stormily champion her and overthrow the principal of the school.

All this is set forth with extraordinary understanding of human nature and is acted with exquisite sensitiveness by Hertha Thiele, as the girl, and Dorothea Wieck as the teacher, with the principal superbly realized by Emilia Unda. Hollywood has never contributed any picture of the adolescent to approach this. All the "Tom Sawyers," and "Skippys," and "Penrods" are comic strips in comparison.

Constance Cummings the best leading lady Harold Lloyd has ever had, shares honors with the star in "Movie Crazy."



"A Bill of Divorcement."

There isn't another picture this month to equal the earnestness, honesty, and authentic dramatic power of this. Nor is there another actress, old or new, to approach the splendid début of Katharine Hepburn, whose beautiful, glowing performance is a treasure such as the lavish cinema all too seldom yields. True, she has the advantage of playing a finely written rôle, one in which every word counts in depicting character and emotion, but it is difficult to think of her failing to infuse a lesser part with something of her magnetism, intelligence, and pronounced talent.

The strangeness of her beauty makes her unlike anybody else, but the richness and certainty of her gifts make her akin to every one who follows the poignant story in this English drama of divorce and a daughter's loyalty to her estranged parents at the sacrifice of her immediate happiness.

She has never seen her father who is in an asylum, a victim of shell shock sustained during the War. In the long years of waiting her mother has divorced him and is about to remarry when he unexpectedly appears, and the daughter, too, looks to marriage in the near future. There is, then, no apparent place in their lives for the nervous, erratic man who comes into their home fully expecting to resume his place as husband and father. He is a stranger to both. It is the daughter's problem to bring order out of this emotional chaos; she chooses in the forthrightness of her modern, young soul the way that will bring peace to the most.

The story is absorbing and is charged with high emotion as climax after climax develops. The manner in which it is written and

Richard Cromwell, seen here with Arline Judge, in "The Age of Consent," improves with each performance.



acted makes the viewpoint of every character understandable and sympathetic. One is filled with pity for them all as admiration is equally bestowed on the players. John Barrymore is the father, exceeding anything he has ever done as a lover on the screen, Billie Burke is the mother, Paul Cavanagh her sensible fiancé, David Manners the daughter's choice, and Elizabeth Patterson the aunt. Honor to them all and congratulations on the luster they give to Miss Hepburn's brilliant introduction.

"Movie Crazy."

Harold Lloyd contributes his quota to the vogue of films showing life behind the scenes in Hollywood. The result is an ingeniously gagged comedy in his best style, which is to say there isn't a moment's lull in the wholesome, clean fun that we invariably associate with Mr. Lloyd. More than that, there is one uproarious sequence, a real high light of originality, in which the audience insists on drowning the dialogue in continuous laughter. This occurs when movie-struck *Harold Hall* crashes a Hollywood party and by mistake dons a magician's dress coat. As he dances with the dowager hostess pigeons fly out of the garment, rabbits squirm out of the tails, eggs drop from the sleeves and white mice swarm from their place of concealment and, in true farcical fashion, water squirts from his buttonhole into the eye of the dowager.

With Louise Closser Hale in this rôle you can imagine that between Mr. Lloyd and herself nothing is left undone to make the most of the situation. It's literally a scream, inspired clowning at its best.

The story is a variation of "Merton of the Movies," in so far as the principal character is a clumsy youth who gets to Hollywood on a fluke, is pitied, then loved, by an actress and is signed by a producer on the strength of the comic possibilities of his deadly earnest acting. It is extremely well played by the best cast Mr. Lloyd has ever employed. Constance Cummings, the heroine, gives, as might be expected, a real characterization, something rarely found in an actress playing opposite a star comedian, and Kenneth Thomson, Mary Doran, Arthur Housman, and many others shine in perfection.

"The Age of Consent."

Undergraduates confronted by sex instead of athletics is what this collegiate drama is about. It has its moments, but they're not frequent enough to make the picture important. On the whole, though, it is pleasing because it is earnest, if inconclusive. It leaves the thoughtful observer with the opinion that it could have been penetrating and even memorable, because the subject is evocative.

It has the advantage of a sensitive, touching performance by Richard Cromwell who improves with each appearance. He is a serious youth in love with a nice coed, but cannot make up his mind whether to marry and chuck his scholastic education or dally with love wherever else he finds it. He is lured to the home of an uninhibited waitress where, after sampling her father's gin, he wakes to face an irate parent who demands that he marry his daughter or face a charge of seduction. There is much

argument pro and con until an automobile accident somehow settles everything, brings the insistent father to reason, unites the boy with the right girl, and makes the waitress a woman with a past, presumably to become in time the college widow.

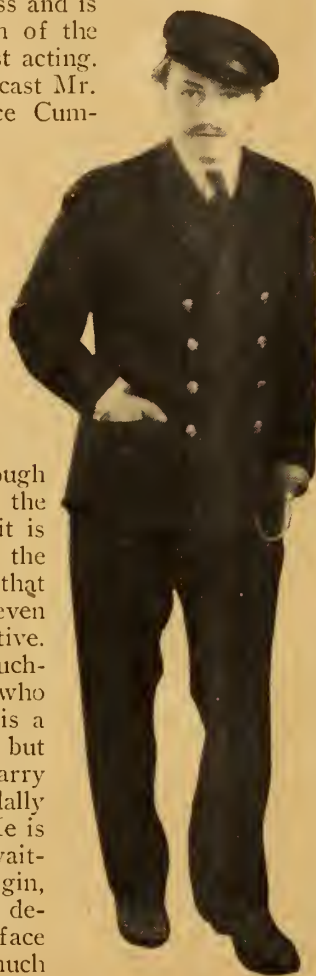
There is some sensible conversation between Mr. Cromwell and John Halliday as a sympathetic professor, and a gracious glimpse or two of Aileen Pringle as another of the faculty. Eric Linden is effectively youthful as a "wild" student and Arline Judge makes the waitress an enchanting baggage up to the time of her emotional scene. It is too much for her. Oh, yes, there's Dorothy Wilson as the heroine out of the studio typewriting room. She will encourage innumerable typists to be actresses.

"Tiger Shark."

Edward G. Robinson turns thumbs down on gangster rôles with complete success and proves that he can be vividly compelling as a fisherman. But if you think he has taken to peaceful pursuits, you are much mistaken.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent again portray characters who can't make up their minds in "The Crash."

Edward G. Robinson, in "Tiger Shark," is highly successful in a gruesome film.



His new picture is strong, even gruesome, and is played with the accent on its horrifying moments, but a splendidly rounded characterization is the result and a good, though shocking, film stands to the credit of all concerned.

Mr. Robinson is the Portuguese captain of a tuna-fishing craft and alternates brutality with childishness. He tosses overboard a man to be devoured by sharks with the same ease with which he brags of his imaginary conquests of women, only the sharks are not imaginary—they are all too real to suit the squeamish. This makes for a realistic, sanguinary picture which yields no compromise.

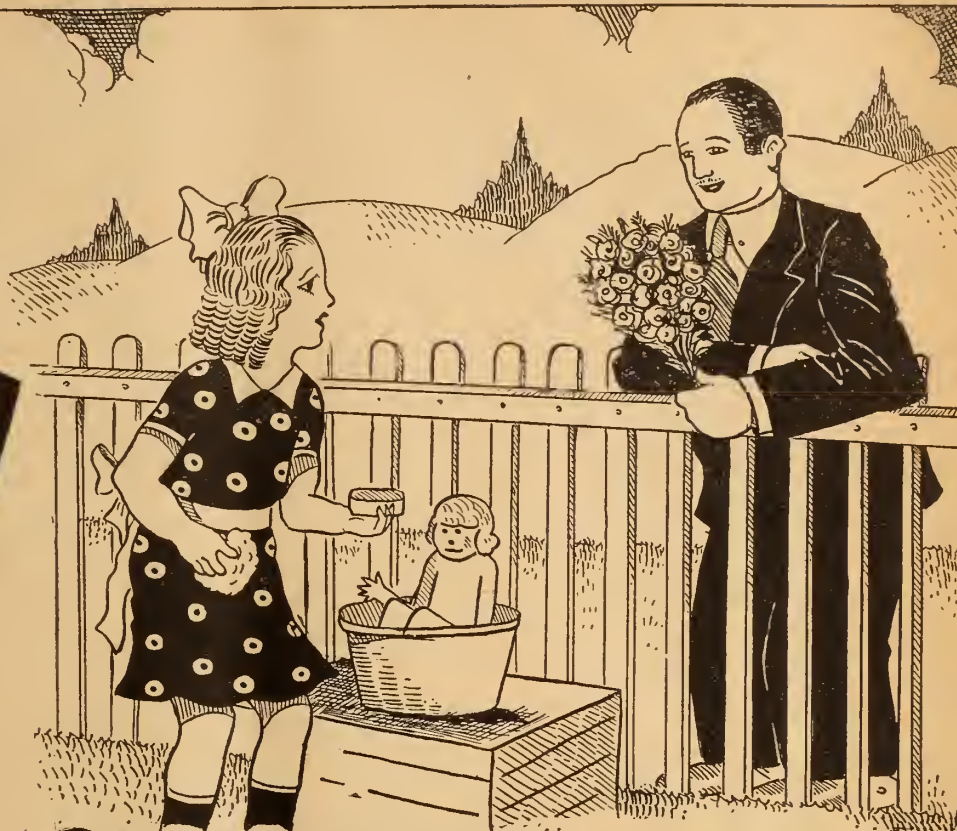
The entirely plausible story is the simple narrative of *Mike's* marriage to a Portuguese girl, who tells him she does not love him, and his sub-

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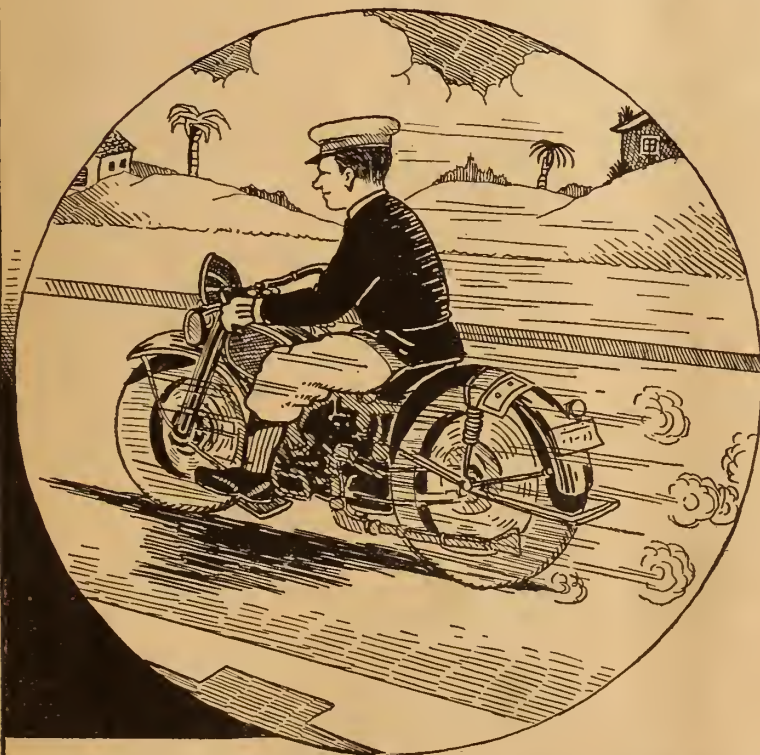
DID YOU KNOW THAT —



ADOLPHE MENJOU
SPEAKS FLUENTLY
MORE THAN
9 LANGUAGES!!!



ROLAND YOUNG FELL IN LOVE
WITH HIS FUTURE WIFE WHEN
SHE WAS ONLY 12 YEARS OLD!!



RICHARD ARLEN WAS A MOTORCYCLE
MESSENGER BOY IN HOLLYWOOD BEFORE
HE ENTERED THE MOVIES.....



FREDRIC MARCH LOST
MORE THAN 20 POUNDS
DURING THE FILMING
OF "DR. JEKYLL AND
MR. HYDE".....

NIX ON DAMES

After dating almost every comely lass in Hollywood except Marie Dressler, Tom Brown, at nineteen, says "Bah!" Here's the sad tale of what the gals dished out to him.

TOM BROWN is through with all women forever—at nineteen!

His heart still pounding from the crash of his *great* romance, and his brain in a whirl from the crumbling of the less serious affairs that followed, Universal's youngest star has gone in for an intensive study of geography. He's seeking a distant isle whose shores are unmarked by feminine footprints.

Should Tom survive and become a white-bearded centenarian, he's quite positive he'll never marry. Already he has developed a philosophy that definitely brands him as a hopeless cynic in all matters pertaining to the dangerous sex.

"Love is only a synonym for grief," he will inform you, in case you are interested.

So he's hoarding his earnings against the coming of a day when he can bid adieu to Hollywood, hie himself to the South Seas, and there establish an Eveless Eden.

And things might have been so different for Tom had not Sylvia Sidney given him the well-known runaround!

Blame for Tom's cruel disillusionment does not, however, rest entirely on the frail shoulders of Sylvia. While he learned plenty about girls and their treachery from her, there were other Hollywood beauties to take up his education where she left off, and it was that demure Cecelia Parker who tutored him through his post-graduate course.

Now don't jump at conclusions regarding this serious-minded, blue-eyed, freckle-faced kid who won his cinema spurs in "Tom Brown at Culver." He's not the sort who kisses and tells.

Probably I would never have had the facts from Tom's own lips had not I stumbled across him in his dressing room, his gaze intent upon a map of the Pacific, the morning after that fateful party at the home of his boss, Carl Laemmle, Jr., where—if you'll take Tom's word for it—Cecelia played him for a *sucker*. He simply had to confide in some one!

But that's zooming ahead of the story, the story of Tom Brown's disastrous loves.

Lila Lee was Tom's first weakness, but it was Sylvia Sidney who became his first passion.

He was only fifteen when he plunged into his one-sided romance with Lila. After glimpsing her on the screen, he hurried home and labored far into the night penning her a fan letter.

"It's the only time I've ever done such a foolish thing, and I guess it was pretty goeey!" he explained to me.

By E. R. Moak



Photo by Freulich

Tom knows about a bargain island—
throne tossed in—whose shores are
unmarked by feminine footprints.

During the two years that ensued, he stood ready to battle any one who dared to criticize Lila or question her histrionic ability.

Then he met Sylvia. Their introduction came about when they started rehearsals for "Many a Slip," a Broadway play. Sylvia was twenty, Tom seventeen.

"Gosh, I was walking around in the clouds," Tom declared. "I didn't know any one could fall as hard as I did. Sylvia always came to my dressing room before the opening curtain, we'd be together between acts, and we'd go out to supper after the show—Sylvia, my mother, and myself. We had a swell time for months.

"I realized I was pretty young to begin thinking of marriage, but I dug in and gave the audience everything I had, because I wanted to make good for Sylvia's sake. I was secretly saving my money to buy an engagement ring. Believe me, I was happy!

"But I woke up with a jolt. During the last week of the run, my mother, who had always gone to the theater with me, became ill, and remained at home. And Sylvia didn't come near me. I worried along for a day or two, then I put it up to her. I thought maybe I'd said something that offended her.

"'No, Tommy,' she said, 'but I've missed your mother terribly. I just adore her.'

"'What's that got to do with you coming to see me?' I asked her.

"'Heavens, Tommy! Where'd you ever get the idea that I was interested in you?' she shot back.

"Now just imagine my embarrassment!"

A less courageous soul than Tom Brown might have taken up life as a hermit then and there. Instead, he vowed he'd some day make Sylvia Sidney regret she had so mercilessly toyed with his affections.

Sylvia signed a picture contract that would take her West. He'd go to Hollywood, too!

When Universal cast him in "Fast Companions," he met Maureen O'Sullivan and proceeded to forget about Sylvia.

"Maureen started in to high-hat me," Tom declared, "but I soon straightened her out. The company was sent to Caliente for race-track shots, and I invited her to have dinner with me at the Casino. She turned up that cute Irish nose of hers, and made it clear to me that she had not gone in for cradle robbery.

"Say, can you beat that? And us the same age exactly! Well, I didn't let her get away with it. I told her just what I thought of her. We were good friends after

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POOR Tom Brown! According to his story, opposite, he's cynical about girls and he offers his experience with them to prove it. Sylvia Sidney, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, Maureen O'Sullivan, Loretta Young and others have failed to take his nineteen years seriously and he can't understand it. So he's through with women forever!

Photo by Ray Jones



AT LAST!

Here are pictures of the three Barrymores, Lionel, Ethel, and John, as they are seen in "Rasputin."



LIONEL BARRYMORE is the mad monk who exerted a sinister influence on the last of the Romanoffs. Ethel Barrymore is the czarina and John is Prince Paul who, with Diana Wynyard, furnishes the love interest. Ralph Morgan is the czar and the boy, Tad Alexander, is the heir to the throne.



WORLDLY

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is a fabulously rich heroine and Robert Montgomery has only twenty thousand a year against her millions, in "Tinfoil," so it seems they can't marry. But when poverty unites them Tallulah becomes a streetwalker to provide medicine for Bob, thus proving again that the loose heroine is really the noblest.





IN NERO'S



Cecil DeMille's feeling for orgiastic and religious screen effects is expressed in "The Sign of The



AT top of page is seen the beginning of a Roman orgy. Elissa Landi, as Mercia, the Christian heroine, stands aloof while Fredric March, as Marcus Superbus, the pagan, wonders if she is as pure as she looks. Arthur Hohl and Tommy Conlon are two of the Christians with Miss Landi, right.



TITUS, above, played by Arthur Hohl, symbolizes the title of the picture as he leads the Christians to their secret meeting place.



REIGN



Cross," a famous old play which deals with Rome's persecution of early Christian martyrs.



THE central figure, above, is Tommy Conlon, as the boy *Stephanus* about to be tortured by Nero's men for information that will betray the meeting place of the Christians. Players on the left are Mr. March, Joyzelle, and Miss Landi.



FREDRIC MARCH, as *Marcus Superbus*, awakened to Christianity by his love for *Mercia*, casts his lot with her people and incurs the wrath of the emperor.



FIESTA

High jinks in Eddie Cantor's musical novelty, "The Kid From Spain."



BESIDES promising his familiar fun, Mr. Cantor bids fair to introduce quite the loveliest leading woman of the season, Ruth Hall, on the left. See the unusual drill in the swimming pool, top.





RONALD COLMAN'S first picture since "Arrowsmith" is called "I Have Been Faithful" and is adapted from the stage drama "Cynara." Here are first glimpses of early scenes with Phyllis Barry, a charming English actress.

HONOR





COSTARS

Richard Dix and Ann Harding divide honors in "The Conquerors" which will bring them together for the first time in a lavish attempt to recapture the sweeping success of "Cimarron."

BESIDES the inimitable Edna May Oliver, the cast includes Donald Cook, Jason Robards, Richard Gallagher, Guy Kibbee, and Julie Hayden.



Continued from page 19

by self-sacrifice, the ascendancy of her sex in Hollywood.

Marriage to a male star seems inevitably to elevate a leading lady. A little high-school girl, Sally Eilers, married Hoot Gibson, the Western star. Hoot is now riding for lesser companies, and Sally is starring in important films. Shortly after William Powell married his leading lady, Carol Lombard, she became a star.

After marriage, a leading man and leading woman quickly draw apart in popularity. Norman Foster, for example, was soon outdistanced by Colbert.

John is carrying on remarkably well as Bebe Daniels's husband, and yet Bebe is receiving so much attention in her present rôle of mother that, on her return to the screen, she should soon eclipse her talented mate. If she does, no one will be more pleased than Ben.

Rod LaRocque has an excellent talkie voice. Vilma Banky's accent barred her. Did lanky Rod go ahead making hay while the sun shone? He did not.

It was thought that the one exception, the one case of a man holding his own in fame and favor with the woman he married, had arrived when John Gilbert married Ina Claire. But Ina not only overshadowed John on the screen, which might be expected because of his inactivity—she eclipsed him in social popularity.

Not only marriage and motherhood, but even divorce has been kind to such women as Constance Bennett and Glorie Swanson. The publicity

him. Even such a well-planned separation as that of Bannister and Ann Harding brought unfavorable notice to the man rather than to the woman. Bannister was branded as a man who was unable to keep up with the band wagon upon which his wife was riding.

Lowell Sherman is one of several film gentlemen who must consider the Los Angeles divorce courts profeminine institutions. When he sued Helene Costello Sherman for divorce, the charges he hurled at her were numerous and sensational enough. All she said in reply was that Sherman nagged her. When Max Schmeling lost the world's championship to Jack Sharkey, he wasn't half so surprised as Lowell when Helene won that suit.

A liaison, or, as Hollywood naïvely dubs it, an engagement, between two stars always results favorably for the woman. The publicity given it by gossip writers seems to be beneficial to the female, and detrimental to the male. But it is when the arrangement breaks up that her ladyship really triumphs. She billboards her broken heart, blames the hero's wife, mother, sister, or children—or all of them—and wins the sympathy and support of the world. Half the man's dwindling army of admirers, who have followed the affair with alert and anxious eyes, promptly decamp, disillusioned and sorrowful, and join *her* line at the box office!

On the other hand, if our hero yields to one of the countless luscious and varied bits of nonprofessional femininity that besiege him wherever he goes, he is on yet more dangerous ground. No sane and sober star dares take the risk. He knows that over each tempting bait hover shy-sters, husbands with guns, mammas with lawyers, and other birds of prey.

Yet the feminine star may with impunity adopt Tom, Dick, or Harry, or hire Pierre or Pedro. It was quite a fad back in 1930 to take bewildered lads from various walks of life, dress them up, use them for escorts—and eternally corrupt them by telling them how good they'd be as actors.

In mere social connections, it is the male star who pays and pays.

Don't think that the item is a slight one in proportion to his salary.

Will Rogers thought he was enough of a national idol to take liberties with the Queen of Hollywood. He introduced Wallace Beery as Garbo at the opening of "Grand Hotel." Beery was dressed to burlesque Greta, even to a wig and the line, "Ay tank ay go home." The indignant audience walked out on the stunt, and Will has been apologizing ever since.

But a woman got away with it, which shows that it takes a woman to beat a woman in the film city. Polly Moran wisecracked freely about Garbo over a nationwide radio hook-up, and even went so far as to hint that her—Polly's—feet were hurting and would be more comfortable in a pair of Greta's shoes!

Jetta Goudal sued Cecil DeMille for a large sum of money, due her if she proved that outbursts of temperament that delayed production were insufficient causes for the cancellation of her contract. In handing down his decision in favor of Jetta, the judge remarked that the talented and beautiful actress had a perfect right to be temperamental.

Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, and many other lady stars, ride in open, chauffeured Rolls-Royces with impunity. But when Robert Montgomery thought he'd get a bit more air and sunshine by deserting the male star's standard vehicle, the Ford coupé, and following their example, he was severely criticized.

Ivan Lebedeff is ridiculed and burlesqued because he kisses the hands of lady acquaintances in public. But it's cute and charming for Talulah Bankhead to kiss the lips of gentlemen whose acquaintance she renews in restaurants and so on. If Ivan kissed lips instead of hands, he'd be shot.

Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante says that with Hollywood women wearing flannel pants, slacks, and pajamas everywhere, it would be only fair to permit the gents to wear skirts.

"But if you think you can get away with it without a Scotch accent and a bagpipe," he says, "don't say I didn't warn you."

SMART CRACK

I'm not a Garbo, I'll admit,
Nor am I any Shearer.
I don't resemble them a bit
When gazing in a mirror.

A Crawford? Carroll? Golly, no!
To sub for Harlow I'm not able.
I'm not a Bennett nor a Bow—
But, boy friend, you're no Gable!

KATHERINE GREER.

Your mood may change from calm to wild.
Such gypsy grace, beseeching eyes—
Then Irish temper rends the skies.

Sagacious miss or simple maid,
Demure coquette, then coolly staid.
Though you may play a modern elf,
Maureen, thank goodness, you're yourself.

BEE BUCKLEY.

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sequent discovery that she has fallen for his trusted friend, the best man at their wedding, and *Mike's* typical revenge of what he thinks is betrayal. Richard Arlen is as compelling in his claim on one's sympathy as Mr. Robinson is in his way and Zita Johann, of the stage, plays the girl with subtle restraint and fine understanding.

"Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

Douglas Fairbanks gives us a gay, amusing fantasy of the South Seas which disarms criticism by its informality and ingenuous Boy Scoutishness. The kiddies will love it and so will those of their elders who, as the film says in a foreword, would like to escape so-called civilization and dwell in an artificial world of their own. It is a fascinating world that Mr. Fairbanks chooses for his example. Beautiful Polynesian backgrounds yield all sorts of surprises from a house that Mr. Fairbanks builds in the treetops to a parrot which squawks "Okay" at critical moments. You see, Mr. Fairbanks



is a yachtsman who bets one of his companions a thousand dollars that he can survive in the tropics without even a toothbrush. So he jumps overboard, his dog after him, to prove it.

His adventures are many and various and all are entertainingly optimistic and wholesome, his resourcefulness put to the test with triumphant results, all ending when he escapes an army of pursuing cannibals in canoes and takes a fair aborigine back to the States for a career as a hula dancer in the "Follies." You see, now, why the critic has nothing to say.

"The Crash."

Again Ruth Chatterton gives us a heroine who can't make up her mind, as she did in "The Rich Are Always With Us," except that here the lady is of so shaky a character that we don't know in the end if she is a parasite or a devoted wife. Evi-

dently Miss Chatterton, whose voice in the selection of her pictures is all powerful, has discovered that people aren't all good or all bad, and is determined to portray human nature on the screen instead of perfection of character. But she makes a mistake and goes too far in giving her heroine negative qualities which cannot be counterbalanced by the single gesture of refusing her lover and deciding to return to her husband. Further confusion is created by the fact that the husband isn't worth any woman's time and, like his wife, has failed to reveal one redeeming quality. He even extorts a price from his wife's rich admirer for the return of letters, hardly atoning for his blackmail by using the money to buy back some of his wife's belongings when the loss of their fortune is caused by her deliberately false tip on the stock market.

Now this may be all right as a study of negative character in a novel, but it doesn't qualify as screen entertainment. Consequently, the picture is slow, confusing, and unsatisfying, a rich production and Miss Chatterton's lavish display of gowns failing to atone for a tale of no intrinsic merit. Her performance is smoothly expert and deserves a better inspiration. George Brent is singularly lackluster, his expression rarely changing from negative indifference. It is Paul Cavanagh and Henry Kolker who excel by managing to give vitality and credibility to characters that at least are definite.

"The Night of June 13."

When is a picture acted *too well*? Perverse as the opinion may be, it holds good for this one, I think. Before I attempt to tell why, let it be said quite positively that the picture is original, highly interesting, and conspicuously intelligent.

The characters are a group of commonplace suburbanites. Everything is done to cause you to accept them as everyday persons. They are atoms of humanity who become involved in a murder mystery, even as you and I, as we pursue the presumably even tenor of our way. But the point I wish to make is that these everyday folk are played by actors with definitely clear-cut, strongly marked individualities. In appearance, manner, and speech they are far removed from the average run of humans. There's nothing of humdrum householders about them, therefore the reality of their characterizations is questionable. We never accept them as anything but actors whose technical skill is compensation for the lack of emotion we feel for them.

Gene Raymond, as a nineteen-year-

old dominated by his mother, strains our credulity. His features and voice tell us that he is his own boss. Likewise Clive Brook's London clothes and executive self-containment are at variance with his plain household, where not even a maid of all work relieves his wife of her days in the kitchen. Indeed, she ends her life there in suicide because of jealousy. My private opinion is that Mr. Brook's flights of roguish whimsy were more than she could bear. And so it goes.

The point of the story is that all these neighbors perjure themselves on the witness stand at the trial of Mr. Brook for the murder of his wife. They lie to conceal their own petty transgressions. When two reprobates tell the truth they are not believed and they, too, lie and thus bring about Mr. Brook's acquittal.

Mary Boland runs away with the show by reason of her biting speech and transparent dissembling—much too glib, clever, and sophisticated to waste her time on household tasks. Others equally good and equally at fault are Helen Ware, Lila Lee, Frances Dee, Adrienne Allen, and Charles Ruggles.

"Back Street."

When a heroine plods through years and years of suffering to the end of a picture only to get the worst of it from life and love, the opus is said to be "a woman's picture." The inference that every woman is a martyr at heart and likes to see a sister get a bad break from a man is not

true. I believe that women like reasonable pictures as well as men and are as quick to see through sham suffering.

This version of Fannie Hurst's novel is the slow and long-drawn-out narrative of a girl whose love for a

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When she was negotiating her famous \$30,000-a-week contract with Warners, they pointed out that she would have less salary after she paid her income tax on \$30,000 a week than she would have if she accepted a smaller salary.

"I hadn't thought of that," she told them. "You will have to pay the tax, then, because I must have \$30,000 clear."

"It takes a first-class imagination to realize there is any such amount of money," Neil said. And he gets a sizable check himself every Saturday. "A sagacious business head like that would stir the admiration of a man, while it would only antagonize another woman. The rumor that two hundred and fifty men had to be laid off the day Connie's salary started bothered her not at all. That

was Warner Brothers' worry, not hers.

"She is absolutely a law unto herself. The idea never occurs to her that any one who disagrees with her could be right. If a person doesn't share Connie's opinion, that automatically makes him wrong.

"On the other hand, on those rare occasions when she is convinced that she is wrong, she gives in gracefully, apologizes, and has a healthy respect for her opponent.

"If Constance would only try to be a little politic, even if she doesn't need to, then Hollywood would love her, for Hollywood loves a politician, loves the good old hokum. But Constance is too honest in the first place and wouldn't be bothered in the second place. She rides roughshod over anything that stands in her way. She

goes after what she wants and gets it, which is reason enough to make other women dislike her.

"She could be beautiful, which she isn't; she could have the sweetest disposition in the world, which she hasn't; she could even command \$30,000-a-week salary, which she does, and the Hollywood girls wouldn't resent it if only she didn't *wear clothes so well!* The simplest gown on Constance looks like a Paris model. And no Hollywood girl is going to take that sitting down.

"But, after all, what can they do about it? They can argue until we get light wines and beer. The fact still remains"—Neil decided to try a little mayonnaise with the peanut butter—"whether the other girls like it or not, Constance Bennett is Queen of the Glamour Gang!"

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In the case of Ralph Forbes, who was married to Ruth Chatterton, he was able to adjust his differences after a time and become reconciled with his wife, but not for long.

He and Miss Chatterton had both been well known on the stage when they came to Hollywood where, on the strength of his success in pictures, he was soon adopted as a favorite son. Not so his wife, who remained in the background, regarded by Hollywood more or less as a step-daughter.

When she skyrocketed to fame and his career diminished, she did everything she could to restore her husband's lost status, even going so far as to produce a stage play costarring

Ralph Forbes and Rose Hobart in an effort to bring him again to the favorable notice of picture producers. But her generous gesture went for naught. The play failed and Ralph found himself again on the outside looking in, so far as studios were concerned.

Then came the amicable divorce and her immediate marriage to George Brent. Again Hollywood and the evanescent values attached to fame in the movies had sundered a couple whose wisdom, good taste, and love were not proof against the strangely destructive influence of the film town.

Hardly indeed is the screen couple able to keep their domestic ship afloat

when Hollywood starts favoring one and spurning the other. Few are the screen pairs upon whom Hollywood does not play this mean prank at one time or another.

If Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., continue to prosper at the hands of fortune, they will be among this select few. Before they were married, both were only featured players, and they have risen almost simultaneously to stardom since their marriage.

Going up the ladder together, step for step, seems to be the very best formula of all for staying happy, though married, in Hollywood. But how few couples progress together!

It's An Ill Wind

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time ago that she was planning to build an Italian villa. Her titled Latin admirer read the article and set to work. His ancestral home was one of the finest examples of Mediterranean architecture. He had minute blue prints drawn. He had photographs made of every room, with detailed descriptions of the furnishings and color plan. He had photos and drawings of the gardens made, and he drew up accurate lists of the materials, their cost, and where they might be obtained.

The entire laborious work was bound in embossed vellum and sent to Hollywood. It would have been possible to reproduce the entire villa and its furnishings from the plans he sent, but Bebe's villa was to be on a considerably less elaborate scale. She did, however, use many of the details and suggestions contained in the Italian volume.

The lean and taciturn Gary Cooper favors a fan who addresses him in poetry. The verses come every week from a girl studying in one of the universities in northern California. They are never sentimental, but concern themselves with the writer's reactions to Cooper's rôles and with chatty details about herself. Incidentally, they are much better written than the usual verse sent to stars. Quite a few fans say it in rhyme, but few say it as gracefully as Gary's coed poetess.

Perhaps the most dramatic association of star and favorite fan is that existing between Wallace Ford and a man in England who is devoting his time and energies to finding Ford's parentage and real name. A magazine had published the story of Ford's life, saying that he was a foundling from a home in London, unaware of his identity or his name.

Wallace Ford is the name of a companion of the star's hoboing days. When he was killed, the man the world knows as Wallace Ford took his name. The English fan read the story, wrote to Ford for more complete details, and has been going through old records, step by step.

A New England boy refused to part with six antique chairs that had been in his family for generations, but, after refusing to sell them, he offered to give them away for an autographed picture of Carol Lombard. And that is how Carol and her favorite fan began their friendship. A friend of Carol's, Margaret Ettinger, met the boy while traveling in the East, and offered to buy the chairs at any price he chose to name. The boy was not in the least interested in selling them. However, learning that his visitor knew Carol

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Their Pet Fans

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He could, I imagine, be effectively sardonic if the occasion demanded it. And an adversary might live to regret a verbal tilt with the blond Belamy. But downright villainy simply isn't in his make-up. Nor does he relish the curse of iniquity with which he has been labeled.

"I'd rather not play villains altogether," he said. "Of course, if the part offers a lot of real action, why, that's a different matter. But to go on leering and sneering in the conventional manner all the rest of my life"—he gestured impatiently—"I don't like it. Although I'd rather be a convincing bad man than an impossibly ga-ga hero."

I congratulated him on the convincing manner in which he reacted to the bullet Barbara Stanwyck fired at him in "Forbidden." The way he fell impressed me as being the most realistic acting I had ever seen.

"Say," he beamed. "I'm glad you liked that. I went to a lot of trouble

to get that right. Talked to men who had actually been on the receiving end of bullets in order to get the natural reaction. I've seen so many flops along that line that I was determined to get the real 'English' on it."

Determined—that's Ralph. And thorough. Perhaps that accounts for his present success and generally increasing popularity. And he deserves every bit of it.

For ten years he batted around the country, to use his own expression. Tent shows and musty old town halls sponsored the talent that has placed him at the top of the heap to-day. And his modesty about the whole thing is a joy to behold.

He believes "Airmail," his new picture, is his first real break.

"That was a real part," he sighed happily. "The entire picture is so different from the usual cut-and-dried formula that I think it will set a new standard in picture-making."

One gathers that he strongly objects to the stereotyped in anything.

"Villains needn't slink and sneer to put the idea across," he says earnestly. "I've known real villains who would have fooled anybody."

And haven't we all?

Ralph is happily—oh, very happily—married to a charming young lady whom he met when they were playing in stock together several years ago. Incidentally, his pretty wife is seriously considering trying the movie racket sometime in the near future.

And, strangely enough, her good-looking husband is sincerely enthusiastic about the venture.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since a tow-headed youngster informed the world in general that he had been closely affiliated with an unfortunate brother Elk named *Yorick*.

To-day, if *Yorick* were among those present, he would be proud to acknowledge the acquaintance.

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Question of Resemblance.—Sidney Fox was talking. "It's very unusual, but I have a real brother, a stepbrother and a foster brother."

Whereupon Claire Windsor commented brightly, "Do they all look alike?"

A Different Marriage.—John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce are being much fêted by their friends. For once it is generally believed that Jack's marriage will turn out happily. Jack himself is gay and cheerful as in the old days. A year ago he was pretty downcast. So maybe this is the rainbow at the end of the road. We're hoping.

New "Rasputin" Title.—In its entire making, the Barrymore picture "Rasputin," according to all grapevine information, turned out to be such a fearfully contentious affair that somebody suggested that the title "Rasputin" be changed to "Disputin'." Charles Brabin as director survived for a time, but was finally replaced by Richard Boleslavsky. And that's as far as we can carry the historical chronicle.

A Merry Little "Rockabye."—Constance Bennett's "Rockabye" also saw a change of directors. George Fitzmaurice retired in favor of George Cukor. Alterations in the picture suggested by the studio following the first preview didn't meet with Fitzmaurice's approval. He asked for his release.

The reason the picture had to be

Hollywood High Lights

changed was that the audience laughed when they were supposed to be serious. And Connie isn't in the business of being a comédienne yet, especially an unconscious one!

The Weissmuller Break-up.—Just about the time stories were being printed that Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst would remain ever faithful, this couple, with the whimsicality of the more experienced movie folk, decided that life apart was the only thing. A love life in Hollywood is just about as safe and steady as a canoe in a tropical hurricane. Some think that Johnny may marry Lupe Velez, but we doubt it. Lupe's inclinations are too erratic.

Clever Negotiators.—Two players who know their finances when it comes to making contracts are Vivienne Osborne and Katharine Hepburn. Miss Osborne came back to Hollywood from New York at about double the salary she had previously been making, and Miss Hepburn on her first engagement raised the ante to \$1,500, which is pretty good as a beginning, especially in view of the fact that the original terms offered her were about one tenth that. What's more, Miss Hepburn makes pictures only when she feels in the mood, or about two annually.

She astonished Hollywoodites by her sartorial freedom, affecting denim trousers and sweatshirts. And rode in a high-priced foreign car while thus clad.

When Miss Osborne left Holly-

wood, she didn't want to return. That made RKO anxious, and caused the jump in her stipend.

Butterfly Reflutters.—"Madame Butterfly," once dropped, is scheduled again with Sylvia Sidney in the title rôle. The picture will be produced as B. P. Schulberg's first independent film for Paramount. Schulberg and Miss Sidney are constantly seen together and announcement of their engagement to marry is anticipated.

Family Competition Out.—Charlie Chaplin will stand pat against his sons appearing in pictures. He won the first round in the court battle and, although Lita Gray Chaplin is carrying on further legal action, the comedian will unquestionably remain adamant.

Chaplin himself acted as a child, but he doesn't see any reason why his sons should follow in his footsteps, especially since he has provided a trust fund of \$200,000 from which each of them draws an income of \$1,000 a month, until the younger is thirty-five years of age.

Question now is, will their movie careers be deferred until then?

Stuart Erwins Rejoicing.—The most beautiful of recent mothers is June Collyer, who presented Hollywood with its latest stellar heir on September 15th, when Papa "Stu" Erwin promptly and informally christened the arrival Stuart, Jr.

Tooth and Toe Nail

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over little things, and wearing homely clothes bought for durability rather than beauty. She had an idea that life could be something different from that. And when the family moved to Kansas City, she set out to find it.

Joan Crawford has found many of those things for which she longed. She has found satisfaction in achievement, contentment in a happy marriage, and comfort and beauty in the things that money can buy. Yet Joan Crawford is as restless and mercurial as ever. No work that she has ever done has completely satisfied her.

"Oh, why did I do that scene that way?" she invariably cries on viewing the day's rushes. "If only I could have a retake on that."

And so she fights on.

Many film critics agree that Joan Crawford is the next feminine idol of the screen, that she will succeed to the throne occupied in turn by Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, and Greta Garbo. Whatever the future holds, Joan Crawford has achieved more than have most actresses, for the reason that she had less to start with than most of them. Absolutely alone, unaided by friend or relative, she has won not only position and riches, but character and something of culture as well.

Physically she has practically made herself over from an ordinary pretty girl into an arresting beauty. Admitting, as her critics insist, that she may be a social climber; admitting that she may indulge in poses and affectations, she's still far and away ahead of the average Dumb Dora of the movies, for the reason that Joan hasn't yet quit growing.

She works and studies for self-improvement, professionally and personally, as much to-day as ever. I've an idea Joan Crawford will progress as far in the next ten years as she has in each of the last two decades—from an ambitious but undisciplined scrubby little kid, to a flippant, brittle, hey-hey girl, and then to one of the leading dramatic stars.

And don't worry about the gossip, Joan. Remember that criticism and envy, like imitation, are sincere flattery.

W-W-WHO?

"I'm l-l-late for w-w-work.

Open up the g-g-gates!"

It's the comedy king, folks—

R-R-Roscoe Ates.

RUTH WILKINSON.

Kill a COLD before It Takes Root!

Get at It Quick and Get at It from the Inside!

TREAT a cold quickly and treat it *decisively!* Don't fool yourself with half-way measures. Half-way measures lead only to half-cured colds. A cold calls for a COLD remedy. Don't depend on preparations good for half a dozen things besides colds. Many popular remedies actually make a cold worse because they are constipating and also make the system acid.

Don't depend, either, on mere surface treatments. A cold is an *internal* infection and calls for internal treatment.

The Four Things Necessary!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine kills a cold and kills it quick because it is distinctly a cold remedy and does the four things necessary to relieve a cold.

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is safe to take! It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Taken promptly, it will usually expel a cold overnight. So in its use lies safety. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Convenient, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get it today!



*"I Couldn't
Write a Better
Prescription
Myself!"*

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

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insomnia. Many ambitions, hotly pursued, have fatigued his spirit. And since advice from his fans seems to be in order, I am offering mine:

Postpone the writing of that wonderful book, dear Ramon. You'll have plenty of time for that when your acting days are over. Get plenty of rest. Directing the French and Spanish versions of your pictures is

Is Novarro Tired—or What?

commendable, but I find your operatic ambitions very depressing. Give up the study of Latin, German, Hindu philosophy, Greek mythology, together with a few other things, and indulge in a spell of concentrated laziness. Then, and this is important, persuade Irving Thalberg, or whoever attends to such matters, to buy for you that delightful story of

early California, "The Mark of Zorro," which was one of Douglas Fairbanks's past successes. Acquire it for your own use, for it's a honey. "Zorro" would bring into play your deft and charming talents as none of your recent pictures have done.

Do this, Ramon, and I'll forget that you weakly blew out the candle to please that courtesan, *Mata Hari*.

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Lombard, he gave them to her for the promise of an autographed picture. He directed that two of them be given to the star, but, because they did not harmonize with the furnishings of Miss Lombard's home, she was forced to decline the gift.

Many of Ramon Novarro's admirers already know that his favorite fan is Mother Baker, an old white-haired lady from Chicago, who wrote to Ramon and sent him gifts because he reminded her of her dead son. Ramon was so touched by the old lady's letters that he brought her to California for a two weeks' vacation with his family, and he never passes through Chicago without paying her a visit.

"I don't really know who my favorite fan is," mused Richard Dix, "but the fans I enjoy most are the Indians. I came to know many of them in the making of 'The Vanishing American' and other pictures, and they made me an honorary member of several tribes. They don't write letters as a rule, but they send little gifts, with brief, cryptic messages. When I married, Mrs. Dix received many blankets, beads, and baskets,

with the scrawled notation, 'For the squaw.'"

Nils Asther is so grateful to all his fans that they are *all* his favorites. Talking pictures ended his career for two years, as producers thought that his accent would mar his performance. His fan mail showed no decrease whatsoever in his absence, and finally led the studio to bring him back. The encouragement and loyalty of his fans, meanwhile, had led Nils to conquer his accent. In the preview of his first picture after his enforced vacation, the house cheered and applauded his initial appearance. It is small wonder that Nils says, "How can I have any favorite?"

Roscoe Ates has a stanch and artistic fan in an old Oklahoma wood-carver, who has been corresponding with him ever since Ates's appearance in "Cimarron." His most recent communication contained a hand-carved bas-relief, showing Ates in eight of his best-known characterizations. The stuttering comic plans to visit his whittling friend.

Joel McCrea divides all his fans into two groups, those who write helpful, friendly letters, and others,

young girls for the most part, who write wildly romantic ones. The first group are his favorites, and the second frighten and embarrass him. The "If I could just see you once, life would be complete" sort of thing.

Although Sylvia Sidney has never been to college or attended a prom, she seems to be America's campus sweetheart. She receives more mail from college students than any other girl on the Paramount lot. If she were to accept even a small portion of her prom invitations, she would have no time for anything else. She enjoys these college letters and carries on a correspondence with several university students.

Every star in Hollywood has some particular fan, or group of fans, that appeals particularly to him. Although one sometimes doubts it, stars are quite human and never have too many real friends. When you write to a young actor or actress who is just gaining a foothold, your encouragement may be a definite upward push to the star of to-morrow.

And you may gain a friend for yourself.

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man persists through neglect, selfishness, and suffering. It purports to show the pathos of a great devotion unsanctified by marriage, with emphasis on the anomalous position of the mistress who must forever reside in back streets while her nobility of character entitles her to public acknowledgment as the man's true helpmeet. It is a dreary tale.

Irene Dunne is winsomely feminine as the martyr and John Boles is conventional as the man. Both grow old by the simple expedient of lightly dusting their hair with powder, thus defeating the attempted realism of the characters.

"Night Club Lady."

Ingenious, absorbing, surprising, and civilized. These are only a few of the adjectives evoked by the deftly distinctive murder mystery that en-

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gages the talents of Adolphe Menjou as *Thatcher Colt*, the police commissioner who unmasks the murderer of *Lola Carewe*, night-club hostess. And the same description applies to Mr. Menjou's performance. Suave, urbane, relentless, yet sympathetic, he brings a delightful character to the screen.

His activities are in behalf of the unscrupulous hostess who has been warned in an anonymous letter that she will die at midnight. This is exactly what happens to her as she is surrounded by the police commissioner, his picked men, and members of her household. She shrieks and falls dead from no apparent cause. It becomes Mr. Menjou's task to find the cause and bring the guilty person to book. You'll be surprised!

Mayo Methot, from the stage, is admirably cast as *Lola*. So, too, is

Ruthelma Stevens perfect as Mr. Menjou's assistant, together with Blanche Friderici in a rôle compatible with her marked ability. You shouldn't miss them.

"70,000 Witnesses."

A football player is murdered in full view of the crowded stadium. Question: Who did it? That is the mystery of this unusual melodrama with a highly original background, and you are kept tensely interested every moment of its solution. While the identity of the criminal is skillfully concealed you are led to suspect almost every one in the cast, even though you don't usually associate sinister crimes with football coaches, trainers, and players themselves. However, in this case the underworld is mixed up with the game and the

Continued on page 70

They Say in New York —

Continued from page 23

side a mass of ringlets in the Victorian manner. For her skit at the Capitol she wore a black velvet evening frock with a long train. Over either shoulder a shower of red coq feathers draped themselves into a semblance of sleeves.

When I go to see Lilyan I'm not particular about what I wear. I know that I'll look like something out of the attic, anyway. That is not modesty. Any one looks dowdy beside her.

A young writer for a newspaper syndicate, who had been making frantic efforts to interview Lilyan in the midst of the crowd around her, asked me why every one likes her so well. (They don't; lots of women would enjoy tearing her to fragments.) I gulped and was annoyed that I couldn't explain her magnetism. Gallant, dashing, loyal, ruthless, gay, discriminating, all apply to Lilyan—but they give no hint of the warmth beneath her surface brittleness.

Another Strange Interlude.—Norma Shearer's holiday in New York reminds me of a story of her last visit here.

When she was in Paris, a girl who had known Norma in her struggling days was the recipient of an exquisite evening gown at Norma's expense. The only flaw in the story is that Norma did not know about her present and may be annoyed if she reads about it here.

Jeanette, which happens not to be the girl's name, was at a famous French couturier's looking at dresses when Miss Shearer came in. Attendants rushed in to say that this was Miss Norma Shearer in person who came to shop. Jeanette looked up delighted and started to speak, but Miss Shearer stared at her without a flicker of recognition. Miss Shearer grew restless and demanded to be waited on at once. The saleswoman muttered something about these upstart stars who thought they were important and continued showing clothes to Jeanette, a steady customer. Jeanette hurriedly whispered, "Go on, wait on her, I'll come back to-morrow. She's a celebrity in America. And just for old times' sake when I helped to get her jobs, soak her plenty."

So the shop added one thousand francs to the price of a dress sold to Miss Shearer and made Jeanette a gift of a costume she had admired.

Off to the Wilds.—It's no wonder that Douglas Fairbanks wants to

Continued on page 67



Posed by professional models

New discovery! Fills out skinny figures quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Imported beer yeast, richest yeast known, now concentrated seven times and combined with energizing iron. Adds 5 to 15 lbs.—quick!



WHAT would you yourself give to put on pounds of firm, attractive flesh in a few short weeks? Thousands have already done it—*inexpensively*—with this new discovery.

As you know, doctors for years prescribed beer to build up skinny, rundown men and women. But now this new discovery gives you even better results—puts on firmer, healthier flesh than beer—and in a much shorter time. And brings other benefits, too. Blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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see ugly angles fill out, hollow chest develop, arms and legs round out pleasingly. Complexion becomes lovely, indigestion disappears—new vitality comes.

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Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 712, Atlanta, Ga.

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"In one week I gained 4 lbs., in 3 weeks 8 lbs. with Ironized Yeast. Tired feeling and constipation are gone, too." Roy H. Tinney, Oklahoma City, Okla.

11 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

After taking Ironized Yeast for 3 weeks I gained 11 lbs. and new pep." Mrs. H. J. Frorreich, National City, Calif.

15 Lbs. in Month

"I gained 15 lbs. in a month with Ironized Yeast." Louise Adams, Friars Point, Miss.

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MORE THAN
A MASCARA

Second Fiddle

Continued from page 25

director, and the director is the only person who bosses me. Until now I've never made any reply to these rumors, because I considered them too absurd to talk about. However, if they are bothering those who like me on the screen I am glad for this opportunity to express myself."

Only twenty-four, Nancy was plunged into the realities of the world so early that she is mentally a lot older. Seeing her at home, observing her unmistakable intelligence, noting the way she and her cute little daughter get along, it is hard to realize she had to go to work when she was thirteen and never had a bit of high schooling.

It's a long way from being Ann LaHiff, one of twelve children of a poor Irish family in New York, to her present position. Each member of the family had to shift for himself. Nancy was the prize shifter. At sixteen she was dancing for sixty dollars a week in the same Broad-

way show in which Joan Crawford was a chorine. Instead of going hey-hey, Nancy married a reporter. That broke up. Why? Strictly Nancy's private affair.

"I'm not mad because I'm being featured. The whole stardom question depends on good stories. I feel that I haven't had a fine part for more than a year."

Temperamental? Say, you'll get a brick-bat, and a right smart Irish one, too, if you mention this word to Nancy any more. But if you should hear a single such rumor, politely write her when and where she forgot her poise, and she'll explain your misconception away.

To actresses like Colleen, Billie, Bebe, and Nancy who haven't one-track minds, edging out of first place is no tragedy. But to those who have developed no other interests, it's like death and taxes to us ordinary folks. Darned annoying, even if inevitable.

Nix on Dames

Continued from page 50

that, but she dropped me cold when we got back to Hollywood.

"Maureen tries to appear sophisticated, you know, and goes in for older fellows as part of her act."

Tommy, it seems, might have enjoyed some peace of mind for a while had he dodged that benefit performance in a Los Angeles theater. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Arletta Duncan.

"She knocked me off my feet," Tom went on. "She's a swell looker, and I tried to date her every night for two weeks. I might have succeeded, eventually, if I hadn't seen Anita Louise. She's a dream. But I had too much competition, so I began going out with Rochelle Hudson."

But here the fates again intervened. Warner Brothers borrowed Tom for "The Famous Ferguson Case," with Joan Blondell.

It was his first half hour in the studio. He was seated before a mirror, applying his make-up, when a door swung open and in walked a vision of loveliness who bent over him and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Congratulations on your birthday, Tommy Brown," she remarked as she fled from the room.

"Gee, I was stunned for a minute, then I pulled myself together, and rushed out into the hall after her. I found out that it was Loretta

Young and that it was her birthday. also, so I ran to her dressing room and returned the kiss.

"I could have tumbled for her in a big way, but I'd read in the papers that she was engaged to one of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands."

Loretta, too, was forgotten when Tom's eyes lighted on Joan Blondell.

"I fell with a bang," he told me, "and she didn't exactly hate me. But she sure took me for a row of ash cans. I thought I was going great with her, then suddenly she gave me the air. George Barnes—he's her husband now—had come back to town, and I was through.

"At that, Joan did me a huge favor. She convinced me of the folly of mixing pleasure and business. From that time on, I became just another actor to the girls working on the same sets with me."

Vivienne Osborne and Adrienne Doré appeared in "The Famous Ferguson Case" with Joan and Tom, but he had given them the go-by. He's sorry about that.

But Tom's luck took a turn for the better for a while after his sad experience with the blond vamp.

He spent some enjoyable hours with Sidney Fox, Barbara Weeks, Mary Carlisle, Betty Furness, Sally Blane, and Dorothy Dix, but as they were very partial to premières and the Coconut Grove, stepping out put

a severe dent in Tom's bank balance. He developed quite a yen for Dorothy Lee until he discovered that he was sharing her attentions with Marshall Duffield, the gridiron hero, and Jimmy Fidler, her former mate.

So it was that a more or less heart-free Tom Brown departed for Culver, Indiana, where they were to film "Tom Brown at Culver." As the train sped across desert and plain, he decided to banish the fair sex completely from his thoughts.

And he never once swerved from his purpose—until he landed in Culver.

The ravishing beauty of seventeen-year-old Betty Gignilliat, daughter of the Culver commandant, overwhelmed Tom Brown. He was lost! So was Richard Cromwell.

Friendship gave way to rivalry. The race for Betty Gignilliat became a bitter one. The one-time buddies met and fought it out. A Brown fist contacted a Cromwell chin. Cromwell's knuckles contacted the Brown bezer.

"I'm not licked, but no dame is worth this," volunteered Tom. "You can have her, Dick!"

Returning to California, Tom buried himself in new interests. He set out to write a novel, "Troupers to the Last," a tale of three generations of show folks. He rented a type-

writer and was making rapid progress on his book when Junior Laemmle decided to give a party.

He was strolling across the studio lot, Junior's invitation in his hand, when he bumped into Cecelia. It was only natural that he should mention the party.

"Who's taking you?" he inquired.

"Guess I'll have to go alone," responded Cecelia, with wheedling despair.

Tom's gallantry surged to the fore.

"I'll pick you up in my car," he offered.

Cecelia was most appreciative.

But get this:

"Say, you could have knocked me over with a feather when I delivered her at that party and she danced off with the boss! That was the dirtiest trick I ever had put over on me. She didn't tell me she was Mr. Laemmle's girl. How was I to know?"

"Gee, a thing like that might cost a fellow his contract!"

The narrative was ended. Tom lapsed into thoughtful silence.

Then, "You can buy a whole island down there in the South Seas for \$500, they tell me," he resumed, "and climb onto a throne. That's my dish. The first thing I'll do will be to sign an edict, or whatever you call it, barring all women from my empire.

"Love. Bah!"

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 65

go gallivanting off to far countries when you hear what adventures the camera explorers have.

Charles Trego, who filmed "Isle of Paradise" in Bali, can speak casually of being fêted by natives in Indo-China one day and shanghaied the next, his life has been so full of such adventures the last two years. Producers who have stuck to the tinsel and gilt of Hollywood want to go off in a corner for a good cry when they are confronted with the lyric beauty of the island where Trego worked. He plans to make them feel even worse when he comes back from his next expedition. He is not telling where it will take him. Doug Fairbanks or some other Hollywood-weary adventurer might go there first.

Pictures a Side Line.—Peggy Kelly has come back to New York after four years of picture-making in Europe, and her tales inspire girls with the same frantic desire to follow in her footsteps that Trego sets up in his imitators.

Life is leisurely and gracious in Europe, according to her story, and people involved in pictures are not

dominated by them as they are in Hollywood. Of course, they make pretty bad pictures sometimes, but it is easy to stifle regrets over your workaday world when you retire to a quaint farm above Nice.

Peggy left New York some years ago just after playing in "The Joy Girls," one of those Fox-Olive Borden pictures. She had a contract with Ufa in Berlin to the regret of the select many in New York who always rang up Peggy when they wanted a jovial companion to go swimming, to the opera, to a ball game, a prize fight, or an exhibition of modern paintings.

She came back just long enough to marry a determined suitor, then returned to complete her contract. She and her husband have rushed back and forth innumerable times since then. Meanwhile she has made pictures at the Paramount studio in Paris—remember when she used to be under contract to Paramount here?—with Rex Ingram and under the direction of Alice Terry. She has to go back soon to make another picture with them, but may be able to crowd in a play or a picture here.

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Continued from page 35

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tween Cagney's acting and Tracy's, although Lee is the better actor of the two.

It was believed that by giving Lee the breaks, that the recalcitrant Jimmy would give in and return to the home lot. But Cagney remained aloof, while Lee made four pictures, one after the other.

Warners, so reports went, had their hands full with their new player. "It's hard to get him to toe the mark." "He is often late and gets us behind in our schedule." "You can do nothing with him." "He's always sick."

"Hold up production?" Lee shot out when I asked him about this delicate rumor. "I'll admit I was late on two occasions. I'd already made three pictures in rapid succession, never once late, and each picture was made in record time. During 'Blessed Event' I overslept one morning and was two hours late."

Listening to Lee, you believe everything he says, for he believes himself. You visualize him oversleeping as a kid, and his mother shouting, "Lee, you lazy brat, get up or you'll be late for school!" Just as to-day she says, "Lee, you bad boy, get up and be off to the studio."

"You see, it's like this," Lee explains. "I've spent years and years in the theater, working only nighttime with a couple of matinees each week. We stage people sleep in the morning.

"I've never been late once in the theater. Even through the long runs of 'Broadway' and 'The Front Page,' I was always on time. Working only at night gets to be a habit. It becomes part of your life. In movies it is just the reverse. You start work in the morning. At six a. m., instead of falling into bed, you've got to fall out of it, to be in make-up and on the set by eight thirty or nine.

"Even now, I often wake up believing I'm still working on the stage. I'll say to myself, 'I can have another nap before getting up.' Then suddenly I remember I'm working in pictures."

Well, mistakes are often made. And since they were fifteen days

ahead of schedule on a picture, losing two hours could scarcely upset the entire studio routine.

But Hollywood is like that. You can go crazy with worry and endeavor and get nowhere in pictures. Or you can take things casually and everything comes your way.

Success and good notices have not moved Lee. I doubt if anything could turn his head. He vows that success means nothing but a certain satisfaction in having done a thing well.

You simply can't trip him up on this. Adulation is just so much bosh to Lee—or so he says. Yet—

One day while walking along a side street in Hollywood, he was stopped by a young stage hand from the Warner studio. Said the young man, "Say, my wife and I saw you once in 'Big Time.' We think you're great. My wife raves about you even now."

"Do you know what you're saying?" Lee asked, slightly flabbergasted. "Why, that picture was made three years ago. How can your wife remember it?"

"Well, she does, and she thinks you're a swell guy and wants your photo."

"Hell fire!" Lee exclaimed. "She'll get my picture all right."

This is the sort of praise that is most genuine to Lee. It makes him believe that he is not so bad, after all.

He is really a great chap. He attempts to hide his true self, for he has had hard knocks. All his sensitiveness he keeps hidden behind a barrier of assumed toughness.

Yes, he's a great chap, but he needs a good crack on the head now and then. He could, if he wished, rise to the heights, for a better actor is not to be found.

So I ask his mother, when little Lee oversleeps again, to give him a nice hard crack on the head, the chin, or the nose. The more tender the spot the better.

I can hear Lee saying, "What? Me a star? Oh, this fresh scar? Why, I got that in a fight. What're you going to have?"

TO SARI

Some more o' this Sari Maritza!
As soon as her studio permitza,
Have pictures by scores, her public implores,
In every mood that befitza!

CYNTHIA COUZA.

Fugitive from Humdrum

Continued from page 43

gap. Arthur Hopkins brought him uptown for "We Americans," and he gave one of the greatest characterizations the street has seen in a decade. He played—an old man!

They wanted him to keep on playing old men. And he said, "It would be great to prove that the theory about type actors is only a bugaboo. I believe a real actor puts on and takes off characteristics just as he changes clothes. All this fuss about types turns players into pieces of mechanism. It is stifling to ambition, and deadening to art."

Next season he played in "Four Walls." And he says he felt naked when he trod the boards without the protective ambush of putty nose and false whiskers. After this he went to Hollywood. He changed his name, combining his own and his father's, and he made his bow to the movie public in a variety of faces, seven to be exact. For he played seven rôles.

The change of pace from stage to screen didn't bother him. Why should it? Despite his youth he has enacted nearly four hundred rôles. And he says he hasn't really got started yet.

"As a matter of fact," says Muni, "I am not so nervous before the camera as I am in the theater. When I played each night on the stage I worried all day for fear I shouldn't give a good performance, and all night that I really hadn't given one. In Hollywood if a scene isn't just right we have a retake. Frequently I ask for one, feeling that I can improve on the previous take. If it's not right, it's my fault."

Muni is serious and tense about his work. He can't help it. That's his way. And that, also, is why he isn't considered very "social" in Hollywood. He has a small home and he makes use of it.

When he does step out, you'll find him at a concert—unless he is at a prize fight. It sounds like a strange combination at first. But besides having a fine mind, and an appreciation of art in any form, Paul Muni has a superb body. And he keeps it fit. He's built like an athlete, and could give a good account of himself in the ring which he loves to watch.

He sleeps lightly, doesn't eat much, and doesn't care about money except sufficient to insure the future. While he's young his joy is in acting.

"I'm trying to save, though," he'll tell you, "because in five or ten years from now I may lose the power of recuperation. Now I can go to bed thoroughly exhausted from a day at the studio, and awaken fully re-

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freshed and ready for another. It may not always be so. When I lose my physical strength, I'd like to have enough money to be comfortable. Maybe enough to have a little theater of my own and play once or twice a month—give real performances."

But a glance at the robust body, and the fiery eyes, smoldering and tense, gives an idea of boundless energy, the kind that replaces itself and never diminishes. Muni has many more years in the theater and on the screen. It wouldn't be surprising to find him playing juveniles twenty or thirty years hence, as he played old men twenty years ago.

Because he has had to struggle for everything in his life, the rôles that most appeal to him are those of the downtrodden. It has been a hard fight for success, and a harder one to hold it, once won. This is another reason why he is especially enthused over "I Am a Fugitive."

After completion of the picture he returned to Broadway for the reopening of his play, "Counsellor-at-Law." But more pictures await him at the Warner studio. Just what rôles he will play are as yet undecided. They will be different from anything he yet has contributed. It won't make any difference to him what they may be, just so they are unusual.

For Paul Muni, like Shakespeare, never repeats!

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FREE

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 64

chief racketeer schemes to make money from the betting privileges, so you know the game isn't just for the purpose of winning a good girl's love or because of loyalty to a hero's Alma Mater.

It wouldn't be fair to give you more than this hint of the story for it offers other surprises besides the discovery of the criminal. Good acting is still another virtue, Phillips Holmes giving, as usual, a capital performance as the suspected quarter back and John Mack Brown passing out early as the murdered half back. Dorothy Jordan, David Landau, and Lew Cody do well while Kenneth Thomson is especially notable in a moment of paralyzed fright and Walter Hiers, Reed Howes, and Paul Page, who have been missing from major films, are agreeably visible again.

"A Passport to Hell."

Again Elissa Landi, most restrained and mental of stars, is cast as a loose lady who wanders along the outposts of civilization, a victim of tarnished love. Exquisitely poised, beautifully photographed and clothed with the quintessence of good taste, she is the



perfect personification of an elegant *mondaine* who would no more find herself in the situations devised for her than as the underpaid teacher of a country school. But, though miscast, Miss Landi contrarily gives her best performance—perfectly timed, deeply emotional, and skillfully modulated. She even smokes a cigarette with a gesture of epicurean refinement, and to hear her say "Auf wiedersehen" is to wish her to speak more German. But even this fails to lift the picture above ordinary.

It narrates a tale of complicated motives, Miss Landi marrying a young soldier to get even with his father, the commandant, and falling in love with another, then burning a

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letter written by her husband before he commits suicide in order to save his good name, and so on. Last scene of all finds her on her way to the next port, there no doubt to tangle her life further for another picture.

Paul Lukas has the negative rôle of Miss Landi's last love, Alexander Kirkland the husband of her spite marriage, which he plays with such sympathy that the character is confused in its relation to subsequent events.

"Down to Earth."

Will Rogers continues to draw his philosophical musings as he has for lo! these many years. Whereas sometimes his pictures justify his monologue, this one does not. It becomes a rather tedious lecture on the causes and cure of financial depression, lacking in romantic interest or more than superficial heart appeal and, of course, marred by moviesque exaggerations. For example, in order to drive home the extravagance of Mr. Rogers's wife, played by Irene Rich, this is what happens.

He phones that he is bringing home some business men to lunch and he wants something simple. Whereupon Miss Rich summons all the pomp of a movie household and gleefully presides in her familiar rôle of ingénue matron at a banquet with butlers and gardenia decorations, which ostentation promptly stamps

her as a nitwit who would have long before been divorced had she existed in real life. And so it goes. Dorothy Jordan and Matty Kemp are the juveniles, but they matter little in apportioning praise to the cast or, for that matter, the picture.

"Blondie of the Follies."

Marion Davies' supremacy as a comedienne is fading farther and farther into the limbo of forgotten pleasures as she appears in weakening pictures. Her handicap is all the more puzzling when it is seen that money is lavishly spent on her films, but to little avail. In her new opus, which lasts an hour and a half, the only bright spot comes when she and Jimmy Durante burlesque "Grand



Hotel," Miss Davies imitating Garbo with brilliantly comic effect. But it's a long time to wait in the preceding dullness which is all the more incomprehensible when you consider that it boasts the director of "Grand Hotel."

The story doesn't matter much and the acting less. The former follows the fortunes of two girls from the slums to the "Follies," the ritziness of the one who lands there first, the sweetness of the one who makes the grade more cautiously, and their recurrent tiffs and scuffles from girlhood to maturity, with, of course, a man the cause toward the end.

The sketchy story is credited to Anita Loos, of all persons, and the halting continuity to Frances Marion, which makes the mediocre result even harder to explain. Billie Dove plays amateurishly the less noble "Follies" girl, Robert Montgomery the man disputed, and Zasu Pitts and James Gleason are also present.

"Okay, America!"

When two pictures having the same central character appear almost simultaneously, they invite, not to say challenge, comparison. And when two well-known actors give their talents to what is virtually the same

endeavor, the comparison is more personal and even more inevitable. Thus it becomes the duty of your reviewer to report that "Okay, America!" is inferior to "Blessed Event" and that Lee Tracy in the latter picture takes away from Lew Ayres whatever honor there is in playing a gossiping columnist of the type made famous by Walter Winchell, leaving Mr. Ayres a pretty sorry figure, an actor who continues to puzzle by his inability to satisfy in any rôle and whose unsuitability to this one is glaring.

Especially does he lack the glib assurance to make convincing such a character. The attempt to gain sympathy for the prying newspaperman by giving him chivalrous qualities is a mistake that robs *Larry Wayne* of all semblance of the biting reality in Mr. Tracy's acting. In extenuation it must be admitted that Mr. Ayres appears in more moviesque material, a wildly improbable melodrama in which the columnist gallantly sets out to restore a kidnaped daughter to her father. His activities take him into the presence of the master mind of the gangster world, a stout, genial gentleman in a flowered dressing



gown, with a penchant for discussing the works of Charles Dickens. In restoring the kidnaped girl *Larry* double-crosses the crook, shoots him to save his own life, and is massacred for his gallant interference.

All this is overlaid with too much detail, too many characters, and too many issues to throw any worthwhile light on the life of a columnist, though it is well played by Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Calhern, and a long list of associates.

"Big City Blues."

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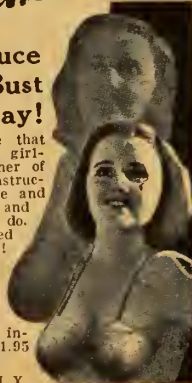
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with the violence of drinking parties and the sham glitter of speakeasies, all culminating in the murder of a chorus girl in a hotel room where she is struck over the head with a bottle by one of the men who are fighting over her. The boy, his money gone, returns to the "sticks," sadder and wiser, with the avowed intention of saving up enough to give the city another try.



Now there's an idea in such a story as this, but it doesn't come through in the picture. Points are not made with sufficient certainty and main issues are lost in a welter of detail, so

that in the end you have witnessed a rip-snorting melodrama replete with the usual exaggerations of the movies. One of them is Walter Catlett in the part of the boy's relative, a four-flusher who fleeces the youth as his guide, philosopher, and friend. This character belongs in musical comedy and the actor plays him accordingly. Essentially the rôle is true, but it is spoiled by being over-written. So it is with the whole picture.

Eric Linden, as the gullible hick, gives a good performance, especially in the scene where he finds himself alone with the murdered chorus girl. His stark terror is finely registered. But the boy is unbelievably naïve. It is as if there were no movies spreading worldly knowledge to the youth of rural communities every night in the year.

So, too, is Joan Blondell handicapped by a rôle that doesn't ring true. As a hard-boiled chorus girl given to partying, she is required to become sentimental and even motherly over Mr. Linden whose ingenuousness might be expected to excite her cupidity instead. It is because of such lapses as these that the picture achieves no certain destiny despite the presence of such excellent players as Evalyn Knapp, Humphrey Bogart, Lyle Talbot, Guy Kibbee, Jobyna Howland, Grant Mitchell, Ned Sparks, and Edward McWade, some of them in disturbingly minor rôles.

Information, Please

Continued from page 12

"Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Five and Ten," "A Free Soul," "Devotion," "Reserved for Ladies," and "Smilin' Through."

POLLY.—The leads in "High Society Blues" were Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; in "No, No, Nanette," Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray. Miss Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1907; five feet, weighs 96; brown eyes and auburn hair. Dorothy Jordan, in Clarksburg, Tennessee, August 9, 1910; five feet one, weighs 100; brown hair, blue eyes. Linda Watkins, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 23, 1909; five feet four, weighs 108, honey-colored hair, blue eyes. Anna May Wong, Los Angeles, California, January 3, 1907; five feet five and a half, weighs 120, brown eyes and black hair. Anita Louise in Vienna, Austria, January 9, 1914; Wynne Gibson in New York City, July 3rd.

M. J. SNIDER.—Yes, the tenor who sang in "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night" was Don Novis. He also appeared in Ronald Colman's "Raffle" and in "Her Majesty, Love," with Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon. If you are able to get Station WEAJ on your radio, you will find that he is on the air three nights a week.

ALICE CORD.—Instead of filming "Brothers Karamazov," United Artists decided to

cast Ronald Colman in "Cynara," the title of which was changed to "I Have Been Faithful." Mr. Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891. His father died when the boy was sixteen, making it necessary for him to leave school and obtain employment with the Britain Steamship Company in London, where he remained five years. At the beginning of the War he enlisted and went to France with the English army, and was invalided home at the end of the first year. After his discharge, and while awaiting an appointment to a government post in the Orient, he was offered a part in a London stage production. He remained on the stage and made several films, which were not particularly successful. In 1920 he came to America, and when almost at the end of his resources obtained a small part in support of Robert Warwick. While he was playing in a Ruth Chatterton play in 1923, Henry King, the director, offered him a leading part in "The White Sister," with Lillian Gish. While he was making "Romola" with Miss Gish, he signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn and has been working steadily ever since. Lane Chandler is a free-lance player and may be reached at 507 Equitable Building, Hollywood. He was born near Culbertson, Montana, June 4, 1901; six feet two, weighs 185, red hair and gray eyes.

G. V. H.—I am sure you will be pleased

with Ramon Novarro in "Man of the Nile." Sorry, but I do not know the name of the Italian love song he sang to Madge Evans in "Huddle."

HAY.—Once more I have to compliment you on your keen observation. I believe the young player you refer to in "As You Desire Me" is Roland Varno, who is fairly new to the screen. You might write to him in care of the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California.

MARY SUE.—See M. J. SNIDER for information about Donald Novis. Richard Arlen's latest is "All America" for Universal. His birthdate is September 1, 1898, and he has been married to Jobyna Ralston since January 28, 1927. They have no children. Address Dick at Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were married on September 15, 1931. I understand James Dunn is divorced. Richard Cromwell is single. Lew was born December 28, 1909, and may be reached at Universal Studio, Universal City, California; Jimmy Dunn on November 2, 1905, care of Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Dick Cromwell, January 8, 1910, Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. Although Kent Douglass seems to prefer the stage, he may be persuaded to return to the screen one of these days. David Rollins played in "Air Circus," "Win That Girl," "Prep and Pep," "Riley the Cop," "Black Watch," "Fox Movietone Follies of 1929," "Why Leave Home?" "Love, Live, and Laugh," "Happy Days," "Big Trail," "Young Sinners," "Morals for Women."

G. M. W.—John Wayne is six feet two, weighs 200, and is not married. Address Buddy Rogers at the National Broadcasting Company, New York. The cast of the silent version of "Charley's Aunt" included Syd Chaplin, Ethel Shannon, James E. Page, Lucien Littlefield, Alec B. Francis, Phillips Smalley, Eulalie Jensen, David James, Jimmie Harrison, Mary Akin, Priscilla Bonner.

C. E. D.—Here is the complete cast of "Bachelor's Affairs": *Andrew Hoyt*, Adolphe Menjou; *Stella*, Minna Gombell; *Oliver Denton*, Arthur Pierson; *Eva Mills*, Joan Marsh; *Luke Radcliff*, Alan Dinehart; *Jane*, Irene Purcell; *Ramon*, Don Alvarado; *Jepson*, Herbert Mundin; *Mrs. Oliver Denton*, Rita La Roy. No doubt from this you can identify the player who interested you.

GEORGE LUCAS.—You didn't sign your name very clearly, but I hope I've got it right. John Arledge was born in Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907; six feet, weighs 140, and has gray-blue eyes and blond hair. He has played in "Young Sinners," "Daddy Long Legs," "The Spider," "Heartbreak," "Careless Lady," "Week-ends Only," and "Huddle." Zasu Pitts is under contract to Hal Roach, and may be reached at that studio, Culver City, California. Metro-Goldwyn and Paramount have the largest studios on the Coast and the greatest number of stars under contract.

BAB PARKER.—You will find that your questions about Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque have already been answered. The artist, Modest Stein, is a man. As far as I know, the John Galsworthy, "Forsyte Saga" series have never been considered for screen possibilities. I agree with you that all concerned probably would be much happier if the publicity departments didn't do quite so much ballyhooing about new players. No doubt in some cases it has been worth while, but in many instances a big let-down.

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Continued from page 13

him most valuable to producers, and why Fox does not give him something really big and fine to do, I cannot understand. They will if we keep on shouting loud enough.

M. H. SPENCE.

Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Jobyna's No Poor Relation.

MAY I inquire what Ben Maddox means by the following statement: "Richard Arlen's actress helpmate once played opposite him for Paramount. He was retained while Jobyna Ralston does occasional quickie leads."

Doesn't the poor man know that Jobyna Ralston could be right where Dick Arlen is to-day if she hadn't retired of her own free will? An actress of Jobyna Ralston's caliber is not dropped by a studio as quickly as Ben Maddox makes it seem. Mr. Maddox seems to forget that Jobyna Ralston was chosen out of a thousand girls to be Harold Lloyd's leading lady. That makes her literally one in a thousand.

I think I have conclusively proved that Jobyna Ralston is not a "poor relation," but a direct equal of Richard Arlen in every way. Need I mention that Jobyna Ralston is my favorite actress whether retired or not? I have every reason to adore Jobyna. She is gracious, lovely, and a splendid actress.

EMMA JONES.

3880 Columbus Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

There's nothing coy about Stuart Erwin.

That Freckle-faced He-man.

I HAVE always been a Clark Gable fan—who isn't?—but for a real honest-to-goodness heartthrob, give me that freckle-faced he-man, Spencer Tracy. That chap has personality along with plenty of sex appeal. He is one person who doesn't have to knock out his leading lady to gain a flock of female admirers.

I am an ardent Jimmy Dunn fan, also, but I admit, with tears in my eyes at the thought of being disloyal to him, that Spencer Tracy stole "Society Girl" right from under Jimmy's nose.

Take it from a veteran moviegoer that Spencer Tracy has just what it takes to make the fans flock to the box office. And with more pictures like "Disorderly Conduct" he will go a long way. Clark Gable is going to get a run for his punches.

MILDRED CARTLEDGE.

Darby, Pennsylvania.

Frank Sixteen.

WISE OLD FAN"—do you honestly believe the theater is dangerous for boys and girls? Really, it's one of the safest places. True, the house is dark, but so is a parked car on a lonely road. And I

What the Fans Think

ought to know—I'm sixteen with plenty of date experience.

I think a lot of movies. When I feel in need of relaxation—even if I am young—I always head for the nearest theater. A comedy is a grand remedy for nerves, while any picture is a relief from a day's monotony.

C. A. D.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Brent Is Grand!

THREE interesting new screen personalities are George Brent, Weldon Heyburn, and George Raft—but especially George Brent. He's just grand! After seeing him in only one picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," I am convinced that he has it all over Clark Gable.

The same, but in a lesser degree, also goes for Weldon Heyburn. We read too little and see too few photos of him. George Raft is already attracting attention, due, I believe, to his remarkable resemblance to Valentino.

MILDRED SCHULTZ.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., Vice President.

Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1932. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 32, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1934.)

But Do Men Like Jean?

IN September Picture Play Charles E. Milner praised Jean Harlow's acting. I disagree with him. True, I am a female but I am not envious of Jean's figure, though I do think any girl who would walk before the camera minus necessary underclothes would make a hit with the opposite sex.

I think Jean Harlow is not a good actress. I appreciate good acting. That's why I went to see "Red-headed Woman" because Chester Morris played in the picture. They certainly insulted a professional actor like Mr. Morris by casting him with this amateur, Jean Harlow.

MARGE WALKER.

Murray Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Luck to Gwili!

SHE'S beautiful, she's glamorous, she's what Greta Garbo is supposed to be! None other than RKO's gorgeous discovery, Gwili Andre.

With her ability to wear clothes and her appealing voice, coupled with more experience and training, she can become a great actress. I sincerely hope that she gets her chance, because her debut certainly warranted it.

Good luck to you, Gwili!

"A FAN."

Lima, Ohio.



Janet Gaynor looks wistful even in caricature.

Lucilla Wants to Know—

IS Greta Garbo through?
Does Ramon Novarro swear?
Does he grumble and growl at breakfast?
Does Don José curl his hair?
If Ramon's brothers and sisters
Are good-looking like him?
Does he diet, or do physical jerks,
To keep his waist so slim?
And is his ideal woman
Really Lillian Gish?
And are chocolate éclairs
His favorite tea-time dish?
What's his favorite pianoforte
Piece? And does he drink?
And is he half so goody
As folks would have us think?
Is his anatomy nice and brown,
The stylish *café au lait*,
Or is it just plain pink and white?
And when's he going to play
The piano for us in a film?
And does he love the sun?
Can any one answer any of these?
No? Nobody? Not one?

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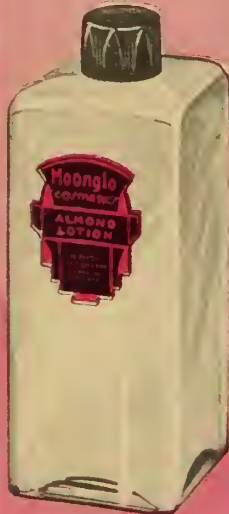
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