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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JANUARY  
25 CENTS



CLARA  
BOW

“QUIT PICKING  
on me” says

CLARA BOW

Winners  
of \$5,000.  
Puzzle Contest

FOUND AT LAST  
The One Contented Man

IN HOLLYWOOD

# “MAKING FRIENDS

# AND HOLDING THEM

—is the secret of  
success in business”

Says

## GEN. SAMUEL McROBERTS

Chairman of the Board, Chatham Phenix  
National Bank and Trust Company

Director, Armour & Co., American Sugar Refining  
Co., National Surety Co., Kansas City-Southern  
Railway; Brig. General, A. E. F.

“Making friends and holding them, by a friendly up-to-date usefulness, is the secret of success in business. This axiom has been the guiding force in the progress of the Chatham Phenix National Bank and Trust Company. And it is obviously the guiding force in your business—as evidenced by your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in the ‘Toasting’ of the LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos.”

*Samuel McRoberts*



LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—“IT'S TOASTED.” Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating! Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray.

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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited General Samuel McRoberts to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of General McRoberts appears on this page.



# “Pink tooth brush”



## Time to call a halt on *that!*

IT'S no joke, at any age, to find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. For it always means that your gums are soft . . . "touchy" . . . inclined to bleed; and it sometimes means that gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea are on the way.

Tender, soft foods, hurried eating and too little chewing are the principal causes of weak, tender gums. A slight bleeding warns you that more serious infections may be getting a foothold, and that unless you get after the trouble promptly, you may run the risk of losing the whitest and, outwardly, the soundest teeth!

### *Strengthen your gums with Ipana and massage*

So protect your gums, with Ipana and massage, when and while you clean your teeth. That's the modern way to oral health. To do this is simple and easy. You massage your gums, with Ipana, each time you brush your teeth.

Thousands of dentists recommend this healthy habit. They know the good it does. For Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation professionally well-known for its efficacy in toning and stimulating tender gum tissue.

Massage with Ipana keeps gums firm and sound. It puts the fresh, clean blood to work—sends it coursing through the tiny cells—tones and strengthens the walls of the gums. Soon they become pinker, harder and healthier.

You'll like Ipana. You'll like its taste, and the delightful sensation of cleanliness it leaves in your mouth. And you'll be amazed to see how clean and white it keeps your teeth—how strong and firm it keeps your gums.

Start tonight with Ipana. Get a full-size tube today from the nearest druggist. Money cannot buy a better dentifrice, and that kind of dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury!



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## TOOTH PASTE



# "MOROCCO"

with

**GARY COOPER** ° **MARLENE DIETRICH** ° **ADOLPHE MENJOU**

Directed by

**JOSEF VON STERNBERG**

*Adapted by Jules Furthman. From the play  
"Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny.*

Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticated, man of the world. A flaming cafe beauty, Marlene Dietrich...mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara. "Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

In "Morocco" Paramount presents the continental star, Marlene Dietrich, whose ravishing beauty and exotic personality will electrify all who come under her spell. A not-to-be-missed Paramount Picture, "best show in town."



*Paramount Pictures*

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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 2

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

January, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*



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

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



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# Brickbats & Bouquets



## You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

### The \$25 Letter

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO whomever is concerned with censorship, I beg to suggest that it is the press which needs restraint and not the pictures.

Our American audiences are essentially the only censors needed as far as morals are concerned. They respond consistently to the best and most worthy productions. Not even lurid box-office titles can do much for vulgar or insipid pictures.

Newspapers, however, delight to front-page any unfortunate sequence in the life of any movie star—the brighter, the quicker! Daily instances of generosity, loyalty and decency among the movie colony are passed up by the yellow sheet. But let some actor who has worked hard and won a place in popular favor make one error in judgment and it is hot news. We can always "see by the papers."

Let us judge men and women of the screen by their performances on the screen, and not by their private lives.

E. D. RUSSELL

### The \$10 Letter

Boston, Mass.

WHAT is wrong with the fans, always complaining about the talkies? The talkies are only three years old and they're improving all the time. Prohibition is thirteen years old and it hasn't improved a particle. Think it over.

CATHERINE FINN

### The \$5 Letter

Albany, N. Y.

THERE is too much talking in the talkies.

W. DOLEN

### Fun Is Fun

Little Rock, Ark.

I AM pleading most earnestly for more pictures with sad and tragic endings.

I suppose I am old-fashioned but the sort of picture in which the heroine is very delicate and is more sinned against than sinning, and succumbs in the end to some fearful disease with a repentant lover at her bedside, appeals to me as nothing else possibly could.

MARIE SINICO

### A Prophecy

Evanston, Ill.

THERE'S learnin' in the movies.

Coming from Kansas to Chicago, I expected to be bewildered by the city, but no, it's just like the pictured city life, and the talkies have interpreted the sounds so that they seem quite natural.

The diction of the actors is doing much to generalize speech throughout the country. It is my prediction that within a few years there will be no more provincial types of speech.

LOYD BENEFIEL

### Philadelphia Surrenders!

Philadelphia, Penna.

BROOK and Chatterton are billed as the stars of "Anybody's Woman." But the real star is Paul Lukas. I could hear comments from people in the theater and, believe me, they were all falling for Paul Lukas—myself included.

ELLEN W. WHITE

### It's Real Blonde, Anyway

Brewer, Maine

ANN HARDING'S acting in "Holiday" is superb. But why the quaint coiffure? The coil on the nape of her neck looked hard as a brick and quite as fetching as a real brick would look poised at that angle.

R. ARLINE WRAY

### Skittish Marquise

Rockville, Md.

I WAS disappointed in Gloria Swanson in her last picture—"What a Widow!" She is too dignified for such silly acting.

SADIE WISNER

### What?

Budapest, Hungary

HOW can it be written that Chevalier has shared his throne with Tibbett? Yes, I know Tibbett is a king in the movies. But what's a king to a god?

L. ECKER

### Just an Old Hollywood Custom!

Wilmington, N. C.

WHY spoil all the best scenes by having an orchestra burst forth and help the star sing the theme song?

Oh, of course, it is perfectly natural for the star to be accompanied by a full symphony orchestra while he, or she, sings in the bathtub. What could be more natural?

LOIS WARD

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



# VIENNESE NIGHTS

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!  
 Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the  
 inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth!  
 Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love  
 that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty.  
 Old times, rich with remembrance...mirrored again  
 in the new life of today. Beauty that never  
 dies; love that lives on forever, each growing  
 more beautiful as the long years pass.

*"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of  
 Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II.  
 It was written especially for the Vitaphone  
 and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.*



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of  
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**A WARNER BROS. &  
 VITAPHONE Picture**



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

**ADIOS**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

**AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized, but it has a kick. (Dec.)

**ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

**ANIMAL CRACKERS**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

**ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

**ARE YOU THERE?**—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

**ARIZONA KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (July)

**ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

**BACK PAY**—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (Aug.)

**BAD MAN, THE**—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (Aug.)

**BIG BOY**—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (Sept.)

**BIG FIGHT, THE**—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show. (July)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (Aug.)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (July)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

**BORDER LEGION, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (July)

**BORDER ROMANCE**—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (Aug.)

**BORN RECKLESS**—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (July)

**BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

**BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (Aug.)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (Sept.)

**CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

**CAPTAIN THUNDER**—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

**COMMON CLAY**—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (Sept.)

**CONSPIRACY**—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (Sept.)

**DANCING SWEETIES**—Warners.—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (July)

**DANGER LIGHTS**—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

**DANGEROUS NAN McGREW**—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (Sept.)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (Sept.)

**DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

**DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A**—Fox.—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (Sept.)

**DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

**DIXIANA**—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (Aug.)

**DOORWAY TO HELL, THE**—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

**DOUGHBOYS**—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

**DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION**—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

**DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE**—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

**EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

**EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

**FALL GUY, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (July)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

**FLIRTING WIDOW, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

## \$5,000 Prize Winners

A complete list of the 70 who divide PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Picture Puzzle cash award, together with photographs of the five major winners and their entries, appears on Page 56, this issue.

PHOTOPLAY has distributed in prizes in seven years \$35,000. And during these years hundreds of this magazine's readers have received extra cash to brighten their Christmas holidays.

Watch for the announcement of this contest for 1931! It's worth it!

**CAT CREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis an entertainment! (Dec.)

**CHEER UP AND SMILE**—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (July)

**COLLEGE LOVERS**—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]



New laws for love...the sky swarming with 'planes... a giant rocket shot to Mars... El Brendel a riotous stowaway... LooLoo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the rocketeers. **JUST IMAGINE** Broadway in 1980

New York gone futuristic... a towering tangle of pinnacles, viaducts, bridges... and what fashions in dress... **JUST IMAGINE** an amazing spectacular musical production with story and song by those masters of marvelous entertainment,

**De SYLVA, BROWN AND HENDERSON**

and an extraordinary cast, including

**EL BRENDEL**

MAUREN O'SULLIVAN

JOHN GARRICK

MARJORIE WHITE

FRANK ALBERTSON

Dances staged by Seymour Felix

Directed by DAVID BUTLER

**FOX**

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay '90's make this a riot of fun. (July)

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

**FOLLOW THRU**—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers. (Sept.)

**FOR THE DEFENSE**—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (Sept.)

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

**FOX MOVIE-TONE FOLLIES OF 1930**—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (July)

**FURIES, THE**—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (July)

**GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (Aug.)

**GOING WILD**—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

**GOLDEN DAWN**—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

**GOOD INTENTIONS**—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (Aug.)

**GOOD NEWS**—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (Aug.)

**GORILLA, THE**—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (Aug.)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (Dec.)

**HE KNEW WOMEN**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (July)

**HELL'S ANGELS**—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$4,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

**HELL'S ISLAND**—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—Frankie and her erring Johnnie further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**HER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, en negligée in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

**HIGH SOCIETY BLUES**—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (July)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (Aug.)

**HIOT CURVES**—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (Aug.)

**HIOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

**INSIDE THE LINES**—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (Sept.)

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

**KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN**—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

**LADIES IN LOVE**—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (Aug.)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (July)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (July)

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

**LADY WHO DARED, THE**—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

**LAST OF THE DUANES**—Fox.—Even if you're not a "Western" fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (Sept.)

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

**LAWFUL LARCENY**—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (Sept.)

**LEATHERNECKING**—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (Oct.)

**L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES**—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

**LET'S GO NATIVE**—Paramount.—Wonderful nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (July)

**LET US BE GAY**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging Liliom, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

**LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE**—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (Sept.)

**LITTLE CAESAR**—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

**LONE RIDER, THE**—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (Sept.)

**LONESOME TRAIL, THE**—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15 ]

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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# MOTHERS CRY

WITH HELEN CHANDLER  
DOROTHY PETERSON  
DAVID MANNERS  
SIDNEY BLACKMER  
EVELYN KNAPP

Novel by HELEN GRACE CARLISLE  
Directed by HOBART HENLEY



ARTIE, architect, builder, pride of the family, yet he left her in the end.



BEATTY, beautiful, clever, with her own distorted ideas about love and marriage.



JENNY, timid, home-loving, married to a man old enough to be her father.



DANNY, blacksheep of the family, gangster, killer of his own sister.



## Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—

*"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"*

A mother dreams about her children. She plans... but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother... or perhaps—even your own!



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## A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE Picture

# Their Pet Vanities

**I**F you tell a girl with beautiful eyes that she has beautiful eyes you'll get a polite, bored smile. But tell a girl with a snub nose that you think snub noses are far more attractive than chiseled, classic profiles and you can have her telephone number for your little black book. (That is, if you want it!)

Look at Bebe Daniels. Is she proud of having made one of the most remarkable come-backs in screen history? Sure she is. Go and tell her how much you liked her in "Rio Rita." She'll smile sweetly, clasp your hand warmly and thank you graciously.

But tell her that you saw her at the vegetable market yesterday and that you have never before seen anybody order groceries with more *finesse* and knowledge of the subject and she'll beg you to take the wedding silver as a little token of her friendship.

Bebe is doing all her own marketing, and the words, "We have some very nice carrots today, Mrs. Lyon, and how about a few pounds of spinach?" are much more thrilling to her than the directorial sentence, "That was a great scene, Bebe."

Consider Ruth Chatterton—the splendid technician, the stage actress who has become one of the most adored screen stars. Is she proud of being all these things? Certainly! But the achievement in which she delights most is the fact that she never sunburns! And Joan Crawford's private, pet vanity is the fact that she does sunburn, evenly and well.

**T**HERE is hidden away in almost everybody's old subconscious a latent desire to write. You know how you feel when your second cousin says, "I always like to get a letter from Emily. She writes just like she talks. I can just see things when she writes about them."

And that's how Janet Gaynor feels when her husband, Lydell Peck, tells her that the separation from her, when she was in Honolulu, was made bearable by the graphic manner in which she described everything she saw by letter. Her eyes light up with pride when she talks about it. She knows she was good in "7th Heaven"—or she should by this time—but letter-writing is a real achievement.

And Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—well, his screen career is his job. But Doug taps away at his typewriter whenever he has any minutes to spare, and he'd rather Joan would see a poem of his and like it than go to a preview of his latest picture.

Sartorial achievement is a little vanity that doesn't leave the star untouched. Dick Barthelmess is not, in reality, the clothes type. He is short and stocky, and seldom does he wear smart clothes for his char-



Her Pet Vanity?—  
She doesn't sunburn!

## Last Minute News

Mr. and Mrs. Nils Asther (Vivian Duncan) are said to be expecting a happy family event. They sail soon for Berlin. This splits up the Duncan sister team, for a decade one of the most famous in American show business.

Thomas Meighan is coming back to pictures! The famous star will play a rôle in the Fox production of "Young Sinners." It's a character part.

Edwina Booth, answering Mrs. Duncan Renaldo's alienation of affections suit for \$500,000, denies that she stole the actor's love while the two were on location in Africa with the "Trader Horn" company.

Jeanette MacDonald, her Paramount contract up, has signed with Fox for a year. The beautiful blonde's first picture will be "All Women Are Bad," co-featured with Edmund Lowe.

Bruce Rogers, younger brother of Charles, is off the Paramount payroll, after three months on the lot without a part. William Austin, English character comic, is also through at Paramount.

Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, starts a concert tour in January. She is a gifted singer of character numbers.

Dolores Costello, wife of John Barrymore, has renounced the screen for home and baby.

When Clara Bow was working at Paramount's Eastern studio, in Astoria, some Hollywood wag tacked this sign on her dressing room out there: "All Quiet on the Western Front."

acterizations on the screen. But he never misses a chance to don a top hat and a tail coat in real life. Even when the occasion does not demand full dress, Dick will make an excuse to put on the high hat.

And would you believe that big heman, Vic McLaglen, is proud of his taste in socks and ties? He is unhappy if they don't match. He refuses to sit for even a head photograph unless every little dot on his tie matches every little dot on his socks.

Edmund Lowe is proud of the fact that he is called "the best dressed man in Hollywood." He has an enormous wardrobe. His clothes are London made and he reads all the magazines on smart masculine attire.

**N**OT the ability to put on the most skilful make-up in Hollywood or to play a thousand faces at the drop of a hat was Lon Chaney's pride. If you gave him even half a chance he would take you aside and show you his card to the stage-hands' union. He would add that he once drove a locomotive and owned an honorary card in the brotherhood of railroad trainmen. Of these he was most proud.

Ann Harding delights in the fact that she does not look like an actress and that she is seldom recognized when she appears on the street.

June Collyer is vain about the way she drives an automobile. She admits she's a swell driver and will never allow anyone else to handle her machine.

That he and Jobyna can cheat the carpenter and repair man out of many an honest penny is Dick Arlen's vanity. He and Joby, you know, build fish ponds and sunken gardens, repair the roof of their home and upholster the furniture.

It is not Bill Haines' smart cracks (these come so easily to him) of which he is most proud. His home and his love of and appreciation for antiques are his real vanity.

Harry Bannister takes pride in the house that he designed himself and equipped with the most remarkable of electrical appliances.

**L**ITTLE Loretta Young is most thrilled that, as Mrs. Grant Withers, she has the ability to keep the household bills way below par.

Fay Wray's greatest pride is that she is considered the best woman ping-pong player in Hollywood.

And Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers is proud of his ability to play any musical instrument one month after he has bought it.

You'd expect Jetta Goudal to have some exotic and bizarre vanity. She says that the proudest day of her life was when De Mille looked at her and said, "You think like a man."



## *New Decade*

WE DANCE again to melodies of Old Vienna . . . wear the graceful fashions of another day . . . learn, once more, the charm of elegance. And romance, returning, gives us lovelier jewels, rarer perfumes, softer gowns . . . but leaves us this same luxurious cigarette. For there are a hundred perfumes and as many gems. . . . But in all the world, there's no cigarette so fragrant, so delicate, so delightful as Camel.



# WAR NURSE

**The World War as Seen Through the Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved and Suffered on the Western Front!**



For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

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**ROBERT AMES**      **JUNE WALKER**  
**ANITA PAGE**   **MARIE PREVOST**   **ZASU PITTS**

*Directed by Edgar Selwyn*

*Continuity by Becky Gardiner*

*Dialogue by Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham*



**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**LOTTERY BRIDE, THE**—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (Oct.)

**LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (Sept.)

**LOVE IN THE RING**—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (Oct.)

**LOVE IN THE ROUGH**—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (Oct.)

**LOVE RACKET, THE**—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (Oct.)

**LOVE TRADER, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (Oct.)

**MAN FROM WYOMING, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (Aug.)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (Sept.)

**MAN TO MAN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

**MAN TROUBLE**—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (Sept.)

**MATRIMONIAL BED, THE**—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (July)

**MAYBE IT'S LOVE**—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (Oct.)

**MEDICINE MAN, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (Sept.)

**MEN OF THE NORTH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (Oct.)

**MIDNIGHT MYSTERY**—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (Aug.)

**MIN AND BILL**—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

**MISBEHAVING LADIES**—First National.—The gals have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louis Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (Oct.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

**MOTHERS CRY**—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

**NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE**—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (Oct.)

**NIGHT WORK**—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (Aug.)

**NOT DAMAGED**—Fox.—Sounds like a melodrama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (July)

**NUMBERED MEN**—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (Oct.)

**OH SAILOR BEHAVE**—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

**OLD AND NEW**—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (July)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (Sept.)

**ONCE A GENTLEMAN**—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (July)

**ONE MAD KISS**—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

**ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S**—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (Sept.)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (Sept.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

- Caddo Company . . . . Page 18
- First National Pictures . . Page 11
- Fox Film . . . . . Page 9
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 14
- Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
- Warner Brothers . . . . Page 7

**OTHER TOMORROW, THE**—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (Aug.)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (Sept.)

**OUTSIDE THE LAW**—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (Oct.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

**PARADISE ISLAND**—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (Sept.)

**PARDON MY GUN**—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (Sept.)

**PAY OFF, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

**PLAYBOY OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (Nov.)

**QUEEN HIGH**—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, hitting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

★ **QUEEN OF SCANDAL**—United Artists.—A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (Sept.)

**RAIN OR SHINE**—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie début. A circus story with a punch finish. (Oct.)

**RECAPTURED LOVE**—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (Aug.)

**REDEMPTION**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoy that proves John can act. (July)

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENO**—Sono Art.—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (Sept.)

**RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE**—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (July)

**RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE**—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (July)

**RIGHT OF WAY, THE**—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (Aug.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood hector, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO PARADISE**—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

★ **ROMANCE**—M-G-M.—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (Aug.)

**ROUGH WATERS**—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

**SANTA FE TRAIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

**SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

**SCARLET PAGES**—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie début, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

**SEA BAT, THE**—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, it's Nils Asther's first audible film. (Aug.)

**SEA GOD, THE**—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

**SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE**—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (July)

**SHADOW OF THE LAW**—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (July)

**SHADOW RANCH**—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

**SHE'S MY WEAKNESS**—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (Aug.)

**SHOOTING STRAIGHT**—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (Sept.)

**SILENT ENEMY, THE**—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (July)

**SILVER HORDE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124 ]

It's all in fun! Anita Page and Mary Lawlor stage a snowball fight and pose for this cute battle scene



# Just for the FUN of IT!

## *Friendly Advice on* Girls' Problems

I want to help you. Are you overweight? Send for my booklet of reducing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you worried about your complexion? My skin leaflet will give you helpful advice. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. *There is no charge.* Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

ONCE in a while I come across a girl who has taken all the advice about self-improvement just a little too literally. Jane Margaret is evidently one of these.

Jane Margaret's signature has become familiar to me over a period of years. Every now and then a letter from her turns up on my desk, asking for my suggestions, and occasionally an enthusiastic and heart-warming note comes, telling me how well the advice has worked out in her case.

But recently I had a letter from Jane Margaret which disturbs me. As revealed by her letters, and by the snapshot she sent when she wanted advice about the arrangement of her hair, Jane Margaret is an attractive girl. She is overwhelmingly ambitious to make the most of her talents, to make her life "important and worthwhile," as she puts it. And, of course, that attitude is not to be frowned upon.

Jane Margaret's latest letter, however, shows something I hadn't noticed before. She is forgetting how to play. She is so eager to improve each shining hour that she is letting all the fun pass her by. If she doesn't watch out, Jane will be a very dull girl.

Books are read solely to develop her mind. Friends are chosen because they come from "nice" families, have the right background and can provide the right contacts. Everything is calculated, and nothing done for the joy of doing it.

She asks me: "Shall I join an ice-skating club made up of neighborhood boys and girls? They skate in the park when the weather permits or meet one evening a week at a nearby indoor rink. They're a nice bunch and I would like to know some of

them better, but I get plenty of exercise and I feel it is a lot of time to give up every week."

She adds, rather wistfully it seems to me: "I like to skate and think I could become a really good skater, if only I had the time for it."

DO, do, take the time, Jane Margaret. Don't be so stingy with yourself. Perhaps ten years from now you will have more leisure to skate, and will have lost interest in learning. Because our interests do change with the years, and what seems so desirable and worthy of attainment today may fail to stir us in the least on some tomorrow. Certain interests and pleasures belong to certain definite periods of our lives, and if we put them off too long we find it is too late to enjoy them.

Life is a serious matter, especially when one is just approaching its biggest problems. Time must be guarded, before it slips away and leaves us with nothing accomplished, with wasted talents and rejected opportunities.

But a girl of Jane Margaret's naturally serious temperament needs to cultivate a more—well, not frivolous, but let's say, light-hearted viewpoint. Similar to that of Elsie T., whose letter lies on my desk now.

ELSIE writes: "My brother scolds me for spending my money on dancing lessons and pretty clothes, when I might be taking postgraduate work at the university and fitting myself for a position more important than the one I hold. Because I am not thinking seriously of marriage (I am only nineteen and feel I have plenty of time), he thinks I ought to be planning a career. I suppose he is afraid I might not marry at all, and he thinks I should have some other absorbing interest to fill my life.

"I tease him and tell him my most absorbing interest right now is to have a good time, to get all the fun out of these years when life seems so happy. We had a rather difficult childhood because our parents died when we were quite young, and it seems so wonderful that at last we have grown up, that he is happily married to a girl I admire, and that I have been able to finish school after a long financial struggle.

"I earn enough to pay my own expenses, and I'm perfectly content with the things I can provide. I worked mighty hard all through school and graduated from the university with honors.

"I'm not burning the candle at both ends either. I spend many of the 'quiet evenings at [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



# An Ideal Xmas Gift!

*This New De Luxe Edition of the*

## STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY

Combined with 18 months subscription to

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

*250 Reproductions in Rotogravure of the Stars, and the facts you want to know about them*

### DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires— which ones foreign titles?  
 The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?  
 The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?  
 How much Loretta Young weighs?  
 Where Chevalier was during the World War?  
 That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?  
 What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?  
 That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?  
 Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?  
 The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?  
 Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?  
 The real name of Lew Coly?  
 What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?  
 How many times Alma Rubens has been married?  
 How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?  
 Where Bebe Daniels was born?  
 How old is Marie Dressler?  
 Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?  
 How Jack Oakie got his start?  
 Gilbert Roland's nationality?  
 Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?  
 That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

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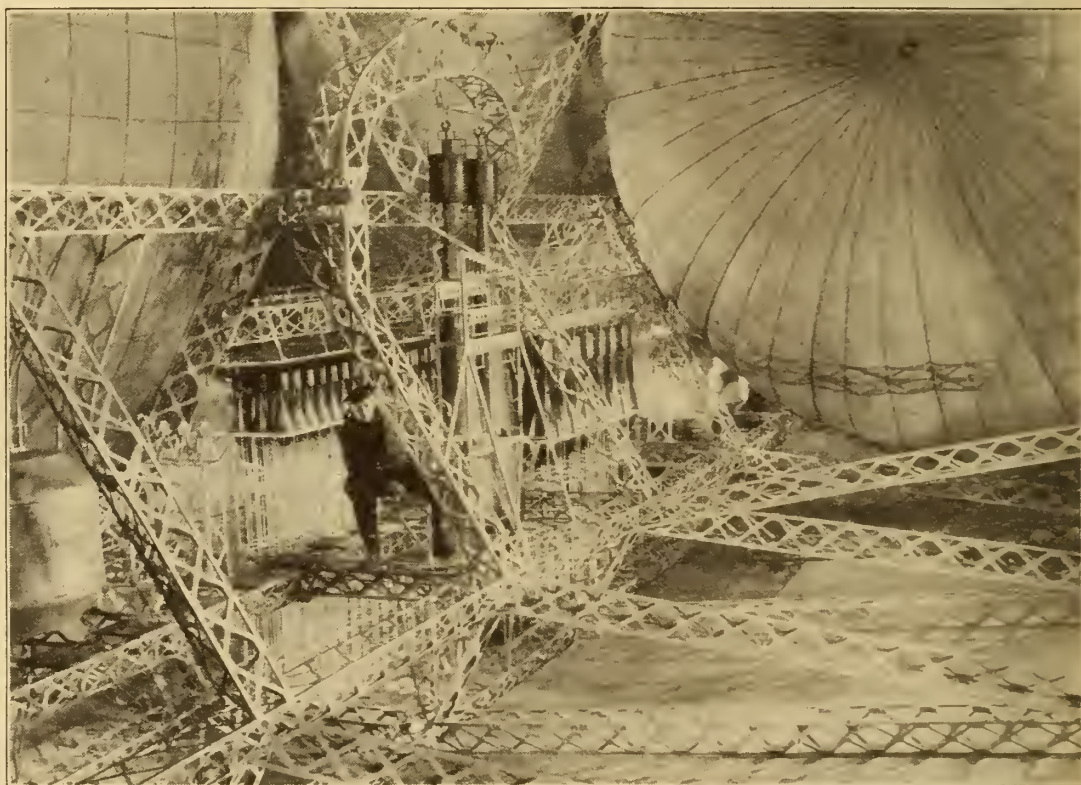
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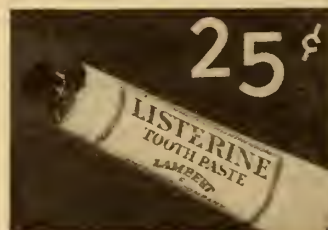
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"SUNNY" is just the word for this sparkling girl, who pirouettes from triumph to triumph on stage and screen with everlasting grace and charm. If you feel you need to regain lightness of heart, we prescribe a copious dose of Marilyn Miller in her new "Sunny"!



Marilyn Miller (Marilyn Reynolds) was born in Evansville, Ind., Sept. 1, 1900. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair, green eyes. Has been married twice



Larence Sinclair Bull

Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1910. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 100 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes. Played in musical comedy

**U**P from the South at break of day—New Year's day, 1929, to be exact—came this lovely child to enter pictures. Luck, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, gave her leading rôles opposite Ramon Novarro in his song romances. Since then Dorothy Jordan has charmed her way into the public heart



Russell Ball

**D**ON'T those blue eyes search right through to the depths of your own? Ah, well, you're in good company. We needn't burden you with the superfluous information that the ocular artillery belongs to Constance Bennett, now taking a holiday after finishing "Sin Takes a Holiday" for Mr. Pathe

Constance Bennett was born in New York City, Oct. 3, 1905, the daughter of Richard Bennett. She is 5 feet, 4, weighs 102, has light hair and blue eyes



**C**ONTRASTING Charles and Wally, as we know them. Mr. Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers, who has lately been exploring the quieter pleasures of Europe with his mother, has not changed, despite the fact he smoked a cigarette in "Heads Up." Wally "Big House" Beery makes a neat foil in his typical rôle of a gentleman seeking a profitable introduction on a dark night



Hurrell

**B**ESSIE looks at peace with the world—and why not, pray? Still young and pretty after fifteen years on the lots, a loving husband named Bill Hawks, a tremendous talkie triumph in "The Broadway Melody" in 1928, and since that time all the free-lance work she wants! Good for Bess!

Bessie Love (Juanita Horton) was born in Midland, Tex., Sept. 10, 1898. She is five feet tall; weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes



rrrell

Adolphe Jean Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, Feb. 18, 1891. He is 5 feet, 10½; weighs 155, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Kathryn Carver

**B**ACK again after his absence from American films. Menjou fans are giving him a welcome to prove he's no ex-patriate, now that the suave, sleek 'Dolphe is playing again on the home grounds. In "New Moon" and "Morocco" he makes us wonder why the producers ever let him get away from America





Richee

**A**FTER a grand trip around the world on a plugging freighter, the little French charmer is back on the job at Paramount. Claudette Colbert reported to the top sergeant at the Long Island studio, and was immediately handed a story to do. And who will be in the supporting cast but ole Charlie Ruggles

Claudette Colbert (real name Chauchoin) was born in Paris Sept. 13, 1907. She is 5 feet 4; weighs 105; has brown hair and eyes. Married to Norman Foster



**A**CHAT in the fog. The scene is a dingy ferry landing, and the picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Passion Flower." Director William C. De Mille, right, talks over the action with Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford, who have the leading rôles. A great studio set, to our way of thinking. Doesn't the place fairly drip dampness? You can almost smell the old river!

January, 1931

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

NEWSPAPER headline: "Valentino's Funeral a Publicity Stunt . . . fifteen hundred policemen and forty press-agents hired to put it over."

That's not true. I know it is not true.

The police who were stationed at the Campbell Funeral Parlor where the body of the film idol lay in state were assigned by the New York police department. The police who lined the sidewalks on the streets through which the funeral cortège passed on its way to the church were assigned by the police department.

THE only press-agent who had anything to do with the sad affair was the regular publicity man for Campbell's. In justice to the memory of Rudolph Valentino I cannot permit these libels to pass unchallenged.

I made the arrangements for the church services. I was present when the funeral services were planned, and assisted in the selection of the casket. And I may add that it was far from being the most expensive casket in the establishment.

IF it had been a publicity stunt then the publicity men were dumbbells. For one of the most interesting stories in connection with that funeral was that it almost brought about open warfare between the Faecisti and the anti-Faecisti factions of New York. The story has never before been printed.

Without the slightest suggestion from anyone in charge of the funeral arrangements, four men in the black shirts of the Faecisti organization appeared at the funeral parlor on Broadway and announced that they had been sent to stand guard over the body.

They were told that they were not wanted but they would not leave, and they proceeded with their self-constituted duty.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

JAMES R. QUIRK



Perhaps they were sincere in their desire to honor their dead countryman. But I always suspected they were pulling a publicity stunt for themselves. Anyhow, it seemed better to permit them to remain than to have the police throw them out.

THE next day two men showed up at Valentino's old apartment in the Ambassador Hotel and demanded that the Faecisti guard be given the gate. They said they represented the anti-faction, and made a direct threat that they would start trouble if the black shirts were permitted to remain.

They were referred to the police, and, what's more, the police were referred to them. There was no trouble, but for a while it looked as though an Italian civil war was going to break loose.

Would that have made a headline for the tabloids! "Faecisti Battle Over Valentino's Body."

If Valentino had a press-agent he was a dead one.

CLARA BOW doesn't seem to have any more luck with her secretaries than some big business men. The first one married Clara's pappy, and the second is yelling Clara ain't done right by her. The day after secretarial rumpus number two started in the newspapers, Clara received an application for the position. It read:

"I am a capable stenographer, intelligent and refined, but am now working as a librarian. This work is dull and sedentary and I would like a change."

Young lady, I am no fortune teller, but I can tell you that if you get the job, you are going to get your wish.

A GREAT Russian director named Serge Eisenstein, creator of "Potemkin," came to this country under contract.

He was the inventor of the word "montage," which gave highbrows of the cinema something to argue about. I'm not quite sure what it means. He had a tousled head of hair, a perfect command of English, a grand personality, an extraordinary intellect, and a great sense of humor.

He went to Hollywood and was entertained. He was mentioned to direct "An American Tragedy." He had a swell time. He was one of the most deservedly popular personalities in the colony.

Then his contract was up, and he hadn't done a tap of work. "Just didn't know what to give him, couldn't agree on a story," was the answer.

**T**HE point is that Mr. Eisenstein spent almost six months in Hollywood, at two thousand dollars a week. He didn't get an opportunity to contribute a single camera shot to the American screen, but he did learn everything there is to know about the making of sound pictures—all for the benefit of the Russian movie.

Well, Serge was paid pretty liberally for learning all the new tricks of pictures. Damn clever, these Rooshians!

**H**ERR DIRECTOR LUBITSCH says he never heard of "sex appeal" until he came to this country. The Germans must have a word for it even if they have to put seven or eight words together to convey the idea to each other.

Have you seen his "Monte Carlo" yet? Then, see it. Sick in bed with pneumonia and rheumatism, that *Deutscher* lad could make a better picture than the average director in the pink bloom of health.

**W**IRE from an exhibitor of Springfield, Ill., to the home office of Radio Pictures after "Check and Double Check" was shown to the inhabitants of the martyred president's home town.

"Never since Springfield sent Abraham Lincoln to the White House has this town gone as wild as it did over Amos and Andy on the screen."

Ah, how pleased and proud Mr. Lincoln would be if he were with us now!

**T**HERE'S a studio gateman out in Hollywood who earns twenty-five dollars a week and has a manager. He wants to be an actor. On his day off his wife puts up a lunch for him and he chases all over Southern California in his old Ford, looking for Wally Beery pictures.

The wife tells the neighbors he is studying technic.

**I**RVING BERLIN'S music has always been popular. Yet four out of five of the songs he wrote for a forthcoming United Artists picture were cut out because "The public is tired of songs and singing in pictures."

Gentlemen, gentlemen. The public is not tired of songs and singing.

They're just fed up with the musical noises and senseless lyrics that come forth from Hollywood with all the lilting cadence and ecstasy of a sausage machine

transforming little porkers into hot dogs. If you don't think so, go and watch the audience while they listen to Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals." *There* is a picture in exquisite good taste, and there, my friends, is song and singing.

**B**ELIEVE it or not, Carl Laemmle thinks we newspaper and magazine editors and writers are not as dumb as we write. He asks us:

"Do screen producers 'underplay' or 'overplay' their attractions?"

"What are your views on musical pictures; on silent pictures; on today's theater going public?"

"Won't you be so kind as to write me a brief note giving your frank opinion?"

If there is anything we like better than a good cold stein of Pilsner beer it is to give advice to producers who have been making pictures for twenty years.

Our answer is—yes and no.

**I**N Melcher, Iowa, lives George Arthur Fletcher, a produce merchant, who has never seen a picture. Says he was taught to forego the theater, along with tobacco and booze. He's fifty years old, and says he would substitute the church for the cinema.

Brookline, Mass., one of the richest communities in the world, has no motion picture theater.

Perhaps we should send out missionaries!

**L**ISTEN to the lament of the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray, Gloria's latest ex:

"Hollywood is no place to be married. When you are married there, everybody tries to tear you apart. When we were married, had I kept my wife in France the present situation would not have arisen."

Can't you see the beautiful, exotic Gloria as a French housewife, carrying her basket to market every morning, Sundays excepted, and rushing home to make the onion soup? Yes, you can!

**M**OTION pictures are not artistic, complain so many critics," said Executive Manager Wunder, of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in a speech in Hollywood the other day. "Why, what do they mean? Don't people realize that seven arts are blended in the talking picture: painting, poetry, literature, architecture, music, dancing and drama . . .?" And just the very next day, the title of "Dark Star" was changed to "Min and Bill."

**I**T has been suggested that the reason "It" became so popular in Hollywood is that it is so easy to spell.

**H**ERE'S a hot one. A certain producer in Hollywood interviews writers while in his private Turkish bath on the studio lot. And a director, whose reputation is bigger, and whose publicity is more interesting than any picture he has produced in years, always has scenarios read to him as he lies, eyes closed, on a davenport in his office. Perhaps that's why his pictures are so flat.

# Wedding Bells!



Virginia Valli



Charles Farrell

**W**ELL, it's happening at last and Dame Rumor is quiet, for once!

By the time you read this Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli will be married, unless all plans go agley.

For years, you know, Charlie and Virginia have been friends. Not long ago Virginia went to New York with her pal, Colleen Moore. She returned earlier than she had planned and the papers announced that she was homesick for Hollywood. The truth is that she and Charlie arranged the details for their wedding over long distance telephone one night and Virginia took the next train home.

As this is being written, they plan to marry just as soon as Charlie finishes his picture, "The Man Who Came Back." That will be sometime in the middle of November. It will be a quiet wedding. Besides, Charlie begins another film almost immediately.

They hope to get away for a few days' honeymoon. Julianne Johnston will be Virginia's attendant and if Colleen Moore returns from the East in time she will serve, too. The three girls are inseparable chums.

Virginia has been married once before, to a non-professional, but this is Charlie's first march to the altar.

Rumors of the wedding have been flying thick and fast and although Charlie laughed them off he never failed to add, "But believe me, Virginia is the sweetest girl in the world."

Their courtship has been a beautiful romance. Even the rôle that Janet Gaynor played in Charlie's life has never stopped him from loving and admiring Virginia, and Virginia has been ever his loyal comrade. Glamorous, beautiful Virginia Valli. Smart, sophisticated, charming. Lucky boy—that Charlie Farrell.

PHOTOPLAY wishes them both the joy they deserve!

Clara Bow's critics—the press, the hoity-toity public and other actors are forever denouncing her, poking fun at her and otherwise making her life miserable. Now she has turned. And in this picture you see the great flapper taking the offensive



By Paul Jarvis

**T**HE trouble with me is—I'm not a sneak!" There is Clara Bow's own diagnosis of the scandals which nearly cost her her job and her screen career.

Clara is hurt. First she suffered ridicule because she fell in love with Harry Richman. She was a single girl and he, a single man, but did their mutual eligibility matter?

Then the newspapers noticed she was gaining weight! They hooted.

Then an unhappy, intensely personal affair in Texas. Reporters tore her decency to shreds!

Finally, gambling—with Clara this time luridly represented as a welcher.

Now Clara is tired of being picked on. She is afraid, too, pitifully fearful, of the hostility she imagines everywhere, in everything, in everybody.

In New York, where she was engaged in making scenes for "No Limit," the horror of a new misunderstanding so gripped the little Bow that she would shut herself up in her hotel immediately after working hours. She would see nobody, go no place. And because she didn't like the hotel kitchen, she made herself bilious dining on chocolate creams.

I found her there, wretched over the abuse she believes she has suffered, grimly determined to give the newspapers no further opportunity to misrepresent her. And a more frail, crushed, self-pitying little soul you never did see than the tempestuous "It" girl. It's quite true that Clara lacks the armor of pretense and evasion with which a more sophisticated girl might have protected herself. And she knows it.

"I've never been a sneak, that's the trouble with me," she diagnosed shrewdly. "Why, I've never done a thing that everybody else in Hollywood hasn't done. I've never done a thing actually bad. I've been so convinced of that, I never even tried to learn how to be sneaky!"

"I may have made mistakes. I certainly must have been foolish. But my greatest mistake seems to have been that I was open and above-board about everything.

"Reporters would come to see me," Clara illustrated her honesty, "I'd always receive them. I'd tell them the truth. But they never printed it. They never even quoted what I

had said, but made up something different. "Everyone tried to picture me as tough," she continued plaintively. "They thought I seem to talk out of the side of my mouth.

What could I do?"

What could Clara do, indeed? She never learned the cycle of newspaper personality. One reporter writes a clever story in which a character appears tough. Another reporter borrows the tough characteristic in the next story. A third intensifies it. A fourth intensifies the third. Until a monumental toughness is achieved. And it sticks to that personality in every press reference thereafter.

Clara doesn't understand this game to which she has lent herself. She feels crushed and humiliated by the unfairness of it. And her reaction has been her vindication.

The Brooklyn bonfire, the hotsy-totsy red-head, who, they say, "gets mixed up in unsavory romances," who "welches on gambling debts," could have reacted in only one way. The bizarre Clara Bow heroine on the screen would have reacted in only one way. That wild girl would have gone out to show 'em. A little bolder, a little wilder, a little louder. Her answer to the challenge would have been defiance.

**B**UT Clara is licked. She distrusts and suspects the world. Never having learned to be guarded in her conversation, she prefers not to talk to anyone. She dresses more quietly. Carries herself with more dignity.

"I'm anxious to throw off the old personality, even on the screen," said Clara. "I'm going to be grown up and discreet. I'm going to play more dramatic stories, a more dignified type of rôle. I'm going to make pictures which give me something to do. I'm going to work hard."

All Hollywood agrees that Clara Bow is a hard worker. And she never is so happy as when she's working. She never gives the studio so little trouble, or herself so few regrets.

Clara is a trouper born, and she wears scars of work. Scars on her shoulder record one scene in which she had to drop a burning cigarette from her lips. A long, vicious scar down her finger testifies to another courageous work day.

Her ambition to work hard is an inspiring one. But a

"My chief trouble is that I'm not a sneak!" says Clara

# "Quit Pickin' On Me!"

says

## Clara Bow

The famous little Brooklyn Bonfire, snapping back at her critics, says she is giving up boy friends for hard work in big dramatic talkie rôles

Clara, off screen, has a startling suggestion of the screen Janet Gaynor. She is little, almost frail—pathetic. With all her wealth and fame, she makes people impulsively say, "Poor kid." Her eyes are fine. The very forthrightness, which was almost her undoing, gives her an appealing charm.

Clara's motherless childhood has been deplored before. Her father has been discussed generally. Alone and immature, Clara has been preyed on by anyone who could use her. Now, at twenty-five, Clara Bow faces a new test. A discreet, dignified young woman must appear as a dramatic actress.

As she faced her old, Clara faces her new test alone. Loved by millions, Clara has nobody to love. Artlessly Clara told the story in one eloquent sentence that afternoon on location in New York. "I want to go home," said Clara wistfully. "I miss my cook."

Nobody to miss but her cook! The mad, bad, flaming, ram-bunctious Clara Bow!

program without play for a twenty-five year old woman!

"What about romance?" I asked with decent reluctance.

"I'm through with that. Men are funny. They want to make you over. They like me for what I am, then when they find they can't change me, they lose interest. Or if they do change me, they lose interest."

"What about Harry Richman?"

"All over months ago. A mistake."

"Rex Bell?"

"I like him very much. Rex is a nice clean boy. I appreciate his friendship. But it's only friendship."

Hard work. No romance. No didoes. No escapades. Surely Clara is entitled to some moderate dissipation. And she has it all picked out. "I like to eat," she announced with startling abruptness. "You can't get anything good to eat in New York. At home I have good food. And I have my dogs, five of them. They're my companions."

So La Bow, disillusioned, distrustful, mellowed by a new wisdom for which she paid a dear price, has turned the acutely critical point in her career. She wants to be good. She wants to start again.

Paramount has faith in her resolution. Just when the anti-Bow bacilli were most active in all the newspaper blood of the country, Paramount renewed her contract and laid plans for her new films. Her fans beg that she be given a chance to "act." They detect a quality in Clara never quite revealed in her exuberant "It" rôles.



Did you know that eating is one of the fondest things Clara Bow is of? When she's away from Hollywood, she doesn't miss boy friends, but her cook! Maybe this explains some of Clara's curve-trouble in the past



Richee

SOME of the lines, of course, are in the script that Frances Dee is studying. The others are part and parcel of Frances herself. She's the new Good Luck Girl at Paramount. After her hit in "Playboy of Paris" she was re-signed!

## Lines *and* Lines



# Ex-Millionaire

The movies paid Francis X. Bushman \$6,000,000 and today he is flat broke—but oh, he had a swell time!



The godlike Bushman head in the days when flappers went wild

**F**RANCIS X. BUSHMAN is forty-six years old. For thirty of these years he has worked at his profession, on screen and stage. During that time, he has been paid more than six millions of dollars.

Today he's broke! Flat broke! His chauffeur sued him for salary, even, and Bushman promised the judge to pay off in installments.

And he doesn't care. That is, it's no tragedy to him. At least, so he says.

"I'm not a bit sorry I spent it," he says. "I had a whale of a good time. And I'll always be able to earn a living."

As this is written, Bushman is playing the leading rôle in a stage play called "Thin Ice," in stock on the Pacific coast. It's not a very good play, and the critics aren't very excited about it or Bushman. It probably won't last long. Then Bushman'll have to find some new job in his line.

During 1929, he worked before the camera only sixteen days. Whatever he does in pictures again, he admits, won't be much. Not because he isn't willing to, but because the producers don't seem to be.

"Ever since 'Ben Hur,'" he says, "I've been blacklisted. Only a few independent producers with courage have used me. I've never been in a major studio since then. Perhaps I could have lifted the blacklist, but I wouldn't crawl. I'm not the crawling kind. Rather than do it, I'll become a flagpole sitter.

"Other stars and the public may feel

pity for me. The deuce with that! I don't want pity or sympathy. I'm happy. All I want is the chance to entertain my public. They've been sweet to me, and their applause is still sweet in my ears. They haven't forgotten me. I learn that, every time I step on a stage, even if the producers have forgotten."

Where did his millions go, you ask?

"I spent 'em," he tells you. "Never was money spent so joyously, and no one could ever have had a better time than I did. I circled the globe thrice, and have visited more than forty countries. There are still some I'm going to. That's why I'm still plugging.

"Bush Manor ate up a lot, and so did lawsuits."

**B**USH MANOR was his million-dollar estate in Maryland. That was around 1915. He had a great stable of hunting horses, and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of furniture. Then came divorce and litigation.

"Two and a half years of litigation about my divorce," he summarizes, "ended in my getting nothing. Mrs. Bushman got mighty little after the lawyers were through.

"Then," he says, "there were income taxes and penalties.

"I never bothered with such things. I had five or six secretaries and a valet and I let them attend to it. Several years later, the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

*By Tom Kent*



Is Francis X. Bushman dreaming of the days when he looked like the picture above, and the money rolled in? Here he's shown resting in his dressing room in a Hollywood theater



The Pride of the House of Green as she looks in "Tom Sawyer." Older film players do honor to Mitzi as a first rate artist of the screen



## "He's Getting Too Old For Me!"

*Sighs Mitzi Green*

too. And he's only thirteen. And there was Jackie Coogan, charming, with whom she had to be in love for "Tom Sawyer."

It is work, after all, which means everything to Mitzi. Working is such fun. She catalogues her pictures by the amount of fun she had making them.

"We had the most fun making 'The Santa Fe Trail,'" she recalls. "Junior and I just rode and rode. We had a grand time. 'Tom Sawyer' was fun, too. Jackie and Junior and I were together.

"YOU know, as *Becky*, I had to play love scenes with Jackie. We had a terrible time. We just couldn't keep from grinning. I hadn't much to do in the picture, but I guess playing a straight part was good experience for me."

She's deep, this brilliant ten-year-old movie star. As unlike a stage child as you hope and expect from her dazzling screen personality. Mitzi is a real little girl, so frankly childish she's refreshing. She plays kid games. She enjoys kid toys. She is bored by sustained conversations. And she's taking up bridge so she won't have to talk to adult interviewers for any longer time than it takes her to produce the cards.

Her parents appreciate her self-sufficiency and resourcefulness. They let her meet the public without coaching, prompting or even their presence in the room.

The grown-up stars on the Paramount lot admire and respect her as a superior artist. Every star in New York called on her at the Paramount Theater, while she was making personal appearances. Clara Bow. Nancy

Carroll. Mary Brian. All of whom she admires.

Junior Durkin called, too. They're still great friends, in spite of the unfortunate incident of papa's horseback ride.

"I love Hollywood," says Mitzi. "You can be outdoors all the time. There's so much to do there. The only thing I don't like about it, is that I really haven't girl friends."

Women might find Mitzi's great sense of humor and shrewd talent for mimicry rather trying. As they might envy her great success, her captivating charm, her popularity with the boys.

**B**UT that isn't the trouble. Mitzi dislikes the girls. "They won't play like children in Hollywood. They want to go to dances. They act like grown-up people. And everybody knows grown-up people have very little fun."

That can never be said about the roguish Mitzi. She's certainly one of the most remarkable children of her time. A trouper born, batting about vaudeville with her parents from tothod, she still retains all the charm and sense of fun that distinguishes childhood from the dull elders.

"WE used to have such fun, but I guess he's getting too old for me."

How many women have sighed that sigh! But this time it comes from a ten-year-old woman, Miss Mitzi Green, who takes her disillusionment with gallant composure.

"It all began when I first went to Hollywood," Mitzi sighed, referring to the engaging young man on the page opposite. "Junior and I lived in the same apartment house. We had such good times. We played tennis on the roof. We went riding.

"Then one day father went riding with us. He didn't want to, but we insisted. And he fell off his horse. His arm was broken. I thought he was dead. It was terrible. We had to rush him to the hospital. Of course, he wasn't very cordial to Junior while we were taking him to the hospital. I guess Junior got offended. Anyway, he didn't come over to play after that.

"He's fifteen, though. Maybe he only thought he was getting a little too old for me."

Mitzi is as wise as she is talented. Leon Janney's a nice boy,

# “She Just Steals Every Picture,”

*Says Junior Durkin*

**J**UNIOR DURKIN admits that taking Mitzi's father for a horseback ride may have been unfortunate. But he won't admit he's too old to be interested in Mitzi. In New York, where he is to be starred in a Broadway play at the head of a cast of fifty, he is ready to insist that Mitzi Green is the greatest woman on the screen.

“She's wonderful,” says Junior. “She steals every picture. She'll probably steal ‘Tom Sawyer.’ She's fun off the screen, too. As much fun as a boy. Gee, we had a great time making ‘Tom Sawyer.’ We played miniature golf all the time.”

“Jackie Coogan owns three courses. Everybody has a course out there. There must be three in every block. Good ones, too. You know if you have real estate you build a miniature golf course. Even if it doesn't make big money, it pays the taxes.”

Finance may be a strange topic of conversation from a boy. But remember that Junior Durkin has been a self-supporting young man from the age of three. He went on the stage at that very early age. Last year he scored an emphatic hit in “Courage.” The movies called him West. And his biggest rôle is that of *Huckleberry Finn* in the immortal “Tom.”

When Paramount makes “Huckleberry Finn” early next year, Junior will return to the coast to play the title rôle. He is looking forward to it.

As much as Junior admires Mitzi Green, he has another idol in the movies. Walter Huston.

Not Charles Rogers, not Chevalier, not Ramon Novarro. Junior has his own theories about acting. “Huston is wonderful,” he announces enthusiastically. “Why, he really acts. Everything he does, with his voice and his gestures, has some point. He never overacts, either. And that's as important as just acting.”

“I WENT to see him in ‘Abraham Lincoln.’ Gee, he was wonderful. You know ‘Abraham Lincoln’ was just about the only movie they made that children could enjoy. They just haven't been making pictures for children. That's why I was so glad when they made ‘Tom Sawyer!’”

“Have modern children really read the book?” I asked this solid young man, because I had had some doubts.

“I'll say they have,” from Junior. “Why, that's a great story. Everybody still reads ‘Tom Sawyer.’”

Junior is as bovish as he can be. Like Mitzi, he gauges life by the measure of fun. The theater, in which he was rehearsing, was littered with paper darts.

The first scene of the play, being a schoolroom scene with twenty-eight boys, had been colored with Junior's instinct for realism. Darts and spitballs.



Junior Durkin in his rig-out as *Huckleberry Finn* in “Tom Sawyer.” Junior, at fifteen, has made his mark—and a bright one—on both stage and screen

Junior has a tutor. He actually enjoys Latin. His mother handles his financial affairs for him. He has an agent to make professional deals.

Two sisters, a few years older, are also actors. But his parents were non-professional.

Like Mitzi, Junior loves work. Like her, he also loves fun. Like her, he contrives to have it.

They'll have it together again in “Huckleberry Finn.” And we'll all be able to share in it.

It was a great adventure for Junior, as well as for Coogan and Mitzi—this filming of Mark Twain's immortal yarn.

As he labors away in crowded, thundering New York, no doubt the kid will be thinking of the coming summer, when once more he can put on the rags of *Huck* and loaf before the camera along the banks of whatever they use in California for the old Mississippi.

Gee—he'll be sixteen then! Wonder if Mitzi ever thinks of that? Well, even if she does, she probably comforts herself with the thought that then she'll be an old lady of almost eleven.

# Chatterton & Barrymore



Ruth Chatterton and Nat Pendleton (the amorous life-guard) in a scene from "The Laughing Lady," one of the four films in which Miss Chatterton scored

**R**UTH CHATTERTON and John Barrymore were the most consistently successful performers in motion pictures during the year now ending.

Nineteen thirty, being the first year of the talking picture's maturity, was a man's year on the American screen.

Moreover, the year just fading in a cloud of dust saw stage-wise rookies from the theater take a firmer grip on the motion picture situation and walk off with at least half of the laurels, medals and blue ribbons.

These are just three of the significant conclusions reached after a painstaking analysis of the screen's best performances for 1930 as listed monthly in PHOTOPLAY'S Shadow Stage.

During the twelve months, 176 "best performances" were listed in this magazine's review department. They range from the glittering and consistent work of filmland's aces to stunning single performances by rockets of the industry, who shot up in a cloud of star-dust and then fell to earth with the stick, to be no more seen.

Of these, no less than 108 were given by men—the other

The incomparable Ruth and handsome John take the major honors in PHOTOPLAY'S list of best performances of past year in pictures

sixty-eight being the property of the ladies. A man's year, my masters!

Ruth Chatterton led the distaff division with no less than four best performance ratings, which gives the incomparable Ruthie an average of a hundred per cent, as she appeared in four phonoplays during the year. Her record was chalked up in "The Lady of Scandal," "Anybody's Woman," "The Laughing Lady" and "Sarah and Son." Chatterton touches no script which she does not adorn.

**N**O other lady of the floodlights approached Ruth with as many as three stars on her report card. Those actresses who gave two best performances were Mary Brian, Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Dorothy Jordan, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Beryl Mercer, Marilyn Miller and Helen Twelvetrees.

In justice to those who did not attain Chatterton's eminence, it must be remembered that several of the two-star girls appeared in no more than two pictures, thus making their batting averages a hundred, and so equal to Ruth's in clean base hits in times at bat.

Garbo, for instance, made but two pictures in 1930—"Anna Christie" and "Romance"—and cracked

out a screecher in each. On the other hand, such able and admired ladies as Miss Dressler, Miss Crawford and Miss Mercer appeared in more, and thus stand lower in the averages.

All in all, thirteen of the screen's fairest and best gave two or more best performances during the past year.

Against this, set the astonishing fact that no less than twenty-two men are credited with two or more bests, and you will see that it was a virile year on the taut sheets of the republic.

Leading the pack, as I have said, was Mr. John Barrymore, tried trouper, who some years ago left the theater to its own devices and sold himself down the river to the cinema mills. Largely profile and strip tights before the advent of the microphone, the ageing but still handsome Jawn found talking pictures directly up his alley, and in 1930 received four best performances on his box score of the year's labors.

Beginning with "General Crack," in which he both wore uniforms and turned loose the Barrymorean larynx, his year was a great success. His Shakespearean bit in "Show of Shows" was the outstanding moment of that revue, his work in

It was a man's year in the talkies, analysis shows

# Lead The Screen In 1930

By *Leonard Hall*

"Moby Dick" was excellent, and in "The Man From Blankley's" he had the audacity and the great good sense to turn off the romantic stop and give us the first—and still the best—farce of the talkie era, farce being the medium in which he excels.

UNLIKE the situation existing in the ladies' league, several gentlemen press Barrymore for honors. No less than six nummers turn up with three bests. They are Edmund Lowe, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Ramon Novarro, Warner Baxter and Jack Oakie. All these boys performed excellently. Oakie seems to have quite stolen Bill Haines' thunder. Cooper came through excellently in Westerns, and Eddie Lowe in the crook sort of thing. Powell was splendid all year. Novarro added a waggish comedy talent to his pleasant voice and his proverbial good looks and knocked off three medals for his three light romances with music. Baxter, one of the great hits of talkie times, scored heavily in his Western romantic pieces.

In addition, fifteen gentlemen were credited with two hits apiece. They were George Arliss, Richard Arlen, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, John Gilbert, O. P. Heggie, Buster Keaton, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, Fredric March, Lowell Sherman, Lewis Stone and the late Milton Sills.

Of the veterans in pictures no better year's work was done than by Lewis Stone. His two best performances, in "Romance" and "The Office Wife," were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



John Barrymore as he looked in "General Crack," his first talking picture, and a success

## APPROXIMATE BATTING AVERAGES

of the thirty-five men and women who had two or more best performances in PHOTOPLAY'S honor roll for 1930. The standings are arrived at by dividing the number of pictures in which they appeared by the number of their best performances.

ACTORS		ACTRESSES	
John Barrymore . . . . .	100%	Robert Montgomery . . . . .	50%
Warner Baxter . . . . .	100	Chester Morris . . . . .	50
William Powell . . . . .	100	Fredric March . . . . .	50
Ramon Novarro . . . . .	100	Lewis Stone . . . . .	50
George Arliss . . . . .	100		
Ronald Colman . . . . .	100	Ruth Chatterton . . . . .	100
John Gilbert . . . . .	100	Greta Garbo . . . . .	100
Buster Keaton . . . . .	100	Dorothy Jordan . . . . .	100
Milton Sills . . . . .	100	Marilyn Miller . . . . .	100
Lew Ayres . . . . .	66	Helen Twelvetrees . . . . .	100
Maurice Chevalier . . . . .	66	Marion Davies . . . . .	100
Lowell Sherman . . . . .	66	Constance Bennett . . . . .	66
Edmund Lowe . . . . .	60	Joan Crawford . . . . .	66
Gary Cooper . . . . .	60	Norma Shearer . . . . .	66
Jack Oakie . . . . .	50	Mary Brian . . . . .	50
Richard Arlen . . . . .	50	Marie Dressler . . . . .	50
Charles Bickford . . . . .	50	Jeanette MacDonald . . . . .	50
O. P. Heggie . . . . .	50	Beryl Mercer . . . . .	50



Just like one of Evelyn Brent's movie melodramas! The family pup utters weird growls in the middle of the night, so Fearless Betty takes a horse-pistol and goes out to investigate. The quaking lady in the rear is our correspondent

# She Eats *and* Tells!

AS nearly as I can remember, Harry Collins, one of Hollywood's distinguished dressmakers, was having the fall showing of his line of frocks and I had a couple of tickets. I asked Evelyn Brent—Betty to me and the rest of Hollywood—to go. She was working, so she said, "Come over and spend the week-end with me instead."

I was a little confused myself and I couldn't recall that Emily Post had ever given such an answer to a fashion show invitation, but I've never been accused of turning down invitations.

I packed my little black bag, and looking like a lady bootlegger, I arrived at the palatial mansion of La Brent and husband Mons. Harry Edwards, the director.

I'm a pretty snappy kid. Always first with the latest, so I said, "Where's Harry?"

"He's been over in London for a month," Betty said. "Don't you read the papers?"

Well, I hung my head in what I laughingly call shame and followed the maid upstairs (she wasn't going to hide that \$10.50 bag if I knew anything about it) and made myself fairly respectable.

That's an amazing house. From the outside it looks enormous, like some ancient white palace, but, in reality, it is small and intimate inside. The upstairs consists only of a frivolous dressing room, all satin chairs and enormous perfume cabinet loaded with hundreds of bottles, a hall and big bath room and practical sleeping quarters, almost a sun porch, with twin beds and a long table arrangement where Betty has massages.

Downstairs—spacious living room, dining room, breakfast nook, kitchen, bedroom and den.

Betty had taken off her make-up and changed from her

Evelyn Brent invites our Katherine Albert for the week-end, and Katie ups and lets us in on what happened

working clothes into a little dinner dress. I tried to act as if the sleeveless blouse of my suit was something you could wear in to dinner.

It was Saturday night, so the Sunday papers were spread over the floor. Betty went to answer the 'phone and I stretched out on the divan to look at the papers. The divan is all gold velvet so I jumped up quickly when Betty came in.

"That's all right," she said. "I haven't a piece of furniture

here that you can't put your feet on or jump up and down on if you like. You see, before I married Harry I had just furnished an apartment of my own and I was pretty attached to everything so instead of getting rid of that we simply added more things and moved them all here. But I can't bear having anything you've got to be careful about. Furniture is to be used, isn't it? Well, then, use it."

IT was funny, but right away I didn't want to jump on anything—maybe because I knew I could, you old psychologist.

"I think a couple of people are coming for dinner," Betty announced. "They're grand people but they're always late and I'm hungry. Maybe I should call them."

When she came back from the 'phone she said, "Well, it's all my own fault. They say I said I'd verify the date if I weren't working. Maybe I did. It's just like me. Lord, I'm starved."

Betty does things well. Her table looked lovely (I wondered if she'd let me jump up and down on the stunning spread but decided not to ask her) and there is a warmth, a friendly sort of glow in the dining room. We had oyster cocktails, fried chicken, whipped potatoes, string [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

# GONE - Another Ingénue

By

Miriam Hughes

**A** YEAR ago a meek little blonde ingénue with a baby voice and a baby face went on a vaudeville tour.

Dozens like her had done it. Dozens had failed before the microphone and had made this final, and always fatal, step. Well, Esther Ralston was through, you said sagely, and that was that. But when you said this you did not take into consideration one George Webb, husband of the baby blonde.

Perhaps you mentioned Webb. Perhaps you remarked, along with the rest, that had it not been for him Esther would have made Paramount give her a new contract. It was too bad, you thought, that she so utterly worshipped the cocky ex-vaudevillian who had dominated her life and managed her career. That guy Webb sticks his nose in everything. Would be a lot better if he let Esther alone. Esther's all right.

But Esther wasn't all right and George knew it. So, one of the shrewdest business men of them all out-smarted the picture business and returned to Hollywood with a new and vivid star, named Esther Ralston! Here's the story.

**A** year ago Esther was the victim of old inferiority complex number 877-A. Timid, retiring, she yet followed the accepted path of the average blonde star. Living, as she did, well and luxuriously, she still complained of the hardships of picture work, grumbled when she was called on the set before they were ready to do her scenes, insisted that she have a stand-in girl to endure the heat of the lights while the camera men were lining up, and demanded special luncheons for herself on location. These things were done and Esther, who had in those days about as much aggressiveness as a sun turtle, did them all.

Then came the crash. A year before her five-year contract had expired Paramount wanted to release her. But Webb made them stick to the clauses of the document. And during that year, when she was definitely slated to go, his mind fairly seethed with plans for her.

He knew her to be a sweet, mild little thing. He knew, also that her voice was inadequate. But old Doc Webb had the panacea for both these ills. Vaudeville!

For three months she worked and at last had an act consisting of four strenuous dance numbers, which, as Webb said later, were just enough to make the audience think she knew more than she did.



Esther Ralston today—no longer the meek but synthetically imperious ingénue, but a poised and confident woman who gets what she wants when she wants it

Webb had seen the average movie-star-act in vaudeville. The star greets her public in a high piping voice, sings an old song badly and retires. Esther, he felt, must forget pictures and become a vaudevillian.

She must lead the life, the strenuous, nerve-racking life. She did.

In Los Angeles she was not so *forte*, for stage fright had claimed her for its own. And only an excessively timid person knows what manner of courage it took for her to step before an audience alone and do an act which she believed she did not do well. Had it not been for George standing in the wings she could never have done it.

Every performance was a new conquest. Every audience had to be won singly. Those tough vaudeville customers had been kidded by film stars before. They wanted to see, not a beautiful woman, but a good performer.

It was up to Esther to give it to them.

She played for forty-two consecutive weeks. In miserable tank towns, in theaters whose dressing rooms were not big enough to hold both her and her trunk. Twenty minutes after the last performance there was always a train to be caught. Meals in fifth-rate restaurants between shows. Sometimes five shows a day—never less than three. Every day and Sunday, too. Work. Work. Work. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

Forty-two weeks of  
hard labor in vaudeville  
turn Esther Ralston into  
a pungent personality  
and a sure-footed star

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—

## of Stars



International

A perfect picture of love in the rough. It's Viola Dana and her new hubby, Jimmy Thompson, a young golf pro. We hope he and Vi get out of all the sand-pits of domesticity with good mashie shots. Vi says she's "Mrs. Thompson, housewife"



International

A little statue for a very good girl indeed. Conrad Nagel presenting Norma Shearer with the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for what it called the best performance of the past year—her work in "The Divorcee." And very well deserved, we say

**W**HEN Gloria Swanson's interlocutory decree of divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise was granted, the gentlemen of the press made a headlong dive for Hank.

They did all but tackle the Marquis around the knees and bring him crashing to earth.

With one voice they screamed, "Are you going to marry Connie Bennett?"

The gallant Hank responded in true Gallic style—namely, by delicately raising one eyebrow. His mouth, alas, he kept shut.

On Nov. 6, 1931, the decree, granted for desertion, will become final.

And then, *messieurs et mesdames*, we shall see what we shall see!

Oh you Hank! You're a sly one, you are.

**H**EIGHO, everybody! Pola Negri is threatening to head our way again!

The Perilous Pole says that, now she has tossed off the matrimonial shackles that bind her to Mr. Mdivani, she is coming back to America and appear in a play, acting right out on a stage.

"A musical dramatic piece," Pola calls it.

But that isn't all.

Negri is slaving away at her memoirs, which she threatens to call "My Confession."

"I am going to tell everything," she says.

Oh lackaday and wirra wirra! If Pola does that, what a ruckus there'll be.

Let's hope she curbs her temperament and uses a little discretion.

Else there may be a run on the Bank of England, or something equally fatal to the welfare of the world.

**N**EW YORK was hysterical lately.

Greta Garbo was reported attending theatrical first nights—at least, Broadway reporters put it in their papers. At the next première there were more people in the street than in the theater.

No dice. It turned out to be one of the many thousand cheap road companies of the great Swede which are now infesting the Republic.

The shows' press agents are suspected.

Any sap who can't tell a phony Garbo from the real isn't fit to be a ship news reporter on Pikes Peak. And if the reporters took this on faith from the press agents and then printed it, they're simply bum newspapermen and should be booted into Circulation Alley. The idee! Getting us all worked up like that!

**T**HEY'RE telling the story about the supervisor who, after a preview, introduced one writer to another.

"Say," said the first, after they had shaken hands and the second writer had walked away, "isn't that the fellow who collaborated on this story with me?"

**I**" a certain Hollywood extra girl may boast for the rest of her life, "am the girl who kicked Mary Pickford in the middle of her career—and got paid for it!"

It was during a scene in "Kiki." The action called for the



# GOSSIP! — *By* Cal York

## *and* Studios



International

Their night of nights! Amos and Andy before the new Mayfair Theater, New York, the night "Check and Double Check" opened on Broadway. Left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Correll (Andy) and Freeman Gosden (Amos). The boys are dressed up pretty high, what?

star, cast as a street gamin, to be sent reeling by another girl's aptly placed boot.

Director Sam Taylor picked one of the extras in the scene to do the kicking.

"You kick Miss Pickford," he said.

"Where?" asked the girl.

Taylor answered her.

The girl and Mary rehearsed the scene. The girl was too sparing of the royal anatomy.

"Harder!!!" bellowed Taylor.

Next time the girl followed instructions. Mary went staggering across a street.

"Swell," said Taylor. "Now we'll get all set to shoot it again."

Mary is reported to have preferred a buffet supper that night.

And the extra girl is planning to preserve her right shoe, under glass, for posterity.

**T**HE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has made its annual awards for the best picture work done during the year ending in July.

They are—

The best picture, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The best director, Lewis Milestone, who made "All Quiet."

Best actor, George Arliss, for "Disraeli."

Best actress, Norma Shearer, for "The Divorcee."

Best screen writing, Frances Marion, for "The Big House."

Best art direction, "King of Jazz."



The scoop of scoops! We present, with seemly blushes of pardonable pride, the first picture of Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers smoking a cigarette. It's a scene from his recent "Heads Up". Is Chuck going he-man on us, after all these sweet years?

Best photography, the two boys who went into the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd.

All the winners get little statuettes as their visible prizes. But what publicity!

**M**ACK SENNETT reads, in a trade daily, a rumor that he and Marjorie Beebe are going to get married.

He strokes his grey hair and replies:

"It's not true—BUT it's the highest compliment paid me in a long time."

**M**ARY PICKFORD'S miniature golf course was held up and robbed of midget receipts—\$75.

And they said those things threatened the talkies!

**A**ND did you hear about the merry wag who played a solo game on a Hollywood golf course for practically a whole evening, and tacked up this sign as he left:

"Opened by mistake."

**W**E report that William Powell and Carole Lombard are "that way" about each other at the present time.

It used to be plain Carol, but after a visit to a numerologist she added a vowel.

It seems quite right to us for the sophisticated blonde to be attracted to one of Bill Powell's type.

**A**ND who'd ever have thought that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., would play comedy under Charlie Chaplin's direction?

It's true—in one scene, anyway. That'll be in "Reaching for the Moon," wherein Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels are co-starred, with Edmund Goulding directing.



How's this for a figure, magnificently encased in a silver gown? It's the new Ina Claire, minus considerable poundage, as she appears in the leading rôle in the new Paramount, "The Royal Family." Yes, sir, Mrs. John Gilbert's an ingénue once more!

It so happened that on the day Charlie visited the United Artists studio recently, Fairbanks and Bebe were working in a farce cocktail-drinking scene.

Charlie stepped on the stage and watched. After a while he shook his head.

"The tempo," he said, "is all wrong."

"How?" they asked.

"Watch," said Charlie. Then, without the trick shoes, moustache, cane or hat, Charlie did the scene in pantomime—playing each part—Fairbanks', Bebe's and even Edward Everett Horton's.

"There," said he, "that's the way it SHOULD be."

"Do it that way," ordered Goulding.

Fairbanks, Bebe and Horton did. And Chaplin directed while Goulding stood by and watched.

#### AUSTIN gag, No. 548,279—

Disgruntled actor, who failed to get a contract, expresses his opinion of the producer who declined to hire him:

"Say, I just seen ALL of So-and-So's friends riding down Hollywood Boulevard in an Austin, beating bass drums."



International

This little mite of Sepia has for his daddy a long, loose-jointed colored boy who could be one of pictures' great comics if he tended to business. It's Stepin Fetchit, Jr., in the arms of his mother. Pappy was on the Coast making a picture at Metro-Goldwyn

**T**HAT Garbo just will have a private life no matter what happens!

The other day she dined in a very high-priced restaurant and, when she discovered she was being stared at, she got up and left her dinner upon the table.

Most of the Hollywood stars cheered her for the gesture and spouted the usual platitudes about their private lives being their own.

They're always doing that, but Ramon Novarro was honest enough to speak the truth. He said:

"As long as I put myself in a public position, I've no kick coming. I get paid for it."

That's more like it.

**W**HEN Director Herbert Brenon was released from a sanitarium where he suffered a nervous breakdown he was given a certificate declaring that he was perfectly well again.

The other day on the set he had an argument with an electrician, during which the juicer said, "Oh, you're crazy."

"Listen," said Brenon, "I've got a paper to prove I'm not—which is more than you have."

**T**HEY'RE saying that old man stork is hovering around little Bessie Love's back door. Bessie says 'taint so, but that's what Norma Shearer said for a long time.

You just can't believe these blessed eventers.

**O**F course, nobody would suspect Paramount's press-agents of such things, BUT . . .

Clara Bow gets columns of publicity about gambling at Calneva, and her next picture turns out to be a gambling story entitled "No Limit."

And Jack Oakie, according to the newspapers across the country, gets into a run-in with Chicago gangsters because he wouldn't contribute to a fund they were getting up and, it is announced that, in revenge, Oakie is put "on the spot" by the gunmen.

And Jack Oakie's next picture, strange to relate, is titled "On the Spot."



P & A

Ever see a live marquis at work? Here's your chance! The Marquis de la Falaise, etc., at his desk at the Radio Pictures studio in Hollywood, where he supervises foreign versions. Hank says nothing on the Connie Bennett situation, though Gloria has divorced him

**CRASH!** Two automobiles occupied the same space on Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood, at the same moment. Out of the wreckage of one crawled Hoot Gibson, shaken up and bruised.

Out of the remains of the other clambered its ex-driver, cut and bruised.

He surveyed Hoot Gibson and recognized him.

"You," he grunted, "ought to stick to horses."

Then they took him to the hospital.

**IT** would be tough on a certain Yale sophomore if Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, *et al*, should move out of Beverly Hills.

The Y. S. is Martin Tyler. He, too, lives in Beverly Hills. Four years ago, while he was a high school lad, he and a friend used to play tennis on a court at one of the district's busier intersections.

Many autoists used to stop and interrupt the game to ask the way to Pickfair.

By and by, Tyler got wise to himself. He stopped playing tennis and had a sign painted:

"Guide to Movie Stars' Homes." He charged twenty-five cents for showing autoists how to get to the various players' residences.

It worked so well that he organized a company with another lad as partner.

They bought an automobile and charged one dollar per for driving tourists around the star-home district.

It's paying Tyler's way through college. He himself works during vacations; during college months, he hires other youths to do the guiding.

**WHAT** a lazy girl!

For five weeks Joan Crawford worked every day (except Sunday) on "Within the Law."

It's Joan's picture, certainly, for she is in almost every scene. Immediately that drama was finished "Dance, Fools, Dance" was awaiting her.

She managed, however, to have a week off between pictures, but it wasn't a week of rest, for she had to have twelve frocks made and fitted and had to learn two dance routines.



International

Who said that actresses didn't have books? Little Lois Moran gives that yarn the lie. She's getting off at the New York deppo with no less than six—together with jewels and make-up. Lois is going on the Broadway stage after a vacation, she reports

**IT** was one of those large and distinguished audiences in high hats and Rolls-Royces that turned out to give a local girl a hand during the local opera season.

The little girl's name is Hope Hampton. She looked beautiful and her costumes were enough to make the price of film go up.

She sang "Manon."

Everybody who was anybody, my dear, could be found in the audience.

All the picture people who don't, as a rule, go in much for opera, appeared, including—yes, sir—Greta Garbo.

**ONA MUNSON** and Eddie Buzzell, that cute little married pair of stage and screen note, are reported on a year's "trial separation."

Get together, kids. Let bygones be gone-bys!

**YOU** probably believe Dolores Del Rio is a Spanish name, and it is.

But the odd thing is that the Spanish newspapers most customarily call her Lolita Del Rio, instead of Dolores. "Lolita" is an affectionate term they give her.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]

# Go WEST,

A boy and a girl, a pullman car, and what happened at the end of the line

HE pretended to be reading his magazine, but over its edge he was watching with alert interest the curly blonde head that had boarded the train at Chicago. The girl was traveling alone. He was alone, too, except for the secret that was accompanying him on the long journey to Hollywood.

She removed her snug hat and he caught half of the little round face, with its big brown eyes and pouty mouth, primping in the slither of train mirror. But he missed none of the details—the shiny, patent leather luggage initialed M M, regarding which she cautioned the porter, the blue traveling suit with blue shoes to match—they twinkled when she sat down and crossed her shapely legs, and the gay corsage of orchids nodding at her shoulder.

The main thing was that she was traveling alone and he would have the pleasant prospect of knowing her better.

Before the curly, blonde head had made its appearance there had not been a single bright thing to look forward to during those four long days on the train. He had carefully scrutinized the other passengers in the pullman—two fat, laughing salesmen, mysteriously boisterous; an old-maidish school teacher; a middle-aged man and his wife on a second honeymoon, and four guttural Italians. Then the blonde head had boarded the dull pullman, and the sun had come out.

HE smiled a welcome across the aisle. But his smile went past her and out of the window. He shuffled down the aisle a dozen times for a dozen drinks of water, passing her seat each time. But she did not notice him the twelfth time any more than she had the first.

"Would you like to borrow my magazine?"

"No, thank you."

"Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes, thank you!" She seemed to be troubled. A little pucker came and sat where her dimple had flashed.

"Going all the way?"

"Yes, all the way!" Then she burst into tears and rushed off to the washroom.

He regarded the empty plush seat moodily, the luggage with its intriguing M M, her paper hat-bag fastened to the hook like a balloon tugging to fly away, the scampering landscape outside her window, all the time wondering what had brought her tears, the poor little thing!

He must help her. But what could he do? The voice of the dining room porter with his "first call fuh lunch" was the answer.

And when she returned, bright-eyed and freshly powdered, there was the luncheon table set for two between their seats. "Won't you be my guest?" he invited. "It's awfully lonesome eating alone."

"It is lonesome," she agreed shyly, edging into her place. "'Scuse me for—'for crying—"



"Nothing serious, I hope," helpfully.

She gazed tight-lipped out of the window. "I'll tell you about it some other time," soberly. Then she grew bright again. "Mm, pickles. I love pickles."

"Knew you did."

She bit into one, laughed so that the dimple came back into being, passed him the dish of olives, and dropped three lumps of sugar into his coffee.

"How did you know it was three?"

"I know a lot about you—" laughing coquettishly.

He blinked into the bottom of his coffee cup. Who was she? Was she a detective?

How much did she know? How, with such a guileless face, could she be anything but innocent? He was certain his secret was safe, and the fleeting moments added to that certainty.

IT was very cozy here in the niche of the two pullman seats. It was as if this little household were theirs alone, as if the outer fringe of world made up of passengers, porters and conductors did not matter.

"Yes, I'm in banking," he confided over the after-lunch cigarette. He came very close to the brink of telling her that he was carrying a hundred thousand dollars in his vest pocket, that he had stolen this money from a bank in Philadelphia, that he was a fugitive from justice and a dangerous character.

Suppose he confided this, what would she do? She would probably scream, pull the emergency bell cord, stop the train with a grinding of brakes, and summon the conductor to call the police. But there was a reason why he must tell her, if not now, then later. He must tell her.

"Yes, I'm a banker—"

A brown eyebrow became an incredulous question mark upon the white brow.

"A banker? How nice!"

# Young LOVE!

By  
*Beth Brown*



Illustrated by  
**Frank Godwin**

"Name, please?" had come a business-like voice from behind the grille work at Central Casting Bureau. "Mary Manners," she had answered. And then the grille work opened and a head emerged

He did seem rather young for a banker, not more than twenty-five, perhaps only twenty-three. His brown tweed suit was cut in carelessly comfortable fashion, his brown brogues were generous and heavy as if they were accustomed to make firm use of Mother Earth. His blue eyes were kind, truthful and inquisitive. They seemed to be asking all sorts of personal questions of her, which she must try to evade.

She must not encourage questions until she had worked out a plan. She had decided to do this from the first moment she saw him. She must think fast and have her plan all ready before they saw each other again.

"I did enjoy lunch. Thank you. Now I think I'll take a nap. Goodbye!" and she waved gaily as if she were going off on a long journey, and then merely took a step across the aisle.

"Here, take this extra pillow!" and he punched it as if he were angry with it because it was going to be so close to her.

The pillow acquired a hollow that just fitted her curly head. "I bet you're married," she teased. "You have the right technique—"

"Wish I were married!" and his eyes added "to you." He regarded her intently. "Of course, you're not?"

"No," and right there she made up her mind as to a plan.

"Maybe you'll come to my house for dinner?" waving to his compartment.

"I'd rather see you after dinner, on the observation car."

"That'll be nice. The moon and I will be there with rings on! Now enjoy your nap."

To give her the proper semblance of privacy, he screened himself behind a tall magazine, watching one-eyed over her slumbers with a knightly feeling, quieting from her skirts, one round silken knee. She was a very tiny thing, and she looked even tinier when she cried, but business was business, and if she was a lady detective he would tell her all about the bank robbery in his own way.

\* \* \*

"It is a beautiful moon," she agreed. They were all alone on the observation platform, all alone in a romantic, moonlit world. "And those hills running away from us as if they're frightened—" The train shuffled and sang, the rails glimmered and blinked, wise-eyed.

Behind her elbowing chair was the cosy comfort of the lighted writing room with its call to relax. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]

# Hollywood's Only Contented Man



J. Warren Kerrigan's goodbye to pictures. Warren and Lois in a scene from "The Covered Wagon," his last film. At this time Lois and Warren were said to be romancing 'round

**U**P IN the Hollywood hills, just off the widening stream of traffic along Cahuenga Pass, lives Hollywood's only

contented man. He has retired with a competence, not a fortune, and has no desire to return to pictures. Fame was his, yet he has walked away from it all, and is content.

This astonishing person, this riddle, this calm philosopher whom you may see of an afternoon on the terrace of his home, reading, with his two fox terriers beside him, is J. Warren Kerrigan, one of the earliest of picture idols and hero of "The Covered Wagon."

"I am very happy," he says. "No, I don't miss the studios at all. As for the life of Hollywood, I never was a part of that. In my picture days, I worked hard, I had my own company, and with my invalid mother and brother, I had little time for parties.

"I've never been to a movie premiere in my life. Personal appearances are a good racket, in a way, but I hate feeling that I have to open my mouth for the curious to count my teeth. I don't like crowds, and this dress-up and artificial business seems false and senseless to me.

"Marry? Well, I never did because all the girls seemed to get wise to me. I was engaged several times, but the girls didn't want me, I guess. But then, while there's life, there's hope." All this with a chuckle.

Kerrigan today is a handsome man. Gray about the temples, muscularly built, perfect teeth shining in an engaging smile that ripples off into dimples in each cheek, with glowing health, and the quiet humor of the philosopher in his eyes.

Becoming serious, he added, "You know, Hollywood and its marriages scare a thoughtful person. I guess my brother Wallie will raise the fam-

ily for me. You know Wallie. He used to have the United Costume company, and at one time was Mary Pickford's manager. He has three boys."

We wondered about Lois Wilson. She had been one of Kerrigan's romances, had worked with him in pictures for over five years, and had been with him in "The Covered Wagon." Her name brought this response:

"Lois Wilson is a wonderful girl, a lovely girl of a lovely family. She was always the flower of them all, personally and professionally. I saw her recently—still the same Lois."

"**H**OW was it, that after making such a come-back from your retirement, in 'The Covered Wagon,' you never went on with your screen career?" I asked, as I rubbed the ear of the little Missus Fox Terrier in a conciliatory manner.

"I really made 'The Covered Wagon' to satisfy my mother. I had turned it down several times, before she finally persuaded me that I should go back to the screen. You see this retiring business has always been a dream of mine. I wanted to get away from it all before I got so wrapped up in it that I could not get away. After the success I had out at Universal, back in those days when Frank Borzage, Harold Lloyd, Hal Roach, Jack Holt, John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy were part of that big family out there in the valley, I wanted to retire, and I did.

But mother wanted me to go back.

"Then after 'The Covered Wagon' I made a few more films—'Girl of the Golden West' with

*By Rosalind Shaffer*



Picture of Hollywood's only contented man taking his ease. Stretched out on the lawn of his home, with pup and paper, Kerrigan watches the Hollywoodians rush past in their mortgaged motors

J. Warren Kerrigan, one of filmland's earliest idols, watches from his Happy Valley home Hollywood's mad pageant thunder by



When Kerrigan was "Jack, the Flappers' Joy." This is a scene from a 1915 two-reeler

Eddie Carewe, a picture with Harry Garson, and in 1924 'Captain Blood' for Vitagraph. But they were none of them another 'Wagon.' 'Captain Blood,' planned as a big production, failed to create a stir because at that time Warner Brothers were negotiating to buy Vitagraph and the picture never had any exploiting. I dropped out. I had had enough.

"The pace is too strenuous now. Look at the fine men who have broken under the strain; Lon Chaney and now Milton Sills. Many others, who are continually dashing to the mountains or the seashore in search of rest for their tired nerves, only to come back and expend their energy again in the terrific pace.

"I have my house and garden. I like to putter around, and then my financial interests require some of my time. I take trips—last year it was Panama, Cuba and Havana. This year it will be Mexico City, and a trip back by the West coast, for the fishing. Canada will be my trip for next year, with hunting and fishing. I intend to sell my house. All the old neighbors have moved away and the crowds on the road are so thick I have trouble backing out of my garage.

"WHEN the house is sold, I'm going to Europe for a good long trip. Then I'll set myself up on a ranch in the valley. I think I have the right outlook. If I had more money, it would be a burden looking after it. I have, I think, what the others dream of having some day. I like to see a picture, after the first night hullabaloo is over. Of the new stars, Lawrence Tibbett is my favorite. I have all his records and never tire playing them. I like Wallace Beery, too. Wasn't he grand in 'The Big House?' Mary Pickford is still my favorite of the women stars.

"Some day, if someone offers me a really good rôle. I might do a picture, just for the fans who still continue writing to me, some of whom I have corresponded with for fifteen and sixteen years. I sometimes meet very lovely people, fans who come to Hollywood and look me up. It's pleasant.

"A chauffeur who used to work for me in the old days at Universal dropped in to have a chat with me on the veranda not long ago. He told me that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



★ *ILLICIT*—Warners

WELL, here's another big triumph for that perfectly grand actress, Barbara Stanwyck, who impressed herself on film audiences in "Ladies of Leisure."

This film, daring as youth, is amazingly unconventional in both treatment and theory. It tells the story of a girl, who, knowing what marriage does to people, does not want to wed her lover. But she discovers the stone wall of convention too formidable a rival for her freedom of thought. The picture will make you think, but more, you will be entertained by the naturalness of the dialogue, the restraint of the direction and the perfection of Miss Stanwyck's performance. There could have been a happier choice for male lead than James Rennie, but the rest of the cast, outstanding among them Charles Butterworth, is splendid.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *THE BAT WHISPERS*—United Artists

SWALLOW a sedative, grasp your nerves firmly in both Shands, set your teeth, and go look at this daddy of all mystery thrillers. It's got everything—but we mustn't tell. Because after you're all limp at the finish, you're ordered to stay in your seat and Chet Morris walks onto the screen in nicely pressed evening clothes and says please not to go out and give it all away. Roland West and his cameramen deserve high praise for direction and photography. Only in certain much-discussed foreign pictures have there been camera feats of equal effectiveness.

Morris, in the lead, is excellent, but equally memorable is the work of a grand supporting cast—particularly Maude Eburne, Grace Hampton and Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

Released, too, in wide-screen size—and it's grander yet.



★ *LIGHTNIN'*—Fox

HERE'S willroggering at its best. And what more do you need to know?

"Lightnin'" was the stage play that made the late Frank Bacon famous. It centers, you recall, about the Reno divorce mill and the hotel that's built across the Nevada-California State line. "Lightnin'" has been transferred from the stage to the screen without losing one sparkle of its brilliant lines—and to top it off, they've added other lines that are every whit as good as the originals.

Of course, the rôle is a "natural" for Will Rogers. As the shiftless, whimsical, truth-embroidering *Bill Jones*, he's a nine-reel scream. Call it the best rôle of his screen career, and you'll not be far wrong.

The producers backed him up with as aptly-chosen a cast as has ever made a picture. Louise Dresser as the wife, and Joel McCrea and George Cohan's daughter, Helen, as the love interest, are particularly good.

Director Henry King has done splendid things with the story and as for backgrounds—well, it still goes to show that old lady nature is still a darned sight better scene painter than the craftiest artists in Hollywood.

If you have something else to do, postpone it and see "Lightnin'" anyway. You'll feel better about everything.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

LIGHTNIN'                      SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY  
ILLICIT                         THE BAT WHISPERS  
WITHIN THE LAW             NEW MOON  
                                      TOL'ABLE DAVID

## The Best Performances of the Month

Will Rogers in "Lightnin'"  
Louise Dresser in "Lightnin'"  
Constance Bennett in "Sin Takes a Holiday"  
Barbara Stanwyck in "Illicit"  
Chester Morris in "The Bat Whispers"  
Joan Crawford in "Within the Law"  
Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David"  
Joan Peers in "Tol'able David"  
C. Henry Gordon in "Renegades"  
Warner Baxter in "Renegades"  
Kay Francis in "Passion Flower"  
Jeanette MacDonald in "Oh, For a Man!"  
Edmund Lowe in "Scotland Yard"  
Grace Moore in "New Moon"  
Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon"

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



★ WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

EVERYBODY thought Joan Crawford daring when she insisted on Bayard Veiller's famous underworld drama for her first straight dramatic rôle.

Since Jane Cowl introduced this to the stage in 1912 and Alice Joyce made the picture in 1917, with Norma Talmadge following in 1923, it was courageous of any actress to try to make a better one. But you don't know our Joan. She offers the surprise of your life in the real person she makes of *Mary Turner*, the girl whom the law ruined.

Another surprise is the leading man, Kent Douglass, who comes from the stage and proves himself different and sincere. A great supporting cast includes Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost, Hale Hamilton, John Miljan and others. Excellent dramatic entertainment.



★ SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY—Pathe

THE story of this picture is as right as most great stories are. And the things that make it a grand film are the dialogue that sparkles and crackles like a winter fire on a friendly hearth; the acting which is perfect from the "ole miss" of sophistication, Constance Bennett, to the smallest bit player; and the clothes—oh lady, what clothes!

The kind you see at the Colony Club in New York or the Embassy Club in Hollywood. They're not the musical comedy variety, either. You girls had better take along your note-books. It's all about a plain little stenographer who marries her employer to save him from being involved with the other woman. She goes to Europe to forget or something and returns, not a sadder but a wiser girl, to win back her husband in name only.

Sounds pretty terrible, doesn't it? But hold on there, don't judge until you see it. It's smooth, modern as next year's hat, and charming. You fans will eat it up. First and biggest laurel wreath goes to Constance Bennett (although it won't be as becoming as her own, smooth blonde marcel). Rita La Roy, that constant other woman, is one of those girls you won't forget. And Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone, the first the husband, the other the lover, are both grand. Don't miss this.



★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

THIS melodious, dramatic operetta brings one of the greatest combinations in screen history to the fore—Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, both Metropolitan Opera song-birds. It was a smash on the stage, and it is a beauty bright on the screen. It's now Russian, with Miss Moore making a gorgeous princess and Tibbett playing a dashing lieutenant. It's full of color and drama, and you may think you've heard "Lover Come Back to Me" sung—but you haven't until you've heard this brilliant pair.

There is some new music in the score, but "Stout Hearted Men," the baritone's big moment, has been retained for Larry. Music-drama of the first rate. As long as companies can make song pictures like this, there will always be room for them on any screen in the world.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**TOL' ABLE  
DAVID—  
Columbia**



**T**HIS is a pretty grand film, even in the light of its great silent version of a decade back. Young Richard Cromwell, newcomer, is no Barthelmess yet, but he has great moments as the beaten little hill-billy, and a fine performance is given by Joan Peers as the girl. Noah Beery and George Duryea also shine. Excellently directed, and a thriller. Young Cromwell's a real comer.

**RENEGADES  
—Fox**



**W**ARNER BAXTER, the Foreign Legion and Director Victor Fleming share honors in this exciting story of battle and love on the North African sands. Warner's buddies in the Legion are excellently played by Noah Beery, George Cooper and Gregory Gaye, and the charmer is our friend, Myrna Loy. But next to Baxter the best acting is done by C. Henry Gordon, as his captain

**PASSION  
FLOWER—  
M-G-M**



**T**HE picture version of Kathleen Norris' novel is not as fundamentally true as the book, though audiences not familiar with it will like the film tremendously. Kay Johnson and Kay Francis handle difficult rôles well, but Charles Bickford, while physically like *Dan*, lacks romantic appeal. ZaSu Pitts furnishes her usual unsurpassed comedy relief. Another solution of the eternal triangle.

**THE LIFE OF  
THE PARTY  
—Warners**



**W**HAT laughs! Winnie Lightner, Charles Butterworth and Charles Judels simply pour out rough, loud fun. The story is about the adventures of two feminine song pluggers who make a splurge in Havana's speedier drinking and racing set. All-Technicolor, of the better grade. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting, the love interest, mean little. But Winnie and the boys are great.

**THE WIDOW  
FROM  
CHICAGO—  
First National**



**A**LICE WHITE is starred in this gangster picture and Neil Hamilton and Edward Robison have prominent rôles. Story hasn't particular novelty but is well directed and acted. Alice's voice is good, but Sol Polito didn't photograph her as beautifully as he knows how. Suspense is sustained throughout and action is fast enough for fair entertainment. Alice's fans will believe she deserves better stories.

**BIG MONEY  
—Pathe**



**E**DDIE QUILLAN'S youth and freshness (and is he *fresh!*) breeze through this story of gamblers and gunmen. Neither could we imagine the fawn-like Eddie in such company, but you don't have to believe it all to enjoy it. True to the old adage, Eddie's luck at cards almost wrecks his luck in loving Miriam Seegar, the blonde heart interest. Plenty of action, some thrills, some laughs.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE COHENS  
AND KELLYS  
IN AFRICA—  
Universal**



IF you think you had fun with the Cohens and the Kellys in Paris, Scotland, and elsewhere, you have some idea of the riot in store with these two comedians when they hit the shores of Africa. It's a scream from start to finish. Charlie Murray and George Sidney at their best, with Vera Gordon and Kate Price being devoted wives until they land in a harem. Don't miss this.

**OH, FOR A  
MAN!—Fox**



ONE of the month's brightest, without a doubt—the story of a grand opera star who marries a burglar. A farcical notion which comes off because of its excellent treatment by Director Hamilton McFadden and the merry acting of Jeanette MacDonald and Reginald Denny, in the leads. Nice work also by Warren Hymer, Marjorie White and Alison Skipworth. A worthy winner.

**SEA LEGS—  
Paramount**



IN spite of the fact that Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette are hurled into this matter to dig laughs, the new Oakie starring picture doesn't make the grade. Jack takes the place of a chap who will inherit \$2,000,000 if he serves in the navy for a year. That's enough plot and enough misunderstanding. Lillian Roth, her contract about up, is buried. Albert Conti is also in the troupe.

**THE SIN  
SHIP—Radio  
Pictures**



LOUIS WOLHEIM again proves the difficulty of both acting and directing a picture. Louis, grand actor though he is, doesn't quite make it go. He plays the captain of a trading ship who falls in love with Mary Astor, and who can blame him? His attempt at a romantic rôle can hardly be regarded as a happy one. Others in the cast are Ian Keith and Hugh Herbert. Doesn't stand up.

**WAR  
NURSE—  
M-G-M**



A GRAND story gone wrong. There was a real chance to make this the thrilling story of the devoted nurses' part in the world war, but this picture is, by turns, gruesome and silly. June Walker (stage), ZaSu Pitts, Marie Prevost, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames and Helen Jerome Eddy do varying work in the leads, and Anita Page comes to another tragic end. A sad disappointment, this picture.

**SCOTLAND  
YARD—Fox**



THERE isn't a more consistently good actor in pictures than Edmund Lowe, and Eddie proves it again in this rattling good story of crime and its detection. Lowe doubles as an escaped crook and as the titled but profligate spouse of little Joan Bennett. Smartly directed by William K. Howard, this film carries a wallop, and is fine talkie entertainment.

[Additional reviews on page 112]

# They Hitch Their



Sue Carol and her devoted secretary, Alice Scannell. It was Alice who advised Sue to announce her marriage to Nick Stuart and end the snooping by newspapermen



George Jenner, George Arliss' "gentleman's gentleman." Jenner it is who looks out for the frail star. He's particularly careful in the matter of drafts

**E**VERYONE has a balance-wheel. If you'll hand me your watch a second I'll show you. You won't? But I can't show you on mine because it's in hock. Go ahead and hand me your watch. I'll stand right here.

Now, if you look closely, you'll see two tiny wheels. One is a driving wheel. The other acts as a balance or check upon it. If the drive-wheel races ahead too fast or becomes too slow, the balance-wheel slows or speeds it to the correct tempo.

Which is enough natural history for one day. Just remember (and I promise this is all) that the balance-wheel acts as a governor or corrective. It regulates.

These Hollywood people, whom we keep telling you are no different from anyone else, also have their balance-wheels. Alice White, for instance, has her grandmother, a Mrs. Alexander. Now Alice, who most often portrays the flighty, quick-tempered American girl, is more or less that way in real life. She's thoroughly alive and kicking. She has thousands of what she considers swell ideas which, placed in the Frigidaire a while, turn out to be not so hot after all. Her grandmother is, so to speak, her Frigidaire. It works like this.

Not so long ago someone printed a string of girls' pictures over the caption: "The Six Most Beautiful Girls in Hollywood." Alice's was among them and she thought it was just dandy. The world, she reflected, had at last got wise to itself. So thinking, she rushed over to grandma with the magazine to give her a treat. She found Grandma Alexander at her knitting.

"Look!" burst our Alice, holding up the sheet. "Now maybe you'll believe I'm good!" The old lady put down an unfinished sock and adjusted her spectacles. "Right pretty girls," she finally said, "but who's that one in the corner?"

"That," said Alice, "is a Miss Alice White. Maybe you've heard of her." Chuckling, grandma picked up the sock. "These modern reporters," she cackled, "don't care what they print, do they?" She then told Alice a few things, among which was that she should leave this beautiful stuff to girls like Billie Dove and Corinne Griffith, who are good looking without benefit of Max Factor, and that she, Alice, should concentrate on the qualities God gave her.

"You're cute, Alice," she said, "and vivacious and lovable.

But beautiful?" She sighed. "And the doctor," she concluded, "said I shouldn't laugh, too. Hurts my side."

The same thing happened when she took her new car around to grandma, with the hope of getting a batch of *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* Instead, she got a verbal whipping. Grasping her firmly by the hand, Mrs. Alexander took her around back and showed her an old battered Dodge that her grandfather, who has so much dough it gets in his hair, is glad to drive. "You'll ride in one like this some day and like it," she chirped, "if you don't learn to save your money." It took. Today Alice has gone four per cent.

**SUE CAROL** has a balance-wheel in the person of one Alice Scannell, whom she engaged as secretary, but who turned out to be the whole works. This Miss Scannell seems to know a few things. She picks out Sue's clothes and buys the tricky furnishings for her house that are so easy to go wrong on. She also chooses the pictures of Sue that are sent to her fans and stands ready at all times with high-powered advice. One trick alone of hers would make her worth the money. To this effect: the secret marriage of Sue and Nick began playing tricks on them.

One reporter found Nick's pajamas in Sue's closet. Another was present when a lusty-lunged laundryman announced for all to hear: "Mr. Stuart's laundry!" You know reporters (if you'll admit it) and what these jewels meant to them. Things began to be whispered. It looked bad for Nick and Sue until Alice, with that old level head, came to the rescue. "Announce

# Wagons to Stars

—and then they put on the brakes! Hollywood's full of men and women who keep the players from kicking over the traces

By

Robert Fender

your marriage," she begged, "and save your reputations." Which is exactly what they did.

Besides sisters and managers and professional soothers of one kind or another, Richard Dix has an out and out balance-wheel in the person of Gunboat Smith, one-time world's champion pug. Now Gunner's influence on Richard is insidious and deadly. That is, it works.

Many years ago (and this tale *didn't* come out of a publicist's scrapbook) Richard saw Gunner scrap in New York. He was drawn to him. There was a gameness about him that Dix liked. Half-way out the exit gates he was accosted by Smith. "Ain't you Richard Dix?" the Gunner is reported to have said. Dix supposed he was. "Well," Gunner went on, "you look lousy in your fight sequences."

Now that's pretty bald stuff. Coming from some other man on some other occasion, it might have been cause for battle. (At least *word* battle, because and after all, this was the Gunboat himself.) But it happened to work the other way on Dix. Fact is, Richard had never been overly satisfied with the way his movie fights looked. They were too—too pretty! So he had Gunner show him how to fight.

And before he was through, this same Gunner showed him quite a lot about acting—and living! They became close friends



Alice White and Grandma. It's Grandma Alexander who tends to and tones down Alice when the flapper gets too uppity



Al Jolson owns the car, but Jim Donnelly drives it—and acts as guide, guardian and friend to the famous mammy singer

and today, although separated by a continent, the two are very intimate. "Old Gunner," Dix told me, "is the smartest man I know."

Jimmie Donnelly is famous among show people, but perhaps you have never heard of him. Jimmie is Al Jolson's driver—pardon me—Al's balance-wheel. Their association is unique enough for a paragraph or two. Like this: Mr. Donnelly, a brute of a man, has steered Al (both in and out of his three Mercedes Benz cars) for the past twenty years. When Jolson took on his latest wife, Ruby Keeler, he introduced Jimmie to her as "my friend, *not* my driver." More, he cautioned her never to get high-hat with Jimmie or ask anything of him that she wouldn't gladly do herself.

AL has made Jimmie a rich man. Or at least Jimmie has become rich from the start Al gave him. As a matter of fact, he's done far better in financial matters than Al. His chief fight with Jolson is over the stock market and things financial. It was Jimmie, for instance, who urged Al to take Warner Brothers' stock in payment for his "Jazz Singer." Al demanded cash, however, and as a result is still moaning over his mistake. Today he treats Jimmie's advice with more (much more) respect.

Then there's George Arliss and his man's man: George Jenner. Jenner, powerful, decisive, all-British, has served as Arliss' valet for over these past twenty years. But here again, he goes beyond the limits of his job. He, too, is a balance-wheel. Among other things, he is agonizingly concerned over Arliss' health. In fact, Jenner believes Mr. Arliss should never have taken up this movie busi- [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 ]

# Here Are \$5,000

## The Prize Winners

First Prize \$1,000—

“Movie Studio”

MR. AND MRS. H. L.  
FRANKLIN  
112 Van Dusen Street  
Newark, New York



Second Prize \$750—

“Hall of Fame”

ROBERT L. HOLMES  
221 South Harvey Ave.  
Oak Park, Ill.



Third Prize \$500—

“Book of Stars”

MRS. V. R. HANEY  
2326 Highland Ave.  
Birmingham, Ala.



Fourth Prize \$300—

“Stars’ Dressing  
Bungalows”

CHARLES COLLINS  
14851 Muirland  
Detroit, Mich.



Fifth Prize \$200—

“Framed Portraits”

MRS. MAMIE CARDAREL  
66 South Myrtle St.  
Vineland, N. J.



[ ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 106 ]

eager to surpass the record of these near neighbors. More than one request that the closing date of the Contest be extended, because of distance, had to be regretfully denied.

In a general way, 1930's widespread interest was merely a repetition of that of other years, but never before had so many solutions been submitted from abroad. The number of American entries was also greatly increased.

Like motion pictures themselves, this annual PHOTOPLAY feature seems to have assumed international importance.

SOME of the entrants shaped their ideas with theaters, studios, or other symbols of the motion picture industry, as settings. Others assembled the portraits in constellations and comets against a background of sky.

Still others made up books—some plain, some ornate, often with verse or drawings added. Reproductions of plants set forth in the form of gardens, or trellises, or as bouquets, or in pots—the portraits of the stars representing the flowers—gave a touch of another sort to the colorful exhibit.

Here an oil well shot up a galaxy of faces, there a merry-go-round spun a circle of dolls. Steamboats, automobiles, airplanes, dirigibles, giant butterflies, a vast pink seashell built with infinite pains from thousands of smaller shells, windmills, make-up boxes, jewelry, fans, screens, footballs, monster dice, a pee wee golf course, were a few of the forms the entries took.

For the first time in any of these contests, the influence of the talkies began to appear. Small phonographs were submitted, with records that spoke or sang, each record having some bearing on one of the stars represented in the Contest.

THE entire display was a remarkable exhibit not only of the art of the motion picture, but of the field of general commerce, industry and science, as well. Sky, sea and land had been scoured to bring into service some novelty or variety of effective presentation of the cut puzzle pictures.

A very considerable portion of the entries had no chance at a prize, for, according to the published rules of this, as of all previous Cut Picture Contests, accuracy in assembling and identifying the pictures and neatness in the methods of submitting the entries were of prime importance.

A staff experienced in work of this kind made a preliminary examination of every solution submitted, preparatory to arranging and classifying for the later inspection and decision of the judges.

This staff was on the lookout for errors. Any picture that was incorrectly assembled or wrongly named automatically barred the entry from further consideration.

Many mistakes were discovered in the assembling of the



Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Franklin put their heads together and created this novel studio scene, which takes the major prize of the Contest, \$1,000

WITH the appearance of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, seventy persons—winners in the seventh annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest—will each receive a check.

The fortunate seventy are scattered all the way from Massachusetts to California; from Washington to Alabama. Residents of every corner of the Union entered their solutions, and the lucky list will be found to represent over half the states.

Canada and Mexico submitted a greater number of entries than ever before, and over-seas nations and colonies seemed

# Contest *Winners*



A "Hall of Fame" with the portraits made to fit inside, draws second prize of \$750 for Robert L. Holmes



This book of stars proved to be worth \$500 to Mrs. V. R. Haney. It was awarded third prize

scrambled parts, and a greater number in the naming, and still more in the spelling of the names of the stars.

Charles Rogers seemed to be the chief stumbling block, so far as proper identification was concerned. For some reason or other he was credited with being anyone from Grant Withers to Reginald Denny.

Yet, as one of the successful contestants said in a letter: "Through the aid of PHOTOPLAY, of which I have a complete file since the January, 1927, issue, the naming of the stars was an easy matter and a very pleasant diversion."

**M**ANY came to grief in their spelling of Ramon Novarro's name. Again and again it was found that though the sections of the thirty-two faces of the puzzle had been correctly assembled, the entry had to be discarded because of a mistake in a single letter.

The error consisted in spelling the first syllable of Novarro with "a" instead of with "o."

Often also, Corinne Griffith's first name was credited with one "r" too many, thus making it read "Corrinne," and an extra "r" in Sue Carol's name was the cause, likewise, of many a fatality.

Nothing—neither cleverness of arrangement nor neatness of assembling—could offset these mistakes. There were too many

with entirely correct solutions to make it possible to give them a chance.

The mentioning of these mistakes may be helpful to all in submitting entries in future cut picture puzzles. The spelling of every name and the identity of every face can always be verified by consulting a file of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

Many readers of PHOTOPLAY Magazine apparently look forward to this annual Contest. Letters accompanying many of the entries bear out that statement. A lot of those who fail to win one year come back the next. There are among those taking top prizes in the present list of winners the names of one or more who have striven unsuccessfully in previous years, to triumph now.

One must conclude from the fertility of imagination exhibited



Charles Collins is paid \$300—fourth prize—for putting the stars in these comfortable dressing bungalows

Around their bright symbol, Mrs. Mamie Cardarel clusters the stars represented in the Contest and wins fifth prize, \$200



# Seventy lucky ones will divide Cut Puzzle Prizes for Christmas

in finding striking methods to present solutions that motion pictures act as a stimulus to the creative faculty. The originality and skill displayed were a never-ending source of wonder and admiration to the Contest judges and the few others who were permitted to see the remarkable display.

What the winners of the five capital prizes have to say is of considerable interest.

**T**HE first prize of \$1,000 goes to Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Franklin, of Newark, New York, who collaborated in preparing their entry—a representation of a movie studio. Mrs. Franklin writes:

"We have been married four years and a half and have a three-year-old son. We have cherished the idea of a home of our own since our marriage, but the necessities seem always to take all the cash on hand.

"With the possibility of starting a 'nest egg' for that 'home,' and the future education of our boy, we shall have ample use for any of the prize money.

"This is our third attempt at your contests, and we are both convinced now that 'Patience has its own rewards' and firm believers in the old axiom, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!'"

**T**HE second prize of \$750 was won by Robert L. Holmes, of Oak Park, Illinois, for his entry the "Hall of Fame." Mr. Holmes states that for several years he has been a teacher of manual training.

"In addition to my school duties," he says, "I find time to indulge in a little golf and, when possible, a hunting or fishing trip.

"More frequently it is to the motion picture I look for relaxation.

"Prize money would find many avenues of escape awaiting it. Depending upon the sum, of course, it probably would provide a trip to Canada next spring for some of those familiar trout which teem in the swift, cold waters of Ontario. The entire family might view the Rocky Mountains next summer or spend a happy vacation in camp on some Wisconsin lake.

"In general, it would be safe to say that prize money would enable the Holmeses to test the value of the slogan, 'See America First.'"

**T**HE third prize of \$500 was captured by Mrs. V. R. Haney, of Birmingham, Alabama, for her "Book of Stars."

Mrs. Haney writes:

"The possibility of such good fortune as to win one of the capital prizes in PHOTOPLAY'S Cut Picture Puzzle Contest brings great happiness to me.

"First, the holiday season is now approaching and the spirit of Christmas and giving prevails.

"This would enable me to bring cheer and happiness to others.

"Second, this would aid me to accomplish a long dreamed of ambition—that is, to return to college and complete my education in art.

"This, added to many months of savings, enables me to see in the near future the realization of my ambition."

**C**HARLES COLLINS, of Detroit, Michigan, is awarded the fourth prize of \$300 for his "Stars' Dressing Bungalows." Mr. Collins was born in 1910 and, therefore, is but twenty years of age.

"What am I going to do," he asks, "if my entry is worthy of a prize?"

"I am truly quite bewildered about it! Times have been quite hard, and though our family cannot complain, there certainly are many places for money. For one thing, I am going to give Mother and Father a holiday. They haven't had one in some time . . . ten years, I think. And, then, I could go back to art school. I have been unable, so far this year, because of the times.

"I might go to college. It would mean I could take up some of the courses that I want to take on stagework, plays and French. I could also take some more piano lessons. (I am supposed to be good at it.)"

**M**RS. MAMIE CARDAREL, of Vineland, New Jersey, receives the fifth prize of \$200 for her entry in the form of framed portraits.

Mrs. Cardarel, with the instincts of a mother, considers how she may benefit her two children, aged three and eight, respectively, with this money.

"I would," she says, "put this money toward giving my children a musical education, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]"



Here are shown assembled the fifty and twenty-five dollar prize winning entries. Some of the little fellows may be crowded a bit, but if you look sharply you can find them all



# A Great Trouper Comes to Town

By  
*Elaine  
Ogden*



Marjorie Rambeau, unbowed  
by time and the tongue of  
scandal, begins a new and  
vivid life in the studios

**T**HE fire, the beauty, the joy of living is still a part of Marjorie Rambeau.

Marjorie Rambeau, one of the most glamorous actresses who ever stepped before foot-lights, whose vividness shot Roman candle-like into the dark sky of the theatrical profession only to be clouded by bitter scandal, is in Hollywood.

They said—ah, what didn't they say about Marjorie Rambeau! A certain strange quality that bespeaks the soul of an artist surrounded her like a sable coat. During her first days on Broadway she was dynamite. When she appeared before an audience she touched it like an electric shock. When she walked upon the stage she glowed with an inner fire. Lesser actors, knowing the power of her art, were afraid to appear in the same cast with her. She was known as "The Yellow Peril."

No woman, so dominant, so vital, so truly feminine, could have dodged the darts of gossip. So they said that unhappy habits had ruined many a contract for her. There was that fatal night when the curtain was rung down at the opening performance of "The Road Together."

**T**HERE were alienation of affection suits. She spent money as she spent her energies. Her brilliance made the tongues wag. She was, somehow, destined for it, as was Jeanne Eagels.

If you look back over her life you will realize the inevitable. For she was plunged, as a child, into an experience so stirring, so active, that anything she did later could but pale into insignificance.

In 1898 a golden cloud fell across the world. Thousands of men and women began the trek to Alaska and along with them went little Marjorie, her mother, who had just completed a medical course and had conceived the idea of opening a hospital in Nome, and her grandmother. The hospital was not such a success. Those hardy pioneers had no time for illness. It was effeminate to go to a hospital. You worked for your gold. You stopped only for death.

But Marjorie found ways of occupying herself. Her hair was cut short, she wore boy's clothes and no one suspected

that she was a little girl. She used to appear in gathering places with her small banjo and croon a tune for the miners. When it was finished she would throw her cap on the floor and if they liked the song and wanted more the men would fling gold into the cap. Those were profligate days. The pockets of Marjorie's trousers bulged.

How could she be content, after that, with a humdrum life?

It was to the theater and its excitement that she turned next.

**T**HEY had thought her a little boy in Alaska, but in Portland where she began her theatrical career they believed her a woman grown. She was twelve years old when she played the rôle of *Camille*. Buxom, beautiful, in a gown which now is almost too small for her, she died nightly for love.

The magic of her art next found a place in stock companies and then on Broadway. Long runs in "Eyes of Youth," "Antonia," "Cheating Cheaters" and many, many others made Marjorie Rambeau loved and feared. It was she who, at last, introduced the idea of "guest star" in stock companies. She played in the larger Middle-Western cities and in the West and her fame spread throughout the United States.

Everything that she touched became alive. Everything that she did was "good copy" for the newspapers. Her name was

flung across the front pages of the world.

And now she has come to Hollywood. You would think, perhaps, that such a woman would have spent herself. You would imagine that she has given all she has to give. But you would be mistaken.

Marjorie Rambeau, in her forties, is as vital and alive as she was when she was Broadway's "Yellow Peril."

Her eyes sparkle. Her face [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

# MARY PICKFORD

## Denies All!

By Katherine Albert

MARY PICKFORD denies all! She denies that she will give up her screen career. She denies that she will remain the artist and stop producing.

She denies that she is going on the stage. She denies that there is any thought of a separation between her and Douglas Fairbanks.

She denies, and doggone vehemently too, that she is a good business woman. Which is, perhaps, the most startling denial of all.

For years Mary has been called one of America's best business women. Mary has been pictured as a shrewd, calculating producer who divided her time between playing emotional scenes and paying off electricians, conferring with writers, interviewing prospective actors for casts.

Her energy has been and always will be a mighty force with which to cope and she has made her tremendous fortune not alone because of her great popularity (others have been popular and are no longer so) but because she has had such a heavy hand in the producing of her films. She is always the last word, and no detail is too small for her consideration.

A few months ago she began work on the screen version of "Secrets," and, with the picture a quarter finished, startled the entire industry by making an unheard of gesture. Rumors fluttered up and down the boulevard like social climbers at a Junior League tea. You were told that Mary Pickford had seen the assembled material, discovered that her eyes were not as bright as of yore and had run from the projection room, screaming.

You were led to believe that Mickey Neilan, the director, had said harsh words to Mary on the set, and both star and director had flown into hysterics. It was said that Mary had suddenly become tired of her empty fame and had made this her last fling before her retirement.

AND the colony felt it strange that, immediately "Secrets" was shelved, Mary stopped producing and began working in "Kiki" simply as a salaried star.

The fact of the matter is that none of the rumors concerned with "Secrets" was true. Mary felt, with that instinct she's been acquiring since the time when as a little girl with curls she made her first test for Griffith, that something was wrong with "Secrets." Were you to glance at the play you'd have been sure it was a perfect Pickford vehicle. Yet, as she worked, Mary realized that the spirit of the thing had been missed, some vague, remote motive was lacking, something intangible that made it all seem most unimportant.

She worked on hoping it would turn out better and that she was wrong in this undefined feeling. But when she saw it



America's Ex-Sweetheart  
smacks down reports that  
she's to divorce Doug,  
retire, or go on the stage

grace. But perhaps I've changed now. I believe I've murdered gentle Julia.

"I've never bothered for a second about the cost of anything. Upon camera work alone I've spent millions of dollars. I think now I've carried it too far. Cameras are a part, a big part, but they're far from being the whole thing. I've often sacrificed good acting to a camera angle. That is neither good business nor good sense.

"The wardrobe people have come to me and showed me stuffs for costumes. Perhaps one, that looked almost as well, was half as cheap as another. I've invariably said, 'Take the best.'

"Although on 'Kiki' I'm simply a salaried artist I still have my own money in the production, but not so much. However the next picture I make will put me back on the old system. I take a tremendous pride in producing. That I won't give up.

"YOU see, one can't tell where acting leaves off and story begins. It is all a part of a whole. The mechanics of pictures are all wrapped about the art of them. That's why I must produce. That's why I'll always have final word on story and cast and costumes and camera."

It has been pretty definitely shown that Douglas Fairbanks has not an overwhelming interest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

assembled in the projection room she knew that she had been right. It didn't have the stuff. "Secrets" wasn't there. She dismissed cast and director. She had the gowns returned to the wardrobe. In nice new tins, "Secrets" reposed on a shelf.

Mary was producing then. It was her money. She said, later, that because she had been called such a shrewd and calculating woman she was truly ashamed to admit how much money she threw away when she called off production.

THE picture could have been finished. It would have made money—as all Pickford's pictures have done—or, at least, it would not have lost money. But when she found that something was lacking, that it would not be a good picture, she chose to lose hundreds of thousands of dollars rather than let the film be released.

That is not the deed of a good business woman. That is the gesture of the temperamental artist.

"The trouble with me," Mary said, "is that I'm just a gentle Julia. I always postpone telling the truth because I hate to hurt people's feelings. That is not good business. I knew 'Secrets' was wrong, yet I held on too long. A director, marvelous as he might be, can be miscast exactly as a good actor can be. That is no dis-

"I'm a terrible business woman!" says our Mary



OUR Mary today—still young, still pretty, still petite, and more devoted to pictures than ever before. Soon her “Kiki” will kick up in talkie form—and Mary Pickford has studied French accent with Prof. Dr. Fifi Dorsay. In the article on the opposite page you will find some startling declarations, denials and affirmations coaxed from the star’s own ruby lips



Fresh from Filmania—  
modish hints on dress  
for golden-haired girls  
and those of the  
brunette persuasion

Just two little girls from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, trying to get ahead (they've got the figures, as you can see for yourself). Blonde Joan Marsh wears black, and brunette Conchita Montenegro goes for shell pink. Instead of separate bandeau, corset and step-in, these modern maids wear an all-in-one, form-flattering garment



Joan tucks the blouse of her jaunty jersey suit inside her skirt so, to be different. Conchita wears hers over the skirt. Joan presses back the brim of her felt hat, so Conchita lets hers flop down. Joan's suit is green; Conchita's wine, with hats to match

# Sunshine *and* Shadow



All dressed up for a Hollywood picture premiere. Blonde Joan's wrap has a flattering princess line, but Conchita prefers a cape with collar of white fox to frame her dark hair. Their tight-bodied gowns of white satin are just alike



Black chiffon velvet becoming to both blonde and brunette, for semi-formal wear. Joan's frock is belted at the normal waistline; yoke and puff sleeves are of lace. Conchita's more sophisticated model is on a beaded yoke. Joan's beret is of open work velvet with grosgrain band and bow, and Conchita's hat is a draped velvet



Otto Dyar

**M**R. WILLIAM POWELL with his book—an excellent picture of the popular star at home. He may be a big star to us, but he's just Willy to his mamma, who answers his 'phone, lays out his things, and is a devoted mother to her actor son. Across the page you will find printed for the first time the story of the home life of William, his mother, his father and his ways

William Powell may be Philo Vance to you, but he's just

# “Willy” to his Mother

The story of Powells, Incorporated, and how Ma and Pa, late of Kansas City, run Bill's finances and fetch his orange juice

By Marquis Busby

YOU never think of William (Philo Vance) Powell being head of a business organization, do you? He is, though, and here's how it comes about: The Powells, first of all, are a typical, happy American family. After that, they are a thoroughgoing business concern. William is both head and chief commodity.

Such doubling in brass isn't an easy trick, but Bill Powell's acting ability is something well worth selling and Paramount pays right handsomely for it. Horatio Warren Powell, Bill's dad, is the auditor, secretary and treasurer of the concern. Mrs. H. W. Powell, Bill's mother, is the private and personal secretary, and a sort of *valet de chambre*, on a dignified basis, of course. They don't actually have letterheads and an office boy, but that's all that is missing.

They are about the most sufficient-unto-themselves family in Hollywood. Scarcely anyone in Hollywood has met Mr. and Mrs. Powell, the parents of the suave William. This is the first time their picture has ever been published with their son. They prefer to stay in the background, living solely for Bill. Most of all they dread being classed as a motion picture father and mother—the kind that stir up troubles at studios and sweep into a café with the very audible announcement that they are the mother and father of so and so.

For the first time they have bared the inner workings of that little closed corporation of theirs—father, mother and son. Only after Bill had consented, would they consider giving away business secrets. It takes no *Philo Vance* to discover that Bill's wishes carry weight in that family. But then he is an only son—and you know how those only sons are.

The father attends to all the business. Bill doesn't have to worry about anything but collecting his pay-check. It is his father who takes that very substantial check and converts it into stocks and

bonds paying good but not too opulent interest. The investments are conservative, but William is conservative, too. He lives modestly and comfortably. Just once he decided to take a chance by playing the stock market on margin. Speaking inelegantly, he lost his shirt. Since then he has been absolutely contented with reliable, straightforward investments.

“AT the end of the month,” stated Bill's dad, “I submit a statement to Bill. Everything is there, down in black and white. He checks it thoroughly. Of course, the statement isn't too complicated. Bill doesn't know much about book-keeping, and he wouldn't understand an elaborate system.”

And you sort of feel that Powell, *père*, is just a little sad that he can't present an involved statement. He was a bank auditor back in Kansas City before Bill persuaded his family to join him.

“We don't use a budget system. Bill spends what he pleases and when he pleases. When he writes a check, however, he always writes a second for the same amount without a signature. In that way I keep track of all expenditures. He never forgets that second check.”

There are many letters coming in all the time. It is absolutely amazing how many long-lost brothers and sisters there are in the Powell family. Inasmuch as Bill is the only child, these letters aren't difficult to handle. Some letters require a little secret service work. There was, for instance, the young lady who insisted that she was a daughter of Bill.

After a little checking it was discovered that the young lady first  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]

The first picture ever published of Bill Powell with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Warren Powell. They surely take mighty good care of “Willy”!





Boo, says Louis Wolheim! But don't be frightened, children. For all that ferocious face, Mister Wolheim is a kindly and courageous gentleman. Just the same, we wouldn't rouse him much, if we were you!

# Gr-r-r-r-r!

*By Harry Lang*

**I**T was a lovely nose, once. And then it got into a football game.

Somebody yelled: "14 . . . 8 . . . 58 . . . 3 . . .!" And a score of young men piled up in a heap. Down at the bottom of the heap was the nose, attached to the face of an earnest young mathematics student called Louis Wolheim.

Bye and bye the heap was taken apart, and so, eventually, they reached the nose of young Mr. Wolheim. But alack and alas—it was no longer a nose. It was to a nose what hamburger steak is to a cow.

"That," soliloquizes young Mr. Wolheim, "is one hell of a nose." So he went to a hospital, and surgeons and internes and nurses labored and wrought wonders. And when at last they took off the bandages and adhesive tape, young Mr. Wolheim's nose was a lovely nose again. It was as good as new—rebuilt and splendid.

"That," said young Mr. Wolheim, admiring his new proboscis in a mirror, "is a swell nose. That nose deserves a celebration!"

So the nose was celebrated. Somewhere during the celebration, one of the co-celebrators said to young Mr. Wolheim, apropos of nothing in particular:

"Shay — hic! — you're a — hic! — sho-an'-sho!" Only he didn't say "so-and-so." He said bad words.

"Who, me?" asked young Mr. Wolheim, pointing his nice new nose at the other.

"Yeah, you!" and the fellow let loose a wild swing. Young Mr. Wolheim's pretty, synthetic nose happened to be on the swing's line of

march. There was a squish! And in an instant, the concentrated labors of surgeons and nurses and time was a mess. Once again, young Mr. Wolheim's nose looked like a neglected piece of putty.

"This," concluded young Mr. Wolheim, "is getting monotonous." Then he knocked the other fellow cold and went his way, and his way was not to a hospital. And that, boys and girls, is the story of how Mr. Wolheim's nose got that way.

That was a long time ago, when Louis had dreams of being a good civil engineer. But with a nose like that, no one could be a civil engineer or a civil anything. It is, obviously, the most uncivil nose one can imagine. So he became an actor.

That led, in turn, to further complications—associated inextricably with that nose. It led to complications because it led to Hollywood, and complications and Hollywood are as inseparable as ham and eggs. With Mr. Wolheim, it's like this:

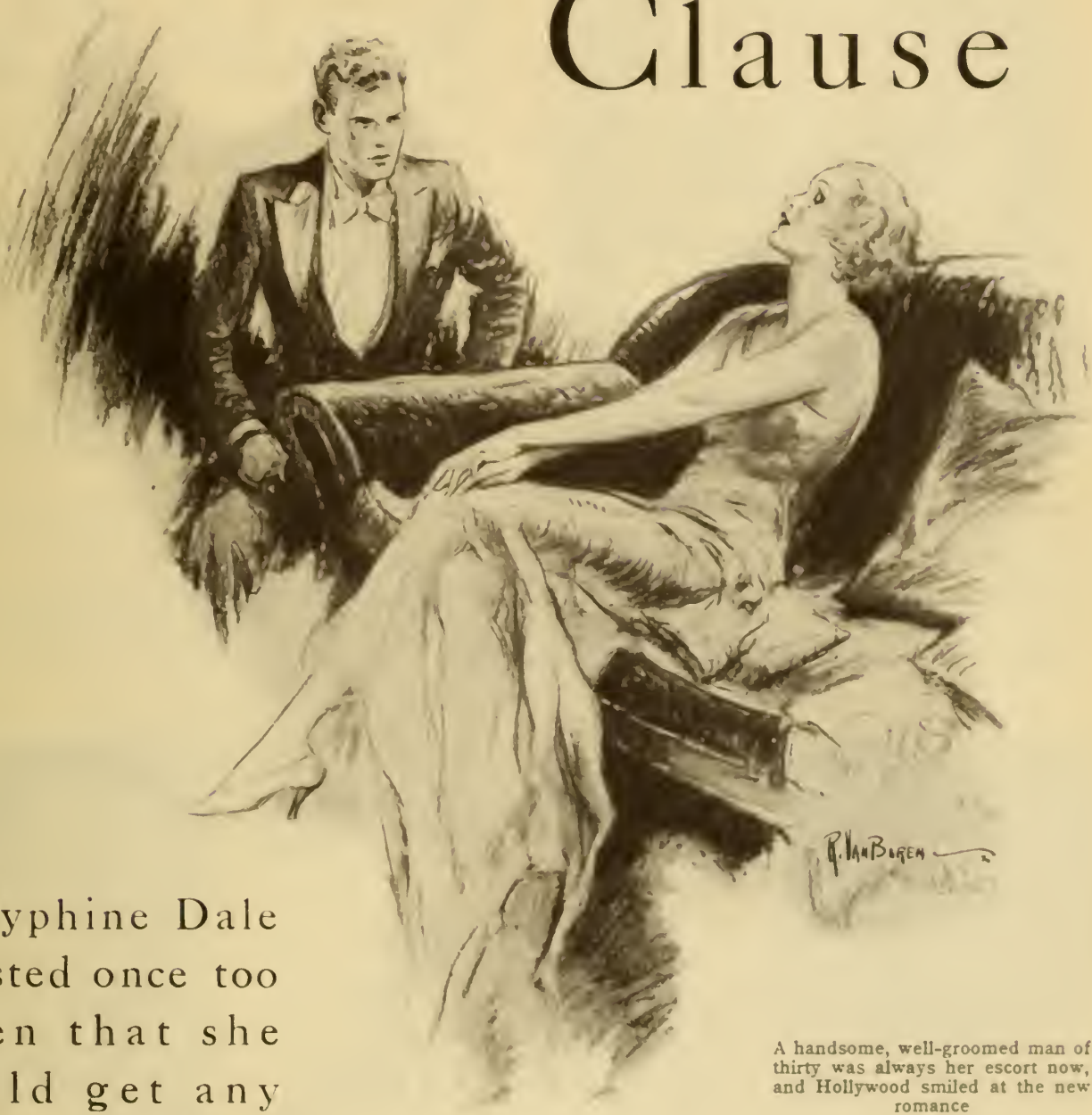
In Hollywood are lovely ladies. Lovely ladies don't, as a rule, like unlovely noses. In Hollywood are plastic surgeons. So every once in a while, Mr. Wolheim considers his nose in a looking-glass, says a few wolheimish words, and announces that he's going to have that blankety-blank nose fixed.

Then ensues a hue and a cry. "You can't have the schnozzle fixed," ukase his employers, "because what we're paying you three thousand a week for [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]

Louis "Tough Guy" Wolheim, an artistic gent, tries hard to live down to that famous Gothic nose



# The Morality Clause



Dolyphine Dale boasted once too often that she could get any woman's husband

A handsome, well-groomed man of thirty was always her escort now, and Hollywood smiled at the new romance

By Sada Cowan

"I CAN get any woman's husband—anybody's," boasted the blonde actress, Dolyphine Dale, as she poured tea in the dressing room of her Hollywood bungalow.

And the remark spread like wild-fire.

"Yes?" replied Gloria Bright when, at the Westmore Country Club, the boast was repeated to her. "She can, can she? Well, I'd like to see her get mine!"

Ethel Wayne smiled. She knew just how Gloria meant this.

"There is only one obstacle to her trying," Ethel continued.

"There is a morality clause in her contract . . ."

"What's a morality clause?"

"A clause that says if a movie star does anything that offends public decency—anything immoral which puts her in wrong with the public, the studio has a right to cancel her contract."

"Oh—I see. But sometimes I think the worse they act the

better the public likes them—especially those foreign stars like Dolyphine."

"I don't know about that. The public is more or less like a flea and you can't tell which way it will jump. The wise ones know this. So some of them—especially girls like Dolyphine who have already figured in several big scandals—are commencing to watch their step."

As they talked, a handsome, well-groomed man of thirty, with round, brown eyes joined them. It was Gloria Bright's husband.

"What's the argument?" he asked. And was told.

Whether his imagination was piqued, whether the advance publicity acted in Dolyphine's favor, or whether, in any case, the actress could have made good her boast to capture any woman's husband, is not known.

# A husband-stealer discovers a new angle to the old game

But it *was* known—and openly discussed—that less than a month from this date, at road-house and beach, tucked away in this corner and that, Dolyphine Dale was now always accompanied by a handsome, well-groomed man of thirty, with round, brown eyes.

Another month passed and the daily rendezvous took place more openly. They were seen together everywhere.

Summer came and went. When the court re-opened after its vacation, the case of Bright vs. Bright was one of the first on its calendar, and an unknown actress, whom the wife was too kind to mention, was cited as co-respondent.

But there were whispers and rumors in Hollywood! And in some strange way the story crept out and fell into the hands of those who knew best how to use it.

Dolyphine Dale—Co-respondent in Famous Divorce Case—shrieked the headlines.

The public read and rebelled. For Gloria Bright had been left—deserted—with five children. The public felt outraged. Each woman took up the battle individually. It became a personal issue.

Into any home, at any time, might come a beautiful blonde Dolyphine Dale and leave wreckage in her wake! Loud was the outcry against Dolyphine.

So loud, in fact, that it was heard, and felt, in the only place where the voice mattered—at the box-office. The receipts fell off. Her new picture was an utter loss. The day of Dolyphine's popularity as a star was over.

THE money magnets scowled, growled, and did much useless talking, remembering that they had invested over a million dollars in her publicity and that her renewed contract, at a stupendous weekly salary, had four more years to run.

"But she will ruin us! What shall we do? We've got to get out of the contract. But how?"

"Ah!" Suddenly someone remembered the morality clause, and it became a saving beacon in a sea of financial blackness.

"That's it! Of course! Why didn't we think of that before?"

Sure, that's the way out. The girl ain't decent, and we can't have no reflections cast at the film industry. No sir. She's got to go."

So her contract was broken and Dolyphine, in tears, having forgotten to save her money by the way, left her friends, her enemies and her many debts, and took the train for her home town, which, by some mysterious alchemy, changed suddenly from Seville, Spain, to Brooklyn, N. Y.

With the purchasing of her ticket and the shaking of Hollywood dust from her heels, she also dropped abruptly her foreign accent.

"I'm through with pictures," she said to a seemingly sympathetic reporter. "They interfere too much with personal liberty. I'm going to get married. Then I can do just as I please."

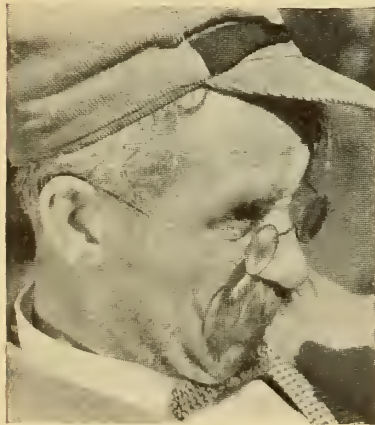
She sobbed into her handkerchief. "The darndest part of the whole thing is . . ." For a moment she broke, unable to continue. "A friend of mine told me all about it. It seems at a golf club last spring my famous line was repeated to Gloria Bright."

"That you could take any woman's husband?" ventured the reporter.

SHE nodded and continued, "'Oh,' said this Mrs. Bright, 'she can, can she? Well, I'd like to see her get mine.' And she planned that I should meet him." Tears came freely now from the Kohl-stained eyes and fell in two black streamlets down the soft, white cheeks.

"When I think about it I could throw a fit! Because when she said, 'I'd like to see any woman get mine,' she *meant* it, actually meant it! For twelve months she had been trying to divorce him and couldn't get a thing on him.

"Now she's free. And I'm a wash-out. And the worst of it all is to think that I—Dolyphine Dale—the vamp of the world—would be simple enough to fall for a thing like that. When it comes to knowing her onions, you've got to hand it to a society dame."



Andy Clyde

TEN to one you'll never find Andy Clyde when you visit the Mack Sennett lot.

Unquestionably, if you're one of the thousands of fans who write in to say they like Andy, you'll go running around if you ever get onto Sennett's preserve, looking for a rachitic old guy with a frowzy moustache, about eight days' unshaved whiskers, unkempt gray hair, super-lensed glasses, antediluvian clothes and a corncob pipe.

And you won't find him.

But you might see, walking in and out of an office or dressing room, a good-looking, somewhat sheikish Scotsman of thirty-one.

He'll be talking with a Scotch accent. If you recognize him for an actor at all, you'll probably assume he's the handsome

## Unmasking Andy Clyde



Also Andy!

The noted Sennett comic is a handsome young Scotsman

young juvenile in the picture.

But he isn't.

He's Andy Clyde.

It just goes to show what make-up will do. Not that Andy tries the Lon Chaney tactics. Lon had a thousand make-ups. Andy has only one that he uses regularly—the bemoustached old egg! You

know him—he's the same in all Sennett comedies.

Matter of fact, Andy *did* play himself "straight" in just one of the Sennett two-reelers. And of course, as usual, the theater men billed the picture "with Andy Clyde."

And forthwith, from all over the country, came violent denunciatory letters, wanting to know why Sennett and the theater people *dared* advertise Andy Clyde when he simply was *not* in the picture!!!

And so he's never played "straight" since.

Aged psychoanalyst now focusses his inspired spyglass on Jean Harlow, who is also known as

# HELL'S ANGEL

By

Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall



Miss Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde charmer who is the subject of this fascinating study by Old Doc Hall

**I**N my poking and snooping around among the suppressions, depressions and expressions of the movie great, I have come upon many startling things.

As a psychoanalyst of practically no standing it was my good fortune to discover Mary Pickford's barberphobia, or "clipper-fear," caused by the fact that she had worn long corkscrew curls for nigh onto thirty years. You may remember my learned monograph on malignant Garbomania—that deadly disease which has caused thousands of our girls to expose their foreheads, fake an accent and keep their eyes half closed in an effort to appear mysterious and alluring.

This one symptom alone has caused literally hundreds of our young women to be hit on the south façade by taxicabs.

In spite of the astounding results of my past rummaging among so-called "souls" (ha-ha!), I have seldom been confronted with a more interesting subject than Miss Jean Harlow, who shall be known hereafter in this essay, for purposes of brevity, as That Hotsy Totsy Platinum-Haired Baby Doll Who Knocks Over Ben Lyon in the Early Sequences of "Hell's Angels" by Appearing Clothed Almost Entirely in Her Armor of Girlish Purity.

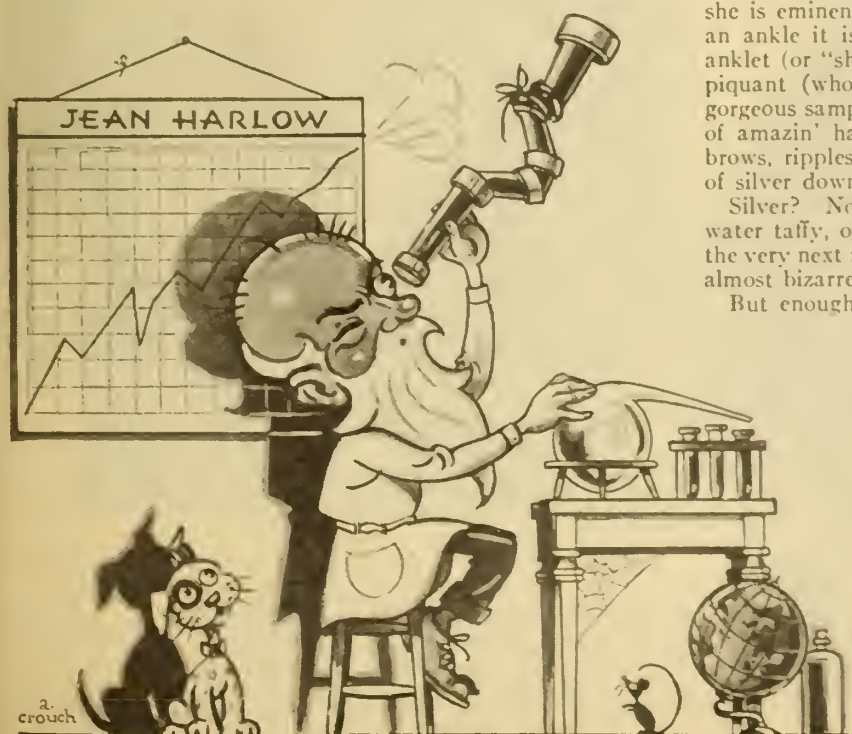
Well, to make a long story interminable, I was ushered into Suite 3011 of the famous New Yorker Hotel (Ah there, Manager Hitz! How about a due-bill?) by several suspicious house-detectives, and came face to face with my subject.

Yes, young men, your worst fears are true! Miss Harlow (Jeanie to me) is calculated to knock you over with an eyelash at fifty paces. Both in circumference, diameter and altitude she is eminently satisfactory. On her right ankle (and *what* an ankle it is, not to mention the left!) she wears a silver anklet (or "shackle *d'amour*," as we French have it). Over a piquant (whoops!) and provocative face, studded with two gorgeous samples of the human eye, or orb, appears that mass of amazin' hair, which starts several inches above the eyebrows, ripples gracefully over the skull and falls in a torrent of silver down the back of the lady's neck.

Silver? Not exactly—it is about the color of a pale salt water taffy, or the bracelet you mean to buy the sweetie-pie the very next minute there's a bull market. It is startling hair, almost bizarre, but on the whole quite beautiful.

But enough of externals. It is Miss Harlow's sub, or unconscious, with which this treatise has to do. As I stepped into her presence I struck her sharply on the knee-cap with one of the little hammers we scientists carry on all professional visits. Miss Harlow fainted smartly with her left and then drove a sharp right to the third weskit button. "Forthright, earnest, sincere and handy with her dukes," I jotted down on my tablets.

Miss Harlow was surprised in the act of reading [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Old Doc in his laboratory, taking a good squint for himself at the lady of "Hell's Angels"



The Spanish War influence was still strong in military costuming when this gallant youngster put on his first soldier suit and marched off to battle in "Fatty" Brown's back yard. He had a sword, so the kids elected him general. It's Richard Semler Barthelmess, posed at the age of ten and a bit

# Whose Are

PHOTOPLAY'S great baby-guessing contest—no prize! Which bouncing tot is what well-known star? Cover the names and guess who!



As pretty a mother and daughter picture as you're apt to find in a search through a thousand family albums. The little girl grew up to be a dashing, flaming youth star, and wife of a noted lad. It's Joan Crawford and her mamma, when Joan was just exactly five

She specializes in vamps, girls with a past, and girls with a hectic present. Her own career has been filled with personal and professional sadness. And you might not guess this winsome little body is none other than Mary Nolan, aged ten

# Baby You?



Well, she looks tame enough here! You'd little think that this six-year-old would grow up to be one of Hollywood's most famous spitfires, noted for her spirit of hoopla on set and off. Oop! You've guessed! Lupe Velez!

This one, of course, you'd never guess in a million years. It doesn't resemble anything but a pretty, healthy baby, with no aches and no pins sticking it anywhere. None the less, this is Arthur Lake, the lanky lad, in his first birthday suit. Ah there, Art!



A mischievous boy and his 'litle sisser, to get maudlin about it. This was taken down in Virginia, suh, on the ole family plantation, and brother and sister have been set up before the camera and told to look for a birdie—any birdie. And we might as well confess that it's Bill Haines at four, with his sister Lillian



Some more soldier clothes, but this time it's World War, or just pre-war. The little boys got uniforms for Christmas that year. The one on the left is Charles Rogers of Olathe, Kan. Behind them stands Charlie's soldier uncle, Arch Moll

# From the cradle to the screen—more infant actors

A little Canadian girl who's smiling as though she already knew of all the nice things in store for her in years to come. Her name is Norma Shearer, and at the time this was snapped she'd reached the age of three



What a sweet little boy! Note the cascading curls and the booful bow tie! We'll wager he turned out to be the nicest boy on the block. You don't tell us! Why, it's Buster Keaton when he was four years old



This one may be easy. A Missouri kid, a hellion out of school, but on his best behavior before the camera. But there's danger in those eyes, cherie! This is ten-year-old Jack Oakie, duded up



Now here's as tractable and well-behaved a two-year-old as you could find. Why, butter wouldn't melt in the little girl's mouth. And who do you suppose it turned out to be? Why, harum-scarum, rip-roaring Polly Moran!



Serious? My word! He's going to be a judge at the very least, and probably President. But he became a very he-man movie star, six-shooter, chaps and all. In other words, it represents Mr. Richard Arlen at the advanced age of eight

# John Boles Confesses

Universal's Great Lover  
discloses the technique  
of amour that made him  
famous on the screen

By Harry Lang

PHOTOPLAY,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Photoplay:

Well, here I am again.

You remember me, don't you? I'm the fellow who read that story you had wherein Irving Berlin told how to write a popular song and I wrote two but they weren't popular.

Anyway, I wrote you then and asked you for advice on how to be funny at a party I was invited to, and you got Eddie Cantor to tell me. I did what Eddie said in that article, and I haven't been invited to any parties since.

Well, your advice has been so successful that maybe you'll help me out again this time. You see, I'm in love, but I was brought up right and I don't know how to go about showing my love to the Object of My Affections. However, she is quite peacans about John Boles and the way he makes love on the screen, so maybe if you could ask him for a few hints, heh?

Yours as ever,

OBADIAH SWIMPH

WHY, OBIE!!! Not really? Well, you old-fashioned thing, you! Of course, we're glad to help you out, and any time you want some advice on sword-swallowing or pretzel-bending or anything, just ask us that, too.

We found John Boles for you out at Universal City, where he was busily making love to Lupe Velez in "Resurrection." It was a gr-r-r-r-rand love scene they were shooting. John gazed deep into her eyes, and all that sort of thing, and then kissed her.

After a tepidly decorous footage of celluloid passed, according to the Will Hays code of censorship, the director said:

"Cut!"

John kept right on kissing Lupe.

"CUT!!!" repeated the director.

John kissed on.

"C U T!!!" screamed the director.

John lifted his lips from Lupe's.

"I," he said, languorously, "heard you the first time."

Well, Obadiah, we won't go on with the conversation. We'll just tell you how Boles responded to your call for help. He's a grand guy, Boles. Tall, good-looking as he is on the screen, cheerful, and willing to help out.

And Obie, you sure picked a good authority when you picked



John Boles demonstrates his theories, the party of the second part being Lupe Velez. It's a shot from their new "Resurrection," and this is Russian Love. Will the class please distinguish between the Russian and Hollywood brands?

John. John has made passionate love to fifteen women. Fourteen of them are movie stars; the other is his wife. They're happily married. And any man who can make love to Gloria Swanson, Greta Nissen, Patsy Ruth Miller, Olive Borden, Molly O'Day, Mary Astor, Leatrice Joy, Laura La Plante, Carlotta King, Vivienne Segal, Jeanette Loff, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Laye and Lupe Velez, and still keep his wife—that man's good! Even if he couldn't keep his wife, he'd still be good!

"Mr. Boles," we began, while Lupe hurried out to telephone Gary, or something, "how should Obadiah Swimp make love?"

"Who cares?" Boles wanted to know.

"Well—er—maybe Obadiah cares," we suggested.

"Oh, all right, then, come along," he said. So we came along, and he led the way into the restaurant. We sat. He studied the bill of fare. We resumed.

"What do you need," we asked, to open the line, "to make love?"

"Cheese. Swiss cheese, with plenty of holes. On rye," he said. "Make it Russian rye—this is a Tolstoi story I'm playing, so I'll stay in character. And Russian dressing." The waitress left.

"But Mr. Boles," we begged, "what about love? Please tell Obadiah Swimp, through us, how to make love."

He looked at us for a long, long time, as though he were thinking of pleasant ways to commit murder. Then he looked at the ceiling. Then he looked at the note the waitress had brought from two blondes at a nearby table. Then he looked at the two blondes. Then he said:

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Pola Negri, as *Bella Donna* in her first American-made film, wore the conventional clinging black associated with vampire parts. Note the dramatic contrast with the light-colored garments worn by the other characters

**I**MAGINE a world without color, all black-and-white. The maddening monotony of it!

Though we know very little about it, though we accept the magic of it with casual indifference, color has tremendous importance in our lives.

Color can influence our moods, stimulate our minds, magnetize our bodies. It can attract. It can repel. Color can intensify a woman's charm, or dispel it.

Color can make her gay or grave, happy or sad. It can be dull. It can be shrill. It can be capricious. It can be tragic. Color can make a costume pert, impudent, amusing, tender, or serious.

Without boring you with any scientific theories of what color is, I ask you only to believe that it is a definite and powerful force working either for or against us by the manner in which we employ it, that it has a far greater influence than most of us realize. Then I shall tell you what I have learned about color through my own experience in association with that extremely color-sensitive group of women, the screen stars. For years I have worked with the application of color to the moods and characters of motion pictures.

I once showed M. Worth, of Paris, a dress I had made for Clara Bow. He laughed. "I am not laughing at the dress," he said, "it is very, very *chic*. I'm laughing at its extreme impertinence." And that is exactly what it was intended to have, to accent the character which Miss Bow was playing.

Your dislike for certain colors may be an instinctive one, which you could not analyze, or it may be the result of some conscious, or subconscious emotional association, for it is quite easy to understand how one might grow to detest even a once favorite color, if some tragic, unpleasant or embarrassing thing had happened while one was wearing it, or it was otherwise present in one's surroundings at the time.

Gloria Swanson expressed a most violent antipathy for the color known as "old rose." She not only refused to wear it, but would not even permit its use in the decoration of the stage settings, in which she was to work.

The expert who costumed many film stars tells what you can do with color and what color can do to you

One day, while we were filming one of her pictures, I noticed that things were at a standstill, and inquired the reason. It seemed that her director, Mr. Allan Dwan, could not work her up to the proper pitch of irritation which he felt was required to put over a certain scene. Miss Swanson was in just too amiable a mood to work up a temper.

I told him I thought I could help him out. When I gave him my plan he was skeptical, but he gave me permission to try. I sent one of the extra ladies to the costume studio, and had

her fitted from head to foot in a vivid ensemble of old rose velvet. I told her to keep as near Miss Swanson as she could, always in her direct line of vision.

It was not long before the hated color began to have the desired effect, and Miss Swanson announced, in no uncertain terms, that she would not do any work at all until that "old rose abomination" had been removed from her sight. Well as I knew her, I never dared tell her of the trick I had played upon her, but I did try in every way to find out why she hated this particular shade so intensely.

**I** NEVER did find out from her, but I discovered later that old rose was a great favorite with Pola Negri, and that she wore it often. Now, Gloria and Pola were bitter rivals and enemies, so much so that each of these "Czarinas of the Screen" refused to work in the same studio with the other. So it will not be difficult for you to understand the association which made Gloria detest what is otherwise a color of healthful and pleasant influence.

"If a red-haired woman, with a face covered with freckles," Lady Duff Gordon once said, "wants to wear watermelon pink, she must have it, for there is within her a desire, sentimental, emotional, even physical, which only that color will satisfy."

It was during my association with Lady Gordon, famous designer of women's gowns, that I made my first contact with motion pictures in the person of the exquisitely blonde and lovely Billie Burke, the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. Her director



# Be Careful of Your Colors

By *H. M. K. Smith*

was extremely partial to one of the most disagreeable shades of yellow green that exists, not for its color value to the eye, but for its camera value, which was a warm and lovely gray. He insisted that Miss Burke's costumes be made in varying shades of this color.

I will never forget the day she came in to try a negligée, which had been made in the desired shade of chiffon. She put it on, took one look at it, and that was that. No argument by the director that the color would accent her every charm on the screen had any weight whatsoever.

"That color does something to me inside that I can't explain, and which you would not understand," she said, and both the negligée, and all the rest of her costumes for that picture, were made in the colors which she liked to wear.

Because of this knowledge of the emotional and physical effects of color, I was always careful to find out from the great stars of the screen at my first conference on the subject of costumes, what their color preferences were. And, where, because of camera values, I could not give a star an entire costume in her favorite shade, I always managed somehow to give her something that would make her conscious that she was wearing the color she loved. A bag, a hat, a parasol, a jewel; sometimes it was possible only in the lingerie worn underneath, but always, something. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 ]



Nita Naldi often chose her colors for the moods they inspired, regardless of whether they were becoming. She was partial to a certain unflattering shade of pink, simply because it gave her "a great kick"



Perhaps Gloria Swanson never realized why she so violently disliked a lovely shade of old rose. But Mr. Smith's observing eye discovered the secret and found a logical reason for her antipathy to that color

Photos by  
Hurrell



## Kay's Newest Costumes

"**C**UT! OKAY!" sang out William De Mille, directing Kay Francis in a scene from the new M-G-M picture, "Passion Flower." "Cut okay," echoed we, thinking about the grand gowns Kay wears in her rôle of *Dulcie*. That stunning costume on the left is of tomato-red wool, with gold-shaded galyak trimming. Right, salmon-pink taffeta combined with black velvet (and how!) and jeweled shoulder straps for a subtle final touch. Both designed by Adrian

# Mr. Brook Hates Tea

We penetrate the  
British reticence of  
Clive, man and actor

By *Michael Woodward*

**C**LIVE BROOK, the man, is a colossally difficult person to know. You've heard the terms "extrovert" and "introvert"—Brook is the latter, with a vengeance.

Heavily coated with that familiar British characteristic called "reserve," the man Brook is hard to get at. One of his closest acquaintances in Hollywood has known him five years. That acquaintance admits frankly that the real Clive Brook is still a bit of an enigma.

He doesn't like to talk about himself. That way, he's utterly un-Hollywood. So many of these motion picture personages are constantly conscious of the first person, singular. Brook isn't. When he gets into a group of persons and into an agreeable conversation, Clive Brook is the first to forget that Clive Brook is present. His interest lies in the conversation and the others' views, not in himself.

And because of this, few people know him well. There's hardly a soul in Hollywood, for instance, who knows that Clive Brook is a first-class violinist. He plays for his own amusement only, and lets very few people know he can do it. To those he says: "I'll throttle you if you breathe this to a soul! Because, as a matter of fact, I play so poorly!"

Then he goes ahead and plays divinely—better than many a person who makes a living at it.

He's keen on music, anyway. Real music, that is. When orthophonics first came out, he studied the principle of the new type of sound reproduction. Learning that much of that richness and volume depended on the length of the "horn" in the instrument, he had a special one built at tremendous cost, occupying almost an entire wall space in one end of a big room. With this, he got true symphonic volume and tone. He listens to it by the hour.

**F**EW people know that he's an author. A real author, not a dabbler. He has had published by British magazines many short stories, and several of his one-act plays and vaudeville sketches have been successfully produced. His writings are of the ultra-smart, sophisticated style.

And as a matter of fact, he's easily one of the best-read men in Hollywood. His relaxations and recreations are mostly mental. "That's what you've got to call Clive Brook—a mental type rather than a physical, despite his undeniable physical attractiveness," says a Hollywood woman who knows him well.

He's no hand for "whoopie." He's no night hound. His chief social delights consist in a home dinner with some of his close friends—either at his home or theirs. He doesn't go to public cafés and places of amusement—and yet, he likes to dance.

"Give me a graceful partner, good music—and I'll be happy—one or two evenings a week," he says. The other evenings, he prefers a few friends who can talk on sufficiently intelligent subjects, or his home and his books and his music. Dinner table conversation to Brook doesn't mean what one's golf score was, or what horse may win at Agua Caliente, or how much a picture is going to gross.

"You've got to be almost highbrow to join in the Clive Brook dinner table discussion," is the way one who knows puts it. "Not professional—but intelligent and intellectual."

Some people misinterpret it as [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



**THE RESERVED MR. BROOK—**

*Who plays the fiddle beautifully for his own pleasure—*

*Who was shell-shocked in the war, and is still a bit foggy on remembering names—*

*Who despises dowdy women—*

*And is one of the kindest fellows in Hollywood!*



Amos Hissself

# Amos 'n'

The Ebony Emperors of the Air splash in dem golden pools, ride dem Rolls-Royces and allow "Ain't dat somep'n'?"

**A**N airplane, as dilapidated and undernourished as a certain fresh-air taxicab, zoomed and dipped to a landing out of the California skies. Two gentlemen of a startling cranberry hue, alighted and looked about.

"Um! Um! Ain't this somep'n'?" one enquired.

"Boy," replied the other, "I'se regusted."

*Amos 'n' Andy* and two loads of sunburn, had arrived in Hollywood. Arrived to make a talking picture, Harlem dialect. En route from Chicago, a washout along the line had unfortunately delayed their arrival and 8:30 in the morning found the boys stranded in Las Vegas, Nevada, with their first California broadcast due at three the same afternoon.

There was just one thing to do. They did it. In a small open plane, the only one they could resurrect, they gathered unto themselves all the sunburn between Nevada and California, but in true movie style they arrived in the nick of time and the day was saved. And the world, his wife, and all the little worldlings gathered about the radio as usual and chuckled at the problems of two downtrodden gentlemen of color.

*Amos 'n' Andy*, who are in reality Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, have just seen their first talking picture, "Check and Double Check," flash on the nation's screens. No team of radio entertainers have ever reached the people as have these two very simple fellows in their everyday happenings of two pathetically comical negroes and their Fresh-Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated.

**O**NE day in Peoria, Ill., Charles J. Correll sat behind his typewriter and thought things over. As Secretary to the State Superintendent of Instruction, the future *Andy* decided things weren't so hot. So having reached this momentous decision Mr. Correll folded up his typewriter and went about laying bricks all over Illinois.

Freeman F. Gosden about this time was a live-wire tobacco salesman in Virginia, but the future *Amos* decided he, too, craved a change and switched to selling cars, until the war interrupted. After the war he was still dissatisfied. A chance came to join a booking company in Chicago that produced amateur theatricals. Gosden grabbed that chance and with that one little grab, what do you think he "done done"? He done picked off for himself a huge hunk of fame and fortune, for in that same company was a Charles J. Correll, former Illinois bricklayer. Almost at once these two began a friendship that proved deep and lasting.

The boys shared a little apartment and messed around a little with a uke and piano, as *Amos* would say.

"You two should go on the radio," their friends urged. "And we didn't have any more sense than to believe them," *Amos* grinned. "So we tried it out and, boy, were we a mess? We sang about forty songs a night and they were all bad. In those days it was a case of how loud an entertainer could yell into the mike. We thought we were good when a listener two miles away reported having heard us perfectly without a radio."

"And yes," said *Andy*, "we yelled our heads off over that mike for over seven months and never got a penny. Not a cent. Boy, we must have been bad!"

Finally, however, the great day came. The boys were offered one hundred dollars a week. No more producing amateur theatricals. They were now actually being paid for it. Hot dog!

Gradually *Amos 'n' Andy* were given life. They appeared first as *Sam* and *Henry* and later changed to the now popular



# Andy Go Hollywood

By Sara Hamilton

*Amos 'n' Andy.* At first the boys broadcast for Chicago only.

Then came the nation-wide hook-up, with a large manufacturing company behind them, and suddenly the whole country became *Amos 'n' Andy* conscious.

And, like all good little boys who go out and get themselves famous, they came to Hollywood and pictures. And did they work? There wasn't any phase of the business in which they didn't poke a black but determined finger. They sat in on story conferences. They survived. They submitted to hours of experiments in make-up. They tried on screen clothes. They rehearsed. As *Amos* says, they were "photographed, autographed and giraffed."

They wrote all their own radio skits on the side and translated all the dialogue of the picture into *Amos 'n' Andy* lingo. They gave out interviews, and bounced around more friskily than the proverbial decapitated chicken. On top of all this, their radio broadcasts went right along. At three in the afternoon work was interrupted for the Eastern broadcast and again at seven-thirty for the West.

About 2:45 each afternoon, on a big sound stage on the Radio



Andy in Puss'n

Pictures lot, watches began to appear all over the set. Everyone nervously watched the time, everyone but *Amos 'n' Andy*, who appeared quite unconcerned. At 2:50, Director Mel Brown all but swooned. The technicians chewed their nails, and the script girl softly wept in her hanky. But still the boys went quietly about their work, as unhurried as though half the United States weren't waiting to hear their voices in just a few minutes.

At 2:55, with a "see you later," two unassuming boys calmly walked out into the sunshine, strolled nonchalantly down the walk, occasionally stopped to chat with a friend, and promptly at one minute to three mounted the steps to the broadcasting room to bring a smile to thousands of listeners.

IN one corner of a sound stage on the far corner of the lot was built the little broadcasting room. In the center stood a small wicker table and two straight backed chairs. Two microphones hung suspended over the table. A small electric light bulb encased in wire reposed on the table. In Chicago, the theme song of their sketch, which incidentally was the theme song of the picture, "The Birth of a Nation," made many years ago, had been played. They were seated now. Bill Hay, also in Chicago, had finished his announcement, and pressed a tiny button nearby. Almost instantly the little bulb on the table flashed on and they were off.

The boys take all the parts in the skit. *Amos* is the *Kingfish* and *Lightnin'* who "jes wants two dollars till Saddy night." *Andy* is *Van Porter* and the other characters. They take turns being the dog.

No one, not even their wives, is permitted to see them broadcast. And only a privileged one or two who bravely stood their ground in the face of being literally thrown out, have been present during the writing of one of their skits. And these one or two report the affair twice as amusing as any broadcast and a hundred times more exciting.

*Andy*, short and plump, the former secretary, sans coat and vest, sits at the typewriter. *Amos*, tall, blonde and rather handsome, nervously paces back and forth. The plot takes form. It's ready to be written. They both grow excited.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]

A scene from "Check and Double Check," *Amos 'n' Andy's* first picture for Radio. *Kingfish*, in the person of Russell Powell, seems to be laying down the law to the boys. They, as is their wont, are taking it calmly





"Becka"



"Dodo"



"Red"



"Coop"

# Let's Get Familiar

What you'd call the players if you knew them that well!

**N**OW take Greta Garbo, for instance. If you were really chummy with Greta do you know what you'd call her? No? Well, cheer up, neither do we.

So, now that we've disposed of Garbo, let's go on with the story.

All human beings have an irresistible desire to tear down the dignity of their fellow men by tacking nicknames onto them. From Kaiser Bill down—or up—to "Spike" Mahoney, vendor of illicit liquids, no one is exempt.

Some of the movie stars have even adopted their nicknames as screen names—like "Hoot" Gibson.

There's a story connected with "Hoot." When "Hoot"—who was christened Edward R. Gibson—was a youngster, he and another boy were out on a bicycling jaunt. Tire trouble developed and they had to spend the night in a haystack. In the wee small hours a hoot-owl let out a blood-chilling hoot and the two kids, thinking the farmer was after them—ran. They both traveled fast, but little Eddie Gibson was in the lead. The other youngster promptly christened him "Hoot."

"Skeets" Gallagher is another whose nickname became his professional name. As a child he was very small for his age. His pals all called him "Skeeter." This, in the natural course of such things, became shortened to "Skeet." When "Skeet" made his debut in the talkies Paramount added an "s" and rechristened him "Skeets."

Kay Francis and Kay Johnson were both christened Katherine. When they went on the stage, both girls adopted the more abbreviated form "Kay." Short names look better in lights.

**B**USTER KEATON'S name sounds like a nickname, but isn't. He hasn't any other. His parents had a rough and tumble vaudeville act and they used to fling their infant son all over the stage. He was such a husky youngster and could take bumps so sturdily that Houdini named him "Buster." And Buster he still is.

Constance Talmadge is known to her close friends as "Dutch." When she was a child she had short, blonde hair and looked like a Dutchman. Her family started calling her "Dutch."

As a matter of fact, most nicknames are family or pet names. That's why they sound so silly in print. For instance—Florence Eldridge calls husband Fredric March "Lambie," which is swell in the home. But just *you* try hailing Freddie as "Lambie"!

Gertrude Olmsted doesn't object when her mother and her husband, Bob Leonard, call her "Toodie." But "Toodie" from anyone else is just too much of a good thing.

You wouldn't think of acting overly-familiar with Ruth Chatterton. But Ralph Forbes, her husband, calls her "Rusie"—with the "u" pronounced as in French. If you

don't know your French vowels you'd better stick to plain Ruth. Maybe you'd better, anyway.

Nicknames often spring up on the set during the making of pictures, and if they're apt, they're apt to cling. Jack Oakie christened Helen Kane "Boop" during the making of "Sweetie." You will admit it's appropriate for the original "boop-boop-a-doop" girl.

"Under the Tonto Rim" was Dick Arlen's first Western and Mary Brian's first time on a horse. Mary called Dick "Buck" and Dick came back snappily with "Texas." "Texas" shrank to "Tex"—and now Dick and Mary are "Buck" and "Tex."

Some of the stars, who have changed their names for screen purposes, still carry around nicknames that are survivals of the handles which their families gave them. In this class belongs Evelyn Brent who is called "Betty" by everyone who knows her more than casually. Her name used to be Elizabeth Riggs. Dorothy Lee registers immediately if you call her "Midge." She was christened Marjorie Millsap. Ann Harding's given name is Dorothy. She's still "Dody" to her family.

**H**AROLD LLOYD'S boyhood nickname figured in a lawsuit recently. Lloyd was sued for infringement of copyright by the widow of H. C. Witwer, short story writer. She claimed that Lloyd's picture, "The Freshman," was stolen from a story of her husband's. The character played by Lloyd in "The Freshman" was called "Speedy."

Harold explained that "Speedy" had been his own nickname as a kid. His father had seen a play in which a character named "Speedy" figured. The name tickled him and when he came home he greeted his small son, "Hi, there, Speedy!" From then on that was Harold's name.

There are lots of others. Regis Toomey's pals call him "Pat." Gary Cooper used to be known as "Cowboy Coop" when he attended Grinnell College, because he wore a ten-gallon hat. Hollywood has shortened it to "Coop." Gary has his own pet name for Lupe. He calls her "Becka."

Wallace Beery still answers to "Sweedie." In the early days of pictures he made a series of comedies in which he played a Swedish maid. Lila Lee smiles if you call her "Cuddles"—her name when she was a baby star with the Gus Edwards troupe.

Marion Byron is "Peanuts," because she's so tiny. Richard Dix was called "Pete" back in his home town, and Phillips Holmes' chums used to hail him as "Flip." Vivian and Rosetta Duncan have names for one another which their intimates sometimes use. Rosetta is "Hymie" and Vivian is "Jake." And Sally Eilers and Marie Prevost call each other "Bella" and "Stella." Lois Wilson likes to be called "Loy." And Clara Bow is "Red" to everyone. All movie fans know that Joan Crawford calls Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., "Dodo." Joan's own nickname is "Billy," a hangover from her chorus girl days.

Mary and Doug have names that sound like parts of a boat. Mary calls Doug "Tiller," he calls her "Hipper."

By Harriet Parsons

# By TIME *and* TEARS

Not sorrow alone, but growth of mind and spirit, gave Mary Astor the rich womanliness that is hers today

*By Janet French*

WHEN Mary Astor spoke on the screen for the first time in "Ladies Love Brutes," thousands of fans and hundreds of Hollywoodians blinked their eyes and said, "What in the world has happened to Mary Astor?" Suddenly a new and startling personality had flashed upon the screen. The wan child who had been carried away into the sunset by John Barrymore in "Don Juan" was no longer a child but a full-blown woman with deep wells of emotion in her voice.

Everyone discussed Mary's re-birth and they accredited the change to the sudden death of her husband, Kenneth Hawks. They said that the staccato flash of tragedy had brought out in Mary the hidden beauty of her nature, that the death of her husband had given her the depth one saw in her performance in "Holiday" and other films she made. They all gloried in the courage she showed at a time when most women would have been prostrated by grief.

The spotlight was turned upon Mary Astor, the woman, now, not Mary Astor, the child.

Because the sudden gesture is always the most dramatic nobody stopped to analyze the situation. It was an interesting—though a morbid—thought that the crashing together of two planes in mid-air had made a woman of Mary Astor.

IT is true that she has changed. It is true that her mind is clear and true and brilliant. It is true that her heart is a citadel of courage. It is not true that all these things came to her because of Kenneth Hawks' violent death. It was simply that which made people look at Mary and wonder.

For maturity does not come suddenly like love. Maturity is a slow and agonizing process.

It is necessary to go back a little and consider the pattern of Mary's life. She is the daughter of a German professor named Langhanke who saw in his small, pale daughter a sure talent. And who was willing to give to her all the persistence of his nationality to make an actress of her. She remembers, as a child, being seated upon a piano stool and made to stay there until she had mastered some difficult Bach fugue or some light Chopin waltz.

She remembers, also, being put upon the home talent stages of their little middle Western town to "recite" poems. And she remembers, too, the trying years in New York when her father, forced to give up his work at the school, went with her from manager's office to manager's office in an effort to put her in the place he felt was hers.

As is the way when a dominant parent and a docile child are together, Mary's life was ruled by her father. Langhanke knew, so surely, what his little daughter had. He was so determined that she must, though they all suffer poverty, be a star. He begged directors to give her a chance. He went with her to the studios and watched over every test she made and when the breaks began to come both he and his wife accompanied her to Hollywood where she became the symbol of the purity school of leading women.

She was so young then! Whatever [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



Once the little pastel heroine, she reveals an emotional depth today that fans and critics applaud and wonder at—the new Mary Astor

# Welcome Home, CLARA!



Which Clara Kimball Young is who? Bend your faculties to the task of guessing which Clara K. is of a decade ago and which of the present. Give up? At the left is Clara today—certainly as lovely as the ten-years-ago beauty who looks down at the right

By  
*Dolores Foster*

Clara Kimball Young—  
fair, slim and forty—  
stands at the brink of  
a new career in talkies

**A**T forty, having spent thousands of dollars on reducing methods, Clara Kimball Young, youthful and with a beautiful figure, is back in Hollywood ready to return to the screen. Never the flapper type, even when she was at the height of her career, she is made more beautiful by maturity. Her eyes are as deep and sparkling as ever and her sleek bobbed hair dark as a February night.

She lives in a charming little house in Beverly Hills. She wears gray chiffon and lace. She has the poise and distinction of a woman of the world.

Since 1922, she has not appeared on the screen, with the exception of one independent picture made in 1925. Yet she is not forgotten. When she has her car filled with gasoline or when she shops in the neighborhood stores, those who serve her invariably ask, "When are you coming back to the screen, Miss Young?" They all recognize her—as why shouldn't they? She has changed almost not at all since she left the screen eight years ago at the very height of her career.

Will you ever forget her in "Eyes of Youth," "Hearts in Exile," "Camille," "A Woman of Bronze" and "Trilby"? There clings to all these stars, whose work wrote the pages of cinema history, the perfume of glamor. Clara Kimball Young retains this glamor.

Her life has been one of turmoil. Too frank for her own good, too little the business woman, she found, when she should have been realizing thousands and thousands of dollars on her pictures, she was going into debt instead.

When she was still a girl in her early twenties she went into partnership with Selznick and her husband, Jimmy Young. Clara was to star, Young to direct, Selznick to produce. But taking direction from one's own husband

is a difficult task. Although they made some excellent pictures together, Young did not know how to get the best from Clara. She freezes when she is approached tactlessly. Suggestions she will take. Orders she refuses. It ended in both the professional and personal partnership being dissolved. She divorced Young and formed a new business partnership with Selznick.

**B**UT she knew nothing of business and when her pictures were, she discovered, badly managed, she bought off her contract and went with Harry Garson, who produced her films for years. The load was heavy. Each week she paid on her old contract, almost as much as she made. The end came in 1922.

Suddenly the fans found that their favorite was to be discovered on none of the local screens. And, while they looked for her in vain, she was touring the country with a theatrical production in which Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's husband, was her leading man.

Then came years of vaudeville. Tedious years that ended suddenly a few months ago [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117.]



# English and American Beauties

entrust their flower-like skin  
to this same sure care . . . .



Lady Buchanan-Jardine



Lady Violet Astor



Lady Louis Mountbatten



Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Jr.

WHAT is your taste in beauty? Do you prefer the pink and white and gold of English blondes . . . their eyes of larkspur blue and skin like rose leaves?

Or are you loyal to the dazzling galaxy of charms our own America offers . . . blonde, brunette and Titian beauties, gay, grave or demure . . . with exquisite skin that is delicate as apple blossoms, creamy as magnolia bloom, lily-pale or warmly tinted as a tea-rose?

Famous American and English beauties agree in this: they all use Pond's . . . because these four delightful preparations assure the perfect cleansing and protection that are essential to preserve their flower-like skin . . . keep it always radiantly fresh, fine, smooth and clear.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. declares: "One

can keep one's skin lovely with just those Two marvelous Creams, the fine Tissues and the invigorating Tonic." Lady Violet Astor says: "Pond's makes our skin look younger and younger each year—a wonderful service!"

Pond's Method is so delightfully quick that lovely young Lady Buchanan-Jardine says: "It is at once easy, satisfactory, complete."

Piquant, laughing Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps of Pond's Method, followed every day, will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and clear."

"Pond's is wonderful!" charming Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., sums up the universal enthusiasm. Lady Mountbatten also is devoted to Pond's Method . . . you, too, should follow the one, two, three, four famous steps!

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Peach color and white.)

Third—pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish—use it wherever you powder, face, neck, shoulders, arms, back. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.



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# “Don't Grow Old”



JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

*The caress of dollar-a-cake  
French soap for just 10¢*

*Youth*

# John Boles warns you

Learn the complexion secret  
98% of the screen stars know

**N**OWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

How amazingly the famous stars

keep youth! Every woman should learn their complexion secret!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theater dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux

Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the normal in-between skin . . . Every type is represented.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

Order several cakes and begin today this gentle care for *your* skin. Keep priceless youth—*indefinitely!*

LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet."



EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Smooth, clear skin is a woman's greatest charm. Lux Toilet Soap leaves mine fresh and even-textured."

# LUX Toilet Soap..10¢



Picture by Vic De Pauw

On location with "The Pet of the Plains" Company—"Say, mister director, kin you use a real honest-to-gosh good cowhand?"

## Reeling Around

### The Dying Gunman

(A popular song of 1957, Heaven forbid)

*A darling son of a movie fan  
Who loved each screen tune and rhyme  
Ran away from his home one fair spring morn  
(it was about the time of "Lights of New York")  
And entered a life of sin and crime.  
Twenty years later he was caught in a stickup,  
And a cop's bullets (bang! bang!) done him wrong.  
Then he crawled home to his dear mother's knee  
Remembering the kind care of his infancy  
And she heard him sob his dying song—*

#### Refrain

*"Sing me a theme song, mother,  
Like you did in the long ago,  
When the talkies were only whispers,  
And we sat by the old radio—  
Sing me a theme song, mumsy,  
And I'll know that you still love me true—  
Like 'I love you, Woman Disputed,'  
And 'Sins of the Fathers, I love you!'"*

### Into Your Dance!

Joe Frisco, the stuttering clown, calls the great crooner "Ruby Valloo" . . . And Fred Allen, the electric-brained comic, tells Walter Winchell that times are so hard that autograph hounds at first nights are only asking for initials . . . To which might be added the fact that instead of albums they're now using second-hand confetti . . . R. Beers Loos, to continue the optimistic note, writes in Rob Wagner's *Script* that today there are hundreds of actors tramping the streets of Hollywood who actually do not know where their next bottle of gin is coming from . . . A little movie house in New York was stuck up by two thugs not long ago and robbed of \$78. Was it the week's receipts? Anyhow, the picture then showing on its screen was "Shadow of the Law!" Shudder that off . . . Sylvia, Hollywood's famous masseuse, has written a new song for her salon called "I Knead Thee Every Hour" . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer almost lined up Greta Garbo for the first personal appearance in her career. She had even accepted the invitation when Garbo discovered that it was Stockton, Calif.,

to which she was bidden, and not Stockholm, Sweden! . . . Dorothy Farnum, American film writer, now making pictures in France, has been offered 4,000,000 francs to make two pictures for a French concern. Dot could do better than \$48 right here at home! . . . Anna May Wong, the greatest living reason for China, is playing a vamp in an Edgar Wallace melodrama, "On the Spot," on Broadway . . . After a look at Anna in the flesh, I'm willing to agree that 50,000,000 Chinese can't be Wong!

### Gag of the Month Club

Jim Tully gets the chintz shirt this month for the story of the days of Karl Dane's greatness at Metro.

The big ex-carpenter was reported to be discontented with the size of his pay-check, and finally he mustered up courage to go in and talk dough with Louis B. Mayer, the big boss.

Mayer was willing to dicker. "Now, Karl," he said, "how much more a week do you think it would take to keep you happy?" Then Mayer sat back, gripping his chair arms and expecting something in four figures.

Dane fiddled with his hat, looked diffidently at the floor, and finally, summoning all his nerve, quavered, "Oh, about twenty-five dollars!"

### Getting Personal

Mr. Lowell Sherman goes to Hollywood parties wearing a monocle and a two-foot cigarette holder. Mad wags say that now that Mr. Sherman is both directing and acting in pictures he even steals footage from himself . . . Mitzi Green recently celebrated her tenth birthday while making personal appearances at the Paramount Theater, New York. Reported Mitzi got \$2,000 a week for that job. Nancy Carroll, the week before, had to struggle along on a \$5,000 wage! What are these breadlines we hear of? . . . Both Eddie Buzzell and Ona Munson deny there's a divorce in prospect. Hope they are right . . . Jean Harlow, the "Hell's Angels" blonde, goes for spare ribs and kraut when she's not on the diet . . . John McCormack is using two of Ernest Torrence's songs in his concerts. They are "Machree" and "God Gave Me Flowers" . . . Marion Davies' new Paris toggerly has been knocking the ladies over at various Hollywood shindigs . . . Yola D'Avril, that leetle Franch girl, has married Edward Wood, composer. She's twenty-two—he's ten years up.



*..and on her cheek  
there blooms the radiant  
blush of Health*

*Glowing health and unblemished  
beauty can reward those who  
follow the Saline Treatment*

TO the art of the cosmetician, to the maker of fine creams and lotions, every woman should bow in gratitude. For pure creams and unfailing care do much to clear and guard your skin.

But cosmetics, however good, and creams, however fine, guard only the surface of your skin! And many a woman blames her creams and lotions when the fault lies in herself—she has neglected *internal* cleanliness!

She, then, should know the virtues of the Saline Method—for the surest, simplest way to internal cleanliness is with Sal Hepatica—the saline way to a clear and healthy system.

In Europe, well do women know the

virtues of salines. At the season's end, to Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix—come the lovely Viennese, the cool beauties of England, the dark, slender women of France. There they drink the saline waters of the famous health springs—and



return to the European capitals with complexions refined, with bodies revived.

For years, physicians have recommended the saline method for correcting acidity and the long list of ills which come from faulty elimination.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are driven away. Digestions are regulated. Complexions are cleared. For salines purify the bloodstream.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how your complexion takes on the radiant clarity of health.

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# Sal Hepatica

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



The movie wedding in "Once in a Lifetime." *The Bishop*, who, a few minutes before, had sent out for a racing tip-sheet, is performing the ceremony, while at the right is Hugh O'Connell, who plays *Dr. Lewis*, the vaudeville dumbbell who does everything wrong and so becomes head of the Glogauer Studios

# The Stage Kids *the* Screen

**T**HE biggest theatrical hit in New York is a satirical comedy called "Once in a Lifetime." It kids Hollywood. That's the thing to do these days—poke fun at the making of movies and the people who play in them. On stage, screen, and between book covers the jolly work goes on. "Once in a Lifetime" is one of the funniest shows ever written. It was penned by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, two writing gentlemen who have never even passed through the movie capital.

"Once in a Lifetime" tells of three small-time vaudevillians, two men and a girl, who rush to Hollywood at the dawn of the talkie era and sell a voice-culture school to one of the big studios. The school flops, but the dumbest of the trio, by an amazing run of luck and by doing everything wrong, is given complete charge of the Glogauer Studios by Mr. Glogauer, known as the man who didn't buy the Vitaphone.

It's the thing to do—kid Hollywood. Here are a few quotations from the dialogue. The play is now in book form, published by Farrar and Rinehart, to whom our thanks are due.

A chauffeur is talking to a cigarette girl, a maid, another chauffeur and a page at a Hollywood café.

A CHAUFFEUR—You girls working this week?

CIGARETTE GIRL—No, we ain't.

ANOTHER CHAUFFEUR—Universal's doing a college picture.

A BELLBOY (bounding in)—Say, I hear you boys are all set out at Universal! French revolution picture.

CHAUFFEUR—No, they changed it. It's a college picture.

BELLBOY—It's Revolution again—they just changed it back, down in the men's room.

CIGARETTE GIRL—Oh, that's good.

BELLBOY—Yeh, on account of the sound. They're going to be playing the guillotine all through! (He strums an imaginary banjo to illustrate.)

MAID—I'm out. I don't know one note from another.

An unidentified man and an anonymous girl pass through the lounge of the café.

THE MAN—What's the use of your meeting him? The part isn't your type. The girl is eighteen years old, and a virgin.

THE GIRL—Well, I look eighteen under lights, and I can talk like a virgin.

Miss Leighton, the information secretary at the Glogauer Studio, is talking to a couple of actresses who are trying to learn to talk. Their names are Phyllis and Florabel.

FLORABEL—Sixty simple supple sirens, slick and smiling, svelte and suave.

PHYLLIS—Ain't it wonderful, Miss Leighton? We can talk now!

MISS LEIGHTON—Really?

FLORABEL—Yes, and a d—sight better than most of them.

MISS LEIGHTON—I think your progression has been marvelous. I can't see why they keep bringing people from New York.

FLORABEL—Yeh, people from the legitimate stage, whatever that is.

PHYLLIS—Yes, we've been wondering about that! What the h— IS the legitimate stage, anyway?

MISS LEIGHTON—It's what Al Jolson used to be on before he got famous in pictures. He worked for some real estate people—the Shuberts.

FLORABEL—Know what someone told me at a party the other day? They said John Barrymore used to be on the legitimate stage!

PHYLLIS—I heard the same thing, and I don't believe it.

MISS LEIGHTON—My, you'd never know it from his acting, would you!

FLORABEL—And that ain't all. I heard that since he's made good some sister of his is trying to get out here.

MISS LEIGHTON—Yes, Elsie Barrymore. It must have been kind of interesting, the legitimate stage. My grandfather used to go to it. He was in the Civil War, too.

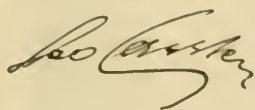
PHYLLIS—The Civil War. Did D. W. Griffith make that?

Well, that will give you a rough idea. It's a great show—don't miss it if you come to New York. It kids Hollywood—and that's fashionable. But Hollywood doesn't care—it goes right on making entertainment for millions of people who don't care a hoot what brilliant young men like Messrs. Hart and Kaufman think or write.

# German beauty experts advise olive and palm oils to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Carsten—and others equally renowned—join vast group of more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over in urging daily use of Palmolive.

Carsten says: *"I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap at least twice a day, massaging its wonderful lather gently into the skin for a couple of minutes."*



LEO CARSTEN, whose Berlin beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam is quite the smartest salon in Middle Europe.



Beauty belongs not to one race, nor to one country. And is it not remarkable that the lovely women of almost every civilized nation find this one method of skin care best?



TEJERO of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.



HOARE of London, who served women of the world's diplomatic circles during the naval conference.

TODAY, despite differences in type, lovely women all over the world are acquiring "that schoolgirl complexion." The fresh colorful English skin; the lustrous pallor of the Parisienne; the rich, olive-tinted Spanish and Italian complexion . . . each one retains its characteristic beauty through a simple formula recommended by more than 20,000 beauty specialists.

### In 16 countries, 1691 cities

"Wash the face with a pure soap—a vegetable oil soap—and water," they'll say, "but not any soap will do. It must be Palmolive!"

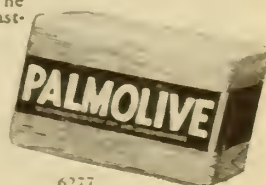
If you should question this statement, you'd learn some interesting facts about the cosmetic value of olive and palm oils. Those are the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, you know. They cleanse without irritation. They are mild, gentle, easy on the texture of the skin. Specialists have

made many tests with Palmolive and they are universally enthusiastic.

### An easy method, too

You massage Palmolive lather into the face and throat until the impurities are freed from the pores. Then you rinse it off with warm water; after that with cold. And—if you like—an ice massage as an astringent. That's what you are advised to do morning and evening by more than 20,000 of the world's best known beauty specialists. They, don't forget, are professionals. Their recommendation deserves your attention. Buy a cake of Palmolive and try the facial treatment tonight. You'll find it the easiest way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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Yet even the most active girl of today must count calories at times to keep the slenderness so necessary to look well.

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THIS DANGER may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet. ALL-BRAN isn't fattening. It provides the roughage your system must have to keep clean, regular and healthy. It also adds iron, which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

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"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free.





Put a mischievous Mexican mix in a Russian rôle and this is the result! Besides those sombre eyes, Lupe Velez has acquired a taste for tea brewed in a samovar in true Russian fashion

YOU have all heard stories of actors who live their parts so completely that they can't step out of character even when they are away from the theater—of the screen actor who played *Lincoln* with such sincerity that he continued to wear the famous stovepipe hat and little shawl, and to affect the Lincoln mannerisms long after the picture had been completed.

Something of that sort happened to Lupe Velez as a result of her work in the new Universal talking picture version of Count Tolstoi's "Resurrection," in which she plays the rôle of *Katasha Maslova*.

In the matter of food, at least, the Mexican Lupe went distinctly Russian. Not only did she learn to like Russian dishes, but she managed to get hold of some of the best recipes.

The members of the "Resurrection" cast and staff were discussing good food one day during a rest on the set. The production's technical director, a Russian by birth, offered to introduce Lupe to real Russian food, and invited her to dine at the Russian-American Club in Hollywood.

Lupe found *borscht* (Russian soup) and *shashlik* (Russian barbecued lamb) quite as palatable as the more familiar *enchiladas* and *tamales* and she persuaded the chef to share the secrets of these dishes with her. That he did is a real tribute to Lupe, chefs usually being as close-mouthed about their culinary methods as a Hollywood director with a new story idea.

This is the soup recipe:

#### Green Borscht

- |                                 |                    |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| 6 lbs. shin beef                | 2 allspice berries |
| 3 qts. water                    | 2 celery stalks    |
| 1 cup carrot cubes              | 1 sprig parsley    |
| ½ sliced onion                  | 1 tablespoon salt  |
| 6 cloves                        | 10 pepper corns    |
| 3 tablespoons raw grated carrot |                    |

Fry the vegetables in butter (except the grated carrot) for five minutes before placing in soup water. Boil all together for two hours. Then add a can of spinach and a tea cup of rice, letting spinach and rice boil in broth for another hour.

Before serving, add a tablespoon of lemon juice and several hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters.

# Russian Recipes via Mexico

#### Russian Salad

Cube 1 cup of cold, cooked carrots and 1 cup of cold, cooked potatoes, and add to 1 cup of cold, cooked peas and 1 cup of cold, cooked string beans.

Marinate in oil and vinegar, seasoning to taste. Arrange on lettuce leaves in four sections. Garnish two with pieces of smoked salmon; one with chopped white of hard-boiled eggs; and the fourth with yolks of hard-boiled eggs forced through a strainer. Put sprigs of parsley in lines dividing sections.

For dressing, use 6 tablespoons sour cream, juice of 1 lemon, 1 level teaspoon of salt and 1 level teaspoon of sugar. Stir thoroughly, chill, and pour over salad before serving.

#### Russian Hamburg Steak

Mix 1½ lbs. raw chopped meat with ¼ lb. butter or butter substitute. Add pepper and salt to taste, working it together with a wooden spoon.

Flour a board and turn chopped meat on it. Divide into eight parts. Roll with a little flour into balls. Flatten into cakes. Beat 1 egg, add to it a teaspoon of olive oil, and blend well together. Dip meat balls into this mixture, and then into fine bread crumbs.

Put in frying pan with two ounces of fat or olive oil. Cook three minutes. Turn and fry three minutes longer. Place on dish garnished with parsley and water cross, and pour the following cream sauce over the cooked meat balls.

#### Meat Sauce

Melt 3 tablespoons of butter in pan with 2 of flour. When blended, add 1 cup of white stock or, if preferred, 1 cup thick cream; ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

#### Apple Soufflé, Russian Style

Bake 6 large green apples. Stir them through a sieve and mix with 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Half an hour before serving, stir ten whites of eggs into a foam, adding 3 tablespoons sugar. Mix the apples and whites of eggs together thoroughly. Place mixture on a porcelain platter and bake in oven for fifteen minutes.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

#### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



The Fans Are Interested in Fred

# Questions & Answers



They Want to Know All About Dot

FREDRIC MARCH, the favorite hero of the month, is a native of Racine, Wis., born August 31, 1898. He stands 6 feet tall, weighs 170 and has brown hair and eyes. Appeared in many stage plays, among them "Tarnish" and "The Royal Family." Fred made his movie debut in 1928. He is married to Florence Eldridge, stage and screen actress. His latest picture is "The Royal Family" with Ina Claire and Mary Brian. His next will be "Strictly Business," with Claudette Colbert.

DOROTHY MACKAILL holds the spotlight among the feminine stars this month. Dot hails from Hull, England, where she was born March 4, 1904. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 112, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Appeared on the stage in London and was with the Ziegfeld Follies before entering pictures in 1921. Divorced from Director Lothar Mendes. Her splendid performance in "The Office Wife" won her a new five-year contract.

PAUL LUKAS is gaining a large fan following by his fine work in the talkies. He won the public's heart in "Anybody's Woman." He was born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26, 1896. Is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 182, has dark brown hair and gray eyes, and is married. His latest picture is "The Right to Love."

CHARLES ROGERS, John Boles, Robert Montgomery and Richard Barthelmess all use their own monickers in pictures. Nick Stuart's real tag is Nicholas Prata.

ESTHER RALSTON was the beautiful girl who played opposite Charles Farrell in "Old Ironsides." After touring in vaudeville for several months, Esther returned to the talkies in "The Southerner" opposite Lawrence Tibbett.

MAURICE CHEVALIER and Warner Baxter are each just 5 feet, 11 inches in height; Antonio Moreno is one inch shorter.

KENNETH MACKENNA was born August 19, 1899. In his hometown, Canterbury, N. H., he is known as Leo Mielziner, Jr. Ken is 5 feet, 11; weighs 170 and has brown hair and blue eyes. For ten years he was leading man in many stage productions. After appearing in several silent pictures in 1924, he returned to the stage. The talkies brought him back to the screen in 1929. His latest release is "Sin Takes a Holiday."

STANLEY SMITH, who is getting ahead rapidly in pictures, claims Kansas City, Mo., as his hometown and January 6, 1907, as his birthdate. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 160, and has blond hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is "Follow the Leader," from the stage play "Manhattan Mary."

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

NORMA TALMADGE, Lew Cody and Jack Mulhall played in the silent version of "Within the Law." Joan Crawford, Kent Douglass and Robert Armstrong are appearing in the talkie version.

WANDA HAWLEY, who hasn't been in pictures for some time, is married to Stuart Wilkinson. Her first husband was J. Burton Hawley.

SHARON LYNN was Janet Gaynor's rival in "Sunny Side Up." Sharon sang "Turn on the Heat" in that picture.

JOAN BENNETT made her stage debut as the ingénue in "Jarnegan," the play in which her father starred. From there she stepped into the movies as leading lady opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Joan was born in Palisades, N. J., about 19 years ago. She is divorced from John M. Fox and has one small daughter. Her mother, Adrienne Morrison, is a well-known stage actress.

CHESTER MORRIS' latest picture is "The Bat Whispers." He has one son, Brooks, who is about 2 years old and a daughter, Cynthia, who was born October 16, 1930.

LUPE VELEZ was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City, on July 18, 1909. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 112, and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Lupe recently completed the talkie version of "Resurrection" which Dolores Del Rio made for the silent screen.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 125, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has a daughter, born October 13, 1930. She has been christened Martha Bryan Montgomery.

DOROTHY JORDAN was born in Clarksville, Tenn., August 9, 1910. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Attended Southwestern University for one year before making her debut on the stage in musical comedy. She entered pictures in January, 1929. Her latest release is "Min and Bill," with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in the name rôles.

JANET GAYNOR and Lydell Peck were married one year last September 11th.

MONROE OWSLEY played the part of Ann Harding's brother in "Holiday." His next picture will be "Strictly Business."

WILLIAM POWELL is 38 years old and is 6 feet in altitude. He has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Bill is divorced from Eileen Wilson and has one young son. His latest picture is "Ladies' Man."

RALF HAROLDE, the screen's slick villain, answers to the family tag of Wigger. He is a native of Pittsburgh, Penna., born, May 17, 1899. Is 5 feet, 10; weighs 148, and has dark brown hair and eyes. Married for four years to a non-professional. Ralf spent 12 years on the stage before he entered the movies. His most recent picture is "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy.

CLARA BOW's latest picture is "No Limit." Norman Foster is her leading man. Dixie Lee, Stuart Erwin and Harry Green are in the cast.

LESLIE FENTON, after deserting pictures for a hike through Europe, is back on the job again. He is appearing in "The Man Who Came Back."

BARBARA KENT, Harold Lloyd's leading lady in "Feet First," just reaches 4 feet, 11; and weighs 103; Ann Harding follows with 5 feet, 2; and 106 pounds; then Nancy Carroll, 5 feet, 4; 118 pounds; Mary Astor, 5 feet, 5; 120 pounds; Alice Joyce and Hedda Hopper, each 5 feet, 7 inches, weigh 120 and 135 pounds, respectively.

GLORIA SWANSON did her own singing in "The Trespasser" and "What a Widow!" She was recently divorced from the Marquis.

LILLIAN ROTH sang "Sing You Sinners" in "Honey." Other melodies were "In My Little Hope Chest," "I Don't Need Atmosphere" and "Let's Be Domestic."

What lies beyond these lips . . . and yours?



Answer: millions of GERMS that threaten  
*colds . . . coughs . . . sore throat*

Perhaps you do not realize that in your mouth—indeed in most normal mouths—live millions of germs. Swiftly multiplying, they strive ever to cause disease.

Among them are the Bacillus Influenzae (influenza), Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, germs associated with the common cold.

When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, fatigue, improper diet, or exposure to draughts and sudden changes of temperature, these germs frequently get the upper hand. The common cold, or sore throat, which is a frequent symptom of a cold, follows.

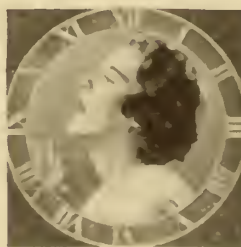
Surely you can appreciate the advantage of using full strength Listerine every night and morning. Listerine, as you know, while

delightful and safe to use, is so powerful that it kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).\*

Under normal conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with it is deemed sufficient to keep germs under control. When, however, your throat is irritated, or you feel a cold coming on, it is wise to increase the frequency of the gargle to once every two hours.

Listerine used as a gargle actually reduces the germ count on mouth surfaces 98%. But, to maintain this reduction in times of illness, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary.

Always keep Listerine handy in home



Gargle Listerine  
Every 2 Hours

and office, and in your hand-bag when you travel. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with it full strength in order that you may get its full germicidal effect.

Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous and really pleasant to use. It keeps the oral tract sweet, clean, and healthy. Moreover, it instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

\*Listerine is an ideal antiseptic because it is non-poisonous, healing to tissue, but fatal to germs. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs, used to test the power of antiseptics, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

**LISTERINE kills germs in 15 seconds** REDUCES MOUTH BACTERIA 98%

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]



P & A

Her first line was, "The wind is blowing through the trees."

She read it with great gusto, giving a significant accent to each and every word, making the sentence rise and fall in a lilting manner.

The director stopped her. "That is not a very important line," he said. "I want you to read it simply and naturally. Say the line exactly as you would say it to me."

She turned upon him.

"But, Mr. Director," she pleaded, "I'm going to put everything I've got into that line. I've spent several thousands of dollars on elocution lessons and I'm going to get my money's worth."

THE only song all those vaudeville singers who signed picture contracts know is "Home, Sweet Home."

Fox has just bought up Frankie ("Walking With Susie") Richardson's contract with a \$10,000 bank note. Frankie will sing in vaudeville.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]

Recognize the tired poloist on the left? It's old Will Rogers, with Will, Jr., beside him. Son's team beat Dad's, eight goals to six, with young Will scoring four goals to Pop's one. Anyway, some family!

SWELL, isn't it, to be able to take your best friend right into your family . . . like Bebe Daniels did with Marie Mosquini?

Marie, you know, just announced her betrothal to Dr. Lee DeForest, who invents sound apparatus and other scientific gadgets and hootanannies.

Well, the doctor is Bebe's uncle.

And Marie has for years been one of Bebe's best friends.

So Bebe introduced them and let nature take its course.

WITH all the Juniors following papa's footsteps in pictures—young Doug Fairbanks, and young Wally Beery, and young Francis X. Bushman, and all the others—it's interesting to record the feminine side of the picture.

Ruth Mix, daughter of Tom Mix, has just signed to be leading lady in a new series of Western thrillers, to be made at Universal.

THE new baby girl at the Florence Vidor-Jascha Heifetz Park Avenue apartment has a name.

It's Josepha—named, of course, for its fiddling papa.

Heifetz, by the way, got a great telegram from a friend when the baby was born.

"If the girl has your good looks and Florence's musical ability," said the wire, "she'll be a great child."

HERE'S one of the best Hollywood stories of the month.

One of our younger and sweeter stars of silent pictures was having a test made for an important talkie rôle.

Ever see a prettier pair of film titles than these? For that's what they are. Hal Roach decided the printed titles on his comedies were dull. So he hired the pretty Grace twins to speak them out



Everyone's waiting *for a* New Serial *by*  
**SINCLAIR LEWIS**

Whose Novels won Him *the*  
 Nobel Prize *in* Literature

Here it is—*in*  
**Cosmopolitan**

Sinclair Lewis, first American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, has just written a light-hearted novel that ranges from Hollywood to Europe. You will find it where most good stories first appear, in *Cosmopolitan*.

The hero of this delightful serial is a famous boy star. Taken to Europe, the idolized but lonely boy falls in with a boy king as lonely as he is, and the two start together on a quest for the boyland they have missed. You will follow them with huge enjoyment. In this story Sinclair Lewis's satire is directed at the exploitation of boyhood.

This feature is only one of 24 contributions to *January Cosmopolitan*—by Booth Tarkington, George Weston, Peter B. Kyne, Rupert Hughes, Irvin S. Cobb, John Held, Jr., and others as brilliant. You get them all for 25 cents.

*January*

*Hearst's International*  
**Cosmopolitan**

*Now on Sale*

SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose stories appear regularly in *Cosmopolitan*

A Class Magazine with more than 1,700,000 Circulation

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]



**M**ARCELINE DAY'S new boy friend is Arthur Klein, Hollywood's most popular furrier. If Marceline decides to follow sister Alice's footsteps altarwards at least she'll be assured of a different ermine coat for every occasion.

**M**R. JACK DEMPSEY doesn't know what she can do about it, but it's a fact that a new cleaning-and-pressing establishment in Hollywood calls itself the "Estelle Tailor."

**W**HEN are custard pies not custard pies? The answer is: When they're the kind that actors throw into other actors' faces in the movies.

For the enlightenment of the palpitating fan public Cal presents this data:

For custard pies, the movies use a "prop" pie, consisting of a thin crust, lining a paper pie plate, the bottom of which has been cut out. The pie is filled with a goo of flour and

water. If it's a chocolate pie, the flour-water mess is colored.

For chocolate éclairs and cream puffs, a real éclair or puff crust is used, filled with the flour-water mixture again.

For meringue, they use marshmallow whip. Originally, to make it not so tough for the recipients of the pies, the movies tried whipped cream. But the cream didn't stick to the face so well, so they switched to the flour-and-water idea, which is very much like paperhanger's paste.

It does stick.

And Oscar, when you see a screen character gulp down a lusty drink of whiskey, don't lick your chops. It's nothing but water, colored with caramel.

**W**HAM, goes another name!

It seems M-G-M signed a young fellow named Douglas Montgomery, who had been making a name for himself on the stage.

But M-G-M already has Robert Montgomery, who HAS MADE a name for himself on the films.

Two Montgomerys would be too much.

So henceforth, Douglas Montgomery will be Kent Douglas.

**D**OROTHY SEBASTIAN was talking the other day about the art of being natural. When Dot first came to Hollywood they wanted her to change her name because, they

What Ruth Chatterton wears when she's dressed up for "The Right to Love." Charm's the keynote of this very simple white chiffon gown, unadorned save for the circular flounces that spiral on the skirt

said, it was too long to be put in electric lights.

"Well," said Dorothy, "I've seen Pauline Frederick's name in lights and Richard Barthelmess has been on a couple of the best marquee. So we'll just let the old name stand as is."

**H**OW'S this for a typical Hollywood story? William Orlamond is a character actor who has a good baritone voice, plays the violin and speaks five languages.

He has a big part in Mary Pickford's "Kiki." He plays the stage door man and his rôle consists of his sitting in a chair chewing tobacco!

**G**RETA GARBO seen on the M-G-M lot wearing a pair of dark blue sailor trousers, a little blue jacket and a white sailor hat.

**A**ND this is what makes nervous wrecks of everybody in pictures. Mary Doran begged the company to make up some lost time on "Remote Control" so that she could be in New York at a certain date.

They did. Everybody pitched in and worked from very early Sunday morning until after midnight, but when the film was developed it was blank. There was a sticking shutter in a new camera and every scene had to be done over again.

**T**HE most enthusiastic picture fanatic in the world is probably the one which June Collyer has.

He's an old man in New York who had a theater eighteen years ago and now imagines that he has eighteen theaters.

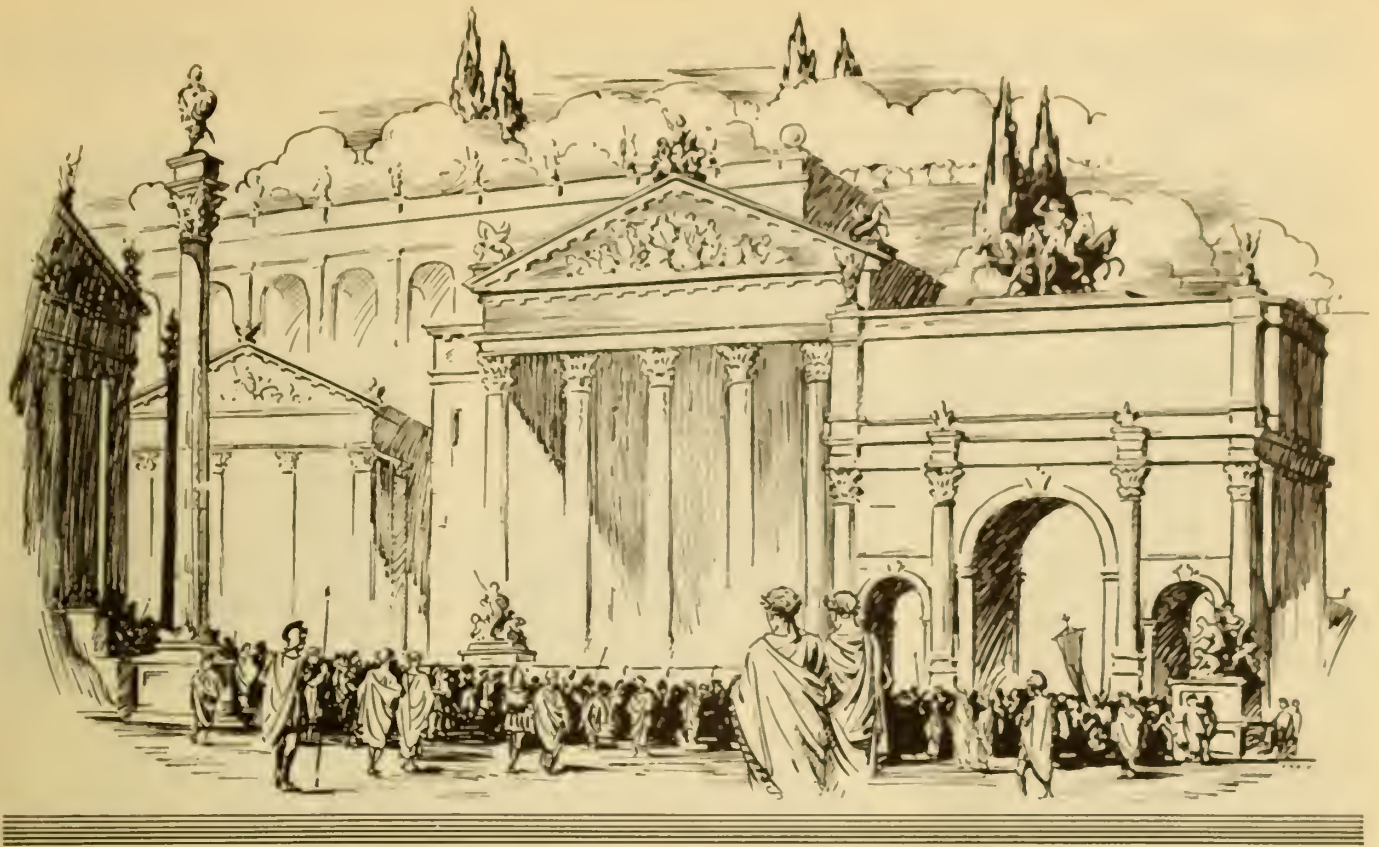
He writes letters to executives of every leading studio of Hollywood asking them to use Miss Collyer in motion pictures. He writes that he had a contest in his theaters and Miss

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



International

The inmates of what Eddie calls "The Cantor Home for Girls." Eddie Cantor, the missus and their five daughters on the lawn of their Beverly Hills home. Left to right, Marilyn, Edna, Eddie, Natalie, Janet, Mrs. Cantor and Marjorie. The big and happy family have become California fans. And now Eddie wants a boy!



## WHEN CAESAR WAS A BOY

**T**HE Forum was the common market-place for all of ancient Rome. Today a few crumbling columns stand as mute reminders of its former grandeur.

In our present-day complex civilization, market-places have become scattered. It is no longer possible to visit them all in a morning—or even in a day.

Advertising, instead, has become the convenient Forum of modern buyers and sellers. If you are considering the purchase of a new car, you scrutinize the automobile advertising. Or if it's a purse, silverware, or an electric clock that you want, you turn again to the advertising. Here is the national market-place for merchandise.

Furthermore, as you leaf over those same pages of products, your mind is storing away for tomorrow a compact and valuable fund of information. Instinctively, you will remember those facts when you make your future purchases. Increase your store of knowledge by reading the advertisements regularly.



*Advertising has become the common market-place of this twentieth century*

# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

Collyer won by a great majority. He has given her a title, thinking she would like one, "the sweetest girl on the screen." He attempts to plant pictures and stories about her in newspapers in New York. One paper in the East did print a picture of her and an announcement that she had won the popularity contest in the theaters which never existed.

**R**ICHARD ARLEN is nothing if not a grand hubby. Jobyna Ralston was laid up for two weeks with illness, and what does Dick do?—he ups and contracts influenza so he's laid up at the same time.

That's being a pal, that is!

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON is with the old folks at home in Sweden!

The game blonde, crippled for two years by a broken hip that just wouldn't heal, was well enough to take ship for a visit to her motherland, with the love and good wishes of Hollywood. Some fine day, we'll look for this talented, pretty and courageous girl in pictures again!

**I**S there no end to this boy's cleverness? Not content with being a film star, a writer, and an artist, Doug Jr. has just written some of the lyrics for the songs used in Lawrence Tibbett's "The Southerner." What's more, he gets screen credit for them.

**O**H girls! What DO you think? Rudy Vallée's in love! Yes, but don't begin to whimper, or daddy'll pack you right to bed without your Martini cocktails. It's his art that Rudy cares for in a great big way.

The crooner made this confession when a report hit Broadway again that he was engaged to Mary Brian. They went a few places together while Mary was in New York making "The Royal Family."



The haircut that cost \$1,500! And the only man who ever made money out of one. Fox wanted John Loder to play a German submarine officer in "The Seas Beneath." John said the trick German haircut would keep him out of work for two weeks. So Fox gave him \$1,500, John got his neck clipped, and played the big rôle!

"Mary and I are just good friends," said Mr. Vallée, simply.

So, girls, you still have your piece of mind. But you haven't Rudy!

**T**HE ten days that Clara Bow spent making exteriors for "No Limit" were the busiest professionally but the quietest socially she's ever spent on or about the so-called Main Stem.

By day she worked like a nailer under the

baton of Director Frank Tuttle. She made scenes on the Elevated, in an Automat restaurant, in and about a house on Fifth Avenue, and on Upper Broadway in front of a neighborhood movie theater.

She tied up traffic whenever she and her cameras appeared.

The funniest crowd was one of 5,000 people who gathered to gape as Clara made scenes on the Ninth Avenue Elevated platform at 104th St. Wise boys in the crowd insisted that Clara was going to do a swan dive to the street a hundred feet below—and some insisted she would wear a red silk bathing suit. That experience was too much for Clara. She fainted from excitement, push and hard work.

After hours she hid in her hotel and missed Hollywood. She didn't even see Harry Richman. And she went back to Hollywood happy as a kid and impatient for her bungalow.

**W**ALTER HUSTON and Gilda Gray have been seen dining and dancing places together. What would Lincoln say?

**T**HERE was another stock market crash in November, but it was just Nancy Carroll visiting the New York Stock Exchange.

The pretty little carrot-top quite upset routine business.

Trading on the floor was suspended momentarily, and bulls and bears alike gave the Bronx baby doll a great big cheer. (Not a Bronx cheer!)

In fact, Nancy was forced to a speech, and made a short one gracefully. After which both bulls and bears leaped upon the lambs with renewed courage and good cheer.

**W**HEN Chevalier gets back from France his next yarn will be waiting for him on the Paramount lot.

It's "A Cavalier of the Streets," written by no less a personage than the distinguished Armenian loiterer in Mayfair, Mr. Michael Arlen.

Mike, you may or may not remember, had the younger set by its pink ears with "The Green Hat" and so on just a few years ago. *Sic transit gloria mundi* and Mickey.



Little Poker-Face visits the place where people make money making many faces. In short, Helen Wills Moody, the world's greatest feminine tennis player, on a visit to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. With her is Joan Crawford, who did much to make Helen's Hollywood studio stay both pleasant and interesting



However, it looks like a fine story for Maurice, and he can't get back to punching the Paramount time clock any too soon for us.

**EARL CARROLL**, the revue producer, is trying to sign up Greta Garbo for one of his big girl-operas. No dice, says Garbo. Fat chance, Earl!

**THE** announcer gets out his megaphone, expands his barrel chest, and yells "Vic McLaglen batting for Gary Cooper!"

The Strong Boy of Fox has been busted into the rôle opposite Marlene Dietrich in her second American picture, "Dishonored," to be directed by Joseph Von Sternberg. Cooper was still busy in "Fighting Caravans," so Big Vic got the nod.

He should do well, playing the Russian spy doing his snooping in the Austrian army. Dietrich, Paramount's hot potato, is another spy. The picture seems to be a game of Hi-spy!

**HERE'S** the latest stage-door news of film folks:

Colleen Moore's first stage play, "On the Loose," closed after a few weeks on the road, before it ever saw the light of Broadway. Colleen was said to be miscast in it. Too bad, but there are other rôles, and we hope the next one is heaped with butter and jam for the little Colleen.

Basil Rathbone, of the stage, who has recently supported such popular actresses as Chatterton and Shearer in pictures, and Montague Love, are playing in "A Kiss Is Important," which will probably be taken to Broadway later in the season.

"With Privileges," starring Alma Rubens, closed after a brief run. 'Twas said to be due to the star's temperamental disposition, and a little matter of additional salary.

Olga Baclanova, former star of the Moscow Art Theater, who has been playing in vaudeville recently, is planning to crash Broadway shortly to be starred in a play as yet unnamed.

**NORMA SHEARER**—star, young mother and new Academy prize-winner—will be back at work when you read this.

Her first picture since the birth of Irving Thalberg, Jr., will be "Strangers May Kiss," Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee," wrote it.

**AS** this is written, exotic, vampish, black-haired Rita La Roy and exotic, vampish, blonde-haired Natalie Moorhead aren't exactly speaking. It seems Natalie replaced Rita in the cast of "Hook, Line and Sinker," the new comedy opus for Wheeler-and-Woolsey at Radio Pictures, a few days after shooting began.

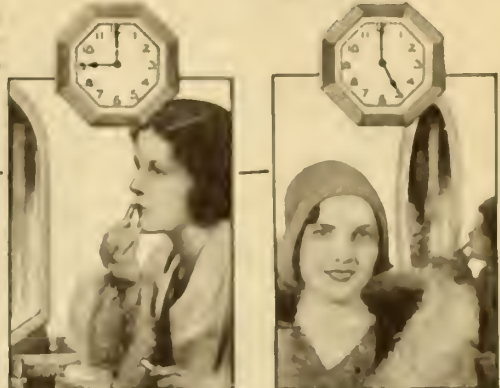
"Why?" people asked.  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

## January Birthdays

- January 1—Charles Bickford, William Haines
- January 3—Eddie Gribbon, Marion Davies
- January 6—Tom Mix, Loretta Young
- January 8—Alexander Gray
- January 9—Vilma Banky
- January 10—Pauline Starke
- January 11—Monte Blue, Chester Conklin
- January 13—Kay Francis
- January 14—Bebe Daniels
- January 15—Charles King
- January 16—Harry Carey
- January 17—Nils Asther, Noah Beery, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers
- January 18—Oliver Hardy
- January 19—Virginia Valli
- January 23—Sally Starr
- January 28—Ernst Lubitsch

# Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

*New 8-hour lip coloring formulated—on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."*



You apply when you go out

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

**EDNA WALLACE HOPPER**, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. *An utterly new kind of lipstick.*

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

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## The NEW Kissproof INDELIBLE Lipstick



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(Right) Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.

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# NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]

"She was stealing the picture," say Rita's friends.

"She wasn't the type," say Wheeler-and-Woolsey, laconically.

Nice, chummy business, this movie racket!

## CHESTER "KING LEER" MORRIS is a daddy.

The newcomer's name is Cynthia. Mamma and daughter did well, and father just dandy.

SEEMS as if the Haines family has given up Virginia for Hollywood. Billy's sister, Ann, has taken a job at Howard Greer's shop. She is acting as hostess. She ushers the customers in and bids the mannequins show their niftiest costumes.

HERE'S a nice little lesson in loyalty.

Al Jolson owns two race horses, Concord and Kildaire. At the Jamaica races he figured that Concord didn't have a chance. So he bet on another horse. Concord was sore and, just to get even, won the race.

LEATRICE JOY isn't content with being an ornament to stage and screen and being the mamma of Leatrice, Jr. Oh, no! Not Lea!

Now she's bought a ten-acre fruit ranch near Van Nuys, Calif., and is building a colonial home on the property to which she can retreat when the world gets a bit thickish.

Want any dudes on your ranch, Lea, so you can have a dude ranch? I'll put on my new salt and pepper suit and be right over.

JOAN and Young Doug are giving up their home, "El Jodo," and although Joan is interested in the new prospects she is sad to leave since there is sentiment attached to every nail and board in that house.

It is a Spanish house, you know, but slowly they've been refurbishing it in English style. They've just made a trade for another location and will build an English type house on it.

In the meantime, they'll live in an apartment.

FRANCES DEE was so well-liked by her Paramount bosses in the Chevalier picture, "Playboy of Paris," that they handed her a new contract.

And what do we say? Oh, the obvious thing! DEE-lighted!

REX "Black Eye" Lease is rivaling Clara Bow for breaking into the newspapers.

His fiancée, Betty Pierce, the girl who came to his defense so nobly during the Vivian Duncan affair, has broken her engagement with him.

They're mumbling something about being good friends still.

The story is going the rounds that, at a recent party, Rex announced his engagement to a stage star, but it was all in fun. The girl, however, took it seriously and stoutly maintains that Rex is engaged to her.

THERE'S something odious about a comparison. At least that's what Marlene Dietrich believes. A young English newspaperman tells the story of his interview with the Dietrich. It seems that in order to begin things pleasantly, he said, "I want to tell you how popular you are in London, Miss Dietrich. Your picture has been a tremendous success there. In fact you're as well liked as—as Greta Garbo."

BY the time you read this Jack Gilbert will be in Europe.

He and a writer pal of his, Willis Goldbeck, went together.

Ina is in New York.

The studio hasn't any stories ready for Jack so he'll frolic for four months until they find some.

Jack has been on a terrible nerve strain since the talkies. He needs a big vacation.

GASTON GLASS, at thirty-two, is getting married. The bride is Lioba Karlin, twenty-one.

They met when both were appearing in "The Great Gabbo" under Jim Cruze's direction, and Jim is staging the wedding at his Flintridge estate.

## LOVE AND SUCH THINGS—

—The Mesdames Conway Tearle are suing. Mrs. Tearle No. 2—the actor's current wife—filed suit against Mrs. Tearle No. 1 (ex-wife) for \$9,659. No. 2 complains that No. 1, in suing Conway for back alimony, caused two of Present Mrs. Tearle's automobiles to be illegally seized.

—"Mickey Neilan and I are very good friends, even though we are divorced," explained Sarah Blanche Sweet Neilan, but she nevertheless wants the court to give her back her maiden name of Blanche Sweet. "It's not that I dislike the name, but it's too much trouble to sign papers with all the names," she added.

—A girl named Wilma Wyatt was married to a fellow named Bing Crosby, and it wasn't until several days later that the public learned that Wilma is really Dixie Lee, the blonde heating element of Fox films, and Bing is one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys.

—"Needles and pins; needles and pins; when a man's married, his trouble begins," says an old nursery rhyme, and Dolores Del Rio, immediately after becoming the wife of Art Director Cedric Gibbons, gets seriously ill and loses her contract with United Artists. And a little while later, Cedric's ex-wife in New York sues for \$500 back alimony. "I am very much surprised," Cedric says, when interrogated by reporters.

—"Lila Lee and John Farrow to marry," say newspaper headlines, and Hollywood checks. Lila is recovering in a desert sanitarium from a lung ailment and the doctors tell her she'll be all okay again in a few months. And sometime in 1931 she'll have her final decree from James Kirkwood. Johnny Farrow is a young Australian

writer who has been evident, successively, with Lila Lee, Dolores Del Rio, and recently Maureen O'Sullivan. Now it's back to Lila again and everybody's happy because Lila's happy. He's been visiting her in the desert.

—Stork-wings flap and a baby girl is added to the family cast of Director Henry King.



How do you like the new *Kiki*? This is the first picture of Mary Pickford as the famous gamine who was played on the stage by Lenore Ulric and in a silent picture by Norma Talmadge. Beside her is Gloria Swanson, newly divorced but (or and) smiling. This picture was taken at a recent conference of the United Artists stars

Hearing these words Marlene burst into tears and flew out of the room. Nor could she be persuaded to come back and give an interview.

Yet in spite of all this they persist in dressing her like Garbo on the screen and surrounding her with a cloud of mystery off the screen.

# Talking of Talkies

"THE surest way to ruin Clara Bow as a box-office star would be to circulate the report that she spends all her spare time at Christian Endeavor meetings."—Robert E. Sherwood, film critic.

"I BELIEVE that future ages will resurrect Chaplin's tattered comedies and study them as reverently as they now study Italian primitives. He will be spoken of as people now speak of Grimaldi, only his fame will be a hundredfold greater than Grimaldi's because the film audience is universal."—Frederick Lonsdale, English playwright.

"IF any former picture star is seeking a stage career he must really earn it if he wishes to be successful and make a lasting place for himself upon the stage. But picture persons who have been stars can't realize all at once that they are not the most wonderful creatures in the world, after years of fan mail and adulation."—Agnes Ayres in Variety.

"THE humble opinion of a high school girl revealed in her sincere fan letter is more valuable than the criticisms of all the experts put together."—Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal.

"REFORMERS, distrusting anything that people enjoy so much as they do the movies, look for something immoral in them to account for their popularity."—Rodney Steel in Cinema.

"THE public has a right to know what is going on inside its prisons. If 'The Big House' or any other amusement film presents the problems of the prison administrator forcefully, it contributes to better public understanding."—Warden Lawes of Sing Sing.

"ALL the advantages made possible by sound — music, dialogue, effects — will have to be more judiciously and coherently tied in with the tried and proven factors in silent picture making. Talkers do not have to talk every foot of their way merely to demonstrate that they are living up to their name."—Maurice Kann of Motion Picture News.

"I SHALL never marry. That I decided when I found how possessive women are. If a girl would be as fine a comrade in marriage as she is on the golf links or the tennis court, marriage would be a very agreeable state. But she isn't. Once she has the poor male at the altar, she believes she owns him and takes no pains to conceal from him that conviction."—Eugene O'Brien, actor.

"TALKIES have done away with too-white angels and too-black villains in our movies. No one in the world is either totally good or totally bad. However, in silent pictures, characterizations had to be 'pointed up' so they could be easily recognized. In dialogue pictures, characters can be played on a more normal basis."—Director William C. De Mille.



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I am not just a little Christmas card, or a present that turns green with the spring. You can't lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend's house and say, "Phyllis sent me here again because she wants you to remember me all through the year." I know you will like me because everybody does. I won't allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year. You can't send a more economical or more pleasing gift. Just make out a list of your friends, attach them to this coupon, and send them in right away. You can send one or twenty. There's no limit. Get your Christmas shopping off your mind.

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# Mitzi Goes Shopping

—and buys  
these outfits for  
California winter

It's our guess that lots of little girls will be begging mother for a Roman striped dress "just like Mitzi Green's." Hers is striped in red, white and green, with a wide bertha of white crepe



To snare the eye of the nice boy across the aisle, consider this swagger red utility coat with matching beret. The coat is belted and caped just like big sister's



Tailored and neat for school wear, yet feminine enough to gladden any girl's heart. White linen, patterned in shades of blue, with collar and cuffs of pleated organdie and ribbon tie

Mitzi's party dress of white crepe. The jaunty tie, straight pleated skirt, and bright squares of embroidery make this an unusually distinctive and attractive frock for any child



# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**CLAIRE LUCE** ("Up the River," Fox) is one of Mr. Ziegfeld's most distinguished blonde graduates. Claire was the dazzling little girl who carried the feather fan and danced in "The Follies." Turning to drama, she scored in "Burlesque" in London. Claire is twenty-three, five feet three, and happily married to Clifford Warren Smith, a vurry rich young man.



**SPENCER TRACY** ("Up the River," Fox) is another stage boy who's clicked loudly in talkies. Born in Milwaukee in 1900, Spencer studied for the stage, and scored his greatest hit in "The Last Mile," the sensational prison play whose cast he left in mid-run to join up with Fox. Tracy is married to Louise Treadwell, and is the daddy of a five-year-old son.



**GENEVIEVE TOBIN** ("A Lady Surrenders," Universal) has been for some years a well known leading woman in the theater, her career dating back to "Little Old New York." Her sister is Vivian Tobin, an actress of equal rank and note. Genevieve is small and blonde. Her last New York stage appearance was a trip into musical comedy in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."



**HUMPHREY BOGART** ("Up the River," Fox) is a New York boy who has been a stage juvenile for several years, playing in seads of shows—many hits, such as "Meet the Wife," "Saturday's Children," and "It's a Wise Child." He's thirty years old. Bogart was once the husband of Helen Menken. He's now married to Mary Phillips, also a well known actress.



**DOROTHY CHRISTY** ("Playboy of Paris," Paramount) is another glorified Ziegfeld graduate, and has appeared in other musical shows. She was born in Reading, Penna., and educated there and at finishing schools. Dorothy is tall and blonde. Fox signed her for a rôle in "So This Is London," after seeing her in support of Marjorie Rambeau in Los Angeles.



**MONROE OWSLEY** ("Holiday," Pathe) is a Georgia boy who started in the newspaper business. After a year on the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* he went on the stage, and played in stock. He made his Broadway début in "Young Blood," and later played the rôle in "Holiday" that he was soon to do on the screen. Since then he's done three more talkies.



**GENEVA MITCHELL** ("Her Wedding Night," Paramount) is still another who began as a chorister in Ziegfeld's girl opera. Later she became a specialty dancer, and still later was Leon Errol's leading woman in "Louie the Fourteenth" on tour. She made her picture début with Charles Rogers in "Safety in Numbers"—playing one of the numbers.



**JAMES CAGNEY** ("The Doorway to Hell," Warners) is another New York stage product who shows definite talent in talkies. When Cagney finished at Columbia University he went into the theater, appearing in musical comedy and later "Outside Looking In," "Women Go On Forever," and "Maggie the Magnificent." Whereupon Warners took him for pictures.



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# Chatterton and Barrymore Lead the Screen in 1930

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

standingly good and there is no tried and true trouser in Hollywood who is in more constant demand.

Some of these two-best boys are hundred per centers, notably Messrs. Arliss, Gilbert, Colman and Sills. Gilbert, after a bad start in 1929, came back with two good shows in the fussed-over "Redemption" and "Way for a Sailor." It seems certain that Jack has been consistently underrated as an actor. In the silent days his activities as a screen lover stole the show from his actual trouping ability, and during his sad talkie debut the deficiencies of his speaking voice were tragically over-estimated.

**T**HIS two-bests list gives one of the keys to why the men have stolen the 1930 show from their sisters under the grease-paint.

It is probable that in the history of pictures no year was ever so productive of able male recruits—most of them, of course, from the training ground of the theater.

Montgomery, Morris, March, Bickford—probably the four fastest comers. In Chevalier we gained a new demi-god.

Colman, under the microphone, has hit a new record high.

Young Ayres arrived, via a jazz band, as an exceptionally appealing juvenile.

Show me the woman who doesn't want to mother the boy!

Add to this influx the fact that the great majority of the year's best stories were aimed dead at the trousered sex and you have the answer to the male domination of the year's record.

Gangster, war and prison pieces were decidedly "in" all year, and the rebirth of Westerns with sound wave gave the noble cowboys and the gay caballeros a shot. Air pictures were good, too.

**A**ND it seems to me to be an irrefutable fact that the raging microphone is much easier on the voices of men than on the shriller, reedier notes of the sisters.

Which is, of course, a matter for report by the sound engineers.

We must consider, too, that the talkies knocked off many of the goddesses of the silent days who were without sound voice training and practice in general stage department. When the screen let out a howl it was fatal to many synthetic stars, beauty contest winners, mere pretty girls at a dime a dozen and all those ladies whose screen pre-eminence rested on nothing more substantial than some training in the elements of pantomime.

Fate so willed that most of the male actors of the old era had some grounding in the art of the stage, while a far smaller percentage of the frail sex were so fitted as to withstand the shock of the new deal. Many a lady got by on glamour, while the gentlemen, alas, were forced to know something about the business of acting.

Thus, when the cyclone struck, they lived. The pretty faces, many of them, were blown into oblivion and points South.

In mulling over the 176 best performances listed in PHOTOPLAY, I find that no less than eighty-seven—or one less than half the total—were given by men and women who have come to pictures since the dawn of talkies—namely, and roughly speaking, the year 1927!

Thus, in three years, the cohorts of the stage have drawn equal, in performance of their duty, to the hosts of the elder screen, which has been coaching and projecting its people for twenty years.

**I**N short, it is now practically an even break between the newcomers and the old guard, which never surrenders.

This is another way of saying that Hollywood's needed, great—and often tragic—weeding out process has been completed. The sheep have now been separated from the goats. The screen's talents have been weighed and assayed, and the unfit have been forced into retirement or to other fields of endeavor. It had to be so—and it was!

And it must be added that in these three years the fears, dislikes and inferiority complexes that made Hollywood an armed town in 1928 have all been dissipated. Those of the stage and those of the screen are now one big

camp making talkies and mining gold—and if any knives flash in the California sun, they come out in matters that are purely personal, whether social or business.

So far, I have spoken by the book, making deductions and drawing conclusions from the written record of twelve months in the cinema trenches. Such are the chief uses of proxy statistics.

I hope I may now be permitted, from a close study of the screen activities of the year now closing, to express an opinion that is buttressed by facts.

It is my settled notion that the outstanding advance of the year, in the acting line, was scored by Norma Shearer.

**O**UR four-star beauties, Chatterton and Barrymore, came to the speaking screen fortified with years of stage experience—their voices trained and pitched, their department while in full cry settled and sure by virtue of years of practice of their profession.

La Belle Shearer, on the other hand, was a program star of the purest motion picture stripe, and certainly not the leading pantomimist in films.

Faced with the problem of root or die, Norma chose to root.

By means of stupendous labors with voice and lines, she rose in one brief year to the status of a high comedy star whose abilities any older trouser might well envy.

In "Let Us Be Gay" she stood shoulder to shoulder with one other veteran of the lots, Rod La Rocque, and played a brilliant cast of stage actors quite off its feet. If there's an extra large mess of bays and laurels lying about, I vote that they be passed to Mlle. Shearer, with three loud hoochs and a couple of Bengal tigers.

**W**E feel that this magazine's list of best performances is, in the main, a very sound and admirable compilation. The conclusions here drawn are not only accurate, speaking strictly by the book, but significant of what happened in screendom in 1930—the year that saw the talkies come of age.

## Mr. Brook Hates Tea

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77 ]

high-hattedness. It isn't. It's not a pose, either. It's simply Clive Brook—a combination of his natural reserve and his own intellectual leanings. Physically, he goes for tennis and golf and a bit of swimming. He hates these hard American tennis courts—lawn courts are his favorite.

**A**ND he hates people who wear colors when playing tennis.

"Tennis should be played in white," he says, and gets really worked up about it—far more than the subject calls for. That's one of the peculiar traits about the man—one of his very few idiosyncrasies.

He can get more wrought up arguing about the proper clothes for tennis than he can about really important matters.

Another thing that distresses him is sloppy women. One of his pet aversions is a woman who doesn't keep her hair well dressed. And he's a keen critic on women's clothes. He couldn't design a dress if his life depended on it, and he can't name most of the colors or materials women wear.

Yet he can tell what's wrong with a woman's costume at a glance—and can constructively criticize so that she can correct it.

He remembers a woman's clothes and remarks about it to her afterward. They adore him for it.

One interviewer who wore a lovely diamond ring on her left hand came away raving.

"He asked about my ring and told me it was a lovely engagement ring," she gushed. "He's the first man in Hollywood who ever even noticed it!"

He's typically British in many ways, of course.

Yet his accent is not too British. His friends—the intimate ones—constitute a British *clique* in Hollywood.

Ernest Torrence and Ronald Colman are among them. But he hasn't many intimates among the players.

**H**E doesn't care for the social round that characterizes the ordinary motion picture actor's life—so he stays away from them and it.

In dress, he's paradoxical. His clothes are of the best, yet he could by no means be called the typical "well-dressed man." He likes above all to be comfortable.

And yet, he can wear a dress suit better than any other man in Hollywood—even Colman!

For smoking, he likes a pipe. He smokes cigars and cigarettes, too. Strange, but one of the excessively few "sloppy" traits about the man is that, now and then, he'll let a cigarette or cigar stub hang from his lower lip.

**B**UT even so, he still does it like a gentleman," swears a feminine admirer. And if you can figure that out, go ahead.

The man's background finds him born into a well-to-do English family. He studied law at Dulwich College. His father had investments in South African mines, and the war rather tightened things for the family. So Brook took a secretarial job at a club, and through acquaintances, became interested in theatricals.

That was why, when he enlisted, he signed

up as a private with the Artists' Rifles—an infantry company made up of writers, actors, artists. He came out of the war a major in the machine gun service—shell-shocked. So badly shocked, in fact, that during the last year of the war he was invalided home and served in training camps teaching new recruits how to do it.

The shell shock still is with him.

It manifests itself in his inability to remember names.

He even forgot Charlie Chaplin's name once when he was toastmaster at a dinner! But everybody in Hollywood knows about it, and forgave him.

About most things, Brook is temperate. But as to persons, he forms violent likes or dislikes. There's never any half-way. But the persons never know which it is, because

with that typical reserve and politeness he makes everyone think: "Clive Brook likes me."

He is outstandingly kind. He has the quality of kindness more notably than most other people.

"You can't imagine Clive Brook ever saying or doing an unkind or cynical thing," is the way his acquaintances put it.

To beginners in anything, he's helpful and kind always.

Young interviewers, trembling with awe in his presence, find themselves suddenly sitting by while Brook interviews himself for their edification.

Young players find him ever ready to aid in whatever way he can.

And here's an odd thing—although he's English, he positively detests tea!

## Hollywood's Only Contented Man

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

several years ago he worked for a director, a big figure in the industry, whom he drove daily past my house. The director would snort sometimes, when they would see me about, reading or in the garden, and say, 'That Kerrigan is crazy; passing his life that way, when he could be out making money and having a good time in the world.'

"He spent his money winning and dining and partying around.

"Just the other day, the chauffeur tells me, he met him walking along the same road to work, past my house. He is working as an extra man now.

"Say, you know, I guess it was me, and not Kerrigan, that was crazy," he said."

Warren Kerrigan has what all Hollywood dreams of having some day, but is too busy, too gold mad, too vain, to stop and enjoy. Kerrigan sits on his porch (not a patio, mind) and watches the changing procession go by.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Wherein such pleasant things I find—"

He's the contented sage of Happy Valley (the old pre-real estate name for that part of Whitley Heights) that same valley that holds the deserted homes where Rudolph Valentino and Barbara LaMarr spent youth, talent, money, love and even life, with lavish hand, and did not get what he has—contentment!



The men behind the camera. The Head Boys watching preparations made for a scene for Paramount's "Fighting Caravans," starring Gary Cooper and Lily Damita. Left to right they are Otto Brower, co-director; Charles Barton, assistant director; Warren Lynch, second cameraman; Lee Garmes, first cameraman, and Bill Shea, film editor



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 Blonde  Brunette

# Cut Picture Puzzle Contest Winners

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

as I am anxious that they should learn music along with their school education. This would be an excellent start for them. I have always been fond of and interested in the screen's actors and actresses who bring such great recreation to all.

"This is my second try at the contest, as I do not believe in giving up."

PHOTOPLAY extends to the seventy winners its heartiest congratulations. The \$5,000 in cash prizes will be in their hands in ample time

to help make a bright and merry Christmas. And to those who did not win, we say, try again next year.

Some who failed before were rewarded this year with capital prizes. Your luck may change, too!

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## The Thirty-Two Correct Cut Puzzle Answers

June	July	August	September
Laura La Plante	Marion Davies	Sue Carol	Janet Gaynor
Anita Page	Ruth Chatterton	Joan Bennett	Bessie Love
Loretta Young	Corinne Griffith	Nancy Carroll	Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford	Bebe Daniels	Mary Brian	Greta Garbo
Richard Barthelmess	Charles Farrell	Ronald Colman	Milton Sills
Charles Rogers	William Haines	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Jack Mulhall
Richard Dix	Gary Cooper	Maurice Chevalier	Neil Hamilton
Clive Brook	John Gilbert	Ramon Novarro	William Powell



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THEODORE TROPANSKY

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*Sovereigns of the Silver Screen*

LOUIS DUDECK

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MISS HENRIETTE MICHON

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*Star Quill*

DELLA WHITE

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# Gone—Another Ingénue

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

And every time the constant effort to please. Every time the attempt at winning a new audience.

She sprained her ankle in Chicago. It was strapped up and, in agony, she played the next show.

After eight weeks of the tour she felt that she couldn't go on.

But George made her go on.

**I**LL and weak, she used to leave the stage and faint in his arms. He'd carry her to her dressing room and revive her for the next performance.

Forty-two weeks of the most strenuous life in show business.

Esther Ralston, shy as an olive on a boarding house table, demure as a chorus girl with her fiance's mother.

Esther Ralston, getting out among 'em. Dancing.

Talking out her songs. Working to win and keep her audience.

And George Webb to keep her going on.

"Oh, isn't it almost over?" Esther used to ask. "Can't we go home now to Hollywood?"

And George used to say:

"We'll play just four more weeks and then we'll go home."

**T**HIS happened again and again until the "four more weeks" dragged out to forty-two. For George knew what was happening to Esther. When he caught the act from out front he could hear her voice hitting the top balcony, and as he saw her daily gaining more and more confidence and showing more and

more courage he realized that, when the time came, she could return not merely to the lovely house that was waiting for her but to a new career on the screen.

Esther has socked old man tradition on the nose, for it is the law of Hollywood that a vaudeville tour sounds the death knell of a picture career.

When she did return and was given a screen test an executive said, "Her voice is lovely. It has warmth and sympathy, but I do feel that having been away from Hollywood is a mistake."

George smiled wisely and remembered her first talking films.

She would not have had a chance were it not for that amazing year.

So Esther is back in Hollywood and she has just picked one of the ripest film plums. She is Lawrence Tibbett's leading woman in "The Southerner."

She plays the part of a smart, sophisticated woman of the world.

**S**HE was offered \$5,000 a week from one of the large studios before she made the M-G-M arrangement, but Webb turned it down because he felt the rôle was not suitable for her come-back. The money, you see, is not the main issue. She earned \$3,500 a week in vaudeville.

George is wise enough to know that her first screen part must establish her as a different personality.

"No more sappy ingénues for me!" said Esther.

The change in the woman herself is actual.

She walks about in the same body. Her hair, nose, eyes and mouth are the same, but instead of that sweet, quiet, little person there is a sure, vivid woman with opinions and confidence.

"**HARDSHIPS!**" mused Esther. "Hardships mean nothing to me now. Why, if they call me to work at five in the morning it's O. K. with me and much better than it was in vaudeville. I do my own standing-in. I think the box lunches they serve on location are banquets. Nothing is too difficult for me to try now."

It is exactly as if Esther were beginning over again.

The studio is all new and strange to her and every night she recounts to George the trifling incidents of the day.

That terrific year of stress and strain is over and Esther is a new star.

**B**UT George is the cause of it all. None of this could have been accomplished without him.

Esther not only loves him, she gives him complete worship and believes him to be the fount of all knowledge. Yet there was a time when she did not dare to so much as dispute his word.

Now they meet on a basis of understanding, their love the guiding spirit of it all.

Esther Ralston has defied tradition. She has become somebody.

George Webb did it.

And they used to call him, in Hollywood, a meddling sap!



One of these days you'll see on the screen a sturdy band of pioneer settlers fighting off the attacks of the hated red-skin. This is the way it was filmed. The platform about the improvised fort allows the camera truck to move slowly around the fighters, photographing their gallant stand from all angles. Charles Brabin is directing for Metro this thrillingly realistic frontier production, "The Great Meadow"

# Just For the Fun of It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

home' prescribed for every well-regulated business woman. But I do love to dance and in addition to taking two class lessons a week, I am invited to nice parties and dances.

"Don't misunderstand and think that my brother objects to my friends. Most of them are boys with whom he has always been chummy. He simply has the idea that I'm growing rather frivolous and forgetting that life isn't made just for laughter.

"I'd like to forget it for a while, Mrs. Van Wyck. I want to laugh a lot and do things just for the fun of doing them! I think I should, while I can. Even if you tell me I'm wrong I'm afraid I'll still believe I am doing the right thing towards myself. I feel it, *inside*."

**T**H**ERE'S** Elsie's answer. What she feels—"inside"—is probably her best guide, as it is everyone's. Especially since it injures no one else, and makes her happy.

The real test for Elsie and Jane Margaret and for all of us is to stop and think how we really feel about things, "inside." I'm sure that if Jane Margaret stops to think she will realize that it isn't necessary to sacrifice everything to ambition, that she has the right to live a little part of her life just for the fun of it!

**GAY**, South Australia:

Perhaps your diet is too rich and that is overloading your skin with oil. Or, perhaps your powder base contains too much oil for your type of skin. Try leaving it off entirely for a few weeks, as your complexion doesn't seem to require it. Cleanse your face at night with your cream, following it with a tonic lotion. In the morning use plenty of cold water, and after your face has dried thoroughly apply a light coating of powder. I think you will find this treatment will solve your complexion problems.

**VELMA:**

You sent a stamp, but no envelope and no address, so I cannot mail you the personal reply you requested. Miss Eighteen year old should weigh about 119 pounds for her height and age, and Miss Twenty-one should weigh about seven pounds more than that. I would like to send you the skin leaflets and reducing booklets, if you will write me again and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**IRIS W.:**

I don't see how you have managed to keep up enough energy to exercise strenuously on the meager nourishment your month's diet has given you. I think you are making a great mistake, Iris, in adhering to such a radical diet without the advice of a physician. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will forward my booklet of suggestions for well-balanced but non-fattening menus and simple exercises for normalizing the figure.

**D. K.:**

The cream you mention is helpful but will not keep the condition from returning. It must be used over and over again. I am happy to know that you have been so benefited by the advice in the reducing and complexion booklets.

**JEAN:**

At eighteen, you shouldn't be suffering from puffed eyelids or wrinkles under the eyes. Are you getting plenty of sleep? Eating simple, easily digested foods? Drinking plenty of water, or too much tea and coffee? Reading too much, in poor light? If none of these things seems to be at the bottom of the trouble I think you should consult an oculist to determine if you are suffering from eye-strain, or be examined by a physician.



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One of the infrequent pictures of Janet Gaynor and Husband Lydell Peck. They were snapped at the Hollywood opening of "Just Imagine." The lad at the left is the Fox director, William K. Howard



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# Hell's Angel

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

"Kristin Lavransdatter," a novel by Miss Sigrid Undset. It runs to 391 pages of fine print. Miss Harlow (Presh to me) was surprised in the middle of page four. She told me, becomingly, that if her eyes hold out and the north light is good, she expects to finish the book before Mr. Howard Hughes goes on the breadline. "Intelligent, ambitious, a seeker after the finer things," I noted.

CARELESSLY displayed on an adjacent reading table was a well-thumbed copy of the current issue of PHOToplay. "Unusually intelligent, remarkably keen and nippy, well-informed, and a connoisseur of the very best in current literature and photographic art," I was careful to note.

My subject and I then conversed amiably on divers topics, such as "Hell's Angels," the daily and periodical press, personal appearances and the latest Hollywood dirt.

"Sapristi!" I murmured to myself. "My services are not needed here. *Alors!* This young lady is a perfect specimen of the normal, healthy, happy, handsome American girl, and will the band please play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'? She has no more caruncles on her subconscious than I have United States Steel, either common or preferred! Am I dashed? *Basta!*"

At that moment lunch was served by two house detectives disguised as waiters by the addition of a few choice gravy spots.

Then the scientist in me broke out in a rash. I was on the trail—The Big Trail.

Before me stood a huge sector of honeydew melon, three thick and steaming wheat

cakes, four coy sausages, a mound of Melba toast and a sizable pot of coffee. Before my fair *vis-à-vis* rested half a grape fruit, one bran muffin and a cup of thin—almost emaciated—tea! At last! I had plumbed the unconscious of Jean Harlow!

"You are repressed!" I shouted triumphantly, and across the table was a sob.

"You have my secret!" whispered Miss Jeanie. "I have about ten pounds more than I carried during the making of 'Hell's Angels,' and I must lose it. I am allowed a thousand calories a day—and this lunch runs today's score up to 800."

"TONIGHT, I suppose, you will make a gorgeous dinner of half a peanut," I proposed.

"Please!" was all she could say.

The devil that lurks in every scientific man asserted itself. I plowed and plunged through my delectable luncheon like a whippet tank through a cup of consommé. It was terrible, but science demanded it. Miss Harlow's eyes popped out and rolled miserably around the muffin. It was all she could do to replace them. I shall spare you further details of that sad hour.

Luncheon over, Miss Harlow's sterling American girlhood once more took command. Poised, calm—though I fancied a bit weakish from hunger—she answered my questions. Yes, she dreams occasionally. Usually of three-inch steaks smothered with *champignons* and drowned in a thick gravy. No, she is not going on the stage until she is perfectly sure of herself. "Discreet and wise," I jotted.

She is under contract to Mr. Howard Hughes' productions, and is glad of it. "And why not?" I noted.

I was then presented to my subject's mother, an extremely handsome and gracious lady who calls her chick "Baby" (and so would I if I got half a chance). And then it was time to depart, inasmuch as my studies had already forced Miss Harlow to miss a date with her hair-dresser, who, I suspect, is some genteel New York jeweler like Cartier.

My research was over.

"MY dear Miss Harlow," I said, "I prescribe, for your minor spiritual complaint, a toureen of cream of cauliflower soup, a dollop of some tasty fish, a couple of square yards of *filet mignon* suitably garnished with vegetables, salad with a rich cream dressing, an assortment of pastry and half a dozen bottles of Bass' Ale. You will then, I assure you, have no further aches in your unconscious."

"Ah, but how about my hips?" she asked, sadly. "None the less, I'll think over your prescription while I am eating my olive at dinner."

It had been a most pleasant two hours, this meeting. Miss Harlow is a thoroughly charming girl, and excellent company, and her mother is all that a mother should be. They seemed to forgive my scientific enthusiasm, and their attitude inferred that they considered me an affable and well-conducted young man. Miss Jean, in particular, was most cordial. "Because she likes nice things," I jotted, as I backed out of the suite and fell down an elevator shaft.



Just a little embroidering lesson on a set. Between scenes for "Reducing," the new Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy, Marie appears to be teaching the younger set how to cross-stitch. From left to right, the class consists of Buster Keaton, Polly Moran, William Collier, Jr., Sally Eilers, Anita Page and Dear Teacher. The pupil who doesn't drop a stitch will be rewarded with a nice big close-up!

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

### A Swedish Bouquet

Stockholm, Sweden

Maurice Chevalier is my great favorite and I think he is that of all the country. In our venerable old school all the girls have fallen into hopeless love with Chevalier. I have seen "The Love Parade" five times!

The best number in "Paramount on Parade" was Mitzi Green's. How can so small a girl as Mitzi do gestures and mimic absolutely like Chevalier!

BIRGITTA LINDEGREN

### The Goddess Rebuked

Warren, Ohio

If Greta ever expects to master the English language, she'll have to speak it in her own home. Why does she speak Swedish or German there? She's living in America and living on good American money. Why not try using the good old language?

MRS. L. E. HAZEL

### The Gentle Sex

Lincoln, Neb.

What a fight! What a battle! I've just seen "The Spoilers" and the fight between Boyd and Cooper.

The blows landed! The grunts came from the stomach! The falls and crashes weren't faked!

For years I've endured bread and milk fights.

BERNICE BELL

### Spanked!

Kansas City, Kan.

Oh, Ruth, how could you make such a fool of yourself in "Anybody's Woman"! Think of you shockingly drunk in that awful picture. Please tell them not to have you lit up like that again. And say, can't you let up a little on the smoking, too?

L. DICKINSON

### Come On, Let's Fight

Bayonne, N. J.

Who ever said Lawrence Tibbett or Maurice Chevalier could measure up to John Boles?

Tibbett has a voice like a thunderbolt.

Chevalier's nothing but a crooner.

M. N.

### Laughing Gas

Methuen, Mass.

Suffering the agonizing throb of toothache, I have attended theaters where Laurel and Hardy comedies were showing, and after they had so disrupted my trend of thought by their hilarious antics, I have left the theater sans toothache.

Laurel and Hardy do not receive the credit due them.

R. VINCENT RAFF

### Ah, Bitter Truth!

Asheville, N. C.

When the movie magazines cruelly revealed that Dick Barthelmess was married, I took the blow. But I never saw another Barthelmess picture.

Now comes the awful truth about Robert Montgomery. Not only married, but expect-

ing the stork. Do you think I want to see him again? Emphatically no!

MARY CARTER

### Bones!

Longview, Texas

I once was very fond of Joan Crawford, but not since I can see her ribs!

MRS. LILLIAN BROWN

### Here's Love!

Houston, Texas

I would rather see Greta in a newsreel than all the other stars combined in a fifty-reel feature.

GRACE SLATE

### Unanswered Call

Los Angeles, Calif.

Delightful comedy, extraordinary beauty—and they name it "Call of the Flesh"!

The people to whom the title is expected to appeal will not appreciate the picture, while lovers of beauty will not penetrate the ugly disguise. No wonder the public is staying away from pictures!

M. S.

### The Spell

Utica, N. Y.

Remember *Svengali* in "Trilby"? He was the gentleman who transferred his talents to the girl by hypnotic methods. Well, Janet Gaynor is the *Svengali* for Charles Farrell. Without Gaynor, Farrell is a self-conscious actor with a collar ad profile. Contrast his work in "7th Heaven" with that of "Liliom." He has been mediocre in every Gaynorless production. Janet is his guiding star.

GEORGE ABBATE

### Mental Kisses

Louisville, Ky.

Why not have the hero and heroine embrace in the finale without the stereotyped kiss? Preparation is the best part of a trip. The same applies here. Let 'em make goo-goo eyes at each other all they wish; then leave the rest to the imagination.

MRS. CAROL CARLTON

### Be Nutty, Marie!

Springfield, Vt.

Why not co-star Marie Dressler and Charles Ruggles? They are certainly the best comedians in the talkies. Lots of us like to go to the theater for a good laugh.

MRS. HOLLIS C. WRIGHT

### How About Stan Laurel?

Joplin, Mo.

Is there such a thing as a modest hero? The conceit of the present-day movie hero is amazing!

Ramon Novarro's attitude of "Isn't this cute?" Jack Oakie's "Get a load of this." William Powell's "That's very well, but I've something more up my sleeve." And so on.

Let's have a bashful hero—not too bashful, but just a little less brazen than the ordinary run.

NEIDA HARRIS

## A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

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# The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

## **BROTHERS—Columbia**

BERT LYTELL playing two brothers in a melodramatic thriller isn't as effective or exciting on the screen as he was on the stage. Dual rôles in pictures somehow lack the hocus-pocus quality that adds to their interest behind the footlights. Nevertheless, this is entertaining enough, with certain high spots and a truly delightful finale.

## **UNDER SUSPICION—Fox**

HERE'S a grand travelogue of the gorgeous Northwest, and even though you may not care very much what happens to the hero and the villain, you'll get your money's worth out of the scenery. The title sounds like the usual crook stuff, but it's really something sentimental about the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Lois Moran does exceptionally fine work.

## **ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT— (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)— Associated Cinemas**

BY all odds the most charming sound picture yet to come from Germany. It is so gay and light-hearted and tuneful that it simply steals the heart, this sprightly little operetta in the Viennese manner. It ran for several weeks to packed houses at a little New York theater. The names of the cast mean nothing to American audiences, but they are all deft, smart players. All-German talk.

## **SUSPENSE—British International**

A WAR story that will please those who like battle stuff, though the action is pretty slow here and there. The title comes from the fact that a group of British soldiers is driven half balmy by a constant tapping near their dugout, indicating that the enemy is running a mine and that they may be wafted skyward any minute. Jack Rayne and Cyril McLaglen, one of Victor's brothers, do well.

## **SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal**

A HALF dozen reels of Langdon-Summer-ville clowning, flung helter-skelter over a skeleton story which concerns itself with the ultra-Chicago-scale warfare of two bootlegger gangs. There are several high spots of mechanical humor, but, after all, it's almost impossible to stretch a two-reel plot and assortment of gags and gangs into a feature-length comedy. The result is yawnsome.

## **THE LION AND THE LAMB—Columbia**

HERE'S another gangster story which includes a fire, a chase in a storm and a lot of guns. There's supposed to be some good clean fun but they'll have to do better than that to get you to laugh. Walter Byron, Miriam Segar and Carmel Myers are the principals, but the bright spot is the work of Charles Gerrard as one of the crooks.

## **MURDER—British International**

OUR British cousins have turned out a smart, well-constructed and very entertaining murder mystery talkie in this one. It has the usual amateur detective, well played here by Herbert Marshall, with the background a traveling theatrical stock company. See—it's different! Norah Baring, the leading woman, is excellent. One of the best from Elstree recently.

## **HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions**

WELL, well, well. They've given Bob Steele a horse and his cowboy suit and a brace of guns again, and turned some cameras loose on the result. It's whoopee and a couple of hundred bangs, and if you like your Westerns straight and hot, you'll go for this in a big way. If you don't, you may as well stay home and play backgammon.

## **FAIR WARNING—Fox**

CHESTY Georgie O'Brien once again proves that it's a risky business being the villain in a Western picture. Not that Georgie is the villain—oh, Heaven forbid! He's the hero



International

Meet Gaston Glass' new wife. She's Lioba "Bo-Peep" Karlin, also in pictures. Gaston's been around the studios a long time, and he found his bride in the cast of a picture on which he was working

who punctures the villain with some well-placed lead, and thereby restores everybody's faith in the quaint idea that honesty is the best policy. Mitchell Harris as the hissing villain is a fine target.

## **DICH HAB' ICH GELIEBT— (Because I Loved You)—Aafa Tobis**

ALTHOUGH this is shown in the German version, its action is so essentially true to the tradition of MOVING pictures that the story can be easily understood by a person knowing not a word of that language. It tells a sweet love story, with some charming music and a few heart throbs. It shows how modern German film technique uses dialogue only incidentally, not on every inch of sound track.

## **CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia**

SO many people have played in this story that in 1912 a "Charley's Aunt Club" was formed in London composed entirely of people who had played in it. But it is excellent farce and this, combined with Charlie Ruggles' antics, makes it worth seeing again. Also, Doris Lloyd gives an exceptionally fine performance as the real aunt, while June Collyer adds beauty and distinction.

## **THE THIRD ALARM— Tiffany Productions**

THIS was a grand old thriller of the silent films. And then, it seems, somebody figured it would make a grand sound picture, what with all the noise you can make with sirens! So they borrowed fire engines and firemen's suits and burned up a lot of prop fire stuff. Jimmy Hall, Hobart Bosworth, Anita Louise and others try hard, but it's just one of those things.

## **PART TIME WIFE—Fox**

THIS is one of those nice, entertaining comedies so well done that you don't mind its being hokum. You've never seen Eddie Lowe in a funny rôle before, but he does a grand job and this kid Tommy Clifford (remember him in "Song O' My Heart"?) is a natural. A golf course is the scene of both the drama and the comedy. You'll like it.

## **COSTELLO CASE—Sono Art— James Cruze**

ANOTHER underworld yarn, with heart interest and devilment spread on thick for the popular trade. It's the story of a murder, with the boy and girl suspected, but the gang boss the real culprit. Tom Moore plays a wise copper effectively, and Lola Lane is pretty as the leading girl. Others—Wheeler Oakman, Russell Hardie, Jack Richardson. Not too hot.

## **PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEAS CRUISE— Travel-Epics**

EX-GOVERNOR GIFFORD PINCHOT of Pennsylvania, with his wife and son, went on a pleasure cruise to strange places in the South Seas. They brought back a continually interesting and instructive, and frequently beautiful and thrilling, camera record. And there's not a studio fake shot in it. Pinchot's lecture is dubbed in entertainingly.

## **ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures**

FROM the British studios comes this talkie based on a successful stage play done in this country by Leslie Howard. In the English film version the distinguished Sir Gerald Du Maurier plays the lead, supported by an able enough cast. The central figure is an escaped prisoner. Far too talky a talkie, and far from the best the mother country has turned out.

## **LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia**

WELL, if our old pal *The Lone Wolf*, in the person of the ageless Bert Lytell, isn't all gummed up in a mythical kingdom! This one is Saxonia, and Bert is turned loose from jail by the *Prime Minister* in order that he can steal the *Queen's* ring—to preserve her fair name! A lot of rushing about, with acting *a la mode* by Bert, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lucien Prival and Otto Matiesen.

**THE FLAME OF LOVE**  
—British International

ANNA MAY WONG, once of Hollywood and lately of Germany and England, makes her talkie debut in America in this British picture. Anna May is passable as a Chinese girl in Russia speaking dull United States, but the picture is slow, the cast sleepy and the whole thing a great strain.

**EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions**

REMEMBER sitting up in the balcony weeping over "East Lynne"? Well, here's that old thriller dressed up in modern clothes, seated in a futuristic chair and re-titled "Ex-Flame." Can you bear it? Made quite obviously for the box-office, it fails where it should be most dramatic. At no time do Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon seem to feel that they're playing real characters.

**THE CONCENTRATIN' KID—Universal**

HOOT GIBSON gives a good show in this picture, but he's pretty much stymied by a weak-sister story. Hoot plays a cowboy who falls in love with a radio voice, and he vows to win the girl. P. S. He does. She's Kathryn Crawford. But the story doesn't hold together, and is plenty far fetched. Weak entertainment.

**THE LAND OF MISSING MEN—Tiffany Productions**

BOB STEELE Western, offering nothing new or unusual. Although a talkie, it's made in the good old silent way. Al St. John, the perennial, appears. Some hard ridin'. And there isn't a single other thing to say about it.

**LOOSE ENDS—British International**

THE British have a go at a problem drama here. It concerns a chap released into a new world after fifteen years in the brig, and his adventures in marriage with an extremely broad-minded actress. The leads are played by Edna Best, Adrienne Allen, Owen Nares and Donald Calthrop. An extremely wordy picture, and a little too weak in story and direction to be of much interest.



Chicago, Ill.

I am alone in a big city, making my way. Everybody seems to be in a hurry, too busy to befriend a lonely girl. In desperation I turned to movies. Here I find food for the soul. Something to think about. Something to dream about. Something to look forward to. Beautiful women — handsome men — mellow voices.

How they soothe me. I return from a movie with new hopes.

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Molly Krol

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# Ex-Millionaire

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

government came and demanded tens of thousands more from me.

"I hadn't kept papers to prove they were wrong, so I had to pay it."

**E**VEN after he couldn't get picture jobs anymore, there was vaudeville. But with the demise of vaudeville, that income source vanished.

From that and his stock holdings, he used to get about \$50,000 a year after his hey-day was passed.

But then, last year, came the stock market crash, and everything he had left was wiped out.

"And here I am, now, broke. Flat broke, and I mean flat broke," he says. "But I've no regrets. I'm sure if I had to do it over again, I'd do exactly the same thing.

"I haven't accumulated dollars, but I've accumulated pleasure and experience and knowledge.

"If I'd die tomorrow, there's nothing I'd have missed.

"I've done all that could be done in pictures. Made four hundred and seventeen of them. I've had my share of adulation and success, and the fans still love me, I believe. The way they show it is a matter of personal gratification to me far above what money could buy.

"I've no moans or groans. I know that I could have bought land for \$25,000 years ago that's worth a half million now. Some of the old-timers did that and they're rich today. I didn't, but I'm not sorry. I had the things I wanted, with my money.

"I'VE had a wonderful time. All I ask now is the chance to entertain the public, to earn a living, and to get a chance to travel now and then.

"If I can't make money at this any more, there are always lots of freight boats and tankers that would be glad to have a husky fellow work on deck."

## Go West, Young Love!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

But it seemed cosier out on the platform, with their shoulders just touching and exchanging currents of electricity. Her shoulder wished it had known his for at least a week—for then it might be proper not only to touch it but to lean against it. But much as she liked the moon and the moments, she must put them aside for her plan.

"Ever been frightened? Ever run away?" she inquired, as if of the night.

**T**HAT confirmed what he had been thinking, but he must give her no inkling of that. Instead, he echoed, "Ever run away? Your question sounds as if you're doing that very thing!" he challenged.

"I am!" softly.

He whistled surprise. "What are you running away from?" and to himself, "When I tell her what I'm running away from and why, won't she be surprised!"

"What am I running away from?" seriously. "It's not a what, it's a who—" then in a hushed, strained voice, "my husband!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, it's my husband." Then she gulped. "I don't know why I should be confiding in you, but you've been so kind," and she dropped her head on the tip of his shoulder and cried just as she had the first time.

He could feel her body trembling, shaken with its sobs. The more he tried to comfort her, the harder she sobbed. The train swept round a sharp curve and now she was in his arms. Her perfume was sweet but he released her, wishing fiercely that there were no moon and no husband. "Tell me all about it," he invited, comfortingly.

**S**HE pretended she was not aware that she had left her hand in his. The train sang its little song a little more loudly. "We've only been married a year," she began in a whisper, "and now I learn that there's another woman—" a tear glistened along her small nose and spattered into space.

"Please don't cry. No man's worth a woman's tears."

"But we've only been married a year—oh!—it's hard for a man to understand!" and then she told him in detail just what had happened. At the finish of each sentence, she would sob a little, and he would try to comfort her.

"I could kill that man!"

"Oh, no, no. I still love him very much!" And then she told him why she loved her husband. "But I'm going to divorce him!"

He found himself arguing against the divorce. "You mustn't be hasty," he advised.

"Anybody's apt to make a mistake. You say you love him?"

"I did—"

"You still do. I can tell by the tone of your voice. If I were you I'd go back home and have a long, heart-to-heart talk with him. Don't smash things up before you give him another chance. You will give him another chance, won't you?"

"Perhaps—" thoughtfully.

"Promise me that you will."

She promised.

"Judging from your happy little face, one would never dream you've suffered so. I certainly feel sorry for you. I don't know when I've been touched so."

And then she did the strangest thing. She threw back her head as if to laugh, and instead buried her face in her arms and sobbed.

"The strain's been too much for you," he comforted.

After all, he didn't know much about women but he had heard of hysterics.

\* \* \*

**D**URING the next two days, which brought them closer to the West, he did not bring up the subject of her husband. Neither did she. But he felt rather satisfied with himself because he had drawn from her the promise to give her husband another chance. He was certain that she appreciated his sound advice.

All of Tuesday, as they traveled through Nebraska, he had wanted to tell her about the bank robbery. Wednesday came, and they spun through Colorado, and still he had not told her. But now it was Thursday, and nighttime, and they were again together upon the observation platform.

"It's our last night together!" He was a forlorn huddle in the cramping, carpet-back chair.

"I'm just as sorry as you are." And now there was no need of even pretending that her hand was in his. "It's been wonderful going through the desert—with you. I'm always going to love the desert—"

"So am I."

"And the hills with their high foreheads."

"You've taught me to love them, too."

There was something he wanted to tell her, something he had not been brave enough to tell her through the three short days together. He rehearsed his story very carefully, mustered up his courage and began:

"I haven't told this to a soul, and ever since I've met you, I've been wanting to tell you, and yet couldn't. I just can't—" and his voice dropped miserably.

She cuddled closer. Every moment of their three days together had told her eloquently enough of his affection for her, three days thick with thoughtfulness and laughing hours, and most precious of all, these starlit nights on the observation platform.

"I'm going to speak fast," he was saying. "I'm going to spill the dope, and then you can do what you please about it—and me!" He tapped his vest mysteriously, but not on his heart side.

"IT'S all in here," then lowering his voice till it was just a threadbare murmur, "a hundred thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills. I stole it, yes, I stole it. I fixed the books so that they'll never know. I'd been planning to steal it for years, safe behind the bars of my teller window at the bank.

"I wanted enough money to buy me freedom—to come West, to do something different. I was sick of scribbling entries into pass books and drawing up trial balances. I wanted to live—" and then, with extravagant detail, he told her how he planned spending the hundred thousand dollars along the trail that would carry him around the world.

"You never thought I was that kind of bird, did you? I don't look as though I could loot a bank, do I?"

She was gazing at him, aghast. "No, you don't. You certainly fooled me!"

And then he did the strangest thing. His face beamed with satisfaction. His expression puzzled her. They rode on for miles and miles without a word. The moon was going down behind a hill, but she did not take her hand from his. He seemed grateful for that much. And she tried to keep the tremor out of her voice. She tried to be very calm, very kind, as if his story had not stirred her. "I am going to ask you to do something that may seem very hard to do—"

"I'd do anything for you."

"I WANT you to go back, make a clean breast of things, and return the money. Then I'll be very happy for I'll be sure for always that you're not a thief."

"I give you my word I'd do anything to make you happy. But remember, you've given me your word about going back to your husband."

She nodded.

"You'll let me write you, won't you?"

"Of course."

"And some day, when I've made my own way, you'll let me call—at your house?"

For answer, she suddenly put her arms about



him and kissed him. He returned her kiss when they parted at the station.

For days after she arrived in Hollywood, that kiss and the thought of him clung to her. He had been so kind. And what a handsome bank robber! She felt a glory in the thought that she had sent him back to take his punishment like a man. He was a man, even though he was not the gunman type she had seen on the screen.

She pictured his confession, the police, the trial, the sentence. It was a pity she would never learn the outcome of the case, for when they had parted at the station, she had given him a fictitious address. Since she had told him she was married, no other course was possible.

• • •

THE Central Casting Bureau had sent out a call for a thousand extras. There was a long, unending line of them, threading its way to the casting window.

Somehow, to the curly, blonde head of Mary Manners, the grille work on the window recalled the prison bars to which she had relegated her handsome bank robber.

Months had elapsed since that strange meeting, yet she had not forgotten him, nor ever would.

"Name, please?" came the business-like voice from behind the grille work.

"Mary Manners."  
"What the—" the pen spat, the grille work was flung open, and a familiar face thrust itself forward. "It's you, of all people! And what are you doing here? Come into my office and let's talk. I must see you. I must talk to you!" He slammed the window shut.

The line of extras waited restlessly, but waited.

"What are you doing here?" she challenged. "I thought you were behind the bars of a prison."

He avoided her implication. "I wrote to the

address you gave me," he scolded, "but the letter came back. How is—how is your—your husband?"

AT this she burst into laughter. "There isn't any husband. That's why the address I gave you was fictitious. You see, I was on my way to Hollywood, and I decided—that was before I really took an interest in you—to try out my ability as an actress. I thought it would be good practice to try out on you."

"Well, you certainly are a great little actress. You certainly did convince me about that husband of yours."

"Are you angry at me for fooling you?" she teased, poutingly.

"I'm tickled to death."

"Why?"

"Well, it means that there isn't any husband."

"What good will that do you? I suppose by this time there are detectives all over Hollywood, looking for the bank robber. Aren't you afraid?"

This time it was his turn to burst into laughter. He laughed from the top of his brown head to the tip of his brown brogues. "I was headed for Hollywood and acting, too. I thought of trying a little act out myself, and you certainly were a good audience."

"And you're not a bank burglar?"

"Golly, no. And I'm not a good actor, either. I thought I had lost you by over-acting. That convinced me. That's why I'm here at the casting bureau. You see, my father's one of the executives at the studios here."

Fists began to bang at the window and door.

"SAY, the extras will tear down the house if I don't stop talking to you and start tending to shop. But you'll meet me for lunch, won't you? I want to find out where you'd like to spend your honeymoon."

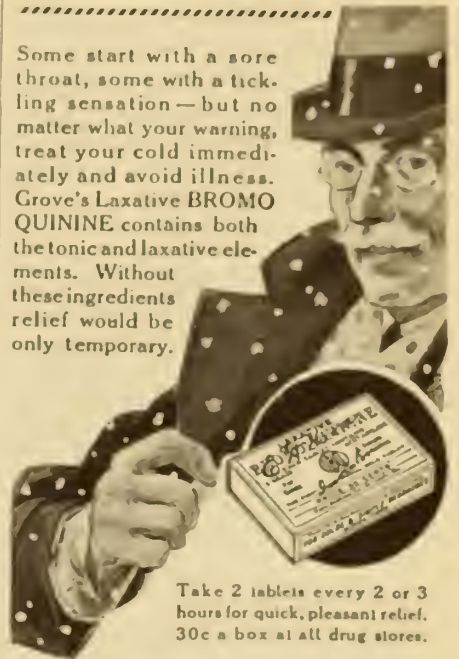
"It's very nice on a pullman observation car," saucily. "I'd prefer that."

"That's just what I thought!" he echoed

# COLDS

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Little Jane Bannister finds out what Christmas is all about—even though her doll's stocking will hold one salted peanut! Harry Bannister and Ann Harding are telling Janie all about it. They built the fireplace at their new Santa Monica house especially large for the benefit of a portly Santa

# Mary Pickford Denies All!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

in pictures now. He wants to travel. But Mary is different. Her life is lived in the studio. She has that old drive, that force that Griffith seemed to bequeath all his players. Pictures and picture producing are tremendously important to Mary.

As far as money is concerned, the spending of it to have the best, the throwing away of it when she is dissatisfied with her efforts, she is not a good business woman. But she has the drive, and the power of a smooth machine. From the time she arises—eight o'clock—until she retires, her date book is filled. Dancing lessons, fittings, conferences, rehearsals, an hour for luncheon—never any more.

FOR Mary, "Kiki" is a tremendous departure. It is risqué. It is riotous comedy. Mary will use a French accent which she has learned from Fifi Dorsay and Mrs. Maurice

Chevalier. She tried to imitate Mrs. Chevalier's laugh. She has spent hours perfecting it. It is one little detail of the picture. Nothing is too small for her to consider. She will play the rôle in her own blonde hair, and the clothes will not be patterned after those Norma Talmadge wore in the silent film.

MARY goes to fortune tellers religiously. She also has a flair for numerology and astrology. When she goes to a fortune teller she immediately writes down all the predictions made, to see if they'll come true. Lately three seers have told her that she was going to change her line of artistic endeavor completely and would become more famous in the new work than she has been before. That hardly seems practical, unless she takes up aviation and discovers a new pole.

The rumors of her stage career began as a

joke. "I'd like to return to the stage," she said, "but perhaps I wouldn't like it for long and I'd feel that while I've been learning motion pictures and then talking pictures, which are entirely different, women like Katherine Cornell and Helen Hayes have been learning the stage. Who am I to enter their territory, unprepared as I am?"

"I think my next picture will be an original. I'll never make another film that was done in silents once. Then after that I'm—"

FOR there is always in Mary's mind an after that and an after that. Doug may let his picture work go for a golf tournament. But Mary's heart beats to the turn of the cameras, and her soul expands when she feels the bustle of a studio stage.

She is ever more the artist than the business woman.

# Be Careful of Your Colors

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

Lois Wilson would never wear anything gray; Florence Vidor, now the wife of Jascha Heifetz, and Alice Joyce, those two lovely aristocrats of the screen, were partial to black and white and the softer grays and violets. Bebe Daniels loved red, and worked best in it. At one time, when she was to play a very gay and dashing widow, we made her mourning things entirely of red, which photographs black, for Bebe was depressed by black, and feared the reaction of conventional mourning on her work.

Helen Morgan likes green and vivid orange, Gertrude Lawrence blue, Gloria Swanson all colors (except old rose!), Jeanne Eagels, with a flaming genius which burned itself out too soon, was partial to coral and flame.

Most of you will remember the exotic and vivid personality of Nita Naldi. In her dressing room, and on the set, she wore a dressing gown of the most violent magenta pink, what is known below the Mason and Dixon line as "nigger pink." I asked her once why she wore it, and she, as frank in her speech as she was pronounced in her beauty, said: "I know I look like hell in it, but I get more kick out of this color than a quart of champagne."

NOW, I knew, of course, that there must be a reason back of all this, and I discovered, by investigation and experiment, that colors had all sorts of qualities, which I had never before suspected. Some were stimulating to a degree that resulted, in sensitive cases, in intense irritation. Some colors are depressing in effect. Psychiatrists say that if a neurasthenic person were confined in a room decorated entirely in shades of purple, the result would be complete, melancholic insanity. Colors differ as to their force as well, for some are forceful, active and advancing, while others are timid, passive and receding.

Colors differ as to their suggestion of warmth, for while some are warm, and even hot, others range from cool to cold. Many colors have properties of weight, some seeming heavy and ponderous while others are light and airy. Some colors have the aspect of mystery; some are melancholy, some are dramatic, some repellant, some tender, some exciting, some blasé. So you can see how color in the hands of one knowing its hidden qualities, its amazing powers, may be used to play upon human emotions and even upon human bodies as one

might play upon a musical instrument.

I am going to tell you just what you can do yourself with this amazing and lovely force, how you may perhaps change your very destiny through the right use of color.

## BLACK

I SHALL begin with black, which is not properly a color at all, but rather the absence of all color, and here we come again into contact with the force of emotional association. If you will think back for a moment to your childhood days, you will remember that your most vivid emotional reaction was to light and darkness. When the light was turned out, and you were left alone in black night, those reactions were of fear, mystery, and the unknown.

Black, too, is the symbol of gravity, solemnity and a sombre outlook upon life. For widows, besides being a symbol of their mourning, it signifies constancy and fortitude, and the added attraction of a complete knowledge of life, which gives a widow that strange, indefinable attraction that is beyond analysis.

On unmarried women and girls, its symbolism takes on a more dangerous note for poor, defenseless man, for then it means intent, and we have the beginning of the vampire. That is why soft, black satin has always been the favorite of our vampires of the screen. It makes the figure seem additionally long, and its lustrous plasticity reveals the modelling of the body, and makes the most of its sinuous curves.

Yet, in spite of its sombre background and symbolism, black is one of the most striking and satisfactory of colors, when applied to dress. This is due to the fact that no other color so brings out the contrast of skin and eyes, and throws into such relief any color worn with it as does black. But, in spite of everything, black has a definite subduing effect on the beholder, as well as the wearer, and I do not believe that it is possible for anyone to be really and unaffectedly gay in an all-black costume.

## WHITE

WHITE is the synthesis, the apotheosis of all colors and, by association again, its white, spotless and untouched qualities have made it the symbol of purity, chastity, innocence and

truth. In dress, it is traditional for christening robes, confirmation, the first communion, the sweet girl graduate, and the blushing bride and, for certain colorings, it is a most effective color in any form of dress.

It is one of the coldest of colors, and there is nothing so refreshing to the eye on a hot summer day as to encounter someone dressed from head to foot in spotless white.

## RED

FROM fire and bloodshed comes red as the symbol of war, and all its passions, rage, hate, lust, desire and revenge. Since it is the favorite color of that most fascinating being, our friend, the devil, the most tempting sins which we may commit are known as "scarlet sins."

Now, lest you be disturbed because you are fond of that color, do not forget that it has a number of healthful and beautiful associations as well.

If we had no red, we would have no red roses, no scarlet fruits, no blazing sunsets and rosy dawns, no ruby lips, no blush of love.

It is a warm color of great stimulation, has a most exhilarating effect upon men, and life would be very dull indeed if it were not for red, and some of the things it stands for. So, if you like red, by all means wear it, for it cannot affect you but pleasantly, unless you begin thinking red thoughts.

When red is tempered with white, it becomes a very different thing and, in the various shades of pink and rose, it signifies health, affection, unselfishness and optimism.

## ORANGE

WE come next to orange, a color in which none of us can indulge too much in one way or another, for it is said to be the color of the very force of life itself. It is the color of physical strength, and of the highest vitality and bodily vigor.

In wearing it, however, we must remember that it is one of the warmest and most advancing colors, and that not everyone can indulge in pure orange for an entire costume without risking the danger of having one's personality partially, if, indeed, not altogether submerged.

Except for the vivid and exotic personality

and the slender figure, orange is best in the form of a trimming, or only in an accessory.

**GREEN**

WE come now to green, one of the most conspicuous, and yet the most commonplace of colors by reason of the lavish use which nature makes of it. Green, for that reason, is the most restful of colors to the eye and, because of the promise of green in the early spring, it has become the symbol for faith, youth, hope, immortality and, in the material world, victory and success.

Green, according to the psychists, is the color of the objective mind, and of the great cosmic currents of thought, which give us those things that the objective mind desires—success in business, money, wealth and power.

So, if you want these things, you must think in terms of green, wear it, and surround yourself with it, and, if your desires are as strong as the color which stands for them, you are sure to get your heart's desire.

In dress, green is one of the cool, slenderizing colors, doubly agreeable to the eye in winter, when it is otherwise almost totally absent from the sight.

**BLUE**

ANOTHER of nature's great expanses of color, that of the heavens, stands for the highest intelligence and the deepest spiritual insight. It stands for sincerity, piety and serenity of spirit. Blue is said by the psychists and metaphysicians to be the color of the subjective, or higher mind, and of the cosmic current of divine intelligence, which flows in a glittering

current of electric blue all about us although we do not see it

So, if you are working on a mental plane—if you are a student, a writer, a philosopher, or if you want brilliance of intellect for any purpose whatsoever, you must think in terms of blue, and cultivate this color.

**PURPLE**

PURPLE, or violet, you know, is a mixture of red and blue, and when our blue intelligence, or higher selves, comes into contact with our red thoughts, and the things they have led us to do, what can the result be but sadness and regret, which is what purple stands for.

Purple, too, stands for dignity, a characteristic that comes from the chastening and purifying effects of suffering.

Purple stands also for high thoughts and noble purposes, and it is also the color of royalty and state.

**YELLOW**

AND now, we come to yellow. Yellow is the highest color of all. Yellow is the color of the sun, the heart of the universe, of gaiety and joy, of glory and power, and of the greatest of all the forces in the world—that of love. So, if you want these priceless possessions, you must wear yellow; you must vibrate to the color of the sun.

Yellow is said to give courage to the silent lover, too, so if the favored one is coming to call upon you tonight, put on your loveliest yellow frock, and no matter how tongue-tied he may be, I venture to say that the charm will work.

**They Hitch Their Wagons to Stars**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

ness, with its tough long hours and hazardous-to-health surroundings. Studio sets are cold, drafty things and Mr. Arliss, besides being well along in years, is frail.

"But as long as he will do it," argues Jenner, "the least I can do is protect him." Consequently at exactly four-thirty of every afternoon, Jenner stalks into Mr. Arliss' set, regardless of circumstances. The director may be in the middle of a "take." The situation may be strained, dramatic, tense. Those

things mean nothing to Jenner. Mr. Arliss, he says, quits promptly at four-thirty. And what he says goes. Jenner is master. For Jenner, believes Mr. Arliss, knows just a little more about Mr. Arliss than anyone else (including Mr. Arliss). That has proved itself many times over. So Jenner continues by his side, unshakable; watch-dog plus. Their association is an idyl in harmony.

Hollywood's balance-wheels! Many an actor would run himself to death without one!

**Welcome Home, Clara!**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

when she realized she could not go on and on, playing four shows a day. Her life's energy was being sapped. She could not stand it, and in Washington, D. C., she cancelled her further bookings as finally as she had stepped out of pictures.

She had been singing in vaudeville and had put on many too many surplus pounds. Grueling treatments which cost her thousands of dollars followed, and she is now ready to begin over again.

She is beautiful now, even more beautiful than she was years ago.

Not long ago her 'phone rang and she was told that a member of the Warner Brothers film company was speaking and that she was wanted for a test for "Courage."

"I thought," she said later, "that somebody was playing a joke on me. I could not believe that anybody remembered me. I knew that I had been completely forgotten. So I simply laughed and paid no more attention to it."

But it wasn't a joke. She had not been forgotten. Other studios made her offers but she was not ready. She wanted, first, to have her figure at the weight it should be. She is ready now.

"I've always been too frank," she said, "too frank for my own good. But I can't help it and I'm not coming back until I have a part that I feel suits me. Oh, mind you, I know I cannot star again and I don't mind how small the part may be, but it must be the right part. Upon that I insist."

Her mind has not been idle during these eight years.

She has acquired a vital interest in chemistry and is seriously considering taking a course at the University. Also she has perfected the beauty of her voice.

She stands on the brink of a new career. She will make no more foolish mistakes. She is a business woman now—a beautiful business woman.

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# John Boles Confesses

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

"How do I know?"  
"How," we insisted, "do you make love?"  
"Say, fellow," he replied, "haven't YOU ever made love?"

"Who's interviewing who, here?" we countered. You see, Obie, by this time we realized that John was either very bashful, or wanted to keep his secrets to himself. But we were persistent, we were.

"All right," he surrendered, "ask me what your Mister Splumf wants to know."

"Well, what's the best technique?"

"It varies."

Q.—Varies how?

A.—Whether she's short or tall, heavy or thin, red-haired or not . . . say, what sort of girl is this Mr. Squaff in love with?

Q.—Well, suppose she's short.

A.—Then he should maneuver her onto a flight of stairs, so she stands on the step above him. If she's tall, he ought to reverse it, so that he's on the step above her.

(Here John scribbled a diagram on a napkin, showing a girl and a boy on a flight of stairs. How quaint! Seven tourists in the café asked seven waitresses to get the napkin for them, after Mr. Boles had gone.)

"WHY all this stairs business?" we asked him.

"Because," he grinned, "the shortest line between two pairs of lips is level."

Q.—Well, suppose Obie's girl is — ah — plump?

A.—There's a good rule for that, too. If she's thin, set her on your knee. If she's heavy, get on your knees yourself, before her. It'll save your constitution.

Q.—What do you mean, the technique varies with the color of her hair?

A.—Say, haven't you ever known any red-heads?

Q.—All right, but maybe Obadiah's girl isn't a red.

A.—No, she can't be. Or Obadiah wouldn't be asking questions.

Q.—How do you get that look in your eyes when you make love to a girl?

A.—Simplest thing is to make love in the dark, son. Then your eyes won't give you away. If there's moonlight, maneuver yourself into a position so the moonbeams glint from your eyes and she'll think it's lovelight instead of just moonshine. If it's broad daylight—well, in broad daylight, son, you've got to mean it!

Q.—And is it true in love, too, that "actions speak louder than words?"

A.—Any lover, no matter who, should at least kiss the Blarney stone once before he tries to kiss a girl. And whatever he says—well, he's not under oath, is he?

But after all, that's one point on which I wouldn't give any rules. If he's got any sense at all, he'll know when to stop talking and begin acting—or vice versa.

A.—Tell us a few secrets about yourself, Mr. Boles.

(He looked startled and worried. He took the top layer off his Swiss cheese sandwich to see if the cheese had any holes in it. It did. They spelled Laemmle.)

"Tell us," we continued, "how you yourself act in those passionate love scenes you play. Is it real emotion on your part, or are you just making mechanical gestures with the actress opposite you?"

"Well," he confessed, "up to a certain point, I am thinking of the camera, and all that. But at that certain point—well, after all when one holds a lovely woman close, and gazes into her eyes, and whispers sweet things to her. Say! don't you go out much, or what?"

Q.—Now, John, when you're making love to a woman, aren't there certain things you must bear in mind *not* to do?

A.—How silly! Don't clutter up your mind thinking what not to do. Just concentrate on what *to* do.

A BOY came and told John they wanted him back on the set.

"Before you go," we insisted (you see how we work for you, Obie?), "isn't there some fundamental, basic rule about how to make love?"

"Well, it's something like the Einstein theory."

"But there are only twelve men in the world who fully understand that," we protested.

"Uh, huh," said John.  
And hurried off.

## Gr-r-r-r-r!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

isn't half as much your acting as it is your pan." And as soon as Wolheim's desire to have the nose fixed is published, his public begins writing furious fan letters imploring him to leave the nose as is.

And so he goes on, through movie after movie, being as tough as his face looks—and that's as tough as a thirty-five-cent *table d'hôte* steak.

AS a matter of fact—and if this smashes an illusion, it's too bad!—Mr. Wolheim is fundamentally as hard as a new-born kitten. His heart is as big as his salary checks, and as soft as a two-minute egg. But his nose and that face have done strange psychological things to him. He imagines he has to live up to them. And as a result, he has cultivated a personality front that matches his nose perfectly, but that isn't the real Louis Wolheim at all.

For instance: he swears in a steady sulphurous blue haze over anything or nothing and at any time and under any circumstances for no other reason than that he imagines a guy with a pan like his talks that way. The fact is, however, that he has a mind that revels in the finest beauties of literature and exquisite writings.

ANOTHER thing: he professes not to give a blistering series of asterisks for what people think about him. "The hell with you," is his attitude toward interviewers, and he retorts "Rats!" when they tell him he ought to pose for publicity pictures. But the honest truth of it is that he secretly reads everything that's printed about him, if his most intimate friends are to be believed, and likes it.

He's ferociously hard-bitten about his whole appearance. "I'm me, see? And if you don't

like the way I look, they can go blumpitty-blump-oops! It's my face and what the so-and-so do I care what those such-and-suches think about it?"

He even carries the attitude to the point of refusing to have a picture of himself anywhere in sight. Yet the actual fact is that he's as tickled as a baby with a lollipop if someone mistakes his age for five or ten years younger than he really is. And, for a quarter of an hour one day he sat in worshipfully rapt admiration of a striking bust of himself which a sculptor had marvelously made from photographs.

Wolheim thought it was swell.

Yes, yes. Louis Wolheim likes to be thought a tough bozo. And despite all his profanity and his blustering and his posing and that, his friends all call him "Wolly"—pronounced "Wally." And you know darned well that no truly hard guy is ever going to be called anything as silly as "Wolly."

HE'S an interesting person, despite (or maybe because of) all this hard-guy posturing. Born in New York, Wolly is a Russian Jew by nativity, who has gone churchless by preference. But he has a religion of his own that attains ultra-charitable viewpoints. He won't go hunting, because he believes it's not sport but simple cruelty, and he won't go fishing for the same reason. "The human race," he snarls, "is the only race that hurts and kills for the mere pleasure of hurting and killing."

Yet he has no compunction about wallowing the jar off a fellow-human if he believes the fellow-human rates it. Those who, in his opinion, rate it most are cads. One night, at a party, he overheard a guest make a caddish remark about someone. After due warning

Wolly uncorked a punch that drove the other fellow right through a bathroom door and into a tub full of cold water.

He revels in food. He particularly likes hot things, like chili and tamales and spices. He goes into raptures over certain foods, mixing poesy and profanity in a torrent of admiration.

HE is probably one of the best educated men in movies. He has been given credit for having been a professor at Cornell University, but as a matter of fact, never was. He did study at Cornell, and graduated with several degrees, but the only teaching he ever did was as tutor at a prep school. He is a wizard at mathematics.

But this mania for mathematics leads him sadly astray when he tries to cash in on it with playing cards. He's a bridge hound of the most pronounced type. He'd rather play bridge than almost anything else, and does. He plays with the big shots of Hollywood—Joe Schenck and such millionaires, and for anything from a quarter of a cent a point to a dollar a point or more! Sometimes he wins, and he's a good winner. Oftener, he loses, and he's a good loser, too. He places too much trust in his knowledge of numbers while playing cards.

WHILE bridge is his favorite, he likes a whack at poker now and then. It cost him plenty in Butte, Montana, once. Butte is one of those still-old-time Western towns where gamblers are gamblers. On location recently with a Radio Pictures' troupe, Wolly barged into Butte's night life one week-end with the announcement that he'd like to take on the boys for a whirl at the pasteboards.

They accommodated him, and when the blue

haze of words was past, Wolly was \$3,500 poorer. He prefers bridge, now, more than before.

THE man is physically fearless, especially in defense of his principles. For instance, during the war, he was taking an officer's training course at Camp Zachary Taylor, in Louisville, Kentucky. When the war ended, Wolly was still in training. He asked for an immediate discharge, rather than complete the course.

"Hell, he's a quitter!" sneered the other war-enthused trainers. "Why don't he stay and finish the course like us, instead of quitting?"

"Who says I'm a quitter?" roared Wolly. "I've done my bit while the war was on. Now the war's over, and I'm through, and I'll lick any so-and-so whatchumaycallen who wants to make anything of it."

HE licked three of them, and took his immediate discharge.

He's generous with his money, and jealous of his spot on the screen. Anybody can hit him for a loan and get it, but if anybody tries to steal a scene from him, Wolly's liable to spank! He has an old pensioner whom he's been keeping for years. Ask him why, and Wolly answers: "Aw, you know—I've gotten so used to it that I can't help it." Fact is,

many years ago, the fellow once gave Wolly a job. Wolly has paid him back a thousandfold.

He likes acting. He's one of the very few topliners who has never played extras or bits.

LIONEL BARRYMORE gave Wolly his first part on the stage because his looks fit the rôle. He did so well that, immediately afterward, he was cast as *The Hairy Ape* in the Eugene O'Neill play, and has been famous ever since then.

He says he's never had stage or screen fright in his life.

His ambition is to make enough money so that some day he can shake the dust of this continent off his soles and go live in Europe for the rest of his life. He plans a comfortable, idle sunset of life with his wife, whom he's absolutely crazy about. She's a tiny woman, weighs less than a hundred, and is quite frail. He's devoted to her.

AND he doesn't give two hoots in a cyclone for any other woman. Not because he thinks he's handicapped by that face, but simply because he's not interested in them. Sometimes his friends kid him.

"Aw, hell, Wolly," they'll tell him. "That's all a stall. No woman would fall for a face like that!"

"Yeah?" grins Wolly. "Well, listen, lots of dames fall for guys like us!"

## By Time and Tears

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

aggressiveness she had, whatever thought of her own, were simple reflections of her father's mind.

She did her task upon the screen, lent her pastel beauty to the camera and remained a child.

MARY was typed. The directors saw her only as the meek little heroine. The thought that she might, just by chance, be growing up did not occur to them.

And even her marriage did not change their viewpoint of her.

She was a beautiful little girl accompanied by her father.

But during this period Mary was beginning to listen to the deep harmony of life. Her ears had become attuned to torrents of emotion she had not known. What happens to people when they begin to perceive is difficult to explain. It is a gradual process, a slashing away of dead beliefs, a gathering of fresh new theories. Slowly the world opened up to Mary, yet the directors knew her as one thing and would not give her a chance to do anything else.

The styles in film heroines had changed. They were not so long-suffering. They were smart, modern young women. But nobody bothered to find out that Mary Astor was becoming a smart, modern young woman and, because nobody bothered to find out, she was put upon the shelf and did not do a piece of screen work for eighteen months!

So desperate was she, so lonesome for the sets and the studios, that she even humbled herself by writing discreet notes to casting directors explaining that she was at liberty. This did not avail.

THEN two things happened suddenly. She managed to get a job in a stage play. Kenneth Hawks was killed.

She did not flaunt her grief. Instead she went to a quiet apartment and there tried to think out a way to catch up the loose threads of her life.

Producers had seen her in the play. They had discovered that her voice had depth and charm.

She was given a contract and bravely she began a new career.

"LADIES Love Brutes," her first talkie, was made shortly after the accident. It was her first picture for a year and a half. She was a woman now, but she had not become one suddenly. The talkies showed her for what she was because one can't hide maturity in a voice.

She did not speak like a child. She no longer acted like one upon the screen. And when she went from picture to picture in quick succession, each time proving herself a better and a more capable actress than before, it was the obvious thing to say that her tragedy had brought about the change.

But it wasn't that. It was merely that over a period of two, perhaps three, years she had become adult.

She was no longer the child prodigy of a high school professor.

She was no longer the young wife of a rising director.

She was Mary Astor, an entity. Mary Astor, a person.

You saw her in "Holiday." You know what she has to give.

She is a fine actress. As a person she is magnificent.

There is no sentimental clutching at a grief. It is all a part of her life.

She was happy with Kenneth Hawks. She loved him.

That does not mean that she might not be happy with somebody else; that she might not love again.

She knows these things.

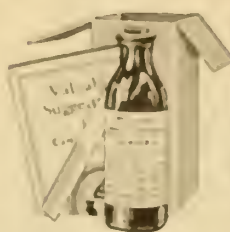
Her mind is as true as an arrow. Life is her bull's-eye, and she means to hit her mark. She takes life in her hands, as if it were a piece of clay, and moulds it for her happiness. She is free. She is a vital woman.

IN her contract with Radio Pictures, she glories.

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# A Great Trouper Comes to Town

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

glows with the joy of living. There is nothing of the tired cynic about her.

Character readers tell us that our deeds and thoughts are traced out over our noses, mouths and chins like a map. You cannot find in Marjorie Rambeau's lineless, beautiful face any signs of careless living. Those clear, blue eyes, those firm cheeks, that piquant mobile mouth—if she has lived as unwisely as some have said, then I wish she would tell me her secret.

THE look on Marjorie Rambeau's face is not put there by a beauty expert. It comes from within. And if she took what life offered her—she took it charmingly.

She is without pose. She hates posing in others. Her judgment of human nature is as keen as a razor. I somehow have the feeling that you could not lie to Marjorie Rambeau.

And I also believe that you could tell her anything and she would understand.

HER life has begun again. She has known every branch of the theatrical profession, stock, long runs, guest stardom, vaudeville. Now she has just signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Like every stage trouser I know, she is naively thrilled at the chance to go to bed early and to get up in the morning, to have a real house with a strip of lawn in front of it.

She is fascinated by the mechanics of pictures and everything concerned with the life at the studio.

But the great film stars, who strut out their little hour before the cameras, aren't fooling Marjorie. She makes no unnecessary genuflections. She has seen too much of life not to be able to distinguish the real from the false.

She is playing a rôle now in Greta Garbo's picture, "Inspiration," and on the set the other actors cluster about her to bask in the warmth of her charm. Not long ago the company sat waiting for the arrival of Garbo. The older actors were discussing old times, the younger ones listening. One of the men mentioned a trouser that all knew. He said, "But he was a bad Indian. He was always drunk and getting himself into messes."

Marjorie Rambeau sat still for a second and then she said, very slowly, "Don't say that unless you're quite, quite sure it's true."

For she has suffered from gossip. She has seen herself head-lined. And from her suffering she has learned life's greatest lesson—tolerance.

NO more remarkable woman has ever graced a stage. Hollywood should be proud to know that her new life is beginning in its studios.

## She Eats and Tells!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 ]

beans and—surprise!—turnips. Bet you never thought a lowly turnip was admitted into a star's home. Then there was ice cream, cake and coffee.

There is always coffee at Betty's house. Rivers of it. It was served at dinner right at the table, just like ordinary folks, and then when we went into the living room the maid put a coffee table between us and it was served again.

The next morning we had coffee at breakfast and again immediately after breakfast. It was given to us before we went to bed. She says it helps her go to sleep.

Without a word from Betty the maid appears with coffee and coffee table and there you are.

I NOTICED that Betty seemed nervous and every time the 'phone rang she jumped as if a director had yelled "Cut!"

"I'm expecting a call from Harry," she explained.

"But you said he was in London."

"He is," said Betty.

I couldn't imagine just chatting in a friendly way between Hollywood and London. Could you bear saying, "How are you, dear? So glad to hear your voice?" No! Ten thousand times no! You've got to talk about disarmament and what's wrong with the motion pictures.

I was pretty excited when the call came through. Betty talked hours, it seemed to me, and how much is it a minute?

When she returned she said, "Harry lied to me. I know he did. He's got a cold and when I asked him if he had he said he didn't. But I could tell by his voice."

"Maybe it was static," I suggested. I'm so scientific.

"No, it wasn't."

And that's what they talk about between London and Hollywood.

It was one of those hot nights that sometimes come in October. It was sultry, with no wind stirring. We played Russian Bank but we were both nervous. Betty had brought the big black police dog inside.

Nig stalked about the house and made low, guttural sounds.

At last Betty arose. "There's a night watchman outside, but Nig is acting strangely. I'm going to see what it's all about."

Of course, I know she's played in a lot of gangster pictures but when I saw her with that revolver she got out of a drawer in the den I wasn't any too comfortable. I was much more afraid of Betty and the pistol than of any burglar in the world. But I went with her (that is, I followed her, a good ten paces behind). Even that was preferable to staying in and maybe being shot at through the window.

A tour of the grounds revealed nothing but the night watchman nodding in the garage.

When we got back Betty put the gun on the radio. After a couple of hours it didn't bother me.

The stillness and the heat put us in a strange mood and I've discovered that the time to catch people talking about the things closest their hearts is at night (too bad I can't make all my interviews after midnight).

Betty began, "I had the most marvelous dream the other night. I thought that there was a great earthquake that shook down all of Hollywood except this house and destroyed everybody but me and I remember that I stood in the midst of the ruin and instead of being upset about it I was glorified. Shivers of delight ran up and down my spine. My whole being was enthralled by the tremendous aloneness."

IF it weren't so obvious, a psycho-analyst would have a lot of fun with that. But you can figure that dream with half your brain. Betty is a lone wolf. Although she has great admiration for the spritely young person who can walk into a room with an apt and easy comment for all assembled, she has no genius for it herself.

Betty sees life as it is, neither sugar-coated nor wrapped in a cloak of cynicism. She has more genuine courage for living than any other person I know.

Bits of things we talked about. Fragments. Betty wandered from subject to subject.

"I wonder why I keep on making pictures. Perhaps I think some day I'll make a good one."

"Harry Edwards is the one ideal man for me. He has a great wealth of sympathy. We like doing the same things. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and want to walk, particularly if it is raining. He doesn't think me mad. He walks with me."

"Marriage is grand when you've someone who understands you. I've always been so alone and loved it. Even when I was married to Bernard Fineman I was alone. An executive's life takes him away."

"But with Harry it's different. We have so much fun together."

"I do not play the social game in Hollywood. You become too involved. I like whom I like no matter what they are or what they have done."

"Yet I like to live well. The friendly gesture of cocktails before dinner. A fire glowing on the hearth. A well set table bristling with silver, and nice talk."

"Harry and I hope to live in Europe one day."

Betty calls herself "Old Ma Brent" because so many people come to her with their troubles. And they receive from her not saccharine kindness, but a keen analysis of the situation.

It was very late when we went to bed at last and yet Betty left a call for ten in the morning, because we had decided to go to her beach house at Malibu and sit in the ocean.

Breakfast at the Brent house is an experience. It consists of an enormous glass of grape fruit juice, stacks and stacks of tiny griddle cakes, little pig sausage and pots of coffee.

When we set off in a long nosed touring car Betty, in a white dress, socks, flat-heeled shoes, beret and a pair of dark glasses, looked about as much like a picture star as Cal Coolidge.

At the beach place people were already there and Betty dragged out bathing suits. She's an expert swimmer and is utterly without fear in the water.

Afterwards we sat around in wet bathing suits on the best chairs. Betty believes: Do what you please. Have a good time. Don't be burdened with conventions and public opinions and all the meaningless gestures that clutter up life.

WE opened huge cans of spaghetti and beans, and made coffee and, in the cool of the evening, drove back.

"How about staying tonight?" asked Betty.

But already I was reminding myself of the guest who came for dinner and stayed a year.

"I've had a swell time," said Betty. "Call me up sometime and ask me to go to another fashion show."

# Short Subjects of the Month

**I**F there aren't any new notions among this month's shorts, there is a lot of entertainment.

Metro's smart dog comedies and Mack Sennett's comedians—especially Andy Clyde—continue to be real laugh-makers. The short comedy field continues to show growth in resourcefulness and showmanship.

## A HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG Sennett-Educational

An uproarious burlesque on the theme songitis as it afflicts the movies. Music-plagued picture fans should get down on their hunkers and render thanks unto Sennett for this comedy. Harry Gibbon, Patsy O'Leary, Yola D'Avril and a bunch of song writers do wonders under Bill Beaudine's direction.

## THE DOGWAY MELODY Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Metro's marvelous canine comics surpass their previous efforts in this burlesque of "The Broadway Melody," this company's great hit of the 1928 season. The smash of the picture is the dogs' version of "Singin' in the Rain," using the original sound track made by the Brox Sisters and Cliff Edwards.

## GO TO BLAZES Universal

The veteran comedy team of Charlie Murray and George Sidney work perfectly in these Universal shorts, and this one is full of chuckles. This one has to do with fun in a firehouse, with Charlie and George taking a young fireman's place while he goes holidaying. A good noisy comedy.

## PA GETS A VACATION Warners-Vitaphone Variety

This Potters series, featuring Lucien Littlefield as "Pa Potter," holds up well. They are probably the best satires on domestic griefs and woes that sound pictures have yet delivered. This one, though one of the milder of the lot, is still a good companion piece for a feature.

## A FALL TO ARMS Darmour-Radio Pictures

Ludicrous Louise Fazenda still takes her slapstick big. In this she mixes macksennett technique with a lot of new airplane gags and is guaranteed to put you in stitches. The picture speeds along at a fast clip, and the laughs are good for youngsters, adults and *vice versa*.

## FLOWER GARDEN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

An opulent and expensive short remindful of the talkies' early days. A lavish flash act in color, with Cliff Edwards, Lottice Howell, some dancers and a chorus of thirty. Cliff sells a couple of songs for a hit, and the short can be rated as pleasant. But not worth the outlay.

## THE BLUFFER Sennett-Educational

Here's a short in the new Sennett-Color which is fascinatingly beautiful in the matter of its under-water photography. It's a one-reel comedy, and darned well done, all about two boys, a girl and an irascible pop—played by the great Andy Clyde. Patsy O'Leary—what an eye-ful!

## BELOW ZERO Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy score again in this comedy—this time playing a couple of wandering musicians in a snowstorm. Laurel plays a toy organ and Oliver Hardy smacks the strings of a bull fiddle. The only tune the boys can play is "In the Good Old Summer Time!" Plenty laughs.

## THE SPELL OF THE CIRCUS Universal

Universal has another good go at getting the kids back into the theaters with this bang-up chapter play full of circus stuff and atmosphere. The featured players are Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Alberta Vaughn. The story is about the lad who runs away and becomes a great rider.

## THE RACKET CHEERS Sennett-Educational

It seems to be Andy Clyde's month. At any rate, he's in again, in another fast-moving Sennett short. Andy here plays a goof who owns a yacht and gets into a battle with the United States Navy by mistake. And he's fine, as always. Old Chief Sennett seems to grow better and better.

## LONELY GIGOLO

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

Nine minutes of Technicolor in which Lotti Loder, the little Viennese of whom Warners expected much, sings two numbers. She also does a couple of not too startling dance routines. The tiny girl is surrounded by a group of tall chorines. This is not an especially thrilling short.

## RAZORED IN OLD KENTUCKY Radio Pictures

Nick Basil and Tony Armetta, two wandering Wops, find themselves in the middle of a good old Kentucky feud, after setting up a barber shop in what turns out to be no-man's-land in this family warfare. Razors prove to be mightier than bullets, and all ends quite hilariously.

## MR. INTRUDER

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

A very clever one-reeler with a real idea in it. Otto Kruger, a legitimate stage star, plays an editor in search of a story. Coming home, he finds his wife (Verree Teasdale) and a "friend" (Alan Brooks) having an affair. It's not only his story, but grounds for a divorce. Smartly done.

## WHILE THE CAPTAIN WAITS Paramount

A little one-reel musical piece which features Armida, the little Mexican girl. The scene is aboard an ocean liner. While the hoity-toity ship's concert is on, Armida entertains the steerage with her songs and dances. Armida here dances better than she sings. Mild entertainment.

## The Hotel Ambassador

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# Amos 'n' Andy Go Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79 ]

*Andy* leaves the typewriter to join *Amos* in the pacing. They argue. "*Andy* wouldn't say a thing like that," Correll growls. "And *Andy* wouldn't say that," Gosden retorts.

They glare at each other like two Bengal tigers.

They resume their pacing. They remark to the world in general that of all the fatheads they ever knew, some one right in that room is the worst. They glare again.

SUDDENLY inspiration comes. They wring each other's hands and each declares the other the best fellow alive. *Andy* runs to the typewriter. It's coming. At last it's finished and another episode is ready for the air.

They emerge arm in arm, grinning and well pleased, only to go through the same performance the next day.

Only a friendship as deep as these two possess could survive such a nerve-racking but comical performance.

Very often their own experiences will furnish material for several episodes. "For instance," *Andy* said, "that business of the suit of clothes being 'way too big; that actually happened to me. *Amos* [they constantly refer to each other by their radio names] had gone with me to select the suit just as we did on the radio, and he went along when I returned it, too."

Often well-meaning friends offer suggestions. "Why don't you take the boys up in an airplane or down in a submarine?" they'll ask. "That would be a scream."

"It probably would be funny, but that wouldn't be *Amos 'n' Andy*. What would two

poor old colored boys be doing up in an airplane, for instance—or in a submarine? It's the last place they would go. We have to sacrifice a lot of good fun in order to keep the boys strictly in character."

They stoutly refuse to step out of character in the picture, too. Pleas and petitions were all in vain.

"But *Amos 'n' Andy* wouldn't do anything like that," they would argue. "We don't exaggerate them in our skits; why try to slapstick them in the picture?"

At last they were persuaded to try one sequence the way the script was written. The scene was a haunted house. All the moss-covered gags were brought into play. *Amos'* hair was made to stand wildly on end. *Andy* was prostrated with two inward convulsions and three outward. After the rushes that evening they stood on the steps and said very quietly, "That never was *Amos* and it wasn't *Andy*. We know the boys and that just wasn't them."

FINALLY they succeeded in doing the scene over. Strictly in character, *Amos* was frankly and honestly afraid but going ahead, *Amos* petrified but blustering through. There were no tricks or gags.

The studio admitted they were right. It was *Amos 'n' Andy* for sure.

They are as shrewd as any successful men of business.

They know instantly what makes good publicity and what doesn't.

Their publicity manager would occasionally

be seized with what he thought a particularly brilliant piece of publicity.

"That's out," one of them would say instantly.

And they could immediately put their fingers on the flaw and show just why that certain piece of publicity might not be so good in the future.

They look ahead constantly.

THEY are ardent radio fans and have a radio on their set which goes constantly between scenes.

They receive thousands and thousands of letters from old, young, rich and poor.

"You remember?" *Amos* asked, "when it looked as if my seventy-fi' dollars was gone forever? Well, I received money from all over the country. Even little children had emptied their banks and sent it to me. Of course I had to send it all back, but it surely did touch me to see how good every one was to old *Amos*."

And the funny thing is the boys went completely Hollywood. Went with an abandon that was eye-popping to behold. They swam in all the marble-tiled swimming pools, roamed through all the palatial but slightly mortgaged mansions, rode in all the hysterically upholstered Rolls-Royces.

They Brown Derby'd at luncheon and Henry'd at dinner. They even ventured out in the suburbs to trout fish with Noah Beery and pony-back ride with Bill Hart.

They had a grand time, and now that they're gone, is Hollywood blue, I ask you?

Check that, and Double Check it!

## "Willy" to His Mother

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

saw the light of day when Bill was twelve years old. These letters are the most amazing things to Mr. and Mrs. Powell. They are of a dignified generation and they can't understand how strangers can write such things.

Every year, Bill, through his father, makes out a sizeable check to the Los Angeles Community Chest. He prefers doing that all in a lump, rather than distributing his charities piecemeal throughout the year.

Horatio Warren Powell is a big fellow. Bill inherits his appearance as well as his first name. It is William Horatio Powell, just in case you've wondered what the initial H. stood for. Or maybe you haven't wondered at all.

MRS. POWELL is a pretty, gracious little lady, weighing just 115 pounds. She weighed considerably less than that when she lived in Kansas City.

California agrees with her. On the other hand Mr. Powell weighed considerably more when he lived in the Midwest.

It is Mrs. Powell that answers the telephone in the Powell apartment. She takes the messages for Bill and relays them to him. Although she has never met many of his friends she has quite a telephone acquaintance with them. She almost feels that she knows Richard Barthelmess even if she has never seen him.

She takes the studio calls, arranges interview appointments, and accepts or rejects invitations—all after a conference with the president of the business.

When Bill has an early call at the studio she awakens him. For years she has been accustomed to waking at seven o'clock, so an

early call is no inconvenience to her. She brings him his orange juice and coffee.

"She spoils him," snorted Mr. Powell, not meaning a word of it.

Sometimes it is difficult for her to get rid of annoying strangers who get hold of his unlisted telephone number. She is always polite but firm. No secretary of a ten-million-dollar-a-year corporation could turn people away more politely and more emphatically. But she wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings intentionally, not for worlds.

"If Bill is going out to dinner he calls and tells me what he wants to wear," she says. "I have his clothes all laid out for him when he returns from the studio."

Recently she had been planning to go back to Kansas City to visit her two sisters and a brother.

She postponed the trip until after Bill had completed his current picture.

"I thought I could make it easier for him by staying here," she confessed. "You see he always calls me from the studio at noon to get the calls that seem important."

WHEN Bill passed through Kansas City on his way back from Europe, he called his mother on long distance, and he had her brother and sisters talk also.

"It cost sixty-five dollars," put in Mr. Powell, the practical business man.

"But it was almost as good as going back and seeing them," replied Mrs. Powell.

The office of the Powells, Incorporated, is just a room in their apartment. It has a desk and separate telephone for Mr. Powell. The apartment itself is comfortable and tasteful,

but not pretentious. You would never think *Philo Vance* lived there. There isn't a roof terrace where he can have breakfast, and you couldn't find a Regie cigarette, or a book on Sanskrit in the place. Bill doesn't entertain at his home. When he gives a party he assembles his guests for dinner at the Ambassador. He isn't home very often, Mrs. Powell explains. In the daytime, when he isn't working, she can usually relay his messages up to Ronald Colman's. Ronald and Bill play tennis together regularly.

Another of Mrs. Powell's unofficial duties is to keep the ice-box stocked for Bill. It seems he likes to go on midnight raids after returning from an evening out. She usually leaves chutney and sandwiches, a cold fowl or a leg of lamb.

The two senior members of the firm like to explore for new places to eat. They even like picnic lunches in the Los Angeles parks, and they are not above riding on street cars. Of course they couldn't be so carefree if people knew they were the parents of the famous William Powell. The greatest thrill, however, is to go to a theater where one of his pictures is showing, and to listen to the comments.

THIS Powells, Incorporated, business has been going on for three years, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Sr., joined Bill in California. And, maybe, Bill wouldn't like this to be told, but his mother still calls him by his childhood name, Willy.

"Children never grow up to their mothers, you know," she explained. She honestly tries to call him William or Bill, however. But she just forgets once in a while!



# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

BY way of a happy new year to the movie business, Mr. Quirk asks the industry, this month, "What did you do in 1920?"

The editor reviews the motion pictures of that year, the silent motion picture then rapidly approaching its highest development as an art. Mr. Quirk picks four pictures as the best of 1920.

His list contains—

"Humoresque," the sentimental masterpiece, and first winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal—with Vera Gordon, Alma Rubens and Gaston Glass in the leading rôles.

"Way Down East," Griffith's masterful production of the old mellerdrama, with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman winning new laurels.



Exactly ten years ago Pola Negri burst upon American screens in "Passion." Here's the way the fiery Pole looked then

"Why Change Your Wife?" the De Mille glitterer, with Tommy Meighan and Bebe Daniels therein.

"The Devil's Pass-Key," a directorial triumph.

MR. QUIRK welcomes Thomas Meighan to full stardom, as befits his talents. He calls Harold Lloyd the leading comic, remarking that "Chaplin seems to have retired from business."

Remember, this is ten long years ago. Some retirement!

Theodore Roberts and George Fawcett divide honors as character men. Dick Barthelmess is the leading juvenile.

As for the woman question, the editor says that Mary Pickford is still the queen of the movies, and then has nice words to say about Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Alice Joyce.

THE new year, a decade ago, brought our first view of Pola Negri—an event by which citizens began to set their clocks and watches.

"Passion," that Lubitsch-directed costume picture rather wildly overtitled, came along. Our Mr. Burns Mantle says, in his review, that "Mme. Negri is physically attractive, highly emotional, technically facile and dramatically effective."

What a chilly way of disposing of the Perilous Pole—the Warm Witch of Warsaw!

Within five years American critics and public were saying plenty of other things about Negri!

OTHER pictures of that long-gone January . . . Nazimova in "The White Peacock" . . . Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" . . . "The Sins of Rosanne," with Ethel Clayton and Jack Holt . . . William Farnum shooting his way out in "Drug Harlan," and Mr. Otis Skinner in an opulent production of "Kismet," supported by Rosemary Theby in the rôle done in 1930 by Mary Duncan) and Elinor Fair as his daughter (played in the new talkie version by Loretta Young) . . . Bebe Daniels bursts to stardom, in 1921, the picture being "You Never Can Tell." Jack Mulhall is her leading man.

WELL, motion pictures certainly run in cycles—and their actors on bicycles!

Ten years ago we ran a page of pictures titled "Back to Broadway." It showed actors of the screen in scenes from stage plays they were then doing. James Rennie, for instance, in a bit from "Spanish Love" on Broadway. In 1931 he's back in Hollywood making First National talkies. Ina Claire, back on Broadway after silent films in 1921, is again before the camera. Nita Nalkh had left the screen for a play called "Opportunity." Now she's in retirement in France.

Yep—it's cycles! As this is written, ten years after the events chronicled, hordes of stage players have been to Hollywood and are back on Broadway again. Which probably shows that PHOTOPLAY's stories are good every ten years—or even oftener!

THE news that Bill Hart will probably be back on the screen soon gives life to a swell story we ran about him ten years ago.

It's called "Bill Hart's True Love Story," or "Why I'm Still a Bachelor." The lady of Bill's inmost heart, says the piece, was the dark-eyed Corona Riccardo, one of the many beauties who played *Iras* in "Ben-Hur" to Bill's *Messala* on the stage.

P.S.—And now Bill's been married, had a fine son, been divorced, and again lives alone—this time on a hill that looks away to California's high Sierras.

SOME of the things that were going on a little 1921 came kicking and screaming into the screen world . . . Vivian Martin, Colleen Moore, Priscilla Dean and Louise Glaum lead off the month's picture gallery . . . And then come two girls still much in the public eye—Marion Davies and Betty Compson . . . Wally Reid writes a piece on "How to Hold a Wife." Not many new thoughts—but it's Wally who utters them, so it's all right . . . PHOTOPLAY is running a \$14,000 prize fiction contest, and two of the entries appear in this issue . . . And a story about Julia Faye's legs. It was at this time she became known to the folks as "The Legs of the Lasky Lot" . . . A page of pictures of famous red-headed movie girls. They include Kittie Gordon, Billie Burke, Pearl White, Mary Thurman, Gloria Swanson, Olga Petrova and Mae Marsh . . .

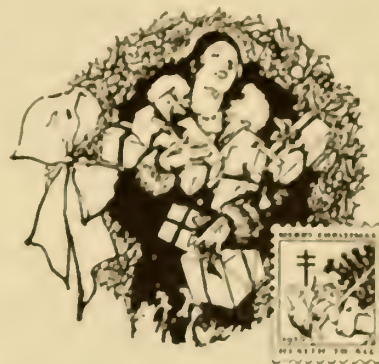
"PERSONALITY stories," this month, on two of the newer leading lights of pictures.

Bebe Daniels. The story says, "She has the eyes of a Mona Lisa and the swaying walk of a Carmen." Bebe says, "I liked my comedies with Harold Lloyd, but I love my serious work best. And I love being a star."

Estelle Taylor. A young siren from Wilmington, Del. Fox has just signed her for leading vampires of the younger school.

GOSSIP of the month—

Eric Von Stroheim was married in October to Valerie de Germonprez. They worked together in pictures. Gloria Swanson has the cutest baby girl you ever saw, born October 10th. Papa is Herb Somborn.



## Christmas Seals

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

**SINNERS' HOLIDAY**—Warners.—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (*Oct.*)

**SISTERS**—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (*Sept.*)

**SIT TIGHT**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (*Dec.*)

**SLUMS OF TOKYO**—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (*Sept.*)

**SOCIAL LION, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (*July*)

**SOLDIERS AND WOMEN**—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (*Aug.*)

**SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A**—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (*Oct.*)

**SONG OF THE FLAME**—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (*July*)

**SON OF THE SADDLE**—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (*Oct.*)

**SO THIS IS LONDON**—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (*Aug.*)

**SOUP TO NUTS**—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (*Oct.*)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wider than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (*Nov.*)

**SPURS**—Universal.—Here's hard-riding! Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (*Nov.*)

**SQUEALER, THE**—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (*Nov.*)

**STEEL HIGHWAY, THE**—Warners.—Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (*Dec.*)

**STORM, THE**—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (*Nov.*)

**STORM OVER ASIA**—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (*Nov.*)

**STRICTLY MODERN**—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (*July*)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (*Dec.*)

**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES**—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (*Sept.*)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is Kitty; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (*Nov.*)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE**—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (*Nov.*)

**SWEET MAMA**—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (*Sept.*)

**SWELLHEAD**—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (*July*)

**SWING HIGH**—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (*July*)

**TEMPTATION**—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (*Sept.*)

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM**—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (*Nov.*)

**TEXAN, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (*July*)

**THOROUGHbred, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (*Nov.*)

**THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS**—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele like make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (*Nov.*)



Well, it can't be long now till we see this punch-befuddled little man hanging dizzily to the ring post! Chaplin in a scene from the long-awaited "City Lights," which after over two years has become practically a rumor. But it's done now!

★ **THOSE WHO DANCE**—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (*Sept.*)

**THREE FACES EAST**—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (*Aug.*)

**TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE**—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta. "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (*Aug.*)

**TODAY**—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (*Dec.*)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (*Dec.*)

**TOO YOUNG TO MARRY**—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (*Sept.*)

**TOP SPEED**—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (*Aug.*)

**TRIGGER TRICKS**—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (*Aug.*)

**TRUE TO THE NAVY**—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can you imagine the fun! (*July*)

**TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH**—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (*Oct.*)

**UNDER WESTERN SKIES**—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (*July*)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (*Aug.*)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (*Dec.*)

**VIENNESE NIGHTS**—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (*Nov.*)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Torrild love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (*Dec.*)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (*Dec.*)

**WAY OF ALL MEN, THE**—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (*Sept.*)

**WAY OUT WEST**—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (*Aug.*)

**WEDDING RINGS**—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (*July*)

**WHAT A WIDOW!**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (*Oct.*)

**WHAT MEN WANT**—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (*July*)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (*Oct.*)

**WILD COMPANY**—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (*Aug.*)

**WINGS OF ADVENTURE**—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (*Oct.*)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (*Aug.*)

**WOMEN EVERYWHERE**—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (*July*)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very melo-drama. (*Dec.*)

**YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN**—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (*July*)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (*Dec.*)





*Nitouche*, Eugene Pallette; *Gabriel Grabowki*, Harry Green; *Adrienne*, Lilian Roth; *Croselli*, Jean DeVal; *Captain*, Albert Conti; *High Commissioner*, Andre Cheron; *Admiral O'Brien*, Charles Sellon; *Commander*, Tom Rickett.

"SCOTLAND YARD"—FOX.—From the play by Dennison Clift. Screen play by Garrett Fort. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Sir John Lasher*, Edmund Lowe; *Dakin Barrolle*, Edmund Lowe; *Nandra*—*Lady Lasher*, Joan Bennett; *Charles Fox*, Donald Crisp; *Doctor Dean*, Georges Renavent; *Sir Clive Heathcote*, Lumsden Hare; *Captain Graves*, David Torrence; *Nurse Cecelia*, Barbara Leonard; *Lord St. Arran*, Halliwell Hobbes.

"SEE AMERICA THIRST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Vin Moore and Edward Luddy. Adapted by C. Jerome Horwin. Directed by William James Cratt. The cast: *Wally*, Harry Langdon; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Allen*, Bessie Love; *Suzanne O'Toole*, Mitchell Lewis; *Insect McGann*, Mathew Betz; *Spanoni*, Stanley Fields; *O'Toole's Henchman*, Loy I Whitlock; *McGann's Henchman*, Dick Alexander; *"Shivering" Smith*, Tom Kennedy; *Inventor*, Lew Hearn; *The Attorney*, Leroy Mason.

"SIN SHIP, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Keene Thompson and Agnes Leahy. Adapted by Hugh Herbert. Directed by Louis Wohlheim. The cast: *Captain McLeigh*, Louis Wohlheim; *Kitty*, Mary Astor; *Marsden*, Ian Keith; *Charlie*, Hugh Herbert; *Tourist (Detective)*, Russell Powell; *Dave*, Alan Roscoe; *Cook*, Bert Stanley.

"SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY"—PATHE.—From the story by Robert Milton and Dorothy Cairns. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Sylvia*, Constance Bennett; *Gaylord Stanton*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Durant*, Basil Rathbone; *Grace*, Rita LaRoy; *Richards*, Louis Bartels; *Sheridan*, John Roche; *Anna*, ZaSu Pitts; *Miss Munson*, Kendall Lee; *Ruth*, Murrel Finley; *Miss Graham*, Helen Johnson; *Butler*, Fred Walton.

"SUSPENSE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Patrick MacGill. Directed by Walter Summers. The cast: *Captain Wilson*, Jack Raine; *Sergeant McGlucky*, Cyril McLaglen; *Corporal Brown*, Syd Crossley; *Private Pettigrew*, Mickey Brantford; *Private Brett (Alleuia)*, Percy Parsons; *"Scruffy"*, D. Hay Petrie; *Private Lomax*, Fred Groves.

"THIRD ALARM, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Emilie Johnson. Continuity by Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford. Directed by Emory Johnson. The cast: *Milly Morton*, Anita Louise; *Dan*, James Hall; *Beauty*, Paul Hurst; *Dad Morton*, Jean Hersholt; *Captain*, Hobart Bosworth; *Neeta*, Mary Doran; *Woman Barber*, Dot Farley; *Mamie*, Nita Martin; *Jimmy*, George Billings; *Uncle*, Walter Perry; *Matron*, Aileen Manning.

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Continuity by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *David Kinemon*, Richard Cromwell; *Luke*, Noah Beery; *Mrs. Kinemon*, Helen Ware; *Esther Haaburn*, Joan Peers; *Alan Kinemon*, George Duryea; *Amos Haaburn*, Henry B. Walthall; *Hunter Kinemon*, Edmund Breese; *Rose Kinemon*, Barbara Bedford; *Iska*, Harlon E. Knight; *Buzzard*, Peter Richmond; *Gull*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Doctor*, Richard Carlyle.

"UNDER SUSPICION"—FOX.—From the story by Tom Barry. Directed by A. F. Erickson. The cast: *John Smith*, J. Harold Murray; *Alie Freil*, Lois Moran; *Doyle*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Darby*, Erwin Connelly; *Freil*, Lumsden Hare; *Inspector Turner*, George Brent; *Suzanne*, Marie Saxon; *Marie*, Rhoda Cross; *Major Manners*, Herbert Bunston; *Ellen*, Vera Gerald.

"WAR NURSE"—M-G-M.—Based on the anonymous novel of the same name. Continuity by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Wally*, Robert Montgomery; *Robin*, Robert Ames; *Babs*, June Walker; *Joy*, Anita Page; *Cushie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Rosalie*, Marie Prevost; *Kansas*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Matron*, Hedda Hopper; *Frank*, Edward Nugent; *Helen*, Martha Sleeper; *Doctor*, Michael Vavitch.

"WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Dominic*, Edward G. Robinson; *Polly*, Alice White; *"Snuffy" Dorgan*, Neil Hamilton; *Slug*, Frank McHugh; *Johnson*, Lee Shumway; *Mullins*, Brooks Benedict; *Davis*, E. H. Calvert; *Helen*, Betty Francisco; *Jimmy*, Harold Goodwin.

"WITHIN THE LAW"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bayard Veiller. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Mary Turner*, Joan Crawford; *Joe Garson*, Robert Armstrong; *Agnes Lynch*, Marie Prevost; *Bob Gilder*, Kent Douglas; *Inspector Burke*, John Miljan; *District Attorney Demarest*, Hale Hamilton; *Edward Gilder*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Cassidy*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Eddie Griggs*, Tyrell Davis; *Carney*, William Bakewell; *Red*, George Cooper; *Bertha*, Gwen Lee; *Helen Morris*, Isabel Withers.

"ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT" (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—ASSOCIATED CINEMAS.—Scenario by Walter Reich and Fritz Schulz. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: *Tom Hofer*, Walter Janssen; *Nicky Mahler*, Oscar Karlweiss; *Nicky Mahler*, Willy Forst; *Hedi*, Gret Theimer; *Anni Lohmeier*, Irene Eisinger; *Theater Director*, Szoeko Szakall; *Cashier Seblesinger*, Karl Etlinger; *The Notary*, Paul Morgan; *a cab driver*, Paul Hoerbiger; *Hofer's Butler*, August Vockau.

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I-PH-31



Papa sock mama! This tender scene was snapped at the Warner Eastern Vitaphone Studio, where the Norworths are at work on "The Naggers"

# Studio Rambles

By Frances Kish

**B**ANG! And splash! The studio stillness is broken by the sound of a hot dog, heavily laden with mustard, being expertly placed in a lady's left eye. The lady is Mrs. Jack Norworth. Her assailant is Mr. Jack Norworth. In the picture, and in real life, they are husband and wife. And he gets paid for socking her in the eye with a frankfurter and a pint of mustard! Aren't movies wonderful!

We're visiting some Eastern studios this month. It's about time, with picture actors as thickly strewn on the streets of New York as skyscrapers. Right now we're at the Warner Vitaphone short subject studios in Brooklyn.

You can taxi out or tunnel out, according to your purse. You guessed it the first time.

I tunneled, in the subway, down under Wall Street, deep under the East River, and miles and miles into Brooklyn. All for five cents!

The present Vitaphone Studio is on the site of the old Vitagraph Studios, and some of the original buildings are still used. There's a lot of film history hovering about the place. There are a few people there now who remember the Talmadge girls as little, dirty-faced kids who made mud pies out in the yard between scenes. Valentino, a comparatively unknown dancer then, began his picture career within its walls. But all that's another story.

**W**E'RE watching a scene for "The Naggers Go Rooting," one of a series of short domestic comedies in which the Norworths are starring. This one, of course, is about football.

There must have been a call for extras who own raccoon coats. The stand is full of them, excitedly watching an imaginary game.

Down in the middle of the second row sit the Norworths. It seems that wifey doesn't know what it's all about, but she doesn't intend to let that bother her. She makes the game more thrilling by yelling "touchdown" and "bravo" in all the wrong places. And then she insists on being fed at a crucial moment in the game.

That's too much for the other fans, including hubby. So he heaves the hot dog. The fans applaud and howl with glee—real howls, not actors' howls.

If it's as funny on the screen as it was in actuality, you're due for a real laugh.

"Cut! Okay!" snickers Director Alf Goulding. Mrs. Norworth gives Mr. a long look which promises revenge, and hustles off the set to have her make-up repaired for the next scene.

Mr. Norworth, wearing the pleased expression of the cat who

has just swallowed the canary, sniffs the air and makes a face. It seems it hasn't been a totally unmarred pleasure for him.

He detests the smell of mustard, and this is the real stuff, with a rare and penetrating aroma.

**N**OW, let's go over to the Paramount Eastern Studios, on Long Island, and see what's going on there. They ought to be getting toward the end of "The Royal Family" (which will be called something else by the time it reaches the screen).

We're hungry by the time we reach there, so our first stop is the lunch room. Ginger Rogers is there, with her mother. Ginger's latest picture is finished, so she's just a visitor, too. She has to hurry back to Broadway for the matinee of "Girl Crazy," a musical comedy in which she is starring.

We seem to have picked a slow day for our visit. On the set, Ina Claire is calling for aspirin and it looks as though not much more work will be done today.

But Ina looks radiant—as fresh as a Billy Haines retort, as she rehearses a scene in which she receives a big box of roses from an old admirer, and her face reflects all the tender memories this romantic gesture has brought back.

She's evidently a good trouper, for she rehearses and rehearses and is still rehearsing as we leave, and I don't think the aspirin ever arrived.

Treading a careful way over coils of wires and around freshly painted flats for backgrounds, we almost lose our balance as three blood-curdling shrieks ring out. Makes us feel like characters in a mystery thriller! Fearfully, we clutch the nearest protecting male.

The callous man just laughs at us. "Here she comes," he says. And around the corner of the set appears Henrietta Crosman, famous actress of the legitimate theater, looking just as satisfied with herself as she can be. She's been recording screams, and we're here to testify they were good ones.

We saw "The Royal Family" on the stage a few seasons ago and we forget just what part these screams played, but Miss Crosman made them sound mighty important.

**T**OO bad we missed Freddy March and Mary Brian. They're both playing leading parts in this opus, but today's scenes don't require their presence.

The last time we saw Mr. March was when "Laughter" was being filmed. It was a hot, late-summer day, and Nancy Carroll and he were having a grand time getting soaked in the skin in the rain scenes.

The studio "rain" didn't wet them quickly enough, so they had to stand under a shower first.

# I hurried home from a week-end party



**to consult this great  
dermatologist about  
your complexion  
problems**

It was a nice party, too! Thanksgiving week-end at a lovely old house out on Long Island. Our hostess urged us all to stay over Sunday night and everybody accepted but me.

However, I had an appointment at 10 o'clock Monday morning—with one of New York's famous dermatologists. So I came on home!

But, really, it was quite worth the sacrifice. For this great physician was such a very simple, human sort of person—and *very* easy to talk to. He told me he has many patients who come to him with just the complexion problems so many of you write me about—blackheads, acne or whiteheads.

"Will these conditions clear up of themselves?" I asked.

"Not usually," he told me. "They need a doctor's care—especially acne. But after such conditions have yielded to treatment, the only care I prescribe is regular cleansing with a mild soap."

"You, of course, believe Camay is such a soap, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have tested this soap carefully and

am very much pleased with it. I very often prescribe it for my patients. And my own daughter likes it very much."

"In your opinion, is there any complexion too dry or too delicate to use such a mild soap as Camay?" I asked.

"No," came the answer.

"And oily skins, of course, need frequent cleansing with soap and water?" I went on.

"Yes," said the dermatologist, "two or three times a day. An oily skin needs an astringent, too," he added.

"What kind would you recommend?" I asked.

"Well, in all my experience, I've found nothing so good as ice-water. Just plunge your face into a bowl of ice-water. This tightens up the pores and tends to keep them from being over-active in producing oil."

If you will write for my free booklet, "Face Your World with Loveliness," you'll find even more complexion help than there's room for here. Write me at Dept. YV-11, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Helen Chase*

**Camay has been tested and approved by 75 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.**

## What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

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*Dr. Allen Posey*  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Posey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



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# Shivering is out of fashion ! Woolens have taken the shops by storm

And salespeople tell me,  
*"For washing, use Ivory ..  
it's safer for wool !"*

How sensible we women are becoming—let the men jest at our fashions as much as they wish. *We* wear short sleeves and filmy things when it's hot—and now we're going in for cosy winter woolens. Even some of the debutantes I know are wearing real underwear—to be sure it's rabbit's wool, thin as silk and more expensive. But it's *wool!*

Then there are swanky flannel pajamas, angora sweaters like pussy willows, jaunty housedresses of wool crepe (very practical, because they can be washed and kept as fastidiously clean as ging-

ham). Woolens of all kinds—and what lovely ones I saw when I visited the Botany Worsted Mills the other day.

When I talked to salespeople in the leading stores all over the country, as I'm constantly doing, I found that they are being very careful about the advice they give this season: "When you wash woolens," they are saying (as you'll find when you shop yourself), "use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. *Woolens especially need a pure soap.*"

Well, most of us know that! But we can't be *too* careful with wool. Hot water is dangerous—it shrinks and mats woolens . . . A soap even a little less pure than Ivory harshens and shrinks wool.

That's why you'll get advice like this which I heard in one of Philadel-

phia's leading stores: "Be sure to use tepid water and Ivory Soap for woolens. It will cleanse them well and keep them soft. Other soaps are likely to be too harsh."

Or: "Absolutely nothing but pure Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes should be used on baby woolens—not only to prevent shrinking, but also chafing of the baby's skin." (From a smart Detroit shop.)

Salespeople feel *safer* when they advise Ivory. They know that garments which can stand water alone are safe in lukewarm Ivory suds. And *you* can feel confident when you use Ivory—you know that a soap pure enough for a baby's skin is safe for woolens, silks, rayons—all your nicest things.

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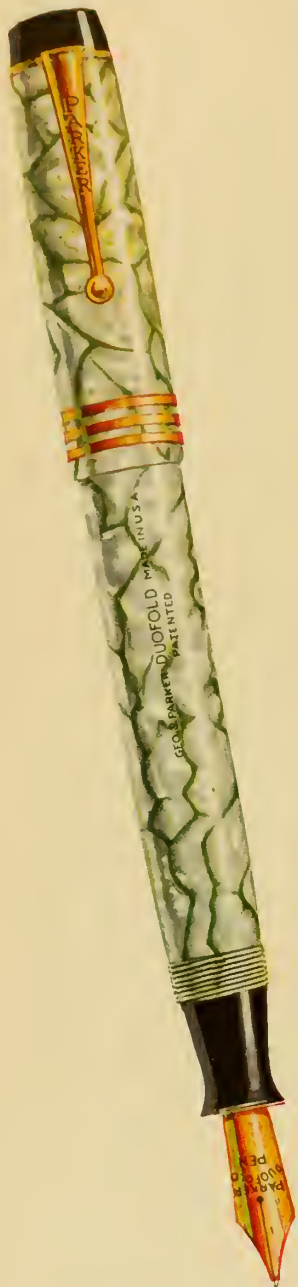


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*The lovely Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star, was using her Parker Pen as the camera clicked, for Courtesy writes its intimate letters by hand.*

# How long have you had "pink tooth brush"?

**Y**OU probably don't remember when you first began to notice "pink" on your tooth brush. Most people don't go into a panic over that first slight tinge of "pink" on the brush.

It's almost inevitable these days—"pink tooth brush." The gums need the stimulation of coarse foods—and they don't get it. Gradually they become more and more lazy—until they're so tender that they bleed on the slightest provocation.

And suppose you don't do anything about it. Just let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. What then?

### It's time to stop "pink tooth brush"

Pale gums, unhealthy gums, bleeding gums, are an open invitation to various diseases of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, pyorrhea.

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very, very young. They're clean, too. Reassuringly clean.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 3

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

February, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*



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

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



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# The Girl on the Cover

**T**HE way that Dorothy Mackaill has fought her way through life she might have been Irish, instead of North Country English.

She has been to war with the smallest and the greatest—with everybody from her father's housekeeper to studio executives. Never once has she been afraid to speak her piece, when she thought it necessary, and to take the consequences.

She got fighting angry because Ziegfeld took her specialty number away from her after she had left the "Follies" and gone back again. So she'd just show Mr. Ziegfeld. She'd show him by making a success in pictures.

She got fighting angry when First National Pictures put her in a rôle she knew she couldn't do. She felt it was a sappy rôle. The heroine had to stand at a gate and pray that her lover would come back to her. Dorothy wouldn't do that sort of thing, either in real life or on the screen. She said so.

The studio wanted to break her contract. She sued the studio and went to England. The studio cabled her that they had written a new contract.

That isn't what happens to most little girls who go to war with big business (as witness Janet Gaynor). But it happens to girls like Dorothy. For she was born with pluck and courage.

**T**HE fight began when she was eleven years old. It was a difficult situation for a child. Her mother and father were divorced. Dorothy fell into the custody of her father. And the long succession of housekeepers were just so many thorns in Dorothy's side. At the ninth, she revolted, and refused to remain at home any longer. (Strangely enough, her father married this very housekeeper and, when Dorothy went to England recently, she found a wealth of companionship and understanding from this woman.)

There was very little money in the family, but Dorothy was sent to an expensive school in London. Picture her as she was then. A yellow-haired little girl with a North Country accent you could serve with a spoon, among the carefully protected, well dressed little British snobs. Those children were there because it was the place to be. Dorothy wanted something else. Her young mind hungered for the knowledge stored up in the books upon which the others wasted but a cursory glance.

Every time she stood up to recite the others tittered discreetly at her "frightfully amusing" accent. She wouldn't let them know how she felt, but nights, alone in her bed, she wept bitterly. Yet, that staunch spirit that was eventually to carry her over the seas of success was at work within her then.

**S**HE found a place as a dancer at the London Hippodrome, and then went with a group of English girls to Paris to work in a show with Maurice Chevalier. Her father followed her there, to bring her back to Hull. Dorothy wouldn't go. She had fought too hard for her freedom, and it was sweet.

It was by the merest chance that she came to America. She became one of the glamorous group of beauties known as "the Follies girls." Ironically enough, Ziegfeld picked her as



"If you don't get what you want, fight for it!" That's been Dotty Mackaill's slogan ever since she was a little girl. Here she is, in her fighting togs!

"the typical American girl." That decided her. They should not laugh at her accent any longer. She would be an American. So she worked—and worked hard—to overcome her thick speech. She took out citizenship papers and sent for her mother, who is still with her.

And it was right after this that Marshall Neilan offered her a part in a picture, which led to her being signed by a comedy company for eleven two-reelers. Ziegfeld was none too pleased. His girls couldn't walk out on him like that, so when the comedy company failed, as it did with one brief gasp, and Dorothy went back to show-girling, her specialty number was taken away from her.

**T**HE blood of the trouper had begun to sing in Dorothy's veins and she didn't stop to hurl vituperatives at a fate which had played her a mean trick. Instead, she decided to "show 'em." She would make a success in pictures!

She had a long talk with herself one morning. Her hair was long and golden, and they had been putting her in Gish-esquerôles. She knew that wasn't her type. It was the beauty of her hair and not her ability as an actress that was keeping her in pictures. And, if that were the case, the offending member must be done away with.

A few simple snips of the scissors—and Dorothy emerged a shorn, but sophisticated looking young woman. On the strength of it she got the name rôle in "Chickie."

But the fight wasn't over, although it seemed simple enough. There was a long-term starring contract with First National. There was her marriage to Lothar Mendes, a famous director. There was an enormous weekly salary coming in. And there

was, later, her divorce from Mendes.

She made "Office Wife," and immediately afterwards was put in "River's End."

She knew she couldn't play that rôle.

And a couple of days' work on it showed her even more clearly that it was not hers.

**E**VERYBODY called her foolish. She was, they said, at a critical time in her career, as was every other screen star just then.

But Dorothy wasn't to be downed, then nor ever. The studio tried to break her contract.

She sued, and went to England to await the outcome. And when she sailed she had no idea what the future would hold for her.

It might mean the finish of her career.

"Office Wife" was released. It was an instantaneous hit and Dorothy was called back, with a new contract, to the home team.

There are big plans for her now at First National.

She has been loaned to Fox for two pictures and, at the moment, is doing what is known as "riding on top of the world."

And if a game spirit will do it, she'll stay there.



# MARRIED LOVE



*Which—*  
**DOES THE MODERN  
 GIRL PREFER?**

**S**AFETY in marriage or daring adventures in stolen love? What is the real truth about this modern generation's attitude toward the once sacred convention of marriage? "ILLCIT" tells, frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story of one girl's amazing adventures in the dangerous business of *experimenting* with love.



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 CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

*Based on the play by*  
 Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin

**DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO**

**A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION**



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

**ADIOS**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

**AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

**ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

**ANIMAL CRACKERS**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

**ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

**ARE YOU THERE?**—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

**ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

**BACK PAY**—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (Aug.)

**BAD MAN, THE**—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (Aug.)

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

**BIG BOY**—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (Sept.)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (Aug.)

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

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

**BORDER ROMANCE**—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (Aug.)

**BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

**BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (Aug.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (Aug.)

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

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (Sept.)

**CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

**CAPTAIN THUNDER**—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

**CAT CREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

**COMMON CLAY**—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (Sept.)

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

**CONSPIRACY**—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (Sept.)

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

**DANGER LIGHTS**—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

**DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW**—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (Sept.)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (Sept.)

**DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

**DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A**—Fox.—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (Sept.)

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

**DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

**DIXIANA**—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (Aug.)

**DOORWAY TO HELL, THE**—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

**DOUGHBOYS**—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

**DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION**—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

**DUMB BELLS IN ERMINE**—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (Aug.)

**EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

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

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

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## Famous PHOTOPLAY Features

The Shadow Stage

Hollywood Menus

Advice on Girls' Problems

Addresses of the Stars

Brief Reviews of Current  
Pictures

Casts of Current Pictures

Questions and Answers

A remarkable presentation of information and service every month.

March Issue on Sale Feb. 15.

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

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis an entertainment! (Dec.)

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

**COLLEGE LOVERS**—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)



**WILL ROGERS**

in HENRY KING'S production

**LIGHTNIN'**

WITH

**LOUISE DRESSER**

JOEL McCREA HELEN COHAN

SHARON LYNN

WILL ROGERS, wizard of wise-crocks . . . as the lozy, lovable londlord of a divorce hotel—in a far west Porodise of scenic beauty. Will Rogers—host to a houseful of love-loose, mon-wise, marvelous divorcées. Will Rogers—helping o handsome six-foot hero fight clear to the most wonderful girl in the world. Will Rogers—after his success in "They Hod to See Poris" and "So This is London"—in his role of rôles—LIGHTNIN'.

A FOX MOVIE TONE adapted from the stage success  
produced by **JOHN GOLDEN**

**FOX**

# Brickbats & Bouquets



## You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

### The \$25 Letter

Monrovia, Calif.

WHY:

Do critics rave about Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes?

Don't they re-issue some Valentino films?

Doesn't Greta Garbo make more pictures?

Doesn't someone tell Jeanette MacDonald that simplicity is the keynote to *chic*?

Did they let Charles Farrell play "Liliom"?

Don't we see more of Leila Hyams and less of Anita Page?

Do they always make Gary Cooper appear sheepish and diffident in his love scenes?

Doesn't Clara Bow quit using so much makeup and frizzing her hair?

Doesn't everyone rave about Claudette Colbert?

Don't the critics run out of superlatives when they talk about Gloria Swanson in "What a Widow"?

ALICE SIMPSON

### The \$10 Letter

Richmond, Va.

I AM one of the truest motion picture fans that ever lived, but there is one thing I certainly wish producers would attend to.

While a picture is being made they give it a certain title with a good amount of publicity. I get my heart all set on going to see it only to find that it has been here and gone, but under another name.

Couldn't they make up their minds and let them stay made?

ANN WINFIELD

### The \$5 Letter

New York City, N. Y.

LURID and sensational advertising in the daily papers and the exploitation outside theaters, together with the "spicy" titles tacked onto the pictures these days in an effort to stimulate public interest is having just the opposite effect.

It is, in most cases, an unfair representation of the very film they are trying to "put over" and keeps a large percentage of the public out of the theaters.

It is undoubtedly responsible for the drop in attendance of the children.

Why cheapen an otherwise great industry by this suggestive advertising and foolish exploitation?

VESTA STEVENS

### A Good Word for Trailers

Milwaukee, Wis.

DESPITE all opinions to the contrary I firmly contend that a "trailer" is the greatest drawing card a picture can have. It arouses my interest, piques my curiosity and

GARBOMANIA is raging throughout the country this month and cries of "One Garbo—all the rest are imitation!" deluge the fan mail. Marlene Dietrich catches numerous bouquets for her good work in "Morocco" and the picture is well liked, but, you win, Greta, on this month's mail. Now, bring on "Inspiration!"

Raoul Walsh can take bows for giving "The Big Trail" to a public weary of drawing room dramas, and the fans want to see more of John Wayne, the stalwart hero.

No one can sing a theme song like Ramon Novarro. He is the screen's Prince Charming. But, say the fans, he deserves more beautiful leading women.

The "It" girl has been wronged, according to countless correspondents. She should be taken out of the Navy and given better stories and less publicity. As if they could stop publicity on Clara!

William Haines is a runner-up with Novarro for popularity this month and Marie Dressler gets honorable mention for her fine characterization in "Min and Bill." Everybody likes Mitzi Green in "Tom Sawyer," Fredric March in "Laughter," Kay Francis in "The Virtuous Sin," Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee" and Ann Harding in anything, and there are loud wails for more pictures for the children.

Give 'em some Westerns!

convinces me that my seeing the picture is an absolute necessity.

MISS FLORENCE M. L. DURNIN

### In Re Mr. Tully

Louisville, Ky.

IF M-G-M had to put Mr. Tully in pictures because of the publicity he caused by flooring Mr. Gilbert in a scrap some time ago, why didn't they start him out in a "short" or still better, let him make up part of a newsreel?

FRED YOUNG

### Fie! for Shame!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISS DIETRICH has come too late. We worship only one idol and she is Garbo.

We resent the intrusion of this Marlene Dietrich.

There is no place for her in our hearts. We do not want her.

M. HARRINGTON

### Cheers for Marlene

New York City, N. Y.

MY highest praise goes to Marlene Dietrich for her superb handling of the part in "Morocco." She is Greta Garbo, but with greater vigor; she is Jeanne Eagels, but with more warmth and emotion.

Her ability must have acted in some mysterious way upon Gary Cooper. For once he really acted, not just posed in his customary strong and silent he-man fashion.

FLORENCE LIPKIN

### More Talkies for Tots

Coleman, Texas

WHY can't we have more moving pictures for the children? "Tom Sawyer" is the first "kids" picture that has been made in a long time.

What with drawing room dramas dripping with English accents and epigrams, musical comedies with undressed chorines and murder mysteries, I should imagine the kids have a poor time of it.

LEAH BODINE DRAKE

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

# RICHARD BARTHELMESS

## OUR DICK!

—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol*.

—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!



## The LASH

MARY ASTOR  
MARIAN NIXON  
FRED KOHLER  
JAMES RENNIE

Based upon the story "Adios" by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Screen Version by Bradley King

A FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION



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**A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE**

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

**EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

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

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shrirk and squeal. (Dec.)

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

**FLIRTING WIDOW, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

**FOLLOW THRU**—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers. (Sept.)

**FOR THE DEFENSE**—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (Sept.)

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

**GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (Aug.)

**GOING WILD**—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

**GOLDEN DAWN**—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

**GOOD INTENTIONS**—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (Aug.)

**GOOD NEWS**—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (Aug.)

**GORILLA, THE**—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (Aug.)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

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

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarettel (Dec.)

**HELL'S ANGELS**—Caddo Prod.—Three years and \$4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but \$4,000,000 worth? (Aug.)

**HELL'S ISLAND**—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

★ **HIER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong."—Frankie and her erring Johnnie further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**HIER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, en negligée in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (Aug.)

**HOT CURVES**—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (Aug.)

**HOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

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

**INSIDE THE LINES**—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (Sept.)

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Roberts do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

**KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN**—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

**LADIES IN LOVE**—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (Aug.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

**LADY WHO DARED, THE**—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

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

**LAST OF THE DUANES**—Fox.—Even if you're not a Western fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (Sept.)

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

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

**LAWFUL LARCENY**—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (Sept.)

**LEATHERNECKING**—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (Oct.)

**L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES**—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

**LET US BE GAY**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

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

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

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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# How a second meeting ruined their romance

*'B.O.' lost her many an admirer until—*  
(Body Odor)

"I—I hope you'll come again," she said. *But she knew he wouldn't.* She could feel he had lost interest in her, just as other men had.

Yet last night, when they met for the first time, he had seemed instantly attracted—eager to call. Why had *this* evening been a failure? Why had he turned so cool and distant?

Now she knows the reason. Knows why she couldn't hold admirers—had no intimate girl friends. Let her tell you how she ended her fault—won popularity.

"It was a terrible shock to learn that *I* was guilty of 'B.O.'—*body odor.* But it's so easy to offend—and not know it! Pores are continually giving off odor-causing waste—

as much as a quart daily. Our senses become deadened to an ever-present odor. We don't notice 'B.O.' in *ourselves*—only in others.

"Yet no one need ever offend. Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. You'll feel so gloriously clean—so fresh—so *safe.* For Lifebuoy deep-cleanses pores—ends all trace of 'B.O.'"

*Want a good complexion?*

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy is the best of beauty treatments. Its gentle, yet searching lather frees tiny pores of clogged impurities—brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull, sallow skins. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies.* Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



# Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

*stops body odor—*

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Liliom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

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

**LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE**—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (Sept.)

**LITTLE CAESAR**—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug. Jr. (Dec.)

**LONE RIDER, THE**—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (Sept.)

**LONESOME TRAIL, THE**—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

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

**LOTTERY BRIDE, THE**—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (Oct.)

**LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this luke-warm musical comedy. (Sept.)

**LOVE IN THE RING**—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (Oct.)

**LOVE IN THE ROUGH**—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (Oct.)

**LOVE RACKET, THE**—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (Oct.)

**LOVE TRADER, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (Oct.)

**MAN FROM WYOMING, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (Aug.)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a hoost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (Sept.)

**MAN TO MAN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

**MAN TROUBLE**—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (Sept.)

**MAYBE IT'S LOVE**—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (Oct.)

**MEDICINE MAN, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (Sept.)

**MEN OF THE NORTH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (Oct.)

**MIDNIGHT MYSTERY**—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compton and Lowell Sherman. (Aug.)

**MIN AND BILL**—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

**MISBEHAVING LADIES**—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (Oct.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

**MOTHERS CRY**—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

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

**NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE**—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (Oct.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

Columbia Pictures . . .	Page 109
Educational Pictures . . .	Page 107
First National Pictures . . .	Page 11
Fox Film . . . . .	Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . .	Page 105
Paramount Pictures . . .	Page 4
Warner Brothers . . . .	Page 7

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

**NIGHT WORK**—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (Aug.)

**NUMBERED MEN**—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (Aug.)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (Oct.)

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

**OIL SAILOR BELIEVE**—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll have about this one. (Sept.)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

**ONE MAD KISS**—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

**ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S**—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (Sept.)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rieh in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (Sept.)

**OTHER TOMORROW, THE**—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (Aug.)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (Sept.)

**OUTSIDE THE LAW**—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (Oct.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

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

**PARADISE ISLAND**—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (Sept.)

**PARDON MY GUN**—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (Sept.)

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

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

**PAY OFF, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

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

**PLAYBOY OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (Nov.)

**QUEEN HIGH**—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (Aug.)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (Sept.)

**RAIN OR SHINE**—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie debut. A circus story with a punch finish. (Oct.)

**RECAPTURED LOVE**—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (Aug.)

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENEGADES**—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

**RENO**—Sono Art.—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (Sept.)

**RIGHT OF WAY, THE**—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (Aug.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood he-story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO PARADISE**—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]

**W**omen with  
**PERFECT TEETH**  
*entrust them  
only to this gentle  
dentifrice*

**T**here is a very definite reason why those with perfect teeth rely only on Listerine Tooth Paste for cleaning.

This modern thrift dentifrice contains remarkable cleansing and polishing agents—noted for their gentle action. We searched for years before discovering them. They are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious tooth enamel and are therefore harmless to it.

So, teeth cleansed by Listerine Tooth Paste retain their natural hardness and brilliance.

If you are not already using this unusual tooth paste, get a tube today and try it. Compare it with any tooth paste at any price. And judge by results alone.



More than 3,000,000 men and women have made this comparison. Now they pronounce Listerine Tooth Paste their favorite. They like the quick but gentle way it gets rid of discoloration, stains, and tartar. They like the thorough way it cleans. The beautiful brilliance it imparts to teeth.

And they welcome that wonderful

feeling of freshness it leaves in the mouth—a sensation associated with Listerine itself.

Incidentally, at 25¢ the large tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class, on the basis of a tube per month per person. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend  
**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES**



**Buy gloves with  
that \$3 it saves**

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.\* Gloves are merely a suggestion.

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE .. 25¢**



The screen players have learned the value of correct skin care. Here, Virginia Bruce demonstrates some of the steps to guard the complexion against winter winds

# Your *Mid-Winter* Complexion

**H**AVE you ever shunned your mirror because you didn't want to know the things it told you about your complexion? That method is all right to keep up your vanity, but it doesn't solve anything.

I know. I've tried it, too. And it made me think of the famous jingle that goes something like this:

"As a beauty I am not a star,  
There are others more handsome by far.  
But, my face, I don't mind it  
For I keep behind it—  
The people in front get the jar!"

Too many of us go around jarring "the people in front" in mid-winter. We're busy, and we let cold winds do their worst. When chapped lips, reddened hands and "sandpaper" complexions make us too uncomfortable, we begin our feeble attempts to undo the mischief. How much better it would be to prevent it!

Some of us try to, but we don't know the right way.

For instance, Phyllis writes that there isn't enough cold cream in the world to keep her skin from drying out at the first breath of winter. But then she adds this telltale paragraph:

"I have been dieting for a year, leaving out butter and other fats almost entirely. Do you think that could have anything to do with the excessive dryness of my skin?" (Do I!)

MRS. H. M. says: "I can't use creams of any kind on my face because the grease comes right out again, through the powder. I wash with soap and warm water night and morning, but my face is chapped and sore from the beginning of winter until the end. Is there anything you can suggest to help me?"

Joan Betty's greatest problem is that skating brings the roses to her cheeks and she doesn't like that at all—they "spoil her pale type"! Essie complains because no amount of outdoor exercise gives her lasting color, and she thinks a girl as healthy as she is shouldn't have to get all her rouge out of boxes and jars.

Marcella writes: "I thought I had complexion troubles last summer, but that was nothing compared to this winter roughness. I can't keep my face smooth and

soft for more than a day at a time. And I do try. Perhaps my method is wrong."

Winter winds stimulate the circulation and are tonic to the healthy skin. But excessive cold and the lowered humidity are drying and sometimes irritating to a sensitive complexion. So some extra precautionary measures must be taken.

**T**HAT doesn't necessarily mean that you have to use a quantity of preparations or give yourself elaborate, time-taking beauty treatments.

Yours may be the type of skin that requires only the simplest care to keep it in splendid condition, even in the most trying climate.

Most of us are willing to stay up an extra few minutes at night, doing healing things to repair the day's ravages. We have learned their value. And even five minutes in the morning will give your skin the protective care it needs.

The first thing to look to, of course, is your general health.

Exercise, some of it outdoors in the sunshine, balanced by enough rest and sleep; lightweight clothing that is warm enough to keep the body from chilling; normal diet; plenty of fluids—these have an enormous effect on the condition of the skin. Add to them scrupulous external cleanliness.



## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

**A**RE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

**I**F you are dieting over-strenuously and, like Phyllis, are leaving out greases and fats, your skin is bound to suffer from a lack of lubrication and to become dry and wrinkled. All the lubricants can't go from the outside in, and no amount of creaming will help you.

Neither is it necessary to wash an already chapped face with soap and water twice a day, as Mrs. H. M. does. She will get better results by leaving the soap and water cleansing for a just-before-bedtime ritual, following it with a moderately greasy cream or face lotion, wiping off the surplus and leaving a thin film to soften the skin. In the morning she can remove the remaining cream with a mild astringent or tonic lotion, or plain, tepid water, followed by a cold rinse.

Each complexion constitutes an individual problem. Your skin may need stimulation to restore its fineness. In your zeal to acquire a lovely complexion you may be

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



Every Screen Star in Hollywood

# Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of MAKE-UP In COLOR Harmony

You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality . . . from Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.

Do you want new beauty . . . new magnetism of personality . . . new fascination . . . quickly, almost instantly . . . then listen to this message from Hollywood . . . learn about the one make-up that's used in all the famous motion picture studios; by all the glorious stars who have entranced you with their loveliness . . . discover why beauty is always perfect in every picture released from Hollywood.



JOAN CRAWFORD  
M-G-M Star of "Within the Law", approves her correct color harmony tone in lipstick, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

\*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

Sixty Famous Stars write about make-up in this book.

Then came the revolutionary idea . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and other make-up requisites . . . all in color harmony to blend with the complexion colorings of each individual type, whatever the variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And each color tone in each cosmetic created to some living type . . . to harmonize with such matchless beauty as typified by Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Billie Dove.

Imagine what amazing new beauty this discovery means to you . . . and now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret, for in Society Make-Up, Max Factor has created powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other requisites for every woman, for every day, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. A sensation in Hollywood . . . it will be a beauty revelation to you.

And you may have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up charted for you by Max Factor . . . who will analyze your complexion, and tell you personally how to make the most of your own natural beauty; how to reveal the alluring charm and fascination you have admired and longed for. Accept this priceless beauty gift from Max Factor . . . and copy of this book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon below

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP "Cosmetics of the Stars": . . . HOLLYWOOD

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### MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-2-30

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		None
Fair	COLOR LASHES (Yes)	None
Medium		SAFELY
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Only
Dark		Only
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Other	Answer with Check Mark	

# Noted Doctors hold NATION-WIDE Beauty Clinic

*Bring Thrilling Proof  
of simple way to skin  
loveliness in 30-day test*

Last September, 612 women...of all ages...with all types of complexions...accepted an invitation from 15 of America's most distinguished skin specialists.

Every day, for thirty consecutive days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively.

Daily, each patient's complexion was examined by the physician or his assistant. At the end of thirty days, all "case histories" were reviewed by one of New York's most eminent dermatologists. His final report gives dramatic proof of the marked superiority of Woodbury's...for cleansing and beautifying the skin.

In 271 cases of faulty complexion, the Woodbury side showed radiant improvement over the other.

Acne was benefitted in 106 cases. Excessively oily conditions were improved in 115 cases. Dry, scaly skin in 81 cases. Blackhead conditions, in 103 cases.

For *your* complexion's sake, try Woodbury's. Con-



New York Group Making "Half-Face" Test — 72 New York girls took test under supervision of a N. Y. dermatologist. Among these were 40 girls from U. S. Rubber Co.



**CASE NO. 425.** Hollywood. Outdoor Girl. Age 22. Complexion dry. After test, Woodbury-treated side showed normal.



**CASE NO. 217.** Baltimore. Clubwoman. Age 30. Oily skin. At the end of test, Woodbury side was greatly improved.

"PATCH TEST" reveals gentle action of Woodbury's. A thick paste of the soap applied to skin for 24 hours showed Woodbury's non-irritating.

tinue your usual cleansing method on one side of your face, if you wish. But every night for a month use warm water and Woodbury's on the other. And, as the days go by, watch the Woodbury side improve, with clearer color, finer pores, smoother texture.

Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or send coupon for generous sample.

A STATEMENT from W. J. HIGHMAN, M. D.  
(Former Chairman of American Society of Dermatologists)

"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of the fifteen dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests... These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional reputations, and as outstanding physicians in their chosen fields."

(Signed) *Walter J. Highman M.D.*



MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.  
802 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Face Powder. I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

Oily skin  Flabby skin  Sallow skin   
Dry skin  Coarse pores  Pimples   
Wrinkles  Blackheads

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Loretta Young, real name Gretchen, born in Salt Lake City, and is just eighteen. She's 5 feet, 3½ inches tall; weighs 100, has light brown hair and blue eyes

**Y**OUTH and happiness incarnate—one of First National's particular prides and joys—the little woman who meets Grant Withers at the garden gate when he comes home all hot and bothered from the studio—that's lovely little Loretta Young!



Grace Moore was born in Tennessee. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her first stage hit was scored in "The Music Box Revue." She is unmarried

**A** BLONDE meteor—that's Grace Moore. From singing in a choir in a Tennessee town to the New York musical comedy stage as her course, she rose to the heights of the Metropolitan Opera. Now her gorgeous voice is heard in M-G-M pictures



**T**HERE'S a new sparkle to this familiar jewel of a girl. Now that Janet Gaynor's busy on the Fox lot again, she's happier than she's been in a long time. And why not? She has one of the greatest parts of her career in "The Man Who Came Back"!

Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1906. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 96, has auburn hair, brown eyes. She married Lydell Peck in the fall of 1929.



Ann Harding was born at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 106, has ash blonde hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Harry Bannister, actor

**T**HE movies' quest for the Golden Girl ended when Ann Harding was captured from the stage. A sensational success since "Holiday," with a good husband, a beautiful little daughter and a happy home in the hills above Hollywood—what a woman!



**H**E'S come fast and far, this young Phillips Holmes, since Paramount signed him two years ago. Beginning his brilliant work opposite Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday," Phil has moved from hit to hit. In "Stolen Heaven" with Nancy

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1909. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Phil is one of those eligible bachelors.



Carole Lombard was born in Ft. Wayne, Ind., about 23 years ago. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; has golden hair and blue eyes. In "Fast and Loose" and "Ladies' Man"

**J**ANE PETERS came to Hollywood in 1925, seeking fame and fortune in pictures. Her path led through Sennett comedies to bigger parts in features. Today, as Carole Lombard, she's doing mighty well in Paramount talkies, and well on her way!



# HOWARD GREER *designs* His Original Models over Gossard Foundations



"I prefer to design my frocks over Gossard foundations because, when the figure is at its best, I am inspired to create my best gowns," says Howard Greer, one of the foremost designers in America.

Howard Greer, formerly associated with Paul Poiret and Captain Molyneux in Paris, started his own shop in Hollywood in 1927. Mr. Greer designs gowns for famous movie stars, as well as the socially prominent women of California and society celebrities spending their playtime at California resorts.

GOSSARD  
*Line of  
Beauty*

Just as the famous designer, Howard Greer, creates his best designs over Gossard foundations, fashionable women appear at their smartest when they wear a Gossard moulding foundation under their frocks. The photograph shows a Greer gown of pale blue crepe and one of Gossard's "MisSimplicity" combinations of peach satin and lace. The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps that button in back, mould the figure to fashionable lines

Model 6658

# CATTY

*but*

# True



**"ATTRACTIVE,  
WELL-BRED, BUT  
SO CARELESS  
ABOUT HER HANDS"**

*"They were mean to say it . . . but I knew they were right"*

"I was ashamed of my hands, but I had hoped no one else noticed them. Then I chanced to overhear that comment. From the woman I admired most in our club, too.

"'Careless,' she had called me.

"Then I realized how my red, roughened hands SPOILED the effect I wanted to make. But how *could* I have pretty, white hands—with dishes to do three times a day?

#### *A Friend's Advice*

"It was a little friend of mine, who works in a fashionable beauty shop, who helped me out.

"'We use LUX suds in our manicure bowls,' she told me—'because they

leave the hands very soft and lovely. If I were washing dishes I'd use Lux in the dishpan—for my hands' sake!'

"I tried it, and now my hands are as white and smooth as before I was married! I never saw such a *magical* improvement. I'm *proud* of them now, thanks to Lux."



#### **Costs less than 1¢ a day**

So many soaps dry the natural oils of the skin. Bland, gentle Lux protects these skin oils. That's why it keeps your hands lovely. Buy the big package—it does six weeks' dishes!

#### *Wives Everywhere*

So many wives are now using Lux in the dishpan! It keeps their hands lovely as those of the woman with maids. 305 famous beauty shops say:

"We can't tell the difference between the hands of the wife who uses Lux in the dishpan and the hands of the woman with maids."



*Beauty Treatment for Hands . . . LUX in the Dishpan*

February, 1931

# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

**S**TRICKEN by this calamity and that, since the invasion of the talkies, the stage seems to have given itself up to gloomy forebodings. Now a new shadow is descending upon Broadway—or at least, so they think. Censorship.

Frank Gilmore, President of the Actors' Equity Association, believes the danger so imminent as to remark: "We may confidently expect a political censorship by Easter, engineered by religious and law enforcement groups."

Maybe so, but that's taking the boys out of the trenches mighty quick.

**I**HAVE my own guess as to the cause of most of this. It sounds to me more like the rumblings of a guilty conscience. A good deal of dirt has been shoved over the footlights the present theatrical season. Some of the lines players are called upon to speak are enough to revolt any self-respecting man or woman.

Decent actors and actresses can't see how this sort of thing can go on indefinitely. Perhaps they are right.

But to those standing on the side lines any movement for reform—if indeed it really exists—appears to be from within the ranks of the performers themselves.

If stage censorship should come we shall know where to place the blame.

**T**HEATRICAL producers are like the Bourbons and the Romanoffs—they never learn. "Lightnin'" taught them nothing.

Yet that play was an outstanding demonstration for years that appeal to the heart is the one secret of universal popularity.

Check up most motion picture phenomenal successes and you'll get the same answer.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

JAMES R. QUIRK



**E**UROPE has, at last, acknowledged a debt to America. Says the *Sunday Express* (London):

"If one were to write a history of cinematography one would almost have to begin by acknowledging the world's enormous debt of laughter to America.

"Hollywood's unfailing stream of fun and high spirits has kept the lamp of optimism

burning in Europe.

"While German films were steeped in menacing morbidity and Russia wallowed in psychopathic horrors; while Swedish producers turned to Calvinistic frigidities, and Britain floundered in apologetic ineptitude, America's inexhaustible comedy resources kept the spirit of gaiety alive in our cinema theaters, until Europe decided to smile again."

That's more than all the peace conferences have ever been able to accomplish.

**F**REDRIC MARCH has been told to give up cigars. Paramount is making him a romantic star. Cigar smoking is not only unromantic, it is definitely offensive to the women.

Cigarettes they approve. They're "cute." Pipes they tolerate. They're manly. But cigars are horrors. And any movie actor who is repeatedly seen with a large black perfecto between his lips seriously impairs his romantic appeal.

The psychologists who delve into such obscurities as ladies' whims don't know why cigars are antipathetic to the romantic mood.

It may be that a dead cigar is the least appealing relic on any ash-tray. But they do know that women hate cigars and dream no tender dreams about cigar-smokers.

If Freddy March must have his after-dinner corona, he'll have to smoke it where the women used to sneak their cigarettes—in the bathroom.

THE hereafter has been slightly tincturing pictures, lately. "Lilium" showed us how a bad man travels, *a la* spirit train. A few trains like that in our own land might reduce the profits of bus and aeroplane service. And the ereepy "Outward Bound" made us look for a gas leak in the kitchen range.

But this delving into the more or less occult can hardly be called a tendency. Rather, it seems, two successful stage plays were available and so were purchased and used.

A picture like "Just Imagine," with its glimpse into the future—even if a far-fetched one—of our own world, is as good a line for fantasy to follow. It gives imagination a chance to escape, without too great a strain upon our credulity.

Besides, "Just Imagine" made us laugh with its delicious absurdities. And perhaps that's the main thing.

HERE'S a gem:

Fire broke out in the projection room of a studio notorious for its red tape entanglements. Smelling smoke, the studio manager rushed in. "Why isn't the studio engine here?" he demanded.

"Why, we have put through the proper requisition!" some one answered. "We're waiting for an okay."

Then the executive grabbed a phone and the building was saved.

NEW YORK CITY can always be counted upon to do the right thing. It showered nearly as much attention on Prof. Einstein, world heavy-weight thinker, as on Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

THE American Federation of Musicians have got out their mops and are trying to shove back the ocean. Some 140,000 of them, under the leadership of President Joseph N. Weber, dug down in their pockets to put up cash for the most futile advertising campaign on record. In trying to stem the tide of sound pictures so far as they relate to music, they show an absence of good judgment.

It is difficult to say just what they hope to achieve. Their advertising appearing in some national publications is not explicit. It calls film music "canned," and says, "Manners mean nothing to this monstrous offspring of modern industrialism, as IT erowds Living Music out of the theater spotlight."

SOUNDS sort of reminiscent, doesn't it? Much the same thing was said about the phonograph and, more recently, the radio.

"Though the Robot can make no music, of himself," the Federation's advertising further asserts, "he can and does arrest the efforts of those who ean." Of course, that is not true.

Studio orchestras are among the finest in the land. And the best paid.

The American Federation of Musicians are wasting their money.

SOME of the loveliest music to be heard on stage or screen in New York today isn't in a big flashing operetta hit, or musical comedy wow.

It's in a German-language musical picture called "Zwei Herzen im 3—4 Takt." In English, that's "Two Hearts in Waltz Time."

In a small theater up a side street that picture has been running, at this writing, for weeks to standing room only. It isn't the picture—which is pretty bad. It's the songs that have drawn thousands to that out of the way theater.

Music has a place on the screen, and a big place. The only trick is to use it intelligently. To deprive the screen of music, one of its greatest gifts, is simply to deprive chocolate ice cream of chocolate.

LOS ANGELES and Hollywood have been accused of a lot of low down things and many of the accusations are true, but the limit has been reached. The flaming cross should be re-lit and the klan should ride. Out there they have started a school for after-dinner speakers and toast-masters. Help. Murder. Police.

A BLOW to Garbo fans who wear their hair like hers: She never wears it Garbo-fashion except on the screen.

EVEN California's vaunted sunshine is no antidote for hard work combined with a too strict reducing diet. One famous feminine star whose bathroom scale today registers 109 pounds, weighed 147 pounds when she first came to Hollywood. Sanitaria records show the dangers of such extreme reduction.

But martyrdom like that seems to be expected of public favorites.

SOME of the big picture houses that were wont to think no film could be shown without the accompaniment of "stage presentations" have turned thumbs down on the latter.

In these places, you no longer need to have your time wasted by being forced to see and hear performers who only too often appeared to be learning their dancing or singing trade at the expense of an audience's patience.

And in many of the smaller theaters that particular kind of "organ recital," which consisted in having the patrons chant jazz lines thrown on the screen, is being banished. And the public is happier because of that.

MANAGERS pursuing these policies realize that the picture's the thing that brings the crowds—not trappings and trimmings. But reform in some quarters is being over-done. Double features, cheap matinees and other artificial stimuli to theater attendance are not fair to motion pictures nor, in the long run, to motion picture patrons.

Such a program means, only too often, mediocre films and the omission of the generally enjoyable shorts and comics. An habitual bargain policy never stabilized any worth while business.

# Hairdressers! *Get Ready!*



Big news! Again Clara Bow makes the headlines. But, this time, it's just a sensational new bob, tucked behind her ears, with rows of sculptured curls at the back



The brown eyes have a mischievous glint that belies the dignified backward sweep of the orange-red locks. Soft waves encircle her head and end in these graceful ringlets



Even bigger news! Colleen Moore is doing away with her Dutch cut. Through a series of pictures in December PHOTOPLAY she asked her fans to decide on a new one. This "windblown" won



It's a hair-raising month! Garbo tosses out the ends of her famous long bob and curls them in a misty halo. This is how she'll look in "Inspiration." Watch the feminine half of the world go for this!



Mary Brian's new haircut is the last word in stylish bobs, from the flat, soft waves across the top to that ducky little curled tendril at the ear



The back of Mary's hair is as pretty a picture as you'll find. Lovely, smooth waves that end in two rows of cunning curls placed low on the neck

# GOOFY GENIUS

## *in* Hollywood

They've handed the movies many a laugh—but also many a revolutionary idea

*By*

*James M. Kahn*

**D**ON'T spoof at goofs. It's dangerous. Or at least unwise, and often embarrassing, for history abounds with stories of men dubbed "goofy" by skeptical and misunderstanding critics who were later hailed as geniuses.

Inside the shell of many a queer looking filbert has been found the meaty kernel of an idea that changed the course of the world.

The classic horrible example of a goofy genius who came back to torment his tormentors is Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. To his first audience he was an out and out nut, mad as a March hare, but at this late date it looks as though the steamboat has come to stay, and rowing to Europe is no longer fashionable.

There have been others. Only

### SOME FAMOUS GOOFS

Put away that strait-jacket, lay down your butterfly net, stop laughing and take another look, for the goof you've been chasing might be a genius, such as—

Robert Fulton, who invented the steamboat; and

Columbus, who only discovered America; and

Von Sternberg, who introduced a new realism to the screen and made 'em like it; and

Bob Florey, who used cigar boxes for backgrounds, and gets \$1,000 a week today; and

D. W. Griffith, who built settings in miniature; and

E. A. Lauste, who stuck to his idea of talking pictures.

last summer a Mr. G. A. I. M. Skyes bobbed up with a rain-making machine. He was so eloquent about it that the officials of the Westchester Racing Association hired him to keep the rain away from Belmont Park in New York at \$1,000 a day.

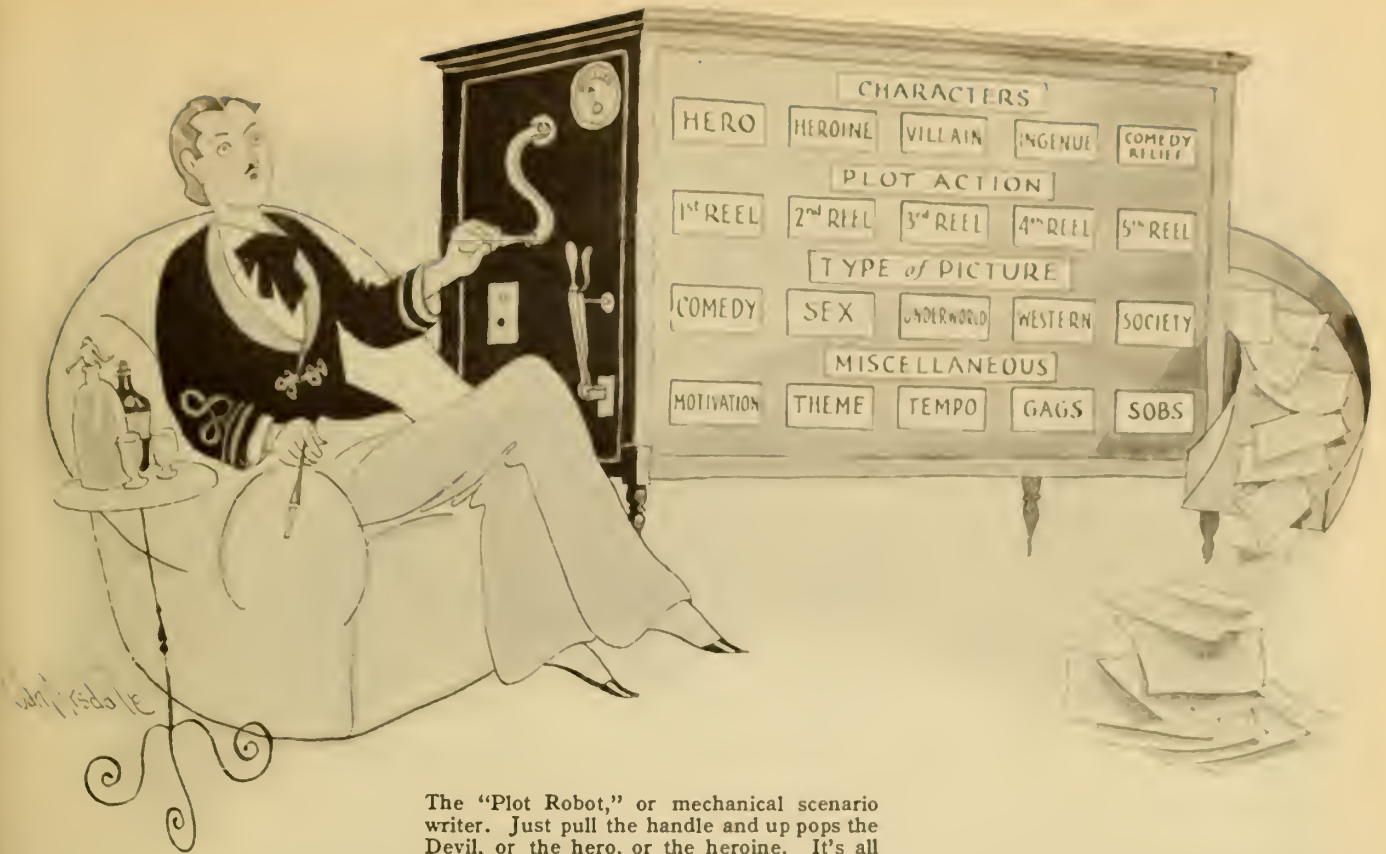
Mr. Skyes moved into Belmont Park with his mysterious machine and set up shop at keeping the rain away. It didn't rain for three days after he arrived. On the fourth day it rained.

No, that's wrong. It poured.

The skeptical thousands who had anticipated just such a thing haw-hawed "I told you so's" in between fits of hysterics and called Mr. Skyes a nut. The officials of the Westchester Racing Association called Mr. Skyes something else and fired him. The thousands



It's a wise child that knows its own father, and poor little Sound, still in its crib, will have a tough time picking his real papa out of all those who claim to be



The "Plot Robot," or mechanical scenario writer. Just pull the handle and up pops the Devil, or the hero, or the heroine. It's all very simple, with the accent on the simple

are still laughing, and, one presumes, Mr. Skyes is still fired.

But look out! Like many a goof before him he may stage a come-back, this time as a genius. You never can tell.

Hollywood, of course, has had its full share of nuts. Many producers will readily admit more than its share. After all, the movies are something of a National Obsession. They're on—and in—everyone's mind. If Lil doesn't want to act in them, Cousin Fred wants to direct them, or Uncle Casper wants to reform them—or something.

Hollywood has had to listen to nuts who have wanted to improve them. Some of these "nuts" have turned out to be geniuses, authors of innovations that have revolutionized the industry, that have changed the movies from a glorified series of stereopticon slides to "the great common denominator of the arts."

On the other hand some have been just nuts, crazy as coots, goofy as tumble bugs. But how to distinguish between them? Yeah, how! You'd have to be a goofy genius yourself.

The West Coast movie colony is still chuckling over a couple of lads who have been offering a "Plot Robot," or mechanical scenario writer. Just pull the handle and out pops a sure-fire hit, duly embellished with all the necessary details, hero,

heroine, villain, complications, and, of course, the happy ending.

The movie moguls aren't interested in it, nor even in the suggestions of the "inventors" that it would prove a great publicity medium.

"Why, just think," they've explained, "think of the exploitation value of advertising a movie written by a machine."

"Yeah?" the magnates have come back, "we think the public thinks too many have been written by machine already."

Yet, daffy as the idea sounds and scorned as it is, a machine very similar to the one now offered was used by a woman scenarist on the staff of David Horsely, an independent producer, fifteen years ago!



Pre-sound experimenters tried to capture the illusion of the spoken word by printing it on the film, along with the action, in balloons, such as cartoonists use. This evoked the facetious question, "When does the balloon go up?"

COLOR and sound, two great innovations that distinguish modern day movies from their predecessors, were long sought after before their realization was achieved. It doesn't require a very fanciful mind to imagine the goofy arrangements some of these early "inventions" were.

One fellow from Ohio, years ago, drove a huge truck up to the old Essanay studio in Chicago, and said he had a new idea in color photography. He was given permission to set up his machine and demonstrate it. He took about a week to assemble all of his trinkets, his lights, tin boxes, and heaven knows what. When it was ready it was twice the size of a piano packing case. On the day of the great test [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



Ruth Harriet Louise

**H**ERE comes the bride—but she isn't nearly as stern-looking right now as she seems in this picture! Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd, Pathe's blond he-man star, became one not long ago, and the picture world's best wishes go to them. Bill was formerly married to Elinor Faire

Meet  
Mrs. Boyd!





Mr. Lowell Sherman going whimsical with Miss Mary Astor. A scene from his latest, "The Royal Bed"

# Does Wickedness Pay?

**A** PLUMP society matron from Philadelphia, married to three millions and a case of dyspepsia, came to Hollywood a short time ago simply perishing to meet—the words are hers—Lowell Sherman.

Through a friend of a friend of her grandmother's aunt, or someone of that sort, she finally managed to wedge her way into the studio. The harassed publicity man entrusted with the introduction ventured to give her what he believed was a word of assurance.

"What would you do," he asked, "if I told you Mr. Sherman is not at all like the—er—naughty characters he plays?"

Replied the lady, instantly: "I'd get on the first train and go back to Philadelphia!"

Somehow or other the notion has got abroad that actors are never the same on the screen as they are off. It may be good newspaper copy to say that all the "heavies" are mild lambs at home, all the juveniles grandfathers, all the gorgeous leading women plain and simple schoolgirls, but whether it is true is something else again. Several interviewers have said tenderly that Lowell Sherman is nothing like the Lowell we see in black-and-white on celluloid.

They haven't exactly said he was a simple country lad in blue jeans and bare feet, but that is the general impression. This means only one thing—because it amused him to do so, he fooled 'em! The only way Lowell Sherman could stay closer to his screen sophistication would be for him to carry the screen around with him.

His father was a theatrical producer. His mother was an actress. His grandmother, Kate Gray, was leading lady for Junius Booth, the father of the world-famed Edwin. About Lowell Sherman you get the feeling that, if he were digging ditches, an orchestra would suddenly burst into the overture and a curtain rise

"Ah yes—in boresome Americano money!" drawls Mr. Lowell Sherman, reaching for his monocle

He may be merely ordering rye bread and sliced tongue at the Embassy Club—one of his especial joys is to manufacture his own sandwiches at table—but every gesture of his hands, every expression of his face might be designed for an unseen audience out beyond the footlights.

Rye bread and cold tongue, paradoxically, become a sort of sin—something wicked, a bit daring, wholly sophisticated! When he is directing other actors in a scene, it can hardly be told whether the cameras are pointing at them or at him. He crosses his legs, in beautifully tailored and meticulously creased trousers, and his patent-leather toe points as gracefully as an adagio dancer's. He discusses camera-angles with his chief cinematographer, and his words are pitched just right for the microphones. Sitting on his canvas director's chair, he turns the pages of his script, unconsciously, with his up-stage hand.

**H**E slumps boredly, pointing here and there with his fingers as if he were so utterly exhausted that it is more than he can do to lift his hands from his lap. His eyebrows arch as if he had glued them up in an effort to keep his eyes open. He slurs his sentences, so that in giving a stage direction such as, say, "You come in here," it sounds like a tired whisper—"Ycmnr." In reality he is merely saving his energy.

The rehearsal over, the camera motors humming, anyone who watches closely will see the lax fingers tighten, and quiver slightly. His words, though still effortless, come now with a snap. His eyebrows drop into a frown of intense concentration; his black eyes sparkle. Then, the scene done, once more he slumps lazily on his chair, and looks four-fifths dead and one-fifth dying of boredom. "Art," it has been aptly said, "is the concealment of art."

A decade or so ago, with his first film appearance in "Way Down East," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

By Jack Jamison

# Seven Boys "On



The seven boys of "All Quiet on the Western Front" who grew up too fast in the film trenches. Left to right, Scott Kolk, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Lew Ayres, Owen Davis, Jr., Walter Brown Rogers and Ben Alexander

**H**OLLYWOOD is truly a Bagdad of old.

Somewhere in its shady canyons and sunny side streets, the magic of *Aladdin's* lamp must linger. Startling and unbelievable transformations take place over night. People suddenly develop entirely new personalities with new thoughts, new ideas, new hopes.

Pert little flappers will arrive in town and go capering about kicking up their heels like frisky lambs. Hey! hey! Suddenly, without a word of warning, they emerge dignified, domesticated and serious-minded young women with a mission in life.

Comedians, during luncheon, will become bosom heaving heavies, and heavies will and do become nuisances. Bathing beauties become titled aristocrats and aristocrats become—well, why go into it? One never knows whether his own Aunt Em will, on the morrow, be making apple butter or whoopee.

But one of the greatest and strangest transformations that Hollywood has ever seen has come to a group of seven of Hollywood's finest young men. Even picture people who have become more or less used to the *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* act, look at one another and wonder.

Just a little over a year ago, seven young men from eighteen to twenty years of age, without a care or a thought beyond the good times of the next day, answered a call to arms and marched blithely away to location to make a picture. The boys of "All Quiet on the Western Front" had begun a lot of fun, they decided.

Six months later, a little band of weary youths trudged back to Hollywood. There were no boyish pranks, no wise-cracking among them now. Instead, there was a quietness, a calmness that was frightening to behold. Their eyes spoke of things their lips didn't—or couldn't. Somewhere, back there in a shell hole, or a bullet torn trench, each of those seven boys left behind him the boy who had marched so gaily away.

"It will wear off," Hollywood murmured. "It's bound to affect them this way. It will pass."

It hasn't.

A year has gone by and still that little group of boys cling together in a bond of strange companionship. Different. Set apart by one great experience. They are now, and one feels

they always will be, the same sobered youths who trudged home in the mud-stained uniforms of German soldiers. No, it hasn't passed.

Young Ben Alexander, the *Kemmerich* of the picture, wasn't quite eighteen when the picture began. Ben was a

*Penrodish* sort of lad who still enjoyed the sports of a Y. M. C. A. camp in the hills.

"I'd just started at the University of California," Ben said, "when they asked me to do the part. I hesitated a long time. Finally I gave up college to do it. Am I glad? Why, I learned more in those six months than any ten years of college could have given me. It's—it's just too big to talk about."

They all say that. It leaves them groping for words.

"Occasionally we'd be near enough to come home nights," he said. "It was the first time mother hadn't been with me on a set and she'd ask me what we'd done that day. I couldn't tell her. Mother couldn't understand, but it was so big, there was so much, I just couldn't talk about it.

"Finally the opening night came. I hadn't seen the preview and mother and I just sat there stunned. That night mother came into my room. She was crying a little, I guess. 'I understand now, Ben,' she said. 'I know why you couldn't tell me.' It certainly has made a difference in me. Life just up and smacked us in the face."

Billy Bakewell was *Albert Kropp*. "From the very first, once we got out there on location, we never felt we were making a picture," Billy said. "We believed it thoroughly. We were seven German fellows huddled together in a trench, fighting the same fight, living together week after week, month after month.

"**W**E got so steamed up over it sometimes we—we—I don't know how to tell you," he finished lamely. "We'd stand around before a bombardment, waiting, nervous and excited. Our hands often shook until we could scarcely light our cigarettes. Our hearts raced. Then it would come. Bombs, dynamite, shells whined and we were in the midst of it. Fighting, sweating together. We were often frightened. We felt exactly as those boys must have felt.

"And so many little things kept cropping up all through the

# The Western Front”

What the grimness and terror of “All Quiet” did to seven cocky, wise-cracking Hollywood kids who marched away to the talkie trenches

By Sara Hamilton

picture. When we were making the schoolroom scene, remember the German soldiers who marched outside our window? One of those boys was a peach of a fellow. His name was George. One day we missed him. Someone told us he'd been injured going home the night before and we didn't see him again. Three months later we were making the hospital scene. 'I won't be a cripple,' I screamed. 'I'll kill myself first!'

“Here buddy, you're all right,' someone said, handing me a mirror. 'Take a look at yourself.' Then I took the mirror and slanted it downward—remember?—so I could see my leg. Well, I slanted the mirror down and then I felt the flesh creep on my spine. My mirror showed an amputated leg. I dropped the glass with a crash. Then I saw. It was George. 'It's all right, Bill,' he said. 'I heard you were making this scene and I thought I might help a little. I could tell you how it felt, maybe.' I took his hand and just looked at him and I—I just lay there and cried like a baby. We both did.

“It was things like that,” he said quietly, “that kept coming up to hit a fellow. But I wouldn't trade what it's done to me for a million dollars.”

“I used to feel the weight of the world rested on my shoulders, before I went into that picture,” Russell Gleason (*Muller*) said. “I was the most serious minded person you ever saw. I weighed every fact carefully. I learned differently,” he grinned. “I soon found out it doesn't make a particle of difference to the world what I think about it.”

“George Cukor, our dialogue director, was a wonderful fellow. 'Fascinating youth,' he jeered at us. He mimicked our ways and expressions. 'Such coy young things. So itty,' he'd say. He held up a mirror of ourselves and each one of us took a good long look. He was right. We forgot fascinating youth. 'It.' If we had any left, Louis Wolheim, who played *Katezinsky*, kidded the rest of it out.

“Pewkes,' he called us. 'Young pewkes.' He'd talk to us by the hour in the trenches. He spared nobody. Neither did Mr. Milestone, our director. And we learned. I spent my twenty-first birthday in a shell hole on the movie battlefield. I lay there and thought things over.”

Scott Kolk (*Leer*) had been a musician. Scott was a bit shy with strangers. He couldn't seem to get the hang of fellows. But he learned. He learned the meaning of true companionship in those weary months. He gained something and he lost something. But Scott, too, found himself.

Walter Brown Rogers (*Behm*) had a terrific Barrymore complex. It was serious with Walter. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129 ]



The boy who was made by “All Quiet” and whose brilliant work as *Paul Baumer* did much to make “All Quiet” a great picture. Lew Ayres, who came to talkie prominence and fortune in the film

# A Story of Love and Too



1



2



3

**1** He was a cowboy and she appeared in his Western pictures—his leading woman. He lived at her mother's boarding house, and he thought the girl was the prettiest and sweetest thing he'd ever seen. And so it was that Tom Mix fell head over heels in love with Victoria Forde. A simple sort of fellow, he concentrated, from that day on, on one thing—making Victoria happy. So they were married, and Tom bought a little house over Carlton way. He called it his "lucky place." And in that little house Tom was utterly and completely happy.

**2** It wasn't very long before a nursery was built on to the "lucky place" over on Carlton. Little Thomasina had arrived, and Tom and Victoria were more than happy. There was lots of love and laughter in that little house. Tom was off to the studio every day, and Victoria played housewife and mother. It was the flush period of the "horse opera," and foremost of all Western stars was Tom Mix. His hard-riding, hard-fighting pictures sold like the proverbial hot cakes, and Tom grew more prosperous. Fox looked with favor on its popular star.

**3** These were golden days for Tom Mix. Still a simple, naïve cow-puncher at heart, he had everything he wanted. His beloved Victoria, his little daughter, his more than comfortable little home, and his work to do. What man could wish for more? After the studio day, he asked nothing better than a good dinner and a romp with the youngster. But Tom's salary was growing, and with it grew Victoria's ambition. Soon the studio pay check grew to the enormous sum of \$10,000 a week. Victoria wanted social position, a bigger house, jewels. Tom wanted home, "Vicky,"—and the baby.

# Much Money *told in* Pictures



4

4 And of course Victoria had her way. Could Tom refuse her anything? He loved her so devouringly that all she did was right. From the little "lucky place" they went to a great new house—dozens of spectacular rooms, swimming pool with gold-leafed tiles—almost bizarre. She loved jewelry. He loaded her down with it. In the picture above, taken at the house-warming, Mrs. Mix is wearing bracelets worth more than \$40,000. Ambition had had its way. But something had marred the happiness of these three simple-living people.

5 Victoria Forde Mix aspired to be, in fact, the wife of one of the Hollywood motion picture colony's richest men. Naturally, sycophants surrounded her. This picture shows her after she had visited a plastic surgeon and had had her nose remodeled on more tasteful lines. She became a social leader in her own set. They were not Tom's friends. There were quarrels, of course—but Tom's infatuation burned on with a steady flame. He was still, in his heart, the simple plainsman who wanted one woman and his home. But at last came the inevitable—separation.

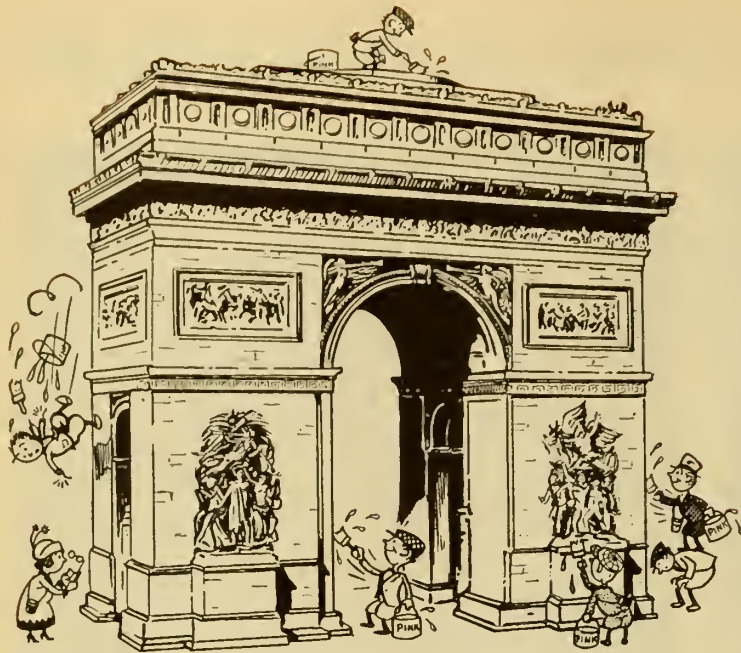
6 There were attempts at reconciliations. Ambition had broken the golden chain that love had forged. They failed. "Vicky" went to Europe and Tom toured the country with a circus. When "Vicky" came back from abroad, Tom settled \$450,000 and the palatial home on her. He had already given her about \$100,000 worth of jewels. And now Victoria has been granted a divorce. And today Tom Mix is one of the most miserable men in the world! His great wealth brought him nothing but sorrow, because it caused him to lose the one thing he adored—Victoria. And one of pictures' most beautiful romances is dead.



5



6



We've missed Marie Doro, former star, for ten years. The author finds her in Paris

# Painting

How your screen favorites act when they are turned loose in zat gay Paree with pockets full of francs and hearts full of hey-hey

**I**F the stars manage to have a good time in Hollywood, what do they do in zat hot, wide-open and happy Paris? Oh boy, oh girl!

In both cases, the answer is not much. And no matter what they do, it's tonic, it's swell and good for what ails them. You can't go Hollywood in Paris, you can't even get stuck up, you just have to be yourself, and that is the best medicine for a movie star.

Only about twenty stars come to Europe during a year—a third of them repeaters—and all go back with that slightly idiotic smile of happiness on their faces. If the number were multiplied by ten, Hollywood would be a better place to live in, and more pictures would ring the bell.

Consider Paris—this nice, clean Paris, a sweet spot for doing anything you please and too many people urging you please do it. Consider it from the eye slant of the Beverly Hillbillies. There are no appointments to keep, which is to say no directors, no camera men, no press agents, no snoopers, no racketeers, no reporters—or practically none—in fact, nothing to stand between a normally weak man or woman and—whoopee.

But do they?

They don't. Well—not much, anyhow.

Life is one tailspin after another. In Paris the braw sophisticates of the studios become as little children, the big shots peter down into pop-gun explosions. They lose their savvy; they drop their fronts; they become the plain folks they used to be.

They walk, yokel-like, along the sidewalks, they gape at monuments. They ask what is that and who is he, they admire wistfully the way even the little children speak French, they look in shop windows, they buy and buy and buy, and after a while go by-by at almost decent hours. They don't know it, often they don't find out until they're back home—but they are being given a good old fashioned spanking by an old papa of a continent.

The silliness, the swelling, and the suet around the head are being rendered out and they are being put wise to what's what. Paris is a big town and even an important Hollywood fellow takes up little room. The fellow usually finds himself hoping to see a face from back home.

Which reminds me, as if I will ever forget the look on Charlie King's face when he unexpectedly saw Buster Keaton walk into his room . . . but that's another story.

**T**HE mere sound of English being spoken tickles the tear duct. It's homesickness. And that's very good for a soul. Close-up of Neil Hamilton on top of the Eiffel Tower wondering about "my nice little garden" in the West.

Not that they don't get a few spots on their wings by experiment into darker, high sky and no limit Paree. Oh yeah! But that's all the old bologna, the well dogged trail. The kind of law of laws which says—you ain't nothing if you haven't been seen at Ciro's Friday afternoon, or Zelli's or the Ambassadeurs

after midnight. They do things normally, nicely. They are themselves. It's a big thrill going about un stared at. Only Joe Zelli recognizes them.

Ramon Novarro excepted. Poor kid, he used to get the Lindbergh whenever he stepped out on a pavement. In Berlin he used to stick around Lawdy Lawrence's office all day listening to the axe play between that Super Film Salesman and the German exhibitors. When he stirred out his chin went way down into his lapels and his eyes, the only things visible, were covered with smoked glasses. Ramoncito did his best acting on the sidewalks of Europe—but didn't always get away with it.

**A** LOT of people who get their thrills out of the tabloid newspapers go around thinking that a movie star's life in Paris is just one riot after another. But it isn't so. Champagne corks do rise up and go boom, but they don't go boom-boom-boom-boom as they do in the scenarios. There are *cocottes*—also *grues*—and even *morues*—but aren't we all. Roulette wheels click, *croupiers* command. And now and then someone gets drunk—well, what of it? It's normal. And as for the things cuff-marked Paris—the "places"—they hand the boys a big laugh, so little better are they than our own domestic brand.

Take a swell girl like Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor spent her time along the Seine, poking around in the little stalls that line the river banks. They sell prints, antiques, and books. She got her fingers dirty but they came out clutching two cute pewter jugs, a first edition of Thomas Hardy and a print of Philadelphia before it went to sleep. King Vidor, the husband, went along sometimes, but he often went prowling alone in the Cluny and other museums. He's got a mind that sucks up history. He could have made a fine historian. They were



Shy Ramon Novarro has to put on dark glasses to enjoy the delights of Paris in peace



When it comes to knowing the Paris of fashion, Marion Davies is a first-rate guide

# Paris Pink!

By George Kent



crazy about Paris, and during their stay of almost a year saw Montmartre just once—and that once they had to be dragged.

When they arrived they checked in at the Carlton Hotel. Three days later they were gone.

"What's the use of coming to France," quoth the King, "if we're going to eat American food with a lot of Americans, waited on by flunkies who speak English better than I do!"

THE Vidors found a little boarding house in Neuilly, outside of Paris. Pola Negri's mama and a colony of aunts, uncles and cousins occupy an apartment in Neuilly.

Live long enough in Paris and you'll meet not only everybody that counts *now* in Hollywood, but also the girls and boys who used to mean box-office rushes whenever their names flashed in the mazdas.

At bookdealer Brentano's you'll sooner or later come smack into high prowed, square rigger Nita Naldi. She's a book swallower these days—but there's no money in it. Menjou was usually to be met somewhere between the Arc de Triomphe and the Place de la Concorde. He's probably the most unaffected of them all, and seems even more so strolling the boulevards.

Clara Kimball Young's back home but she used to be meetable, a bit more bloomy but the same lustrous deep-pool eyes, teeing on the Champs. Fania Marinoff too. With Carl Van Vechten, related to her by marriage. And recently Marie Doro, who used to melt them in their seats. She's been sick a long time. She said Paris styles are all sassafras because she's hunted five years for a hat and not yet found one she likes. She retains the voice that made her a star on Broadway and is contemplating a come-back.

People who travelled on the steamer with Ernest Torrence and his wife complained that four-fifths of their conversation was about their son. And the other fifth was devoted to books with titles ending in ology. Their son wasn't with them; he's a sound engineer and was married last Fall.

Ronnie Colman met them at the station and that shy lad,

wise in the ways of the wily itinerary, had it all arranged. First night ashore is big night anyway. They went up the line. At Joe Zelli's, they were introduced by Zho-ay himself. For a while you couldn't see anything for the flowers. The ladies of the evening ganged up on them for autographs, taking them on napkins, cigarette boxes, menu cards—and one very nice girl bust out crying because ink wouldn't stay on her gentleman friend's gold watch. Telephones on all the tables for flirtation purposes. The Torrence-Colman line rang all morning.

William Powell joined the party the following day and that afternoon the foursome drove out to the Palace of Versailles—and weren't impressed. It was Powell's first trip to Europe. He came over from England where among other things he got a dozen suits at Anderson and Shepherd's. They liked the ride, and on the way back, asked the chauffeur how much it would cost to drive down to Biarritz—some nine hundred miles away—and that's how they came to take the trip South a week later.

Mister and Missus Torrence had a duty call to make so Powell and Colman decided to go for a walk. They are as inoffensive a pair of high powered sleuths as ever walked down a Paris boulevard. They were tapped on the shoulder and buttonholed at every corner by runners for tourist agencies, dirty picture postcard salesmen, red light guides. Nobody recognized them. They inspired neither fear, awe nor reverence. They decided that it was better to flee the heat for the cool of a bar. And so—that's how another three o'clock in the afternoon suddenly became nine o'clock in the evening.

THE Torrence party stopped in the Crillon, a big gray fort of a hotel, once a palace, a bit old fashioned although still Waldorf Astoria. The bulk of Hollywood stops at Joel Hillman's George Fifth—sky high in elegance and expense.

Elsie Janis lived a long time at the Crillon the time she topped the bill at the Moulin Rouge. She often gave kitty-katty chatter-chatter tea parties.

But in between times her favorite fun was picking up "all those funny languages" on her radio. It's just as easy to tune in on a love song in Venice as it is to pick up WOR over here.

The Bancrofts, the Neil Hamiltons and Evelyn Brent visited the capital of France together. And carve it on your *jaunde* that George spent the first night [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132 ]

*The Story of a  
Girl Who Feared  
Love Might Fly  
Out the Window*



# *A Million* DOLLARS

"No, I haven't a wife—yet," Jimmy answered. "But I picked her out this morning—that little girl over there who plays *Gabriel*. Introduce me to her, will you?"

*By*

Dixie Willson

*Illustrated by* H. R. Ballinger

LITTLE Jessie Randolph was as beautiful a pony as ever laughed across a footlight; pale gold hair, little waves of it caught back from small ears in which were drops of pearls, teasing, tantalizing lips, wide, dusky eyes, rouged finger-tips.

By nineteen hundred and sixteen, the little toasts of Broadway had begun to hear about Hollywood, and Jessie Randolph, who had served a faithful forty weeks in Mr. Ziegfeld's celebrated chorus, made up her mind to step out West where, for three or four or five hundred dollars a day (so it was rumored), beauty and innocence and heart-breaking eyes could supply fodder for the ever empty maw of the camera.

The chorus had been hard, but the screen was harder. The three or four or five hundred a day proved to be five dollars or ten or fifteen, and cruelly spasmodic.

Little Jessie Randolph went through tireless hours for the men who make pictures, her emotions worn to tatters, her grease-paint smeared with genuine tears. It was no thirst for glory, nor was she riding in that well-known wagon hitched to stars, nor yet palpitatingly answering opportunity rapping at the door; except as this medium might present the opportunity to which, after all, every struggling little girl is slave!

She quite frankly told anybody who inquired what future she hoped for, that she had come West to get a picture magnate with a million, if she possibly could.

And for a little girl as utterly lovely as Jessie Randolph, the fulfillment would ordinarily have been as simple as the suggestion. But Jessie had the unique idea of wanting him as a husband rather than merely a gentleman who would call around to pay the bills, so her little feet, in their high-heeled size 2 B shoes, were kept treading the mill of her by-no-means-rose-colored career. And the longer it went on, and the more she sensed how real are the intricacies of trading doughnuts for dollars, the more determined she became to marry nothing less than a sure

and sufficient amount of sable to enfold her the rest of her natural life, leaving her no more concern as to where it came from than the sable had had before her.

As to mere proposals, they came like mosquitoes on a summer night from every age and quality of gentleman even the most ambitious of little girls could have expected; and representing practically every amount between ten dollars and nine hundred thousand. But little Jessie Randolph was out for a picture magnate with a million, and if anyone knew little Jessie Randolph that was all there was to *that!*

JIMMY MACALISTER was a tall young man who drove a stage from the Vitagraph lot to location. The stage was a swaying old automobile which took to work people who made up and dressed at the studio, but whose sets were a few miles distant; pirates going to a rock-bound coast, Bedouins to a desert, adorable orphans and their fussy mothers to an asylum, or, as on the morning of the tenth of July, angels going to Heaven.

Jimmy was serious for twenty-two years old; at least his eyes were serious under his shock of dark brown, boyish curls. Only the grease-covered khaki he wore saved him from being quite a little bit too good-looking.

On the morning of the tenth of July, his stage was ready by the studio door at seven twenty-three, and promptly at seven-thirty, according to the call, he took aboard a choir of seraphims, the twelve apostles, *St. Peter*, a Chinese laundryman, four vikings, a pair of English street-walkers, *Benjamin Franklin*, a





scarred Irish harp, a folding organ, two musicians, and an extremely beautiful female *Gabriel* in military white satin, trailing wings, bugle and sword, and pale gold hair bound under a halo.

THE stage was going ten miles to the lot where Lasky's shot its outside stuff, and where a set had been built for "Her Hour of Judgment." And, for ten miles, Jimmy Macalister's brakes and gears operated by luck and not by reason, as his consciousness went gathering the intoxicating wool of *Gabriel's* voice and laughter a few seats behind him, and the faint breath of her perfume.

At location (rumbling on to the lot along a road which, the day before, had been made suitably rough and painful for Sherman's march to the sea), he parked opposite a gold *papier-mâché* Heaven.

Everybody got out. The director, who was waiting, immediately got busy. No time was lost in opening the pearly gates.

It was ninety in the shade. Jimmy sat for three hours, mopping the perspiration from his forehead and watching the seraphims strum their cardboard harps, while *St. Peter* presided at "Her Hour of Judgment," and *Gabriel*, on a pallet of stars, like a pallet of rocks, smiled with superhuman effort in her sleep under the battery of a dozen reflectors and Klieg suns. Up there it was a hundred and eleven! How beautiful she was! How long, in this merciless heat, would Heaven have to last! Not a spear of shade in the whole topaz Paradise!

At eleven-thirty, Henry Merton came across the road from the lunch wagon, on which he had just arrived.

"Well," he said, "is it warm enough for you?"

He had had lunch in town. He shifted a celluloid toothpick from the right side of his mouth to the left. He was short and plump and wore wilted linen. His eyes were framed in little rhomboid patterns of crinkles. He was the scenario writer who had adapted "Her Hour of Judgment" from "Quo Vadis." With a highly polished forefinger, he motioned Jimmy to make room on the driver's seat of the stage.

"Them gold clouds makes a nice lay-out, ain't it?" he said. "This here would have been another 'Birth of a Nation' if they had only got Francis X. Bushman or Costello for *Adam*. Pickford plays *Eve* perfect, but she's got no support!"

The thin music of "Rock of Ages" drifted down, as played by the harp and cabinet organ crowded out of sight behind the crystal throne. Atmosphere to help the angels be celestial.

Mr. Merton shifted the toothpick.

"WELL" he inquired, "did you buy that there dumping ground in the country you was talking about?"

"Yes," Jimmy said, his eyes on Heaven. "I bought it. I've been looking things over pretty carefully out here. I think pictures are going to *make* something of Hollywood. I get thirty a week, I can live on ten, and I've been soaking that other little twenty into every piece of land I could get! In nineteen twenty-five or six, I think it'll be worth something!"

"Well—I don't know," Merton said thoughtfully. "It's a gamble! Ever' so often there's got to be a gold rush to California, and the movies is the last one. But maybe by nineteen twenty-five the whole works has went to Florida or somewheres!"

The strains of the harp and the organ came down.

"I know," Jimmy said, his eyes serious, "but it's a hunch! I always follow a hunch! I've got a *hunch* about Hollywood real estate, and I want to start investing money because I want to be able to have something some day for my wife."

Henry Merton turned the vizor of his linen cap around between his left eye and the sun.

"You don't say," he remarked.

"I didn't know you had one."

"I haven't," Jimmy said, "but I'm *going* to have. I picked her out this morning. That's *another* hunch." He brushed his hand back over his thick boyish hair. "It's a little girl up there on the set," he said. "I haven't met her yet. Will you introduce me?"

"Sure," Merton agreed. "Which one is it?"

"*Gabriel*," Jimmy Macalister told him. "She's the sweetest kid I ever saw around here, or anywhere else! As far as I'm concerned, it's all over right now!"

Henry Merton moved the vizor of his cap around over the other eye, put the toothpick solemnly in his vest pocket and regarded with sympathy the young man who sat in the driver's seat of the stage.

"You're cock-eyed," he said gently. "Do you know who that is? That's Jessie Randolph. Do you know who Jessie Randolph is? She's the most calculatin' baby that ever shaped an eyebrow! She's only got one idea and that's money. All she wants to know about love is what does the bank book read. If it's enough ciphers, O.K. If it ain't, he's *Madame Butterfly*. She's out here for just one reason, which is to make a play for a picture millionaire. And if you know Jessie like I know Jessie, a

picture millionaire is what it's goin' to be and nothin' else! Do you think a girl with ambitions is go'n' to step down to the sphere of a bus driver?"

"I don't know," Jimmy Macalister said. "If you'll introduce me I'll find out. They're quitting for lunch. If I get a date for tonight, will you pay for it?"

"If you get a date for tonight with her, I'll eat hay with the horse!" the scenario writer said shortly.

The seraphims were climbing down the clouds. *Gabriel* bent the heavy wings away from her shoulders; pressed her hands against her eyes for a moment, then came over towards the lunch wagon.

"Warm enough for you?" Merton called out. "Come here. Meet Jim Macalister. He drives the bus."

*Gabriel* looked interestedly at Jim Macalister.

"How do you do, Mr. Macalister" she said, "but everybody calls you just 'Jimmy,' don't they?"

He tried to keep his heart out of his eyes, but he couldn't do it.

"Would you go and dance a little while with me tonight?" he asked her—"and have some supper?"

"I'd love to," she said.

"I hope you wouldn't mind going somewhere," he said awkwardly, "that isn't too hard on money."

She looked up at him, and there was a smile in her dusky, lovely eyes!

"I know a lot of places like that," she told him.

THE seraphims, coming from the lunch wagon with sandwiches and cups of coffee, went around the bus and up on the shady steps of the Imperial palace of the Czar.

Little Jessie Randolph put her hands down in her white satin *Gabriel* pockets.

"I live in Canary Court," she said, "on Sunset Boulevard. I'll be ready about eight." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

## The Best Figure in Hollywood?

A JURY of experts—a famous Broadway producer of "girl shows," an eminent physician, a celebrated modiste, and a nationally known painter of beauty decide on one star. The decision, which also lists other contestants for the honor, will start much controversy among admirers of the beauties of the screen.

The article, by Adele Whitely Fletcher, famous writer on picture personalities, tells why the experts arrived at their conclusions, and contains a wealth of advice to women desiring to improve their figures, and a few shocks for young women who are starving and suffering to achieve that boyish outline.

In the March Issue  
of Photoplay Magazine

# When Hollywood Cried *Real* Tears



By  
*Barrett C.  
Kiesling*

**H**OLLYWOOD has gone sentimental! Here it had built up a swell, an international reputation for being hard-boiled, sophisticated, worldly-wise—and then on one fatal night it breaks down and exposes that, after all, it is just a simple little burg, with emotions just as fundamental and simple and true as can be found in the smallest hamlet.

Hollywood came to an opening of "Min and Bill," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture co-starring Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, and Hollywood cried. Yes sir, Hollywood bawled.

Hollywood openings are famous, of course, for their splendor.

Lights blaze. Gloriously garbed beauties step from shining cars and parade down the long forecourts of the big theaters. Loudspeakers blare the names of the cinema elect and élite to thousands of sightseers, herded behind ropes. Nimble autograph seekers slip under the arms of complacent coppers to get the signatures of the great and the near-great.

It's all very eye-filling, but usually it is quite a lot of applesauce.

The stars who are still rising go to these openings because it is "good business" to be seen.

The stars who have arrived seldom attend them. To them they have become a bore.

So openings, you see, are not normally expected to be either sincere or emotional affairs.

They are just the frosting on the cake, the gilt on the statue, the froth on the beer.

A huge night in Marie Dressler's life. Wally Beery, co-star of "Min and Bill," giving her a big hug the night the film opened in Hollywood. Wally's head got bumped in a minor plane accident

the other sightseers and waited.

Finally, up came a big black limousine. In it one saw the usual upheaval of the black and white of masculine full dress, and the volcanic surge of silken ruffles. The forecourt became almost deathly quiet. Then out of the car backed a large woman. She turned around, showed to the crowd a beautiful

face, wrinkled, age-worn, filled with experiences which have never embittered.

A deluge of applause descended upon her.

Never in the history of Hollywood has there been such an ovation for a performer.

Tears came freely. Handkerchiefs flashed out so fast they looked like a shower of confetti.

Hollywood cried.

For Hollywood was deeply touched by this latter-day triumph of a woman whose gameness against adversity has long been a by-word on both stage and screen.

Marie Dressler has had worse luck than any player in the profession.

At least five times she's had a fortune, and lost it because of ill-health, or tricks of fate.

Twice she's been up to stardom, only to lose her chance by a sudden illness.

It was a great night when Filmtown paid heartfelt tribute to an aging woman who had come back to the biggest triumph she had ever known

Once, in the movies, she attained the heights with one of the funniest pictures ever made, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," and then suddenly, without warning or without seeming reason, she went into total eclipse.

A woman who had been getting \$2000 a week found it hard to get jobs at \$150.

She was sneered at as a "has-been." She gritted her teeth and kept going. She never railed at her hardluck. She knew she was a good actress and she had abiding confidence that luck again would some day come her way.

Luck? Well, it was far from being all luck. Because Marie Dressler, veteran trouser and great show-woman, has followed a straight line of the soundest sense since she came to Hollywood.

And Marie's as smart as they come, of any age!

Here's what she told young actresses to do. It's what she's done herself.

"Take every part that's offered. If it's small, make it bigger by hard work. If it's big, make it great. Nobody's big enough in this business to refuse a part because it's hardly more than a bit!"

That's what Marie did. And it worked. Luck? Well, not altogether!

Came *Marthy* in "Anna Christie." Came *Boosy* in "Let Us Be Gay." Came "Caught Short," and, to cap it all, came "Min and Bill."

Hollywood knows that one hit may be an accident but that four and five in a row mean a triumph.

So Hollywood reached for its handkerchief when a heavy, tired, aging, very happy woman stepped out of her car one Thursday night into the collective arms of an entire community.

On this occasion Wallace Beery, lumpy, villainous in appearance, proved himself a gallant and a gentleman of the very first water.

Remember that "Min and Bill" is Wally's picture, too.

He is a co-star with Miss Dressler. He might easily have fought for a place in the limelight, sought to have diminished the "spot" his fellow-player was getting.

But Beery had already had his triumph.

"The Big House" is a matter of history. *Butch* had had his place in the sun.

So when his car arrived, ahead of the Dressler machine, Wally unobtrusively slipped to one side and waited. When Miss Dressler arrived he offered her his arm for escort to the waiting microphones, hooked up for a national broadcast. He took her to see the enormous parchment book in which the arriving stars had written their names and messages of tributes to her. He subordinated himself completely. Miss Dressler sensed what he was doing, and impulsively pulled him back in front of the lights, and kissed him.

Youngsters in the crowd howled with glee. But the oldsters there wiped away still another tear.

For they knew this was no staged kiss, no caress for the sake of publicity or show-off, but an impulsive, lovely gesture of thanks from a grand woman with an overflowing heart, to a big, bulky, modern Knight of the Round Table.

Hollywood's famous shell of super-smartness was broken with a vengeance.

Hollywood knew that its hidden secret, its carefully guarded sentimentality, had at last broken its bonds.



ONE of Joe Frisco's first Hollywood experiences was what happened when he advertised for a cook. A beautiful blonde applied.

"W-w-what do y-you want?" he asked.

"I've come in answer to your ad for a cook," she explained.

Frisco considered her carefully. Then:

"G-g-g-go away," he said, "g-g-g-go away. If I h-hire you for a c-c-c-cook now, I know d-d-d-dam well it'll only be a week or t-t-t-two before I have to hire another c-c-cook for b-b-b-both of us!"

## Two Kinds of Love

At the right we see the conventional Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell clinch — Charles advancing, Janet retreating, and all very sweet and coy. But what's this at the left? It's a Farrell-Gaynor picture the like of which has never been seen up to now—Charlie doing a vicious choking act with his little screen sweetheart. It's from "The Man Who Came Back"



# Why Leslie Fenton Came Back

Two years ago they called him a nut when he chucked a million dollars' worth of talkie contracts and sailed away. Now he's back—and here's the reason!



The latest picture of Leslie Fenton, taken since he fled from the Hollywood reservation in search of freedom. Note the go-to-heck look in the eyes. Now he's home again for more wander-dough

**T**HE other night at the Embassy Club—that temple of Hollywood pretentiousness—I saw Leslie Fenton dancing in a gentlemanly manner, wearing a faultless tail coat and otherwise conducting himself like all the actors who live in Beverly Hills palaces.

Nobody seemed to think it strange that Leslie Fenton should be seen in such a place in such a manner, but as for me, I found a corner and wept a few of my most poignant tears. I can't tell you how I felt about it—sort of frustrated and terribly disappointed. For Leslie Fenton had been my small, steady-burning light in the Hollywood conflagration.

Here's the story.

A year ago he chucked pictures. He was at the peak of his career. He had been offered three important contracts. He might have remained in Hollywood and made a million dollars. Instead he shipped on an Italian tramp steamer bound for the island of Majorca and other points East and West.

When everybody said to him, "You fool. You might stay in Hollywood and make a million dollars," he answered, "That's just what I'm afraid of. There's nothing so enslaving as money. Look at the great actors who come to Hollywood and exude complacency. They were great when they were rebels. Now they are householders with yachts and swimming pools."

Of course, Hollywood said he had gone completely off his nut, due, perhaps, to the fact that he had played so many performances of "The American Tragedy." It sometimes gets actors.

And, although I didn't know Leslie Fenton, I went about giving three rousing cheers and a tiger for the one person who had the courage to throw aside the sham of Hollywood while he was at the top.

I made myself quite a nuisance, and after a while people got tired of listening to me go on about the Leslie Fenton business. But the more I thought of it the more I got to

mean to me. It seemed pretty swell that a man who could have all the money he wanted would prefer to throw it away for adventure. And whenever the circle of the film center closed in upon me I'd say to myself, "But look what Leslie Fenton did!"

And when actors told me sad stories about how they had tasted the bitterness of Hollywood I always said, "But there's Leslie Fenton."

So maybe you understand why I wept on my very best evening dress when I saw him as one of the smug dancers on the Embassy Club floor, doing just what he'd run away from.

**T**HE next day there was an item in the paper to the effect that Leslie Fenton had signed with Fox for "The Man Who Came Back." That was irony. He went away to avoid the self-satisfied hum-drum of the studios. And in a little over a year he had come back to smear his face with grease paint. Oddly enough, in the Fox picture he's an off-stage voice—but a very important one!

I talked to Evelyn Brent about it, because she's such a swell girl and usually sees things so clearly. She said she knew Leslie pretty well and I ought to ask him outright why he returned.

"I'm afraid to," I said. "I'm afraid he'll say that adventure is all right in its place, but that a man does have his duty to his public to consider and that dear old Hollywood is a pretty good place after all."

Betty Brent smiled and said, "I don't believe Leslie Fenton will say that."

And then I sat opposite him at luncheon a few days later and asked, "Why did you come back to Hollywood?"

By Katherine Albert

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

**H**AVE Greta Garbo and Clarence Brown battled?

Is the greatest and most successful director-star combination in modern pictures busted wide open?

So says Hollywood rumor. Brown is not directing Garbo in "Susan Lenox," King Vidor is handling the job. The Garbo-Brown disagreement is said to have taken place during the making of the recently completed "Inspiration."

Beginning with "Flesh and the Devil," Brown has directed the Swede in most of her great pictures, including her first three talkies. She usually demanded him.

Is it all over now? If it is, both will be badly, if not mortally, hurt. For they're a great team!



No, not Florida! Not Malibu Beach! Not even Deauville or Coney Island! Nancy Carroll is giving us an eyeful on the hot sands of Paramount's Eastern Studio—in "Stolen Heaven"

**L**OUELLA PARSONS tells a grand one anent the Garbo-Dietrich situation.

It appears M-G-M wanted some new photos of Garbo. And Garbo doesn't like to pose.

A publicity man went to her.

"We need some new pictures of you," he began.

She did as expected. "Why you want me to pose? Have you not maybe already a million or two pictures of me? Why can you not use them instead of asking me to pose again?"

The boy thought fast.

# Cal York

The Monthly

# Hollywood



Joan Crawford has gone into the newspaper business—for camera purposes only—and here we see the new sob-sister at work pounding out the conventional story of the crippled apple vender. Next her is Cliff Edwards, and in the rear Director Harry Beaumont and cameraman. From "Dance, Fool, Dance"

"You see," he said, "Paramount has used all those old ones we had to exploit Marlene Dietrich."

Garbo grinned.

"All right. I come then," she agreed.

**A**ND somebody said, "There is really no Greta Garbo nor no Marlene Dietrich. They're both Gwen Lee."

**W**ELL, Hollywood wasn't surprised when it learned that John McCormick (Colleen Moore's ex-hubby; NOT the Irish singer) is to take another wife. She's Mae Clark, stage and screen girl.

The couple told a few friends about it, and the news flew over Hollywood. As a matter of fact the romance has been growing since last fall—all their friends have noticed it.

The wedding can't be until next May, when the McCormick-Moore decree is finalized.

**A**S this is written, people who've been seen places together include:

Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill.

Roscoe Arbuckle and Addie McPhail. Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd. Fred Scott and Sally Starr.

William Powell and Carole Lombard.

But that's as this is written—by the time you read it—well, you know Hollywood.

**A**USTIN Joke No. 3875, Hollywood Version:

Movie actor comes out of theater after seeing the preview of his first picture. He couldn't get back into his Austin.

**M**ARLENE DIETRICH, the new sensation by virtue of talent and beauty, hankered for her baby in Germany.

"Morocco" a hit and "Dishonored" finished, she set out for six weeks' holiday—a Christmas with her dear ones at home.

She arrived in New York one Friday morning. Then began a day full of marvels—what a girl!

She found "Morocco" a sensation on Broadway. The day she arrived "The Blue Angel" opened at a Broadway theater. That's the

# Announcing—

Broadcast of

# Goings-On!



International

Harold Lloyd has two daughters now! Marjorie Elizabeth, right, has been legally adopted by the comic and his wife, and Mildred Gloria has a playmate on the Lloyd estate. Mildred Gloria, broadly grinning here, seems to be having the tooth trouble which falls upon young ladies and gentlemen of her tender age

great picture starring Emil Jannings and herself, which Josef Von Sternberg directed in Germany.

She went to a hotel to rest. The press paid court. At noon she lunched amid stares and ohs and ahs. In the evening Fredric March introduced her from the stage of the Rivoli Theater, where "Morocco" was showing.

At midnight she went aboard a liner and sailed away for a happy stay at home.

A German girl, new to this country and nearly new to films—the first actress in talkie history to have two pictures making extended runs on Broadway at the same time, and these her first two pictures! Tie that, some bright girl!

And is Marlene beautiful! If you think she's blazing on the screen—well, she's blistering in person. Take it from Cal, he saw her. And he hasn't been the same since!

**A**FTER the making of "Morocco," Gary Cooper and Marlene were slated for another film together. But Victor McLaglen was borrowed from Fox instead, and they said Gary couldn't do the part because he was too exhausted from the many pictures he had made.

However, rumor has it that the big boy from Montana was pretty disgruntled over the fact that "Morocco" had been cut to give Marlene every break. He feels that the studio has used him as a stepping stone for the new star.

**B**ILLIE DOVE is wearing a colossal diamond on that finger.

Howard Hughes is one man who of the few men in Hollywood would have had enough money to buy it.

They're still admitting nothing. They're also still denying nothing.

**A**LL of the Hollywood wonder boys and girls have been wondering how Greta Garbo would feel about Marlene, who is a formidable contender for the Garbo crown.

Garbo, as usual, is silent but her very favorite phonograph record is a German blues tune sung by—guess who!—Marlene Dietrich, herself. Garbo plays it over and over.

**A** PRODUCER had selected Louis Bromfield, author of "The Green Bay Tree," "Possession" and "24 Hours"—all of them

best sellers—to write the story for one of his stars. At their first meeting the story had the producer saying:

"Your name is well known now. You are a great author. We will make that name greater. We will publicize your name up and down the country. What do you think of that, Mr. Bromberg?"

**S**CORE one bull's eye for the Hollywood folks trying the Broadway stage!

Little Lois Moran arrived in "This is New York," a comedy by Robert B. Sherwood, film critic as well as playwright, and captured the town. The critics raved—the public howled its approval.

Lois is a sensational success in the part.



Standing in the reflected glory of her sister. Terry Carroll, sister of Nancy, appears with the star for the first time in Paramount's "Stolen Heaven." See Nancy in the glass?

The others? Not so good. Colleen Moore's show died a quick death on the road. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky disappeared in the hinterland. At this writing reports are not in on Olive Borden's play. Anna May Wong is doing fine in "On the Spot," an Edgar Wallace thriller, and so is the veteran Crane Wilbur, the original Peril of Pauline.

But Lya de Putti suffered the most tragic fate. She opened on Broadway in a terrible play called "Made in France." The critics were vicious. Unnecessarily brutal to poor

# Tune in, folks, on Cal York's



Many of our film friends have turned to the stage recently, but here's Hollywood's finest gift to the theater this season! Little Lois Moran as she appears in "This Is New York," in which she has scored a hit

Lya. After one performance, broken by critical cruelty, Lya took to her bed.

And that was the end of that sad little chapter, and the play.

**NORMA TALMADGE** is on the stage! The veteran star has joined the road company of the Zoe Akins stage comedy hit, "The Greeks Had a Word for It"—which show is a raging hit on Broadway.

Norma saw and coveted it when she was in New York last fall. Now she will not only make a picture of it, but is trouping in the play itself! And she loves it. Incidentally,

United Artists gave up \$100,000 for the picture rights. Hits come high!

**WEDDINGS** are dynamite—at least in the magazine business.

Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli were all set to wed when Charlie finished "The Man Who Came Back." That happened late one Saturday night. Next day he started work on his next, "Squadrons."

Hardly time for a nap, let alone a wedding, between cameras! So there we all were—Charlie, Virginia and the rest of us.

But the wedding's still on—no doubt long ere you read these. Unless, of course, Charlie never gets time off to wed the lovely Virginia. Oh, wirra, wirra!

**THEY** all go Hollywood! One of the African natives brought over by Van Dyke for "Trader Horn" was caught in the act of wearing a beret.

**MEXICO CITY** was in a frenzy not long ago. The report flew through the town that Ramon Novarro had shot Harold Lloyd dead! Nobody knew how the weird yarn started. The story had it that Harold had insulted the Mexican flag while making a picture, and that Ramon, his nationality all aroused, had let him have it—bang! It took quite a time to squelch the silly story.

Oddly enough, both boys are great Mexico City pets—Ramon for obvious reasons and Lloyd because his comedies simply slay the Mexicanos. In fact, Harold is the only actor who rates a pet name. They call him "Delgadillo," which is Mexican slang for what corresponds to our "Skinny."

**WE** all remember how the lovely and stage-famous Ina Claire burned when Jack Gilbert got all the headlines at the time of their marriage. But the good stories are

just coming out. Walter Winchell relates it in the *New York Mirror*.

"How does it feel to be married to a star?" asked a Hollywood chatter writer, after the ceremony.

Ina froze her—and when Ina freezes 'em, friends, they stay friz for weeks.

"Why," asked Ina, "don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?"

**SH!**—but keep an eye on Jack Soakie and Mary Brian. They're going places together.

Mary hasn't looked so happy since Rudy Vallée took the grand crush to her while Hollywooding.

**IT'S** smart to have a baby. Remember the days when the birth of a child would be regarded as any movie star's most embarrassing moment? Poor baby would be locked up in a sound-proof nursery and swaddled in secrecy!

At last babies are fashionable. The stars may have them, take them out for an airing, pose them for photographers. The old notion that the fans would be sbocked has been discredited.

The Norma Shearer fans were actually delighted by the appearance of Irving Thalberg, Jr. Nancy Carroll's little daughter hasn't diluted her popularity. The women haven't registered a single pang of jealousy over three matinee idols who recently suffered the acute agonies of a vigil in the maternity hospital. John Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, real pets of the matinee trade, have dared to become fathers.

Babies have become so fashionable in Hollywood that even the ingénues may have them, provided, of course, they take the precaution of marrying.

**BUSTER KEATON** almost killed Lew Cody recently.

Lew has several very precious vases in his



Cream or lemon? And do have another smidgin of toast! Marion Davies revived the merry old custom of five o'clock tea on the set when she was making "The Bachelor Father" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release. From left to right, Director Bob Leonard, Ralph Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith and the fair hostess



# H o l l y w o o d S t a t i o n — N - E - W - S

home. He's crazy about them. They're museum pieces.

Unknown to Lew, Keaton had exact plaster-of-paris copies of the vases made and substituted them for the originals. That night, Buster called on Lew.

"Gee, Lew, that's a swell vase," he said, picking up one. Clumsily he dropped it. It cracked up.

Lew almost fainted.

Abashed, Buster stepped back and upset the other vase.

Lew screamed.

Then they told him the truth.

Just jolly Hollywood pranking.

**NANCY CARROLL** celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday by rehearsing a long scene with Phillips Holmes for "Stolen Heaven." After the final take they let her go home and eat birthday cake with husband Jack Kirkland and four-year-old Patricia.

Nancy and Patricia created quite a stir on upper Broadway in New York one sunny Sunday afternoon this winter. A crowd of admirers who had recognized Nancy gathered about them as Patricia inspected toys in a shop window.

Everyone asked Nancy if the little figure in red was her daughter, and Nancy introduced them all to "little Robin Redbreast." Patricia's brown eyes danced and her head bobbed with excitement.

She doesn't look a bit like her famous mother, but she's evidently going to be a beauty in her own right.

A disgruntled newspaper reporter who wanted to publicize Patricia, in spite of her parents' efforts to shield her from the spotlight, once threatened to spread the word that Patricia was disfigured, or crippled, or imbecile, unless she was allowed to see and talk to the child and write a story about her. But one look at merry-eyed, sturdy little Patricia would set all doubts at rest.

**MAY SLATTERY** was an extra girl in the Paramount picture, "Laughter." On the set one day she ran smack into Nancy Carroll. Nancy gasped. "Why, you look like me," she said.

"I know it," was May's answer.

Now May is Nancy's stand-in for "Stolen Heaven." That means she takes the star's place during those tiring sessions when lights and cameras are being shifted around for the best effects. She's about Nancy's height and figure. Her red hair catches the light in the same way. Her face and features are absurdly like Nancy's.

The job of "standing" might be tiring for Nancy, who has to do the acting, but May is having the time of her life. It means steady work until the picture is completed, and maybe lots more work after that.

**WILL ROGERS** plays polo. He plays to win. He's one of the wildest players on any polo field.

So Fox officials are scared. They're sure that some day, right in the middle of a production, he'll get a broken something-or-other. So they ask him, regularly, please not to play polo during production.

It's not in the contract.

So Will plays polo.

An obliging chap!

**HERE'S** another Scotch story and they're telling it on Chester Conklin.

Al Boasberg and his wife passed the funny man's house one evening.

"There's a light on," said Mrs. B.

"He must be at home."

"If there's a light on," said Al, "he's entertaining."

**ONE** of the finest manifestations of modesty Hollywood has seen—and it doesn't see many!—was Marjorie Rambeau's curtain



Divorced again! Robert Ames has just heard the judge pronounce him free from his third wife, Helen Muriel Oakes, who said they didn't get on. We hear Bob is now going about with a thrice-divorced charmer



Extra! Ronald Colman buys a member of his supporting cast in "The Devil to Pay"! George, this wire-haired terrier, played a charming scene with Ronnie in his new picture, and nearly stole the sequence. Ronnie liked the pup, and decided he had better buy the rival and retire him from the screen

appearance at the premiere of "Min and Bill." Marjorie is a trouper of years' fame on the stage. And in "Min and Bill" she gave such a grand performance that she's likely to be starred as a result.

Yet in her curtain speech, she said only that "It was a wonderful break for me to be allowed to play in a picture with such great artists as Mr. Beery and Miss Dressler."

**R**ADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM, maker of Radio Pictures, has bought Pathe!

This means studio, stock, lock, barrel, good [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



Her uncounted thousands of fans have risen as one mighty army and shouted "One Mickey Mouse, one Shakespeare, one Joe Doakes, one Garbo!" Frenzied by the thought that anyone dares, even by act of Providence, to resemble Greta Garbo, they are bombarding this editorial trench with heavy shells filled with short, sharp little words that bite and sting.

# Garbo vs. Dietrich

*By Leonard Hall*

**I**S that thunder, mother, that is shaking the plaster down into my bean soup?

No, my child, it is the guns!

The battle of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich—one of the most ferocious in the history of the screen—is now raging.

And nobody started it!

Heaven knows Garbo didn't. She's been toiling on the sets and retreating to her guarded castle in the Santa Monica hills. As far as we know, the gorgeous Dietrich, to her, is still an unconfirmed rumor.

Dietrich didn't. She's a jolly German girl, even more beautiful than sin, who was lured to this country, trained and groomed, and pushed before the camera. Paramount didn't fire the first gun—on the contrary, it fought for peace by demanding that their Miss Dietrich and Metro's Miss Garbo never be mentioned in the same ten breaths. Metro, of course, merely sat out in Culver City, smiling the smile of the Sphinx.

Yet the battle that no one started screams and thunders across this fair republic.

There is an old and toothless gag to the effect that it takes two sides to make a fight. This is strictly the old hooey, or, in the original Latin, the *phonus bolonus*.

**I**N the case of any argument, bickering or brannigan in which the name of Greta Garbo appears, only one side is sufficient to make a battle of major proportions. That, of course, is the side of the Garbo-maniacs, to whom the Beautiful Swede is only one hop, skip and jump from downright divinity—and sometimes not even that.

The history of the first skirmishes of the Garbo-Dietrich battle is brief and pointed.

Director Josef Von Sternberg "discovered,"—for the American screen—and brought to this country, a very beautiful German musical comedy and screen actress named Marlene Dietrich. The moment her first pictures appeared in the American press, there was a flurry. She bore a distinct resemblance, from some angles, to the current queen, Greta Garbo. She also resembled, in profile, the late Jeanne Eagles.

The Garbo-maniacs, raving mad in their idolatry, issued from their caves and began growling.

In due time Miss Dietrich's first American-made talkie appeared. "Morocco" was a labor of love and justification on the part of Director

The battle is on!  
Into the dugouts!  
A verbal barrage  
thunders over the  
charms and talents  
of Paramount's rising  
star and the goddess  
of M-G-M's studio



Von Sternberg. With infinite pains he had trained, rehearsed and projected his German find.

No question about it—Miss Dietrich showed definite Garboesque symptoms, at least in the minds of the Garbo fans. The critics remarked on it. The low growls of the Garbo devotees became shrieks, then roars.

THE beautiful German girl, new to the mad-nesses of Hollywood, lonely for her husband and little daughter in the Fatherland, just trying to make good for God, for country, for Von Sternberg, and for Marlene, became the focal point of a vocal and epistolary storm that is wrecking bridge games, tea fights, family gatherings and erstwhile happy American homes all over the nation.

A couple of months ago PHOTOPLAY stepped into a hornets' nest.

We printed an informative story about Miss Dietrich. It was entitled "She Threatens Garbo's Throne." It described the Prussian Peacherino, and definitely hinted that a potential rival to the solitary Swede was now on deck—another beauty, bursting with a similar allure, possessing more than a dash of screen mystery, and with a talent both wide and deep.

Bang! Sumter was fired on! The Maine had been sunk! The fatal shot was heard again at Sarajevo! Sheridan was at least thirty miles away! And the author, Katherine Albert, ran for her private cyclone cellar.

The Garbo-maniacs, to whom any mention of an actress in the same wheeze is sheer blasphemy, seized their pens, and clattered their typewriters like so many machine guns.

HEAR some shots from the barrage that has fallen on this trembling editorial dugout in the past month:

From M. L. K., of Detroit, Mich.:  
"The woman to compete with Greta Garbo will not be born! Garbo to us is not a woman—she is a goddess. There will be one Garbo. Down with the imitators! *Vive la Garbo!*"

From Miss J. D. W., of Chicago, Ill.:  
"Garbo's subjects are legion. If she ever descends from the throne, that throne, like Valentino's, will remain vacant! Long live the queen, Miss Greta Garbo!"

"A Garbo-Maniac," situate in Meridian, Miss., takes her fiery pen in hand:

"This Marlene [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]

And here's the unwitting, or innocent, cause of the great Garbo-Dietrich war now raging—the beautiful Marlene herself. Do you think she looks like Garbo—that she's trying to resemble Garbo the Great? True, she's blonde, beautiful, mysterious and alluring. But so are several others. We vote that Marlene Dietrich is Marlene Dietrich, and no copy of anyone!



★ *THE DEVIL TO PAY*—United Artists—Sam Goldwyn

RONNIE COLMAN breezes hilariously through a gigglesome story about the big moment in a delightful wastrel's love-life. It's all a tasty soufflé of lightheartedness, warmly spiced with sophistication, garnished with sparkling lines and situations, and served with the proposition that life simply isn't to be taken seriously!

It's Colman's picture throughout, and what that man does with his opportunities! Loretta Young is lovely, and Myrna Loy is caloric. And what a style show! The rest of the cast is excellent, but as much as anybody, Author Frederick Lonsdale and Director George Fitzmaurice rate congratulations. So does Fred Kerr as the grumpy dad.

One member of the cast doesn't get deserved screen credit—a wire-haired terrier that steals the early sequences.



★ *THE CRIMINAL CODE*—Columbia

JUST because you've seen a lot of prison pictures don't think you can afford to pass this one up. If you do, you'll miss some of the finest acting, directing and dialogue of this or any other movie season.

You perhaps already know the stirring Martin Flavin play. The plot is not the main attraction. It's the terrific "feel" of prison life that you get, the great surge of emotion behind it all—the strange code that exists both in and out of prison walls.

Walter Huston has never done a better job than as the district attorney and, later, the warden. Phillips Holmes is perfect as the boy. Constance Cummings, a new face, is nice as the girl. The whole thing is too intense, too vital for tears. But it's something you'll never forget.

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY*—Paramount

IF there are still doubters as to the talkies, coax or drag them to see this brilliantly done picture. Use force, if necessary! As a stage play, "The Royal Family" was the joy of its season. But—and you'll believe this when you see it—it's far greater as a talking picture.

For the camera follows the mad *Cavendishes*, royal family of the theater. No longer is this comedy by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber confined to the three cramping walls of a stage. It talks—and how it moves!

"The Royal Family of Broadway" is not, as you might think, a costume piece, but a vivid, funny, sad story of the great *Cavendish* tribe of actors—three generations of a mighty family, with a historic past and a great future. Gossips have connected it with the Barrymore family, and the Barrymores and *Cavendishes* touch at many points.

They all try to leave the stage, poor dears—but they never do. Not even young love can keep the daughter of the tribe away from the footlights. And they die in their dressing rooms, being true troupers in the great tradition.

Ina Claire is simply magnificent as *Julie*, and Fredric March does the work of his life as the mad *Tony*, who went into pictures. Fine work, too, by Henrietta Crosman, Mary Brian and Charles Starrett.

This picture has everything.

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY

THE DEVIL'S BATTALION      THE DEVIL TO PAY  
THE CRIMINAL CODE        THE BLUE ANGEL  
THE GREAT MEADOW        CIMARRON

## The Best Performances of the Month

Ina Claire in "The Royal Family of Broadway"  
Fredric March in "The Royal Family of Broadway"  
Lester Vail in "The Devil's Battalion"  
Loretta Young in "The Devil's Battalion"  
Ronald Colman in "The Devil to Pay"  
Walter Huston in "The Criminal Code"  
Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code"  
Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel"  
Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel"  
Eleanor Boardman in "The Great Meadow"  
Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"  
Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching for the Moon"  
Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love"  
George Bancroft in "Scandal Sheet"  
Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father"  
C. Aubrey Smith in "The Bachelor Father"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 138*



★ *THE BLUE ANGEL—UFA-Paramount*

IT'S Emil Jannings first talkie in English. It is the picture that brought Marlene Dietrich to the fans of the world. It was directed by the able Josef Von Sternberg. And it's a knockout!

It's the simple story of a pompous German high school professor who falls in love with a beautiful, bad singer in a low cabaret, and sinks first to degradation, and then to death. Plenty of types and atmosphere, and one sweet tune.

Jannings plays all his old parts again—plays them magnificently, as only Jannings can. He doesn't talk much, and then very heavily. Dietrich is beautiful and fine, and looks only like Dietrich. A sombre story, badly recorded in Germany—but a picture that will fascinate you—by the sheer power and glory of its two leads.



★ *THE DEVIL'S BATTALION—Radio Pictures*

HERE'S a spectacular talking picture that's also a MOVING picture. That's what we've all been wanting, isn't it?

This is really "Beau Ideal," sequel to "Beau Geste," that grand old heart-twister of the bygone silent days. "Beau Ideal" is based on that same powerful theme of a great, self-sacrificing love between men. It tells about the same characters—using in some cases even the same actors who played in "Beau Geste." It is set in the same soul-blistering locale—the desert Africa of the Foreign Legion. But now it lives with voice, and is aglow with the great advance in technique that the screen has achieved.

Brenon is a director who knows mass-movement. He's given us battle scenes that are superior in their field to anything that's been done before. His desert scenes are marvels of photography and direction. The man knows PICTURE, and how to tell a story with it.

A bit the less great in that he forces his characters to talk in the stilted style that went out years ago, it's still a great picture.

Lester Vail débuts as a screen hero and does it splendidly. Loretta Young does a truly magnificent piece of work in the short rôle she has. Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matienssen stand out.



★ *THE GREAT MEADOW—M-G-M*

THIS is an epic. But don't be alarmed. It is an intimate epic and you're more interested in learning what will happen to the people in the story (the book was a best seller) than to the tiny caravan that treks from "Virginy" to the wilderness of "Kentuck." So you have both the sweep of a great spectacle on wide film and the beauty of an exciting yarn.

Never before has Eleanor Boardman been so lovely. Never before has she given such a performance, making that pioneer woman possess youth and delicacy. So Eleanor has first place but the rest of that long and famous cast are perfect. There are Johnnie Mack Brown, Lucille La Verne, Gavin Gordon, Billy Bakewell and others. You'll be thrilled by the beauty, charm and grandeur of this one.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

★  
CIMARRON—  
Radio Pictures



**T**HE talkie version of Edna Ferber's thrilling novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma is by far the finest thing Radio Pictures and Richard Dix have ever done. The picture carries all the sweep and power of Ferber's best seller. Not only is the land rush sequence one of the most exciting ever shot, but Dix's portrayal of *Yancey Cravat* gives him new screen rating as one of our finest actors. One of the year's best pictures.

INSPIRATION  
—M-G-M



**G**ARBO was never lovelier nor more youthful than she is in this very modern version of the old, old story, "Sappho," with Greta as the French siren against a Paris background. As you know, the fable of an indiscreet girl who pays too dearly. Robert Montgomery seems miscast opposite. Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau and Beryl Mercer lend good support, and Clarence Brown's direction is neat, as always.

REACHING  
FOR THE  
MOON—  
United Artists



**I**F anybody but Doug Fairbanks played in this, you might not like it. But Doug, with the vitality of a kid, leaps merrily through a dizzy hodge-podge of gags good and bad, old and new. He plays a mad, bounding Babbitt who makes and loses fortunes between reels. Bebe Daniels, gone beautiful and blonde, is opposite, and Edward Everett Horton and Claude Allister hand laughs. Written by Irving Berlin, but no songs.

THE ROYAL  
BED—  
Radio Pictures



**L**OWELL SHERMAN again directs himself in a yarn about the intimate moments of romantic royalty that makes you leave the theater in a glow. The plot's smart, the dialogue charming and the acting simply grand. Lowell's the shy king. Mary Astor makes a gorgeous princess, and Nance O'Neil is every inch a publicity-seeking queen. Made from "The Queen's Husband," by Robert E. Sherwood. Fine talkie.

RANGO—  
Paramount



**I**NTO the jungles of Sumatra a genius named Ernest Schoedtsack took a camera and great patience. He brought back as engrossing a movie as has ever been made. It tells a simple story of tragedy and retribution in the lives of jungle beasts. In sequences, you'll howl with laughter. But we'll warrant that you'll also sob with sorrow. "Rango" is utterly, magnificently different from everything else.

THE RIGHT  
TO LOVE—  
Paramount



**S**EE this lovely thing, by all means, but don't go to have fun. It is a gem of a picture. Poignant, beautiful, sincere. Chatterton—oh, what is there to say about Ruth when she is all an actress should be as the mother who knew love (for so brief a time) and wanted her daughter to know it, too! Ruth plays both parts with a realism that makes the characterizations vivid. Superb direction.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER—Fox**



**SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount**

**T**H**ERE** was a lonely little princess in the Balkans. That's Maureen O'Sullivan. And there was a son of an American millionaire disguised as a plumbing inspector. That's Charles Farrell. Blooie—Romance! A nice little Cinderella yarn that patters along pleasantly and harmlessly. The two leads are nice, and they are ably aided by Bert Roach, Lucien Prival and H. B. Warner. Maureen does very well.

**S**UPERLATIVELY fine newspaper story, wherein George Bancroft, as the managing editor who remains true to the traditions of the trade though it costs him everything, is superb. Tremendous suspense, nerve-tingling drama and noteworthy faithfulness to the truth of newspapering. And not ONE drunken reporter! Kay Francis and Clive Brook do fine work. Splendid dialogue and exemplary direction.

**THE BACHELOR FATHER—M-G-M**



**ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount**

**A**SPRIGHTLY, amusing, sophisticated comedy with Marion Davies in excellent form as the grand comedienne she is. If you saw the play you'll be disappointed in some of the changes. But whether you did or didn't you'll get a million laughs. C. Aubrey Smith, who created the rôle, is absolutely priceless as the bachelor father. Ralph Forbes is the leading man. You'll be sorry if you don't see it.

**T**HANKS to Leon Errol, of the rubber legs, this is an exceptionally funny and pleasant little romantic comedy. Aided by Stewart Erwin, Errol captures the picture and makes it a real laughing matter. Leon plays a comical crook. The rest is pretty much romance, with Richard Arlen and Mary Brian as the love interest. Both do nice work, but the picture is in the pocket of old Dr. Errol.

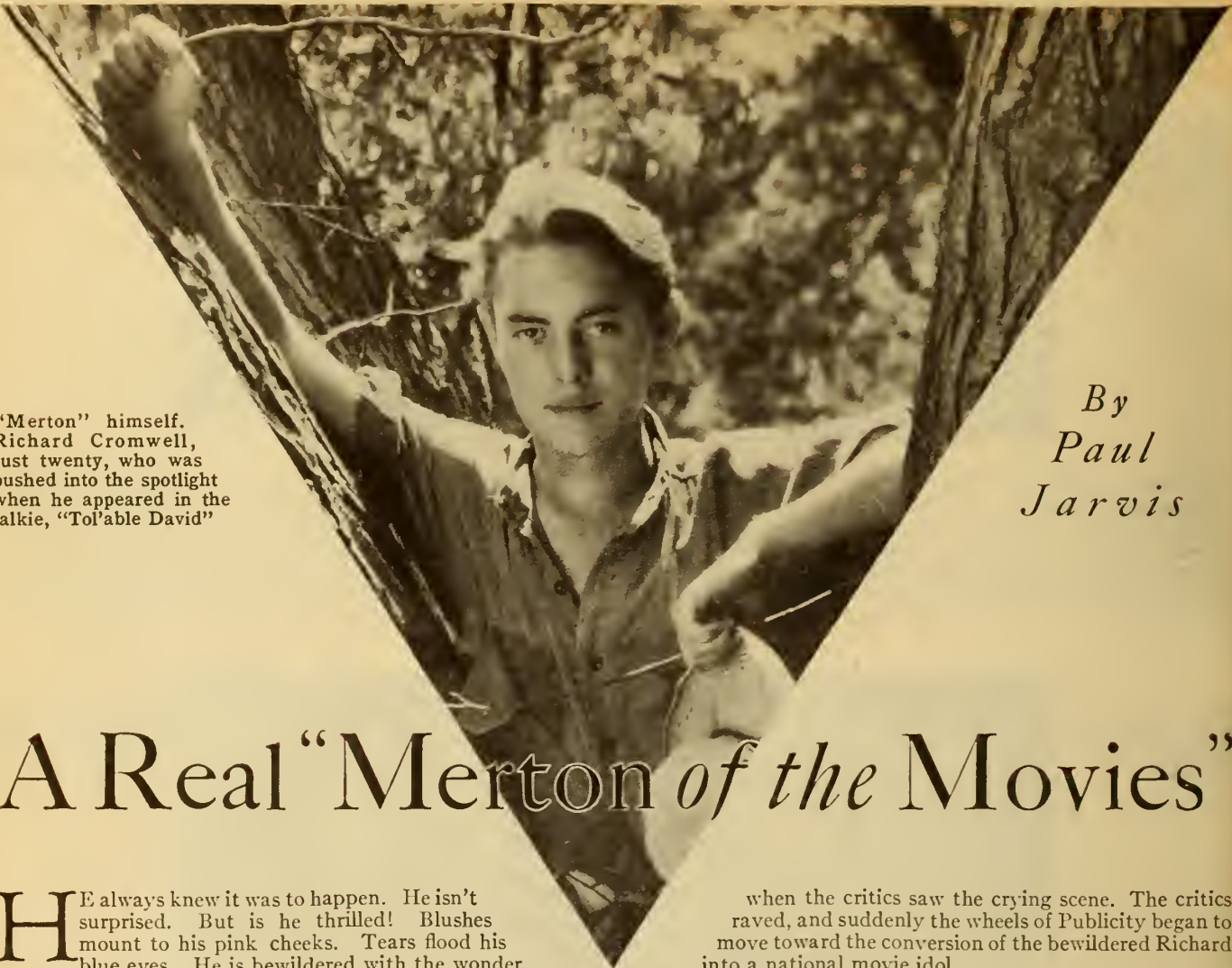
**HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures**



**EX-MISTRESS—Warners**

**I**DIOTS Wheeler and Woolsey perform their fooleries in a moribund hotel, which they try to resuscitate in behalf of Love-Interest Dorothy Lee. Concentrated machine gun fire of rival gangs adds to the piquancy of the proceedings. Gargantuan Jobyna Howland and Absurd Oaf Hugh Herbert give the two W's a hard run for comedy honors. If you don't laugh hugely at this, you're diaphragm-bound!

**A**ND here are Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—er, beg pardon! It's the Ben Lyonses!—playing the romantic leads in one of these ultra-modern love things. Fairly faithful to the book, too. Bebe and Ben are satisfactorily amatory where and when required, and Lewis Stone plays with customary perfection. It's really a delightfully entertaining picture, and there are some swell clothes. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 118]



"Merton" himself. Richard Cromwell, just twenty, who was pushed into the spotlight when he appeared in the talkie, "Tol'able David"

By  
Paul  
Jarvis

## A Real "Merton of the Movies"

HE always knew it was to happen. He isn't surprised. But is he thrilled! Blushes mount to his pink cheeks. Tears flood his blue eyes. He is bewildered with the wonder of it. He is a really, truly, honest-to-goodness movie star!

Thus has the incredibly naive "Merton of the Movies" actually come to life in the ornamental person of Richard Cromwell, Columbia's overnight star of "Tol'able David."

Surely you remember the fictional *Merton*, who prayed God to make him a good movie actor, and then never quite understood how it happened.

That's Richard. He didn't actually ask God. But he had the feeling that some Monumental Casting Agent, call it "Destiny," was pulling for him all the time. And he never lost faith that it would all come out some day as he had dreamed.

Richard is twenty. That makes him older than Davey Lee. But his artlessness makes little Davey seem as blasé as Lowell Sherman. There's nothing blasé about Richard. Movie stardom is too terribly new and too thrilling. He's quite sure it was Fate. How could any cynic call it accident when these are the facts!

Columbia was simply desperate for a boy to play "Tol'able David." Every juvenile in Hollywood had been tested. All had failed to meet director John Blystone's strict requirements of boyishness, idealism, sensitiveness, freshness. Young Roy Radabaugh, who had been making lamp shades, running a gift shoppe, painting arty bathrooms, knew that Fate intended him to play "Tol'able David" and applied for the rôle. The casting director's office was filled with youths who had the same ambition. When the casting director looked them over and sent them away, Roy Radabaugh hid on a dark stage and cried. A kindly office girl found him there. He became Richard Cromwell, the "find" who was to play *David*.

RICHARD continued to cry through the filming of the picture. He cried when he thought he'd done something clumsy. He cried when the studio people were kind to him. He cried during the big emotional scene of "Tol'able David." And lo, and behold, he was a great "emotional actor."

Columbia itself didn't know how great until three months later,

when the critics saw the crying scene. The critics raved, and suddenly the wheels of Publicity began to move toward the conversion of the bewildered Richard into a national movie idol.

The picture was to open in New York. Columbia decided that it might be a good stunt to bring the youngster here to see it. He was on the train when the sudden decision was made to introduce him in a series of personal appearances.

Hasty wires. Richard had no suitable clothes. Kansas City haberdashers met the train with new suits, a Tuxedo, a hat. Photographers met the train in New York. An *entourage* of chaperons and press agents suddenly appeared. A swanky suite in a flashy new hotel was engaged. A radio speech on the wonders of New York was written. (Richard almost cried from fright when he delivered it.)

HE was lugged to see the last acts of shows, the first half of hockey matches. He was driven down Broadway in a gaudy roadster. He was taken to meet the Mayor, to lunch at business men's clubs. The press was invited to hear him say that he thought New York was wonderful.

His naiveté was enthusiastically acclaimed as "so refreshing." His artlessness was "quaint." His bewilderment was "simply cunning." Before he could get spots on his new Tuxedo and tired rings under his eyes, he was dispatched to Washington for further exhibits—an overnight movie star!

What's to be done with him now is Columbia's business. Richard lives at home with his mother, two little sisters and a brother. He has a contract which assures escape from the art shoppe. He is a Garbo fan and hopes that Fate will come through again and cast him opposite his idol.

He has the play picked out. "Fata Morgana," a drama about a country boy's seduction by his city cousin! Richard's choice of the play may seem to belie his artlessness. But really it clinches it. Imagine anybody snatching a cherub from the clouds! And that's what it would be to subject such a sensitive, naive, astonished new movie star to the rude shock of adult emotions.

Richard has had his trip to Heaven. How long he remains there is up to the Destiny in which he has such a profound and touching belief.





# The Tomboy of the Talkies

There's a Winnie Lightner who socks over the hotsy-totsy songs—and then there's a Winnie you'll read about here!

By *Rosalind Shepard*

**S**HE'S the tomboy of the talkies! The red-headed whirlwind, and the gay baby who makes old men act childish! Wild Winnie—she always wows 'em. Just the same in real life as in reel life. . . .

Says her press agent. And it's quite true—with reservations. She's more than that, this Winnie Lightner the song-plugger, the wise-cracker. She's something that heretofore Greta Garbo, Jetta Goudal, and maybe Clara Bow have had the first claim to. She's another Least Understood Woman in Hollywood!

When the average publicity writer can find the slightest excuse for calling his client a "dual personality," he's perfectly happy. I don't know just why nobody has stumbled upon the none-too-obvious fact that Winnie Lightner was practically made to fit the description, unless it might be for the perfectly true reason that Winnie doesn't want it known. For that's one of the most endearing things about her—the hiding of her real self, not from secretiveness nor snobbishness, but from sheer dislike of hurting people.

Painted with a broad brush and the gaudiest of colors, the picture that is Winnie Lightner on the screen tallies identically with that which she gives to her friends. No fine shadings, no subtleties of humor creep into this broadly depicted character while the world is looking on. True to her reputation—and her reputation is well founded—Winnie is outwardly always the same.

**W**ITNESS her arrival at the studio in the morning. A flash of green *coupé*, a loudly honked horn, and the Winnie is here! Her voice, as in the talkies, is loud. She shouts. She smiles. She slaps you on the back. If she complains, she does that loudly, too, for whining is not one of her sins. To Winnie Lightner, her director, her co-workers, the vast crowd of extras, are her public, just as much as that vague audience in a darkened theater. And she loves them—makes herself an adaptable person for their comfort.

Her day's work over, the last wise-crack recorded, Winnie jumps into her car, skids around a corner on two wheels, and disappears. Then only it is that some mysterious change takes place, so that if you could see her you would immediately recognize that there is a "different" Winnie.

The tomboy of the talkies is no more. In her place sits a sad-eyed woman, twenty-nine years old and

looking it. She drives slowly, making little effort to shake off the depression that always settles upon her when she

is first alone. For she has memories.

On the face of things, it would seem that this successful comedienne had everything her heart could desire. But on looking back, one checks up and realizes that Winnie may be right when she declares she has missed the two things that should be every woman's lot—happiness and protection. Her mother died when she was born.

Girlhood, for Winnie, was full of poverty, grief, memories of rough places on life's path. There followed the grueling life of the vaudeville circuit. Love, and the hope of permanent happiness, that somehow never quite materialized. Three broken marriages. A baby boy, who must be left to nurses while his mama plugs songs.

There's a wistful Winnie, doomed by her type and talents to be a comedienne, when her heart of hearts longs for the admiration, love and shelter given her more feminine sister. Hating crowds who stare and point, she shuns the formal first nights, sneaking into the theater the next night after the

[ PLEASE  
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130 ]



Above is the Winking Winnie Lightner who sings the hot numbers. But down here in the corner is the other Winnie—the home-loving girl who likes her hearth and her big dog, Bim



You'll see a new, richer, more mature Eleanor Boardman playing a memorable rôle with John Mack Brown in "The Great Meadow"

# Where has This Artist Been Hiding?

By Katherine Albert

THE wide film spread itself across the screen like a giant pennant flung in the breeze. A hush fell over the theater—the sort of hush that always comes just before the projection of a preview.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents 'The Great Meadow.'" That's the message you read. There was applause as usual. There always is for a preview. The credit list faded and the characters arrived.

The scene showed the interior of a home in Virginia in 1777. The father spoke first and while he was speaking you caught a glimpse of the daughter, sitting at a spinning wheel. She looked at him with clear, straight eyes and then she spoke in a rich, full, lovely voice and every one in that audience sat forward on his chair, that he might not miss any of the beauty of Eleanor Boardman.

One woman murmured, "If that's what motherhood does for you, I'm going to have a couple of children."

It isn't as if Eleanor were not beautiful before. She has always been. But suddenly she seemed to come alive, and all during the unfolding of that picture you followed the magnificent performance of that clear eyed, clear minded pioneer woman avidly. It is an intelligent performance, not a flashing, brilliant, sparkling portrayal, but rather one that slowly, surely, definitely impresses itself upon your consciousness.

I've always had the feeling that Eleanor never gave everything she had to the screen. Perhaps this was because I'd known her too long, known too well the richness of the woman herself. I remember only that I invariably came away from her pictures a little disappointed. The camera seemed unable to make anything except ripples upon the deep well of her character. I'd known her, you see, for what she is—a sort of valkyrie of a woman with a resplendent soul.

SHE has the most honest eyes I've ever known. You couldn't tell a lie to Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor has, I'm sure, never told a lie. It's a habit that has gotten her into no end of trouble.

I remember once asking her for her views on marriage. She gave them to me without quibbling. "But you can't say that in print," I insisted. "Those things are too advanced, too radical. The public wouldn't stand that from you."

"Then don't say anything," Eleanor flared. "I won't have you printing something that I don't believe. If the public doesn't care to know me as I am, then don't let them know me at all."

When she was under contract to M-G-M, every interview published meant that Eleanor was taken to task by the executives. For if you ask her a question she believes it her duty to answer you honestly. Else why would you have asked the question? You may only say, "How do you like my new hat?" Eleanor will look the hat over carefully, give it her undivided attention and tell you frankly what she really thinks. You may not want to hear it. But there it is.

She is really one of the most basic people I've ever known. And I've always felt it strange that such a gentle, pastel, patrician face—all fair skin, blonde hair and blue eyes—should house such an elemental spirit. Eleanor makes no compromise with life. She is as she is. Take her or leave her.

Eleanor goes deep. The roots of her are firmly implanted and, although I know nothing of her ancestors, I've always had the feeling that many bloods must have mingled to produce her. She seems to have taken the fundamental qualities of many peoples.

I saw her once just after their new home [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]



**A**FTER years of screen endeavor—after marriage, motherhood and retirement, this girl has found herself as an actress! In "The Great Meadow," from which this is a scene, you'll see a new and vivid Eleanor Boardman, with a new richness in her work and a new beauty glowing about her. And now Eleanor, in addition to being Mrs. King Vidor, wants to go right on acting!

# *Two Smartly Dressed Girls* **Kay and Anita**



Whether for sports, afternoon or evening wear, we can always look to Hollywood for individual and authentic designs. The skirt of Kay Johnson's tweed suit is made with wide pleats, left unpressed. A novel and graceful effect



Kay's all dressed up for a cozy afternoon tea with a few intimates. When she slips off the gold-embroidered, maroon velvet jacket, it reveals a wide trousered one-piece garment of chartrreuse satin, designed for comfortable lounging



Smart girl, this Anita Page! She knows how a trig, knitted suit brings out every lovely curve. Deep purple is the color of suit and swagger beret. The tucked design, besides being decorative, molds the hips snugly and tapers the cuffs to a flattering line at the wrist



From the tip-tilted, saucy brim of her dark green hat to the matching green of her suede slippers, there's not a false note in the costume Anita wears. The stunning frock is of dark green crepe, patterned with gold nail heads



SHE was a pretty musical comedy prima donna, singing the conventional "I Love You" songs, and praying the show would be a hit. It seldom was, somehow. Then she went to Hollywood, and under the magic wand of Old Master Lubitsch became one of the best comediennes in pictures. Read Jeanette MacDonald's story across the way

# The Prima Donna and "the Old Man"

How a great director made a fine comedienne  
of a golden girl from musical comedy

**T**HIS is the story of how The Old Man made a Red-Headed Prima Donna into one of the best comediennes on the American screen.

For human interest, the yarn has few equals—even in the dizzy, fizzing Hollywood of the talkie era.

Of course, The Old Man isn't really old. As a matter of fact, he's just nudging forty—gently. But Hollywood, where he has scattered his cinematic genius for nearly a decade, is apt to call anyone old who has left the Torrid Twenties for the Thirsty Thirties. And, too, the Prima Donna's hair is as gold as it is red. But we'll let the overture stand.

Jeanette MacDonald—for that indeed, reader, is our heroine's name!—had brought to Broadway youth, beauty and a pleasant soprano voice. All these commodities are common on Cuckoo Canyon. As fast as they are expended, fresh trainloads arrive from Dodge City and Wapakoneta, and the show goes on.

Moreover, Jeanette's story was quite the usual one. She had been the cutest, prettiest tot on the block. She had sung "Come, little leaves," said the Wind, one day," for the neighbors when she was three or four. She took singing lessons, and maybe "elocution." I suspect that she even sang in a choir. This could lead only to one thing. She packed her youth, loveliness and other hat in her first valise and set out to conquer the theater with her face, figure and voice.

**A**FTER the usual ups, downs and dead levels, she became a Broadway prima donna. That is to say, she was hired to sing duets with the leading tenor in various musical comedies—songs about "I loved you in Junetime—now it is croon-time," and so on. She made musical comedy love—losing the boy friend at the end of the first act, and getting him back at the close of the second.

These things are as solidly patterned as so many sewing machines. Jeanette was competent, but she got nowhere in particular, save from road to New York and back again.

I myself sat under her soothing ministrations several times. There were "Yes, Yes, Yvette," and "Sunny Days," to name two. But her shows had a

habit of dying under her. Whenever a prima donna "friend" tumbled into a success, she took pains to meet Jeanette and purr, "My dear, I do wish you could get a hit!" Good old kitty-kitty Broadway!

**A**ND Jeanette smiled prettily. This could have gone on forever, or until Jeanette's youth and beauty were gone. Then a new shipment would have arrived from Tulsa, and the girl with the red-gold hair would be hopelessly climbing the managers' stairs—and steep they are.

At this moment Fate, Kismet, Providence, Luck, Monkey-Business—you name it!—stepped into the life and times of our heroine.

Electrical engineers, fooling around with their mysterious gadgets, had rigged up the talkies. The great gold rush from Broadway to Hollywood was on!

La Belle MacDonald, as did a couple of hundred other singing girls, had a test made. It was then stuck up on a shelf behind a jar of pickled peaches, and the show went on.

And so enters our hero, The Old Man—a short, stocky, Germanic gentleman with a shrewd eye, a shrewder head and a large brown cigar. In short, Ernst Lubitsch—director extraordinary, tamer of Pola Negri, a very giant among the Lilliputians and Singer Midgets of Hollywood.

**T**HE Old Meister was in a quandary, and have you ever been in a good, deep, muddy quandary? It's no fun—I'd almost rather be on the horns of a dilemma, and I do hate a dilemma horn.

Herr Lubitsch was looking for a leading woman for this French meteor, Chevalier. The picture was to be a gay, frothy, phony-kingdom business, "The Love Parade." He'd tried girl after girl, and it was no dice.

At last, eye-weary, he hurled himself into the offices of Paramount.

"Show me some old tests," he groaned, "and then I'll mein head blow off!"

Jeanette MacDonald's test was taken from the shelf, dusted, and shown to The Old Man. That's how it began. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

By Leonard Hall



The Prima Donna and "The Old Man" play a tune. Jeanette MacDonald and Ernst Lubitsch between scenes of "The Love Parade"

# Hollywood's *Hundred*

By

Harry Lang



In a story about Howard Hughes, Billie Dove must appear. They go about gaily together, there is talk of a marriage when Billie's divorce from Irvin Willat becomes final — and they say nothing!

ONCE upon a time, all you had to do to get a laugh in Hollywood was to say:  
"Howard Hughes."

Immediately, your hearers would picture the awkward, gangling lad from Texas, barely old enough to vote, who came to Hollywood to make movies with his late papa's hundred million dollars.

They'd think, in those days, of how he was making "Hell's Angels"—putting three years and four of the hundred million into it. And, with just the slightest bit of sympathy for the kid who was being so royally plucked, they roared in glee. Hollywood thought it was all too funny!

But those days are gone forever. Young Howard Hughes has stopped being Hollywood's favorite joke.

For one thing, "Hell's Angels" is paying him back his four million and more to boot, and young Hughes is sitting back thumbing his nose at the *wisenheimers* who said anyone that spent that much on a picture was goofy.

For another thing, Howard Hughes has bought "Queer People," that best-seller that so mercilessly lampoons many of Hollywood's foremost figures, and may make a moving picture of it! Hollywood can't see any fun in that. It's too scared!

And for still another thing, young Hughes has been doing, is doing, and plans to do things inside the industry with his hundred million dollars. And even Hollywood can't laugh at what a hundred million dollars can do!

IN short, instead of having Hollywood all a-titter, Hughes has it all a-jitter! All worked up over what he's going to do on the heels of "Hell's Angels" and what he's going to buy next with his hundred millions, and what he's going to do with and about Billie Dove. . . .

It burns Hollywood to a crisp that Hughes and Billie Dove, in the face of the utmost that Hollywood tongues can do, go serenely and happily about everywhere together without bothering to make the slightest reply to questions. They simply won't tell what their plans are. It's nobody's business.

Ask Billie Dove, and she answers nothing.

Ask young Hughes, and if he answers at all, it's to tell you to go to.

They seem to think it's all their own business! And those who wonder whether Hughes is ever really going to marry the girl will simply have to wait until this coming mid-year, when Miss Dove's divorce from Irving Willat, the director, becomes final.

In the meantime, they're seen everywhere together. Their romance has been reported in every film publication extant.

There are, naturally, reports that they plan to be married the very day the Dove decree is finalized. But you've got to go on guessing. To everything, they both remain silent.





# Million Dollar Kid

The joke seems to be on those who thought Howard Hughes had only movie ambition and much money

"What are your plans about Miss Dove?" I asked him point-blank the other day.

"If I'd known you were going to ask about that," he snapped, "I'd never have seen you!"

So we talked about "Hell's Angels" and the money he spent on it, and the men who died during its making, and about "Queer People" and what he's going to do with it.

"Do you think 'Hell's Angels' was worth four million dollars?" was one direct question.

He thought for many long moments, and coughed a bit once or twice.

"I dunno," he said.

"But I'd like to see anybody else go out and do it for less," he added, after a little more thought. He's a very diffident youngster, this 26-year-old multi-millionaire. Interviews embarrass him furiously.

"All this question of what constitutes entertainment value," he went on, "is so indefinite. Nobody knows. You might make a good picture for a hell of a lot less than four million—but you can't duplicate those shots in 'Hell's Angels' for less!"

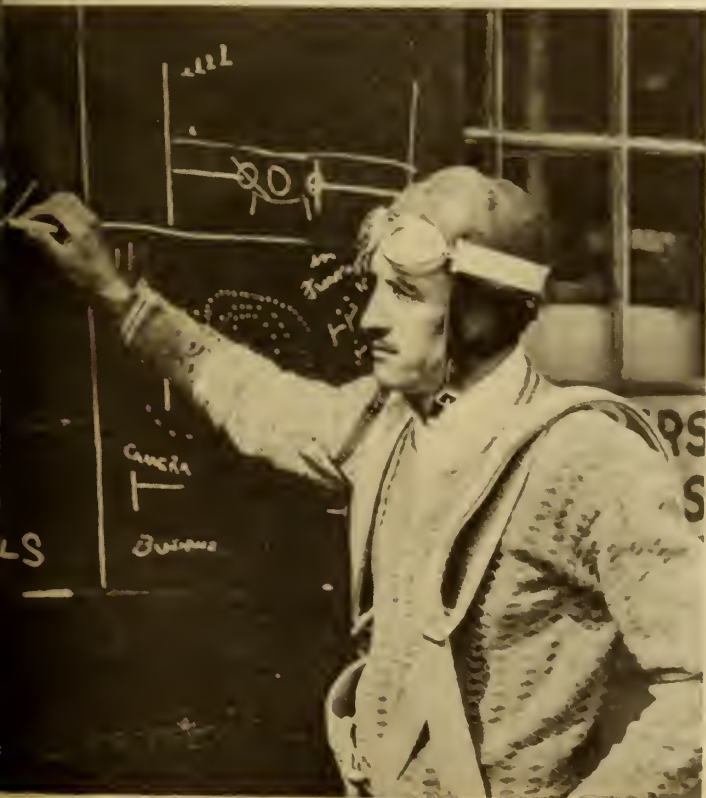
HE began to lose his bashfulness in enthusiasm. "Hell's Angels" is his own child—he fathered it. He thought of the idea, the story, the details. He directed it all himself.

"I don't give a hoot," he went on, "what you say about it. You can call it a good picture or a bad picture. But you can't say it isn't the most spectacular and sensational air stuff ever filmed. We've got scenes that nobody else will ever duplicate.

Hughes, getting all the time more enthusiastic, told details of



Hollywood's richest boy, who spent \$4,000,000 on "Hell's Angels" and is getting it back, and who may film the best seller, "Queer People," just *pour le sport*—Howard Hughes



its making. At first, he revealed; it was planned to cost no more than \$600,000, and to use about a dozen planes.

"But we took a score of planes to Oakland to do some practicing, and we stuck around, and it began to run into dollars, so I said: 'Well, we gotta get some shot to make good all this money!' So I got a lot more planes and we got that shot of fifty planes in the dog fight. You know, we had three mid-air collisions—"

"Yes," a question was shot in, "and what about the four men that were killed?"

Hughes looked mad. Hughes was mad.

"I think it's an outrage that anybody says four men were killed in 'Hell's Angels'!" he snapped. "Matter of fact, only one man was killed."

That, he said was Phil Jones, the mechanic, who died when the huge bomber used in the picture cracked, after its pilot, "Daredevil Al" Wilson, had leaped from the diving machine with his parachute. Jones, apparently unaware that Wilson had bailed out, stayed to work smoke-pots, and died when the plane hit.

There was a great deal of fuss afterward. The original plan had been to "spin" the plane, and then out of camera-range bring it out safe for a landing. But Wilson, afterward, said the plane couldn't be spun, and that when he tried it, it went into a dive that couldn't be stopped. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

Howard Hughes and his chief cameraman on "Hell's Angels," Harry Perry, mapping out battle plans for the great aerial "dog fight" in the picture. Every move of fighting planes and camera ships was plotted carefully on a blackboard

# Doug's New Picture—



Doug Fairbanks' idea of a busy executive with a few telephones. We suppose the idea is that there's bound to be an unbusy number on at least one of them. Douglas, with Jack Mulhall and Helen Jerome Eddy, in a scene from "Reaching for the Moon," written by Irving Berlin. It's the first film in years Doug hasn't made on his own



Just to let you know that the flitting years have had no ill effects on Doug's magnificent physical equipment. A scene from "Reaching for the Moon" in which Edward Everett Horton also figures



Behold Hollywood's newest blonde! Bebe Daniels, Doug's leading woman in "Reaching for the Moon," will startle us with light hair, after all these years

# Mary Makes One, Too!



This tousle-headed hoyden is Our Mary—gone completely Gay in her new picture, "Kiki." Doesn't look a day over eighteen, does the minx?



Mary Pickford, in tail coat and walking cane, doing an act for the camera in her new picture, "Kiki," directed by Sam Taylor. Mary is supported by Reginald Denny, Margaret Livingston, and Joseph Cawthorn. This version of the story shifts the locale from Paris to New York

Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of Mary Pickford's great screen talent. This wistful mite in the over-sized pajamas, looking hopefully up at Reginald Denny, is the same grand little woman who has been delighting and captivating picture fans for twenty years. It's a scene from "Kiki," which Mary is making for United Artists and not as her own production

# What Is This

By Ruth Waterbury



For years Mary Pickford ruled the hearts and box-offices of the photoplay world. As long as her pictures made fortunes, she was queen. But "Coquette" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were financial duds. The stories weren't box-office!

ONE star in Hollywood can do exactly as she pleases. She can work when she wants to, have any story her lonely heart desires, pick her own directors, leading men, and the very carpenters who pound the sets of her pictures. She can be a recluse and refuse invitations to visit Pickfair. She can snub Will Hays. In other words, she can get away with anything.

She is, of course, the one and only Garbo.

Does she get away with it because she is Garbo? No—and right here is an important lesson for other stars and starlets. She gets away with it because she is Box-Office, one of the biggest box-office sensations that ever hit the photoplay world.

The moment Garbo becomes less potent at the box-office, she will have to be much sweeter, much more agreeable, or go on the ash-heap. And when she ceases to be box-office altogether, even though she is still Garbo, even though she is just lovely to everybody and sings ring-around-the-rosy at the studio pep meetings, she will go on the ash-heap regardless.

Across her path falls the shadow of a rising star—a German girl named Marlene Dietrich. Great beauty, highly magnetized personality, much talent. If Garbo places a correct valuation on that great ogre, Box-Office, she must tread softly, work hard. Thrones are unstable in Hollywood, where they are built on the shifting sands of public favor.

For it isn't personality or beauty or brains that rule Hollywood. It is box-office pulling power—that, and no more. The star who gets the gate at the theaters will never get the gate at the studio. But the star or director or song writer or scenarist who doesn't, will. Box-office is the one thing in Hollywood everybody talks, thinks and works for. Yet nobody knows positively what it is or what it takes. The man who could be sure even eighty per cent of the time could be a billionaire in less time than it takes to write the zeros.

I hadn't any realization of what I was up against when I started out to get this yarn. I thought it was just a matter of asking questions of the right people. It ended with them asking more questions than they answered.

NOW, in any other business people know where they stand. Meat packers can estimate down to a cow how many beef-steaks we'll eat in the next year. The cosmetic boys know just how many pounds of powder the cheeks of the nation's fairest will absorb. But the poor movie producer!

He has certain theaters he is contracted to keep supplied with features. He has expensive staffs and elaborate overhead. Into the most ordinary movie he must invest a quarter of a million dollars before he gets a cent in return. To insure any of that investment he must hire the best stars, directors, writers and salesmen his money will buy.

A picture goes into work. The daily rushes look grand. The picture is assembled and goes out to the theater—and flops. Why? Nobody knows.

It just wasn't box-office. It just wasn't what the public wanted.



# “BOX-OFFICE”?

Everybody in Hollywood talks about it—  
Nobody understands it— But it  
absolutely rules the screen world!

Take Mary Duncan, a beautiful girl and a fine actress. Before she went West for Fox, she had an amazing career on the Broadway stage. Fox started her out under the direction of Murnau in “Four Devils.” The whole studio went mad over her work in that film. When the twenty-four sheets were printed, Mary was featured over Janet Gaynor.

The fans saw Miss Duncan and didn't want her. By the tens of thousands they didn't want her. Fox took her name down from the lights and put Janet's up, cut down Mary's scenes and padded Janet's. The box-office statements improved immediately.

Came “The River” and “City Girl,” two more Duncan pictures. Lovely Mary enchanted interviewers, knocked studio officials for a loop. “The River” and “City Girl” had Charlie Farrell as leading man, but even Charlie didn't help. Forced runs in big cities didn't help. “City Girl” lost more than half a million. Everybody at Fox's still liked Mary. They still think she's a personality and an actress. But she's not “box-office”—yet. She's started a new Hollywood career with other companies.

A year ago Jack Gilbert was just about as powerful as Garbo. But Garbo clicked in talkies and Gilbert



One girl who can do almost anything she wants and get away with it—Greta Garbo. If she cries for the moon, Metro does its best to get it. Why? Because her name before a theater means a flood of gold. Here she is with Robert Montgomery in “Inspiration”

Kleiser

WOODMEN  
COAST THEATRES  
RS. DEC. 4  
SPECIAL!  
EVERY SAT.  
MATINEE  
MEGLIN WONDER KIDDIES  
**BEERY  
GILBERT  
“A SAILOR”**

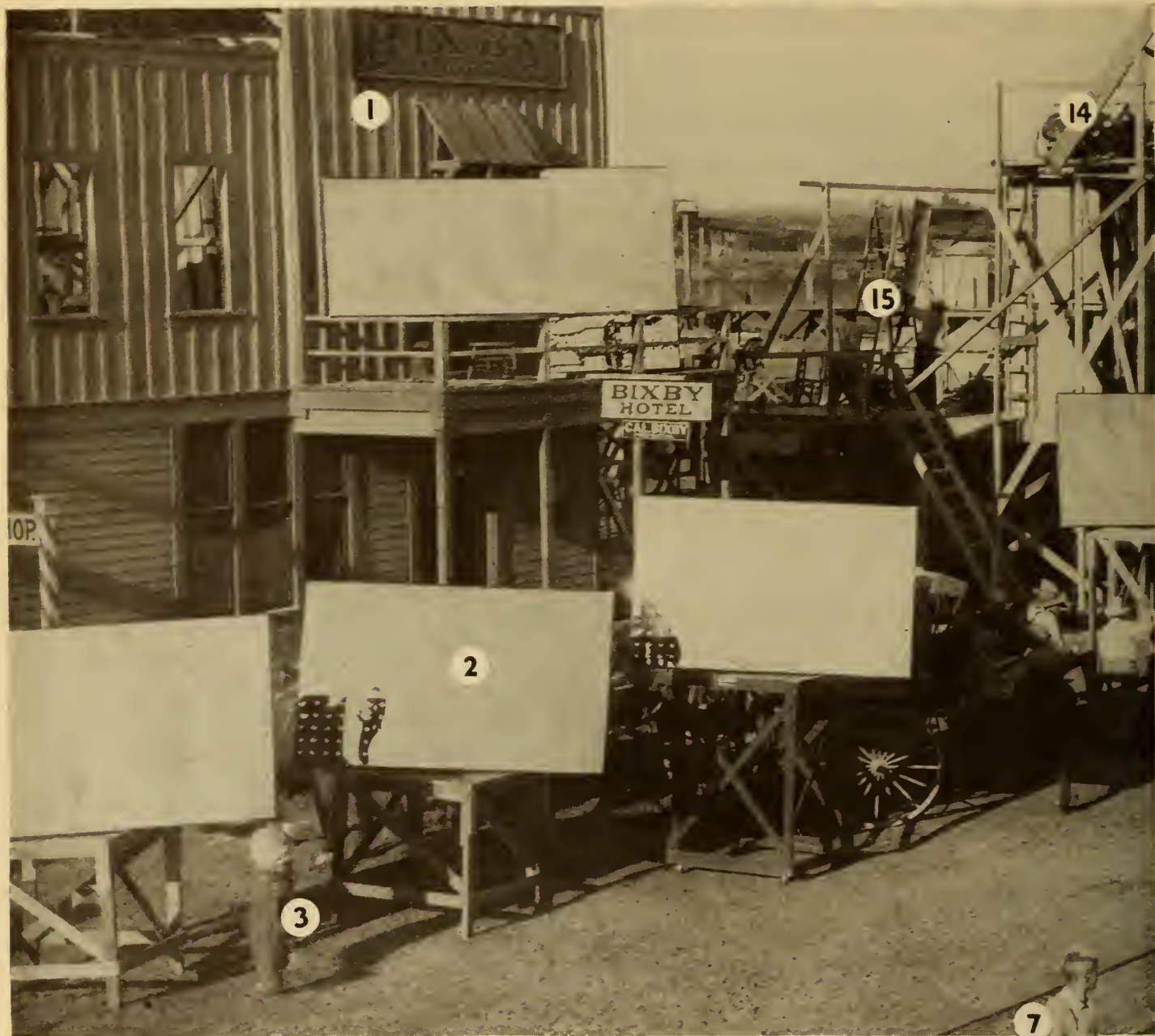
didn't. Jack's last pictures have been duds. He's getting other chances, because he is a fine actor and a marvelous personality, and because he has an iron-bound million dollar contract with M-G-M. But there's no use pretending the producers regard him through rose-colored glasses these days. In some places over the country—even in Hollywood!—Wally Beery was billed over him in “Way For a Sailor”! What a blow to a star!

The same is true of Mary Pickford. I doubt that there is an unhappier girl in Hollywood than Mary. She has her fortune, she has her lovely home. She has had fame and adulation for years. But the cold breath of failure blows much too close to her now, because of stories that haven't pleased her fans. Mary is, as always, a great little trouper.

What happens when a great star slips from high box-office estate. Wallace Beery heavily billed over John Gilbert on a Hollywood billboard. You see, big Wally means plenty box-office sugar these days

“Coquette” made almost  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140 ]

# Meet *the* Folks Who Make



A GREAT location shot of an Oklahoma street for "Cimarron," with every detail of a picture company shooting shown clearly. This picture was taken on the Radio Pictures ranch, where the outdoor shots for the Edna Ferber story were made. A key to the myriad details of this fascinating picture:

1.—The set itself—perfectly constructed buildings, if you view them from the exterior. But get inside, and you see it's just a false front. In this picture, this is the Bixby Hotel in Osage, Okla., but actually, it's a couple o' hundred dollars' worth of lumber, 15 miles from Hollywood.

2.—Reflectors. Brilliantly polished sheets of tin, so placed as to bathe the actors in a reflected glory, and make the cameraman's work a little easier.

3.—The humble "grip." Movie sets are just infested with grips. But they're necessary. They're the boys of all trades who run around with hammers, scowls, and yeses for the director. They do everything nobody else can do according to union rules.

4.—Here is Richard Dix, living herein the part of *Yancey Cravat* as he appears between shots. Being the star, he stalks in solitary splendor about the set, observing and being observed until somebody tells him to do some acting.

5.—This is a script girl. A script girl is the young lady who does a lot of mysterious things with notebooks, shorthand, manuscript and such, making a record of everything that's shot, and how, so that scenes which follow one another on the screen, but may be shot many days apart, are not inconsistent in detail.

6.—This half-naked young man is one of the electrical crew. On the hot days they shot "Cimarron" on location, most of the electrical crew, who handled the hot lights, stripped to the waist.

7.—Extras. They're more ubiquitous than grips! Extras are the people who get \$7.50 a day to play anything from gutter-bums to millionaires. Here they're pioneers of the far West. You can pick 'em out, dressed as everything from Methodist Sunday School teachers in hoop skirts and bustles, to teamsters and Indians.

8.—The gentleman with the white pants, gray sweater and beret is Wesley Ruggles, director of "Cimarron." In this particular picture, he is partly obscured by an extra, which goes to show that a camera is no respecter of dollar signs.

9.—By their megaphones you may know them. Assistant directors. When they're not doing anything else, which is most of the time, they're

# a Talkie "On Location"



running around with megaphones, through which, every now and then, they exclaim, "Yes, Mister Ruggles."

10.—This is a "bea, microphone." Developed by Radio Pictures, it replaces the usual studio microphone for big shots. It can be focused to pick up certain noises right out of the midst of any babble. Built like a reflector, with the microphone in the center. The reflector converges the sound waves into the microphone.

11.—Here is the camera platform, from which, in this case, three cameras will shoot the action of the next scene. Look sharp, and you can see the three tripods. The cameramen have umbrellas to keep the lenses of the cameras shaded so the sun won't make funny spots in the picture.

12.—These lights are used even in the brightest sun. The sun shines from but one direction, and were it used alone, without reflectors and these lights, the light-and-shade contrast would be bad for photography. So they focus these bright lights on the shadowed parts of the players for better photography.

13.—In the distance are the tops of tents—cook tents, wardrobe tents, hospital tents, dressing tents, etc.

14.—One of the many scaffoldings built for any of a million reasons.

Here the scaffold supports a battery of high-power incandescent lights, to be used for some night shots to be made in "Cimarron." The diagonal board is a rough arrangement so the lights can be lifted and lowered on pulleys.

15.—More lights for the night scene, with electricians hooking them up, while day shooting goes on, in preparation for the night shots.

16.—These are not car tracks, although in subsequent "Cimarron" scenes a trolley car line was constructed through these streets. Here, however, the tracks are for the "dolly" or "perambulator" on which cameras are mounted for "traveling shots." For instance, in "Cimarron," a traveling shot was taken which showed Buster Collier, as a young desperado, riding down the streets of this town, shooting people right and left. The camera on its rubber-tired dolly was pulled down these tracks, the lens trained on Buster, who followed, shooting. The tracks were used here to make the camera action smooth, as the surface of the roadway was too bumpy.

Of course, there are scores of other details—the horses and the ancient wagons that the prop department scoured California for; the lumber piles for the building of more sets; the dozens of technicians of various kinds, mingled with the extras—and in the hazy distance, 15 miles away, the skyline of Hollywood.



DIRECTOR—"Now, Joe, this is the scene where you freeze to death!"

# Reeling Around

## The New Pale

*Where are the flaming youths we used to know  
When Colleen Moore first taught the flaps to flame?  
Where are the carbon copies of La Bow  
Whose phony "It" put modesty to shame?*

*Gone with the melted snows of yesterday—  
Gone with the bulging bustle and the beer!  
The flappers have another game to play—  
The era of the frozen pan is here!*

*They pull the hair back from their empty brows,  
They shut their eyes, and even seem to think!  
They dress as frowsily as Ma allows,  
And when they walk, they either stalk or slink.*

*Ah, Garbo, when you slithered on the screen  
You started more than heated fan debates!  
You are to blame, my Scandihoovian queen,  
For several million near-sophisticates!*

## No Laughs, No Dice!

Billie Dove, Hollywood reports, has a new \$65,000 chinchilla coat. Now, there's a little girl who saves her money! . . . Alice White is said to have asked \$6,000 a week for vaudeville appearances, and just let me catch anyone saying that actresses have no sense of humor! . . . The Japanese call Mickey Mouse "*Miki Kuchi*." Another great favorite of theirs is *Miki's* little sister, *Hoochi*. . . . Speaking of Mickey, the Ohio censors recently barred a Mickey Mouse cartoon showing a cow reading Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Ohio may let its human convicts rot in the state penitentiary at Columbus, but the great Buckeye State, Mother of Presidents, certainly looks out for its cows! . . . Mae Murray is said to be receiving \$3,000 a day from her oil property in California. . . . Harold Lloyd has turned down an offer of \$100,000 for some radio broadcasts. He probably figures he wouldn't go over so well by hanging by one foot from a studio microphone. . . . *Life's* responsible for this: "Won't you give your old uncle a great big kiss?" "Yes, Uncle—one like Greta Garbo, or one like Clara Bow?" . . . And *Variety* tells of the man who was noted staying entirely away from his wife throughout a party. "Family trouble?" asked a friend. "Yes," said the husband. "We've separated, but I haven't enough money to leave her!"

## The Gag of the Month Club

Louis Sobol, of the New York Evening Graphic, gets this month's award for this one:

He tells of the pretty girl who was making goo-goo eyes at Joseph Schildkraut at a Hollywood party.

"You know," she cooed, "with your courtly charm and good looks, you really should go into pictures!"

"What?" screamed Joe, who was at the time something of a big shot. "Madame, my name is Joseph Schildkraut!" The minx only smiled.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "It's easy to change it!"

## Second Gag

Our own Katherine Albert gets credit for the second prize of this month.

She tells the story of the arrival of Chester Morris'—and Mrs. Morris'—recent baby.

Chester was discovered, by a real fan, pacing up and down the corridors of the hospital.

The talkie addict stared. Then he asked an orderly—"Tell me—do you think Chester Morris is acting now?"

## Getting Personal

Jeanette MacDonald (so booful) is wearing a new 10-carat square cut diamond on the third finger of her left hand. . . . George Arliss first came to America as a member of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company, and he drew down \$35 a week—when he worked. Arliss is one of the greatest stars of the talking screen, and Mrs. Campbell, not long ago, played a tiny part in Fox's "The Dancers." See-Saw! . . . Director Hobart Henley recently got a nice little raise from Universal—\$3,992 a week, to be exact. He went to work there as an office boy years ago at \$8 per. . . . George Marion, forever to be remembered as the *Old Chris* of "Anna Christie" on stage and screen, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the theater. . . . Virginia Lee Corbin, once a child actress, has come back from nine months of study abroad, and now sports an English accent. . . . Colleen Moore has been resting at a sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich. . . . Tom Mix may return to pictures in the near future. . . . Raymond Griffith recently broke an arm playing polo. . . . Grant Withers has just bought Wife Loretta Young a new town car. Grant is using the old country car. . . . Chester and Sue Morris (and the new baby) have been vacationing at Arrowhead Lake. . . . Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford are through at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, both settling their contracts. They were dissatisfied with their parts at Metro. Bickford may retire, as outside interests feed him plenty jack. . . . Mae Busch is now an actor's agent in Hollywood, associated with J. G. Mayer. . . . Joe E. Brown recently took a flyer on the stage, playing the lead in the Coast production of "Elmer the Great," baseball play by Ring Lardner. Walter Huston played the part on Broadway three years ago. . . . Twins were born in an Omaha hospital the day "Check and Double Check" opened in the Nebraska metropolis. Right the first time—they were named, Amos and Andy!



# "Every girl wants a nice skin!"

... MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

...the  
Lovely bride  
of the late  
J. Pierpont Morgan's  
grandson



With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York, Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's debutantes

In her flower-filled paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis . . . in winter it's skating or some other sport . . . and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent. "They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely

"Everyone's skin needs something to

tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin without a protecting foundation," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes powder last much longer.

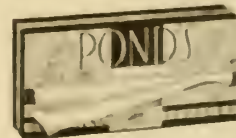
"I am always faithful to the Pond's Method—the four steps are so quick that, no matter how crowded your engagement book is, you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many famous beauties'. Make them part of your régime:



**DURING THE DAY**—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after ex-

posure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.



**SECOND**—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. They come

in Parisian peach color and pure white.

**THIRD**—pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.



**LAST**—smooth on Pond's Vanishing



Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it wherever you powder, neck, arms, shoulders . . . Marvelously effective to keep hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS  
Pond's Extract Co., Dept. O, 114 Hudson St., New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1931, Pond's Extract Company

“  
*Lock your door*”



HUGH TREVOR, who is the idol of millions, thinks that women can grow lovelier with the years if they keep the charm of youth!

*The caress of dollar-a-cake  
French toilet soap*

*Youth*

# on Birthdays!

Hugh Trevor.. *Famous Screen Idol*  
urges every girl

*Learn the Complexion Secret 98%  
of the screen actresses know . .*

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. *Birthdays don't matter at all.* And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

★ ★ ★

What is the secret of holding youth the fascinating actresses know?

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Use gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap, *regularly*, as we do!"

Important actresses throughout the world . . . in Hollywood . . . on Broadway . . . in Europe . . . guard complexion beauty—KEEP youth—with Lux Toilet Soap. 605 of the 613 actresses in Hollywood,

alone, are devoted to it—and have been for years!

So dependent are they on *regular* care with this fragrant, very white soap, that it is the official soap in the dressing rooms of all the great film studios . . . is found in theatres throughout the country for the stars' convenience.

## *Hollywood's favorite Beauty Care*

Of the countless stars who use this bland, white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that has a tendency to be oily; some the in-between skin . . . Every type is represented.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care—so soothing—so bland is its effect on the skin.

Buy several cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today and keep *your* skin youthfully aglow, just as the famous stars do! You, too, can grow lovelier with the years. Lock your door on birthdays!



BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."



BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



SUE CAROL, vivacious Radio Pictures' star, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

# LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

# Marlene's Big Night

All the stars came out and twinkled when "Morocco" opened in Hollywood



Marlene Dietrich looked with wide eyes at the hurly-burly of her first big Hollywood picture opening. Snapped outside the Chinese Theater the night her "Morocco" opened. Beside her is the noted radio announcer, Freeman Lang, "Bald Eagle of the Air"



Big Gary Cooper also had his place in the sun-arcs the night "Morocco" made its bow to Hollywood, for Gary did about the best work of his life in it. At his left is his Lupe Velez, all ermined up, and at his right stands Estelle Taylor, or Mrs. Jack Dempsey, if you please

*Pictures by*  
Hyman Fink



And the younger picture set was out in full force to see "Morocco" flash on. Here we have, from left to right, Dick Arlen, his wife Jobyna Ralston, Sue Carol and Husband Nick Stuart, as they faced the lights and cameras before the playhouse



*a sparkling eye . . .  
a clear skin . . .*  
**Beauty from within**

*How the Saline Method rewards you with loveliness and youth*

FOR the splendid creams and soothing lotions of today, the cosmetician deserves your plaudits and your praise! Because of them, complexions are finer, skins are more beautifully groomed.

But do not ask the impossible of these fine external aids. However skillfully compounded, however purely made, they can help you only from *without!* True beauty, the radiant bloom of health, depends on cleanliness from *within.*

So, if you would claim this beauty for your own, take up the saline way, with Sal Hepatica, to a healthy system. Its reward is a complexion of exquisite texture—a radiant youth renewed.

The saline method has long been a beauty secret of the loveliest women of

Europe. And each season's end finds the charming Viennese, the lithe-limbed English, the slender women of France thronging the continental spas. At Vichy, at Wiesbaden, at Aix, they drink the saline waters to revivify their

bodies and restore their complexions.

For salines keep you healthy by clarifying the bloodstream and banishing constipation. Colds, headaches, rheumatism, digestive ills disappear. Blemishes vanish—loveliness returns.

Long have physicians recommended the saline treatment for cleansing the system of wastes and poisons. And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the saline springs of Europe.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how your skin clears. See how your body responds with new vigor. Write for our free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.



★ ★ ★  
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-21, 71 West St., N. Y.  
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

★ ★ ★  
**Sal Hepatica**  
© 1931

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



A good check from a beautiful girl. Leila Hyams has figured out a way to protect her checks. She has a picture of herself printed on the paper, and then signs it, too. Which is quite a crafty stunt

will and fixtures. It means the famous Pathe News and those Pathe pictures already completed, beginning with "Sin Takes a Holiday."

Most important from almost any angle, it means that Radio now controls the destiny of three of film's most promising ladies, all under contract to Pathe.

They are Ann Harding, Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees. All three are growing in popularity—all have great picture futures if properly handled.

P.S. The price for the whole works was \$5,000,000.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Sr., gave Doug, Jr., one of those frightfully smart sixteen cylinder sports touring cars for his birthday.

Joan Crawford knew for weeks what she was going to get for Christmas. Doug, Jr., gave her a portable dressing room and Mary Pickford is going to furnish it for her.

JACK GILBERT was all set to go to Europe on a four months' vacation, stopping en route to try to find a story for a new picture for himself in New York.

But a story was found for him before he left, so the trip is off and he's hard at work rehearsing for his new picture, "Gentleman's Fate." It is rumored that Ina Claire will be back in Hollywood shortly.

DIVORCE Divertissements:

Pola Negri sues Prince Serge Mdivani, and the wisecrack is made that "it's just a Serge

suit for Pola, but a trousseau for Mary McCormic!"

Jeanette Loff gets final decree from Harry Rosenbloom and charges that jealousy ruined Loff's Young Dream!

Robert Ames' third wife (No. 1—Frances Goodrich; No. 2—Vivienne Segal; No. 3—Helen Muriel Oakes) sues for divorce for a number of reasons, one of them that he always wanted to go home early from parties and then kept her awake the rest of the night arguing with her.

Lew Brown, of the DeSylva-Brown-Henderson song-writing trio, sued for divorce. His wife charges that there was no harmony in his home life; all in song. "Just Imagine!!"

Doris Deane gets final decree from Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle.

THEY say that Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the marquis, wears dark glasses on the lot instead of a hat.

When he passes a lady he tips them politely.

"I HAVE no father, no brother, no sweetheart to protect me," lamented pretty Rita LaRoy, Radio Pictures' s-a-beauty, the other day.

But say, have you ever noticed Rita's shoulders and biceps?

And so it was that one afternoon not so long ago, in the lobby of the hotel where Rita lives in Hollywood, this sort of thing happened:

Rita asked for her mail at the desk. A man approached and got too close.

"Scram!" suggested Rita.

"Aw, g'wan," countered the stranger, and began pawing Rita.

"Beat it, or else," said Rita.

The man grinned and pawed more pawishly.

Rita went into action. She swung from the hip. It landed on the stranger's jaw. He fell backward and knocked himself out when he hit the floor. When he came to, he was three teeth shy.

Rita didn't have him arrested. But she had to have her hand in bandages for two days afterward.

HOSPITALIZATIONS for the month include poor Dolores Del Rio again, and Helen Chandler.

Dolores went to the hospital for a kidney ailment that required an operation.

Helen, bravely waiting until completion of a picture she was working in, was rushed to the hospital at the eleventh hour for an appendectomy.

OF course, this may be all straightened out by the time you read this, but at present writing Joan Bennett and boy friend John Considine are pretty much in a huff with each other and John has been taking Jeanette Loff (another blonde) around to all the places.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 ]



Have you wondered about the autographs you may see on the pictures of your favorites that come from the studios? Here's how it's done—when they really sign them—which is seldom. Five photographs being autographed at once by a multiple signing device at the M-G-M studio, with Dorothy Jordan wielding the master pen

# “Colgate’s is by far the best cleanser”

says

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.

Fellow A. A. A. S.; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author “Colloid Chemistry”; Pioneer Worker with the Ultra-microscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.



GO to an eminent consulting chemist, an authority on scientific research, for convincing proof that *Colgate’s cleans teeth better*. Such an authority is Jerome Alexander of New York. Let his tests—his scientific experiments—convince you as they convinced him.

Jerome Alexander made impartial, exhaustive studies of the cleansing action of well-known dentifrices. Colgate’s was undeniably more effective. Why?

Because Colgate’s gets down into the tiny crevices where decay begins. Because its penetrative foam brings to the surface food particles that are never reached by sluggish toothpastes. Because—in Jerome Alexander’s own words—“It penetrates

into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble.”

Jerome Alexander’s research agrees with the finding of such noted authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of Sciences, Catholic University of America; Dr. Allen Rogers, head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute; and others of equal fame who have been retained to make analytical tests and render expert opinion. Can you, in choosing your dentifrice, fail to be impressed by this array of scientific proof that Colgate’s is the ideal cleanser? Take the safe course with your teeth—when you brush them with Colgate’s, you can be sure that they’re *really clean*.

Jerome Alexander  
says:

“I found that Colgate’s exhibits the lowest surface-tension. Because of this, Colgate’s penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble. Therefore, Colgate’s is by far the best cleanser.”

*Jerome Alexander*



25¢

The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M1028 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, “How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy.”

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

**W**ILL H. HAYS, President of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, was married to Mrs. Jessie Harron Stutesman, Nov. 27, last, at the home of the bride's brother at Bethesda, Md.

Mrs. Hays was the widow of James F. Stutesman, some time United States Minister to Bolivia.

Mr. Hays was at one time Postmaster General of the United States. This is his second marriage.

The marriage unites two prominent Indiana families, the bride hailing from Crawfordsville and the groom from Sullivan.

**S**OMEbody wanted some information and said to Frank Albertson:

"You're in the know at Fox."

"Sure I am," said Frank, "every time my name is mentioned for a part somebody says 'no.'"

**CLARA BOW'S** battles are now being fought by a powerful ally—her own company, Paramount.

Her bosses are up in arms. They charge that Los Angeles newspapers, just to sell papers on scandal headlines, are crucifying the Brooklyn Fire-Belle with their stories.

One of the dailies is said to have gone extra on a story that Al Capone was visiting the red-head with the gang king at least 2,000 miles away.

Newspapermen retaliated by charging that the company had refused to help them check the correctness of their stories.

A sorry mess all 'round. There is even some talk of shipping Clara East to make her pictures

on Long Island to escape the journalistic barrage.

All I can say is that New York sheets like to sell papers, too.

**N**OW, as exclusively predicted in last month's PHOTOPLAY, Clara Kimball Young has staged her come-back.

She has been signed for an important rôle in Radio Pictures' production of "Kept Husbands."

It will be Clara's first picture rôle since 1922 and her very first talkie. In the last year or so, she has lost no less than forty pounds, and is as slim and beautiful as she was in the good old days.

**W**ELL, there hasn't been so much excitement in Movieland since D. W. Griffith introduced the close-up. It's all over that Marlene Dietrich girl and the million dollar publicity campaign that Paramount is giving her. And there are a lot of people who are pretty mad and seem to feel that Gary Cooper has gotten a raw deal. Gary is a star. He is a public made star. He's been turning out consistently good films for his company for a couple of years.

Originally Marlene was chosen to play his leading woman in "Morocco."

It turns out that Gary is leading man for the new star. Her name is billed over his in letters ten times as big and the amazing part is that Gary gives, in this film, one of the best performances of his career. But the interest centers around the new Dietrich. The critics even talk about Gary stealing the picture from the star—and this was supposed to be Gary's own starring picture.

At the opening of "Morocco" all who stopped to speak into the microphone first sang the unknown Marlene's praises.

All but Lew Cody.

Lew gave top praise to Gary. Next he mentioned Menjou and he ended by saying that everybody was awaiting the first American appearance of Miss Dietrich.

**L**ITTLE Mary Hay Barthelmess, eight, is now with her mother, Mary Hay, who was the first Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.

Dick lost a bitterly fought battle for her complete custody. The dispute was submitted to the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, New York clergyman, as arbiter. He decided that each parent should have the little girl for six months of each year.

The child has spent most of the time with Barthelmess since her parents were divorced four years ago.

**P**OOOR Tom Mix. Sued for divorce by his beloved wife. Then he has son-in-law trouble.

Reports have filtered in that he and Douglas Gilmore, husband of Ruth Mix, had a big battle when Gilmore had things to say about the Mix family.

It's said that son-in-law took a long count for that.

Gilmore is said to have been replaced in the cast of "Kept Husbands," at Radio, by Bryant Washburn.

**G**OOD old *Variety!* Always got a good story for poor old Cal to lift.

This one is about the young star who refused

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82 ]



Oh, what a bawling-out the chimp on the left is getting! The boss boot-legger, the one on the right wearing the iron hat, is telling him he's got to run more fermented cocoanut juice or be put on the spot! Things look bad for the poor monk. It's a hot scene from "Nine Nights in a Barroom," one of the new Tiffany Talking Chimp comics



And here is the simian version of Charlie Chaplin, famous props and all. He's in another Tiffany talking monkey comedy, which is titled, "Aping Hollywood"



# Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method to keep that schoolgirl complexion

And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their lovely patrons to use no soap but Palmolive



**Pezza, of Naples, says:**  
"No woman deserves a lovely skin if she fails to observe the most important daily beauty rule: wash the face with Palmolive Soap every morning and every night."

*Marcel Pezza*



The glamorous olive-tinted Italian beauty keeps her skin fresh and exquisitely fine by regular use of Palmolive Soap.

**F**ROM busy, metropolitan Milan to sleepy, sun-drenched Naples, Italian women are discovering how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, just as are their sisters in 15 other countries.

They act on the advice of experts.

Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; Andre, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

Specialists to royal houses, with stars of the famous La Scala Opera and other notables among their patrons.

All receive same advice

And wherever complexion problems arise, all the lovely clients of Italy's great beauty experts are told, first of all, this one fundamental rule: "The skin needs, before

and above everything else, deep, thorough cleansing."

That cleansing, so vital to beauty, is best accomplished with Palmolive Soap and warm water.

A rich lather should be made, which is massaged into the skin, then rinsed away with warm water, followed by cold.

Italy's experts are part of a vast international group (including more than 20,000, think of that!) every one of whom advises Palmolive. They think it ideal for the bath, too. Which is a very practical suggestion, since Palmolive never costs more than 10 cents the cake.

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

**PEZZA, of Naples**  
He prescribes Palmolive Soap to Neapolitan beauties who wish to "keep that schoolgirl complexion."



**CECILE ANDRE, of Palermo:** "Palmolive is the one soap I can rely on to cleanse the skin and at the same time keep it supple."

Retail Price  
**10c**



*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

to give an interviewer a story. "You know," said the silly actress, "we screen idols must foster illusion for the sake of our public."

The reporter thought of course she was kidding. But to be certain, he asked, "Do you really mean that?"

"You bet I do," said the "idol," "and if you think I don't, get the hell out of here!"

**T**HOSE two valiant little troupers, Renee Adoree and Lila Lee, who are at the same sanatorium, are both fighting the good fight nobly.

Lila will be back home in February, Renee a few months later. Although they are at the same place they have not yet seen each other, but they exchange gossip by writing notes back and forth.

**G**RETA GARBO will have one of the greatest parts of her career, one of these days.

A tremendous play called "Grand Hotel" is the smash of New York this season. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got smart. They saw a mighty picture in the show, and they put up \$35,000 as part backing for the stage production.

It was the most sensational opening night I've ever seen.

The mob literally cheered. And Metro smiled. In the bag was a great part for the Swedish Cyclone—a Russian dancer who plays hob with hearts in the Grand Hotel.



The beautiful daughter of a great star! In spite of Francis X's masculine beauty, don't you think Lenore has the looks of the Bushman family? She's playing small parts in Metro pictures, and mighty well, too!



P. and A.

One of Hollywood's newest and happiest bridal pairs—Dorothy Lee of Radio Pictures and her young press-agent husband, Jimmy Fidler. They were married at San Bernardino, Calif., and Dorothy hustled right back to the studio. Radio plans to star Dotty for her good work in the Wheeler-Woolsey comedies

**A** STAR in less than a year! Hollywood, I'm probably wrong, but I think you're wonderful!

Lew Ayres gets top billing in "Fires of Youth," new Universal picture made by Monta Bell.

Shucks. A year ago, he was a kid saxophone player getting a break as juvenile in Garbo's "The Kiss." Then came the great break in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Now stardom. Why didn't I take up sax like mother said!

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS did a graceful thing when the talking "Tol'able David" opened on Broadway.

Young Richard Cromwell was playing the rôle that Dick made famous a decade ago, when the shadows spake not.

He sent a wire congratulating Columbia on the talking version, and praised highly the kid's performance in the part.

**R**EX BELL had Thanksgiving dinner with Clara Bow, ho hum!

**H**UGH C. LEIGHTON, Pauline Frederick's fourth matrimonial try, says he has been "a husband in name only."

He brought suit for the annulment of his marriage to the star, which took place last April.

Leighton charged fraud, alleging that Miss Frederick entered into the marriage with no intention of fulfilling her wifely obligations. And he prayed the court for legal freedom.

**N**ICK STUART has the last laugh on Hollywood. Hollywood, not infrequently cruel in its wit, began snickering at Stuart when it was announced that his wife, Sue Carol, will be starred in a picture to be called "Kept Husbands."

You see, film luck hasn't been so hot with Nick lately, and Sue's star is in the ascendancy again, so she's the one in the family who is supposed to be turning in the bigger checks.

So maybe it was Hollywood's nasty humor that made Nick mad enough to go and get himself the leading rôle in a melodrama that is to be shot by one of the independents.

And the name of it is "Sheer Luck!"

**F**OOTBALL'S the pet sport of the movie players. They just have to look.

The big game of the year was the Notre Dame-Southern California fracas at Los Angeles.

Norma Shearer is said to have given up \$750 for ten seats on the fifty yard line. Mary Pickford had a box. Among other Hollywood lights cheering for U. S. C. were Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Marlene Dietrich,

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]

**WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?**

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4c in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. P.2., Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.



50¢ Quality  
Listerine  
**SHAVING CREAM**  
Now 25¢

Frances  
Tipton  
Turner

# To guard against, to treat Sore Throat *gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%*

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds** (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

# TANGEE



HARPER'S BAZAAR  
SAYS —

*"Natural Color  
is the mode  
of the moment"*

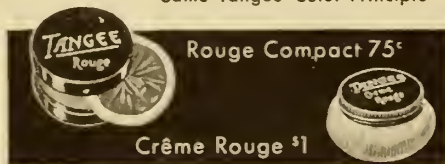
"The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones," says this world famous fashion magazine, "are the ones which flatter all types alike and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931."

"This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate and intensify the actual skin tones of the individual because of an interesting change of color when applied to the skin. For this reason they are becoming alike to all types; the blonde, brunette or Titian-haired woman."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P2  
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Short Subjects of the Month

A RUSSIAN news reel makes its appearance among the short subjects offered the American film public.

The first issue seems to show a conscious effort to keep away from Soviet propagand—a blight with which all Russian pictures are charged upon appearance. The first issue of the news reel, made by Sovkino, is reviewed below.

## RUSSIAN NEWS REEL

*Sovkino*

The first news reel from Russia contains but five subjects—all non-controversial. Beginning with shots of some Soviet officials, it contains a race between mountaineer peasants and a swimming race near Moscow. The reel is more magazine than news, and not too interesting.

## CLEANING UP

*Paramount*

Our old friend Chester Conklin, the Mr. Walrus of Keystone days, appears in this, aided and abetted by a pal of the same era, big Mack Swain. Both the boys play street cleaners who get mixed up with gangsters. The comedy is pretty slow, but the vets furnish a few laughs.

## THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

*Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

This is an eight-minute roughhouse interlude, which is notable for its speed. Add the fact that it has a bit of spice and it is good for several roars before the long picture begins. Franklin Pangborn plays a philandering doctor, Gertrude Astor a siren, and Geneva Mitchell the doc's wife.

## AUNT'S IN THE PANTS

*Radio Pictures*

This is one of the funniest shorts of the season. Walter Catlett plays the favorite nephew of Aunt Aggie (Cissie Fitzgerald). Together they go out and paint the town red, only to find, next morning, that the house is filled with hilarious strangers they brought home.

## ALL FOR MABEL

*Pathe*

Another comedy with a college background, and with little Sally Starr to furnish her cuteness as the central figure. The boxing champ of the school is in love with Sally, and he has a hard time holding her. There are some interpolated songs, dances and things. Not too hot.

## GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

*Christie*

Now they're using Austins in comedies instead of the old reliable Ford! You see see Charlotte Greenwood trying to drive one of the baby cars. You will if you see this funny comedy. It's a natural for laughs—lanky Charlotte and the little motor. Watch for this one.

## VERDI

*Fitzpatrick*

Another in Fitzpatrick's interesting series about the lives of famous composers. They all stick strictly to biographical truth. As in the others of this group, the incidents of the Italian composer's life are musically accompanied by Nat Shilkret's excellent orchestra.

## ANOTHER FINE MESS

*Hal Roach—M-G-M*

What's the use combing the vocabulary to think up more words to tell how funny Laurel and Hardy are? This comedy of theirs is no let-down. You'll get at least your usual quota of laughs from it. The boys get all jammed up in the house of an African explorer.

## POLITICS

*Warners-Vitaphone Variety*

George Jessel, who didn't do too well in features, makes some excellent short comedies. This one has a very good story by Burnet Hershey, and is well directed, while Jessel is capital throughout. George plays an amateur politician booming a cigar store keeper for alderman. Worth while.

## THUNDERING TENORS

*M-G-M*

Boy, bring in a hatful of medals for this director. The hero of this comedy is a radio crooner—and he doesn't let off one song in the entire short. There are a lot of Class A gags in the little picture, and the perennial Charlie Chase manages to be mighty funny in it.

## TOO HOT TO HANDLE

*Radio Pictures*

Well, chalk up another comedy hit for the ever-reliable and always funny Louise Fazenda! Louise here plays a social adviser to a family of newly-rich—and then rings in her own relatives to add aristocratic touches to an amateur fox hunt. An extremely comical comedy.

## IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN

*Paramount*

This might be dedicated to the girls who walk home from automobile rides. There isn't any story, but two girls—Aileen Cook and Lillian Bond—have a lot of funny chatter on their way home from more or less acrobatic motor trips. Ten minutes of some fun.

## THE CRYSTAL GAZER

*Columbia*

One of the series that Eddie Buzzell has been making for Columbia release. It's pretty much adult stuff, built on miniature revue lines, with a couple of blackouts. The dialogue is bright. Eddie plays a vaudeville "mystic" who advises two blonde girls on domestic affairs.

## TRADER GINSBURG

*Radio Pictures*

This is a Nat Carr dialect comedy. Nat, who's really funny in this, plays the inventor of a vest pocket radio who follows a prospect to Africa. Cannibals get the party, but Nat comes to the rescue when an ostrich swallows his radio and starts to talk. Great gag.

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



**1. Follow this diet daily:**  
*One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, 1/2 lemon with orange juice, One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.*

**2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.**

**3. See your dentist at least twice a year.**

# Eat correctly...See your Dentist ...Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

**E**ACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. Above is shown a list of foods to be included in the diet.

*Remove film from teeth*

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth turn dull.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, film must be removed each day.

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

\* \* \*

**Amos 'n' Andy** America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.



# Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

# Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.



THE whole essence of motion picture making is distilled in this one vivid picture. Studying the scene through dark glasses is Ruth Chatterton, the star. Director Richard Wallace stands by the camera. Overhead projects the microphone boom. They are making "The Right to Love"

On *the* Firing  
Line!



## “Women...like movies need a theme-song”

says LOIS WILSON

“Theme songs . . . how they stay with you! Steal into your very heart . . . haunt your thoughts for days . . . for years, forever, maybe! Some girls . . . wise girls . . . have theme-songs, too. A wisp of fragrance . . . that’s always with them. Slipping subtly into the senses of everyone who knows them! My theme-song? . . . I knew you’d ask! It’s Seventeen . . . a fragrance just like its name . . . naive, yet awfully wise . . . languorous, yet staccato too! I wear it always—for the mood it brings me—a mood so young—well . . . not more than Seventeen!”



### *Eight Toiletries bear the scent of Seventeen*

*The Perfume . . . keynote of the Seventeen ensemble. The Face Powder . . . shades and texture as well as scent are flatteringly youthful. Compact . . . a stunning thing, black as onyx; for either loose or cake powder. Dusting Powder . . . a soft, lovely powder with the most refreshing fragrance imaginable. Sachet . . . to impart an alluring hint of Seventeen in clothing and lingerie. Toilet Water . . . a subtle expression of the Seventeen scent. Talcum . . . delicate and soothing, and in a graceful glass jar. Brillantines . . . solid and liquid, in charming containers, both bearing the merest whiff of Seventeen.*

# Seventeen

For evening, BESSIE LOVE, charming Metro-Goldwyn player, chooses a gown of intricate cut, much of whose effectiveness depends upon beauty of figure. The three-piece pajama costume (upper right) illustrates how to be feminine 'tho trousered. In the feminine lead of "See America Thirst," the Universal comedy feature, Miss Love wears this debonair little utility costume.

## We're back to FEMININE FASHIONS ... But not to LADY-LIKE LANGUOR

TODAY we're as spirited in trailing skirts as we ever were in short ones . . . and buoyant good health is still the better part of beauty!

But the new clothes themselves demand almost physical perfection. We must be slender, ah yes! . . . but alluringly rounded. We must count our calories . . . but never reveal it in our complexions. And here's where so simple a thing as bran in the diet can be of immense help.

Most of us find it necessary to go on reducing menus every once in a while. (Those extra pounds just *will come back!*)

And when we do—elimination so often becomes irregular. Poisons and wastes accumulate. The result is pimples—dry or sallow skin—headaches, dizziness and sometimes serious illness.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet prevents all that. It is not fattening—but it does add the "bulk" or "roughage" every diet needs. It helps to clear away all impurities and, in addition, contains iron which brings glowing color to cheeks.



There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Try it as a ready-to-eat cereal with skimmed milk. Cook it in omelets, bran muffins or bread. Sprinkle it into soups or over salads.

No other bran is so deliciously flavored—so delightfully krumbled. Ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over wjz and associated stations every Sunday evening.

### SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

*"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"*

It contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep fashionable figures will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY  
Dept. A-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





# The Cook's Day Out

For Ann Harding it holds no terrors

**W**HEN the cook's away, the Bannisters play! Mrs. Seven-day-a-week-housewife may call it work, but Ann Harding asks for nothing better than a starring rôle among the pots and pans on the cook's day out.

Husband Harry Bannister makes it a point never to be late for dinner on that particular night. Two-year-old Jane seems to think it's all a game, staged for her especial benefit. Perhaps that's because she is allowed to stay up a little later than usual and help set the table. Ann Harding scorns any other assistance and dismisses all the servants for the evening.

The menu must be simple, because studio routine has to be considered and the cook may not get home from her daily stunt at the Pathe Studios until six o'clock, or later. Clever Ann uses her head in the domestic scene as well as in movie dramas. She has a dozen little dodges to save time. Other business women-housewives can take a leaf from her book.

Here is a typical menu planned for a night when she knows she will be late in donning her apron.

Celery and Olives

Mushroom Patties

Broiled Steak

French Fried Potatoes

Scalloped Onions

Home-made Biscuits

Watercress and Cucumber Salad  
with Parisian Dressing

Meringue Glacé

Coffee

## Mushroom Patties

Clean mushrooms. Cut into small pieces, cover with water, and boil until tender (about twenty minutes). Prepare a thin cream sauce (making enough at the same time for the onions), add mushrooms, and serve in warmed patty shells.

The patty shells are ordered in the morning, to save time.

## Scalloped Onions

Boil onions until soft, and cut into quarters. Put in buttered baking dish, cover with cream sauce, sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs, and put in the oven until the crumbs are well browned.

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



One of the busiest girls in pictures finds time to cook. Mrs. Harry Bannister took off her apron for a moment to look her prettiest for this photograph, taken in her California kitchen

## Brown Biscuits

2 cups flour  
5 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon lard  
1 cup milk and water in equal parts

Mix dry ingredients, and sift twice. Work in lard lightly with tips of fingers until flaky. Add liquid slowly, using a spatula to make a soft dough. Toss on a floured board and roll lightly to one-half inch thickness. Shape with biscuit cutter. Place in floured tin and bake in hot oven ten to fifteen minutes.

## Watercress and Cucumber Salad

Prepare watercress and add one cucumber that has been peeled, chilled, and cut in one-half inch dice. Serve with the following Parisian Dressing:

1/2 cup oil  
5 tablespoons vinegar  
1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar  
1 tablespoon finely chopped Bermuda onion

2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley  
4 red peppers  
8 green peppers  
1 teaspoon salt

Mix ingredients in the order given. Let stand one hour, then stir vigorously for five minutes. The peppers should be the very small variety. This dressing can be prepared the day before, and stirred thoroughly before using.

## Meringue Glace

Meringue shells can be bought early in the day with the patty shells. Fill with whipped cream or ice cream.

**I**F you are planning a Valentine party, the patties, biscuits and meringues will make a party spread that isn't too dainty for masculine appetites.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



### For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*.



### For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.



### For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.



### For a new smart look to your clothes

Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).



### Send for FREE booklet

Here is a beauty booklet that is as simple and practical as it is helpful and inspiring. It's called *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*. Easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Free for the asking; use coupon below.

## CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, P2-31  
Dept. N2, 45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**T**HIS month—being February, 1921—we carry the sad story of the divorce that separated Charles Chaplin and Mildred Harris.

The little blonde took the stand and tearfully told of alleged cruelty and neglect. The judge, however, granted the decree on grounds of desertion.

A property settlement, made out of court, gave Mildred \$50,000 at once and \$57,000 in six months. (Contrast that with the \$800,000 his second marriage was to cost Chaplin.)

The one dramatic moment of the divorce hearing came when she told of the death of their little son. The baby lived but three days.

So began the separate existence of Mildred Harris Chaplin. We hear little of her, in these rushing days of 1931.

**A**ND ten years ago we carry a glowing story about Marjorie Rambeau and her happy marriage to Hugh Dillman, an actor. The piece is called "How a Stage or Screen Marriage Can Be Made Happy."

Alas and alack! It wasn't long before the marriage went to pieces on the widely but unfavorably known rocks. Ten years ago—that's a long drill. And only a few months ago this magazine carried another story about Marjorie Rambeau.

She was in Hollywood. Older, and probably a lot wiser. More mature in her life and her art. And turning in a series of excellent performances in these new-fangled talking pictures we are beginning to hear of.

But the little story didn't say anything about the happiness of stage marriages. That—alas—was ten years ago.

**A**ND here are two pages of pictures of great film families, ruling the movie roost in 1921.

Mary Pickford, with Lottie and Doug. Mary makes "Kiki" now, but Jack and Lottie are never heard of, unless they get married or divorced, and then it's the Pickford name.

The three Talmadge girls. Norma, once in a while, makes a picture. Connie, happy in matrimony with Townsend Netcher, and said to be expecting the stork. Natalie, long in sweet domesticity with Buster Keaton and the kiddies.

Jane and Eva Novak. Where, oh, where? Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. Out of the picture.

The Gish girls. Both on the stage. William and Dustin Farnum. Dustin dead, and Bill making a strong comeback in character rôles.

Verily, in the pictures as in empires, it's a case of the kings and queens are dead—long live the kings and queens!

**U**NIVERSAL is advertising Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law." In 1930 the same company crashed out with a talkie of the same story. . . . Betty Compson's new picture is "Prisoners of Love." . . . Whoa! Here's an interview with Florence Reed, then a great stage star appearing in "East of Suez." She says, "I have heard the call of the East. I shall follow it—into the inner chamber of the heart of India, Japan, China." How prophetic Flo was! Only a few years later she was making the hit of her life as *Mother Goddam* in "The Shanghai Gesture." . . . In this month's roster—Mildred Harris, Alice Lake, Pearl White (oh, how beautiful!), Rosemary Theby, Harold Lloyd, Eva Novak, Hope Hampton, and one of Walter Tittle's etchings, this time of Mary Pickford. . . . Hedda Hopper was a vamp in 1921.

**H**OW this business does run in cycles! In 1921 Fox was making "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," the Mark Twain story. Director Emmett Flynn was

directing, and Harry Myers was to top his film reputation as *Hank Morgan*, the Yankee.

In 1931 Fox is making "A Connecticut Yankee" as a talking picture. Will Rogers, Fox's big-money star, is playing *Hank Morgan*.

Harry Myers? You'll see him in "City Lights," the Chaplin picture. He's been 'round.

**D**ID we say cycles?

In the February issue of 1921 we ran a story beginning "Conrad Nagel is a nice boy." It told of his devotion to his young family and his general excellent behavior in a community widely thought of as a bit naughty. Nice boy.

Later in 1930 we ran a story called "The



Mildred Harris as she looked at the time she divorced Charlie Chaplin, in 1920

Strange Case of Conrad Nagel." It might easily have begun "The nice boy grows older." For the second piece simply paints the same nice boy a decade later—still a devoted husband and father of a somewhat older family, but now a leader in affairs within the picture industry. There's one boy who's never changed, except to expand a bit. Still a leading man much in demand—still the same nice boy.

**P**ICTURES of February, 1921—Mae Murray and David Powell in "Idols of Clay." . . . Pearl White in "The Thief," her second feature picture after her long career in serials. . . . Wesley Barry in "Dinty," directed by Mickey Neilan. Colleen Moore played a supporting rôle. . . . Fatty Arbuckle in "The Life of the Party," in which he flopped as a light comedian in a long feature. . . . Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, Lila Lee in "Mid-summer Madness." . . . Lon Chaney appears in "The Penalty," with Ethel Grey Terry and Kenneth Harlan . . . not too hot a month.

**G**OSSIP of the month. Charlie Chaplin has sold "The Kid" to First National for \$800,000.

The personal effects of the late Olive Thomas (Mrs. Jack Pickford) have been sold at auction. Herbert Rawlinson is to be featured in Lewis B. Mayer productions.

# "This sparkling new Nail Make-up is essential to French Chic"

... says famous Fashion Editress of Paris



**C**HIC to her finger tips, the French-woman's hands are an important part of her toilette.

"And the new Cutex Liquid Polish has completely captivated fastidious Frenchwomen," continues Martine Rénier, Fashion Editress of "Femina." For this brilliant nail finish is as practical as it is smart.

"Count its five advantages on your own finger tips! Its brilliant lustre is unmatched. It goes on so simply, quickly, smoothly. It gleams unmarred for days and days. It will not turn yellow, crack or peel.

"Quickly, simply, chic Parisiennes do their nails this way: First, the nails are scrubbed. Then a bit of cotton is dipped in Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips. Next, a touch of Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle supple,

and a little Nail White to accentuate the tip. Lastly—brush on Cutex Liquid Polish. There are many shades to choose from.

"After this weekly manicure, less than 5 minutes' attention each day—just enough to cleanse the nails and mould the cuticle—will keep your fingers sparkling with allure."

*Put your Nail Polish to this Test.*

*Does it . . .*

1. dry in 30 seconds?
2. never crack, peel, turn yellow or white?
3. last a whole week?
4. sparkle always with chic lustre?

Cutex Liquid Polish is first always, say millions of women and the leading Beauty Editors of fashion cities all over the world.

Cutex Manicure Preparations are 35¢ each . . . Liquid Polish and Remover together, 50¢.

NORTHAMWARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS



*The 8 great fashion cities of the world prefer Cutex Liquid Nail Polish to all others . . .*  
 PARIS • VIENNA • MADRID • ROME • LONDON  
 BUDAPEST • BUENOS AIRES • NEW YORK

**Exceptional Trial Offer . . . Only 12¢**

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1Q-2  
 191 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

## Cutex Liquid Polish

Chosen by Beauty Editors everywhere—the world's finest Nail Polish—yet only 35¢!



# Questions & Answers

Why the Answer Man has writer's cramp this month. "Min and Bill" brought in an avalanche of questions about its principal players

**T**HOSE two old-timers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, stirred up more interest this month than the whole flock of ingénues and juveniles. And two comparative newcomers to the talking screen, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau, brought in a batch of questions. The reason? The fine work of all four in that heart-reaching M-G-M picture, "Min and Bill."

Marie gets a proposal, via PHOTOPLAY, from Thomas G. of Minnesota, who describes himself as a "gentleman-farmer." Thomas states his qualifications (not bad, either!), says he's heard Marie is a widow, and his only question is whether we think she will marry him!

Sorry, Tom, my boy, but we can't do a *John Alden* to your *Miles Standish*. You'll have to ask her yourself.

H. R., a former resident of Cobourg, Canada, the town where Marie was born fifty-nine years ago, wants to know when Marie is going back for a visit. He wants to meet her there. That's another question we'll have to refer to the lady herself. But answering

J. S., ATLANTA, GA.—Marie Dressler is 5 foot, 7; has brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and weighs around 200 pounds. Yes, the title of one of her latest pictures is "Reducing," but she isn't! Her face and her figure are her fortune, and Marie is wise enough to let well enough alone.

MIRIAM, KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Wallace Beery's first wife was none other than Gloria (ex-Marquise) Swanson. No, he wasn't born in Kansas City, Kan., but in its sister city in Missouri. He doesn't tell the year, but says it was all an April Fool joke, anyhow. You guessed it. The date was April 1.

MIDDLE-AGED ADMIRER, CHICAGO, ILL.—Yes, Marjorie Rambeau played in a number of silent films, as far back as 1917. Her first talkie part was with Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes in "Her Man," for Pathe. Her latest rôle is in "Inspiration," the newest Garbo picture. Miss Rambeau has been married twice—to Willard Mack, from whom she was divorced in 1917, and then to Hugh Dillman McGaughy.

PERCIVAL AND CHOLLY (believe it or not!), SOUTH BEND, IND.—You only want to know everything there is to know about Dorothy Jordan and where has she been all your lives? Well, if you're not older than twenty, she's been right here all the time, because she was born on August 9, 1910. Clarksville, Tenn.,

was the place, and after graduating from the local high school she got higher education for a year at Southwestern University. Then she went into musical comedy, and in 1929 played her first picture rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew," co-starring Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks. She weighs just 100 pounds; is 5 feet, 2; has pretty brown hair and mild blue eyes. Write again, and maybe we'll tell you more.

CAROLINE, MIAMI, FLA.—Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, the daughter of a German army officer. Her father planned a musical career for her and as a very small child she studied violin. While she was appearing in a musical comedy, Director Josef Von Sternberg saw her and gave her the lead opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," which was made in Europe. Later, she was lured to Hollywood, and her work in "Morocco" has brought her great praise. She is married and has a pretty little four-year-old daughter.

JANET HERMAN, OMAHA, NEB.—Your letter was among many hundreds I received asking the same question. Here's the question: "Is Lew Ayres really married to Alice Caddy, as announced by one of the fan magazines?" Here's the answer: "Lew is not married." Alice Caddy is the wife of Ben Lucian Burman, author of "Mississippi." This story was purchased by Universal for Lew, and evidently someone got the information all mixed up.

JOSEPH G. GARANITO, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.—Welcome to our chatter circle. Thomas Meighan appeared in one talkie. It was "The Argyle Case." Tom is going to make two talkies for Fox, the first of which will be "Young Sinners." Ronald Colman played the rôle of Lois Moran's father in "Stella Dallas." David Durand and Frankie Darro are two entirely different young gentlemen. David is 8 and Frank is 10 years old.

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 98, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

BERNICE, CHICAGO, ILL.—You have three famous stars celebrating their birthdays with you on January 1st. They are Marion Davies, Charles Bickford and William Haines.

A. CRATER—I'd have to see to believe.—Roscoe Ates, the st-tut-t-ter-ing fellow, wasn't b-b-born that wa-way. He just does it to make you laugh. And how you laugh! He comes from Mississippi, where he was born on January 20, 1895. Is married and has one daughter. His next big rôle is in "Cimarron." Watch for it.

ELIZABETH AND EVELYN, BOISE, IDAHO.—So John Wayne is the answer to your prayers. And what an answer! He stands 6 feet, 2; weighs 200 pounds. Has dark brown hair and gray eyes. In his home town, Winterset, Iowa, where he was born 23 years ago, he was called Duke Morrison. He was working as a prop boy when Raoul Walsh picked him for the lead in "The Big Trail." And girls, he's single!

PERCY NEIMOND, LEWISTOWN, PA.—Winnie Lightner, your guiding star to laughter, was born in Greenpoint, Long Island, on September 17, 1901. She has one son who is about two years old. And does he think his "Ma" is grand!

R. L. McNAMARA, STREATOR, ILL.—You want to know about the "champeen" villain of them all, as you call him? He's Ralf Harolde of Pittsburgh, Pa. Born May 17, 1899, stands 5 feet, 10; weighs 148 and has dark brown hair and eyes. Ralf was on the stage for 12 years before he made his début in the movies. His latest is "Hook, Line and Sinker."

TERRY—OF TERRY-TOON.—Richard Cromwell, the lad who made his movie début in "Tol'able David," is a native Californian, from Los Angeles, to be exact. He is 20 years old, 5 feet, 10, in height; weighs 148 and has light brown hair and green blue eyes. He had no previous stage or screen experience.

F. S., BARABOO, WIS.—Jason Robards hails from Hillsdale, Mich., where he was born December 31, 1892. He is 5 feet, 10½; weighs 170 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Married to Agnes Lynch in January, 1929.

PEG., OMAHA, NEB.—Ann Harding was born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Alexander Gray in Wrightsville, Penna.; Edward Nugent in New York City; Sally Blane in Salida, Colo.; and Barbara Stanwyck in Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Tonight, with your hand mirror, examine your skin closely at the six critical places starred on my mannequin. Be on your guard for the tiniest thread-like line, the least blemish, for even minute imperfections are aging and "Only a Healthy

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First apply Milkweed Cream upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday, 10:15 A. M. (E. D. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.



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- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

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to say  
about  
the  
"Good  
Old Days"



WELL, Elmer, here we are in 1931 doin' everything slick as a whistle. Instead of milkin' a cow we jest put a bottle outside our door. If we want to go somewhere we jest step on the starter instead of chasin', catchin', bridlin' and saddlin' a horse. When we shave we jest yank out a safety razor and zip 'em off instead of honin', stroppin' and swearin' at a straight razor. Everythin's modern.

Of course the good old customs was all right in their day. But even the folks that think they are pinin' away for them wouldn't give up electric lights fer oil lamps. In this age and time we have got to have efficiency, accuracy and speed. Well sir, the folks that use oil lamps now instead of electric lights ain't as far behind the times as the folks that use other things instead of these little chocolate tablets.

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The Chocolated Laxative

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**JOAN BLONDELL** ("Illicit," Warners) popped up and scored a sensational hit as Dorothy Mackaill's room-mate in "The Office Wife." Joan, a natural comic, was born in New York City Aug. 30, 1909. Her father and mother were both of the theater. After several seasons on the New York stage—both "Follies" and drama—Warners signed her.



**MARTIN BURTON** ("Ladies' Man," Paramount) is the latest answer to Paramount's search for handsome and talented young juveniles for the talkies. Young Martin appeared in London in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and came to America to play in Ethel Barrymore's production of "The Love Duel." B. P. Schulberg saw him in "Death Takes a Holiday," and packed him off to Hollywood



**HELEN COHAN** ("Lightnin'," Fox) is the daughter of the great George M. Cohan himself. Born in New York City, she studied for the stage, and her famous daddy gave her pointers. She made her début with him in his musical comedy, "Billie," doing imitations of Pop. While playing on the stage in Los Angeles in "June Moon," Fox gave her a test, and here she is!



**WARREN HYMER** ("Up The River," Fox) is the son of John B. Hymer, co-author of the famous "East Is West" and other plays. Warren is twenty-four, and was educated at Yale, where he played baseball. After leaving school he acted in London and New York, and in 1929 went into Fox pictures, where he scored immediately. He married Beau Vasanta, singer, in 1929.



**EVALYN KNAPP** ("Fifty Million Frenchmen," Warners) is a beautiful blonde who appeared in many Pathe short comedies during 1929. Won by her beauty and talent, Warners signed her to a term contract to appear in features. Evalyn was born in Kansas City in 1908. She studied for the theater in New York, and afterward toured in several legitimate shows.



**KENT DOUGLASS** ("Paid," M-G-M) is really Douglass Montgomery, but had his name changed to avoid conflict with the better known screen Montgomery, young Robert, of the same company. "Kent Douglass" was a leading juvenile with the Acting Company of the famous New York Theater Guild, having appeared in "Volpone," "Caprice" and other Guild plays. He's twenty-two.



**JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS** ("Derelict," Paramount) got her picture start opposite George Bancroft in this film. Jessie is an Evanston, Ill., girl, and made her stage début in Chicago with Joseph Schildkraut in "The Highwayman." Since then she has appeared in many Broadway plays. She was educated at the Chicago Conservatory. She has brown hair, blue eyes.



**GREGORY GAYE** ("What a Widow!" United Artists) scored a sound comedy hit as the Russian musician in this Swanson picture. And he is Russian, having been born in Petrograd thirty years ago. He was a cadet in the Russian navy, and later played on the stage in Europe. He comes naturally by his theatrical talent, as his father, also Gregory, was an actor.



## A CROSS ON THE DOOR

# Sealed the Doom of another household!

LONDON was a nightmare of horror that summer. The Black Death raged through the city. Victims died so fast that condemned prisoners collected the bodies by the cartload.

Terror-stricken, the survivors went to the most extreme lengths to save themselves. The most drastic regulations were made. A red cross, and the words "God have mercy on us," were chalked on the door of every house in which the plague had struck.

The cross on the door served as a warning. But it was also a sentence of death on all within, for no one was permitted to leave these houses. Shut up like rats in a trap, the well were condemned to die with the sick. They had no chance to escape.

Cruel and inhuman? Yes—but only ignorance was to blame. For in 1665, pestilence was regarded as Divine vengeance for sin. Germs were unheard of, sanitation unknown.

Not until 200 years later, after the American Civil War, did the medical world discover that disease and infection are caused by germs, and that germs can be killed. Today, science wages an unceasing war upon germs, and one of its most effective weapons in this fight is "Lysol" Disinfectant.

For more than forty years, this efficient germicide has been a standby with doctors and hospitals the world over. Wherever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, there you will find "Lysol"—in the sick-room, in the operating room—even at childbirth, when disinfection must be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe — use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts and human tissue; in the household on telephones, door-knobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. *A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant, every drop of which will kill 200,000,000 bacteria.* Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it every day to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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THE CROSS ON THE DOOR WAS A SENTENCE OF DEATH ON ALL WITHIN



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

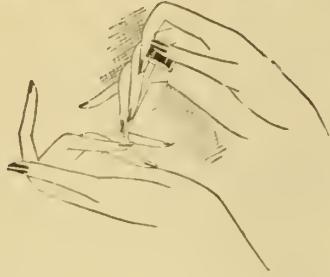
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Disinfectant



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A vogue so often begins with the smart and the youthful. It was the very smart woman and the young girl who first discovered that with Glazo preparations the fingertips would be given that dramatic perfection which today demands of a woman's hands.

No longer is it enough that a woman's fingers be daintily groomed, of utterly feminine loveliness. They must be tipped to lovely lustre or glowing brilliance.

Glazo's immediate success with the very smart has progressed into the ranks of even the most conservative women! Glazo polishes brush on smoothly and easily, without "piling up" or peeling

or turning white at the edges. And they are scientifically composed so that never, never, do they appear faded or purplish under trying artificial light.

The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème (do find this out for yourself) gently removes excess cuticle and yet leaves the edges of the oval smooth and even. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Oil, Glazo Nicotine Remover—all assist in the perfection of the Glazo manicure. Use them *all*.

Just a few minutes each week with Glazo preparations — and all the innate loveliness of your hands is brought out.

Your fingertips are not only smart, but exceedingly beautiful.



(Left)—Perfumed Glazo liquid polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium, or Crimson—large bottle, fifty cents.



(Above)—The famous Glazo twin package contains Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell, fifty cents.

(Right)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème—new—gently removes excess cuticle, leaving soft, smooth ovals of loveliness. Fifty cents.



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

# Talking of Talkies

IF the talkie fanatics have their way in Hollerwood, action and story will merely be used on the screen as an excuse to introduce conversation.—The Film Daily.

THE movies are my racket, not the stage. I made what reputation I've got right here in Hollywood, and here I stay. I've got plenty of money and no worries. I get about a thousand fan letters a week, and if that shows I'm washed up, then I'll start a laundry.—Alice White, film actress.

THE people of Hollywood are among the most charming on earth, and not at all the iniquitous horde that ill-informed people would have us believe. They go to bed at eleven o'clock and are up and at work at eight in the morning.—John McCormack, singer.

I AM happy my divorce is proceeding. When I am free I shall consecrate myself to my art. I am ambitious to do on the stage what I have already done in the movies. For the time being I shall remain with my mother at Cape Ferrat, but will return to America as soon as I am free.—Pola Negri, movie actress.

IF I were on the lookout for a restful place for a tired business man, I would recommend Hollywood. The wide curves of the hilltops surrounding the town are soothing to the eye. Beautiful young women, garbed in bright colors, walk briskly in the blue-white California light. There are palm trees on the edge of the streets; flower beds in front of the houses; hardly any children; few dogs. The shops are modest. There is refinement and quiet everywhere. The lights are out at nine p. m.

Occasionally somebody, generally a newcomer to the picture colony, throws a wild party (which automatically throws him out of every other party) but that happens rarely and is seldom heard of by people who are not in the know.—Konrad Bercovici, in "The Delineator."

## February Birthdays

- February 2—Benny Rubin
- February 3—Andy (James J. Correll)
- February 5—Monta Bell
- February 6—Lucille Webster Gleason
- February 6—Russell Gleason
- February 6—Ben Lyon
- February 6—Ramon Novarro
- February 7—Edward Nugent
- February 8—King Vidor
- February 9—Ronald Colman
- February 10—Roy D'Arcy
- February 10—Harry Beaumont
- February 12—William Collier, Jr.
- February 13—Kate Price
- February 13—John Wray
- February 14—Stuart Erwin
- February 14—Fred Scott
- February 15—John Barrymore
- February 15—William Janney
- February 16—Chester Morris
- February 16—Mack Swain
- February 17—Mary Brian
- February 18—Adolphe Menjou
- February 19—Dorothy Janis
- February 22—Lew Cody
- February 25—Warren Hymer
- February 27—Joan Bennett



paying  
the price  
for **HER**  
**MOTHER'S**  
**MISTAKE!**

*How often the new home manager endures this wearying, bothersome task . . . when millions of women have found a way to let modern science lift the load!*

**S**OMETIMES a well-intentioned mother will advise her newly married daughter against using the laundry. Perhaps because of a mistaken notion that laundry service is expensive or that "laundries are hard on clothes."

And if she does not investigate for herself, the new home manager may go on week after week, doing her own

washing. Paying the price in tired muscles, worn nerves, a disordered home, for her mother's mistake.

Actually, today's laundry service is amazingly thrifty! The damp or wet wash, for instance, costs but a few cents a pound. And the up-to-date laundry way, using only rainsoft water and the multiple-suds method, means safe, gentle washing plus absolute cleanliness.

Try the present-day laundry in your community this week. Don't let hearsay or misinformed council keep you a Washday Prisoner. *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



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Let the **LAUNDRY** do it!

# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Martin Burton  
Ruth Chatterton  
June Collyer  
Juliette Compton  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dec  
Marlene Dietrich  
Leon Errol  
Stuart Erwin  
Stanley Fields  
Kay Francis  
Skeets Gallagher

Mitzi Green  
Phillips Holmes  
Carole Lombard  
Paul Lukas  
Marcia Manners  
Cyril Maude  
Rosita Moreno  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Guy Oliver  
Eugene Pallette  
Ramon Pereda  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Stanley Smith  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson  
Luana Alcaniz  
Robert Ames  
Michael Bartlett  
Warner Baxter  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Lucile Browne  
Robert Burns  
Joan Castle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Marguerite Churchill  
William Collier, Sr.  
Joyce Compton  
Roxanne Curtis  
Fifi Dorsay  
Charles Farrell  
John Garrick  
Janet Gaynor  
C. Henry Gordon  
Louise Huntington  
Warren Hymers  
Keating Sisters  
Richard Keene  
Jane Keith  
Nancy Kelly  
J. M. Kerrigan  
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee  
Marion Lessing  
George Lewis  
Myrna Loy  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Leslie May  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Frances McCoy  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Goodee Montgomery  
Lois Moran  
J. Harold Murray  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Nat Pendleton  
Will Rogers  
David Rollins  
Jillian Sand  
John Swor  
Lee Tracy  
Spencer Tracy  
Ruth Warren  
John Wayne  
Marjorie White

### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy  
Henry Armetta  
Mary Astor  
Roscoe Ates  
Evelyn Brent  
Sue Carol  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Betty Compton  
Ricardo Cortez  
Bebe Daniels  
John Darrow  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Eddie Foy, Jr.  
Noel Francis  
Ralf Harolde

Hugh Herbert  
Rita LaRoy  
Ivan Lebedeff  
Dorothy Lee  
Everett Marshall  
Joel McCrea  
Jack Mulhall  
Edna May Oliver  
Roberta Robinson  
Lowell Sherman  
Katya Sorina  
Ned Sparks  
Leni Stengel  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

### Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss  
John Barrymore  
Noah Beery  
Joan Blondell  
Joe E. Brown  
James Cagney  
Donald Cook  
Claudia Dell  
Irene Delroy  
Robert Elliott  
Frank Fay

John Halliday  
Leon Janney  
Evelyn Knapp  
Winnie Lightner  
Ben Lyon  
Marian Marsh  
Edward Morgan  
Olsen and Johnson  
Barbara Weeks  
Jack Whiting

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett  
Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Jean Harlow  
Al Jolson

Evelyn Laye  
June MacCloy  
Una Merkel  
Chester Morris  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell  
Constance Cummings  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones  
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell  
Dorothy Revier  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Miriam Seegar  
Barbara Stanwyck

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lenore Bushman  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Jose Crespo  
Marion Davies  
Reginald Denny  
Kent Douglass  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Julia Faye  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
William Haines  
Hedda Hopper  
Lottice Howell  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton  
Arnold Korff  
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy  
Joan Marsh  
Adolphe Menjou  
John Miljan  
Conchita Montenegro  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Catherine Moylan  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Marie Prevost  
Marjorie Rambeau  
Duncan Renaldo  
Norma Shearer  
Gus Shy  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Lester Vail

### Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
Bill Boyd  
James and Russell  
Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Helen Twelvetrees

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Margaret Adams  
Low Ayres  
John Boles  
Hoot Gibson  
Bela Lugosi  
Charles Murray

Mary Nolan  
George Sidney  
Slim Summerville  
Genevieve Tobin  
Lupe Velez  
John Wray

## Burbank, Calif.

### First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Glenda Farrell  
Joe Frisco  
Walter Huston  
Fred Kohler  
Dorothy Mackaill

David Manners  
Marilyn Miller  
Ona Munson  
Dorothy Peterson  
James Rennie  
Otis Skinner  
Loretta Young

## Long Island City, New York

### Paramount New York Studio

Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Ina Claire  
Claudette Colbert  
Norman Foster  
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March  
Marx Brothers  
Frank Morgan  
Ginger Rogers  
Charles Ruggles  
Charles Starrett  
Ed Wynn

## Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Miranda Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.  
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York  
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane request that their mail be sent to them in Beverly Hills, Calif. No street address is necessary.



"No more ugly  
shine! MELLO-GLO  
stays on longer and  
gives my skin a fresh, nat-  
ural bloom." Miss Desirée  
Tabor, beautiful operetta star.

## NEW WONDERFUL FACE POWDER STAYS ON LONGER

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks.

MELLO-GLO prevents large pores and coarse skin texture. If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 34)  
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

# A Certain Someone's Heart Stood Still.

**J**ANET had dreamed of a dress like this—a dress so lovely that a certain someone must turn and look—so lovely that perhaps for just one little moment a certain someone's heart would stand quite still. She knew she could never, never save enough to buy the dress of her dreams, for Janet's salary was \$25 a week. Even saving \$5 a week, the dress was weeks and weeks and months away.

And then, just when the dress—and the someone—seemed further off than ever, the most wonderful thing had happened. She had learned that now there was a simple way by which she—yes, Janet who had never sewn a stitch in her life—could create for herself all the clothes her heart desired. There was a little shop just a short distance from home, with every convenience one could want and a teacher who knew just everything, and the cleverest electric machines that ran like a breeze and stitched the seams so quickly. Why, it was really fun!

Janet's heart sang that morning when, after only a few happy lessons at the school, she wore to the office the very first dress she had ever made and the girls swarmed around to ask her where she had bought it. Then she knew that the dress of her dreams would really come true—and it did.

She chose a design from among hundreds in the magazines. She found the most ravishing piece of material one adventurous noon-honr. Three never-forgotten evenings she spent in the fashioning of it, reluctant even to go to bed. There was a thrill, too, when she found that the total cost was less than twelve dollars.

But best of all was the little catch in her own throat when, at the party, a certain someone did stop and look—and look again—and then came straight to take her hands in his.



*If you would like to know how you can learn to make your own dresses, free, at the nearest Singer Sewing School, simply telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your community. Or send the coupon below and full information about this new plan will come to you at once.*

Every day more girls are discovering the happiness of making their own clothes. Modern patterns, modern methods and the modern Singer Electric have changed a once tedious task to the kind of fun no girl will want to miss. Once you know how easy it is, you, too, will be planning the lovely clothes you thought you never could afford.

Perhaps all you need is the confidence that comes with making just one dress. If so, the nearest Singer Sewing School is ready to help without one cent of cost to you. You will find waiting there the sympathetic,

friendly interest of an expert teacher and the finest sewing equipment for your use. You will be shown how to select designs, fabrics and colors that are individually becoming to you. Then step by step you will be shown how to lay out your pattern, cut out your materials, and completely make, fit and finish the dress of your choice. In just a few afternoons or evenings you will learn those easy modern methods that will make forever simple the creation of your own smart clothes.



SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.  
Dept. B-118, Singer Bldg. New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.

Name -----  
Street -----  
City ----- State -----

## SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

Conducted by SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

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All rights reserved for all countries.

## Your Mid-Winter Complexion

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]



### Adds Glossy Lustre, *leaves your hair* *Easy to manage*

**I**F you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre . . . this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—*instantly*.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

#### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

## Glostora

clogging your pores and making them inactive, defeating the purpose of the preparations you are using.

Perhaps you are trying to get along without any complexion helps, when one or two carefully selected ones would add to your comfort, to say nothing of improving your looks. Perhaps you are scrubbing your face too hard and making it super-sensitive.

Take a good, long look in the mirror today, even if you do have to brace yourself for a shock! Try to determine just what it is your skin requires, and then map out a little campaign to protect it against cold and wind. If you need some help, go to a beauty salon. Or, if that isn't possible, write me about your problem. I'll be happy to advise you.

#### ETHEL:

Dorothy Mackaill frequently wears white for formal wear, being partial to satin in the slightly off-white shades. If she has a favorite color for the street, my guess is dark blue. It's extremely becoming to her and she wears it a great deal.

Helen Twelvetrees likes red—cherry or carmine for evening, and more subdued wine-red for daytime. She also likes tan and beige for the street.

If you and your friend Mary are like these actresses in type and coloring, this information will undoubtedly help you to select clothes. I am happy to be able to pass it along to you.

#### BEE:

Perhaps when you were acquiring that sun tan last summer you neglected to protect your eyes from the sun's glare. Eyestrain is often responsible for those fine wrinkles under the eyes. I think you should consult an oculist first, so the cause can be treated. The eye packs and nourishing cream will also help. Don't

worry about it. You are young, and with proper treatment the condition can be eradicated.

If your sun tan persists, continue to use a corresponding shade of powder and a touch of carmine rouge and lipstick.

#### MRS. F. L. M.:

A beautiful girl like your sister is apt to arouse jealousy among less fortunate women who might better be making the most of their own good points, mental and physical. I think she is foolish to let it bother her and to think of having her lovely light hair dyed. Tell her how much wiser it would be to try not to resent the comments of other girls, but to make as many friends as possible among them and win them over by her charm and tact. A pretty girl needs to cultivate diplomacy and a genuinely tolerant attitude toward less favored girls. Surely, with such a gift of beauty, your sister can afford to be generous and kind to others.

#### BERNICE:

If your arms are naturally stout you can't reduce them a great deal without losing weight generally. But you can firm the flesh and make them more symmetrical by practicing the simple arm exercises contained in my reducing booklet. Just send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request. There is no charge for this booklet.

#### SWEET SIXTEEN:

I'm afraid I can't sympathize with you. What if your nose does turn up a bit at the end? Prettiness doesn't depend upon perfect features. If it did, what would become of most of us! Little irregularities in features frequently add piquancy to a face. Just live up to that pert, cunning nose by being gay and full of fun. There are so many good times in store for a girl of sixteen!



"Pee-Wee" gets a permanent! Frances Dee, pretty Paramount player, takes her pup to Hollywood's new beautifying salon especially designed for the smart canine world of the film colony. "Pee-Wee" is being very, very brave about it all

# An Innovation of World-Wide Importance to Women

That Banishes All Chafing, All Discomfort from Women's Hygiene



**A New and Totally Different Sanitary Protection . . . Pure Rayon Cellulose Filled**

**Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk And . . . Effective 3 Times Longer**

**THERE** is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an invention of world-wide importance.

An entirely new kind of a sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is **NEW** in design. **NEW** in material. **NEW** and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has two outstanding advantages every woman is quick to understand and appreciate.

### *Brings Poise and Comfort*

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1702530) it is different from any

other pad. It is unique in its results. When you buy your first box of Veldown just open one of the pads and examine it. You will note that it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose. Soft as fluffed silk; *not mere layers of crepe paper as used in old-type methods.*

You will see from its construction why *it cannot chafe or irritate.* Hence, no more discomfort, no more irritation from wearing a sanitary pad! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of Fluffed Silk. Its "feel," gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from the irritating old ways. Try it. What you find will amaze you.

### *Assures Longer Comfort*

This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women.

Thus it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer* than other

sanitary methods. Consider, too, what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

### *Accept Trial*

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a **Vast and Great Improvement** on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back.

163R

**VELDOWN COMPANY, Inc.**

220 E. 42nd Street, New York City  
One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company

**Veldown**  
FOR EVERY WOMAN

# Such knowledge is too vital to be hushed



. . . and this one small booklet will tell you

GRADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they *are* her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to advise others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be hushed and an authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance.

### The old-time fear of poisons

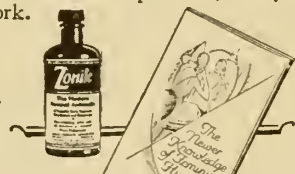
There was a time when caustics and poisons were the only antiseptics strong enough for feminine hygiene. Much as doctors approved of surgical cleanliness they did not approve of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid. Women didn't like them either. And when they discover Zonite, when they realize the difference, all the old-fashioned fear leaves at once and forever!

### Zonite is safe as pure water

Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. It can never cause mercurial poisoning; nor produce areas of scar-tissue; nor interfere with normal secretions. It is actually soothing to membranes. Yet—Zonite is really far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. And in addition Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant.

Send coupon today for book of information and instruction. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is complete and revealing. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York.

In bottles:  
30c, 60c, \$1.00  
Both in U. S. A.  
and Canada



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PH-12  
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene  
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....  
(Please print name)

Address.....

City..... State.....  
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

# Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

## She's Emphatic!

Hamilton, Ont.

Ramon Novarro is absolutely the greatest actor and singer on the screen, and if you don't think so go and see a doctor as you must certainly be in need of one.

MRS. DICK

## Clara, Can You Do It ?

Milton, Mass.

If Paramount will only forget about the Navy and purchase a good story for the emotional Clara Bow she will undoubtedly rise far above Garbo, Chatterton and Ann Harding.

BRADFORD HUTCHINSON

## We'll Take the Bet

Racine, Wis.

Won't some producer dare to make a grand opera complete? I'd bet on his success.

MRS. L. M. HAAS

## Dorothy Predicts—

Pelham, N. Y.

To my mind the three most attractive younger actors are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Hackett and Phillips Holmes. They will be the leading stars in filmdom five years from now.

DOROTHY FOSTER

## We Too, Bob!

Bowling Green, Ky.

Talkies brought a new thrill to me, and yet tonight I wish I might sit in a theater and watch John Gilbert make love to Greta Garbo in blessed silence and imagine for myself what he whispers in her ear.

ROBERT O. MUNN

## Real Restraint

Lansdowne, Penna.

I refuse to issue a wholesale condemnation of music on the screen simply because the poor musical films have so greatly outnumbered the good ones.

L. W., JR.

## Some "Trail!"

Detroit, Mich.

Raoul Walsh's picture, "The Big Trail" is without exception the greatest, most inspirational picture I have seen for many a moon.

The acting is splendid, the settings magnificent, the direction excellent. This superb picture demonstrates effectively the possibilities of moving picture art. More artistic and dramatic masterpieces such as this and fewer slapstick comedies and petty and trite love affairs would serve to change the "fed-up" attitude of a critical and bored public toward the talkies.

MARIE D. MEYER

## Well, What?

Columbus, Ohio

I wouldn't sit through one of Maurice Chevalier's pictures if I got paid for it.

I think he has the most tiresome and artificial smile. Can't something be done about it?  
BETTY TUTTLE

## He Certainly Could

Jeannette, Penna.

What a grand personality!

Chevalier could make us cry our eyes out if he were given a rôle which required him to portray a few pathetic scenes.

VERNON ROBERTS

## We'll Bite. Why?

Glastonbury, Conn.

Why do they insist on putting some slapstick comedy into almost every picture and thereby spoiling what would probably have been a perfect picture?

EVA VARNI

## She Comes to Bury Caesar

Chicago, Ill.

I read the critics' praise of Greta Garbo's voice—its "mellow huskiness"—and wonder. To me it is coarse and thick.

In "Anna Christie" it fitted the character, but in "Romance" this so-called "mellow huskiness" was as much in keeping with an Italian opera diva as a high tenor would be to Victor McLaglen. I bury my Garbo with regret. With that voice, she's dead to me.

L. HAINES

## Time Will Tell

Gooding, Idaho

Are the talkies becoming too noisy? Sound pictures are here to stay and put before us much that could not be given in silence, but producers should slow down or soon the talkies will be nothing but cheap vaudeville.

Would a silent be accepted once in a while, or is the technique gone forever?

H. V. MCCOY

## Keep It Pure!

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

In "A Lady Surrenders" Genevieve Tobin messed up a perfectly beautiful little drama by her affected speech.

I love the King's English, but don't you think a pure American accent is better than a jargon which is neither one thing nor the other?

S. T. GRAHAM

## Make 'Em Move!

East Orange, N. J.

The principal requisite of the silent photoplay was that it should move. This is also necessary in the phonoplay.

The producers, nevertheless, seem to have forgotten this most important fact. Surfeited with dialogue which slows the action to zero, the pictures today are nothing more or less than photographed stage plays. Action must still be the predominant factor, with dialogue playing a subordinate part in the drama.

When the producers are impressed with the importance of this requirement, we shall see the phonoplay rivalling the old silent film in effect. But until then the talking picture must mark time.

ROLAND O. CLARK

# Here's A Piece of News

An amazing new discovery, Packer's Scalptone, will revolutionize home-care of the hair!

When I was first consulted about this wonderful new preparation for hair I said to myself, "Why did nobody ever think of this before?" Because, while it's an absolutely new idea, it's so sensible.

### Now—a prescription for just your hair

Scalptone (made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap) is a new kind of tonic which you modify to suit your own hair and scalp. Scalptone can be *astringent* for oily hair . . . or slightly oily for dry hair . . . or as oily as you need for *very* dry hair. At your druggist's, you merely ask for Packer's Scalptone. Then you yourself make your own prescription with the aid of the very simple directions with each bottle.

### Is your hair oily—dry—very dry?

Now it's obvious that no single tonic, just as it comes from the bottle, can be exactly right for all kinds of hair. So the chemists of the Packer Company got to work and solved the problem.

In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone, there's a little tube. In the tube is oil of sweet almonds which, you know, is recommended for scalps that tend to be dry.



Because of this potent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.

If your hair is oily, you won't need this oil. You simply massage Scalptone, just as it comes in the bottle, into your scalp, to tighten up those over-active oil glands.

If your scalp is slightly dry, you uncork the tube, and pour just enough oil into the Scalptone to make it right for your hair. And if your hair is very dry, you may want to add the whole amount of oil to Scalptone. There! Do you see? I know it's simple—but I know, too, the amazing results it has.

Packer's Scalptone will help keep your scalp young, vigorous, functioning properly. Massage it well into the scalp—every day; and feel it stimulate and tone up those thousands of tiny cells in the scalp muscles. Scalptone is antiseptic too, so that it is very helpful in cases of local infection like dandruff. As your scalp grows healthier, you'll begin to see your hair take on new sheen, new life, new beauty.

If your druggist hasn't Scalptone as yet, send me his name and address and I'll try to see that he carries it for you.

JEAN CARROLL

## PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-beauty depends on scalp-health

## Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

### oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Between shampoos, massage with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

### dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks regularly with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just your hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

### dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate

pine tar. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap Shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help your remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.



### LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

For 10¢ in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25¢ I will send you samples of all three. If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1 with your note. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-B, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Just try  
this clear  
quick-drying lotion



It's so easy to keep your hands and skin smooth, white and lovely, despite housework and weather, when you use Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. The clear liquid requires no bothersome massage. It penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly and guards the pores like an "invisible glove". Chamberlain's is not at all sticky, greasy or gummy. Its orange blossom fragrance is delightful. Use a few drops, after your hands are in water, before you go outdoors and at bedtime, to reveal and preserve the beauty of your hands and skin. Excellent, too, as a powder base. 50c and \$1.00 at drug and department stores.

Or, send 4c in stamps to cover mailing costs and we'll gladly send our purse size (a week's supply) FREE. Address Dept. 62, Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.

**Chamberlain's**  
**HAND LOTION**  
"The Invisible Glove"



## Where has This Artist Been Hiding?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

had been completed. She was standing in the high patio that overlooks all the hills of Beverly, her hair wind-tossed, her arms flung wide and I heard her saying, "Oh, I've got so much. So much of happiness, so much of beauty. My husband, whom I love. My baby who is everything to me. This perfect house. Everything. Should I not be afraid of having so much? For so long I had nothing. Now I have everything. Will it fall about my ears?"

She seemed some magnificent earth thing challenging the gods.

**Y**ET, somehow, I saw nothing of all that she is on the screen. She seemed never to make the most of herself. It is so with her personal appearance. The directness of her gaze hurts you. Her beauty stabs you and yet lesser beauties invariably are more carefully groomed than Eleanor. She's never known just what to do with her hair. She's never had the knack that most actresses acquire of using just the right make-up. It must be because she's rather too fine for exteriors and perhaps it was that—the fact that she does go so deep—that made the camera lose her vital charm.

And then, for the first time, I saw her—the real her—in "The Great Meadow."

In the first place the part suits her exactly. I can well imagine Eleanor doing everything that her character *Dione* did. Eleanor is, at heart, a pioneer woman. *Dione* pioneered in a physical wilderness. Eleanor has pioneered in a mental wilderness—with theories. It's only a matter of the generation in which you happen to be born. *Dione* battled with cold and hunger and privations. Eleanor has battled with public opinion and bigotry and selfishness. Basically the two—Eleanor and the character she played in "The Great Meadow"—are identical. Yet even she might not have made that woman live as she now does, a few years ago.

For she has grown. She has borne two lovely

children and the cloak of motherhood fits her. Her face has become more lovely and her figure (which was once tall and inclined to be angular) has softened and rounded until it is the figure of a magnificent woman. Now she gives the camera the same straight gaze that she has always given to life.

There are two types of artists in the world—those who work best when the stress of circumstance is upon them and those whose art demands harmony. Eleanor is of the latter type and I believe that it is this that has brought about the change. She was unhappy while she was under contract to M-G-M, for she very seldom did parts that she felt were sincere.

She could not, somehow, combat the mill of pictures and that is why she turned down the new contract that was offered her after she had completed her rôle in "The Great Meadow." Since money is no longer a primary consideration she actually prefers to free lance and have the right of accepting or rejecting the rôles offered her.

**B**UT she now has a new burst of enthusiasm for pictures. At first when she left M-G-M she was content with her home, her children and her husband. She is still content with these, but she demands life in all its richness and work is necessary to her. At first, after her baby was born, she didn't care whether she ever played another part or not, but she does care now and she wants to go on.

I do not know whether or not she realizes all of the things she has stored up within her, but except for her performance in "The Crowd" she has been holding out on the public. You'll realize this when you see her in "The Great Meadow," when you see her make a fictitious woman actually live before your eyes.

For the first time in her life Eleanor Boardman has given her audiences the great gifts that she has to give.



Our friends Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear. For many weeks these boys appeared in the Fox Movietone News, with Mr. Courage (the seated blond) urging Mr. Fear to loosen up and buy his wife that fur coat as the best way to end hard times. Neither boy is an actor, that is, professionally. Both work in the New York office of Fox



**IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER  
IN ONE PICTURE!** *The most  
amazing combination of world  
famous stars ever brought to the screen!*

*Lawrence*

**TIBBETT**

*and Grace*

**MOORE**

**IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT**

**"NEW  
MOON"**

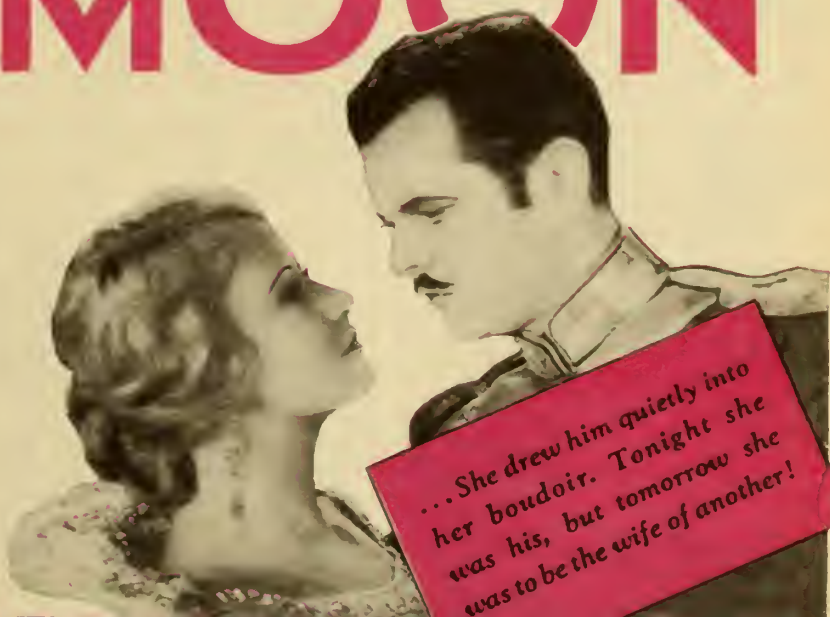


with

**ADOLPH MENJOU  
and Roland Young**

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



*... She drew him quietly into her boudoir. Tonight she was his, but tomorrow she was to be the wife of another!*

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*



## GRAYING HAIR?

*Why surrender to gray hair?  
This famous approved way  
means radiant color again.  
We send demonstration FREE.*

ALL AROUND you, you see them, these modern women who stay young. Their secret—known to millions—is one that every woman with graying hair should know—the famous clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. By this time-tested way women are safely bringing youthful color to faded strands—so evenly that you would think nature herself had put it there.

### You Need No Experience

Mary T. Goldman's method can be done at home. Merely comb colorless liquid through the hair. Any type of hair matched—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Color blends evenly. Hair becomes lustrous, live-looking—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. Nor will color wash or rub off on linens or hat linings.

### Entirely SAFE to Use

Mary T. Goldman's has been used by discriminating women for over 30 years. Medical school authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

### Test It FREE!

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- |                                       |                                      |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK        | <input type="checkbox"/> DARK BROWN  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEDIUM BROWN | <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DARK RED     | <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT RED   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>              | <input type="checkbox"/> BLONDE      |

## Garbo vs. Dietrich

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

Dietrich may be a good actress, a beautiful woman and all that, but please understand right now that no one can be compared with Greta Garbo. Anything she does is all right with me—and fifty million others. She is the greatest and most wonderful woman of all time!" You can gather, from this tiny assortment from a great batch, the divine madness that grips the true worshipper of that amazing Swedish girl. Let us turn to the less perturbed section of the populace—the milder spirits whose judgment is settled and whose souls are more serene.

MR. J. V. K., of Cumberland, Ky., pours some oil on the roiled and stormy waters: "How could anyone get mixed up on this Garbo-Dietrich situation? Both Dietrich and Garbo can speak the same language, have the same likes and mysteries. Why not let them alone and let them become friends? Garbo is so much like Marlene Dietrich, and Dietrich so much like Greta that I am sure they would become fast friends."

A hopeful note is struck by Miss E. B., of Henderson, Tex.:

"I believe all the Garbo fans will like Miss Dietrich. She isn't trying to take Garbo's throne. She merely wants another one beside it."

And Mr. J. B., of River Forest, Ill., is a little bored with it all:

"Why this everlasting bringing-up of the 'new menace to Garbo's throne' idea? But since another 'new menace' has again come up, let's give the new girl a break. I am, of course, also a Garbo fan. But I'm not a narrow-minded maniac. Let there be (and here Mr. B. grows ironical) one God, one Caesar, one Lincoln, one Napoleon, one Mickey Mouse, one Garbo. But why not also one Marlene Dietrich?"

And Mr. J. B. strikes the keynote! He points the way to peace! Why not one Dietrich, indeed?

After all, can Marlene help it if she looks something like the Queen of Culver City?

Is Hollywood only large enough for one beautiful girl who employs restraint and whose screen personality is alive with the glamor that gives certain actresses of stage and screen their true greatness as public magnets?

I answer my own question. Certainly not.

And may I point out that the tricks, attitudes and methods of *la* Dietrich are less Garboesque than they are European? Let us, in this moment of armistice, remember that Garbo is the only European troupier to attain great Hollywood eminence since Negri's time, and that's long ago, as *tempus fugit*.

But there's no need of getting deep-dish about this war. We should get the boys and

girls out of the trenches by Lincoln's birthday—nay, they should be out now, cooling off their fevered typewriters and turning to the productive arts of peace.

Miss Dietrich's "Morocco" was a hit. The country's fans and critics gave her a nice send-off. They welcomed her as a distinct personality—a fresh gift to the American screen. Great Caesar's perambulating ghost, isn't the American motion picture big enough to support two foreign ladies who drip personality, even though one is a tweedish Swedish divinity named Garbo?

As soon as Marlene had finished "Morocco," she was set at "Dishonored" by the ardent Von Sternberg, this time with big Vic McLaglen opposite. This done, she set off for Germany to see her little daughter, for whom she had been pining. She left behind her the dawn of a first-rate American reputation, born amid the thunders and alarms of a one-sided war.

God willing, she'll be back—back, I hope, in peace. She's a fine actress, this lush Teuton with the slumbrous eyes. We need her. Even the Garbo-maniacs need her, as they'll realize as soon as they cool off and discover that Marlene is no copy-cat trying to steal thrones at night. Garbo's Garbo and Dietrich's Dietrich, and thank Heaven for both. That's the attitude, and that is what will happen.

You are cordially invited to attend a big shenanigan I am promoting for the spring drinking season.

It is to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York City—a banquet seating as many as can be herded in. At one end of the table will be a throne for Greta Garbo—at the other a throne for Marlene Dietrich. Each will be exactly the same size, and contain as many diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires.

A HUNDRED flappers, dressed in white and carrying olive branches and autographed photographs, will attend each monarch. In between will be Mr. and Mrs. John H. Fan and the little Fans. Each will have one eye on Marlene and one on Greta, who will both be smiling, whatever the cost.

Paramount will furnish a band to play at one end of the hall—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will hire one to tootle at the other.

At the proper moment, I shall rise with a glass of pop in each hand. Bowing simultaneously to both thrones (a very good trick if I can do it) I shall propose the toast, "The Queens, God bless them!" and will then drink from both tumblers at once. (Another good trick. I learned it in India from a Swami.)

And you all will drink it too—even the wildest of you Garbo-maniacs.

Hush now—nobody's trying to steal your baby's throne!



Plains, Mont.

When you are only eighteen—eighteen with its dreams and its belief in happy endings—and you are so hideously deformed and scarred that people shudder when they pass you by on the street—is life a dreary prison, a cruel trap from which you cannot escape?

Ah, no, for there are the movies!

You slip into a theater and there in the friendly darkness you forget your ugly face and twisted body and through the art of Mary Pickford, Ruth Chatterton and all the lovely army of exquisite, gifted women, you find love and laughter and adventure.

Peggy Baker

**"A HOLLYWOOD  
THEME SONG"**

with

Harry Gribbon

Yola D'Avril Patsy O'Leary

Mack Sennett is famous for his satires on the movies themselves. And this one, kidding the theme song, is one of his greatest. The critics call it "great fun", "one long howl", "a riot."



*America  
is safe  
as long as it  
can laugh*

America's collective sense of humor is one of the principal reasons for its greatness; one of the surest guarantees of its future.

Among its most honored sons and daughters have always been those who made its millions chuckle. For they do more for public morale than most of its statesmen.

While you can laugh you'll never be licked. And if you'll get your film entertainment where they show *EDUCATIONAL'S COMEDIES* (and that includes most of the better theatres of the land) you'll always be sure of your share of laughs.



**"ROUGH IDEA OF LOVE"**

with

Marjorie Beebe Frank Eastman Mildred Van Dorn

If you want a rough idea of love as Frankie and Johnny demonstrate it—and a very clear idea of how funny an "action comedy" can be—don't miss this one.

**MACK SENNETT  
COMEDIES**



**"NO, NO, LADY"**

with

Andy Clyde

Frank Eastman Dorothy Christy Cyril Chadwick

A new and funnier slant on the amateur "drama"; a comedy done in the best modern manner, with plenty of the kind of laughs that will shake your ribs.



**"DANCE HALL MARGE"** with

Harry Gribbon Marjorie Beebe Frank Eastman

A taxi dancer tries to put on the ritz for her wealthy new boy friend. Does she get by with it? Oh, boy, how you'll howl while you're finding out. There are a lot of laugh gags here that nobody ever dreamed of before Marge had her nightmare.





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## The Prima Donna and "the Old Man"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Lubitsch saw something in the singing, talking shadow of the beautiful girl with the red-gold hair. His smart showman's sense told him he could add to it—oh, gayety, *finesse*, and most important of all, glamour! Perhaps he saw here perfect, malleable clay for his master-potter's hand. Maybe he didn't.

At any rate, Ernst Lubitsch played a perfect *Pygmalion* to Jeanette MacDonald's *Galatea*.

THE pretty, conventional statue came alive at the command of his intelligence and will. Her dormant humor, her sense of fun that had lain in the bud while she trilled "I Love You," burst into bloom.

To me, the rebirth of Jeanette MacDonald at the touch and under the training of Lubitsch is one of the little miracles of the talkie times.

For born again she was—more beautiful, more glamorous as a woman, and as an entirely new and fascinating artist in the matter of alluring and sexy comedy.

Some things he taught her. Other talents which had lain in her unused, he brought out. Her promise in "The Love Parade" came to full flower in "Monte Carlo," that charming bit of fluff that became something hugely delightful at the magic touch of *The Old Man*.

How did the little miracle happen? I had a long talk with Jeanette over a tomato omelette and a smidgin of toast. And I think I know.

For one thing, they found, early in their professional association, that their senses of humor jibe. They, a little like *Mike* and *Ike*, laugh alike. If Lubitsch thought of a laugh plum to stick in the picture, Jeanette giggled, and it wasn't just politeness.

The *Old Meister*, sensing that he had pliable material and fertile ground, suggested, taught, instructed and hinted. MacDonald, being a smart girl and a good trouper, picked up every Lubitsch cue.

In a sense, they were teammates. As a matter of fact, Jeanette remarks that the studio always said that she and Lubitsch "did an act." That is to say, *The Old Man* and the Prima Donna had a pretty elaborate ritual of daily jokes, politenesses and comments. It made for ease and it made for good work.

And daily *The Old Man* saw *Galatea* begin to breathe—then act, with grace and charm.

What is more important than mere liking, MacDonald had, and has, tremendous respect

for the talents of Herr Ernst. She knew that *he* knew, and no fooling! She was anxious to learn from an acknowledged master of his trade—which was three-fourths of the battle. And learn she did!

In all their association through two long and tricky pictures, they had but one serious scrap.

"I had come late three days hand-running," says Jeanette. "The last time I was just five minutes behind time. But Mr. Lubitsch had finally lost all patience and more temper.

"He was in a rage. 'Who do you think you are?' he roared. 'Do you know who I am? You aren't big enough to do this to me!'

"The upshot was that I had hysterics and he stormed into the front office—while a company waited an hour instead of five minutes. But before noon we had made it up, and our friendship and professional understanding were stronger than ever."

And so the team of Lubitsch and MacDonald laughed and toiled successfully through two of the finest sophisticated comedies ever made for the screen. At this writing, her Paramount term over, Jeanette MacDonald is on the Fox lot. But she isn't the conventional prima donna any more. She's a trained and tricky comedienne, taught by a master.

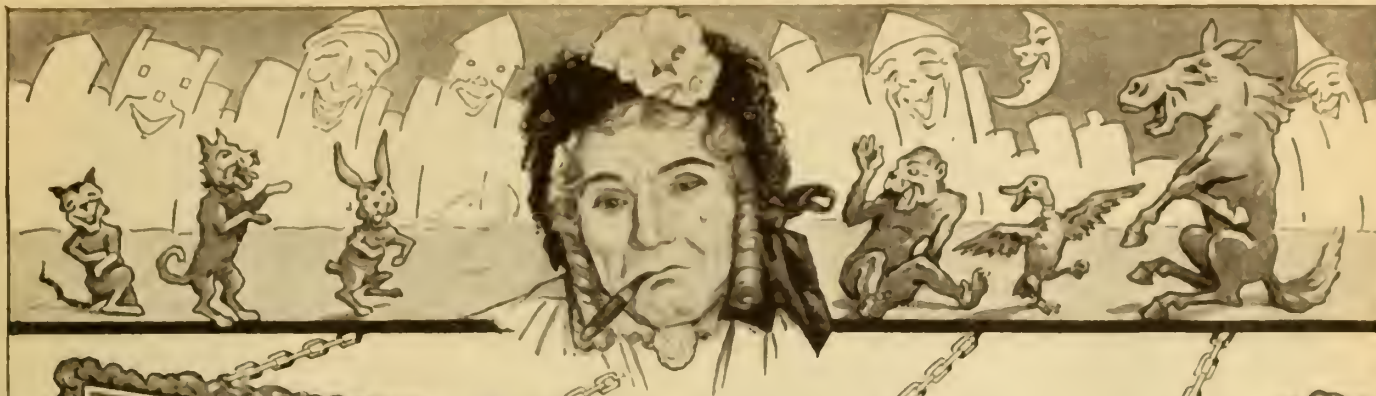
JEANETTE'S a smart girl. She won't forget what teacher taught. She admires and respects him as a master, likes him as a friend. If the Fox directors are smart, they will cash in on this beautiful girl, and all get rich and famous together.

Her first, under the new contract, is to be "All Women Are Bad," with Eddie Lowe opposite and the able William K. Howard holding the reins. And we will see what we shall see—and hear. Boy, there's true romance in the story of *The Old Man* and *The Red-haired Prima Donna*! It's a little miracle-play, done under the Hollywood arc lights.

Lucky Jeanette, a pretty Broadway girl, whom fortune favored with months of association with a real master! Lucky Paramount, who had her beauty and developed talents in two first-rate comedies! Lucky Fox, crafty enough to sign her for more! Yes, and lucky Lubitsch, too! What greater fortune—or satisfaction—can come to a great moulder of human talents than to see a still, white statue come alive at the touch of his genius?



George Bernard Shaw, greatest living man of letters, gives in at last to the talkies! Here the whiskered Irish playwright is shown on the set at the British International Studios, near London. About him are some of the players who are filming his comedy, "How He Lied to Her Husband"



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A COLUMBIA PICTURE




PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]



# 1,403,021

## TIMES A YEAR: FLOWERS

*sent by wire the*

### F. T. D. "MERCURY" WAY

WHEN "she" is a thousand miles away . . . and the calendar tells you it's February 14, St. Valentine's Day . . .

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*For Distant Flower Deliveries*

### THE F. T. D. "MERCURY" WAY IS GUARANTEED



Connie Bennett, Adolph Zukor and Winfield Sheehan.

Sentiment was divided. The Fox lot was reported betting the works on Notre Dame, while United Artists shot the wad on Southern California. Hollywood was 120 per cent agog the day of the game.

Then the great Notre Dame eleven smeared Southern California's pets 27-0. I hear the Fox lot bought!

AND so they were married!

Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd (the blond one of Pathe) stepped off the deep end in Las Vegas one December day. They'd been keeping company for quite a while.

"Little Alabam" and Director Clarence Brown were engaged for a long time, with Dot wearing a huge diamond on the significant finger. But that ultimately blew up. Now Dorothy is Mrs. Bill Boyd, and Brown is seen both hither and thither in Hollywood with Sally Blane.

AND there's the very grand actress who makes her maid put on her parlor cap every time she answers the phone.

BEING an opera and concert star, as well as a screen star, has its drawbacks. One of them is that sometimes you can't see the Hollywood premiere of your latest picture.

That's what happened to Grace Moore. Wires from New York called her back East to fulfil concert engagements, so she missed the thrill of attending her own opening on the screen.

But after all, four figures with dollar marks in front of them do make up for things!

CHARLES "CARROT TOP" BICKFORD, the bad boy of M-G-M, was asked to play a rôle in Jack Gilbert's new picture, "Gentleman's Fate." Mr. Bickford didn't want to play the part. And he said so loudly and in no uncertain terms as is Mr. Bickford's wont. The studio insisted.

Bickford said if they didn't like it they could give him a release from his contract. So the studio got Louis Wolheim to play the part. They didn't like Mr. Bickford's attitude so they gave him his release.

Then there's Kay Johnson. M-G-M wanted to loan her out to an independent studio. Kay didn't want to go. So she said, too, if they didn't like it they could give her release. And again they didn't like it. They gave her her release.

RUMOR has it that Vivian Duncan will be crooning those haunting ditties over a cradle in a few months. Vivian is now in New York, where she has confided the Great News to intimate friends. Nils Asther remained in Hollywood for a spell, but he will join her shortly. This couple remain as devoted as ever.

And little Ruth (Gentlemen Prefer Blondes) Taylor became the mamma of a son not long ago. She lives on New York's Park Avenue with her broker-husband, Paul Zuckenman.

HOLLYWOOD is a village of rackets. Not the noisy kind but strange businesses. One of the most unusual rackets is a concern that ferrets out the private telephone numbers of the stars. These numbers, in turn, are sold to tradespeople, real estate men, bond salesmen and laundries.

John Gilbert's phone rings, and a voice drifts over the wire.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilbert, wouldn't you like to visit beautiful Jungle Manor?"

Consequently, the stars change their private telephone listings three or four times a year. In fact, sometimes they don't even know the number themselves, so deeply is it shrouded in secrecy. There is no more tragic story than that of the star who forgot his own number, and no one would tell him—not even the telephone company.

THEY tell the story about the Hollywood new-rich couple who, instead of cocktails, present each guest with a large bottle of champagne.

When dinner is announced the host cries, "Bring your bottle right to the table with you—this is just old liberty hall."

GARY COOPER escaped arrest because— Well, Gary had parked his swell car in a non-parking zone while he went into an auto-display room to look at some models.

Outside, a policeman started to write a ticket. The salesman with Cooper saw him, and rushed out.

"Hey, you can't do that!" he told the cop. "I'm doing it," the cop pointed out.

The salesman became so persistent that the policeman got mad and took him to jail.

And forgot to finish writing the ticket for Cooper.

A NEW singing team headlined at New York's famous Palace not so long ago.

The billing read, "Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray."

Big shots in Hollywood singies less than a year ago. Then the producers thumbed down the musical stuff. Bernice and Alex sing their songs for the two a day, and doing all right, thanks.

Heigho! Build 'em up—knock 'em down.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH tried to make a come-back on the screen. But he cannot, you know, speak above a whisper. Yet how effective he was as the dying French soldier in "All Quiet." He did not, you remember, speak a word.

Now he's just been signed by Warners as a member of their writing staff.

BILL POWELL just about has things his own way in the studio café on the Paramount lot.

He autographed one of his best looking pictures for each of the girls in the café, and maybe you don't think he gets service! Your toast and mine might be cold when it arrives, but Bill gets his hot as blazes!

EASIEST rôle of 1930: Extra Girl Ruth Mayhew in "Dishonored" had to lie motionless on a stretcher and be carried across the screen.

WE have been telling you the stork was working overtime in Hollywood. We understand now that he will be visiting little Alice Day before many months.

Besides that we hear that her sister, Marceline Day, is feeling lonely since Alice married and it is not unlikely that she will soon say "yes" to Arthur Kline's continued proffer of marriage.

BEWARE these "exclusive models" in Hollywood. I mean clothes, not ladies who pose for the brush and paint men!

The other day at the Embassy Club you'd have thought Carmel Myers and Ruby Keeler Jolson were doing a sister act. They were

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



## New De Luxe Edition of the Stars of the Photoplay

"Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

250 Reproductions in Rotogravure of the Stars, and the facts you want to know about them

### DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires— which ones foreign titles?  
 The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?  
 The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?  
 How much Loretta Young weighs?  
 Where Chevalier was during the World War?  
 That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?  
 What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?  
 That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?  
 Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?  
 The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?  
 Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?  
 The real name of Lew Cody?  
 What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?  
 How many times Alma Rubens has been married?  
 How the talkies gave John Beles his big chance?  
 Where Bebe Daniels was born?  
 How old is Marie Dressler?  
 Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?  
 How Jack Oake got his start?  
 Gilbert Roland's nationality?  
 Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?  
 That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

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## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 ]

dressed identically from head to foot. But the girls got together and found that each had been told that the gowns were absolutely exclusive.

**C**AN'T keep this pair out, down, or apart! George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, having finished a series of Darnour short comedies, went on a five-weeks' tour of the Publix theaters.

Just the old inseparables. Together they mean do-re-mi. Apart, who knows?

**T**HEY must be troupers all in Hollywood. Lester Vail, that very nice kid, who gets a best performance in "The Devil's Battalion" this month, and who is playing Joan Crawford's leading man in "Dance, Fools, Dance," worked one entire afternoon, doing gay, sprightly scenes just after he had received word that his wife had been rushed to the hospital for a serious operation.

Not a word of complaint was heard from him, but every member of that cast was on his mettle.

There was not a mistake made in a single line, and the company finished work two hours ahead of time.

**T**HE German censors finally permitted "All Quiet on the Western Front" to be shown in the Fatherland.

Then the trouble started. Riots broke out around the Mozartsthal Theater, Berlin, where the picture was being screened. Fights started. Police herded the scrapping crowd into the street.

Several combatants were hurt. Then the government took a hand and forbade its being shown.

Nothing was quiet about THAT front. Dynamite in Germany, that masterpiece!

**P**EGGY JOYCE—diamonds, sables, face and figger—is in Hollywood.

She wants to make a talkie out of "The Lady of the Orchids," in which she appeared on the stage.

Peggy is rumored to be going platinum blonde, a la Jean Harlow of "Hell's Angels."

Well, it must be all right. In case of need, hock the hair!

**T**HERE'S been an awful lot of news-print fussing about Clara Bow firing her secretary, Daisy Devoe. Just a lot of Bow-Bow-De-Voe . . .!

**T**HEY may be a burst of cheers on our side, but in England *Amos 'n' Andy* are just a burst of dead silence.

"Check and Double Check," shown to the trade and press in London, was received with polite, but dire silence. It is said that not a newspaperman in the London Press Club had ever heard of the boys.

They are, of course, absolutely unknown in England.

Poor dear old Mother Country! How it misses out on American culture!

**E**VEN six months after Lon Chaney's death, the M-G-M fan mail department is still receiving loads of fan letters addressed to him.

**B**ROOKLINE, MASS., one of the wealthiest and most exclusive towns in America, has seen the light.

The law forbade the showing of motion pictures in the hoity-toity community. Enlightened voters recently changed the statute

by the ballot. Brookline became the most sought-after theater location in the United States.

Seven applications were made for permission to erect theaters, headed by Publix and Warners.

Two permits will be granted. Soon Brookline will begin to *LIVE!*

**T**HE studios have a neat little habit of putting young actors and actresses under contract at very small salaries and then giving them important rôles. At the time the signing takes place the kids are thrilled simply at getting a break.

Later they discover themselves important featured players and find that the small part actors get more money than they.

A certain boy who was given the lead in one of the biggest pictures of the year and has been shoved into several other vehicles right away is earning just \$75 a week.

**I**T seems that a bit of his own medicine was handed Doug Fairbanks by the stickup men who robbed him in his own home not so long ago. They were arrested recently and confessed the holdup.

But the funny part is that they told of how they clambered up Doug's roof, just as he does in pictures, and watched gleefully while Doug ran around spreading the alarm and hunting them in vain. Ha! Ha!

**T**HEY keep on saying it and printing it—that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are married.

But Lupe and Gary keep on denying it. And your guess is as good as mine.

**T**HE highest of high brown society were all at the train to greet Mrs. Stepin Fetchit, wife of the temperamental comedian, and their seven-weeks old son.

The welcome home was gay and noisy but suddenly Mrs. Fetchit said, "Where's Stepin?"

Nobody had noticed that he wasn't there. Then, just at that moment, he arrived. "Heah I is, honcy," he said. "You oughta know you shouldn't take a mornin' train. I jes' overslep' myself."

**A**LL you fans who have wondered what happened to that charming little actress, Laura La Plante, take heart. You'll see that sprightly, animated face again soon.

She comes back not as a star but as one of the three feminine leads in "Lonely Wives." And more power to her.

**W**HO should pop up in New York's outlying theaters but our old Perfect Lover pal, Eugene O'Brien!

Gene revived his own Chicago comedy success, "Steve," and took it on a whirl of the Subway Circuit.

O'Brien was around New York all fall, hankering for the grease paint and spangles. Tough to have been such a great star in the old days, and then to feel sort of out of it!

**A**LL the unmarried girls in Hollywood will be wanting parts in "Big Brothers."

Reason? The director will be Richard Dix. Uh-huh, I said director. He'll act in it, too.

**A**N interviewer called upon Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis, and announced immediately, "I'm here to talk to you about



your work at the studio. I'm not going to ask you a thing about your affairs of the heart."

The poor Marquis fell on her neck and wept for joy. What's more he talked, and interestingly, too, for hours.

**M**ORE stork news. Kay Hammond, who did such a grand piece of work in "Abraham Lincoln," is blessed eventing in February.

She's the wife of Henry Weatherby, a millionaire shoe man.

"OFF ag'in, on ag'in"—Hollywood version: Character Actor J. M. Kerrigan was promised a part in "Young Sinners."

"But you'll have to take off about twelve pounds," said Director Frank Borzage.

Steam rooms; massage; diet. Kerrigan lost 'em.

But the picture was postponed.

"There'll be a part for you in 'Seas Beneath,' if you'll put the poundage back on," reassured Director John Ford.

Malted milks, indolence, heavy meals; Kerrigan put 'em on again.

But Walter C. Kelly was given the part.

And then Director Frank Lloyd told Kerrigan he could have a part in "East Lynne" if he'd take off about ten pounds.

Did Kerrigan shoot him?

No.

He made a contract with a Turkish bath.

**ARTHUR (THE GREAT)** ASHRES, exhibitionistic ball player, says he is going to drop "The Great" from his handle while he's in Hollywood working in pictures.

"Out here it sounds so ordinary," says Art, according to *Variety*.

**H**ERE'S my present pet story. Don't stop me—you haven't heard it.

A Broadway playwright, new to Hollywood and talking very large, got snagged in a big time poker game and lost \$5,000 in no time at



**Kotex protects longer**  
*that's why millions of women prefer it*



You'll appreciate the *lasting softness* of Kotex . . . the security and safety . . . the fact that it deodorizes.

**B**USY days. Hours of active sports, out-of-doors; hours in the theatre, at a tea or dinner. Then is when you learn to appreciate Kotex. Then you realize fully the comfort of its skilfully rounded shaping. For it not only feels better, but it permits a delightful freedom from self-consciousness. Gowns fit smoothly, perfectly. Because Kotex protection is inconspicuous.

#### *Hospital preference is important*

To women who recognize the connection between sanitary protectives and good health this assurance is important: 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made . . . Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

This is not cotton, you know, but a delicately soft, marvelously absorbent substance that has — by actual test — five times the absorbency of surgical cotton. That is why hospitals choose it in preference to cotton . . . why you, too, should prefer it.

Kotex is soft and yielding, yes. Moreover — it stays soft. Indeed, Kotex is guaranteed to stay soft longer, to protect longer, than any other sanitary pad.

And — first of all its advantages — Kotex is disposable! In that fact, alone, lies one of its greatest contributions to woman's sanitary comfort. Next time you buy sanitary pads, specify Kotex.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

#### IN HOSPITALS

- 1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
- 2 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.
- 3 *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

*See the new Kotex Belt*

*Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.*

(U. S. Patent No. 1,770,741)

**KOTEX**

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

## HEART THROBS

St. Paul, Minn.

I have heard the roar of jungle beasts, seen them pounce upon and devour their unwary prey. I have seen and heard the smash of mighty waves on the decks of some helpless ship. I have seen the life and death struggles of men and women in every walk of life, until they are as familiar to me as my own.

I have even felt that I was standing aside, watching myself, free from the control of its ego, working out its own destiny in a blundering way. And somehow, I have come to see that for all the apparent purposelessness of life, the results always follow a greater plan.

Yet, I am no seer, nor wizard, nor yet a great traveler. I have seen these things and felt these experiences as my own through the medium of the talking pictures. I feel that my life is but one of many that have been enriched through feeling these sensations and meeting these new experiences.

Therefore, I say that talking pictures are the greatest civilizing influence of all modern times.

Joseph Millard

# Phantom Red

LIFE COLOR LIPSTICK . .



Loretta Young, First National Star



Star in your own production with this TRUE "LIFE COLOR"

Not all blonde, brunette or brown haired girls can have a screen career—but with the magic of Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge, they can be popular stars before their daily scenic background of business, sports or evening affairs. Lips aglow with youth's own vital red, cheeks ablom with the rose-freshness that Nature chose as the one true "Life Color," they achieve the stardom of loveliness and personality, live their romances, get their men as surely as the most bewitching beauties of the screen. Loretta Young, pictured above, and other famous stars endorse Phantom Red.

Never before have you used a lipstick so real in color, so soothing, so lasting—never before a rouge so elusive, so phantom-like in effect to blend perfectly with your individual skin tone, with lights, with costume. At leading toilet goods counters—Lipstick, \$1.00 and 50c—Rouge Compact, 75c.

Send 10c each for dainty vanity sizes of Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Additional 10c each brings Phantom Eye Shadow (brown or blue-gray)—Brow Liquid (brown or black). Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 247, 67 Fifth Ave., New York.



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Big Profits Quick!

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- Please send Special \$4 Introductory Offer for which I will pay postman \$1 with understanding you will refund money if I am not satisfied.
- Am enclosing 10c postage on Free Sample.

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

all. He grandly wrote a check for the five grand on a New York bank, and that was that.

But in due time the paper bounced back, marked "not sufficient funds."

And was the author sore! "By jove," he thundered, "I'm going to wire them right away and cancel my safety deposit box!"

THE director came to the costume designer. "Now I want you to be very careful about how you dress the star for this picture," he said.

"I'll tell you about her characterization. She is very charming, very modern, very sophisticated and at the same time quite effeminate."

WHEN Director Roy Pomeroy first came to pictures as an artist, he was asked by one of those unit managers whether he had any intention of ever acting.

"Hardly," said Pomeroy. "You see, I've no histrionic knowledge at all."

"Aw, hell, you don't got to know anything about history to be an actor!" was the assurance.

A VERY arty director was talking to a very business-like actor.

"Let me see," said the director, "what mood do I want here? Ah, I've got it. Do you know that gorgeous picture in the east wing of the Louvre?"

"No," said the actor. "That's it," said the director. "That's it. I want the feel and pity and despair of that picture in this scene."

THE other day in Hollywood the newsboys were screaming something about Garbo.

Buried on one of the sports pages was a headline that read, "Garbo Scores Touchdown." But it was only a kid football player of Los Angeles named Santos Garbo.

WHAT? Still "another Garbo"?

Insiders say that Universal has a dead ringer for the Swedish wonder under contract. Her name is Tala Birell, an actress well known in Germany.

The day of mystery is with us.

DORIS KENYON, widow of Milton Sills, sent a \$50 check to the Los Angeles Fire Department pension fund for widows and orphans.

An inhalator squad from the department worked hard and long, but in vain, in an effort to save Milton's life the day he collapsed.

SCREECHERS are still coming to light from Clara Bow's location trip to New York last fall. Here's the latest, retailed by Harrison Carroll.

Clara was about to drive out of a garage in a big car. A property man on the sidewalk held up one of these circular sun deflectors about five feet in diameter.

One of the onlookers shook his head. "She'll never do it!" he said, with plenty conviction. "Do what?" said another.

"Jump that big car through that little hoop!"

SINCE Jack Dempsey has taken over the big hotel at Ensenada, a new and grand resort in Mexico, all of the local Hollywood scribes are begging to be allowed to do stories on Estelle Taylor.

WHEN you see a certain heavy drama, featuring one of the most exotic of stars, you will notice the star running up the stairs while her leading man follows her in hot pursuit.

Originally the script demanded that the hero carry the heroine up the steps. But the lady was no featherweight and the actor no giant of strength. Great minds banded together and



Most of us thought she was great in the old serial days, when she and Francis Ford came to the town movie house each week in a new slice of rip-snorting serials. This is Grace Cunard today—out at Universal, her old stamping ground, playing small parts in "Resurrection" and "Heroes of the Flames." Like all old troupers, Grace is miserable away from the Kliegs

the decision on the change in action was made within two hours.

**CLARA BOW'S** getting rid of pooches again. You know, she has owned more dogs than any other person in Hollywood—except maybe the people who run the M-G-M barkies.

Anyway, Clara's last dispossession of superfluous canines reduced her Great Dane holdings from four to two. That cut her food bill from more than \$100 to somewhere about \$50. And besides, one of them got sick and cost her nearly \$200 for veterinarying—so as soon as it was well, she gave it away.

**A** STORY has been going around the country that "Disraeli" lost money for Warner Brothers.

It isn't true. The PHOTOPLAY Medal winner did excellent business in the larger cities and drew fair to middling crowds in the smaller towns, and the earnings of the film were entirely satisfactory.

What is more important, "Disraeli" did more to build prestige for Warner Brothers than any picture the company has ever made. In short, everyone is happy about "Disraeli"—Warners, Mr. George Arliss, and all the true fans of the country who saw it and enjoyed it.

**WALTER WINCHELL**, chatter-writer, says that Molly O'Day is going to marry George Raft, dancer, as soon as his present matrimonial ties are snipped.

Ask Walter, not me.

**A** DIAMOND gave Rita La Roy's secret away.

Rita is the Radio Pictures' vamp who's grown famous for socking mashers on the button.

"I hate men," she used to say.

Then what? Why, one day not so long ago, Rita appeared on the lot wearing a huge diamond on that finger.

At first she refused to discuss it. "Uh huh," she admitted, "I'm engaged, but it's no business who he is. Besides, he only just got his divorce."

But she admitted at last that it's one Ben Hershfield, actors' agent. They can't marry until his decree is final, next November.

**EVER** since the playground of Hollywood—Malibu Beach—was swept by fire late in December, the actors have been working to protect their favorite fun colony from fire hazards.

Up to now there has been no fire protection at all. When flames broke out and swept nineteen beach houses away early one chill winter morning, firemen were helpless. They drew water from the ocean by suction, only to find the hose lines clogged with sand. And \$800,000 worth of happy little beach homes went up in smoke and cinders.

Among those whose homes were lost were Marie Prevost, Frank Fay, Director David Butler, Song-Writer Buddy de Sylva, Louise Fazenda, Producer Al Rockett and Directors Allan Dwan and Leo McCarey. It was a sad night, mates! Only eight of the nineteen houses were occupied when the fire started from a gasoline explosion, but the occupants of those were driven to the beach in their nighties.

**LEW "ALL QUIET" AYRES** was having breakfast one recent Sunday morning at the Brown Derby. He ordered poached eggs on toast. When they were served the toast had been cut round, the shape of the egg.

Lew took one look at it and exclaimed, "For goodness sake, don't serve me that sissy toast any more. I want mine without the corners cut." And it had to be served that way! What a war picture will do for a nice boy.

# COLDS

## fill handkerchiefs

### WITH

### GERMS



*boiling water fails  
to kill them!*

*A handkerchief used  
during colds is unfit  
to be used again.*

## Avoid Reinfection

### Use Kleenex disposable handkerchiefs

**N**OW comes dramatic proof of the importance of Kleenex during colds. Scientific tests show that these delicate tissue handkerchiefs may materially check the number of colds, and their duration.

For these authoritative tests prove conclusively that washing fails to kill the organisms associated with colds. This means your handkerchief may be a source of danger. Even after washing, it may hold the organisms Streptococcus, Staphylococcus, the deadly Pneumococcus and Micrococcus Catarrhalis.

#### *Use Kleenex—then discard*

When you use Kleenex, there's no possible danger of reinfection from handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once. Then you discard it forever. Germs are discarded, too.

You'll value the greater comfort of Kleenex. The tissues are exquisitely fine and soft. They are marvelously absorbent—seeming actually to soothe the tender, inflamed skin. There's no chance

of irritation, as from the damp, soiled handkerchief. Kleenex is an economy, too—the cost is less than that of laundering.

#### *The beauty use for Kleenex*

These absorbent tissues are said by beauty experts to be the only safe and sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics. They lift every trace of dirt along with cleansing cream and save your towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . or send the coupon for a generous sample free.

#### FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

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Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
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# Grow-

## Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

### Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

### Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order *Lucille Young* NOW at low price.

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**zemo**  
 FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

FOX has made another discovery.

You will remember they made an actor out of John Wayne, who used to be a property boy. Now they have picked another property boy for an acting job. His name is Carter Gibson, who started as an extra in "Girls Demand Excitement," and was given a larger part when he showed possibilities. Young Wayne is the picture's leading man.

There is a third ex-property boy in the picture, Eddie Nugent, who, also featured, used to carry stuff around the Metro Studio before he got his acting opportunity. Three ex-property men in one picture is practically a perfect score.

HOLLYWOOD was plunged into a lot of gloom when the Bank of Hollywood closed its doors a few weeks ago.

Many players, producers and *attachés* of the cinema found their funds suddenly tied up in a knot.

One of the hardest hit was John Halliday, that excellent player from the stage who has scored in many pictures recently. He had \$17,000 on deposit, and was about ready to start a European holiday.

The trip was off.

THE late unpleasantness between Director Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraly brought forth the usual abundance of smart cracks.

Harrison Carroll says he knows what is meant by "the Lubitsch touch." It is a left hook. And Jim Mitchell observes that Hans Kraly had no business dancing with jeers in his eyes.

ONE of the most astonishing sights of all is George Hurrell, the head guy photographically on the M-G-M lot, taking portraits.

He has a rickety camera. He uses only a couple of lights. His equipment falls to pieces as he works and he keeps up a running line of nonsensical chatter. The trick is that he sneaks up on the stars and nobody yet has known exactly what moment the picture is made.

It breaks the hearts of those little girls with thirty-four expressions for the camera.

MAYBE you think impressionable fans are the only people who collect screen stars' signatures. You're wrong! Consider, for instance, William Collier, Sr., veteran of years of stage and screen. In the den of his home, Collier has a huge buff-colored settee.

And scrawled all over it are the signatures of hundreds of celebrities. It's a rite they have to go through when they visit him—sign on the settee.

THERE'S another Marx brother in New York who doesn't care anything about the stage. He's in the cloak and suit business, and doing well.

LUPE VELEZ has just discovered the gastronomic delights of that famous old Southern dish, hominy. She wants it served at every meal. But she can't remember how to pronounce it. The other day she went into a restaurant and insisted that she be given some "mahogany."

Her secretary has discovered a way to make her remember. She told her to say "How many." When Lupe says this quickly it makes "hominy."

HOBART BOSWORTH was working on location in "The Third Alarm." Between shots, he'd stroll to the sidelines to chat with youngsters who crowded to watch the film shooting. He was resplendent in a fireman's uniform.

During one rest, a red-headed kid asked: "Say, mister; are you a real fireman?"

Hobart winked at some fellow players as he replied:

"No, my child, I'm just another motion picture actor and not a very good one at that."

The kid grinned.

"That's just what I thought," she cackled.

THERE'S an assistant director on the M-G-M lot named Eddie Brophy.

One day they needed a man to play a hard boiled bit and Eddie stepped in and did the part. He did it so well that they wanted to make an actor out of him right away. "No sir," said Eddie, "I know this racket. I'd rather be an assistant director and eat three square meals a day."



A happy pair. Newlyweds in the person of Natalie Moorhead, well-known screen siren, and Director Alan Crossland, under contract to Warner Brothers

So they have to trick him into acting. They hire him as an assistant and then give him a part to play.

He is one of the leading characters in Buster Keaton's "Forward March."

But the example has been a bad one. Now all the prop men and assistants and even the carpenters are begging for a chance to act.

**ANN HARDING** was looking over her press clippings. Among them was a most unfair newspaper interview in which the writer said that she wore a shabby, shiny blue serge coat.

Ann sighed—"Well," she said, "I guess that will teach me a lesson. That 'shabby' coat was an original French model, the only one I ever owned. It cost \$750."

**NO** wonder the stars refuse to help unknown writers who pour out their grief through Uncle Sam's mails!

Louise Fazenda received a pathetic letter from a man not so long ago.

The writer said that he must come to California for his health, and gave the name of his doctor as reference.

Louise wrote the doctor, and then sent him the \$100 for which he asked. Back came another letter asking for transportation for his wife and child. That was a bit too much for Louise, and she declined to increase her original offer.

The answer was a letter of bitter denunciation.

No thanks for the original \$100.

**ITEMS** entitled Who Cares?—

... Mitchell Lewis owns nine pairs of golfing pants . . . he doesn't play golf . . . 17,500 extras are listed at the Central Casting office in Hollywood . . . and some of them get a job now and then . . . Charlie Chaplin



Tampa, Fla.

This past year, when so much trouble stalked abroad, my husband became very ill and lost his position, and in trying to take care of him I lost my job; then the largest local bank failed, and nearly all of our savings were swept away. What disaster—and I only a bride of a few months.

Sometimes I felt as if the bitterest dregs in the cup of life were my portion, and then it was that I would steal off to a movie for a few hours. And lo! from the theater I would tread with a lightened step, my heart more glad, stars in my eyes—and the troubles of the day lessened. It's inexplicable—the effect that a few short hours in a motion picture house will have on a burdened mind and heart.

Somehow you are lifted right out of yourself, and all of those wearying cares are forgotten.

I once read that the American people would do without bread in order to see and hear talkies. And the writer asked, "Why?" Oh! foolish question! Because the talkies are as essential as bread. They are our moral stimulus, and how often we need it!

V. L.



## AGE STEALS INTO A LOVELY FACE BY THREE UNGUARDED PATHS

**E**XACTLY what has happened when a woman begins to "look old"? Dorothy Gray discovered that this tragic transformation can arise from any one of three causes—from three significant conditions too often overlooked. These are:

A faint drooping of the underchin—a *crêpiness* of the throat texture—a deepening of the little lines around the eyes and mouth.

Guard your youthful appearance by following the treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved, simple scientific treatments especially planned to ward off the three telltale signs of age.

You can easily give yourself these successful treatments at home, using the same preparations which have been tried and tested in the Dorothy Gray salons. You will find these Dorothy Gray preparations at leading shops everywhere. Write or ask for the Dorothy Gray booklet on home care of the skin.

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Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets assist nature in restoring to normal the liver and bowels by sweeping away the poisons that harm the skin, ravage health and hurry old age.

A tested compound of vegetable ingredients. You can tell Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets by their olive color. From now on, don't endure sallow skin, headaches, or listlessness—take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and get quick relief from the ills due to clogged intestines. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Get the large size so that you'll always have them handy.



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DON'T slack. He'll be the first to notice when your golden hair begins to darken. Use Blondex, the special shampoo that not only prevents darkening—but safely restores soft-gleaming brilliance to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A million delighted Blondex users can't be wrong. At all the leading drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

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subscribes to three clipping bureaus and gets an average of 5,000 cuttings a month . . . for which he has to pay from two to five cents each. . . Will Hays can dictate to two stenographers at the same time . . . Joseph Schenck used to be a drug clerk on New York's Bowery just around the corner from where Irving Berlin was a singing waiter . . . Elinor Glyn has a dimple in her chin and a warmly autographed photo of her hangs in a Hollywood plastic surgeon's reception room . . . William S. Hart was once a mail clerk.

**MAYBE** you don't care, and maybe you won't agree, but anyway, here's Douglas Fairbanks' idea of the three greatest things in talkies—  
Edmund Goulding as director.  
Will Rogers as actor-humorist.  
Mickey Mouse cartoons.

**The Shadow Stage**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

**FREE LOVE—Universal**

IF your wife spends her time and your money with a psycho-analyst and if you've wanted to give her a good sock on the chin because of it, you'll love this picture. Anyhow, that's the punch in the story. And Conrad Nagel accomplishes it with gusto. Genevieve Tobin, of the modern school of acting, is pretty affected. Not a great film, but amusing in spots.

**REDUCING—M-G-M**

**MARIE DRESSLER** and **POLLY MORAN** aided and abetted by a perfectly grand cast, work like fiends to make another picture as funny as "Caught Short." They have *such* fun in a reducing parlor! Oh, you'll laugh, all right. But all the same, there *have* been funnier pictures. Lucien Littlefield, Anita Page, Sally Eilers, Buster Collier and stuttering Rosco Ates—they all work hard, too.

**THE DANCERS—Fox**

**ASOPHISTICATED** talkie of the rambling A type that isn't at its best on the screen. Made from a stage play by Sir Gerald Du Maurier, the picture lacks pace enough to be good entertainment. The players seem to slow up in time with the story. Lois Moran goes to the mat with an unsympathetic rôle—that of a dance hall girl. Phillips Holmes is miscast as a nobleman playing lumberjack.

**FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount**

**PARAMOUNT** climbs on the band-wagon a bit late by remaking "The Covered Wagon." Gary Cooper plays a young scout with the animation of a potato. Lily Damita does all she can with a weak part. Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, as two drunken old Indian-Scouts, steal the picture, as they did originally. The Indians are gorgeous and the snow scenes and photography in general are beautiful.

**ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia**

**A REAL-LIFE** picture that misses by a hair. A taxi-dancer in a dime dance hall rejects a philandering wealthy admirer to marry a virtuous clerk. He turns out to be a cheap fake, and she marries the rich man. Ricardo Cortez really looks and acts like a gentleman; Barbara Stanwyck's performance rings true. A praise-worthy effort in realism.

**CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Prod.**

IT'S first rate entertainment, with hokum, humor and heart interest well proportioned. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, steals the

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major honors as one of the three damsels, but Sheila Mannors and Rita LaRoy give her a run for it. Good old Edmund Breese is superb. This is grand movie for all the family.

**JUST LIKE HEAVEN—**  
*Tiffany Productions*

A SIMPLE romance between a balloon seller and a toe dancer. The featured player is fifteen year old Anita Louise. In some scenes she manages to appear particularly beautiful and appealing. In others, amateurish. David Newell is the leading man. Gaston Glass, Yola D'Avril, Thomas Jefferson and others in support. A Paris locale increases the interest.

**THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE—**  
*Tiffany-Cruze Productions*

LOAD up with chuckles when you go to see this one. It's one of those never-for-a-moment-serious affairs between those mythical minnie-golf-sized kingdoms. Neil Hamilton as the impostor prince who woos the princess is superb; Una Merkel as the girl is lovely; Albert Gran as the king is priceless! Walter Lang's direction is exquisite, particularly when he's naughty.

**WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate**

"WAL, wal, wal—thar's gold in them thar movies," sez Buffalo Bill, Jr., whoever he is, and forthwith buckles on his six-shooters, jumps on a horse and a script, and gallops up to a microphone and camera. He does a lot of riding and shooting, and so do the other people in the picture. And when it's all over, what of it?

**MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia**

MAYBE you and I aren't seeing the little Westerns that are being shown just around the corner, but certainly Columbia is making money off Buck Jones' pictures or they wouldn't be turning them out so fast. Carmelita Geraghty is the beautiful leading woman in this and never looked so lovely in her life. The story is varied by Spanish locale and holds interest throughout.

**MADONNA OF THE STREETS—**  
*Columbia*

EVELYN BRENT triumphs over an old yarn in this picture. She plays the girl friend of a wealthy man and decides that he owes her at least a million. So she comes to New York, joins an evangelistic society—and promptly falls in love with the head man at the

## \$2050.00 IN 70 CASH PRIZES

300 PRIZES OF EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM

# Win one of them in Emily Post's "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest

THE week-end or short visit which intimate friends pay one another is one of the most delightful of all the social contacts of a family. And the letter written can be as charming and thoughtful as the writer herself. Imagine your house in the country. Imagine the people whom you would most like to have there. Then write the sort of letter you would want to send to them. It may be to a friend of your daughter. It may be to married friends in your set. It may be for a house party for your son home from college for the holidays. There are countless possible situations. So, take your pen in hand, and enter Emily Post's "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may win \$1000.00. Read the rules below. Watch next month for another contest; the subject will be announced in the March issue of this magazine.

### RULES OF THE CONTEST

DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will offer prizes for a particular kind of letter. For February they will award prizes in the Emily Post "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest as follows: first prize, \$150; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; five fourth prizes, \$15 each; five fifth prizes, \$10 each; ten sixth prizes, \$5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of \$850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win \$1000.00!

All letters in the "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest must be

in the mails by midnight of February 28, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. You may enter every contest. There will be three consecutive monthly contests in all.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the October issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr., humorist and artist.



Utica Institute, Miss.

It is very hard to endure the loss of the greatest opportunity of your life. That is just what happened to me last spring.

I was about to graduate from high school with honors after four years of hard struggling and like a bolt out of the clear blue my father's continued sickness called me home to the farm to make a living for the family.

Life was very dull to me for a while, but thanks to the motion picture industry, life was made worth living and my aching and longing heart forever cured.

Alderwin Jordan



Eaton's Highland Linen and Eaton's Highland Vellum are especially well adapted to the informal note of the week-end invitation. They bespeak quality and style and come in white and an interesting range of pastel tints. From 50 cents to \$3.50, wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

## EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

# NAME THESE MOVIE EYES!



They're hazel and belong to a beautiful First National Pictures star who once adorned Ziegfeld's stage shows. She's 5 ft., 5 in. tall, weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair. Name below\*

## no need now to have dull eyes

It's foolish to let dull, bloodshot eyes mar your appearance when an application or two of harmless *Murine* will make them bright and clear again. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from over-use, late hours, crying or outdoor exposure. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

\*Dorothy Mackaill

# MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

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Many Earn \$50 to \$150 a Week

WORTHWHILE positions open for motion picture cameramen. Good pay—permanent work. We train you through our Simplified Plan.

Previous experience unnecessary.

Motion picture photography is just one of the many branches of the motion picture and photographic field. Growing by leaps and bounds, this uncrowded industry offers many opportunities for motion picture projectionists, "still" photographers or photo-finishers. Check branch of photography you're interested in and send coupon today for FREE book which gives full details.

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Without cost or obligation send me your FREE book and details about

( ) Motion Picture Photography or ( ) Projection  
( ) "Still" Photography or ( ) Photo-Finishing

Name.....

Address.....

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

mission! Robert Ames, Josephine Dunn and Richard Tucker head the support. Just a nice little talkie.

### TWO WORLDS—British International

PROBABLY the best of the recent English pictures to be seen on this side—an earnest, honest dramatic story in inter-racial clashes in a border village in the early days of the Great War. It was directed by A. E. Du Pont, creator of the famous "Variety," and he knows his cinema. The story is good, the direction heady. Its names mean nothing to us yet. Norah Baring, John Longden, and others.

### FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount

MADE from an Avery Hopgood play, "The Best People," this is a pleasant little comedy. The fable goes that the little rich girl falls in love with the working man. It all goes to show that the best people aren't always the best people, if you follow us. Miriam Hopkins, pretty Georgia blonde from the stage, debuts successfully as the girl. Carole Lombard, Charles Starrett, Frank Morgan help out well.

### FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia

NAUGHTY in a very nice way, this comedy from the Liberty Magazine cover story. A rich young man continually butts into the married life of a nice young couple—and there's trouble, spiced with plenty laughs. Jack Mulhall is excellent as the interfering young sport, and in the cast are Elliott Nugent, Sally Starr, Margaret Livingston and others. An amusing, if unimportant, little picture.

### THE HATESHIP—British International

THE British have made a fairly gripping melodrama of the old school here—a mystery thriller on board a yacht. It maintains its suspense well, and moves at a leisurely, well-bred pace right through to the finish. Technically, it doesn't stand up—Britain must still go to grade school in Hollywood, in the matter of sound. Jameson Thomas, now in America, is in the cast.

### THE DAWN TRAIL—Columbia

BUCK JONES is the star of this little Western and his leading lady is none other than our beautiful Miriam Seegar. There is considerable suspense built up in a fight between the sheep herders and the cattlemen. Charles Morton is the villain. Buck's riding is worth the price of admission, any day, but there is enough to please all who like Westerns.

### PHANTOM OF THE DESERT—Syndicate

JACK PERRIN and his beautiful horse "Starlight" do another true-to-type Western. Perrin is the handsome hero. Eva Novak is a perfect heroine, and everything comes out well in the end. There's a dastardly villain of course, who gets his just deserts just before the hero gets the girl. Plenty of good riding and noisy cartridges.

### UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions

PRETTY much of a total debit, except for some amusing work by Slim Summerville, now cashing in after many slim (no pun) years. It's all about a stranded show girl—and the talkies have stranded 'em for three years. Others in the cast are Kenneth Harlan, Dorothy Gulliver and Ethel Wales. But Slim is really good. Happy times, Slim old boy!

### WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film

MILDLY interesting African exploration picture, without faking. Wild men aren't very wild, though. In addition to the customary animal and native-life shots, there's one sure-fire laugh in the film. It comes when the camera catches a group of Kalihari pickaninnies learning to use bow and arrow. The littlest one—can't be more'n fifteen months old!—is destined to be another Stepin Fetchit!

### THE YELLOW MASK—British International

AN attempt, by our British cousins, to mix music, comedy and melodrama. It doesn't come off. Edgar Wallace, the word-mill, wrote the story—and even though the burlesque note is obvious throughout, the whole matter is forced. Not even that sterling little trouper, Lupino Lane, can do much with his comedy. Some pleasant singing, but let's forget "The Yellow Mask."

### SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS—Tobis

EVEN if your French is limited, you'll enjoy this, because it relies more upon pantomime than dialogue, which is in French. Director Clair has caught the picturesque Parisian slum atmosphere. Albert Prejean, reminding one of Chevalier, and Pola Illery, who manages to say a lot with a look, get acting honors. Inconsequential, slow story, but you'll be humming two of the songs.

## Goofy Genius

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

the inventor stated that plain film could be run through his machine and it would appear on the screen in life-like colors.

"See," he said, pointing to a pair of ordinary compound filters, "those do the trick."

AND all he had was a green lens in one and a red lens in the other. He would shut off the red lens and the picture would show green, and he would shut off the green and the picture would show red.

The very same effect could be produced by holding a piece of colored gelatin in front of any white lens.

Another inventor showed up at the same plant with what he said was a complete solution of all the problems of motion picture color photography.

"You take your black and white print," he said, "and draw lines on it—twelve hundred to

the inch. Then you take an unexposed film and draw twelve hundred lines to the inch," etc., etc. There were just a few things wrong with this invention. First it would be impossible to paste one film on another; second, third, and fourth, the inventor had never made one of these films, or attempted to make one, and couldn't be convinced that it wasn't a grand idea.

A MORE naïve soul, with a reverence for the hallowed names of the past, walked into the Technicolor plant in Hollywood one day and offered three very fine paint brushes which he alleged once belonged to Van Dyck, the celebrated Flemish painter of the seventeenth century.

He thought these would solve all the problems of tinting color pictures!

One inventor received a patent on what is



described in the Patent Office letter as "an apparatus whereby motion pictures may be filmed and reproduced in such a way as to furnish a prompting film coordinated with the picture so that an orator may repeat the words coordinate with the picture reproduction."

All of which means that a man, or several men and women, were to be concealed behind the screen and read off the dialogue on the "prompting film."

The uninterrupted action of the talkies, where subtitles and captions no longer break into the continuity of the story, was also a much sought after idea, and there were numerous patents granted for schemes to do away with subtitles and introduce dialogue.

**P**RACTICALLY all of these were for the silent films, and take the form of words printed right on the film, so that when the soft-eyed hero looked down sweetly on the Only Girl and whispered "I love you," it suddenly appeared beside him, neatly confined in one of those "balloons" cartoonists use when their characters speak.

There was even a device patented that strapped onto the side of the actor's head—the side turned away from the camera. It contained a strip of transparent material on which was printed the sentiment to be expressed, coiled up like those steel tape measures surveyors use. When the time came to say "I love you," the actor pressed a bulb concealed in his pocket, the sentiment shot out on a line with his mouth, and was photographed along with the action. The actor then released the bulb and the sentiment recoiled into its casing.

One fellow was so anxious to get realistic effects that he even suggested printing on the film words denoting the sound made by falling objects. Consequently, when a vase fell down and went boom, "Boom!" tidily printed beside the broken vase, graphically denoted it. Likewise "ting-a-ling" meant the telephone or door bell was ringing.

Innumerable attempts have been made to capture the "third dimension" in moving pictures—the depth and true perspective that objects and persons in real life actually have, and one of these ideas involved the use of spectacles made of gelatin and cardboard. One lens was green and the other red, and the film was also produced in red and green.

The use of these spectacles in looking at the picture produced something of the effect desired, but it was so hard on the eyes of the audience, and so complicated a procedure to keep equipping movie-goers with spectacles that the idea was abandoned and relegated to the limbo of goofy ideas.

Another inventor had a great idea for cooling theaters—use a screen made of ice! Another producer had an idea that a complete story could be told with hands only, and made a film showing nothing but hands. He did the same thing with feet. The films were novel, but unsuccessful.

And while talking of feet, think of poor Ed Wynn's. In one of the Perfect Fool's pictures, his director wanted to capture the illusion of Wynn running so fast that his feet smoked, and put acid on Wynn's shoes.

**T**HEY smoked all right. But too realistically. The acid practically burned the soles off Wynn's smoldering extremities!

And Von Stroheim, to realistically portray a hailstorm, once bought up all the pearl tapioca in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Denver, but when the scene was filmed it looked just like rain.

Goofy ideas—all of 'em—and almost all of them impractical. Yet, there are just as many successful goofy ideas to balance the ledger.

Sound, a super-eugenic baby, in that it has no mama, but more daddies than the entire Follies chorus, cracked, yowled and hissed its way into attention after many years of scornful skepticism. It was looked upon as the goofy child of a goofy parent—or rather a flock of goofy parents.



*There is nothing so captivating as soft, silky, alluring hair.*

## Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—when shampooed this way.

Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

**S**OFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps.

The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.



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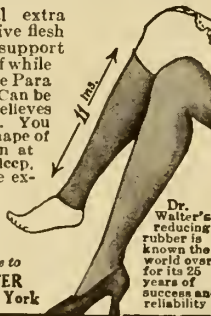
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Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to  
**DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER**  
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Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

**Sell** Earn extra money at home taking orders for attractive new line of playing cards. Your friends and others will be glad to buy when they see our low prices.

## Playing Cards

**FREE Sample Outfit** Earn Money in Spare Time

You make very liberal commissions without investing one cent. Write for free sample cards and full information. No obligation.

**CHICAGO PLAYING CARD COMPANY**  
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Eugene A. Lauste, who was among the early sound pioneers and today is recognized for his work in connection with talking pictures, was turned away from a number of motion picture executive offices without ever getting near the producers.

**H**E got as far as an appointment with Carl Laemmle, but when Laemmle found out what he wanted, dismissed him with the curt advice to fit up his own theater and demonstrate his device himself.

Still, one critic says Lauste's device of 1916 got results as good as the sound pictures in 1925!

Then various scenic and lighting effects, laughed down at the time, have become established successes.

D. W. Griffith holds patents on a trick stage which permits the use of miniature sets, thereby cutting down some of the tremendous cost of production.

Similar stunts making use of miniature and painted backgrounds are widely employed in Hollywood today.

One is called the Ullman process, and another the Dunning process. All, including Mr. Griffith's, require the use of deceptive trick photography.

Some of moviedom's most eminent and respected directors were once regarded with humorous skepticism as goofs and nuts.

**BOB FLOREY** is a notable example. One of his first ventures cost only \$97 to produce, and involved the use of scenery painted on cardboard and cigar boxes. He was after the elusive "third dimension" effect, but achieved only a weirdness and exaggeration that doomed the picture to failure.

Quite as freakish was Von Sternberg, hailed today as one of the industry's directorial geniuses.

With his "Salvation Hunters," he shocked and jarred Hollywood into thinking him an out and out nut.

Even PHOTOPLAY's review in 1925 said it was just an experiment and that "Von Stern-

berg goes too far in taking the motion out of motion pictures."

Yet, he brought a vivid type of realism to the screen, and is writing his name as a goofy genius in still bolder strokes with "Morocco," his most recent work.

Murnau's "Sunrise," a picture employing startling camera and lighting tricks, is another example of genius gone mad, or what conventionally-minded folk considered mad.

It left its imprint, nevertheless, on movie-making.

Rouben Mamoulian, the Armenian, now directing Clara Bow, is obsessed with getting rhythm into his pictures, and goes so far as to beat time with a baton during the action of a scene, after the manner of an orchestra leader.

D. W. Griffith, employing an orchestra to make Blanche Sweet emotional while directing "Judith of Bethulia" back in 1914, was laughed at and scorned by his contemporaries. Yet, Leonardo da Vinci, four centuries before, employed musicians to play for Mona Lisa while she posed as his model.

**EISENSTEIN**, the Russian, wanted to cut out dialogue in filming "An American Tragedy," and subordinate the players to the general theme.

Hollywood didn't let him—he was too revolutionary, too goofy.

There are countless others—Leigh Jason, for example, using dummy figures with the heads of well known actors, and calling them "Humanettes." Benny Rubin has appeared in a number of them, and the idea seems to be going over.

**SO**, peering at these goofy geniuses and their queer sounding ideas and inventions, one has a feeling of just having concluded a tour of a mad house, peopled by the weird characters of some exotic author's fantastic mind.

But they're real—every one of them—and with all the stubbornness of us humans, these goofs of today have a way of riding out of the storms of ridicule and disappointment and coming back as the geniuses of tomorrow.



Columnist turns actor. Walter Winchell, widely known Broadway reporter and gossip, as he appears in his Vitaphone comedy short, "The Bard of Broadway." With him, as leading lady, is Madge Evans. Remember her as one of the most beautiful child actresses some years back?

## Hollywood's Hundred Million Dollar Kid

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

"It's a lot of hooley!" Hughes said in his direct manner. "It wasn't our fault Jones died. I don't know why Al Wilson bailed out of that plane, and nobody else does. That plane could have been spun. That was provid. Of course, I don't blame Al."

"What about the other men who died?"

"Only two other pilots died—I don't know why it's been charged that four were killed. And the other two didn't die during the making of the picture at all! They died while transporting planes—their regular job."

"You can't hire seventy-five pilots for two years without expecting to have some of 'em injured or bumped off. Even air transport lines can't expect that!"

The fourth man whose death has been attributed to "Hell's Angels," incidentally, was Burton Skeene, a photographer with a weak heart. He might have died filming a love scene in "Daddy Long Legs" or anything else, is Hughes' contention.

AS for the four millions he spent on "Hell's Angels," Hughes is delighted that it's coming back to him.

"We'll make millions on it," he said.

"Why was it advertised as a sex picture?" he was asked. He got a bit peeved again.

"It wasn't," he said. "It doesn't have to depend on sex to put it over. It will get over on its air sequences."

"What about the Jean Harlow scenes?"

"I didn't try to make it sexy," he said. "I tried to make it realistic!" He rang for his secretary and got some reports on "sexy" advertising of other films by other companies. "We're not advertising like that," he said.

But in Los Angeles and Hollywood papers there did appear ads for "Hell's Angels" that showed Jean Harlow in her most Harlowish poses from the picture—and words of sex-appeal in the ad. "What about them?" Hughes was asked.

"Oh, in Hollywood, that was," he sneered.

"Yes, in Hollywood they did use some sexy advertising. But that was just for Hollywood appeal. Hollywood is the sexiest community in America, everybody knows. But no place else!"

"All right—what about 'Queer People'?"

"Well, what about it?" he wanted to know.

"You going to make it?"

"I didn't buy it for fun," he said.

"You going to stick to the book?" The interviewer remembered about one famous personality who, after reading "Queer People," cried all night because she recognized herself in one of the characters. She's a friend of Hughes. Other acquaintances of Hughes and Billie Dove appear, thinly disguised, in the book.

"I didn't buy it to be offensive," Hughes finally said, after thinking it all over. "I bought it because it was a good story, not because of what it said about my friends in Hollywood. The picture I make of it won't offend people. I'm going to make it the story of a news reporter who comes to Hollywood. I'll use some of the stuff in the book, naturally."

I DIDN'T buy it because of any reference in it to anybody I know. And in the picture, I won't present any character unfavorably in such a manner that they can be recognized in real life.

"However"—he laughed here—"I'll have to be careful if I let Lewis Milestone direct it. Milestone dislikes so many people in Hollywood that I'll have to watch him."

Milestone, who achieved undying fame with "All Quiet," is under contract to Hughes. He will direct "The Front Page," which will be made before "Queer People." After that,

# C

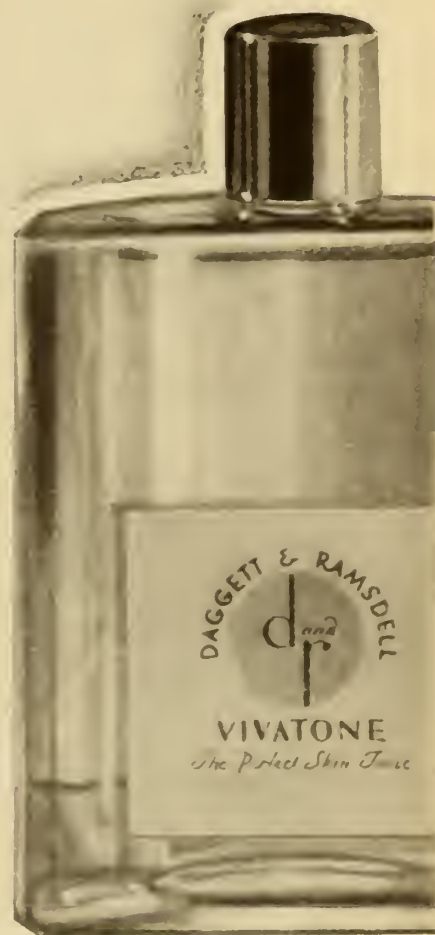
## loudy complexions turn fair and clear when stimulated with VIVATONE

FAIR and clearer is the forecast for skins kept in daily condition by Vivatone. This delightful amber liquid tonic and skin freshener is the newest member of a time-honored cosmetic family; a popular member, too, and a credit to the Daggett & Ramsdell name.

Tired-looking complexions respond in a twinkling to Vivatone's brisk stimulation. Skins clouded by lack of proper care lose their gray masks with Vivatone's quick cleansing action. It dries instantly—reducing large pores, firming the face, removing cream left on the skin after a massage, preventing excessive oiliness. Vivatone is applied with absorbent cotton which has first been dipped in cold water and squeezed dry.

To feel the tingle of Vivatone on your face just once will convert you to this refreshant permanently. It possesses the delicacy of eologne water; is one of those delightful refinements of the toilette that make a woman look and feel well-groomed. In its smart container, Vivatone is ornamental as a perfume bottle on your dressing table.

Vivatone is for sale in all leading drug and department stores at a price that is easily within the reach of the modern



woman's budget. And there is no better product at any price. Send the coupon below for a generous sized free sample.

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# How Much Should a Woman Stand from the Man She Loves?



**J**UST how much ill-temper, tight-fistedness and humiliation should a woman stand from the man she loves?

Dr. George A. Dorsey, the eminent scientist who told us "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," says in *February Cosmopolitan* that if young men and women put as much intelligence into choosing a mate as they do into choosing a college or a motor car there would be less martyrdom in marriage and fewer divorces.

In *February Cosmopolitan*, Louis Bromfield, brilliant novelist, will grip you with his complete story of a man's life which developed into "Tabloid News." You will be enthralled too by W. Somerset Maugham's story of thwarted love, "Virtue." Also there are Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, P. G. Wodehouse, and many other writers as brilliant.

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A CLASS MAGAZINE WITH 1,700,000 CIRCULATION

Hughes said, he will decide whether or not he will let Milestone make "Queer People."

"Will you yourself ever direct again?"

"No siree," he laughed. "'Hell's Angels' was enough!"

**H**ES a queer lad, this Hughes. Tall like a telegraph post—some six feet, two, and thin!

With all his big financial deals, he still looks, talks and acts like a bashful schoolboy.

And yet, he's the lad about whom the wildest million-dollar rumors fly. He was reported buying control of United Artists. But he changed his mind. He was also reported to be buying Warner Brothers' studio in Hollywood. "That's hoey," he said. But he does tell you, very frankly, that he's got big deals pending that will probably raise quite a bit of fuss in moviedom. With a hundred million, one can buy a lot of things besides aeroplanes and automobiles.

How did this lad ever get into movies?

"Well—I don't know whether you can understand—" he begins. He gropes for words.

"You see—my father founded that oil tool business."

It's the biggest of its kind. Its return is several millions a year in profits.

Hughes has no hand whatsoever in running it, although he's sole owner, by his father's will!

"That's my father's business. If I'd take over its management, no matter what I'd do, it'd still be my father's. I wanted to do something myself—on my own."

**S**O he left the running of the tool works in the hands of men who have been doing it so well for years. A few years ago, not knowing just what he wanted "to do for himself, on his own," he came out to Hollywood on a pleasure trip. He encountered Marshall Neilan, a friend of his father's.

"Neilan was having some trouble on a deal he was in," said Hughes, "and he asked me why I didn't come in on it."

So Hughes did—Hughes and some of his millions of dollars. They made a picture. It made money. "This," thought the young millionaire, "is a cinch and it's fun. I'll make a picture, too, myself."

So he did.

And the strangest part of it all is that he's making money at it!



You remember Theda Bara, first of the great vamps of motion pictures, and the ace in her field in her day. Well, this isn't Theda. It's her sister Lori, who has made good with a bang as a member of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer writing staff. Lori was in pictures, too, some time back

## A Million Dollars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

So that night Jimmy Macalister rented a Ford and took little Jessie Randolph to Redondo, and they had supper at Marley's for a dollar, danced at the Pavilion for a dime, and watched the ocean for nothing.

Jessie hated Redondo. She hated Marley's dollar dinners. She hated the hot, cheap crowd in the dime dance pavilion. But worse than Redondo or the dinner or the dance, she hated the consciousness of every dime and every dollar! It was like poison. And panic for fear the sand was spoiling her shoes! Having to be conscious not only, that they were sitting on the beach because Jimmy didn't have money enough to do anything else, but that if her one pair of shoes was spoiled—she was done for!

**B**UT the ocean rolling away—wide and far, was wonderful! She had never really watched it before, plunging against the break-water; racing up over the satin sand, and the magnet of its own depth drawing it mysteriously back again!

They sat in a cool little cove. Jimmy pulled her head down against his shoulder. The stars were so bright and low, they seemed to belong to the ocean instead of the sky! Scarlet buoy lights rode on the dark. The little foolish shadows of long-legged sand-pipers scurried along the shore running feverishly away from every wave rolling in, then following after it, just as feverishly to snatch the lost crabs left in the trail of the tide.

Jessie laughed at them, and sang a nursery song she'd forgotten all about—"Called out a bird upon the sand who thought he owned the sea, 'Oh serve me up the little fish, who all belong to me!'"

Jimmy said maybe they could go to The Blue Spot for supper the next night and get one of the Hollywood hamburgers trimmed with piccalilli and served in an oiled-paper petticoat. She meant to say no, and she meant to add that because he simply mustn't!

But as a matter of fact she looked way down the beach at the winking red and green lights of the toboggans at Venice and said nothing at all.

The next night he rented the Ford again, and they went to The Blue Spot and sat at the counter and had aristocratic hamburgers and cherry pie, and then rode for hours through the starry purple foot-hills and looked down at the scattered lights of Los Angeles, and picked out white candles of yucca blossoms on the hills, and breathed themselves full of the fragrance of orange groves. And Jimmy kissed her.

"You're wonderful!" he said.

**A**ND she knew she mustn't see him again. Simply must *not* let him kiss her again! And so, the next night, he kissed her twice instead of once, and she didn't know what to do, because she knew it was too late now to tell him he mustn't fall in love. And so every night for two weeks, she let him take her somewhere so she would have a chance to say good-bye forever!

And the moving-picture elect yawned behind its hand and said—"A gasp for Hollywood! Jessie Randolph was going to get a picture magnate and she's picked out a stage driver!"

And then, like a meteor flashing across the sky, came Alec Haskel!

One day nobody had ever heard about him. The next day nobody heard about anything *else!* With foreign cars and London clothes and the activities of hastily assembled gardeners, cooks, and various other household servants getting ready the most imposing estate on the most exclusive drive of Beverly Hills; there, suddenly, was Alec Haskel!

He had put several of his millions, it seemed, into a company to manufacture pictures. He

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# COLLEGE INN TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL



had arrived, it seemed, to establish a picture company to startle the world! He was thirty-five or forty, good-looking enough to be interesting, wore a little waxed mustache and a gardenia, knew exactly the right thing to do at exactly the right time, laughed charmingly, talked smoothly, danced divinely; was a little too boastful, perhaps, but that was conceded pardonable, since he was altogether the most spectacular figure Hollywood had yet entertained!

AND when he had been there less than one week, Mr. Cecil De Mille introduced him to little Jessie Randolph. And, as fast as it is possible for human senses to record the message of human sight, Alec Haskel knew she was something he wanted.

He promptly arranged a supper party for two. Jessie with a flood of pink rushing into her cheeks said it would be delightful, and hurried home to put a new satin lining in her evening coat and to dip her white chiffon dress and white slippers in pink, and to let Jimmy know she wouldn't be able to see him that night.

Mr. Haskel was surprised and quietly amused at Jessie's quaint idea about declining to use a million unless she married it. He fastened a diamond and emerald bracelet on her arm and lifted her fingers to his lips.

"You could make me very happy," he told her, watching her steadily, "and I could do a lot for you."

He was very attentive, very generous.

They sat at the fountain table, the most expensive table in the room. They were served the most expensive food in the room. Everyone watched them. The waiters, bending over their places like dolls that had been wound up to do just so, concerned themselves extravagantly with details that ordinarily would have been too insignificant to notice!

And little Jessie Randolph knew she had caught her million!

The next day she spent the lunch hour on location with Jimmy. They sat on the deck of an ocean liner in the shade of a eucalyptus tree and she tried to be a little distant, as though those nights in the starlight had never been. She tried to tell him about Alec Haskel, tried to make him know what she meant! It was ridiculous that she couldn't state exactly how things were—but she couldn't!

In fact the best she could seem to do in the way of never seeing him again was to tell him she'd meet him for supper at The Blue Spot at seven.

"This is the last time," she told herself that night, as they danced for a dime with the cheap crowd at Redondo!

"The last time!" she told herself when, at midnight, they crossed the flagstones of Canary Court to the tiny house that was her parlor, bedroom and bath. He brushed her hair back from her forehead awkwardly, and looked down at her there on the little doorstep.

"You're wonderful!" he said, his eyes full of love for her.

SHE hadn't intended it should be this way at all; she hadn't intended it should be hard to tell him that this would be their last time together, but it was hard to tell him. In fact she didn't! She just let him go away without knowing it—

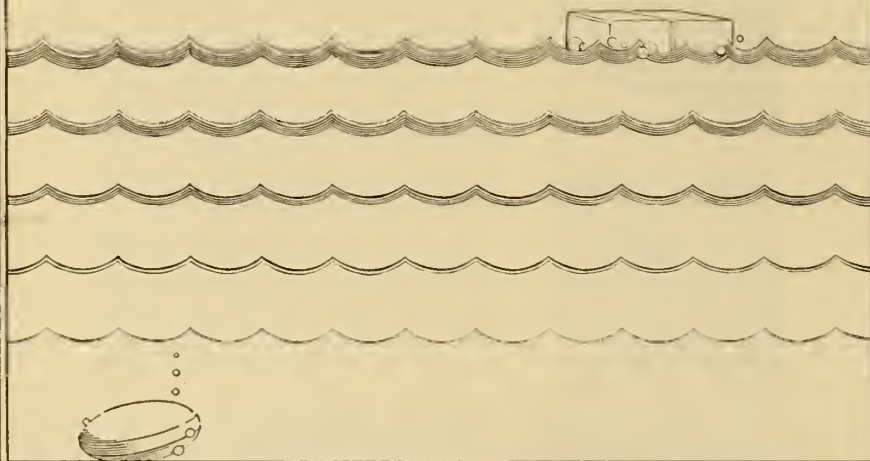
And Hollywood's little furor became Jessie Randolph and Alec Haskel. And the moving picture elect lifted its eyebrows and said "Another gasp! Jessie Randolph got her million."

Alec sent her sensational gowns and jewels. Wherever he took her, he made her the envy of every other woman, and made himself the envy of every other man! She had been beautiful before, but against the background made for her by Alec Haskel she was a dream! Brilliant! Captivating!

From twelve till seven every day he talked the Wall Street language of stock and finance with the business figures of pictures. From seven till twelve he devoted himself to Jessie. For one month. And then—he asked her to

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marry him. Riding down the beautiful miles from Palos Verdes one night, he drew her close to him and asked her if she would be his wife.

"Of course," she said. She slipped her arms up around his shoulders. "You've been very sweet to me, Alec."

"Plan a wedding as large as you like, dear," he said. "We must invite everyone of importance. Spend as much as you wish. Money is no consideration. You are marrying the most influential man in the film business, my dear!"

And that night he wrote his lawyer in New York that he had managed an angle for the best publicity of all!

"Selling yourself here," he wrote, "is a business. It must be built on one sensation after another. The wedding will get everybody's attention. It is the best investment I could possibly make. And by good luck, the bride is pretty!"

JESSIE hadn't seen Jimmy Macalister since the last night they had danced at Redondo. She had intended *that*, of course, to be their last time together. And it might have been. She need not have seen him again. But what she did, the day after she became engaged to Alec Haskel, was to get a part on Lasky location. Fifteen hours straining work under staring lights,—for the chance to find Jimmy.

"Gee," he said, "I'm glad to see you, honey!"

He didn't say anything about Alec Haskel. Nor the ways in which Alec Haskel had made Jessie sensational. He only said—"Do you want to have supper with me tonight at 'The Magnificent'?"

They had nicknamed a little restaurant "The Magnificent" because it wasn't.

They had supper on a red checkered tablecloth across the aisle from a man who filled his soup with crackers and left his spoon in his coffee cup.

Jessie laughed, a little too gaily. Jimmy was a little too conscious of his hands, stained with grease that wouldn't scrub out. They walked back to Canary Court, down Sunset Boulevard. He went in with her, across the flagstones; all the little houses dark; the court hushed and empty. A mocking bird sang somewhere; a harsh, single strident note. The air was sweet with damp tiger lilies. Jimmy brought a key out of his pocket.

"Here's something I got for you," he said. "It belongs to a bungalow. I was going to ask if you wanted it—I was going to say couldn't we get married. But I guess I didn't have any business thinking about it. I know you ought to have the kind of things I couldn't give you. I don't blame you, honey. I think I'll have some money some day myself, but maybe I won't. Anyway, I couldn't ask you to wait for it. But I'll always wish I could have had you!" His voice caught in his throat—"I'll always love you!"

Suddenly she was in his arms.

"I LOVE you, too, Jimmy," she was saying, in a little panic like the sand-pipers running from the tide sweeping toward them—"I've been so happy with you—playing like a couple of kids—and we could go on and pretend we were happy, but we'd be skimping and struggling and you'd be doing without things for me, and I'd be doing without things for you, and we'd have to count and scheme till we'd hate each other."

She clung to him, her cheeks wet with quick hot tears.

"Alec wants me to marry him. He'll give me everything I always wanted. It's like I had a fever I couldn't help—the fever of wanting everything! I'd only make you miserable, Jimmy."

"Don't cry, honey," he said. "I know what you mean."

She clung to him.

"But I want you to love me, Jimmy."

"Yes. I love you," he said. "I hope you'll be happy, sweetheart."

"I love you too," she whispered—"I hope you'll be happy, too—"

She went into her little house. In the circle



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of amber light, on the table, was an open box; a nest of fern leaves in which lay the great, double violets Alec sent every night for "Good-night."

She heard Jimmy going away—his footsteps on the flagstones. She ran to the door and watched his shadow down the street, past the light on the corner—

IF ever there have been the fantastic impossible yesterdays and tomorrows of Arabian Nights, they are in Hollywood! The sun goes down on one extravaganza, never knows on what other one it will rise!

But *everywhere*, five years pass, and ten and fifteen, faster than our realization can travel with them! We all are only sand-pipers racing frantically after the last track of a receding tide!

So the time passed in which young Jimmy Macalister had gambled on the movies making something of Hollywood. And that little patch of miles between the mountains and sea of California awoke one day to find itself one of the great and glamorous cities of the world! A little patch of miles where had come into being what was probably the most amazing industry time had ever known! Colored villas hanging on the hills! Palaces such as *King's* had never seen! Wide white roads taking the mountains to the sea! Mansions! Sky-scrapers! A riot of progress!

And on the dumping ground once owned by Mr. James Macalister, the buildings of a billion dollar studio!

And, like an artist's painting, on a high hill where the yuccas bloomed, were the drives, mansion and gardens of Mr. James Macalister's estate. Blue lake and drifting swans. Scarlet roses and white magnolias. Galleries shaded from the sun. Servants moving quietly.

Mr. James Macalister was not a bachelor. Young Mr. and Mrs. Macalister were exceed-

ingly popular. Not vulgarly rich. Just enviably happy. Always together. The motion picture *Elite* lifted supercilious shoulders. Another gasp for Hollywood! A husband and wife in love!

"Jimmy dear," said Mrs. Macalister one sunny January morning of nineteen hundred and thirty-one, "don't you think it would be fun to have a fireplace built in the garden for chilly evenings—a great big, old fireplace where we could cook beefsteak?"

She kissed him on the top of his head, a little spot growing suspiciously near to bald.

"All right" he said. "Let's go down town to Duffins and ask about it." Duffins was the landscape gardener who took care of their estate. "Let's take the roadster. I feel like driving a car myself this morning!"

BEVERLY BOULEVARD into town. Blue sky. A load of sunshine!

"Darling," she said, "whom do you think I saw yesterday? Alec Haskel and the girl he married. You remember the girl Alec Haskel married, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," Jimmy Macalister said. "Where did you see them?"

"At Estelle Taylor's tea," she told him. "Estelle invites everybody she's sorry for. I could have cried for Alec Haskel and his little wife. She was so pretty when he married her. And so thrilled! And she's so drab now—and so kind of wistful! And Alec, so shabby, and his everlasting pretense so pitiful! She's plodding around trying to get work at the studios. It's all they have to live on. And it must be so hard for her to find it, because everybody's forgotten her. And Alec is still talking Wall Street, with nobody listening. Jimmy, I asked them to dinner. I hope you won't mind. Her eyes were so tragic—and so beaten!"

"No, I don't mind, sweet," Jimmy Mac-

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What, another Garbo? This is Tala Birrell, a Roumanian beauty who played *Mona* in the German version of "The Boudoir Diplomat." She doesn't speak much English, and unless we see her in foreign versions we aren't apt to get a look at the girl for quite a while.



alister said. "I'm glad you asked them. When I think of little wives who haven't very much, I always think of when *we* didn't have very much and you had to hunt for the places to buy cheap vegetables. And you washed the clothes and scrubbed the floors and turned my cuffs and stood on a table and painted the kitchen! Those were tough days for you, sweetheart. You were wonderful!"

She looked at him adoringly.

"They weren't tough," she said, "because we loved each other." Her left hand with its diamond-circled finger closed around his arm.

"But *darling*," she said, "just think if I hadn't called you back that night in—what was the name of it—Canary Court!"

## Seven Boys "On the Western Front"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

He sniffed huge Barrymore stiffs and "Alas, poor Yoricked" all over the trenches. Then one day they placed a large bundle of dynamite in the ground. "You are to run, Walter," they told him, "and fall just a few short feet to the side. Turn your face away. You can do it?" they asked. "I'll do it," he said. He took his place. The others watched tensely. The signal was given.

He ran and fell. Just a few feet to the right the earth tore and thundered.

He lay still a terrific minute and then went through his scene.

Walter has lost his complex. He jokes about it now.

OWEN DAVIS, JR. (*Peter*), was a jolly, easy-going kind of kid.

The boy with the "smiling pan" they called him. Life was something to smile through with Owen.

They watched it go, that smile. A little at a time.

Lew Ayres, the never-to-be-forgotten *Paul* of the picture, sat across the table and looked into space. "I never could say what I felt about things very well," he finally said, "but since I finished that picture everything seems locked up tighter than ever.

"I can't seem glad, or sad, or anything. Wonderful things happen, lucky breaks, and I just can't even seem glad.

"Can you beat that? I am glad—don't misunderstand. Glad and grateful, but I just can't show it. I felt that thing so keenly. We went into that picture a group of average, wise-cracking fellows. We didn't come out that way, I can tell you.

"After all, I was another fellow for six months. I wore *Paul's* uniform. I lived with his friends. I just *became* him somehow. Lew Ayres was someone I'd known back in the past. I was *Paul*.

"We'd work all day. Often all night. Dog-tired, we'd creep back to the little hotel to snatch a wink of sleep between scenes.

"Often we were too fagged out to drag down to eat.

"Seven fellows of us lived like this together. Tired, scared sometimes, and hungry. That's what made it so real. That's why everyone of us felt we were actually living the thing. We were those German fellows back there in the war.

"We were often soul sick and heart sick for them. No wonder you think we're a bit different."

AT the very end, those seven boys marched by in spirit with one long backward glance. Could they have been looking back at the care-free youth lost back there on a location battlefield?

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## Does Wickedness Pay?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Lowell adroitly seduced the *spirituelle* Lillian Gish. In subsequent films he has been (1) a charming drunkard, (2) a dissipated prince, (3) a decadent adventurer, (4) a bestial king, (5) a besotted king, (6) a frivolous king, (7) a superior gigolo, (8) a philandering author, (9) a wise-cracking master crook, (10) *et cetera*.

He flirts with every pretty girl in sight, wanders boredly in and out of boudoirs, breaks up homes, steals wives, and makes a general disgrace of himself. An idler, a dissolute rounder, a cad, a male butterfly, a tailor's dummy, a cheap blackguard, he stands for everything we profess to find revolting in a man.

And he gets four times as much fan mail as do the virtuous heroes of the pictures in which he is the despicable villain!

IS this, then, the kind of man American women secretly admire? But—and this is a strange thing indeed—even more men write to him than women! So our tired business men all wish, way down deep inside, that they might loll and philander their way through life? So every stern captain of industry secretly wants to spend his days choosing shirts and socks and his evenings being pursued by beautiful women who offer their hearts for him to break with a yawn? (But, oh, how graceful a yawn!) Strange are the revelations of fan mail!

Lowell has been called the wittiest man in Hollywood. What he has is not so much a sense of humor as a sense of the ridiculous. Once a producer gave a company on the set a sharp scolding for being uneconomical, and two seconds later Lowell was doing a burlesque of it—pacing the floor, tearing his hair, threatening to quit his job instantly because the property boy was using full-strength insecticide to kill flies instead of thriftily diluting it.

Lowell literally cannot give you a straight answer to a question. Everything he says, he gives an original twist. When he was directing a picture for the first time, something went wrong with a scene, and it had to be re-taken half a dozen times. Constance Bennett was watching from the sidelines, with her friend the Marquis, Gloria's Ex.

Lowell came over to them, mopping his fore-

head and rolling his eyes towards the roof of the sound-stage. Anyone else would have said simply, "If we do it right this time I'll be thankful," or "If we do it right this time I'll be tickled to death." Lowell didn't. He said: "If we do it right this time I'll say three *Ave Marias* in Yiddish!"

His humor ranges from rank slapstick to the most delicate exaggeration. A magazine writer ran into him once on the Boulevard on a sweltering summer day, when he was wearing a golf sweater.

"You must be simply roasting in that sweater!" she exclaimed. Lowell sighed, and replied in a voice barely more than a whisper, "Oh, no, it's quite porous!"

But, to use a trite phrase, it isn't what he says but the way he says it. Early one morning, a few days ago, a factory in downtown Los Angeles blew up.

That noon at lunch in Radio Pictures restaurant the waitress asked Lowell if he had heard the explosion.

"What time was it?" he asked.

"Seven o'clock."

"Oh, no," said Lowell. "I was eating toast then."

IN "The Royal Bed," the picture he has most lately directed, he again plays the part of a king. The kingdom is in danger of revolution, with thousands massing on the streets under the red flag. The army has been called out, the queen is in hysterics, the diplomats are racking their brains, the throne is in danger. Lowell saunters aimlessly into the castle.

"I've been down to the royal zoo looking at the penguins," he announces. "I love to watch them walk. They walk just like human beings!"

Try to tell where Lowell Sherman, man, leaves off, and Lowell Sherman, actor, begins!

As a director he is all-fired clever. He is one of the best actors in Hollywood. He is deft, breezy, gay, easy. He is probably the one real sophisticate of the screen. His steadily increasing popularity lies not so much in the rôles he plays, but in the consummate charm with which he plays them.

Charm?

Charm and double charm!

## The Tomboy of the Talkies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

performance has already begun. Yet her evening wrap of white ermine, seldom worn but often patted with loving fingers, is the equal of any in Hollywood, and sets off the flaming hair to perfection.

Once found her storming and half in tears because the scales registered the gain of an extra pound, and diffidently hazarded an opinion that in consideration of the type of rôles she plays anyway, her fans might find her even the funnier with a figure a little less slender. Her answer was significant, and heartfelt.

"The heck with pictures!" she flamed. "I want to look good on the street."

Three husbands swore to love, cherish and protect her, and failed. She doesn't speak of them often. In fact, it was only by reading an interview in a foreign magazine that her closest friends learned that the last venture, too, had ended. "Put them all in a gunny sack, shake 'em together, and you couldn't make one real man out of the three," she once said, and was sorry immediately afterward, after her fashion of saying things and then regretting it.

She doesn't think she'll try again . . . but

she's warm-hearted, sympathetic, and lonely. A dangerous combination.

Her home, in Beverly Hills, is another surprise to the person who thinks he already has Winnie Lightner catalogued. Done in the Spanish style, and furnished lavishly in dark reds, it is nevertheless a tasteful place, and endowed with a heavenly quiet.

Like another red-head who is so much in the public eye, Winnie's intimates are few, and almost never chosen from those of her own fame. A director, perhaps, a few song writers and musicians, and the rest of the guests at one of her parties may all be extras, friends made while at work with them on a picture.

WORLDLY goods don't count with Winnie, nor fame—but true understanding, disinterested sympathy, some streak of wild gaiety that they have in common—these are the bonds that admit one to friendship with Winnie Lightner. If she likes you, the world is yours. If not, she stays out of your way.

Sometimes she emerges from weeks of seclusion, especially the order while working, and gives a party. That over, Winnie Lightner

again becomes the restless soul, always seeking something she cannot find.

"I want to go somewhere. I want to go somewhere. Honolulu? Yes! No, New York!"

Over and over, she paces the floor in luxurious pajamas, like a caged tawny cat. And then, "Nana, bring me a towel!" And Winnie may be found standing knee deep, regardless of pajamas, in the baby's miniature swimming pool in the back yard, kicking the water, laughing, pushing feebly at the giant St. Bernard, Bim, who lumbers over to join the fun. The blues are forgotten, for the moment.

**T**HE softest spot in Winnie Lightner's heart is for crippled children, and in that is wrapped up her great ambition. Years ago, in the poverty-stricken days she now hates to recall, a little niece became the victim of infantile paralysis.

"I held her in my arms. Almost before my very eyes I watched her become a cripple," Winnie will tell you. "There was so little we could do. We had no money, and charity doctors are so undependable. That's why," her eyes kindle, "some day, I'm going to have a children's hospital of my very own. Yes, as soon as I get the money, I'm going to build a hospital with room for fifty children and as many doctors as they need to care for them properly."

That hospital, still nothing more than a dream, is Winnie's life just now. Her baby, safe in the care of his nurse and the colored cook who bakes such luscious-smelling cookies every day that the entire neighborhood envies, is too small yet to be a satisfactory companion.

**H**ER work, into which she puts her whole heart at the time, is not a thing that she can take home with her. In fact, each picture usually brings several more weeks of vacation, since Winnie is one of the fortunates who make but a specified number each year.

And so, each day, Winnie Lightner goes on, a very gallant lady, making whoopee for the enjoyment of millions who may never see her in person.

Sometimes it's forced, sometimes it's real—but the real bravery of the comedienne lies in the fact that no one is allowed to know which is which!

# CHOOSE

your **ROUGE SHADES**  
this new, fascinating way. Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume.

**Catch the spirit**, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The natural color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

## WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You

**PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE** a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible.



The camera caught Loretta Young—star of First National pictures—choosing Princess Pat English Tint to harmonize with a girlish frock of light yellow.

couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

## Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summertan*. For evening wear, use Princess Pat *Nite*. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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William J. Burns, the noted investigator, who is now devising and appearing in a series of shorts for Educational. They illustrate intricate criminal cases and their solutions from his long career

# Painting Paris Pink

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

in Paris talking about weight lifting! Imagine. Paris to right and left of you, cock-eyed and thundering—and a large man sits and talks an evening away all about weight lifting!

The Neils enjoyed Paris. They took the touring business seriously.

Guide book, diary, pencil and camera—they didn't miss a thing.

They saw Fontainebleau, the Louvre, Gobelins, the Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's coffin, the tomb of the unknown soldier, and each learned six words of French, including Rue de la Paix.

"It was wonderful," gasped Neil. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world. But I am glad the whole trip is over. All the time I kept going back to my house, and thinking of it, especially my garden."

considered indestructible—the Bancroftian appetite.

Then there was the episode of the nickel punching machine.

You dropped your *pfennigs* and you took a sock.

A local cauliflower dared George swing on it. But Von Sternberg (yes he was there) forbade it.

What a night!

Double disappointment. First food, then fisticuffs.

IT'S the men who get lonely in Paris. The women love it all. However late they may have retired they are up and out when the clock pings ten.

Paris is a girl's own home.

It's heartbreak house without sous, but with a beaded bag full of tokens, oh Emily! Even if they remain at home, they can buy. Little women who spik English razzer well tap lightly on hotel doors and open cases full of the hand-made, the home-spun and the fizzily-dazzling glories of what underwear can become in the hands of a gyp artist.

BANCROFT'S visit to Berlin was full of chagrin. It was there he took his now famous tour of the underworld. Sitting around, watching all the cheap German crooks eating frankfurters and drinking beer, gave George a big appetite and he ordered as a starter pickles. It was a bad guess. The sight of those things that once were cucumbers destroyed what had been



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### LUCKY TIGER



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# NOW! Impart Color to Gray Hair

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KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair

There are about twenty of these peddlers of magic nighties, stepins and the rest. Norma Talmadge has one and whispers her name to Natalie on condition that she doesn't tell anybody else. Marion Davies has three, not to mention a fairy cobbler and a man who makes beaded bags. Corinne Griffith has another. Phyllis Haver had one. But do they swap secrets? They don't. Still, one is about the equal of the next. And often, if they but knew it, one woman is supplying them all.

Sleepy husbands grumble as their spouses light out for the big clothes fair. And no wonder. Such excursions mean never anything less than a couple of grand. At the doors of the dress shops they are greeted by everything except a brass band.

Said the owl at Jean Patou: Mary Pickford looks like a little girl, no matter what she puts on. And charming.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT likes her things simple, straight. That is, her afternoon and morning frocks. But for evening anything—practically anything to achieve an effect. Red fire bells, anything!

Dolores del Rio prefers Patou, too. She is such a sparkling creature, her good taste will not permit her to wear anything but the simplest.

Marion Davies knows her Paris—she goes around like a whirlwind. She knows what she wants. Her sports things she gets at Madame Schiaparelli's. Her evening gowns at Patou. And then a little thing or two at Vionnet. You have to have a certain figure to wear Vionnet. But when she got home Marion said French clothes are not so hot. Said she did better in England.

Corinne Griffith used to like the Lanvin models but her friend who was head saleswoman there went over to Chanel—so what could a poor girl do? Corinne moved her trade to Chanel.

Pola Negri clings to glitter. Her clothes are all spiky. The *couturiers* don't like her. She has lived in Paris too long. She has learned the Frenchwoman's ways of insisting on perfection. Also adopted her privilege of rejecting all but hundred per cent jobs. Pola has sold her *chateau* and lives between her hotel apartment and Neuilly.

At Deauville Dorothy Mackaill cut a deadly swath with her bathing suits. The Keatons ran into her on the beach. She met everybody on the beach. She must have got them in Hollywood because no one remembers seeing her in Paris—for there she would have been obliged to wear street clothes.

**W**HILE the women shop, the men hang around bored, at their wits' ends for an occupation. When the girls aren't shopping, they go to Antoinet's for a hundred dollars' worth of hairdressing. Or to those magic beauty parlors. How the French can give a Swedish massage is something to cable about! The ambitious ones try to kill time—the early days—by studying French. In most cases this spurt of energy disappears after one verbal clinch with a bellhop. Then they try sight-seeing.

Finally, they settle down to café sitting or bar browsing. Having nothing to do is, for a time, and in a town like Paris, the best education in the world. It's boring but it gives the not too cocky individual a happy outlook and tumbles him into a good-natured love for the whole world. The men shop, too. They stock up with neckties the first week in Paris. And shirts, socks, and gadgets.

Buster Keaton, for example, yearned all his life to see a real bull fight. Last summer he had his wish. He told Charlie King all about it the day he found him in Paris. The pair are great pals anywhere; in France they were inseparable. Buster had been back in Paris only a few days when he learned that Charlie had checked in at the same hotel after a series of personal appearances in Holland.

Charlie was due to make another that night at the Madeleine Theater. He did not know Buster was in town. He had been travelling

the generous host spent . . . \$28

she ruined her GOWN . . . \$69



He took her to dinner and the theatre . . . she was flattered to death to go. She wore the best stitch she had . . . and looked lovely!

But during the evening she perspired under the arms . . . and her best gown was ruined—stained and faded by the acids of perspiration . . . to say nothing of the offense that this perspiration odor gave to her escort.

Oh well, and a-lack-a-day! There are plenty of good men in the world . . . but good dresses are hard to find. A really smart girl would have used Odorono . . . and saved herself such troubles. And *about* Odorono—

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with his wife, his sister-in-law, two children and a nurse. He was rehearsing for the song he was to sing at the theater when someone tapped on the door and a bellhop announced that there was a reporter to see him.

"Not now," said Mr. King, "later maybe." The bellhop persisted. A fifty franc note helps a lot to make a bellhop persistent. "Any time, later on, not today," waved Charlie. Still the bellhop determined to earn his money. It was very important. "No, no! Oh, all right." And in walked Buster. Whee!

REHEARSAL be damned. Where's my hat? Out the door, down the stairs, across the street, into Claridge's bar!

Soon they were joined by wife Natalie, Mrs. King and her sister, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge. It was quite a party.

Natalie and Norma and he had gone first to Biarritz. They ran into the Torrences, Powell and Colman at the Casino. Menjou too. And Billie Dove. Harry Pilcer was knocking them cold as headliner. They liked the swimming on the big beach. But too much dog. And didn't those hotels take you for a ride? One week in Biarritz—bill two thousand of Uncle Sam's bucks. Believe it or not.

Then down a way. San Sebastian, Spain. Fine beach there, too. Great swimming. You could play baseball on the beach. Buster loves baseball. He would much rather have been a major league ball player than a star. He would have too, had not fate . . .

Al Jolson didn't make the effort. This fellow with the big berth personality is scared albino of new audiences. He had a hundred offers to appear in London and refused them all because he was scared.

Irv Marks, the Selwyn man in Paris, took Al to London in an airplane the last time he was there. It was Jolson's first flight and he was appropriately nervous. But this wore off after a while and at length his nerve came back altogether.

"What's this all about—is this all there is to it?" he shouted, bouncing in his seat. "Why don't they do some tricks, loop the loop, or make a nose dive?"

"The Singing Fool" was being shown at one of the theaters. Aland Irv sat in the back shadows *incognito* watching the audience. They were knocked cold. Al clutched the arm of his companion.

"They're nice people," he whispered. "I like them. I think I could play here."

So Irv slipped back and came with the manager. And Al impromptu gave the astonished and delighted audience a song—in person.

Marie Dressler lingered only a few days in Paris. She took in a few galleries and bought some clothes, teated and dined with some old acquaintances and then went on to Vienna where the Fritz Kreislers were expecting her.

The town of *schnitzels*, waltzes and dreams is home to her. That's where her old friends live. But her best ones are the Kreislers and Princess Windischgractz, niece of the former Emperor Franz Josef. They knocked around together a lot, the four of them.

EVERY once in a while Marie wakes up and pinches herself hard. She doesn't believe her good luck yet—this rocket-rise of hers from the ashes of her silent film career to this rosy phoenix present.

Eric Von Stroheim, born and bred in Austria, revisited his native country for the first time since the war—and was miserable. He went there to see relatives. He had expected naturally to behold a change but not quite the thing that met his eyes.

The change in the city almost broke his heart. A high stepper among towns, a delicious captivating rogue among the capitals of the world—now a down at the heel crone living in turmoil and decrepitude.

Eric didn't stay long. While the stars find it a little hard to collect a



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great deal of continental polish in a couple of months, still, what they do get helps a lot and serves as a beginning to further investigation and voyages.

The biggest thing they get from Europe is deflation of the ego and the realization that being a great big celluloid hero isn't the only thing in life.

## Why Leslie Fenton Came Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"I had to have some money," was his unhesitating answer.

"But that was just what you said you didn't want. That's why you left in the first place."

"But I was flat broke. I'm just back to make enough money to go away again."

I heaved a sigh of relief.

"You see," he went on, "every minute of that trip was grand. I went everywhere I wanted to go when I wanted to go. Then, suddenly, I found that I was broke. I wired an editor in London (I'd been doing some stories for him) and a friend of mine in Germany.

"Both of them came through in fine style and I had enough for four more months of freedom and a ticket home.

"Then I caught my boat and came back. Hollywood, you see, is like a bank to me. It is a place to go and get money. I'll stay here not a minute more than two years—perhaps less.

"Then I'm gone again. For, you see, I don't want any of the things that actors have.

"I want none of their elaborate households, none of their worries, none of the social system that has sprung up in Hollywood, none of their ambitions.

"And because I know that I'm here for such a little time I can be happy while I'm here. I can even be happy in the studios, for I'm an actor by trade. No matter how bad a part is, I do it with everything I have. If it is a good part, something in which I really believe, then I give till it hurts.

"I know what Hollywood does to people. I've watched it too often. It is, therefore, a place for me to make enough money to live in the only way I can live. I'll play my rôles as well as I know how. But I won't live the life of the average Hollywood actor."

HIS is the face of an idealist. His eyes are the eyes of a man who knows life. Shams don't fool Les. He not only knows himself, he knows others as well.

Although he feels himself a part of the acting profession, I think of him as a writer instead. He has had several articles and stories published in popular magazines.

I feel better since I've talked to Leslie Fenton. I'm glad he's not back forever. I'm glad he's putting out to sea when he gets enough money. "I'm going the other way 'round the world this time," he says.

Of course you might say that he is just using Hollywood. Yet that's what all of them are doing in one way or another. And while he uses the town as a bank, a place to go and draw out enough money upon which to live gloriously, he is yet giving value received. He plays his parts upon the screen to the very best of his ability. You remember him in "Paris Bound," "The Office Scandal," "The Dangerous Woman," "Broadway" and others. You remember him as a fine actor.

Well, you'll be seeing him again on the screen—for two years—maybe. And after that, no doubt, he'll sail away again.

Leslie Fenton is back. But he is still the romantically mad Leslie Fenton who thumbed his nose at producers who offered him a sane and prosperous life.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

★ **ROMANCE—M-G-M.**—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (Aug.)

**ROUGH WATERS—Warners.**—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

**SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.**—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

**SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Paramount.**—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

**SCARLET PAGES—First National.**—Elsie Ferguson's talkie debut, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

**SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.**—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

**SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.**—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (Aug.)

**SEA GOD, THE—Paramount.**—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

**SEA LEGS—Paramount.**—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE—Fox.**—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

**SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.**—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

**SHADOW RANCH—Columbia.**—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany.**—An hourful of guifaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compton's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

**SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures.**—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (Aug.)

**SHOOTING STRAIGHT—Radio Pictures.**—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (Sept.)

**SILVER HORDE, THE—Radio Pictures.**—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

**SINNERS' HOLIDAY—Warners.**—(Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

**SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.**—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY—Pathe.**—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

**SISTERS—Columbia.**—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

**SIT TIGHT—Warners.**—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

**SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.**—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

**SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.**—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (Aug.)

**SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.**—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

**SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.**—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

**SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.**—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (Aug.)

**SOUP TO NUTS—Fox.**—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE—Paramount.**—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

**SPURS—Universal.**—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

**SQUEALER, THE—Columbia.**—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

**STEEL HIGHWAY, THE—Warners.**—Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

**STORM, THE—Universal.**—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

**STORM OVER ASIA—Amkino.**—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (Nov.)

★ **SUNNY—First National.**—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

**SUSPENSE—British International.**—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.**—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS—Warners.**—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia.**—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

**SWEET MAMA—First National.**—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

**TEMPTATION—Columbia.**—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Willis Kent Production.**—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

**THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.**—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

**THOROUGHbred, THE—Tiffany Productions.**—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

**THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—M-G-M.**—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny lodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)

**THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.**—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

**THREE FACES EAST—Warners.**—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (Aug.)

**TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.**—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (Aug.)

**TODAY—Majestic.**—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID—Columbia.**—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)



★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitz Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

**TOO YOUNG TO MARRY**—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

**TOP SPEED**—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (Aug.)

**TRIGGER TRICKS**—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (Aug.)

**TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH**—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

**UNDER SUSPICION**—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, in live voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (Aug.)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

**VIENNESE NIGHTS**—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

**WAR NURSE**—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Guesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

**WAY OF ALL MEN, THE**—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

**WAY OUT WEST**—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (Aug.)

**WHAT A WIDOW!**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light fare. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

**WHAT MEN WANT**—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

**WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE**—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

**WILD COMPANY**—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (Aug.)

**WINGS OF ADVENTURE**—Tiffany Productions.—Armda saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to see Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (Aug.)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)**—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)



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*Pauline, Zella Sears; Liane, Karen Marley; Gaby, Gwen Lee; Jowet, Paul McAllister, Gwanni, Arthur Hoyt; Haland, Richard Tucker.*

"JUST LIKE HEAVEN"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story and screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by R. William N. Hill. The cast: *Mina, Anita Louisa, Tobey, David Newell, Fita, Vola D'Avril; Joan, Gordon Gray, Michael, Thomas Jefferson; Mme. Fougard, Mathildeumont, M. Loharlie, Albert Rocard, Pierre, Torben Meyer, Dulu, Emil Chantard.*

"MADONNA OF THE STREETS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "The Ragged Dancer" by W. B. Maxwell. Continuity by Jo Swirling. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Mary Evelyn Brent; Morton, Robert Ames, Stampaloon, Ivan Linow; Marion, Josephine Dunn, Clark, J. Edward Davis; Hank, Zack Williams, Kamley, Ed Brody; Kinsey, Richard Tucker.*

"MIF WITHOUT A LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Law Seiler. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Black Healy, Buck Jones; Tom Healy, Tommy Larr; Murdoch, Harry Woods; Sheri Jim, Fred Burr; Deputy Sheri, Sid Saylor; Juanita, Carmelita Gougherty; Mrs. Healy, Lydia Knott; Senor Del Rey, Hector Sarno.*

"ONLY SAPS WALK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Percy Heath, Sam Mintz and Joseph Mankiewicz. Directed by Cyril Gardner and Edwin Knott. The cast: *James H. Wilson, Leon Errol; Larry Payne, Richard Arlen; Barbara Tanner, Mary Brian; Oscar, Stuart Erwin; Horace Balthusen, Anderson Lawler; Simeon Tanner, Charlie Grapewin.*

"PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE"—SYNDICATE.—From the story by Harry Webb and Carl Krusada. Directed by Harry Webb. The cast: *The Phantom, Starlight, Jack Saunders, Jack Perrin; Mary I an Horn, Eva Novak; Colonel Van Horn, Josef Swickard; Dan Denton, Edward Farle; Nora, Lila Eccles; Benny, Benny Corbett; Steve, Robert Walker.*

"PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Charlie Peters, Charles Farrell; Princess Louise, Maureen O'Sullivan; Prince Conrad XXI of Danitzia, H. B. Warner; Merkl, Joseph Cawthorne; Albert Bowers, Bert Roach; Baron Von Kemper, Lucien Prival; Lord Worthing, Murray Kinnell; Miss Eden, Louise Closser Hale; Polzi, Arnold Lucy.*

"REACHING FOR THE MOON"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Additional dialogue by Elsie Janis. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Larry Day, Douglas Fairbanks; Fician Benton, Bebe Daniels; Rogers, Edward Everett Horton; Jim Carrington, Jack Mullah; Sir Horace Partington Chelmford, Claud Allister; James Benton, Walter Walker; Katy, June MacCloy; Secretary, Helen Jerome Eddy.*

"REDUCING"—M-G-M.—From the story by Willard Mack and Beatrice Bayard. Continuity by Robert E. Hopkins and Zella Sears. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Marie Truffie, Marie Dressler; Polly Rochay, Polly Moran; Favian Truffie, Anita Page; Johnnie Beasley, Buster Collier, Jr.; Elmer Truffie, Lucien Littlefield; Joyce Rochay, Sally Eilers; Tommy Haverly, William Bakewell; Jerry Truffie, Billy Naylor; Marty Truffie, Jay Ward.*

"RIGHT TO LOVE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—

From the story "BROOK EVANS" by Susan Glasspell. Scenario by Zoe Akin. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Naomi Kellogg, Ruth Chatterton; Brook Evans, Ruth Chatterton, Irl, Paul Lukas; Joe Copeland, David Manner; Tony, George Baxter; Caleb Evans, Irving Pichel, Mrs. Kellogg, Veda Buckland, Hülligan Kellogg, Oscar Apfel.*

"ROYAL BELI, THE"—RADIO PICTURE.—From the story by Robert E. Sherwood. Adapted by J. Walter Rubin. Directed by Lewis H. Sherman. The cast: *The King, Louis H Sherman, The Queen, Nancy O'Neil; Princess Anne, Mary Amor; Granon, Anthony Russell; Premier Northrup, Robert Warwick; Amba Saker Birten, Alan Rossos; Crown Prince, Hugh Trevor; Phippi, Gilbert Emery; Fellman, Frederick Bari; Laker, Carroll Nash; Major Blend, Desmond Roberts; Ladies in Waiting, Lita Chevret, Nancy Lee Blaine.*

"ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Adapted by Herman Mankiewicz and Gertrude Pfaff. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Julie Carendish, Ina Claire; Tony Carendish, Fredric March; Gwen Carendish, Mary Brian; Fanny Carendish, Harrietta Crooman; Perry Seawart, Charles Starrett; Oscar Hodge, Arnold Kortz; Gilbert Marshall, Frank Conroy; Joe, Royal G. Stout; Della, Flue Edmund; McDermott, Murray Moor; Hull Boy, Wesley Stark; Doctor, Herschel Mayall.*

"SCANDAL SHEET"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Mark Hunt, George Bancroft, Noel Adams, Clive Brook; Mrs. Hunt, Kay Francis; Franklin, the Publisher, Gilbert Emery; M. C. Hokey, the City Editor, Lucien Littlefield; Kegan, a Reporter, Regis Toomey.*

"SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS" ("UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS")—TOUJOURS.—From the story by M. Clair. Directed by M. Clair. The cast: *Albert, Albert Prejan; Pola, Pola Hery; Louis, Edmund Greville; Fred, Gaston Modot; Bill, Bill Boekett; A Customer, Paul Ollivier.*

"TWO WORLDS"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Directed by Ewald Andre Dupont. The cast: *Esther, Norah Baring; The Lieutenant, John Longdon; Simon Goldschneider, Randle Ayrton; The Colonel, C. M. Hallard; Mizzi, Constance Carpenter; Mendel, Conald Calthrop; The Singer, Mirjam Elias.*

"UNDER MONTANA SKIES"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by James K. Aubrey. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Clay Conroy, Kenneth Harlan; Sunshine, Slim Sumner; Mary, Dorothy Gulliver; Blondie, Nita Martin; Abner Jenkins, Harry Todd; Blake, Nita Martin; Ethel Wales; Pinky, Lufe McKee; Mrs. Christian J. Frank.*

"WESTWARD BOUND"—SYNDICATE.—From the story by Carl Krusada. Directed by Harry Webb. The cast: *Bob Lansing, Buffalo Bill, Jr.; Murec Holl, Allene Ray; Frank, Buddy Roosevelt; Ben Coleman, Ben Corbett; Emma, Fern Emmett; Jim, Yakima Canutt; Steve, Robert Walker; Dick, Tom London; M. P. te Morrison.*

"YELLOW MASK, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story "The Traitor's Gate" by Edgar Wallace. Scenario by Val Valentine. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Mary Trayne, Dorothy Seacombe; Le-Sun, Warwick Ward; John Carn, Wilfred Temple; Molly, Winnie Collins; Ralph Carn, Haddon Mason; Ah-Song, Frank Cochrane; Sunshine, William Shine; Steward, Wallace Lupino; Sam Slipper, Lupino Lane.*



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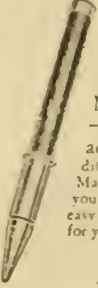
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Charlotte, Mich.

I am an old lady whose family were frontiersmen in Michigan when this part of the great Northcentral West was nothing but an endless tract of timberlands and unbroken fields; when the nearest neighbor was a day's ride away, or longer, by horseback, and the traveler carried a rifle whenever he went abroad because the eerie howl of the wolf wasn't a pleasant thing to hear. A hard life withal, but ever vital and adventurous.

And every now and then when I sort of get fed up on steam heat and radios and X-ray specialists and soft living,

I seek out a moving picture that presents some phase of American history when life was rough and tense and vigorous. My eyes are still good and my old heart stout, and the more Indians and villains and hardships and excitement there are in the picture, the greater my pleasure and reaction. Give us more stories of real people and events that made American history the forceful, imperishable glory that it is. Such pictures are always stimulating and thoroughly enjoyable to the old who may have actually lived them.

Mrs. Julia Bentley

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# What Is This "Box-Office"?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

no money. "The Taming of the Shrew" was that much heralded joint production of Mary and Doug. That combination in anything should have been worth millions. It turned out to be worth little. Maybe it was Shakespeare's fault.

Maybe it was Mary's playing a shrewish wife when the public seems to perpetually adore her as a child. Only one thing is certain. Even though both stars were delightful, it wasn't box-office. Maybe "Kiki," Mary's new picture, will be.

NOT that you can say a picture is made or fails because of stars. Fox made a submarine picture, one of the finest things it has ever done. It was virile, dramatic, heroic. A year or so previous Mr. Ernest Hemingway, a very popular writer, had written a most successful book called, "Men Without Women." Fox figured that as a knockout title. It suited their picture.

The picture did have some women in it, but the main scenes were under sea in a submarine, a place where girls rarely go.

So Fox paid Hemingway five hundred dollars to use his title on their picture. And it stopped the picture cold.

In vain was the film advertised as studded with femininity.

In vain did the lobbies of the theaters playing it use stills showing the correct he-and-she love scenes.

Said John K. Public, "Men Without Women? Let's go see Clara Bow."

The most successful picture Warner Brothers made last year was "Gold Diggers of Broadway," full of wine, women, song and Technicolor. The hit of the proceedings was Winnie Lightner.

As PHOTOPLAY pointed out some months back, Winnie wowed 'em. But Warners put Winnie in some other pictures and she didn't noticeably wow 'em.

Teams sometimes mean a lot at the box-office. Fox's strongest box-office bets are Farrell and Gaynor in combination, and Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen playing opposite one another. Janet did two pictures without Charlie. They weren't so hot from the book-keeping standpoint. Neither were Farrell's solos. But, while Fox has no individual star it ranks high, save Will Rogers, it smiles happily over "Sunny Side Up," Janet's and Charlie's picture that is the studio's most successful product of last season. The year before it was McLaglen's and Lowe's "The Cock-Eyed World."

Warners doesn't believe much in stars. Al Jolson made talkies a hit with "The Jazz Singer" and made millions with "The Singing Fool."

None of his other pictures has done nearly so well.

So he's shifting studios.

YET, once again you can't dope it out. Into this starless outfit entered George Arliss. He made a picture called "Disraeli," which is not only a meaningless title to many people but a word difficult to say. Its story was about a peculiarly old, out-of-date English political situation. By all laws that picture should have died in the Warner Brothers' cutting room. Instead it has made money, and has won the PHOTOPLAY medal, an Academy prize, and other awards.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer believes in nothing else but stars. A star to Metro is like another wedding ring to Peggy Joyce. They can't get enough of them. Metro picks them young and trains them handsomely.

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It has four stars it can absolutely rely upon at the box office—Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and Bill Haines. Novarro has come back tremendously since talkies. Gilbert remains in doubt.

Finally, what about the critics, those so powerful critics that you read so much about? Do they influence the box office? They do not, for the critic who will proclaim Charles (Bud) Rogers a great actor is yet to be found. Most of the critics think Charles terrible and say so. Most of them regard his pictures as tripe and say that.

And what is the answer? He is one of Paramount's best bets.

Paramount also has Jack Oakie under contract. If it were humanly possible for Jack to work in nine pictures at once, Paramount would have him do so. He is the real star talkies have made, and the demand for him is big.

How long the Oakie vogue will last, nobody knows, but it is going faster than a fire in an oil field now.

Paramount is a lover of stars, too, and has often been teased about its tendency to make "city" pictures with backgrounds of Paris, New York and London.

One of Paramount's biggest box-office hits last year was "The Virginian," a Western, with Gary Cooper.

ALL of which proves just one thing. It is the fans who make the pictures, who control the stars and who terrorize the producers. You spend your money and you take your choice. Right now Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Haines, Bow, Rogers, Oakie, Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Bebe Daniels, Farrell and Gaynor, Dick Barthelme, Lowe and McLaglen, are the stars you will go to see almost regardless. Swanson, Gilbert and Richard Dix you'll go to see in good pictures and stay away from in droves in bad pictures. You pay your money and you take your choice. And therein lies the whole box-office story.



Tenaffly, N. J.

I am a foreigner, having received my education abroad. Upon my arrival here several years ago I came to work for what you may call "cheap, common people." Their words, "get the hell," "go to the devil," and "you dirty bum" didn't get me very far. I could not speak in public or in front of friends.

I couldn't learn the words in English very well and when I did talk, people laughed at me.

I was mostly alone and mostly in the kitchen as my work kept me inside. A person who works in a kitchen cannot get very far meeting only the ice man and delivery boys.

Since the past year I am no longer afraid to speak in public. Not long ago I went for a visit to my old neighborhood. My friends were amazed and gasped, and when they asked how it happened, I just said, "It's the talking pictures!" They laughed, but I let them laugh. I wasn't a bit hurt, for it's the truth.

The talking pictures have given me a new life. They have helped me in every way. They have taught me how to speak, how to pronounce the words and have given me a new education. In fact, they have been just like a school to me.

Marie Diller

# To those who think Learning Music is hard-

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# More Movie Heresy!

JUST when movie lovers had gone out of fashion and Mr. Whitehot Pash had bitten his last ear, along came a young man who could conjure the love illusion without the snortings of the hearty osculation school.

The lady fans relaxed in their seats—bought so dearly with a sinkful of luncheon dishes, and sighed. Here at last was a movie lover who could articulate without being nonsensical.

Mr. Jesse Lasky heard the repercussion of those sighs. Standing before a convention of his salesmen not long ago, he said: "Gentlemen, Paramount won't let you down. Last year we brought you a new star, Nancy Carroll. Today we bring you Fredric March!"

And Mr. Fredric March wriggled in his seat and prayed that he hadn't heard aright.

He doesn't want to be a star. He doesn't want to be a matinée idol.

He doesn't want to be the great lover.

But the fans have precipitated Paramount's decision. For months his popularity has been growing. With "Laughter" and "The Royal Family of Broadway" it matured. And Mr. March will be a star in spite of his fervent wish to duck it.

"Stardom is just an uneasy seat on the top of the tricky toboggan," lamented Mr. March. "Being a star is merely perching at the head of the down grade. A competent featured player can last a lifetime. A star, a year or two.

"There's all that agony of finding suitable stories, keeping in character, maintaining illusion. Then the undignified position of hanging on while your popularity is declining. No, I'd rather be an adequate support than the star of any picture!"

FREDDIE was wearing maroon pajamas and a dark brown outlook. He just had finished making "The Royal Family of Broadway," a story he enjoys.

He was really distressed to find himself endowed with a romantic appeal for the movie fans. And whether he was working at it or not, he certainly reacted with a good imitation of a man with slim romantic appeal. Brisk. Businesslike.

Very reluctantly, for he is sensitive about such things, I asked him how he accounted for his quick flowering into the talkies' great lover.

"I have a theory about screen love-making," he confessed. "Intensity on the stage or on the screen produces such a violent nervous reaction the audience must laugh. This is particularly strong when the hero must put his fervor into words.

"In silent pictures love scenes could be long drawn out—intimate and grave. But with talk—"

"What possible dialogue could lovers use which wouldn't sound absurd to a theaterful of people! They couldn't heave sighs and repeat 'I love you. I adore you,' indefinitely. An audience would be convulsed.

"You don't see tempestuous love scenes on the stage. You no longer see them in the movies.

"The play itself must tell the love story. A look exchanged between two characters can be more eloquent than any love

## Horrors! Fredric March doesn't want to be a talkie star at all!

By

Paul Jarvis



Fredric March in a jolly mood. He's evidently forgotten that he's fated to give up the gay life of a leading man for the woes and burdens of stardom

scene. The writer and the director build the romance. The actors have very little to do with it.

"No actor can be better than his rôle. No actor can be better than his director. Or than the author of his lines."

This speech was heresy from an actor. But the new matinée idol blandly continued.

"I HAPPENED to have been fortunate in having some very good rôles. I had splendid ones in 'Laughter' and in 'The Royal Family of Broadway.' Any actor could have played them."

Possibly any actor could have played them, but the modest March played them so well his fan mail is taxing the Astoria post office and the exhibitors are squealing for more March.

And to think he might have been a banker!

He went into banking when he left college, didn't like it, decided to try the stage which fascinated him. His banking training opened the way, oddly. He posed as successful business men in ads. Finally he got a stock job. In stock he met Florence Eldridge. They married. Their work took them to the Coast, where Miss Eldridge

played in movies, March played in the stage production of "The Royal Family."

His cleverness in that smart comedy won him a trial at the films. He made a strong impression in his first film, Clara Bow's "The Wild Party." He was the college professor, whose ability to suggest that he was intelligent enough to be a college professor didn't affect his romantic appeal.

HE affects none of the folderols of movie heroism. He answers the telephone without putting on a Japanese accent to declare that Mr. March isn't at home. He apologizes for his maroon pajamas. His best friend is an insurance broker. He shares with Mrs. March the ambition to retire ultimately to a cozy Connecticut farm.

And he expresses the belief that movie actors are just like groceries—goods to be sold from the studio shelves. He doesn't want to be the big window display! Just a nice, comfortable, staple grocery for which there is consistent enough demand to some day materialize the March ambition.

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*Helen Chase*

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*Wm. Allen Pusey*  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

N.S.F.

MARCH

25 CENTS



Earl  
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# Sal Hepatica

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**INA CLAIRE**

*and*

**FREDRIC MARCH**

*in*

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with

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Directed by George Cukar and Cyril Gardner. Based on "The Royal Family" by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.

Paramount  Pictures

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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 4

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

March, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*



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"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



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# Brickbats & Bouquets



## You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

### The \$25 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

IF there must be pictures about gangsters, stick-up men and slick society crooks, then for our moral health's sake show them up in their true light, as cowards, bullies, sneaks and thieves and don't make them such dangerously attractive and charming gentlemen as Ronald Colman in "Raffles" and Edmund Lowe in "Good Intentions."

JANE R. GREENE

### The \$10 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

WON'T someone please take all the broad-A'd scenic and travelogue explainers and muzzle them?

They describe in minutest detail scenes that are transpiring before our eyes as though they were lecturing before a class for the blind.

Bad poetry is spouted, high-flown phrases are droned forth and endless moral lessons are thrown in our faces.

Something must be done about it!

MISS L. R. CHAPMAN

### The \$5 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

SINCE the exodus of the stage to the screen, it threatens to pollute it with the same mire which has been its own death trap.

Common sense bids film producers to strictly eliminate this pitfall, if they wish the talking pictures to endure.

Give us good stories, romance, drama, laughter, music, song, beauty galore, but give us clean entertainment.

LOUISE ANN VESTER

### Better Titles, Please

Seattle, Wash.

WHY do producers feel we fans should be baited with spicy or inane titles? We are not necessarily morons, so please give us sane, intelligent titles and notice the return for your trouble in better pleased fans.

ARDIS ADDINGTON

### Likes Old Friends

Dubuque, Iowa

MOST of us would rather go and see a bedroom farce with actors we know and like than see an artistic production with a lot of actors we never even heard of.

MARY KEAS

### Songs and Songs

Tallulah, La.

BECAUSE we do not like to hear Buddy Rogers sing, is no indication that we do not like to hear John Boles or Lawrence Tibbett.

S. S.

### You Win, Ted

Tacoma, Wash.

AS a fifty per cent intelligent citizen and a one hundred per cent movie fan, I wish to protest against:

Statements that moving pictures are educational.

Advertising copy writers who base all their selling appeal on sex.

News reels with stupid staged events, such as giving an elephant a bath.

Petty, trite news concerning Hollywood celebrities.

TED MCINTIRE

### They Will Do It!

Sapulpa, Okla.

LAST minute changes in the titles of pictures are terribly confusing to the fans.

I go to see Joan Crawford in "Paid" and find that I am seeing "Within the Law." It was a good picture under any name, but I hate to think how near I came to missing it.

DOROTHY MORRIS

### A Hundred Per Center

Asbury Park, N. J.

THIS evening my husband and I started out for a little enjoyment and received the biggest disappointment yet in a movie called "The Blue Angel," starring Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

We understood about six words during the whole performance, and besides, who wants to see a man go crazy? This is the U. S. A. and we want United States talkies.

GENE BURK

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

# SIT TIGHT



**TWO BIG STARS IN ONE!**

**JOE E. BROWN** and **WINNIE LIGHTNER**

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in *Hold Everything* and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in *The Life of the Party* are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when *Sit Tight* is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory,  
Lotti Loder, Hobart Basworth, Frank  
Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corp.

Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor  
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells  
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

**A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE Picture**



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

★ **AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

★ **ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

★ **ANIMAL CRACKERS**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical stunts into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

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

★ **ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

★ **ARE YOU THERE?**—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

★ **ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

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

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

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

★ **BIG BOY**—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (Sept.)

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

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

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

★ **BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

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

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Navarro's talents

Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (Sept.)

★ **CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

★ **CAPTAIN THUNDER**—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

★ **CAT GREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

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

★ **COMMON CLAY**—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (Sept.)

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

★ **CONSPIRACY**—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (Sept.)

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

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

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

★ **DANGER LIGHTS**—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

★ **DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW**—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (Sept.)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Bartelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (Sept.)

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

★ **DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

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

★ **DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A**—Fox.—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (Sept.)

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

★ **DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

★ **DOORWAY TO HELL, THE**—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoléonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

★ **DOUGHBOYS**—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

★ **DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION**—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

★ **EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]

## Dietrich!

Who is this woman who, with one picture, stole Garbo's supremacy as the exotic creature of the screen? What is her background? What was her education, training, and breeding? What kind of folks is she?

One of Germany's most famous writers was assigned to the task of finding these things out for you, and you'll get it all in

## PHOTOPLAY Next Month

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis am entertainment! (Dec.)

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

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

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

★ **COLLEGE LOVERS**—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)

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





**TOGETHER AGAIN!**

**JANET GAYNOR** *and*  
**CHARLES FARRELL**

*in* **RAOUL WALSH'S**

**THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in *Seventh Heaven* and *Sunny Side Up*, they're more marvelous than ever in **THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by **JOSEPH URBAN**

**ANOTHER GREAT**

**FOX**

**MOVIETONE**

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

**EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

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

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

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Jan.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

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

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

**FLIRTING WIDOW, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

**FOLLOW THRU**—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers. (Sept.)

**FOR THE DEFENSE**—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (Sept.)

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

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

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

**GOING WILD**—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mis-

taken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

**GOLDEN DAWN**—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

**GORILLA, THE**—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

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

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

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

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

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (Dec.)

**HELL'S ISLAND**—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong!"—Frankie and her erring Johnnie further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**HER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

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

**HOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

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

**INSIDE THE LINES**—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (Sept.)

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

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel leads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

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

**KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN**—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

**LADY WHO DARED, THE**—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

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

**LASH, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

**LAST OF THE DUANES**—Fox.—Even if you're not a Western fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (Sept.)

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

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

**LAWFUL LARCENY**—Radio Pictures.—Bebé Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (Sept.)

**LEATHERNECKING**—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (Oct.)

**L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES**—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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# LITTLE CAESAR



## EDWARD G. ROBINSON DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR

Little Caesar—King of the Underworld! He ruled supreme—a law unto himself, for in his racket he was court, judge, and jury. His verdict was final for he was also the executioner! He ruled supreme—but a woman broke his power. He threatened to get his best friend but his hand faltered on the trigger. He runs the gamut of power — from gutter to gang ruler — to gutter again!

*"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation*

Featuring  
 WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.  
 SIDNEY BLACKMER  
 GLENDA FARRELL  
 RALPH INCE, THOS. JACKSON  
 NOVEL BY W. R. BURNETT  
 SCREEN ADAPTATION BY  
 FRANCIS EDWARDS FARAGOH  
 DIRECTED BY  
 MERVYN LEROY



**A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE**

# The Girl on the Cover

WHEN you say they can't come back you don't mean Constance Bennett. For here's a child of fortune who has done the impossible. She's played *Cinderella* from the reverse angle.

Five years ago she was the most talked of girl in pictures. That was after the release of "Sally, Irene and Mary." Edmund Goulding, who directed it, used to dash about the M-G-M lot calling her one of the great actresses of the screen. And then, without warning, she married millionaire playboy Phil Plant and disappeared from Hollywood.

When such a thing occurs it usually spells "curtains" for the actress. You heard about Connie, now and then, and the gay life she was leading on the Continent. Then she returned as suddenly as she had left.

She had been signed to a Pathe contract by the studio's foreign representative, the Marquis de la Falaise. There was interest in her, as always, for glamour surrounds all the Bennett girls and particularly the sparkling, sophisticated Connie. But the wise ones shook their heads and murmured that once having left pictures she could not again take up the threads of her success.

CONNIE has been in Hollywood now a little more than a year. She had appeared in comparatively few films, yet she is rated at the box-office so near the top that you can name the boys and girls ahead of her on the fingers of one hand.

You wouldn't think, to look at her, that she had once been captain of her school basketball team, hockey player and cheer leader for one season. But perhaps you might, for, above all else, Constance Bennett does the thing that is being done.

She is the epitome of the word "smart." In school she was always at the football games and the proms. In Europe she led the smart crowds. In Hollywood she is one of the main topics of conversation.

It is natural that a woman so positive should be discussed. And I've never heard anyone say of her, "Connie Bennett? Oh, she's all right. Very sweet girl." Like liquor, you take her or leave her alone. You like her or you don't.

OF course, she has the reputation of being temperamental—as all positive people have. She is also called snobbish and affected, yet she is sincere when she says that she hates affectation. When she speaks she uses the accents of a cultured woman because she was taught so in finishing schools.

Perhaps, knowing her sophistication, you'd think that she doesn't care much about anything. Wrong!



She's Smart—This Girl

## GARBO?

What's happening to Garbo? The veil of mystery that has surrounded the lady is under analysis and may turn out to be just studio-made fog.

We have asked Katherine Albert, one of the keenest young writers in Hollywood, to delve into this "Mystery" and tell us the real facts in the light of recent developments.

We are sure her article in the

April issue of

## PHOTOPLAY

will be mighty interesting reading.

Take the matter of her publicity, for instance. A story appeared stating that she spent \$250,000 a year for clothes. Connie was furious, because it was a lie. She offered proof that she'd never been known to go higher than \$20,000 for an annual wardrobe.

UNDERNEATH the poise her life has given her, she had been hurt by the publicity given herself and Gloria Swanson's ex-husband. She continues to be hurt by the accusing letters from fans that continue to come to her.

You may wonder why she came back to Hollywood, why she returned to pictures, why she subjected herself to the publicity that she must have. She had two reasons. She says, "I wanted to make my own money. That's the only reason I came back. I wanted to have financial independence—a thing I'd never had except when I did work on the screen."

And she's well on her way toward that independence. Instead of resting during the ten weeks' vacation she is allowed under her Pathe contract she will make two pictures for Warners and receive \$300,000.

But there's another and more vital reason than that. She's a Bennett.

Try as her mother might to rob her of her heritage and give her only a social life, she could not, for there flows in her veins the indomitable blood of that sturdy old curtain-speaker, Richard Bennett. She must act.

It comes easy to her—as everything in her life has come. For all her social activities, she was a good student at school. Yet she spent very little time with her books. Quick, alert, she was aided by an excellent memory. She has always done pretty much as she wanted to do and that's a Bennett characteristic.

YOU see her always the gayest of any group. She appears at the Mayfair, at the Embassy Club and the next day everybody is asking, "What did Connie Bennett wear? What did Connie Bennett do?" She is invariably faultlessly dressed. She always conducts herself beyond reproach.

The divine madness which is her enviable heritage is tempered by her own good sense, her taste, her training as a woman of the world. In short, Connie is her father's daughter, and, so, unusual—but in, if you understand the distinction, a nice way. Connie does the right thing right.

Richard Bennett's eldest daughter, a chip off the block, a spirited, talented, chic young woman with a mind of her own and the courage to speak it—Connie Bennett.

## Comrades of the Sun

Out of the North you come to ride  
the blue breakers . . . to bask on  
the sun-drenched sand . . . to seek  
respite, in a graceful interlude,  
from the rigors of the season. And  
Camels add to your enjoyment.  
. . . In their mild mellowness and  
refreshing fragrance is a subtle  
quality that only golden sunshine  
can bestow. . . . In the truest sense  
they, too, are comrades of the sun.



# IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

MARION DAVIES  
PRODUCTION



MARION  
**DAVIES**



**DAVID  
BELASCO**  
whose famous  
Broadway production  
is now brought  
to the talking screen

The Belasco Theatre,  
New York, where  
"The Bachelor Father"  
first scored its  
sensational triumph



She was his favorite child until he discovered she was not his child at all!



He, too, was a bachelor—but his feelings towards her were in no way paternal!

With Ralph Forbes  
and C. Aubrey Smith

Based on the play by  
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

Directed by  
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

IN THE FAMOUS BROADWAY COMEDY HIT

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

*The* **BACHELOR  
FATHER**

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

★ **LILLOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Lilloom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

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

**LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE**—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (Sept.)

**LITTLE CAESAR**—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

**LONE RIDER, THE**—Columbia.—Slow-moving, Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (Sept.)

**LONESOME TRAIL, THE**—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

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

**LOTTERY BRIDE, THE**—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (Oct.)

**LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (Sept.)

**LOVE IN THE RING**—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (Oct.)

**LOVE IN THE ROUGH**—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (Oct.)

**LOVE RACKET, THE**—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (Oct.)

**LOVE TRADER, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (Oct.)

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

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (Sept.)

**MAN TO MAN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

**MAN TROUBLE**—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (Sept.)

**MAYBE IT'S LOVE**—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (Oct.)

**MEDICINE MAN, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (Sept.)

**MEN OF THE NORTH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (Oct.)

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

**MIN AND BILL**—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Raimbeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

**MISBEHAVING LADIES**—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (Oct.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

**MOTHERS CRY**—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Diaboli" you'll rave about this one. (Sept.)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

**ONE MAD KISS**—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maria afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (Oct.)

**ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S**—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (Sept.)

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

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (Sept.)

**OTHER MEN'S WOMEN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway.") Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (Sept.)

**OUTSIDE THE LAW**—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (Oct.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

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

**PARADISE ISLAND**—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (Sept.)

**PARDON MY GUN**—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (Sept.)

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

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

**PAY OFF, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

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

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

**PLAYBOY OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (Nov.)

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

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (Sept.)

**RAIN OR SHINE**—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie debut. A circus story with a punch finish. (Oct.)

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

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

- First National Pictures . . . Page 11
- Fox Film . . . . . Page 9
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 14
- Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
- Radio Pictures . . . . . Page 109
- Warner Bros. . . . . Page 7

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

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

**NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE**—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (Oct.)

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

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (Oct.)

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

**OH SAILOR BELIEVE**—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

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

**REDUCING**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENEGADES**—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

**RENO**—Sono Art—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (Sept.)

**RIGHT TO LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood history, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO PARADISE**—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

**ROUGH WATERS**—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

**ROYAL BED, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

**SANTA FE TRAIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

**SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

**SCANDAL SHEET**—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

**SCARLET PAGES**—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie début, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (Sept.)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

**SEA GOD, THE**—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

**SEA LEGS**—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

**SEE AMERICA THIRST**—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

**SHADOW RANCH**—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

**SHOOTING STRAIGHT**—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (Sept.)

**SILVER HORDE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

**SINNERS' HOLIDAY**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

**SIN SHIP, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

**SISTERS**—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (Sept.)

**SIT TIGHT**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

*Seymour*

He represents the very acme of knowledge and authority on style and fashion.

It is unnecessary to praise him. Meet him on Pages 61 to 64 of this issue. He writes only for

**PHOTOPLAY**

**SLUMS OF TOKYO**—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (Sept.)

**SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A**—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

**SON OF THE SADDLE**—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

**SOUP TO NUTS**—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak tricks, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

**SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)**—Tobis.—Skillful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

**SPURS**—Universal.—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

**SQUEALER, THE**—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Dave Lee. (Nov.)

**STORM, THE**—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

**STORM OVER ASIA**—Amlkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (Nov.)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

**SUSPENSE**—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES**—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (Sept.)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE**—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

**SWEET MAMA**—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (Sept.)

**TEMPTATION**—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (Sept.)

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM**—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

**THIRD ALARM, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

**THOROUGHbred, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

**THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS**—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hedge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)

**THOSE WHO DANCE**—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (Sept.)

**TODAY**—Majestic.—One of those sensations—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

**TOO YOUNG TO MARRY**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (Sept.)

**TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH**—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wishful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

**TWO WORLDS**—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

**UNDER MONTANA SKIES**—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

**UNDER SUSPICION**—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

**VIENNESE NIGHTS**—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137 ]





To low . . . . .  
 salaried women  
 To wives . . . . .  
 keeping a budget  
 To men . . . . .  
 just getting a start

-this delightful

# Tooth Paste saves you \$3 a year..

**W**HY don't you save \$3 a year or more by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of high-priced dentifrices that accomplish no better results? Listerine Tooth Paste is used by more than three million people. To a great many of them, price is no object. Results are their sole basis of judgment. And the results of Listerine Tooth Paste are so quickly apparent, once you try it, that you will wonder why you didn't use it long ago.

**Buy Silk Hose With That \$3 It Saves**

Compared to dentifrices in the 50¢ class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves approximately \$3 a year per person, on the basis of a tube per month being used. With that \$3 you can buy many things, stockings, gloves, and razor blades are merely suggestions.

This dentifrice is made by the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. This alone guarantees its quality. That it can be sold at 25¢ is due to sharp economies effected by mass production and modern methods of manufacture.

If you have not already used Listerine Tooth Paste, get a tube today. Give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any tooth paste you have ever used regardless of price, and judge by results alone. They will win you to this new thrift dentifrice as they won three million people before you.

We ask you to note how little brushing is necessary to impart to your teeth a charming, flashing brilliance. Note, too, how swiftly but how gently this tooth paste removes the stains, discolorations, and stubborn tartar.

After you have used it six months or a year, look at your teeth and see how free they are from cracks and fissures. That is



because the cleansing and polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the gentlest known. They are harder than tartar and hence remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently are harmless to it.

Look, too, for that delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration that follows its use—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself.

And last but not least, reflect that these benefits are yours for about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

# Listerine Tooth Paste..25¢

# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls' Problems

**I**F your eyes are blue, use a smudge of blue eye shadow on the upper lid to bring out their color, especially under artificial light. If they are green, use green eye-shadow." That's the advice of Tom Cameron, make-up expert at Paramount's New York Studio.

Mr. Cameron says it's an old stage trick to match eye-shadow to the iris of the eye. That's so those in the topmost galleries, who can't really see the actor's eyes, feel that they can look right at them and identify the color. And, it's a trick that enhances the beauty of all feminine eyes, he believes.

When he was nineteen years old he played the part of a sixty-five-year-old man in a stage play. Right then he began developing the art of make-up. Other actors asked his advice, and now he is one of the recognized authorities in his profession. For more than six years he has been on the Paramount staff.

Mr. Cameron says that all make-up, even for the street, should begin with a smooth foundation. Either one must have a naturally smooth skin, or a foundation cream or liquid should be used before applying powder and other cosmetics.

A line of dark pencil right at the edge of the upper lid will give the eyes depth. Eyebrows are groomed with a small brush, and light ones are skilfully penciled.

I have always thought, and so do many beauty experts, that a thin-lipped mouth looks better if rouged only in the center, to give it fullness. But Mr. Cameron disagrees with me. He says that lip rouge should always be drawn back to the corners of the mouth. That the way the mouth recedes into the corners gives it its greatest beauty, and this should be emphasized if the lips are rouged at all. You'll have to test it out, yourselves, girls, and decide which of us is right in your own case.

He believes that lipstick and rouge should simply intensify one's natural color, not change it, and that they should be chosen with that idea. Of course, for the panchromatic film now used in talkies, a brownish-red lipstick is the best choice in most cases.

**A**ND he points out one serious fault in mouth make-up. He says: "That little depression between the base of the nose and the center of the upper lip can be changed from a mark of beauty to a distortion by rouging the upper lip in a sharp V instead of the softer U shape it takes naturally."

I watched him make up the mouth of a girl who was to play a "bit" that day and was unfamiliar with screen make-up. He used a small, flat red sable brush such as any artist employs for portrait painting. As he applied the lip paste at one corner of the girl's mouth, his hand slipped a trifle, making a tiny, downward line.

That almost imperceptible line gave the player a lugubrious expression that hadn't been there a moment before. Which proves how careful one must be in applying make-up. No smearing on of lipstick in dark theaters, before the lights go on. Better to apply it in full view of the audience, which isn't in particularly good taste but at least prevents disfiguring effects!

Mr. Cameron has discovered one little trick that adds a lot to the shapeliness of the mouth. He takes an ordinary pipe cleaner—one of



Tom Cameron, make-up specialist at Paramount's New York Studio, instructs a player in the art of screen make-up

those short, chenille-covered wires—and with it he wipes carefully around the mouth. He uses it, too, in the corners of the eyes and at the nostrils, after applying powder.

He thinks that the girl with clear skin and dark hair looks better without rouged cheeks, or with just a touch of color. That it makes a more interesting contrast between complexion, hair and lips if only lip rouge is used. That blondes can use cheek rouge to much better advantage, and the fairer they are the more rouge they can stand. Of course, this applies only to street make-up, as no rouge is used on the cheeks in making up for the screen, except for color films.

But he has no cut-and-dried rules for all

types. Like all those who make a study of make-up, he believes that it should be adapted to the individual.

Liquid or paste rouge should be applied before powder, of course, and dry rouge afterwards, with a final pat of the puff to blend the edges.

Skilful blending is one of the most important points in make-up, according to Dick Willis, the make-up expert at Warner's Vitaphone Studios, in New York, where several hundred one- and two-reel pictures and screen tests are completed every year. Mr. Willis calculates that he has made up about fifteen hundred faces since he joined the Vitaphone staff two years ago.

**W**HEN Otis Skinner, veteran stage star and star of the First National picture, "Kismet," took a screen test at the Vitaphone studios, Mr. Willis was diffident about offering his services as make-up man. After all, Mr. Skinner had been making up for the difficult character rôle of *Haji*, the beggar, for many years on the stage, and his experience covered almost as many years as Mr. Willis' whole life. But, even the clever Mr. Skinner bowed before Dick Willis' knowledge of screen make-up.

So, when Mr. Willis says that to leave sharp edges where there should be soft ones and to leave "fuzzy" outlines where they should be well-defined can spoil the most painstaking make-up, those are words we can all heed.

Right now, there is a vogue in movie circles for cheeks that "hollow," to go with the "romantic" trend in clothes and figures. Round, plump faces do not, Hollywood thinks, express the new mood. Girls have discovered that a little dark grease paint, patted into the regular make-up on both cheeks makes them look properly romantic and seductive.

But, be careful. You may duplicate Nancy Carroll's experience. Nancy, you know, has healthily rounded cheeks. And she says that no amount of make-up can make her look properly wan, and that she only succeeds in looking dirty-faced!

## DOLORES A.:

You can wear almost any color, Dolores, but the vivid and intense shades are especially becoming to you. An exception to this is pink, which will be most becoming in pale hues. Red and deep rose should be becoming; clear yellow, rich blues, deep orchid, black with color touches, all white, gray and green combinations are in keeping with your coloring. The right shades of green will bring out the green in your eyes and should make you very attractive.

Simply cut, but jaunty clothes will help to carry out your type and make you look slimmer. Be careful in choosing evening and party frocks. Remember that flowing lines and beauty of color will have to take the place of frills and trimming for a girl who is plump. The new season's lines for evening wear are all in favor of your type, so that's a big help!

## ANNE PEG:

Get yourself a small hairbrush with firm, blunt bristles that will not scratch your scalp. Its use, night and morning, will quickly restore some of the natural oil to your hair. Then, with warm water or one [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

**A**RE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

# BEAUTY that Holds You Spellbound IS YOURS

*With the Magic of Hollywood's Make-Up Secret*



**FAY WRAY,** Paramount, says, "Color harmony in make-up is as essential as the fashions of today."

Almost breathless...with your eyes fastened on the screen...you, and millions of "yous" have felt that indescribable thrill envelop you when the ravishing beauty of a Nancy Carroll, a Mary Brian, a Jean Arthur is flashed on the motion picture screen. And perhaps you've remarked... "How could any girl be so alluringly beautiful?"

And now...how would you like to gaze entranced into your very own mirror... and get that self same thrill from a vision of loveliness, a new beauty, alluring and fascinating...and realize that the charming reflection is actually you, yourself.

Almost too good to be true...yet you can experience this thrill almost for the asking.

The secret is a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. It is based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which revolutionized make-up among the stars and in the studios.



**LILLIAN ROTH,** Paramount, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, approving the correct color harmony shade in face powder.

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, will reveal the secret to you... free



"In twenty odd years in motion pictures, we have discovered the miracles of make-up which every woman should know," says Max Factor. "Individuality and personality are just as important as beauty, and to achieve them I discovered a new idea in make-up. Cosmetics must be in color harmony to blend not only with individual colorings, but also to harmonize in the make-up ensemble. I created colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other make-up requisites to living types of matchless beauty... like Laura LaPlante, Lupe Velez, Dorothy Mackaill... blonde, brunette, redhead... and their variations! Brownette, too, and their changes in complexion hue... a perfect color harmony in make-up for each."

No other cosmetics in the world are created in this amazing way... and none other will bring you such amazing beauty. For... remember that all the famous stars of Hollywood in all the big motion picture studios, including Technicolor, use Max Factor's.

Discover Hollywood's Make-Up secret Now. Send to Max Factor for your complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. Permit Hollywood's make-up genius to chart your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up just for you... your powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other essentials to blend magically together to emphasize every bit of beauty, of charm, of allure. Then look in your mirror and see a new beauty that holds you spellbound... experience this thrill of a lifetime.

**MARY BRIAN and RICHARD ARLEN** in a scene from "ONLY SAPS WORK" Paramount's All-Talking Comedy Feature Make-Up by Max Factor.

**MARY BRIAN** writes: "The naturalness of lovely beauty is the reward of Make-Up in Color Harmony for the individual type."

**... FREE**  
This amazing book in which 60 famous stars write about Make-Up.

**MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP**  
"Cosmetics of the Stars"... **HOLLYWOOD**

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) ©1930 Max Factor

**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**

Mr Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-3-34

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

Name _____	COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
	Light		Moist
Address _____	Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
	Medium		SKIN
City _____	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Only
	Dark		Dry
State _____	Sallow	AGE	Normal
	Olive		Answer with Check Mark



## Newly discovered! Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills germs 5 to 11\* times faster!! checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than other leading antiseptics!!!

"A REVOLUTIONARY antiseptic mouth wash that destroys germs 5 times faster than the most effective on the market — 11\* times faster than many ordinary kinds."

That is the impressive statement of two well-known bacteriological laboratories after exhaustive tests on Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash.

### From Pepsodent laboratories

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

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

### Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash as determined by standard tests, is 220 times more potent than pure carbolic acid,

for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

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

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (*M. Aureus*) in 10 seconds—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes. Tests prove that it kills in 10 seconds germs that cause *pneumonia*, *diphtheria*, *typhoid fever*, and many others."

### Checks bad breath

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

### At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle.

### Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from minor causes. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



\*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence these comparisons are based on tests using one part of mouth wash tested to four parts of water. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly germicidal mixed with four parts of water. It goes many times as far as many other mouth washes.

Costs much less

# Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

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



**G**OOD luck, John Gilbert! You deserve it. When things look black, and your talkies die off, you keep on plugging like a good trouper. Here's hoping you get stories that will put you 'way up in the running again. So up and at 'em, Jack—may "Gentleman's Fate," your latest, be what the doctor ordered!

John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 160. First wife, Leatrice Joy. Now married to Ina Claire



PHOTOPLAY'S photographer finds three famous couples holding the center of the floor at Hollywood's Mayfair party, where the picture players go most social. From left to right we have Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Grant Withers and the little wife, Loretta Young. Also Douglas Fairbanks and Lilyan Tashman. Note Joan's gorgeous lace gown, with the orchids at the shoulder. With his producing worries over, Doug, Sr., is a jolly good fellow now

Come Along  
*and Dance*  
With *the Stars*



Hollywood  
*at Play*  
At Mayfair

TWO ladies of the screen's blood royal meet for a chat just outside the ballroom at the Biltmore Hotel where Hollywood's Mayfair party is booming along. In short, Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson take time out from dancing to talk things over. They're telling each other the ball's a success. Our Mary's white frock is heavy with beads—and she wore the cape all evening. Gloria's gown is brown chiffon, and the jewelry's jade. The cigarette is nonchalant



One of the loveliest girls at Mayfair (or anywhere else!) was June Coll-yer, dimples and all. She's wearing a gown of silver metal cloth, with drop shoulders and a long train. Note the interesting way she wears the corsage. Just try to count the gardenias!



Lest you think Mayfair parties are populated entirely by the younger motion picture set, reputed to be flighty, here is a picture of a literary notable. Rupert Hughes, novelist and writer for the films, and that nice Mrs. Hughes, hosted a gay party



Big-hearted Connie Bennett let sister Joan dance with the Marquis de la Falaise—whose ear you see. Joan's gown is of black net. The ruffle at the hips is trimmed with silver beads and sequins. In the picture at the left, Constance herself is giving her famous smile







A smart party of six alights at the Biltmore Hotel, where Hollywood's Mayfair is beginning to sparkle away. They are Raoul Walsh, Jack and Mrs. Mulhall, Mrs. Walsh, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. The camera was unkind to Mrs. Mulhall—she's one of Hollywood's real beauties. Walsh wears the patch over his eye. And if that chinchilla jacket of Mrs. Menjou's cost a penny, it cost \$30,000!



The biggest, smartest party at Mayfair. Joan Crawford honors Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, birthday. Doug, Sr., tells a funny story to Marshall Duffield, football star, and Junior listens



There are all kinds of princes at Mayfair. At the left Edmund Lowe, prince of good fellows and actors. At right, Prince Ganeshi Lal of India. Turban or topper—all same Mayfair



Barbara Stanwyck (Ruby Stevens) was born in Brooklyn in 1905. She is 5 feet, 5, weighs 120; has red hair, blue eyes. Married to Frank Fay

"THANKS so much," says beautiful Barbara Stanwyck. "I'm glad you like 'Illicit!' I hope you enjoy my next picture, 'Night Nurse,' just as much." We know we shall, Babs, not only because you're such a grand actress, but because you're so soothing to the eye. Our best regards to the husband!



## Undergarments that really fit

Beauty must be more than dress deep. If the undergarments are bunglesome the outerdress can't be right.

The rapid and tremendous increase in the sales of Kickernick garments has been due to the fact that these garments fit the body snugly no matter what its position may be—and yet an easeful tuck allows ample room for utmost freedom.

It's the tuck that tells.

A short front, with a long and almost accordion-like back, has taken the ugly bagginess out of women's underdress.

It fits in all positions.

Kickernicks are made in all the modish colors, fabrics, styles—and remarkably well made.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Kickernick*

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

# "Broken Illusions can never be mended"

says DOROTHY DIX



"Such things shatter a man's illusions," writes Dorothy Dix

**D**ON'T let the 'little' things—careless, unfeminine details—spoil your lovely effect!

"Such a 'small' offense against daintiness as a faded shoulder ribbon peeping out . . . frayed lace edging visible when you lift up your arm . . . a silk slip not so color-fresh as it might be . . . such things rob you of all illusion in a man's eyes.

"And broken illusions can never, never be mended.

"I beg you to do two things:

1. Buy the loveliest lingerie you can.
2. Keep it always color-fresh, beautiful.

"Just knowing your underthings are lovely does something to you! It makes you

FEEL feminine and charming. And when you feel charming, you seem so to others!

"But how can we keep delicate lingerie fresh and colorful?" girls often say to me. 'Frequent washing leaves it so faded and worn looking.'

"It is true that ordinary 'good' soaps take away the COLOR and the charming new look of a garment, but this is never the case if you use Lux.

"These wonderful flakes are especially made to preserve COLOR



Perhaps you don't realize how often this happens—



And this! Such glimpses tell so quickly whether you're exquisite!



## A SECRET OF FEMININITY

Lingerie washed in Lux 15 times—color perfect as new, silk and lace fibres intact. The garment is utterly charming!

Duplicate lingerie washed 15 times in ordinary "good" soap—silk pulled, lace damaged, color faded. Disappointing!

and NEWNESS. A dainty garment bathed often in Lux suds is *always* color-fresh, sweet as your feminine self!

"AND AT HOME: Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie give you confidence of charm—but your very surroundings can help! Pretty curtains, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell if kept ever lovely with Lux."



*Dorothy Dix*

If it's safe in water alone, all its original loveliness is safe with LUX!

March, 1931

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

I WILL take it all back, every mean crack I've made at Hollywood; every joke I've told on what has seemed to me the strange mental processes of producers and supervisors.

In all the years that I have been prying about and commenting on studio life and letters, never have I seen anything to compare with the Wickersham report and Mr. Hoover's quaint note concerning it.

As Thornton Delehanty, motion picture critic of the *New York Evening Post*, said about Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, "Reaching for the Moon":

"What a lot of talent it takes to make a bad picture."

Compared to the Wickersham report, the result of a Hollywood conference is the brainchild of a group of intellectual giants.

PERHAPS this story is apropos. It's the latest supervisor story, and what's more, it is true.

This supervisor sent for a writer who had just submitted his preliminary "treatment" of a story. When the writer had seated himself at the little god's desk, he said:

"I hear you want to change that story. Why?"

"Wait a minute, stop right there," cried the supervisor, jumping out of his chair. "I don't want any argument on this. I don't want to change my mind."

WHAT'S going to happen to Clara Bow? Is she through in pictures? Is the public fed up on her? Will the Paramount company exercise its right to give her the air on the morality clause of her contract?

You cannot keep the Brooklyn Bonfire in focus from one month to another, and we may be proved wrong before these pages reach the newsstands. But it is our bet that Madcap Clara will go right along making pictures.

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



THE public forgets and the public forgives. The Paramount company pulled Clara off a picture and substituted a new girl, Sylvia Sidney, whom they believe is a coming favorite. They want the public to forget Clara and her peccadillos for a few weeks.

What if some other company wanted Clara? Warner Bros. seem intent on gathering in big names for their posters. Paramount would take the chance that in her first picture under new management Clara might make a great box-office film and come back strong in public favor.

Poor Clara—with nothing in the world but five thousand dollars a week.

Somehow or other, the tears won't come to my eyes.

WITH the April issue of PHOTOPLAY you will see some interesting changes and improvements in the magazine. Almost every department and new idea introduced by PHOTOPLAY has been speedily copied by others. The Shadow Stage, our reviews of pictures, has been imitated in form and appearance almost shamelessly. It has come to a point where, until you get into the text, you can hardly tell one magazine from another.

In the trade it is called "the PHOTOPLAY formula."

A WRITER or artist appears as a PHOTOPLAY contributor, and immediately he is solicited to work for other publications in this field. There will be no more of that because PHOTOPLAY has now engaged the exclusive services of its writers and illustrators.

PICTURES, automobiles, radios, magazines, must improve from year to year if they are to sell. Nothing can stand still and prosper. The public is becoming

ing more and more discriminating, wiser in the expenditure of the quarter and the dollar. It is learning to pick and choose its entertainment with the same care that it selects an automobile or a suit of clothes.

Last year's car is a second-rate car.

Last year's picture standards are not box-office today.

Last year's magazines are as old-fashioned as last year's hat.

BY the way, there's a story which can be written from life, and one or two of our leading Hollywood executives are now living the facts on which the story will be based. It will be called "Ex-Producer."

I HAVE a surprise for you. We've got Seymour to write for PHOTOPLAY each month!

Seymour knows more about fashions than anybody else in America—and my friends abroad say that goes for Europe, too.

And, since Seymour knows more about fashions than anybody else, we'll get him to interpret what stars wear—to be of as much help as he can be to PHOTOPLAY readers in their choice of that all-important subject, what to wear.

Seymour performs on pages 61-64. You'll like him—and you'll like the clothes he says you should.

"THE Man Who Came Back," which brought Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again as a co-starring team, broke all records at Roxy's cathedral in New York.

The story wasn't suitable to the players and the players weren't suitable to the story, and yet the crowds poured in.

I sincerely believe that ninety per cent of the audience went there to see "7th Heaven" again, and that even while they were watching the pair emote in their new characters they were dreaming of *Chico* and *Diane*, the rôles they played in the picture that made them stars.

HERE'S an example of bad taste in picture advertising. An Albany, N. Y., theater manager thought he was being clever, when, to exploit the picture "Abraham Lincoln," he used the legend, "She taught Lincoln how to love—and like it." Credit goes to the *Albany Evening News*, which went after the manager so hard he tore down the posters and went into hiding.

ALMA RUBENS is gone. Poor, fragile child-woman, always afraid of life, and forced to battle the world since she was fourteen years old. Broken by drugs which she used in a pitiful attempt to escape the stark realities of existence. Who is to judge her?

But, how I would like to pass judgment on the human skunks who profited by her misery. Why cannot those thin-blooded, professional prohibitionists turn the fire of their fanaticism on the dope traffic?

"ALL Quiet on the Western Front" was not an accident. Lewis Milestone directed it. Here is another proof of the mental caliber of this talented young Russian immigrant.

Immediately upon the initial success of "All Quiet," every producing organization in the business tried to put him under contract for a period of years, speaking in terms of large gobs of money.

"Have you any stories?" asked the simple fellow, looking blankly at the five thousand a week (—every Saturday) they set before him.

"No, but take some of this until our scenario department finds one," was the stereotyped answer.

"I'm sorry, but I've got an appointment with a tuna off Catalina Island," said the foolish young man. "You see, I'm really of no use to you unless you've got something I can direct. I am not a gag man. I cannot write popular songs. I cannot take your money just because I made a good picture out of a great story. So long."

He waited and paid for his own board and room until one day Howard Hughes called him and said, "How would you like to make 'The Front Page'?"

"I'll be right over," said the simple Russian lad. The conversation about money lasted exactly eight seconds.

What an odd young man to be in Hollywood.

THERE'S a little war on in Hollywood. Warner Bros. raided the Paramount studios and came away with William Powell, Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis.

"Okay with us," says Paramount. "You pay money for stars we have developed. We will try to beat you to the box-office with better stories and new names."

So everybody's happy.

HOW often have you heard folks walking out of a motion picture theater, say: "I could write a better story myself"? Maybe you have said it yourself!

Whether you have or not, here's a chance to turn your idea for a screen story into \$2,000. A few weeks ago, one of our leading motion picture producers confided to me that he thought readers of PHOTOPLAY ought to have some good screen stories stored away in their minds. I opined that they probably had. And, the first thing we knew, we had set about to get them.

THIS producer wants one story or ten. Readers of PHOTOPLAY may get from \$2,000 to \$20,000. Most folks are afraid to put their story ideas on paper because they know they haven't the writing ability of a professional author and that it is very difficult for a story to get a chance with the producers.

Well, you don't have to be a professional writer, and every story submitted will receive the same consideration that George Bernard Shaw or Booth Tarkington would get. Now, watch the April issue for details.



An intimate portrait of Maloney, as ugly a black vulture as Mother Nature can provide — and John Barrymore's especial pet. Barrymore has trained Mr. Maloney to kiss him!



One of the few pictures of the right side of John Barrymore's face. Jack considers this his "bad side," and turns his left to the lens. This is a scene with Mrs. Barrymore

# This *Odd Chap* Barrymore

JOHN BARRYMORE isn't the *most* profane man in Hollywood. Some folks say Wolheim is. But Barrymore is Hollywood's outstanding genius at expletive. He can give tongue to some of the most staggering compound oaths that ingenuity has ever devised. And he doesn't care who hears him.

There was the day on the set when executives sent word they'd like him to work on Sunday to catch up with schedules. It's Barrymore's inviolable rule that he won't work on Sundays, and when he got this message, he said so loudly and thunderously and ultra-profanelly. Two innocent mule-drivers, within earshot, fled for the sake of their purity of mind.

He usually tries to shock she-interviewers out of his presence. If they flee, horrified, he's delighted, because he hates interviewers. If they don't flee, they usually get a good interview.

His profanity is preserved to posterity on a disc the sound recorders treasure at the studio. It happened during the filming of "Moby Dick." The scene was where Barrymore, as *Captain Ahab*, leans over a rail, surveys his crew, and says something to the effect: "Gentlemen, a fine bunch of cutthroats you are . . ."

Well, the cameras and sound machines started and Barrymore began his line.

A complete and fascinating close-up of the Great Profile—roaring terror of the studios, and doting husband and father

Just then, a rooster crowed somewhere within recording distance. It spoiled the shot, and Barrymore realized it. So while cameras and sound-recording machines ground on, he spoke. And what the record reveals is not for young girls.

And yet, here's the other side of the picture. See this Rabelaisian-tongued Barrymore at the cradle of his new baby, the puzzy-scalped Dolores Ethel

Mae Barrymore and you see a metamorphosis. You see a honey-tongued papa, cuddling his baby under the chin, wrinkling his classic Barrymore nose, and saying, at the very hottest, such things as:

"Squeegy, squeegy, squeegy . . ."

Barrymore is recognized as being, next to Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's oddest citizen. Some intimates insist that his oddities are assumed; others that they are real. Young Doug Fairbanks, his friend, is positive that Barrymore's Gargantuan profanity and other manners are merely the outward manifestations of a deep and powerful inferiority complex. Others hold just as strongly that Barrymore's contemptuous attitude toward others, his right-and-left insulting of strangers and friends alike, is a true reflection of a vast self-satisfaction and conceit.

He's got a reputation for fearing bath-

By *Harry Lang*

tubs. Legend has it that he doesn't take baths. To which one of his intimates, deprecatingly, replies:

"Oh, well, he does like to look sloppy, and doesn't care whose shirt he borrows, or whether he doesn't shave for five or six days—but he really likes his shower bath."

It must be pointed out, in proof of this, that his new yacht, the *Infanta*, has more baths per square inch than any other ship afloat. There are tub and shower baths everywhere, for salt water and fresh water and hot water and cold. And it's quite believable that John uses them. They can't all be for Dolores and little Dolores and the crew.

Yachting, incidentally, is his chief delight. He's mad about the sea—boating and fishing. Between pictures he's almost always at sea. He owns two boats—the *Infanta*, a grand yacht with a special nursery aboard for the baby, and the *Mariner*, a sailing vessel which twice won the transpacific race from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu.

Yet he gets seasick! In rough weather, he plays the rail as inexperienced landlubbers usually do.

When he's not at work, or at sea, he's at home with Dolores and the baby. And what a home! In it, he's got collections of all manner of things—from hunting and fishing trophies, all the way through a gamut of things

—old ivory, antique glass, early prints, first editions, antique church vestments, guns. . . . He has probably the biggest gun collection in America, outside of museums.

Odds and ends, from whale's vertebrae to old Mexican cantina doors, incunabula, ecclesiastical statuettes, cats (the last census at the Barrymore home revealed eleven cats of both sexes and there are probably many more by now) and birds.

He has more than three hundred rare birds, from all parts of

the world in a specially-built aviary in charge of a birdkeeper. They know Barrymore and many of them eat out of his hand. The pet of them all, though, is "Maloney."

"Maloney" is a big, black vulture—probably the ugliest bird in nature. Barrymore has it trained to kiss him!

He has three dogs that run size's gamut—a Saint Bernard he calls "Peter," a Scotty he calls "Scotty," and a Pekinese he calls anything he can think of. It belongs, really, to Dolores.

He used to have a monkey, but when he got married he gave it away.

He has a tremendous collection of books, but has the craziest way of reading them!—he opens four or five at a time, and lays them on the floor in a semicircle. Then he flops down on his stomach and begins reading one. After a while, he lays it aside, and turns to another. And so on. Now and then, he turns back to one he's been reading and resumes where he leaves off. In other words, he's reading four or five books at a time—a few pages here, a few there, but all of them eventually from cover to cover.

HE'S quite gaga about astrology. He even goes to the extremes of setting starting dates for his pictures by the stars, and choosing his friends and co-workers by their horoscopes.

He cares not a whit for his personal appearance or what people think of him. During his wife's confinement, he took a suite of rooms at a Los Angeles hospital. One for his wife and one for himself, and there he lived instead of at home.

He was making "Moby Dick" at the time. He'd arrive at the hospital after work was over, clad in the wild, dirty habiliments of *Captain Ahab*. Still partly in character, the man swaggered through the hospital [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

ONE of the best of the recent stories about motion pictures is this one we cribbed from "The New Yorker." A mother had promised to take her little boy to the movies and was trying to sell him on the idea of seeing a nice, clean "Our Gang" comedy. The little fellow insisted on "War Nurse" and wouldn't see anything else.

"Why," insisted his mother, "there are some nice animals in the comedy." "Yeh," said the lad, "but there are animals in 'War Nurse,' too. Look at this advertisement in the newspaper. It says, 'War Nurse—See men change to beasts.'"

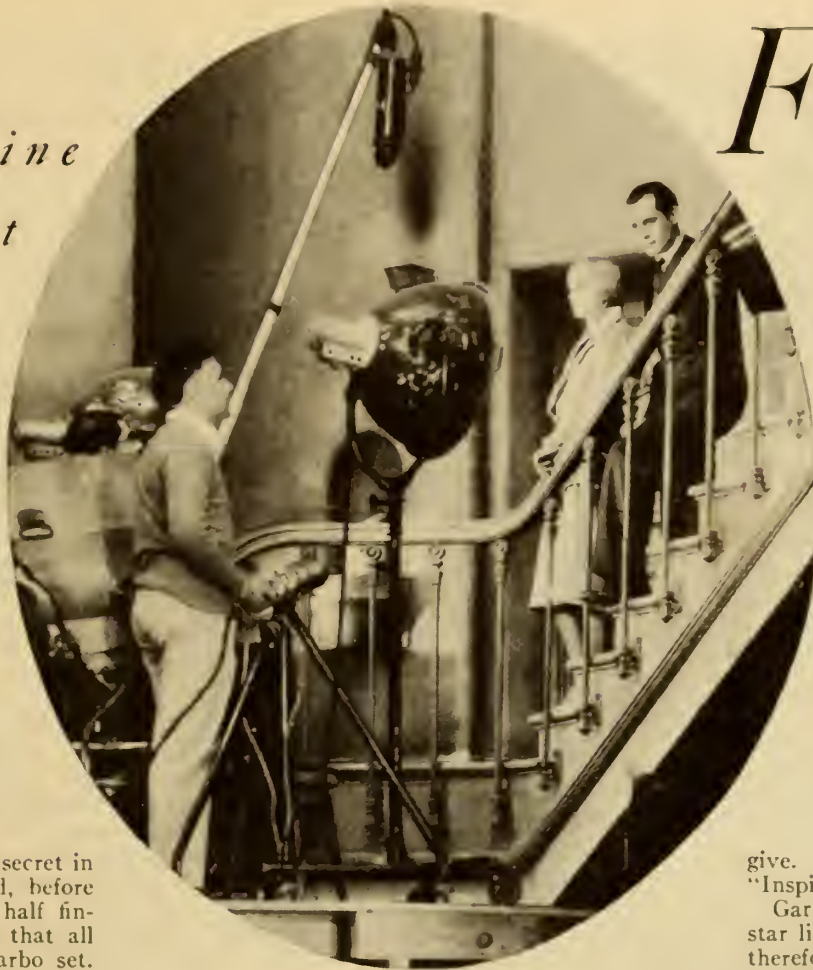


The Big Four of 1920—the Original United Artists who broke away from the old-line companies ten years ago and began the producing association that endures today under the same name but in a different form. Need we relate that they are, from left to right, Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith? Doug with a little more youth and hair, Mary more girlish, Chaplin not yet gray, and Griffith less cadaverous. Now, Doug and Mary are on Joseph Schenck's payroll and Griffith works for him, too. Only Chaplin remains his own boss in the United Artists group!



# Did Brown and Garbo Fight?

By  
Katherine  
Albert



Battle-ground? The famous team at work on "Inspiration." Clarence Brown is here directing Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery

YOU can't keep a secret in Hollywood. And, before the picture was half finished, you knew that all was not well on the Garbo set. You heard it from the other members of the cast, the electricians, the extras, the prop boys. You felt it when you came to the studio. There was something electric in the air.

"Brown and Garbo have disagreed!"

"He'll never direct another picture with her!"

"Garbo will go back to Sweden. She'll break her contract."

"Garbo is temperamental. She won't learn her lines."

"Garbo says . . ." "Brown says. . ."

You knew that all was far from quiet on the carefully guarded, walled-in stage where Greta Garbo was starring in "Inspiration," which was being directed by Clarence Brown.

Like all batches of rumors some of these were true, some were false. To begin with, there was no actual verbal battle between Garbo and Brown. For two reasons. Firstly, Garbo has never been outwardly angry in her life. She has never flown into a rage. Quite a lot of heavy Swedish sulking she has done and she has often refused to do what she was told—but there have been no wild fits.

Secondly, Clarence Brown won't fight. He is too calm a man, too sure of his admitted artistic powers, too diplomatic. "Inspiration" is the fifth picture he has directed for Garbo. The other four—"Flesh and the Devil," "A Woman of Affairs," "Anna Christie," and "Romance" have been Garbo's best and most successful efforts. Certainly Brown has been able to bring out of the white flame from Sweden the best she has to

The first true story of what happened to the greatest star-director team in pictures on the "Inspiration" set

give. Then, what happened on "Inspiration"?

Garbo has broken every rule of star living. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should break rules on the set. She works, as she does everything else, in a strange way. Even in the new medium, the talkies, she still adheres to the silent technique. Like most of the great silent picture stars she does not like to rehearse, feeling, as she does, that her first flash of emotion for the camera is the right one.

Perhaps prolonged rehearsals weaken her performance, but that is the way things are done successfully in talkies. The skilled actresses—the Shearers, the Chattertons, the Swansons—know this. No hours are too long, no repetition too often.

But not so Garbo. She works out her effects alone—as she does everything else.

In "Anna Christie" this manner of approach was all right. It was a fool-proof play, a fool-proof script. Garbo was sold on the characterization. The lines had already been proved to her, so she studied hours at home, working out each scene before her mirror. But in "Inspiration" a different situation arose.

THE piece is an adaptation of "Sappho." The book is now old-fashioned. So is the play. A new script had to be written and neither Garbo nor Brown was entirely satisfied with it, but there was nothing to do but experiment on the set and see how it read. In order to get anything out of it they must rehearse and rehearse and change and change. There's where the trouble began.

Garbo would not rehearse [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

# WHO Has *The Best*



Dolores Del Rio, whom the jury of experts says leads them all in physical pulchritude. This article, which tells why, changes some of our ideas of what constitutes a perfect figure. Dolores has been ill for months, but she's all well now and ready to give us another look at the figure

PHOTOPLAY'S jury of a famous producer of "girl" shows, an artist, an eminent physician, and a celebrated designer of clothes chooses Dolores Del Rio. That's one good way to start an argument!

*By Adele Whitely  
Fletcher*

A WOMAN in her middle thirties visited a sculptor's studio with her sixteen-year-old daughter. The sculptor, an old and privileged friend, complimented the mother on her figure. Much to the daughter's surprise.

Flabbergasted enough to drop her usual *savoir-faire*, the daughter fairly gasped:

"You think *my mother* has a good figure? *My mother!* You don't think she's too fat?"

You could tell the sculptor was an understanding man by the quizzical light that came into his eyes.

"You think you have a better figure than your mother?" It was a question, but he spared her replying.

"You have a figure that artists might choose for exaggerated drawings. That's true enough. And you probably would be considered excellent for fashions. But don't you make any mistake about it, young lady, your mother has a splendid figure. And she most decidedly is not too fat!"

THE general notion of what is a good figure no longer seems to be what it was a year or more ago when, influenced by the unsound fad which glorified boyish forms, Mrs. and Miss America survived on lamb chops and pineapple, oranges and lettuce.

It isn't anything remotely resembling a boyish form that has been selected as the best figure in Hollywood. It is, on the contrary, a figure warmly curved. And if the most perfect figure in that mecca of beauty isn't a good figure where, I ask you, are you going to find one? For, even those few stars, including Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton, who evidently feel they look better than they sound and, therefore, preferred not to have their measurements published, possess a lovely basic symmetry.

It is probably well known to readers of PHOTOPLAY—it has been told in these columns many times—that an actress photographs ten pounds heavier than she actually weighs. That's just one of those nasty little tricks of the camera, which sometimes also fails to recognize the beauty of a face that is ravishing to the eye, and sometimes makes a beautiful girl out of some homely little thing.

It became almost axiomatic among the actresses in Hollywood that they had to keep their weight below the

# Figure in Hollywood?

## And WHY

health line. That, in more cases than one, has led to starvation diets, rapid decline, tuberculosis and other forms of ill health.

In the elimination process one lovely lady after another lost her place in the pulchritudinous line up because she was too slim, because there wasn't sufficient sweep to her hips and calves and arms.

A hundred and one fads may come and go, but the standards of true beauty are unchanging.

Earl Carroll, producer of "Vanities," and without any doubt one of the greatest authorities on beauty in the whole world, granted Alice White and Bessie Love an almost perfect symmetry but, according to his standards, he found them too small. Bessie has been taking on too much weight recently, however.

HE also eliminated (it is as difficult for me to record this as it will be for you to read it, so we may as well have it over with) Greta Garbo. He feels Greta should weigh more than she does, be closer to the weight she was in Sweden before she reduced in order to comply with our American picture ideals.

"There is," Mr. Carroll insisted, "a certain weight at which every woman is her loveliest, just as there undeniably is a point in the unfolding of a flower at which it attains its greatest beauty.

"Like many Scandinavians, Miss Garbo has a large frame. Undoubtedly, her bones weigh heavily. Already, as a matter of fact, her measurements exceed what generally is considered

perfect for her height. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that Greta Garbo is an exception and that she would be far more beautiful, beautiful to a point of being glorious, if

she were heavier. I see her as a goddess, a golden Juno." Constance Bennett, Mr. Carroll believes to have perfect proportions.

"However," he said "her undeniable symmetry would be emphasized by lovelier, fuller sweeps if she were heavier. Weighing more, it is extremely likely that Constance Bennett would be a serious contender for Hollywood's most beautiful figure."

June Collyer he also found too slim.

It was Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio, Clara Bow and Bebe Daniels from whom Mr. Carroll made his final choice. They are, you will notice, the four girls who weigh the most for their height. There is no sense of frailty about them. They are roundly turned. They are, in every instance, a far hail from any boyish form, and they are not the undeveloped, adolescent type.

However, after long and serious consideration, Mr. Carroll asked to be allowed two first choices and two second choices. The dusky Dolores and the fair Marion. And Bebe and Clara. It was, as a matter of fact, quite impossible to choose beyond this, for the girls' measurements agreed equally well with the measurements of the Earl Carroll chart and it was, naturally enough, by this that he judged them.

### Here are Their Ages, Weights and Measurements

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Bust	Waist	Hips	Glove	Shoe
Joan Crawford	23 yrs.	5' 4"	110 lbs.	37	24½	37	6½	4D
Ann Harding	29 yrs.	5' 5½"	112 lbs.	34½	26½	38	6¼	6½AAA
Greta Garbo	25 yrs.	5' 6"	125 lbs.	36	28½	38	6¼	6AA
Carole Lombard	23 yrs.	5' 6"	109 lbs.	34½	28	38	6¼	4C
Bessie Love	32 yrs.	5'	100 lbs.	33½	26	36	5¾	2½B
Norma Shearer	26 yrs.	5' 3"	112 lbs.	34	25½	37	5¾	5½A
Alice White	23 yrs.	5'	98 lbs.	32	23½	33	6	3½C
Betty Compson	33 yrs.	5' 3"	110 lbs.	34	26	34	6	4C
Irene Rich	36 yrs.	5' 5"	134 lbs.	36	27	36	6¼	5B
Nancy Carroll	24 yrs.	5' 4"	116 lbs.	34½	25½	37	6¼	6B
Janet Gaynor	24 yrs.	5'	98 lbs.	31½	23	33	5½	3½AAA
Marion Davies	30 yrs.	5' 4"	118 lbs.	35	27	35½	6¼	6B
June Collyer	23 yrs.	5' 5"	114 lbs.	33	24	36	6¼	4½D
Clara Bow	25 yrs.	5' 4"	112 lbs.	33	24	36½	6½	5B
Joan Bennett	20 yrs.	5' 5"	108 lbs.	33	25	34	5¼	5AA
Mary Brian	22 yrs.	5' 3½"	115 lbs.	32	26	36	6½	4½D
Mary Duncan	25 yrs.	5' 5"	115 lbs.	34	23	32	6	4½B
Kay Francis	25 yrs.	5' 7"	118 lbs.	33	25½	35	6¾	4C
Bebe Daniels	29 yrs.	5' 4"	120 lbs.	36	27	37	6	4½B
Constance Bennett	25 yrs.	5' 4"	100 lbs.	33¼	25¾	35½	6	6A
Dolores Del Rio	26 yrs.	5' 4½"	120 lbs.	33	25	36½	5½	4½B

See Hospital Chart for Your Guidance on Page 86



Among the runners-up, Marion Davies interested the judges because of her well-developed figure



Joan Crawford's figure was rated high by one judge. She is marvelous for the dress artist!



Bebe Daniels came very near being elected as the possessor of Hollywood's best figure

This chart of Mr. Carroll's, printed below, is the result of his many years of experience in staging girl shows and judging beauty contests in practically every state in the Union. It is applicable to girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. Get out the tape-measure. If your dimensions coincide with these, you are the stuff of which the "Vantities" are made! You were not, in other words, born to blush unseen.

**H**OWEVER, let me make one point as important as Mr. Carroll took pains to make it to me. A girl whose measurements agree with the chart at every point save one, and show a wide divergence here, is not to be considered as having as good a figure as a girl whose dimensions vary slightly at *all* points.

Mr. Carroll stresses symmetry as being of vital importance. It was, you know, Constance Bennett's proportions that interested him in spite of her too slight weight.

With Mr. Carroll's chart are the measurements of Marion, Dolores, Clara and Bebe, so that you may see for yourself how this impresario judged them.

Earl Carroll's Ideal Measurements	Marion Davies	Dolores Del Rio	Bebe Daniels	Clara Bow
Height	5' 5"	5' 4"	5' 4"	5' 4"
Weight	120	118	120	112
Bust	33 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	35"	33"	36"
Hips	36"	35 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> "	36 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> "	37"
Waist	26 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> "	27"	25"	27"
Neck	12 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	13"	13 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> "	14"
Wrist	6"	5 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	7"
Lower Arm	9"	9"	—	9"

There is nothing extreme about the Earl Carroll figures. They do not allow for any bizarre effects. They are, as a matter of fact, in what might be considered surprising agreement with

those measurements that doctors accept as compatible with health and fitness.

According to hospital charts a girl from eighteen to twenty is average height at 5' 5". (Incidentally seventy-five per cent of the American women are this height or under.) Her healthy weight is listed at one hundred and twenty-six pounds, with ten per cent latitude allowable either way to account for a difference in skeleton weight. Thirty-three inches or thirty-four inches is considered the normal bust measure.

*Broadway, interested primarily in effect, has for its ideal measurements figures that might be taken from a doctor's chart!*

As Earl Christy, the famous artist responsible for the beauty of PHOTOPLAY covers, pointed out:

"Before a thing can be beautiful it must be fundamentally right. A woman's body, in order to be fundamentally correct, must have certain things . . . a greater breadth at the hips than a man would have . . . and a sweep up from her waistline.

**I** DO not mean to hold any brief for 'Venuses lost in fat.' But neither do I mean to hold any brief for women who have dieted until their bodies are caricatures of what they should be.

"Backbones," said Mr. Christy, eliminating two girls at one swoop, "should not be social, protruding like clipped wings when low cut evening gowns are worn. They rob a woman of that lovely, rounded look. They are reminders of the mechanism of the body, of joint fitting into joint. Joints, of course, are very important, but they function quite as efficiently unseen."

Three other girls failed to measure up because when they stood with their feet together, daylight was visible between their knees. Light showing at this point means the hip line is wrong, too.

Finally, Mr. Christy's choice narrowed down to Dolores Del Rio, Alice White, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]

From the life of  
"Little Alabam"—  
Dorothy Sebastian

# The Untold CHAPTER

By Janet French

But Dorothy knew it was "Mother" and the young dream that began that night in the little rectory on the out-

skirts of Birmingham ended in a tearful awakening. There was more to life than a kiss in the dark.

So, with a high school romance behind her and a woman's career ahead Dorothy began the important business of growing up to it. She turned her head to New York and a career on the stage—and from there on you know the story, the brave tale of the hardships she went through to get a foothold on the ladder of theatrical fame.

She made a real go of it, matured by an unhappy romantic experience.

Hollywood knows her as one of the most likeable girls who ever brought a beautiful face and Southern charm to the film capital. She has made a name for herself and a place in the industry.

Since that unhappy venture she naturally steered away from marriage.

She wanted to be dead certain the next time she took the step, and now she is sure—sure of Bill Boyd.

THEY were married quite suddenly in Las Vegas. Once they decided on it Dorothy wanted it done immediately. They didn't stop long enough to buy a wedding ring, and when the vows were made Bill used a sapphire ring Dorothy had given him last Christmas.

"It was sweet, wasn't it?" asked Dorothy. "Somehow it seemed lovelier than using any other sort of ring. And Bill is everything to me—everything that lover and husband should be."

And that's the untold chapter in the life of Dorothy Sebastian, and printed here for the first time anywhere.

"Little Alabam" has had other romances in Hollywood. She was engaged to Director Clarence Brown for quite a long time, and sported a mighty sparkler on her ring finger.

But it didn't really take, and the engagement was broken off.

Bill Boyd's first marriage—to Elinor Fair—ended in the divorce court some time ago.

Now the young folks are trying again—and this time it's going to last! They're very happy, and very much in love, and all signs point to a successful life together for the little Southern girl and the blond gentleman who does his heroing under the famous sign of the Pathe rooster.

And if good wishes can make it so, Dot and Bill are going to get on just fine!

AFTER her marriage to Bill Boyd the reporters asked Dorothy Sebastian if she had ever been married before. She replied, "Yes."

The answer startled a good many people, and when she added a touch of mystery to it by refusing to identify her ex-husband with a name, the Hollywood tongues began wagging like pleased pups' tails.

A few of us, however, know the story—a story that made a woman of a child. It was the turning point in Dorothy's life, and an experience without which she would never have gone to New York or subsequently to Hollywood.

She never spoke of it because it left a wound she didn't care to reopen; and, also, because she wanted to begin her career without personal entanglements.

But now it can be told.

It begins back in Birmingham, Alabama, with Dorothy a fresh, buoyant high school kid of sixteen. He was Al Stafford, handsome, tall, romantic—and eighteen!

To them the world was a garden and life a never-ending holiday, whose problems could be blown away with a kiss. It was Love's young dream.

One night they started to a dance, but they wound up in the rectory of a little church on the outskirts of Birmingham. They were married.

Full of secrecy Dorothy and Al went home, determined not to mention their marriage, but Mrs. Sebastian looked at Dorothy with a mother's eyes and said:

"You kids have been married!" It was a secret no longer and they knew they had to tell Al's mother.

This wasn't easy. She loved her boy and felt he was too young to be married. She was an invalid, too, depending on him for affection and comfort, and was profoundly hurt that he had taken the most important step of his life without confiding in her.

But in spite of this Young Love went to New Orleans for a blissful honeymoon and returned to take a small apartment in Birmingham. According to their youthful dream they should have lived happily ever after, but it didn't work out that way.

They gave up their own apartment and went to live with Al's mother. It brought nothing but sadness, for it was the old story of the two women who loved the same man, one as wife and the other as mother, and lived under the same roof.

The situation came to its inevitable climax, and Dorothy put it up to Al. He had to choose, and he said "Dorothy."



The young folks—Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian—as they looked right after their surprise marriage at Las Vegas, New Mexico, not long ago



AND Dorothy Jordan should be in the spotlight these bracing days! She has climaxed her delightful work opposite Ramon Novarro in three pictures with her great success in "Min and Bill." M-G-M is very fond of this little girl!

Spotlighting  
Dorothy



The famous shoes that have skidded Charles Chaplin around a thousand comic corners. Here they submit to their first interview

# Still Kicking Around

**H**ERE'S the first interview with Charlie Chaplin's famous shoes that has ever been printed.

They know the great comedian from the ground up. They have just finished years of work in "City Lights." Now they squeak for themselves!

I found them in the living room of Chaplin's studio bungalow at Sunset and LaBrea Boulevards, Hollywood.

Their tongues were literally hanging to the floor in their eagerness to get to business.

On a chair nearby were the cane, derby hat, green with age; baggy trousers, plaid vest and short coat, fellow workers of the shoes.

"There's one thing we want you to get straight before we go any further," they burst forth. "We're not just a pair of old shoes. We never were—"

"Of course, I realize that," I interrupted. "I know you're just about the most famous pair of old—"

"You don't get the idea," they retorted. "Most people probably have the idea that Charlie just picked us out of a scrap heap and wore us because we were dilapidated.

"That's not true. We like to think," and here one toe crossed another, somewhat embarrassed-like, "that we are dream children.

"You see, the boss gave a lot of thought to his appearance before he decided definitely on the costume which has made him so famous. Notice that we say 'made *him* famous' because, after all," with a chuckle, "aren't we the foundation of his success?"

They were pleased with this little pun and expanded until their uppers, freed of the laces, almost doubled over to the floor.

Seeing that I responded with full appreciation, they continued.

"Charlie tells us that he experimented with several other shoes before we came into existence. Perhaps some of our good points were taken from them. After several nights of deliberations and dreams,

Charlie Chaplin's famous shoes speak out on "The Foundations of Success"

Charlie went to a shoemaker with very definite plans and we were born there on his awl as the boss looked on. Although our arches appear to be broken and our soles are flat, we were given the souls of real artists and as much character as is put into the finest custom-built apparel.

"That isn't bragging too much, is it?"

I assured them it could not possibly be misconstrued and they continued.

"That was back in 1915—"

"Oh, you're not so hot," came a swishing interruption from the bamboo cane. "If you're so good, why doesn't Charlie let you go out to grace the galleries of collectors like he has so many of my predecessors?"

"Because we improve with age, and—" the shoes began.

"Why, right now," said the cane, ignoring their attempted reply, "there are two requests for me from famous collectors, and I never heard of anyone wanting you. There is one of us in the collection of a New York bank president, King Albert of Belgium has one and another—"

"CAN that chatter," came a loud chorus from other members of the costume. "Neither of you would amount to anything without us. We're the body and backbone of—"

"Whose interview is this, anyway?" the shoes angrily demanded to know above the threatened uproar. "Will you keep still for a while and let us tell this man what he came to hear and forget your petty jealousies for a while? Keep quiet, or we'll give you one of our well-known boots in the pants."

This quieted the others and they sulked, as the shoes explained the other duds were extremely jealous of them.

"We're the oldest," they continued, "with the possible exception of the vest. Nobody seems to know how old it is or where it came from. It's just a minor item, however, and doesn't count.

"We don't suppose Charlie will ever let us go. He might give away [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]

By Keeton Arnett

# Hey, Doug! Just Look



It looks like quite a whoopee affair, this scene from "Dance Fools, Dance." Lester Vail and Joan Crawford are the two young folks so sketchily dressed. Above, young Mr. Vail himself

ONE morning on the set of "Dance Fools, Dance" Director Harry Beaumont approached Joan Crawford with a nice looking, dark-haired young man she had never seen before and said, "Joan, I want to present your leading man, Mr. Vail. This is Miss Crawford, Mr. Vail."

"How do you do," said Miss Crawford.

"How do you do," said Mr. Vail.

"And now," continued Beaumont, "we'll do the first scene. You're sitting here, Joan. Vail enters and immediately takes you in his arms. You put your hands on his face and kiss him. He buries his face in your hair and says, 'Oh, my darling. I love you so much!'"

"Er—yes sir," said Vail.

"Er—yes sir," said Joan.

They did the scene. His voice trembled with passion. Joan's eyes shone with love light. And unless you had known your Hollywood you'd never have believed just two minutes before

"Mr. Lester Vail, meet Miss Joan Crawford!"—and then they hug for the cameraman!



these ardent lovers had never set eyes upon each other. Yet, even in Hollywood, it was a little embarrassing. The cameras stopped and they parted. Vail ran a nervous finger around his collar. Joan turned away to powder her nose.

"It's a bit warm, isn't it?" said Vail.

"The lights," said Joan. "They're using more than usual today."

There was an awkward silence, finally broken by Vail. "You know, I believe that after—er—the scene you might be good enough to call me by my first name. It's Lester."

And the tension was dispelled.

But, still Lester was nervous. It was, as a matter of fact, an awkward situation. Several months before it was announced that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was to play one of the principal rôles in "Beau Ideal." By mutual agreement between director and actor, Doug did not play the part. He was replaced by Lester Vail. Such things, as a rule, do not tend to breed good feeling in Hollywood. And now, Vail found himself making desperate love to the wife of Doug, Jr.

HOLLYWOOD, mused Vail, was certainly a confusing town. But then, so was life. Lester Vail's life, anyhow. Take his sailing for the Orient a few years ago.

Here's how it happened. Lester was one of the important men in his class at Stanford University.

During his senior year he met a wealthy man who offered him a big job in a financial concern the following September.

That summer Lester was a member of the Bohemian Club, and at the Pacific Grove meeting he played the leading rôle in the play that is produced for the members. A manager who takes companies to the Orient offered him the chance to go to the East as juvenile lead. It was an orderly existence against hardships. But madness won and, instead of entering a well appointed office on September first, Lester sailed for India with a group of troupers September second.

A remarkable year followed, a year of excellent apprenticeship for the theatrical career that he found waiting for him in New York. On Broadway he was always convincing enough support to various stars. He never appeared in flops but he never managed to hit the long runs.

Then he came to Hollywood. He had had a test made and been signed by M-G-M. One afternoon he received a frantic call from Herbert Brenon at Radio Pictures and the next morning he found himself at work in "Beau Ideal." It was the chance of a lifetime.

He's a thoroughly nice kid, Lester Vail. Young, enthusiastic, brimming over with joy in his good fortune. You'll like Lester. You'll like his nice, earnest, handsome face.

You'll like his enthusiasm, which can't help but register on the screen. And you'll be glad he turned down that big job for the chance to be an actor.

By Elaine



# What's Going On Here!

Kent Douglass joins the Joan Crawford Leading Man Brigade in her picture, "Paid"

A GROUP of what we laughingly call "ladies of the press" had just seen Joan Crawford's picture, "Paid." All agreed Joan's acting was great.

"And what do you think of the new leading man, young Kent Douglass?" asked one.

"Oh, he's grand. He's got everything—that boy. A great actor! What did you think of him?"

"I didn't think that at all. Why, he isn't even good looking." And the fight was on.

But it's been like that all Kent Douglass' life. You either like him—a lot. Or else you don't like him—a lot. Both personally and professionally. When he was on the stage (his name was Douglass Montgomery, then) the critics felt the same way.

He is not, as one of the sisterhood remarked, "even good looking," in the strictest sense of the word. But he makes up for this in intensity.

He is a strangely vital person.

KENT is the type who *would* starve in an attic for his art, for never once did the thought of following any career save acting enter his mind. And he began by being the youngest juvenile in Los Angeles. When he was still in high school he was playing juvenile leads, and in New York there was an interesting career awaiting him. He became, after he had done many other things, a member of the Theater Guild Acting Company.

He is one of the few stage actors who definitely had not turned his attention toward pictures. He came to California to visit his family in Pasadena. He had seen but two talking pictures—"The Terror," one of those first atrocious screamers, and "Anna Christie." Nothing in between. When he made his first test at M-G-M he was so green that he thought it would be a good idea for the camera to pick him up at a telephone—probably the oldest test formula.

He has heard the stories that disgruntled stage actors brought back about Hollywood. So far, he is amazed at the kindness and good taste he finds at the studios.

"Everything would be all right," he said, "if only I could get over my nervousness. For no reason, my knees tremble every time I do a scene. I can't understand how Joan Crawford remains so perfectly poised all day long. Lord, but she was grand to me!"

To catch the elusive spirit of the boy is a difficult task. Outwardly he is like this: His hair is very light. His eyes are very blue. His nose is large. His chin is firm. He is of medium height. But there is within him a quality that you'll notice in "Paid." It is a certain spark, a certain vivid eagerness. The boy is all youth and excitement.

When he first returned to his home on the Coast from New York, pictures did not interest him.

O g d e n

It was only the stage. Now he is only keen on pictures. He says: "Oh, there



Kent Douglass and Joan Crawford in a scene from "Paid," the talkie version of the famous play, "Within the Law." Kent's work was so good he was signed to a long-term contract

is a greater thrill in working on the stage. More reality for the actor.

"The talkies are new and exciting. The stage is musty and surrounded by sentimentality. It's an old lover dyeing his gray locks.

"But the talkies—they're vital, they're alive and if I'll ever learn to keep from being so confoundedly nervous when that microphone swings over my head and that camera is wheeled up before my face, I'll love every second at the studio."

You may not like Kent Douglass at all. But you'll go to see him and you won't be just lukewarm in your opinions about him.

You may like him more than any of the new screen actors you've yet watched. And you won't feel just lukewarm about that, either.

For Kent is a personality. You either take him or you leave him alone!

# Ina Claire *Laughs*



SHE had ruled the field of high comedy in the American theater for years—and she took a licking in Hollywood such as few ladies and gents have survived. But the indomitable Ina Claire not only lived through it, but marshaled her spiritual and material forces and scored a triumph in the medium that had rejected her—the talking picture

# Last - and Loudest!

The dramatic tale of how Mrs. John Gilbert, ignored in Hollywood, fought back once more to the queendom she had ruled for years

**H**ARK! Hear that silvery peal of girlish laughter rising above the clamor of the hardened artery called Broadway?

That, friends, is Ina Claire laughing last—and laughing loudest!

Ina has waited two long years for that burst of merriment—two years of failure and personal discouragement—of playing second, third and fourth fiddle to a movie actor husband in the eye of the motion picture public.

Now, strolling down the Broadway that made her a star, she can see her name in bright lights above a great theater—"Ina Claire and Fredric March in 'The Royal Family of Broadway.'" She can, if she chooses, go in and find the playhouse crammed to the fire-exits with human sardines who howl with laughter and are swayed to gentle tears.

It's a triumph for the indefatigable Ina—the magnificent lady of the stage upon whom self-sufficient, smug Hollywood sat with all the dead weight at its command, and that's plenty. And if there's a faint trace of conquering superiority in Ina's gale of mirth, I, for one, and you, for many, can forgive her. For the glory of her performance, and the warmth of its reception, in "The Royal Family of Broadway," climax as gallant and dramatic a return to power and acclaim as the stage and screen have ever witnessed!

Let's snatch a quick look over the shoulder at the little Fagan girl of Washington who became Ina Claire, First Comedienne of Broadway, took one of the grandest lickings in the history of Hollywood and then stood up to knock Hollywood, bleary-eyed, clear through the ropes.

**T**HE little Fagan girl of the capital city, like so many of our players, was a child mimic. She rose through musical comedy to revue, to stardom under Belasco's wand, and went on from triumph to triumph in high comedy—oh, very high indeed! Comedies full of tea-carts, spats, monocles and broad A's.

Ina Claire was one to command. She ruled her field by what might be called semi-divine right. Exquisitely dressed, magnificently poised, she moved among the smartest—society sparklers, New York's town wits, writers of all sorts, back-gammon players, people who trade epigrams for invitations. In this sort of throng, Ina Claire was head man.

Came the talkies—and the theater's march on Hollywood. Queen Ina the First was mobilized early in 1929, and glittered upon the Pathe lot under a three-picture contract.

I saw her then—sat at luncheon with her in her dressing room. She was miserable as only a great stage star can be in an atmosphere where she is just another actress, and a handful at that, according to studio people.

Ina was making her first—and last—Pathe picture, "The Awful Truth." She didn't know about its truth, but she felt awful enough.

The First Lady of the Theater was literally an unknown in Hollywood! She



Mary Brian and Ina Claire as daughter and mother in "The Royal Family of Broadway," that excellent talkie portrait of an American stage family that put Ina on the heights again. The line of hopeful producers will now please form on the right

fretted and stormed at the picayune studio delays, the shooting of fragments of scenes that were over before ever the star had worked up a good head of histrionic steam.

"I can't stand it!" she told me. "Just as I begin to get the feel and spirit of a scene, CUT—it's over, and there I am!"

Then, with no warning, she scuttled over the Nevada line and married Jack Gilbert. Married him because he laughed like a happy boy and not like a Park Avenue luncher—because he was gay and good-looking and naive.

"Where has this been all my life?" asked Claire. I know she asked, because she told me so.

**W**ITH her marriage, Ina Claire found out just where she stood, out there on the Pacific shore.

"John Gilbert Weds Actress" screamed the headlines. Her pride burned to a crisp. She was sporty about it, but there was bitterness in the way she tried to laugh it off.

John Gilbert, the great lover, conducting the marital orchestra—Ina Claire, just "actress," playing a bull fiddle somewhere in the rear rank! Ten thousand thunders! What queen could bear THAT ignominy? Not Queen Claire, let me tell you!

"Never mind," I told her. "When you and Jack come East, he'll be just another actor carrying your luggage!"

But I could see she wasn't quite consoled.

Came the day when "The Awful Truth" was released.

And did it burst, bomb-like, upon the Broadway [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

By Leonard Hall



THE cameraman tackles Nature 10,000 feet above the sea! Clyde De Vinna, winner of the Academy's photographic award in 1929, perches his camera precariously on a peak and shoots scenes for "The Great Meadow," with Eleanor Boardman and John Mack Brown. An easy life, eh?

## Shooting The Peaks

# The Star's Secret

*What Was This Strange  
Power That Held Audiences  
Enslaved for Hours?*

By

Dana Burnet

*Illustrated by Everett Shinn*

**I**HAPPENED to be dining at the club the night John Benson got home from the Coast. He came out on the dining porch, looking for a table.

"Hello, John," I said. "Back from Hollywood?"  
"Just got in. How are you?" We shook hands. "Anybody using this chair?"

"No. I'm alone. Sit down."  
John sat opposite me. I waited till he'd ordered. Then I said:

"Well! What about it? How'd you get along out there?"  
"I got along all right. Did the dialogue for a couple of pictures. Tricky work, till you learn the technique. But I rather enjoyed it."

"What's Hollywood like?"  
He looked at me and shook his head.  
"Can't answer that in one evening. Matter of fact, I'm not sure I know. I'm not sure anybody knows. It's on too big a scale. It's absurd, of course, but even its absurdity is so tremendous that you have trouble laughing at it. You get set to laugh, and then you feel foolish yourself, because you know how futile your laugh is going to be."

"It's all pretty pointless, I suppose?"  
"About as pointless," said John, "as a glacier. You might not see much sense to a glacier, but you'd have to be somewhere near the seat of the Almighty to be able to kid it, or to figure out its importance in the general scheme of things."

"Hollywood moves faster than a glacier, doesn't it?"  
"Yes," he admitted. "It's more like an avalanche. You stand by and watch it, but you're so busy trying to keep out from under that you never quite discover what makes it move."

"Isn't the propelling force," I asked, "simply the desire to exploit the sentimentality of the public for profit?"

"The desire for profit," he said, "explains the production of the pictures, just as the desire for entertainment explains the pub-



Moonlight, the sea, and that other unfathomable mystery, Stella Solvig!

lic's eagerness to see them. But there's another element I've never been able to fathom."

"What's that?"

"The curious and almost violent passion that the public has for certain personalities of the screen. It can't be explained on aesthetic grounds, for frequently these personalities are in-different actors. Usually, to be sure, they possess some quality of physical attractiveness; but so do most of the extras who surround and support them."

"Yet these chosen ones have a hold on the public that results in sheer fanaticism. That's well known. But how account for it? To me it's a mystery, and always will be."

He paused for a moment, and then said, smiling a little: "I met Stella Solvig out there."

"You met the great Solvig?"

He nodded.

"Tell me about her. Is she interesting? Is she intelligent? Is she as beautiful as she is on the screen?"

"More beautiful, if anything," said John.

"Lucky dog!"

"**Y**ES, I was lucky to meet her," he said. "I wanted to, more than I've wanted almost any other experience in my life, not only because she was beautiful and famous, but because she possessed, I thought, the pure secret of this power over people. This strange attraction that not only draws incredible audiences into the picture houses, but dominates them, like a hypnotic influence, when they've returned to the routine of their daily lives."

"Stella Solvig's fan mail amounts to twenty-five thousand letters a week. Sometimes more. And that represents only a small proportion of the millions who worship her, most of whom, no doubt, would be happy to do murder for her."

"Where did you meet her?" I asked John.

"At Malibu beach. That's a place about thirty miles from Hollywood, where a lot of the successful movie stars have bungalows. Most of these bungalows are unpretentious—little frame shacks built close to each other on the sand—and the life there is casual and informal. You bathe, you play a little

## More worshipped than any other actress—but why?

tennis, you lie out in the sun and get a burn; and when a party happens, it's usually more by accident than by intention. There's some splurge, but not much. Stella Solvig had a small cottage at the upper end of the beach. I was visiting a friend of mine, the director of the picture I had to write, and I used to see her walking the sand in her bathing suit.

"SHE was very beautiful. Tall, slender, with long straight legs, lovely arms and shoulders, and hair that the sun turned to a kind of yellow mist around her head. She walked with long, lazy strides, her face turned always a little toward the sea, and seemed completely indifferent to any life going on about her.

"This indifference wasn't a pose. I learned that she seldom went to parties; that she had few friends; that her isolation was as essential to her as publicity is to the average star. She lived and walked alone, turning her eyes toward the horizon, toward the wilderness of space and water. Her eyes were blue; but not the blue of the Pacific she looked on. They were a paler, colder blue—the color of the North Atlantic in October.

"Then, one Sunday night, I went to a buffet supper given by some charming people who owned a tennis court. I stepped up on the porch of their bungalow and there was Stella Solvig, in a white sports dress, sitting alone in a hammock, looking at the ocean. She'd been playing tennis there that afternoon.

"I decided to make the most of my opportunity. I went into the house and got two plates of food and brought them back to the porch. I gave her one, and asked if I might sit down beside

her. She looked up at me with an absent-minded smile, and said yes. I introduced myself. I said I knew her, of course, and that, frankly, I had a question I was eager to ask her. 'A question?' she said; and then, in her calm, low voice—'But I can guess what it is, and you may as well not ask it, because I don't know the answer.'

"She looked straight into my eyes. Her own were curiously sad, but serene. There was a deep well of honesty in them. Her lashes were very long. 'I don't think about it any more,' she said. And I said: 'All right, I won't ask you now. Not, at least, till you've finished your salad.'

"She smiled at that, and I thought of the crowds who had felt their pulses quicken to see that smile flicker across a screen. Yes, I admit I thought of all the millions who would passionately envy me sitting beside her on that porch, in the hazy California twilight.

"After a while, she got up abruptly and said she was going home. I asked if I might walk up the beach with her, and again, simply, she said yes. If there was no flattery in her acquiescence, neither was there any self-consciousness in it. She accepted me as a child would accept a chance companion. I had an idea she was lonely because she could not assume artificial attitudes toward people. There was a profound naturalness in everything she said or did; and the sum total of it was utter mystery.

"So we walked up the beach, and there was a moon. Yes, there was a moon. The sea, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Well, you probably wouldn't believe it, but here's proof. Marlene Dietrich is an artist on the musical saw! Beautiful music can come out of a saw in expert hands, and Marlene is said to be a grand saw-player. Her father gave her the instrument when she was a girl. Here she's playing a tune for Victor McLaglen between scenes of "Dishonored"

Folks, meet *Rango*, if you haven't already. He's the star of the great jungle picture named after him, and if you have any kind of a heart at all, this little orang-outang will win it. In this close-up he is thinking over his career



That object you see hanging from *Rango's* neck isn't a lavalieré—it's a chain that holds him right where he is. A couple of mere humans thought they'd keep him in their hut, but *Rango* fixed that. In no time he was back in the woods again

# Poor Li'l Rango

Dear PHOTOPLAY Reader:

By *Harry Lang*

Maybe it'd be nicer all around, if you'd not read this until after you've seen "*Rango*" the grandest true-jungle, non-fake animal picture ever filmed. It'd make Mister Schoedsack, who made it, happy if you'd see the show first.

He's one awfully fine fellow, but in Hollywood he's been bitten by the Mygawed it'll spoil the illusion Bug. And that's terrible!

It has made Mister Schoedsack believe that if you read this before you see his picture, it'll spoil the kick in "*Rango*." So if you want to please Mister Schoedsack, just turn over to the next article.

But use your own judgment.

THE EDITOR

"RANGO" is easily the finest non-studio motion picture that you'll see for a long time. But, for a few minutes, it'll just about break your heart.

It was made in far-off Sumatra, by a tall, gangling genius of the camera named Ernest Schoedsack. It employs only two human actors—and they're just a couple of jungle natives. Neither of them is the star. The star is a baby orang-outang which, in the progress of the story, is called *Rango*. His daddy, an aged but active orang, is in the film, too. He's named *Tua*.

*Rango's* mama never appears. She must have run off with a supervisor or something. But that's not important.

Well, Schoedsack develops a heart-touchingly simple little story. How *Tua* and Baby *Rango* survive the jungle's menaces. How they make friends with the two natives. He takes you

so intimately into *Rango's* life that, by the time the film is half over, you're head over heels in love with the little ape!

Honestly. *Rango* is the funniest, sweetest, naughtiest, lovablest, interestingest, and lots-of-other-things-est creature that's hit the screen in a long time.

And then, out of the midst of this delightful affection you're developing for the baby, there comes heart-stopping tragedy. In a twinkling, you see the most ruthless beast of the jungle—the tiger—snarl out of his ambush and strike little *Rango* dead with one sweep of his paw!

You're stunned at first. Then you're hurt deeply. Then you begin to get mad. And a hot, red rage surges within you at the man who'd kill a tiny, lovable thing like that just for the sake of a movie thrill. Man, how you burn! And it doesn't take the raw edge off, either, when you gloat at the film's finish over nature's vengeance for *Rango's* death. It comes when the tiger is killed in a death-battle with an ungainly water-buffalo—gored to death before your eyes for another of the greatest thrill-scenes that's ever been filmed. You still hate Schoedsack for killing *Rango*.

And if you'd have the fortune to meet Schoedsack, the first thing you'd probably say would be:

"Say, you big stiff! What's the idea of killing *Rango*?"

Schoedsack takes his pipe out of his mouth at that, glances down at you from his six feet-four height, and smiles indulgently.

"Why'd you kill *Rango*?" you bellow again.

So Schoedsack drawls:

"*Rango* isn't dead. *Rango's* [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]"



International

Who's the little girl in the opaque cheaters? Nobody but our best girl friend, Clara Bow, as she looked on the witness-stand in the trial of her former secretary, Daisy De Voe!

IT really doesn't look as though Clara Bow is ever going to get sense enough to keep out of trouble. The latest mess, this lawsuit that the papers have been full of, was positively disgusting. Her amatory adventures, even with Harry Richman and Rex Bell, promote no great admiration for her.

But, now, Clara has proved herself a sucker. The position of a sucker, in real life or on the screen, was clearly given by W. C. Fields, the great comedian—or, maybe, it was Texas Guinan:

"Never give a sucker an even break!"

YOU have read all the details in the newspapers. There is no need to recount them here. It has all been a sordid mess. Personally we don't care if we ever see Clara Bow on the screen again. When we do, it will be with a feeling that every half dollar we throw to her picture means star sapphires for a lot of bozos.

THE story is pretty well authenticated in Los Angeles that the engagement—or whatever you call it—between Harry Richman and Clara Bow was a clever press agent idea on the part of Richman's producers. We are inclined to believe it, and give them credit for a very smart idea of its kind.

You are probably fed up with Clara, and so are we.

DURING the last month more than a hundred letters have come in to PHOTOPLAY, asking what is happening to Doug and Mary. Are they going to separate? Are they going to be divorced?

Personally, we think it's all poppycock. Mary and Doug have just decided to give up

their act of being the perfect married couple and be normal about it.

Doug is rich, full of life, and wants to travel and play. Mary is rich, full of life, and wants to keep on being an actress. She won't give up the spotlight. Doug says, "To heck with it!" And, after all, there are millions of couples who have more real differences than that.

DOUG devotes at least six hours a day to physical exercise—walking, golf and tennis. Mary devotes at least six hours a day to worrying about her motion picture future.

Doug wants to travel. He feels he has earned the right to enjoy travel. So Doug decided he would go to the Orient. And, why shouldn't he? At this writing, Mary is in New York looking over plays for prospective picture material. She says she will join Doug in Germany in the spring.

YOU have probably heard that story about Norma Talmadge going on the stage. She started out to play in a road company of that

snappy New York show, "The Greeks Had a Word for It." But, the plans went all askew, and Norma recently returned to Hollywood. She was eager to do a screen version of the play, and she wanted to work in a road company as preparation.

It's too bad that we don't see more of Norma in the things that fit her. For goodness' sake, won't somebody give her something worthy of her? No, producers, not this "DuBarry, Woman of Passion" junk. We got enough of that from Pola.

IT'S religion that is holding up the wedding of Jeanette Loff, one of the really beautiful blondes of Hollywood, and Walter O'Keefe, the song writer and cabaret master of ceremonies. O'Keefe is a fine lad. He met and fell in love with Miss Loff while writing songs and scripts in Hollywood. Recently, she came East to see him, and nightly sat at a back table in Barney Gallant's pleasant Greenwich Village spot while Walter sang his songs and managed his show.

# Cal York

## The Monthly

# Hollywood



Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of their trouping. Two of the elder stars are together in one picture, "Kept Husbands." Clara Kimbail Young makes her talkie debut, and Bryant Washburn has a good rôle. But the leads are played by youngsters, Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea



# Announcing— Broadcast of Goings-On!



P. and A.

First picture of Marlene Dietrich with her husband, Rudi Sieber. This photograph was snapped as Marlene alighted from the train at Berlin, happy to be home in Germany for the Christmas holidays. For there, in the German capital, was the four-year-old daughter Marlene had missed so in Hollywood!

Jeanette is a divorcee and Walter belongs to a very devout Catholic family. There's the rub—that divorce. But, who knows?

WELL, the Mdivani boys are prospering. They call themselves Princes of Georgia (Asia Minor). PHOTOPLAY once said that according to Webster's dictionary they were not princes, and Pola started to sue PHOTOPLAY on that account, but changed her mind. She has also changed her prince now.

The Mdivani boys are really very nice chaps—handsome, cultured gentlemen. They do not need the prince tag. But no money went with the titles, although in this country a prince is supposed to be a pretty high-class guy.

Mae Murray's Prince David has just struck oil in California, and we understand is now amassing a fortune. The third brother has married into real society and money in the East.

YES, it happened. Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna are married. And they drove up to the license bureau in

an ambulance! Kay was on her way home from a hospital where she had been treated for a jaw ailment.

Both the young folks have come fast and far in the talkies, after careers on the stage. Kay has made a great success at Paramount, and Kenneth is both acting and directing at Fox. They played together in "The Virtuous Sin."

The bride-elect gave her name as Katherine Gibbs, and admitted to twenty-five years, while the blushing groom said his name was Leo Mielziner, Jr., aged thirty-one.

Of course, I'm a little blighted, having been Kay's devoted admirer since "Gentlemen of the Press," her first talkie. But put her there, Ken, old fellah! I suppose the best man won! We can't all have the one Kay.

JUST as the great rotary presses started to grind out copies of PHOTOPLAY at the rate of a thousand a minute, our telephone tinkled and an excited voice at the other end shouted, "It's a boy!" The other end of the telephone connection was the Harold Lloyd palace in



What? Can this be our elegant, monocolled star, George Arliss? It not only can be, but is! Arliss is playing a hard-boiled American working man in his next, "The Ruling Passion"

Beverly Hills. It has never been any secret that Harold has always been crazy to have a little fellow raising mischief around the house and tearing up the flowers in the garden. The lad came before he was expected, weighed four and one-half pounds and the doctor is going to keep him in an incubator for a while until he gets strong enough to come out and face this tough world. His name?—Harold Lloyd, Jr., of course.

INA CLAIRE packs a sting in her repartee. Walter Winchell retails this yarn.

Not long ago she saw "Once in a Lifetime," the screaming satire on the picture business, its people and its ways.

"Did you ever see anything funnier?" gushed a pal.

"Yes," cracked Ina—"Hollywood!"

MAURICE CHEVALIER, fresh from a long holiday in Paris and London, has reported for work at Paramount's New York studio.

He goes to work at once on "The Smiling Lieutenant," a gay comedy with some songs. And no less than two pretty girls get a break in the film—Claudette Colbert, whom we all know and admire, and Miriam Hopkins, the little "Gawgia" blonde who debuted in Paramount's "Fast and Loose." Okay, Maurice—do zose things! The screen needs you!

AT the same hour the same studio got another recruit—Tallulah Bankhead, daughter of Senator Bankhead of Alabama, suh! Tallulah went to London in 1923, and for

# Tune in, folks, on Cal York's



Here's a new gadget for you, girls! Instead of using the old-style monogrammed seal, Dorothy Jordan has one with her silhouette on it. And if you don't know it's her profile—it's just too bad, so it is!

seven years has been one of the stage pets of the British capital. Not only her ability as an actress, but her bizarre personality and quaint carryings-on have made her the most discussed figure on the English stage.

You'll hear a lot about this young person.

Her first American talkie is to be "New York Lady," and Clive Brook has come on from the Coast to play opposite. She should be sensational on the screen, this Tallulah.

OF all the picture people who pop into New York on business or pleasure bent, none kicks up more dust than Joan Crawford.

Joan fascinates the young girls. They go mad for her. She's the dashing, vivid, American type the little ladies would like to be. Whenever she appears the riot squad is called.

When Joan appeared at the great Capitol Theater, where her "Paid" was showing, the young folks practically tore the house apart. It was bedlam. There's something about this Crawford lass that gets 'em.

Grand young couple, Doug and Joan. While they were in New York, "Little Caesar" opened on Broadway, and the place was mobbed. Two triumphs for the kids, and while they were in town.

Joan's a serious-minded actress, getting better every picture. Doug's work improves and matures steadily. He's just signed with First National for five years—as actor, writer, director. "I'm going to learn this

business some day," the boy says. And he will. What a pair—young, handsome, prosperous. Long may they wave!

THOUSANDS of us who were movie-hungry youngsters ten years ago have had twinges of sad memory at the news of the death of Art Acord.

For, a decade ago, Art was one of the noble film cowboys who rode the Western ranges, fighting for virtue. A hard-riding picture cowpuncher of the type that grows rare.

He served through the war as a private, first in the Thirty-Ninth Infantry and later with the 144th Field Artillery. Wounded in action, the French gave him the *Croix de Guerre*.

WHEN cowboys fell upon evil times, Art's money departed. A few months ago he went to Mexico, hoping to recoup his fortunes—and he failed. At last, in a cheap hotel room in Chihuahua City, Art Acord took poison. He told the doctors at the hospital that he wanted to die. The fight had gone out of him, and die he did. Only the efforts of American Legionnaires in Southern California kept his body from being buried in the potter's field of the Mexican town.

Well, perhaps Art Acord is riding a greener, happier range now. Let's hope so.

THE New York *World* reports that newsreel cameramen are offering heavy odds that Junior Lindbergh will talk before his daddy does.

ONA MUNSON denied right along that she was going to get a divorce from Eddie Buzzell, comedian and director.

Then one day she turned up in Nogales, Ariz., and filed suit, charging extreme cruelty. They were married in 1926.

While Ona was in New York she was seen a lot in the company of Ernst Lubitsch, recently divorced from his wife, Helen. There is a report that Ona and Lubitsch are romancing seriously.

LEAVE it to Lupe Velez to stand up for her! Ga-reeeee!

Ever since there has been a feeling that "Morocco" was handed to Marlene Dietrich at Gary Cooper's expense, Loyal Lupe has added another impersonation to her party repertory.

She is now said to go heavily for an impression of the German leading woman who is headed full tilt for stardom.

And I'll bet it isn't too sweet, either. That Lupe has a gift!

GEORGE ARLISS had a black eye when he returned to Hollywood to make another story for Warner Bros.

No, no, no, no!—he fell out of a Pullman berth.

MARLENE DIETRICH had a grand time at home in Germany.

Her reunion with her husband and little daughter was wonderful, and her American success in Paramount talkies, beginning with "Morocco," sent German managers scuttling after her with offers of work.

Many famous Berlin impresarios besieged Marlene with offers for stage appearances. As this is written, she has smiled them all off. It's vacation time for the girl, and she doesn't propose to spoil it with toil. She'll be back any day now, ready to make some more pictures in Hollywood. And her husband and child may come with her, this time.

THERE'S a story going the rounds that a certain new star, whose hair is the color of platinum, and a certain favorite, who has been called one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, had a few unpleasant words over the affections of a certain millionaire boy producer. Now guess!

KENNETH HARLAN just doesn't seem to be able to stay married!

First it was Flo Hart. Then it was Marie



A little confab on the set. Louis Wolheim seems to be telling Director Mervyn Le Roy how to film a scene for "Gentleman's Fate," while John Gilbert, the star, just laughs it off. Anita Page appears to be acting as referee. Le Roy, you know, is the lad who rang the bell with his direction of "Little Caesar"

# Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

Prevost. Now Ken and No. 3, who was Doris Hilda Booth, a society girl of Somerville, Mass., are on the way out.

"We just couldn't get along," Harlan says. "We separated on the best of terms, and I wish her all the luck in the world. We haven't discussed divorce. Time will decide."

They were married in May, 1930. There just seems to be a jinx on Harlan's marital tries.

THE papers are full of the annual lists of "ten best pictures" of the preceding year—in this case the late, unlamented 1930.

Here's a European list, just to crack the monotony. *Der Deutsche*, a German movie trade paper, took a vote in thirty-nine countries and here's its list of "ten best pictures" from all over the world.

"Under the Roofs of Paris" (French); "All Quiet on the Western Front" (American); "Blue Angel" (Made in Germany by an American director); "Anna Christie" (American); "West Front, 1918" (European); "Two Hearts in Waltz Time" (German); "With Byrd at the South Pole" (American); "Fire in Opera" (European); "The Big House" (American) and "Mickey Mouse," our own American acc.

And of all pictures, "Mickey Mouse" is probably the most truly international. He's the world's pet!

**H**OW they love that Marie Dressler! She is the pet of the M-G-M lot.

Marion Davies saw her walking from her dressing room to one of the far stages the other day and immediately gave her a perfectly appointed portable dressing room.

**W**ELL, so what about Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell? The wedding bells have not yet jingled and plans were all made for the nuptials a few months ago. Virginia, herself, announced the plans and said that they'd be married as soon as Charlie's picture, "The

Man Who Came Back," was finished. If you can't believe the prospective bride, who are you to believe?

But "The Man Who Came Back" was finished and Charlie began work on "Body and Soul" with the fascinating Elissa Landi as his leading lady. And no trips to the altar were made.

Grief stepped into Charlie's life. His mother, whom he adored, died the day before Christmas.

He was also worried over Janet Gaynor's serious operation when she was in Honolulu, for Janet is still his dearest friend, and don't let anybody tell you anything else.

In spite of all this he is doing his most enthusiastic work in "Body and Soul" and, after the manner of actors, seems very much interested—on the set at least—in Miss Landi.

**O**NE of the Hollywood wits says he knows a bathing gal whose contract was "re-nude."

**A**BOUT Love and Its Aftermaths:

. . . for years, Marceline Day and Arthur J. Klein, a furrier, went places together but never talked of matrimony . . . and now Marceline admits she's going to marry him . . . this is winter, anyway, and times are hard, and furs are costly. . . .

. . . Leni Stengel, a vampish beauty from Germany, celebrated Christmas by taking a husband . . . he's Boris Ingster, a Russian director . . .

. . . everybody wondered when Marjorie Crawford, aviatrix, refused all alimony when she divorced a hubby early in December . . . but they didn't wonder a few days later . . . she's going to be the bride of William Wellman, director, who handled the megaphone on "Wings" . . . he'll have good technical advice right at home for his next flying film. . . .

**N**ATALIE MOORHEAD and Alan Crosland, expecting to have been married 'way back last October, had their Christmas cards engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Alan Crosland" . . .



Well, here it is, the first and last picture of Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers' moustache. He grew it in the hospital where he was recovering from his appendicitis operation, but he shaved it off for his next picture



Two girls who seem to have found legal trouble under tropic skies. Edwina Booth, left, was sued for alienation by Mrs. Duncan Renaldo after the "Trader Horn" trip to Africa, and Dorothy Janis and Cameraman Sidney Lund are said to have become involved while making "The Pagan" in the South Seas

it was a race! . . . they didn't get married until the 23rd of December . . .

. . . picture and sports circles got 'excited when they heard that Orv Mohler, U. S. C. football star, and Rosita Moreno, black-haired beauty at Paramount, were betrothed . . . but it turned out to be only a joke on Orv on the part of one of his friends, for he's really engaged to a non-professional . . . it wasn't so funny for Rosita . . .

. . . the "Easiest Way" company goes to Yosemite Valley on location . . . so does the Marquis de la Palaise ex-Swanson, who is not working for that studio at all . . . oh, yes, Connie Bennett's in the cast . . . and at the same time comes news that Phil Plant, Constance's ex-husband, has hatched up a plot to win her back . . . he's having a radio tenor sing a song he's written, called "My Yesterday's with You" . . . well, radio tenors are radio tenors and . . .

. . . ho, ho, hum . . . The Lloyd Hamiltons have settled their alimony thing at last . . . she settled for \$15,000 in lieu of the \$27,000 back payments she claimed . . .

**M**AYBE Ivan Lebedeff, the Russian, thinks he's knocking 'em cold when he bows and scrapes and kisses ladies' hands, but he didn't make any impression at all on a Mid-Western visitor to the studio the other day.

It was the wife of Captain Billy Fawcett, the publisher.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]

# Is It Easy Money?

For every Hollywood star who pockets her \$2,500 a week, there are thousands of boys and girls who struggle for \$35 per - some weeks!

By *Reginald Tavin*

**W**ILL ROGERS gets \$35,000 a week—when he works—for his movies alone. What he gets for writing his pieces in the papers, chewing his gum, brushing his teeth and rolling his own, only himself and the income-tax man know.

John McCormack and Al Jolson got \$500,000 apiece for their pictures. Divide that by an average of ten weeks, and it runs to \$50,000 a week.

When it comes to Amos 'n' Andy with their \$1,000,000 contract—well, it's time to adjourn to the adding machines.

Easy money! Or is it?

Dozens of people in the motion picture industry make umpty-umph thousands of dollars a week. At least three directors get \$150,000 a picture each, several scenario writers are paid \$25,000 a script, even when they're not used, stars and executives draw salaries that make a royal potentate's look like a telephone girl's after the wrong numbers have been deducted.

Easy money!

In the magic land of the movies money grows like leaves on the trees—for those who can reach that high.

For the rest, it's the most elusive money in the world, the hardest money on earth to get.

The pay checks of the fortunate few seem enormous, but what about the others? For every star there are a thousand stenographers, for every director a thousand drudges. In

Hollywood, as elsewhere, everybody is reaching for the moon, but the majority can't seem to get their noses

any farther than the grindstone.

What about them? While Doug Fairbanks drew his \$5,000 a day—his salary from Joseph Schenck—how do the unknowns fare? How easy is their money?

Well, as a star, Alice White nicked the Warners' treasury for \$2,000 a week. As a script girl, behind the camera instead of in front of it, she got \$35. That, in brief, is the story; and even as a script girl, Alice was fortunate. Lots of them get less than she did—and they don't get even that much all the time. Between pictures the star gets paid, but most often the script girl doesn't.

**F**IGURES—the kind that go on paper instead of into step-ins—are frequently dull. But they are always illuminating. Consider, then, the fact that the average salary of everybody in the motion picture business is less than \$55 a week.

These are official figures, from the California State Bureau of Labor.

Consider, too, that it takes a lot of small salaries to bring one big one down to such an average—that there must be thousands 'way below that figure for every one so far above it.

Yet, all over the world, people seem to think that getting into the movies is like getting into the mint.



Doug Fairbanks wearied of producing his own pictures and made "Reaching for the Moon" on Joseph Schenck's payroll. He got \$5,000 a day. Some salary! But for how many days?



When Alice White hit stardom for First National she had battled her way to a salary of \$2,000 a week. As a script girl she had collected \$35 per—and many of them get less

# Here's a Hollywood payroll—from star to prop-boy!



In this one picture is the story of Hollywood's "easy" money. Richard Wallace, Gary Cooper and Co. are shooting "The Man from Wyoming." Wallace and Cooper get the big money, rain or shine. The boss cameraman gets a nice wage. The grip, left, and the script girl get plenty less—when they work!

It is, when Paul Whiteman, or Rudy Vallée, or Moran and Mack do it. Making pictures as Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, or Charlie Chaplin make them is better than turning out your own hundred-dollar bills. But there's another side to that, too.

Pickford, Lloyd, Chaplin and a few others have been for years the recognized top-notchers in the movie racket. Yet they have made incomparably less than the top-notchers in almost any other racket. The motion picture business is the fourth largest in the world, yet the individual earnings of its leading figures are mere chicken-feed among the incomes of other industries.

Charlie Schwab's "bonuses" alone would make any movie idol's salary look like a button in a collection plate.

CONSIDERED from that standpoint, the salaries of even the biggest names on the billboards aren't so princely for the pinnacle they have reached. Especially is this true when it is remembered that such figures as Banker Baker, the Fisher brothers, and other leaders in the business world are mere non-entities in the eyes of the general public when compared with Ronald Colman or Greta Garbo, who don't for instance, make one-tenth the money they do.

But it is away from the charmed circle of the big shots that the real figures lie.

For every Clara Bow at \$3,500 a week on the altar of "It," there are hundreds of redheads, natural and otherwise, teasing typewriters or cranking comptometers at from \$16 to \$27.50. For every Lubitsch at \$15,000 there are dozens of directors making serials, shorts and whatnots for \$75. Many, many assistant directors, who have as much to do as a drummer in a jazz band, do it for from \$35 to \$50, and by the picture, at that.

Eliminating altogether the pathetic army of "extras" as not truly representative at all, there are plenty of others in the

industry who find that the only thing well-greased about their jobs is the skids.

On a tour of any studio lot, you will first approach the reception clerk. That job requires a lot of tact and diplomacy—usually conspicuous by

its absence—for from \$20 to \$35 a week, and any downtown dentist has to pay that much for a girl to sit in his office. Then, the policeman who passes you in may get \$30 a week or he may not, but he usually has to furnish his own (admiral's) uniform.

However, an ordinary "flatfoot" on the Hollywood force—they get that way from chasing bandits around the dance halls—is paid \$185 a month to start, so the studios don't seem so "easy" there.

Going through the Front Office towards the stages, you will probably pass the mailing room, the scenario department, and any number of attractive young secretaries, each attached professionally, of course, to an executive. In the mailing room, youths predominate at around \$15 a week, while the secretaries' checks read anywhere from \$35 to \$50.

The personal secretary of a big producer frequently is paid as much as \$100 a week, but the same ability in the business world would make her a vice-president at least and her boss a billionaire.

THE scenario department of every studio is a law unto itself, the salaries ranging all the way from \$25 to \$40 a week for a reader to from \$75 to any amount you happen to think of for a writer.

Here, though, enters the "mortality" phase of motion picture work. Frequently, executive heads fall faster than did those of the aristocrats during the French Revolution. General managers, at \$500 to \$1,500 a week; supervisors, at \$250 to \$750; musical directors, at \$150 to \$500; production managers, at \$200 to \$350, and similar [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123 ]



★ RESURRECTION—Universal

THIS talkie version of an old tale shapes up into a triumph for Lupe Velez. How that girl from Mexico can act! Hers is one of the best performances of this or any other month, and she's all fire, beauty and sincerity, first as the simple country girl and then as the woman of the streets. It's what's known as running the gamut of emotions.

You remember the silent version. You remember the story—Tolstoy's. Perhaps you're tired of it, for the problem (it concerns a man's sin and a woman's payment) is pretty old-fashioned and even a little ridiculous now, but this film is so well directed and played that you'll forgive the hackneyed plot.

John Boles sings so nicely you want more. Snow stuff is magnificent.



★ GENTLEMAN'S FATE—M-G-M

MY, but we are happy again. This picture proves, to the nth degree, that Jack Gilbert needs only the right story and direction to have all his old appeal.

Honors are shared with Louis Wolheim, who gives a flawless performance as the tough brother, whose naïve tenderness cannot be hidden. Jack is supported by two beautiful blondes—Anita Page and Leila Hyams, both of whom do their work appealingly, while Marie Prevost and George Cooper do well with the comedy rôles.

The story is tense drama, dealing with the fate of a wealthy man who suddenly discovers he is the son of a racketeer. Mervyn LeRoy deserves much credit for the sustained suspense of this picture, and for the beautiful manner in which he gives us back the old Jack Gilbert.

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ CITY LIGHTS—Chaplin-United Artists

AT last!—Chaplin's long-awaited silent picture, the first big silent since talkies. It proves his contention—should he utter one word, the inimitable magic of this arch-pantomimist would go pft! As a silent epic of pantomime, "City Lights" is a ninety-minute delight; as a talkie, it would have been just another talkie.

Like his every other film, it is a grand compound of broad and subtle humor, burlesque, irony, hilarious vulgarity, and the master touch of pathos that distinguishes his comedies.

Its story is sweet, but unimportant beside the heights of comedy and pathos it attains. Not in years has there been a scene as funny as Charlie's hiccoughs with a penny whistle stuck in his windpipe, or as pathetic as the closing shot.

Of sound, there's a gorgeous symphonic accompaniment composed by Chaplin, with an infrequent dubbing-in of some essential sounds—but never voice. Voice is, however, crazily burlesqued by wind instruments—and if Charlie isn't kidding talkies there, we're crazy.

Virginia Cherrill makes her screen debut, as Chaplin's new leading lady. She brings a fragile, blonde loveliness and a keen understanding of the requirements of voiceless acting.

You can't get away from the fact that "City Lights" is another Chaplin masterpiece. *Sound.*

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

CITY LIGHTS  
RESURRECTION  
THE SOUTHERNER  
SEAS BENEATH

TRADER HORN  
GENTLEMAN'S FATE  
THE GANG BUSTER

## The Best Performances of the Month

Charles Chaplin in "City Lights"  
Harry Carey in "Trader Horn"  
Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn"  
Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"  
John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate"  
Louis Wolheim in "Gentleman's Fate"  
George O'Brien in "Seas Beneath"  
Jack Oakie in "The Gang Buster"  
Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way"  
Joan Crawford in "Dance Fools, Dance"  
Helen Twelvetrees in "Millie"  
Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner"  
Esther Ralston in "The Southerner"  
Richard Dix in "Cimarron" (omitted from last month's list)

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 134*



★ THE SOUTHERNER—M-G-M

THIS gay picture has charm, excellent comedy—and Lawrence Tibbett. It's mighty entertaining.

"The Southerner" also brings back Esther Ralston to the screen, and she proves her right to an important place in talking pictures by her work here. And she seems more beautiful than ever, if that's possible.

Tibbett plays the singing black sheep of a wealthy Southern family, who tramps for five years and then comes home to Esther. And the picture is aided tremendously by the sterling comedy of Roland Young, Cliff Edwards and Stepin Fetchit.

You'll see Tibbett out of uniform for the first time. But, even in the rags of a tramp, the man has glamour. And how he sings!



★ TRADER HORN—M-G-M

HERE it is—the picture that was more than two years in the making, which demanded that an entire company butt its way through the African jungle with ineffectual recording apparatus.

Months on the Black Continent, doing the visual stuff—months at the studio, working with sound; this film cost M-G-M hundreds of thousands of dollars; Edwina Booth, her health; and Mrs. Duncan Renaldo, her husband.

But it was worth all that and more, for it is one of the most tremendous pictures ever made. Primarily, this excellence is due to the drama of the story, wrung out to the last drop of suspense by Director Van Dyke. But Harry Carey, as *Trader Horn* (not the bearded story-teller but the active hero of his own yarns) places himself with the greatest actors in Hollywood. Edwina Booth gives as strange and passionate a performance as you'll see in many a movie moon. Mutia, the black boy, almost steals the show. Duncan Renaldo could have been better. Besides all this, there are the animals, here used more effectively than in any travel picture, and utter photographic perfection.

"Trader Horn" is a two-fold achievement, combining as it does the spectacle and epic qualities of this type of picture with drama and breathless personal interest.



★ THE GANG BUSTER—Paramount

WELL, they finally dug up a good, funny story for Jack Oakie, and in it he does his best work in a long, long time. "The Gang Buster" is elegant comic entertainment, with Oakie as a sap insurance salesman from Arkansas who breezes into the big town and gets involved, head over spats, in a lot of gang monkey-business.

The picture's a furiously fast mixture of comedy and melodrama. Oakie is menaced by William (stage) Boyd as the gang leader. The girl interest is furnished very prettily by Jean Arthur, who only needs a few real parts to click in a big way. William Morris, Chester's father, plays Jean's dad.

This is the sort of thing we need and want from Oakie. Give the boy and the picture a few big hands.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆  
*SEAS  
BENEATH—  
Fox*



**G**EORGE O'BRIEN trades his cowboy suit for a navy cap and does a grand job of starring in this dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. One of America's biggest subs was lent by the government for this film. John Loder and Mona Maris give fine performances, and Marion Lessing is the pretty love interest. Good fast melodrama that everyone in the family will like.

*NO LIMIT—  
Paramount*



**T**HIS picture was titled "No Limit" after Clara Bow's little escapade in a gambling house in Nevada. Clever—these picture lads. In this she's a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll. She wears some amazing clothes. Her hair is light and she's thinner than her lingerie. Stuart Erwin and Harry Green are funny. Norman Foster is romantic. It may amuse you and it may not.

*DANCE  
FOOLS,  
DANCE—  
M-G-M*



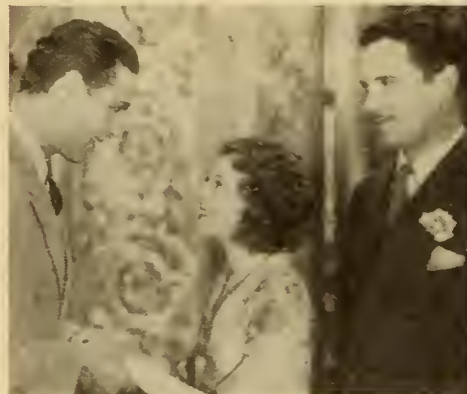
**A** GAIN Joan Crawford proves herself a great dramatic actress. Again Billy Bakewell turns in a fine performance as her weak younger brother. The story, which concerns a one time wealthy girl, who must work for her living, and a brother who falls in with gangsters, is hokum—but it's good hokum and Joan breathes life into her characterization. It's fast and thrilling entertainment.

*THE EASIEST  
WAY—  
M-G-M*



**T**HIS one is modern, sophisticated, beautifully directed, superbly acted by Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Bob Montgomery, Anita Page and the rest, and stunningly costumed. It isn't important enough to be a great picture, but it's certainly worth its celluloid weight in entertainment. In it, Connie Bennett is a luxurious lady who falls in love with a poor man. Menjou is the wealthy lover, of course.

*THE MAN  
WHO CAME  
BACK—  
Fox*



**T**HE first picture to bring Gaynor and Farrell back together, this leads them through much sin to the Shanghai waterfront. Here love reforms them and they climb painfully back to New York and Charlie's billions. Raoul Walsh, directing, tried for a lyric effect and missed. Sophisticates will give it one big horse laugh. At moments it touches "7th Heaven's" romance, but only at moments.

*MILLIE—  
Radio Pictures*



**A** WASHED-UP version of the book with just enough of the risqué retained to make spice, tense drama which brings tears; light humor which brings chuckles. Helen Twelvetrees proves definitely her right to stardom, while Lilyan Tashman, Joan Blondell, Anita Louise and Robert Ames give her just the correct run for honors. Worth seeing. Only careless direction keeps it from the top of our list.



# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE  
PAINTED  
DESERT—**  
Pathe



**Y**OU'LL like this Western, which makes no pretenses other than entertainment. It's far above the average, with Bill Boyd (uh-huh, the movie actor), as just the sort of virile guy he does best, and J. Farrell MacDonald and William Farnum, swell as the two old Westerners who quarrel but almost kiss and certainly make up. Helen Twelvetrees is the girl. You'll find it a nice show.

**FIFTY  
MILLION  
FRENCHMEN**  
—Warners



**T**HIS is a comedy. It moves so fast you're weak when you leave the theater. No songs, no dances—just one gag right after the other and good gags, too. It's all in Technicolor. Olsen and Johnson walk away with honors. There's everything in it but the kitchen sink and you wouldn't be surprised to see that. It concerns American tourists in Paris. Be sure to see it.

**DRACULA—**  
Universal



**R**ECOMMENDED for the mystery-minded. It's creepy and thrilly but it could have been better, and before it's over you're pretty confused about this vampire (a bat-like demon, not a lady in black negligée) business. Bela Lugosi fixes his victims with hypnotic eyes and everybody in the audience says, "OOH." Helen Chandler does grand work as the terrified heroine and you'll get your spinal chill.

**MEN ON  
CALL—**  
Fox



**T**HIS one is as trite as a star's ideas on life, but not half so amusing. The railroad engineer falls in love with a show girl and then, to make amends, saves her from drowning. It's just too darn bad that Edmund Lowe, fine actor that he is, should be called upon to waste his talents in stuff like this, and Mae Clarke too, is obliterated by a bad story. Nothing to regret if you miss it.

**MANY A  
SLIP—**  
Universal



**C**ASTING Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres as the leads in this was *not* the brightest piece of work of the year! It's a wise-cracking dialogue comedy with its lines revolving entirely about the humorous (?) question of whether or not the heroine is to become a mama. Of course, some audiences will guffaw at this, while others will just wonder why it was ever made.

**JAWS OF  
HELL—**  
Sono Art-  
World Wide



**O**UR British friends go spectacular, with this talkie version of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," that poem dear to the hearts of patriotic Englishmen. The charge itself is thrilling and well handled in this, but the romantic story on which it is hung is weak. Cyril McLaglen, one of Victor's many brothers, plays the lead.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 116]



WHEN you see Olsen and Johnson, the nut comics, sliding through the streets of Paris in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," you'll know it was done this way. All these contraptions—lights, camera, microphone—together with crew, were on a rolling platform

Sliding  
Home!

# A Real Sheik Sees HOLLYWOOD

By  
Tom  
Ellis

Abdeslam of Tunis leaves his five wives at home and has a look at our movie maids. "Too thin!" says Abdeslam

**A**SHEIK!—a real sheik!—has been in Hollywood. And oh!

He is back home in Tangier now, is Abdeslam Ben Mohammed Khoubarik. Back home in Tangier with his five wives, and a sheik's-headful of ideas about Hollywood and its women and its habits.

Abdeslam admitted he was tired, very tired, when he left Hollywood to go back to Africa. But in Tangier, where his religion requires him to be faithful to his five wives and to drink no spirituous concoctions, Abdeslam feels that, in five or six months, he will have recovered from Hollywood and be himself again.

And then, he invited the boys with whom he worked in Hollywood to come over and visit him sometime.

"I weel do my best," he said in his perfect but accented English, "to repay your hospetalitee as you extended it to me in Holleewood. My house, my all, my wives weel be at your deesposal!"

Abdeslam—they got to calling him "Ab'sl'm" for short, finally—was brought to Hollywood by Radio Pictures, to act as technical adviser during the African sequences of "The Devil's Battalion," so everything would be true to life. Back in his Tunis, Ab'sl'm is a big shot. He is a well educated gentleman; speaks five languages, and has traveled much. But never before to Hollywood.

**A**ND so, when he was approached by French authorities in Tangier, on behalf of Radio Pictures, he considered his five wives, sighed ecstatically at thoughts of visiting this so-much-talked-about Hollywood, and said "Oui!"

He landed in New York with great anticipations and a complete wardrobe of sheik's clothes, and no other attire. He never wore European clothes once in Hollywood, and it wasn't a gag, either. He thinks our sort of attire is silly.

Especially women's.

"Your weem'n," he complained, "wear too leetle clothes for one t'ing, and too motch for anodder!"

Where he comes from, he explained, women wear plenty of clothes when they appear in public. If clothes are to cover the body, then why not cover the body? But in their homes—ah, there is where women dress for—well, comfort.

"Bot in Holleewood, on de street, dey wear too leetle! Een de house, dey wear too motch, too motch!"

But what of it? Hollywood women are no beauties, says Ab'sl'm. They are "too theen."

**A**B'SL'M'S own five wives, he sets forth, are well upholstered. It took him a long while, in Hollywood, to get used to the thinness of American beauties.

And his peak moment on American soil was on location near the Mexican border.

A bunch of the boys took Ab'sl'm to a trans-border resort for a little whoopee, Hollywood style. And there, Allah be praised! Ab'sl'm found a lovely Mexican lady. She weighed about 300. He said, the next day, that it had made him homesick.

"When in Hollywood, do as the Hollywoodsmen do," was Ab'sl'm's motto. Through the inner circles of filmland, there circulate marvelous one thousand and one Arabian-nights tales of Ab'sl'm's prowess at the bowl and with the damsels. Ab'sl'm, when twitted thereabout, merely grinned with those perfect flashing teeth, and said that sheiks were strong men, after all.

"But what of your religion?" they asked him. "Is it not said that you shall abstain from liquors and shall be true to your wives?"

"Ah, eet ees so," replied Ab'sl'm. "But w'en I get back to Tunis, I shall feex it op weeth Allah!"

The day they showed Ab'sl'm a Hollywood "sheik" was awful. One of the boys from the studio was driving Ab'sl'm to his hotel, when they passed a corner drugstore. There stood a youth with patent leather hair and abortive moustache

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133 ]



Abdeslam, the genuine article in sheiks, who has been in Hollywood acting as technical adviser on "The Devil's Battalion." As you see, Ab'sl'm has faith in the modern wrist watch

# Gloria's "Hank" Rebels!

No longer "married to a business man," the Marquis trudges off to work. And Connie Bennett? Ah!

**H**ENRI DE BAILLY DE LA FALAISE, Marquis de la Coudray, known to his friends as "Hank" and to

By Katherine Albert

his secretary as "Mr. Falaise," has gone to work with a vengeance. He has become a personality. He has an office on the Radio Pictures lot, where he is the supervisor of French versions of that studio's product. He is no longer "Gloria Swanson's husband." The prince consort of one of the queens of the Hollywoods has revolted.

And behind this simple gesture is a story so parallel to Ernst Lubitsch's film, "The Love Parade," that as the real yarn becomes apparent one can see the Marquis and Gloria acting the scenes instead of Maurice Chevalier, another Frenchman, and Jeanette MacDonald.

Once Hank said, laughingly, and without the slightest malice, "I'm not married to a woman, but a business man."

And the idea behind that gay remark is, I believe, the crux of all the trouble between Gloria Swanson and her Marquis.

Gloria is a business man, with that strange absorption in her work all big business men know.

They were married January 28, 1925. To Henri, his wife was simply the most lovely woman he had ever known. He did not realize until he came with her to Hollywood and saw banners of welcome hung skywards, throngs of people to pay her homage, tired eyes looking at her adoringly, that she was at that time the most important star of the films. And he discovered himself merely an appendage. He was simply "that count or marquis or prince or something" that "our Gloria" had married.

It must have been a shock.

At the time of their marriage a friend of Gloria's said, "Hank is the perfect mate for Gloria. He is amusing, charming, whimsical, a thoroughly delightful companion. And that's just what Gloria needs."

That's what Gloria needs! Gloria, coming home after a hard day's work. Gloria, filled with the flame of a new screen characterization. Gloria, weary from reading new scripts, trying on new costumes. Gloria needed an amusing, charming, whimsical, delightful companion.

Do you remember

those almost identical scenes from "The Love Parade"? The only difference is that "The Love Parade" ended happily. Perhaps

this real story has ended happily, too. Once Gloria said, "There is no reason why I should feel humble at having married a Marquis. In America there are no titles except those of achievement. I think I've earned such a title."

**I**N France, where they were married, Hank took Gloria to meet his friends. But West of the Mississippi is Gloria's yard. The Marquis was presented to her friends.

Gloria has an amazing habit of doing anything that comes her way skilfully and well. Once Hank taught her a game, the name of which escapes me, rather like chess, but more difficult. It is the sort of game that bearded Frenchmen ponder over for hours at a time. Hank played it well, had done so for years. He showed it to Gloria. In a few weeks she was playing it almost as expertly as he and delighting in her achievement, as she always does.

In their home—her home—Gloria's wishes, Gloria's accomplishments came first. She was surrounded by a coterie of adoring satellites who worshipped at her shrine. Gloria's home. Gloria's success. Gloria's friends, and Hank was the amusing, charming person whom Gloria had married.

No wonder, when the divorce was filed, that the Marquis said, "Hollywood is no place to be married. Had I kept my bride in France the present situation would never have arisen."

And here are some of the statements that Gloria has made to the press. "My husband occupies a position of importance in his own country. In France I am his wife. In America, I am a motion picture star with business and artistic problems to work on each day. He comes to this country. He has very little to do. I am at the studio all day, engrossed in my business.

He has yet to find what he wishes to do [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

"Hank"—the Marquis de la Falaise to you—as a hard-bitten business man, at his desk on the Radio Pictures lot. His French version of "The Royal Bed" has proved a real success



# Good Girl, Anita!



*And I'll give you Seven Points on your Summer Outfit  
— Seymour*

This summer outfit of Anita Page's has these seven features everybody will be wearing by summer, just as sure as sunshine:

1. Your sports dress is *double-breasted*—a slick fashion.
2. Your gay and pleasantly-peasant *knitted* jacket goes fashion-fine with your white silk dress.
3. Your jacket's sleeves are *short*. That makes them new.
4. Your gloves are *longish* and do a good fashion wrinkling job around your pretty wrists.

5. Your hat's as *thin* as paper. Its brim is cut away from your face. It's white—matching your dress. And banded in a color to match your jacket.
6. Your shoes—*opera pumps*—right in fashion.
7. And I notice with this *highish* neckline you wear no necklace—another fashion point.

And this fashion outfit isn't just for Anita alone. All of you, who know your fashions, can get it—or will be able to get it or its sisters—any place. It's slick, I tell you.

# Two Fashion Thrillers

Which I gaily Pick for their Frivolous Frills

— Seymour —



I see no less than four fashion points in this gang of sparklers worn by Myrna (Vamp) Loy.

1. Not one, but four sapphire bracelets. That's the way fashion likes her bracelets.
2. Your earrings are swellelegant. A big cluster of luscious fashion grapes—outburbanking Burbank—turquoise and gold leaves.
3. Your necklace—two strands—linked together with sparkling circles.
4. And I don't pass up your hair. You've pushed it back to show your ears. It's long enough in the back to cover the nape of your pretty neck—and ringleted so it can peak out from under any hat you might wear.

I'll give Bebe Daniels three fashion counts here in her glorified negligée.

1. Black velvet—soft and boudoirish! That's good!
2. It's made like an evening wrap, going clear around to the side. But it's draped with lace, which makes it stay indoors.
3. It's called an *intime*. Which means nothing at all to me. But it's one of those things millions would like to wear. Few ever get a chance to wear as costly a version as this vision.

But cheer up—many can afford its inexpensive cousins—that can be just as glorious—if not quite as grand.

You can't expect to keep up with the amount these Hollywood girls spend on their clothes, but once you get an idea you like it simplifies your shopping.





# I Like Fashion Stars

*to Shine this Way at Night—Don't You?*

*—Seymour*

For formal times I like this gown of Irene Dunne's.

Flowered pussy-willow satin with a good, zippy color contrast that you find in many new dresses. Brown and tomato-juice red. Doesn't sound so good, but it is.

Notice the way the gipsy sash is twisted?

Like it? Good! You've got good fashion judgment—We will call that a point for you, too!

Okay for Kay Johnson with this "Sunday night" frock.

Sunday? Yes, or any other night when the party is informal and you want your dress ankle length.

See the skirt—especially the full flounce tucked in to make a yoke. It's a dandy modern adaptation of Empress Eugenie's dress but without Eugenie's hoops.

The ruffle around the shoulders is another fine fashion point.

Do you like the Spanish of Mary Brian?

Let's give her one point for black lace. And another fashion point for the peplum on her skirt.

And a third for the bertha that covers her shoulders. And, for a fourth, notice that her dress comes to the floor, where it should be. A fifth—notice her pearls belong with this black gown.

We don't give the fan much.

# I Cheer These 5 Hats For Easter... Like 'Em?



To Dorothy Mackaill's hat—she wears it in "Their Mad Moment"—I'll give four fashion checks:

First, it's little.

Second, it's a wrapped turban.

Third, it's made of her coat material.

Fourth, it has a good feminine twist over her ear.

And please notice, too, the fashion points of Warner Baxter. We boys have our fashions, too.

First, his hat's a beret—which more of the gay boys are wearing.

Second, his double-breasted suit coat is good for such husky, squeezing shoulders.

Third, his scarf, however, is a little that way. And his haircut! Hot, perhaps. But not so hot in fashion.

— Seymour



This lovely Greta Garbo's skull cap covers one of the loveliest skulls in the world.

Not so new—but good. And certainly good for Garbo—and for thousands of other perfect profiles.

Hard to wear—but if you can wear it—fine. Greta wears it in "Inspiration."



I'm for this little hat of Virginia Cherrill's. First, because it's a bicorne—meaning it has two corners. You'll see thousands of these.

Another fashion point—it's a twisted turban that will be good all Spring. And you're wearing it right, Virginia—way back on your head—where it belongs.



I'm certainly for this good straw of Ona Munson's. For no less than five fashion reasons:

Its shallow crown is low and flat—

Its brim is cut off in the front so it can set back on her head away from her face—

Its straw-and-wool braid is easy on her head—and

White—worn with a dark-colored dress.



I like this new Chinese mandarin hat with its brim turned up like a cuff.

Notice how high up it sits on Claudette Colbert's head.

A certain someone I know—in fact, a lot of someones who are sure they're Claudette's twins—would, like Claudette, look fine in this hat.



It isn't the jolly "Fatty" Arbuckle of his great Paramount starring days of a decade ago. There's somberness in that big moon face that made millions laugh in the good old days



Under another name, Roscoe Arbuckle directs short comedies for a Hollywood producer. And still he cherishes a faint hope that some day he can stage a come-back before his own camera

# "Just Let Me Work"

**T**HIS is a story about "Fatty" Arbuckle. And it's *not* a "sob story."

It's not a sob story for the simple reason that Arbuckle isn't sobbing. There's nothing to sob about!

But neither is it the "head-high-facing-life-courageously" sort of thing. For Roscoe Arbuckle wouldn't fit into that classification any more than the whiner category. "Fatty's" not fighting very hard any more. A decade of battle has knocked most of the fight out of him. But he isn't bawling, either.

This story, in short, is merely a presentation of the case of "Fatty" as he stands today.

It was nearly ten years ago, now, that headline ink was smeared thick and ugly across the gay-hued Arbuckle shield. The jovial clown that had rolled 'em in the aisles with his elephantine antics became overnight a sinister figure whose name might not even be mentioned in polite company.

Journalistic sensationalism had its customary Roman holiday—and the fact that a jury acquitted Roscoe Arbuckle of the charges against him made no difference in the fact that he was a ruined man.

Well, all that's an old story by this time. You've read it time and again, and you've read interminable arguments for and against Arbuckle. You know, too, that with his friends in movieland solidly behind him, "Fatty" tried to fight back to the place he had lost.

He fought strenuously. He made speeches. He toured the country, in personal appearances and in vaudeville. He sought backers to put him again on the screen. He fought, courageously, against the organized campaign to keep him off the screen—the campaign that has ever been waged by the extremists to prevent him from coming back.

For years, his name and the news of his fight were good copy. But then, inevitably, came the indifference that is worse, in "Fatty's" profession, than the most rabid condemnation. "Fatty" was left to be forgotten.

Illusions lost and hope fading, Roscoe Arbuckle just jogs along directing other people's comedies

And that was the break that did for him. "Fatty" stopped fighting, then—and whatever he has done since, to tell the truth, has been half-hearted at best.

And that brings us to today—when "Fatty" Arbuckle isn't even a name any more! Literally, that is. Because Arbuckle, smashed at last by the futility of ever trying to live down the shadow of that name in headline ink, has

changed it. Today he works in Hollywood, but not under the name of Roscoe Arbuckle. He has adopted an entirely different name.

That new name has been printed, here and there. We won't print it, because to do so would mean merely another hardship for the man. Under that new name, he has achieved a certain measure of success—certainly not great, but enough to earn a living—at directing talking comedies. To divulge the name of the company that is making his pictures would mean only the probability of unfair prejudice against his work. And that would be tragic—for some of the two-reelers Arbuckle is turning out are superior to many feature pictures! He knows his stuff!

**T**ODAY then, "Fatty" Arbuckle, the hilarious comedian, is gone. Instead, there is a big fat fellow behind a director's desk in a Hollywood office, the door of which bears a name that doesn't even remotely resemble Roscoe Arbuckle.

There's no grin on his face. It's almost always serious. There are lines there that weren't on that cherubically asinine countenance that beamed from the screen in the old "Fatty" comedies.

He works hard. When he's casting his comedies, he makes a point of picking the names of old-timers he used to know. He's particularly happy when he can give a few days' work to some fellow who's had the breaks against him.

He doesn't court publicity. Now and then, a writer or an editor will say: "What can we do for you to help you, Roscoe?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]

By Tom Ellis

# Lew Stares at



Not content with the rewards of film fame, the Ayres boy scans the skies and seeks the lost chord on the organ key-board

**A** FEW days ago Lew (All Quiet on the Western Front) Ayres came into the log-cabin dining room on the Universal lot carrying a mysterious brass cylinder under his arm. If the strange object had been a crooning baby, he couldn't have treated it with more care. He placed it gently on the table during the meal, but had picked it up and placed it carefully under his arm before he had half finished with his dessert, as if he were afraid he might walk out and forget it.

As he was leaving the dining room, a friend reached out and playfully yanked the cylinder from under Lew's arm. A condemned man, looking for the first time upon his scaffold, couldn't have shown more anxiety than Lew did as he wheeled about to see what had happened to his precious possession.

But the friend had not dropped it, so Lew said a cheerless, "Oh, hello there," secured the brass piece under his arm again, and stalked out of the dining room.

Curiosity got the better of me. I caught up with him and asked what in the world he was toting about with so much ceremony.

"Telescope," he replied, stretching its segments out to their full length. "It's a 70-power one, like they use on board ships!"

No further questioning necessary—I had touched upon the one subject which has interested him ever since he was old enough to know that stars are more than just holes in a big blue blanket.



*By Potter Brayton*

He talked to me, thrillingly, for a half hour, about strange and wonderful phenomena of which he had read or had seen with his own eyes in the firmament, and would not have stopped then if he hadn't been called back to the stage to begin his afternoon's work before the cameras.

Lew could match, and perhaps put to shame, the most well-read layman's knowledge of astronomy. Through book and lens he has studied every heavenly body and constellation until they have become his personal friends. He dreams of some day perfecting a liquid lens powerful enough to eliminate the use of the present day bulky telescope. "Just for the fun of it" he is making a detailed perspective map of the moon.

Subsequent to that afternoon on the Universal lot, Captain W. M. Blagden of the British Royal Engineers, who was sent to Siam by the British government to photograph the recent eclipse of the sun, was introduced to Lew Ayres while visiting the studios.

Before he left the Universal lot, Captain Blagden remarked to officials that he couldn't remember having ever held such a learned and interesting discussion of astronomy with a layman as he had enjoyed that day with Lew.

**E**VERY growing boy sets his heart and mind on one day possessing his own car, or gun, or movie camera, or some such costly but useful "grown-up toy." Lew has always wanted his own telescope. He found this one in a junk shop. It afforded him so much pleasure that only the day before this was written he invested in a new telescope—one that is more powerful, and has all sorts of filters and fancy doo-dads, which Lew says facilitate clear vision in spite of haze, water glare, and the like.

Director Vin Moore, working with Lew in "Many a Slip," could never find him when he wished to film a sequence at night. Lew had a date with the moon, and Vin knew nothing short of dynamite could remove the young astronomer from his post at the telescope. But he would say to Ayres the next day:

"That's quite a racket you have, Lew! The boys tell me they saw you down at the Plaza again last night, hauling in the dough from passersby in exchange for squints at the moon!"

The other day, at Universal, I thought I'd drop in on Lew and see what new aids to the astronomer he had purchased. "He's over on stage ten, playing the pipe organ," they told me in the office.

Lew Ayres and his faithful telescope study the Hollywood heavens. Lew says that, contrary to current report, the constellations over Film-town do not actually spell "Greta Garbo." This is a surprise

Having once, myself, been a movie organist, here was my meat! If I could ever get silent Lew to open up, it would be over the common ground of music! I tip-toed onto the sound-proof stage.

I had heard that Lew could play about every musical instrument, that he used to play guitar and banjo in dance [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

*You Know This Husband,  
This Wife, the Other Man*



There were teas, and quiet dinners for two. Then the more public Coconut Grove. And all Hollywood whispered and wondered

# SILENT DRAMA

*By*

Alfred D. Wilkie

THE powerful gray roadster purred through the velvety blackness of the California night.

The man at the wheel glanced at his watch. One o'clock. His eyes strayed to the speedometer. More speed, if he hoped to reach Hollywood in time. He had allowed himself two hours from the gun club to his home. The big car gained momentum.

Carol Thornley's thoughts kept time with the racing motor. It was not the first time he had spent silent, ruminative hours on the road. But tonight was *the* night. If things worked out—well, there would be no more lonely rides with his troubled thoughts for company.

Was he still in love with Madge? Was it just habit? Or was it the knowledge that scandal never helped the salary check of a motion picture director? Perhaps a little of all three. And there was pride, too, the pride of the possessive male.

His mind wandered back over the years—back to the long-ago days when he had gaily thrown down the gauntlet to the youthful motion picture ogre. The thrill of directing his first two-reeler . . .

And then Madge . . .

How he had loved her! Worshipped her, rather. For Madge Updyke was a star when Thornley, a young nobody, fell under the spell of her loveliness. And one bows to the stars. Miraculously, his star had condescended to his love. They had

been happy as only two young lovers can be with the world at their feet.

Success had come to him—success won single-handed. It was not as Madge Updyke's husband that he had earned his place in the forefront of screen directors; it was as Carol Thornley, graduate of the hard school of experience and maker of successful celluloid dramas.

He had been wise to persuade Madge to retire from the screen at the height of her glory. Failing stars flicker out so quickly. And they loved the non-professional society in which her charm had won her a coveted niche. Pleasant years they had been—until Diego Salerno came to Hollywood to have a try at the throne left vacant when Death summoned Valentino.

He had noticed it from the beginning, Thornley remembered, although he had given no sign. Teas, quiet dinners along the California Riviera when he was busy at the studio. Then the more public Coconut Grove and the limelighted first nights that Hollywood loves. Always the sleek Salerno hovering, smiling and debonair.

There had been whispers—the Gargantuan undertones that reverberate with the force of muffled cannon. To all of them Thornley had turned a deaf ear and a smiling face. Even to his intimates who had dared to venture a word of warning he had maintained his pose of bland indifference.

The Boulevard, Hollywood's life artery, was unanimous in its guess that Thornley didn't care—might even have another interest of his own!

The gray roadster swung into the curving avenues of film-dom's smartest residence section. A block from his home, Thornley brought the car to a halt in the dense shadow of an overhanging palm.

His rubber-soled golf brogues made no sound as he turned into his own drive and circled the house.

There it was—Salerno's many-hued motor, as colorful as its owner, parked in the safe obscurity of the Thornley shrubbery.

Involuntarily, the silent man glanced at the shaded light in his wife's sitting room.

Within him something ached with the numb pain of an old wound. He shrugged in an effort to silence it.

Drama was all very well for a livelihood but it should have no place in his private scheme of things.

**H**IS key slipped silently into the lock and Thornley stepped into the dimly lighted house. No sound broke the early morning stillness.

As though he had rehearsed it many times, he started about his work.

From the dining room he chose the sterling plate Madge prized so highly. The priceless, tiny French clock and the Ming vases from the drawing room . . . the ivory miniatures for which Del Mora had offered him a thousand not a week ago . . . that bit of cloisonné . . . the Corot in its chaste frame.

Without a sound he carried his treasures to Salerno's car.

Careful now . . . Noiselessly he deposited them in the rear compartment and covered them with the heavy serape Salerno affected as a motor robe. The door of the car closed without a click.

At the wheel of his own car, Thornley relaxed. His cigar glowed comfortingly as he swung the wheel toward the shadowy radiance of the downtown section. The most difficult part was over.

**T**HE desk sergeant at the Hollywood police station greeted him as an old and valued acquaintance. Even the sergeant was not above adding to his monthly pay envelope by doubling before the camera in off-duty hours or aiding in the handling of studio street mobs.

A dozen sentences served to galvanize the officer into action: As he was leaving for the gun club, Thornley had discovered a burglar looting his home. The thief was still there. Mrs. Thornley was indisposed and he preferred to have the man apprehended quietly.

Would the sergeant detail a few men to surround the place and arrest the thief as he emerged?

It might be necessary to disturb Mrs. Thornley? If it was unavoidable . . . He had seen the man stowing the loot in a car parked at the rear of the house. The sergeant understood? Good!

Oh yes—one thing more: Some of these smart burglars were posing as friends of their victims. Of course the sergeant wouldn't be fooled by that old one?

Mrs. Thornley could settle all doubt . . . By the way, the police might as well take the credit for discovering the thief at work . . .

The crisp new bill crackled as it changed hands.

The big roadster purred away into the night. Thornley smiled as he piloted the car into the beach road. If he hurried he might be in the blind before dawn brought the first flight of ducks overhead.

## —And Who Is THIS Girl?



Surely the young lady on the left is Mrs. John Barrymore, Dolores Costello that was. And the girl on the right certainly must be either Constance or Joan Bennett. But the fact is that both girls are Marian Marsh, the child still in her 'teens who has been chosen to play *Trilby* to John Barrymore's *Svengali* in the Warner Brothers' talking version of that famous Du Maurier story. The little Marsh miss first appeared in pictures under the name of "Marilyn Morgan," and was seen in "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor. Many girls were tested for the coveted *Trilby* rôle, but little Marian won out

# Unbeatable Betty



By  
*Michael  
Woodward*

Here's the contagious Betty Compson smile that has lighted up our screens for years—and may the fuse never blow out!

**M**AY I present Miss Compson?—Betty Compson, you know: the Radio Pictures' star.

Oh, come on and meet her—you'll like her—she's regular!

She keeps friends as well as makes 'em. And it doesn't matter a darned bit to her either, whether they're earning fifteen thousand a week, or just the fifteen! She's like that—used to be poor herself.

Why, there was the day, back when she was banging away at the gates of film fame, when she and her mother hadn't eaten for three days. Betty was just about to say "figs!" at the movie racket, when a vagrant breeze blew a bit of paper against her ankle. She kicked it away, and as it whirled on, recognized it for a dollar bill.

Boy, what an all-American tackle that girl made! It wasn't a dollar bill, though. It was a ten. Betty and mama ate, and that's why we've got a blonde film star instead of an ex-extra.

But, I was telling about how she keeps friends. Why, there's the chap who comes to visit her every now and then, from up north in California. He's the son of the people for whom Betty used to work as nursemaid! He visits her quite regularly. Oh, no—nothing like that!—he used to visit her even before she divorced Jim Cruze. No, no—this chap's not a heavy heart interest in Betty's life now. There's young Hugh Trevor, you know.

Talking about Jim Cruze—there was that funny thing about their divorce. Oh, the divorce itself was funny enough. They weren't angry with each other, or having other affairs. Betty

The camera is moved close to the game and glittering Compson girl—ten years a star and going strong!

simply got tired of trying to get her sleep while Jim was entertaining friends. And Jim was always entertaining friends. So they got a divorce. Betty wanted a divorce, and she got it.

And then what? Why, ex-hubby Jim up and hired her to act in a film he was directing. And it was called "She Got What She Wanted."

And it was about a lady who

wanted a divorce, and got it! Tie that!

Anyway, she's got her own place now, and she can sleep all she wants to. She's mighty particular about that—during production. No parties while she's working. When she's not—well, she's one of Hollywood's best hostesses.

Lots of interesting things about Betty. Here's a giggle. She doesn't play the piano herself. Yet she has two in her house! One's in her living room. And the other is in her BEDroom . . . ! Maybe it's an automatic; I never found out.

Betty's a queer contradiction in stubbornness. It seems that her mind and her heart get all tangled up sometimes.

**H**ERE'S an instance. Betty will not pose for fashion pictures in any but her own clothes. Virtually every star in filmdom will occasionally act as model for fashion pictures, wearing famous designers' models. But Betty says no—if she can't wear the things she owns, she won't pose in anybody else's!

But one day a young fellow asked her to pose in a fashion reel he was working for. Betty explained she didn't do it.

"But my job depends on it," the fellow explained. Betty investigated, found he was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

# Smarten Up Your Gowns



An exquisite jeweled costume set, created for Claire Luce and worn by her in her latest picture, "The Painted Woman." Diamonds and emeralds are combined in the earrings, necklace and one bracelet. The upper bracelet is entirely of diamonds, and the ring is a square-cut emerald



The slave bracelet becomes a stunning affair when its width is increased to four inches and the green-gold links are bound together with squares of modern design. The perfect complement for the new three-quarter sleeves. Carole Lombard wears it



Just a cute gadget to keep girls spending money, but so useful it's hard to resist. Powder and rouge for all emergencies, contained in a wrist compact. Dorothy Jordan demonstrates its convenience



Fay Wray, the wife of John Monk Saunders, the writer, says this is her favorite jewelry — diamond engagement ring and chased platinum wedding ring

# with Smart Jewelry

These are the gems and novelty pieces that the girls of Hollywood are wearing



A la Yankee Doodle, Carole Lombard stuck a feather in her dark felt hat and then called it *chic*. It's a jaunty little blue feather, fastened to a gold pin



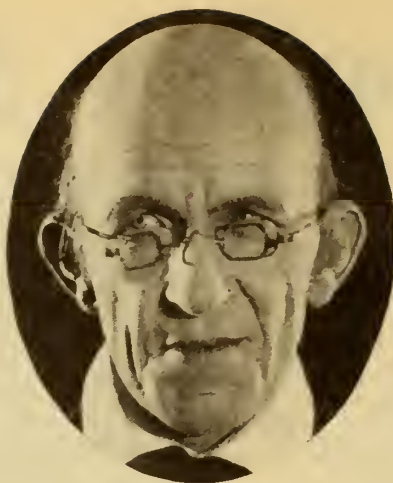
Platinum, diamond and topaz set. There's a combination that makes a handsome pair of earrings for the brunette Estelle Taylor. Her hair is held off the ears in the newest fashion with small diamond and topaz pins



When Sue Carol became Mrs. Nick Stuart he placed a plain, narrow band of platinum on the third finger of her left hand. Inside are the names, "Sue and Nick" and these words: "I promise, sweetheart." We call that a fine decoration



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3

# They Are Hollywood's

**T**HEIR names are never featured in electrics on Broadway—or even on Main Street.

They do not live in Beverly Hills mansions, have their own private swimming pools or drive Rolls-Royces. Their safe deposit boxes hold no million-dollar contracts, their activities rate no scareheads in newspaper type. They have seen a hundred stars gleam in the firmament of filmdom, dim and pass into oblivion.

Troupers all, they represent a total of nearly three hundred years of stage and screen experience and have, in scores of relatively unimportant parts, impressed themselves indelibly upon the memory of two generations of movie fans. For them, the hope of stardom has faded. They are the stars who might have been, Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns!

Try again, as each of them stands up to take a bow, and recall to you some of the rôles they have portrayed, and see how many of them you can identify and name.

**Number One:** The dean of Hollywood character actors. Thirty-two years on Broadway before entering pictures in 1907 as an actor and director! You will remember him as valet to William Powell in "Interference," as the bishop in "The Sacred Flame," as the old man who was rejuvenated in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and in scores of other pictures, including "The Magnificent Flirt," "General Crack," "Red Hot Speed," "If I Were King" and "Sea Legs." His intimates call him "Daddy" and his name begins with an "R."



No. 7



No. 8

By

*J. Eugene Chrisman*

**Number Two:** He began his stage career as a carpenter. For years he traveled with carnival and tent shows and came to Hollywood in 1911 to enter pictures. Do you recall him as *Father Joseph* in "The Three Musketeers" and "The Iron Mask"? He was in "The Shepherd of the Hills"; he was the cruel and cadaverous executioner of "The Bad One." More recently you've seen him with Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee." His first name, just to give you a hint, is "Lon" and his last—just ask the first casting director you meet.

**Number Three:** The head of the class, Oswald! You're an observing little chap for your age, for it is, indeed, the gin-guzzling *Mrs. Mickleham* of Gary Cooper's "Seven Days' Leave"! She refuses to tell how many years she played behind the footlights before going in pictures, but you can't expect a girl to tell everything.

On the New York and London stage she was famous for her portrayal of drunks and cooks and on the screen she has been unable to escape the type of character she played in "Seven Days' Leave" and "Limehouse Nights" except for an occasional assignment to play a lead, as in "My Past." You saw her as the matron of the orphanage in "Scarlet Pages," she helped make "Alias French Gertie," "His Bridal Night," and "Fifty Million Frenchmen" more enjoyable for you, and you may have seen her in John Gilbert's "Way for a Sailor."

If you can't think of the name, just remember that she is the sister of a well known character actor whose initials are "L. B."

**Number Four:** Butlers may come and butlers go (along with the cook and second maid) but he seemingly goes on buttlng forever. When m' lord or n' lady reaches for the tassled cord by the portières, you can bet your shirt that Number Four is about to make an entrance. He has buttlng his way through several dozen pictures, including "The Boudoir Diplomat," "A Lady Surrenders," and "East Is West." Now and then they give him





No. 4



No. 5



No. 6

# Best Known Unknowns

Their faces are familiar to millions. You have seen and applauded their work in scores of pictures, but how many of them can you name?

*The answers are on page 131*

"The Gay Nineties," *Mrs. Davis* in "Lawful Larceny," "*Mrs. Hebley* in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," she has moved in stately majesty through dozens of similar rôles.

**Number Seven:** It's difficult to say whether you will best remember him as *Corporal Sacht* in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" or as *Noah* in "Noah's Ark" or, for that matter in any one of several score rôles which have distinguished him since he first became a player for the old Famous Players in 1914. If you saw "Sorrell and Son" you'll have no difficulty in recognizing him as *Doctor Orange* and if "Evangeline" was on your list, you know him as the father of Miss Del Rio in that picture. Soon you'll see him as *Adj. Frederick* in Brenon's "Beau Ideal." Back in '96 he was doing Shakespearean repertoire.

**Number Eight:** You won't recall him in any of the old silents, for at that time he was in vaudeville but you've seen plenty of him since he landed in Hollywood, about three years ago. As *Tony*, the wop gangster, he made his first screen bow in "The Carnation Kid" and since that time he's been a wop, a Greek, a gangster or a night club owner in so many pictures that we only have room for a few, such as *Bing* in "Framed," *Arnie Lorch* in "Little Caesar," *Lorenzo* in "Brothers," the wop milkman in "Breakfast in Bed," *Rinaldo* in "Numbered Men" and *Beezy*, the gang leader, in "Dark Streets." He can menace with [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]

a chance to see how the other half lives by casting him in such parts as the chancellor in "Du Barry." He came from the English stage and if you know how many pictures he has bottled in since reaching Hollywood in 1914, you know more than he does.

**Number Five:** For the simple reason that no other player in pictures can wear a badge so becomingly, he is nearly always seen upholding the majesty of the law. Who will ever forget *Wallace*, the chief guard in "The Big House," who doesn't know any prayers when called forth to meet the hail of lead from the machine-gun of *Butch*, the killer! Here again, some thirty-six years of stage and screen experience are responsible for the always splendid performances of the man whom you saw as the *Inspector* in "The Bat Whispers," as the *Russian Colonel* in "New Moon," as *Major Cargan* in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and a score of other pictures. A famous manager of the old Detroit baseball club bore the same last name.

**Number Six:** May I present *Mrs. Ten-Brock*, hostess of the big garden party in "Sally"? When the cast calls for a *grande dame*, no casting director ever hesitates. An old time Broadway favorite, she has been peering through lorgnettes at picture audiences since 1911. *Mrs. Caraway* in



No. 9



No. 10

# LARRY *the* KID

A clear close-up of Mr. Tibbett, who likes unimportant people and sings because it's fun



He's as little like a Metropolitan Opera star as a man could be, this Tibbett fellow. He's what the studio gang calls "regular," and that's the highest praise the boys can give

**L**ARRY TIBBETT will bellow into song at the slightest provocation—and lots of times without even that!

He sings in the barber chair or bath, he sings while bowling along at seventy-three miles an hour in his automobile, he sings in his dressing room and his swimming pool, he sings at morning, noon and night.

He has given away a million dollars worth of baritone for every thousand dollars' worth he's sold. But he doesn't give a toot about that. You see, Tib sings because he likes it. The fact that it's making him rich is just his good luck. He'd sing anyway, and it's a swell break for the Tibbett family that papa gets paid for some of it.

He's not the usual conception of an opera star. There's nothing uppish or over-dignified about him. He's as human as kids shootin' marbles, and he's not much older. He's never grown up, thank God.

He loves to lie on the floor—at home or in his dressing room, or in a friend's house—and cock his legs up on a chair or a table. He'll flop that mop of hair loose, and then, in that comfortable position, let loose his lungs for a lusty song or two.

Divans or over-stuffed chairs, to Tibbett, aren't things to sit on. They're things to lie on with your feet hanging over the back, like a gangling thirteen-year-old kid likes to contort himself. You know.

**H**E likes to play jokes on people, too. He and Cliff Edwards and Reg Denny and Roland Young are always gagging things on each other. Cliff has a dressing room one side of Tibbett's; Denny on the other. When Larry starts yodeling in his room, Denny and Edwards chorus in with the most ungodly series of off-key wails that were ever heard. Sounds like a Chinese anthem.

Larry loves kids and will walk on his hands on the set to entertain youngsters when they are around. The director sometimes has to tell him to stop standing on his head and do some singing for the picture. Walking on his hands is a cinch for Tibbett, and what other opera star could?

Larry keeps himself in first-rate condition. You're as like as not to see him riding around the M-G-M lot on a horse, leaping fences, and yip-yip-yipping like a cowboy. He *was* a cowboy once; son of a two-gun sheriff of old California, you know.

He's going to play outfield on the M-G-M studio baseball team next year, too. Imagine that!—Larry Tibbett—five-thousand-a-night opera singer playing outfield on a ball team

*By Howard James*

with a lot of scene-shifters and messenger boys and actors and unimportant things like that.

He's crazy about swimming, and does it like a porpoise. He's as liable to get a sudden desire to swim in the middle of the night, and if he does, he hops out to the swell swimming pool back of his Beverly Hills house and plunges in, whether it's two in the morning or in the afternoon. Swimming is the first thing he does after getting up mornings. Out of bed, into his trunks and into the pool, shouting songs at the top of his baritone in the meantime.

Then he comes out dripping, bats the medicine ball around for a while, or skips rope or romps in some other undignified and unopera-starrish fashion for a while. Then his trainer rubs him down, and Larry goes about the serious business of breakfast. He loves breakfast. His idea of a perfect breakfast is fruit with cream, bacon and eggs and lots of 'em, German fried potatoes in quantity, some li'l pig sausages, toast and milk. He doesn't go much for coffee.

Of course, that menu is good only when he's not singing. When he's due to sing for concert or screen, he eats very little—a bit of fruit for breakfast, and that's all. He makes up for it after he's done singing.

**A**S for his choice foods, he's the most catholic person in the world. "He's the easiest person I've ever heard of to cook for," says his wife, Grace. "He doesn't dislike anything."

However, there are a few things he's especially fond of—for one thing, tomato juice. He loves sweetbreads sautéed, but likes Irish stew just as well. With dumplings.

Larry loves people. He gets far more enjoyment out of meeting plumbers than princes. To him, "important" people aren't half as important as unimportant ones. When his friends tell him that the people he associates with are a detriment to his future, he tells them to go jump [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

Insignia of the house of Bourbon-Orléans, a cadet branch of the Bourbon house



# AMERICA'S YOUNGEST DUCHESS... HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS



This chic young Duchesse wears frocks by Worth and diamonds by Cartier. Her dachshund, "Valdy," (left) is her inseparable pet. (Below) Pond's four preparations keep her fair skin exquisite.



**N**oblesse oblige!" says the Duchesse de Nemours. "In Europe, women of title must fulfil their duty of being always lovely... They guard their beauty as they guard their ancestral jewels and prize a flower-like complexion as an essential hallmark of race and breeding... So, no wonder I am grateful for my faithful use of Pond's!"

Ehancingly blonde and beautiful, with exquisite fair skin, the Duchesse de Nemours is the former Miss Marguerite Watson, of an aristocratic Virginia family. She was a favorite in Washington and Newport society before the royal romance of her marriage to a scion of the house of Bourbon-Orléans.

"Women of title must be always lovely." Wherever this young Duchesse goes, Pond's tends her fragile transparent skin, just as when she was a girl at home.

"The Cold Cream is wonderful," she says, "and the Tissues are the best way to remove the cream I ever found... The Skin Freshener is delightful to invigorate and the Vanishing Cream is exquisite!"

Think how significant it is that women of wealth and title choose Pond's in preference to all other beauty preparations. Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent social position a beautifully-groomed complexion

is the first requisite. They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest obtainable despite their democratic simplicity and modest price.

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your own skin radiantly clear and fresh:

**FIRST**—during the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck several times, always after exposure... Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

**SECOND**—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. Peach color and white.

**THIRD**—pat cleansed skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, tone and firm.

**LAST**—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face but wherever you powder... arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft and white. At bedtime: Cleanse with Cold Cream, remove with Tissues.



Tune in on Pond's Afternoon Tea every Tuesday at 5 P. M. E. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women, N. B. C. Red Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q • 114 Hudson St., New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1931, Pond's Extract Company

“The years can make  
...if she keeps *Youth*”

*Learn the  
Complexion Secret  
9 out of 10 lovely  
screen stars know*

“NO ONE measures Youth by birthdays any more!” says William Powell, Paramount star of “For the Defense.”

“Nowadays a man doesn’t even try to guess a woman’s age. Women know so marvelously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm that is so irresistible.

“Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!”

★ ★ ★

Indeed they do, for they seem always young, charming, magnetic—you can’t believe they ever have birthdays. What is their secret?

“We guard complexion beauty above all else,” the lovely actresses will tell you. “A skin aglow with the fascinating freshness of youth is *always* alluring.”

Important actresses in Hollywood



—on Broadway—in Europe—use Lux Toilet Soap. Regularly! That is why it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere—is the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to fragrant Lux Toilet Soap.

Of the countless stars who use this very white soap, some have the skin inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find in Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care!

*The caress of dollar-a-cake  
French soap*

*Youth* LUX

# any girl more alluring

## SAYS WILLIAM POWELL



★  
Nancy Carroll

Paramount star, says of fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap: "Talking and technicolor pictures require so many close-ups and close-ups demand flawless skin. For the very smooth skin a star must have, I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

★  
Clara Bow

Paramount star, says: "There's one thing I've found that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring . . . *it's lovely skin*. Every girl can keep her skin as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do —by using Lux Toilet Soap."

★  
Claudette Colbert

Featured player, says: "To keep the appeal of Youth, exquisite skin is essential. On the screen and stage we must always give especial attention to the condition of our skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap an invaluable help in keeping mine smooth."

# Toilet Soap..10¢



Picture Producer—"Report at my office! You're just the type we're looking for!"

# Reeling Around

with  
*Leonard  
Hall*

*Variety* spots this sign on the cash register of a Hollywood haberdashery—"The Man Nobody Owes." . . . Ziegfeld claims he has signed Will Rogers for a new "Follies," whereas I understood the old Wrigley-wrinkler was exclusively a Fox folly. Or is Ziegfeld an old fox? I'm all confused. . . . Cynical note, or the fiendish price we movie stars pay for bad publicity. Clara Bow has just dug down for an \$18,000 Rolls, and is buying a \$300,000 home in the hills back of town. For an equal amount of "good publicity," she'd be trading in her roller skates for a bicycle, and be demanding a new hot-plate from the landlady. . . . I hear Kay Francis is crazy for a new power yacht. And now Kenneth MacKenna is to be the skipper. Ah there, Kay! And ah there, Ken.

## The Good Old Newsreel!

*We just can't keep abreast of things  
Unless our weekly newsreel brings*

*Witless farmers pitching hay,  
Herds of 'ittle lambs at play—*

*Politicians spouting twaddle,  
Flocks of honking geese a'waddle—*

*Knock-kneed beauties on the beaches,  
Smirking pippins picking peaches—*

*Prohibition squawks and jeers,  
Cubans sampling wines and beers—*

*Scandihoovians on skis,  
Skating clamps with knobby knees—*

*Nuts who dive in icy pools,  
And fifty thousand other fools!*

*Ah, our world's a wondrous place!  
Great events each other chase!*

*Toast the gallant newsreel men  
Who shoot at eagles, bag a hen!*

## A Snicker or Nothing

They say Greta Garbo is fond of playing Marlene Dietrich's records on her phonograph. Well, if Marlene has a phonograph, she can play one of Greta's records. "Anna Christie" took in \$109,000 in one week at the Capitol Theater, New York. Try that on your old orthophonic, baby! . . . Local gossip note—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vallée of Westbrook, Me., have closed up the old home and are spending the winter in New York with their son, Rudolph. Mrs. Vallée is putting in her time crocheting covers for the boy's famous collection of megaphones. . . .

## Just in Passing

What picture actresses want, insists Mr. Arthur Paul of New York in Mr. Sobol's Broadway column in the *New York Graphic* (there's credit for you!) is a short life and a merry one.

## Getting Personal

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has taken up its options on Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan (each contract is for a year) but has dropped Catherine Moylan, the pretty Ziegfeld lass. . . . Fox has bought the picture rights to Viña Delmar's "Bad Girl," and who gets the lead? . . . Claire Luce and Robert Ames asked and got their release as Fox contract players. Ames can make barrels of dough as a free-lance, and Claire aims to go around the world with her millionaire husband, Cliff Smith. . . . Little Betty Bronson has been around New York lately, and Betty Blythe has turned up in a new show. . . . Maurice Chevalier got \$5,000 for warbling on the Camel hour not long ago. He'd probably walk a mile, too, for five grand. . . . Barbara Bennett, brunette sister of the blonde Joan and Connie, has been dancing at her husband's swanky New York night club. He's Morton Downey, tenor. . . . Gilda Gray, ex-shaker, says she's going to marry a Mr. George Brent. . . . Among those mentioned for personal appearances are John Gilbert, Vivienne Segal and Stuart Erwin. . . . Ruth Chatterton celebrated a birthday the day before Christmas. . . . Phyllis Haver and her husband, Billy Seeman, chartered a special car and took a big party to Quebec for New Year's Week. . . . Mary Astor has lost five pounds in the last couple of months. Now, not too much, Mary! The desert's full of people who lost pounds! . . . Freddie March and Florence Eldridge have a beautiful beach house at Laguna they've never lived in. . . . George Bancroft wants \$150,000 a picture under a new Paramount contract. Paramount says less than \$100,000, or no sale. . . . "Fires of Youth," picture Monta Bell is making at Universal, is his old "Man, Woman and Sin," which he made silent for Metro with Jack Gilbert and the late Jeanne Eagels.

Dr. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University

# finds that Colgate's cleans teeth best

**A** TOOTHPASTE, Dr. Chambliss knows, should *clean the teeth thoroughly.*

Your own dentist will confirm this—ask him. He will tell you that cleanliness is the best possible safeguard against dental troubles.

Therefore, when Dr. Chambliss, world-renowned scientist, undertook to find out which toothpaste is best, he naturally compared the different brands on the only sensible basis—cleansing power.

He carefully analyzed the leading brands of America—and he found that Colgate's has "greater cleansing ability" than all the others.

Why?

Let Dr. Chambliss answer: "I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but because of its penetrating foam it has a greater ability than the others to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse teeth thoroughly."

Agreeing with Dr. Chambliss are a group of eminent scientists who have been retained to make analytical tests of toothpastes and render their expert opinions. Among these are such men as Jerome Alexander, B.S., M.Sc., and Dr. Allen Rogers, Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania. They state publicly that Colgate's is a superior cleanser.



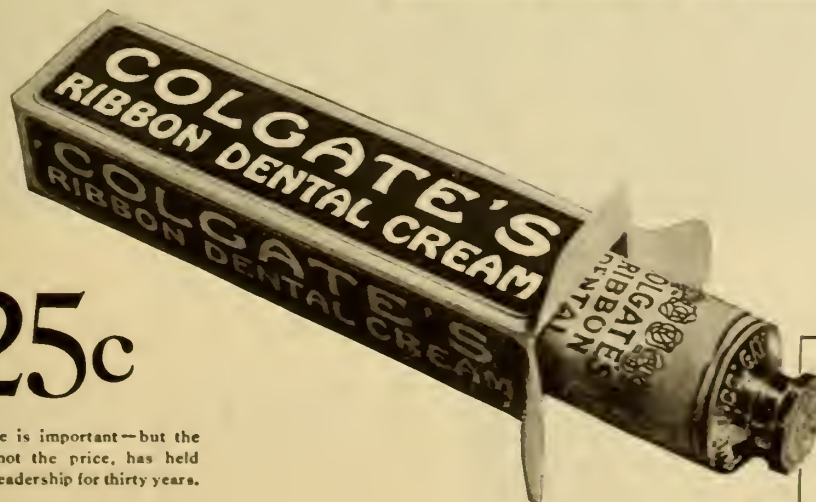
Dr. Chambliss says:

"I have tested and compared toothpastes with reference to their cleansing qualities. I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but also because of its very penetrating foam it has greater ability than other dentifrices to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles. Other dentifrices, because they are sluggish, lack this power.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse the teeth thoroughly."

*Hardee Chambliss*

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; noted internationally as a scientist; member of the American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England; Chemistry Society of London, and other leading associations.



25c

The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for thirty years.

**FREE** COLGATE, Dept. M-1029 P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. City.

Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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



JUST a bunch of kiddies spending a tranquil story hour at a tin-can tourist camp. Oh yes? Unfortunately for the kiddies' peace, it's all on the set where they are shooting a scene for "Children of Dreams," a new Warner musical. The place is filled with a huge orchestra, scads of bosses and a lot of interested parents. Just a quiet studio day!

A Quiet Day  
*in the Country!*



THANKS TO . . .

**THESE**

**FASTIDIOUS**

**PEOPLE**

HOW natural for these charming people...well-groomed and fastidious in all things...to have discovered Spud. Because in Spud they found not only a cigarette of full tobacco fragrance...but also a cigarette which brings with it the delightful assurance of their being continually "mouth-happy." Thus, these fastidious people discovered the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



**SPUD**

MENTHOL-COOLED

**CIGARETTES**

20 FOR 20c (U. S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.

The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "To be feminine in a bathing suit wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke. Miss Jordan wears a bouffant type frock for evening affairs, combining flesh-pink satin with flounce of silk Chantilly lace.

## THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

It's no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN that you'll welcome the new interest it brings to your reducing menus. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over wjz and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening from 10.30 to 11.00 (Eastern standard time).



**SEND FOR THE BOOKLET**

*"THE MODERN FIGURE"*

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

**KELLOGG COMPANY**  
Dept. A-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# A Luncheon for Eight

If you want two tables of amiable bridge players, here's the way to get off to a flying start

**A** PLEASANT prologue to an afternoon of bridge is an attractively served luncheon. Let's say you are planning to have two tables of bridge, and you want to serve something a little different, not the routine chicken patty or crabmeat salad lunch.

One of the best suggestions I can make is a recipe that Claudia Dell, star of the new Warner picture, "Fifty Million Frenchmen," and now under contract to Radio Pictures, recently gave me.

It's one of her favorites and she has planned the ingredients to make exactly eight helpings. She calls it her "English Luncheon Dish," and serves it piping hot.

These are the ingredients:

2 lbs. fresh tomatoes, cubed	Melted butter
1 small can puree of tomatoes	Chili powder
2 small green peppers, cut fine	½ lb. American cheese
1 small onion, cut fine	8 slices white bread
	8 slices bacon

To make a sauce, mix the cubed tomatoes and the puree with the peppers, onion, and a little melted butter, adding just a dash of the chili powder. Let this mixture simmer for ten or twelve minutes.

In the meantime, put cheese in thin slices or small pieces upon the bread, and toast until cheese is well melted. Place on platter, or individual plates, pour sauce over all, and lay a crisp slice of bacon on the top of each slice of toast. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

**L**IGHT, fluffy muffins can be served with this dish. Leila Hyams, M-G-M contract player, has given me the recipe for the delicious ones she makes. She uses:

1 cup pastry flour	2 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder	½ teaspoon salt

Mix these ingredients, then sift thoroughly, and add 1¼ cups graham flour, and ½ cup dates, cut fine, mixing thoroughly with dry ingredients; 1 egg and 1 cup of cream, mixed to-



Want your muffins to be light and fluffy, instead of heavy and soggy? Then, Leila Hyams cautions you to handle the dough gently and as little as possible

gether, and then poured into dry ingredients and immediately stirred. Stir very lightly and only long enough to mix wet and dry ingredients.

Place batter in the pans, handling gently to avoid toughening, and bake until muffins are golden brown—about twenty minutes.

You can serve a thin soup in bouillon cups before Miss Dell's luncheon dish if you like, but it isn't necessary to precede such a hearty dish with either appetizer or soup. If you want a dessert that is more filling than the customary ice or ice cream, here is the recipe that Irene Delroy, Warner Pictures player, wrote out for me. It's called "Heavenly Hash!"

Swell 1 cup of rice in 1 pint of milk from which the cream has not been skimmed. While this is cooling, make a custard of 1 quart of milk, 6 eggs, ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt.

Chop 1 cup of black walnut meats coarsely. Whip rice, custard and walnut meats together until cool. Serve with whipped cream and top with a cherry.

**I**F any of your guests are dieting, better order an ice, also, in case some of them refuse to be tempted even just once by such a pound-adding dessert. But those who don't have to be constantly watchful of their figures will tell you this dish is well named.

For a St. Patrick's Day lunch you will find this menu can be used advantageously by planning green and white decorations and substituting a pistachio ice cream, which is green, and small green and white iced party cakes instead of the rice custard.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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-----  
Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



A bunch of the boys riding down Fifth Avenue, New York, on a bus. Ah, but the boys and bus were photographed in Hollywood and combined with the Avenue panorama by the Dunning Process!

# Boo! It's Only Hollywood!

THE only art in the world that is almost wholly dependent on invention has just received another helping hand from the morass into which it had stumbled, this time from a young engineer.

The grave problem that movie producers have been wrestling with—almost always unsuccessfully—from the advent of the talking picture has been solved, and very neatly, too.

It is an open secret that American-made, foreign-language movies have been nowhere so unsatisfactory as in the countries for which they were intended.

As an example, the Hollywood brand of Spanish dialogue ran full tilt into the unsuspected fact that there are as many Spanish dialects and accents as there are whims in a new prima donna's mentality. Argentina listened to conversation that the movie-makers were assured was pure Castilian, and began to foam at the mouth.

Chile, Peru, even Spain itself found objectionable features in the West Coast replicas of their language and customs, while Mexico simply curled up and howled. Together, the complaints that arose from all nations welded into an anvil chorus of disapproval.

And, of course, the local brand of French, German and Italian pictures proved almost as popular as the Spanish. Parisian French is one thing, and provincial French is quite another—and often an unintelligible thing to the *boulevardier*. And when it came to the different brands of German, Italian and a few other assorted tongues, Hollywood producers began to discover that their foreign talkie business appeared on the ledgers almost entirely in red ink.

It was a beautiful dream in the beginning. You just made your ordinary English language version; then moved in another set of actors and ran through the thing again. Just as simple, and almost no extra cost at all! And then, in a few months, the studio comptrollers and auditors, and the main office accountants, began to point out the disquieting discrepancies.

So, for quite a while, a dense

How the famous "Dunning Process" makes us think we're in Borneo when it's just the studio, after all

fog of disillusion has been hanging over the industry. And then came Carroll and Dodge Dunning and modestly offered a solution. They happen to be father and son, residents of Hollywood and the devisors of a system of composite photography that already had contributed largely to the solution of production problems in the big studios.

Briefly, their process permits a motion picture taken at one place and time to be combined with another picture taken at an entirely different place and time so perfectly that I've yet to find a photographic expert who can tell it from one in which all the action was simultaneous.

Without going too deeply into the technical side of the process, the idea is based on color photography.

Most of us have heard of what used to be called the "double negative" process of photography. The idea was merely the use of masks by which some portion of the plate or film was covered during a first exposure, the covered portion to be later exposed on another scene or figure.

MOTION pictures have used the idea for years, and seldom with completely satisfactory results. The hero of the picture playing a twin rôle and shaking hands with himself was one manifestation that seldom fooled anyone. Generally there were lines, white edges, halos or fringes that gave the trick away. However, it was the best that could be done until the Dunnings hove in sight.

Now, let us suppose that you're a producer and that your story requires that three principal characters must walk up the long approach between the water pools and into the famous Taj Mahal in India.

Ordinarily, if that were a necessity in the story you'd send your three characters, director and camera crew to India, photograph the needed action and bring them back again at the expiration of some weeks. And, not improbably, you'd spend from \$25,000 upward doing it.

If retakes were later needed [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]

By Campbell MacCulloch

# Leading New York Beauty Experts endorse olive and palm oil method to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.



**ROSE LAIRD**

Whose charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park.

*"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."*

*Rose Laird*



*Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!*



**PIERRE**

Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."



**DUMAS**

Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.

**N**EW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

*Their method is simple*

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty-protection that just can't be equaled.

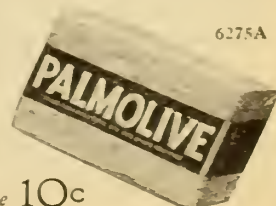
They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamorous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

6275A



Retail Price 10c

*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

# Who Has *The Best Figure* in Hollywood? — And Why

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

## Accepted Hospital Chart for Women's Weight

In order to allow for the difference in weight in different frames, ten per cent latitude is allowable either way.

Height	19 yrs.	20 yrs.	21-22 yrs.	23-24 yrs.	25-29 yrs.	30-34 yrs.	35-39 yrs.	40-44 yrs.	45-49 yrs.
4' 10"	98	102	106	110	113	116	119	123	126
4' 11"	103	107	109	112	115	118	121	125	128
5'	109	112	113	115	117	120	123	127	130
5' 1"	113	115	116	118	119	122	125	129	132
5' 2"	116	118	119	120	121	124	127	132	135
5' 3"	120	121	122	123	124	127	130	135	138
5' 4"	123	124	125	126	128	131	134	138	141
5' 5"	126	127	128	129	131	134	138	142	145
5' 6"	129	130	131	133	135	138	142	146	149
5' 7"	131	133	135	137	139	142	146	150	153
5' 8"	135	137	139	141	143	146	150	154	157
5' 9"	138	140	142	145	147	150	154	158	161
5' 10"	141	143	145	148	151	154	157	161	164
5' 11"	145	147	149	151	154	157	160	164	168
6'	150	152	154	156	158	161	163	167	171

Measure and weigh yourself in your shoes and in ordinary out-door clothing.

Take off one inch for low heeled shoes and two inches for French heels.

Kay, like Constance Bennett, was eliminated on the grounds of having the basis of a beautiful figure but needing more weight. Ditto, Joan Crawford. Alice White was too short.

Finally the honors rested between Bebe and Dolores.

It was Bebe to whom Mr. Christy, at last, gave first place.

"She is very beautiful," he said. "There is a glowing warmth about her. And besides her lovely symmetry, she carries herself well. I must mention the importance of a woman's carriage, for this will overcome a bad point or, on the other hand, diminish the glories of perfection."

So now we have Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio and Bebe Daniels vying for the honors. However, only two of the four judges have spoken. Wait . . .

**A**FTER talking with Earl Christy we found Hattie Carnegie, dressmaker to the *élite* of society and the theater, in her fashionable *salon* in the East Forties.

Miss Carnegie emphasized what Mr. Christy had said about poise and bearing.

"The girl who holds her head well, who stands erect and moves with an unaffected grace, will appear to have a better figure than the more perfectly fashioned girl who slouches," Miss Carnegie said.

The stars who most interested Miss Carnegie in no instance tallied with those selected by Earl Carroll. Joan Crawford, Kay Francis and Constance Bennett were her favorites.

There would seem to be something in what the sculptor said about the slight figure being ideal for fashions.

Kay Francis was finally eliminated as being a little too tall and in the end, Miss Carnegie chose Constance Bennett.

"Miss Bennett is a trifle slim, perhaps," she

said, "but, to my mind, she more than atones for this by her carriage and by the way her head is placed on her gorgeous shoulders.

"When Constance Bennett enters a room she has arrived."

Miss Carnegie considers a fourteen-year-old size with a sixteen-year-old height the ideal figure.

So now our line-up includes: Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio, Bebe Daniels and Constance Bennett.

It looks as if there was something in that old rumor about men preferring a more curved figure than women feel ideal. Doctor A. L. Goldwater, one of New York City's most professionally respected and eminent physicians, showed, like Earl Carroll and Earl Christy, a marked and decided preference for the figure roundly turned.

"I most earnestly hope," said Doctor Goldwater, as he made notes on the measurements of the several girls to whom he had finally limited his choice, "that a star who has curves and looks as a woman should look will be granted as having Hollywood's best figure. I know the tremendous influence the screen exerts on modern life. And I am not a little dismayed by the number of girls and young women who come to my office suffering from anemia and low blood pressure. Too often their ailments can be traced to ill-advised and strenuous dieting, engaged in without a physician's supervision or approval.

"There are, to my mind," Doctor Goldwater continued, "three ideal figures. First, there is the slim and somewhat undeveloped figure of the adolescent. Then there is the young matron. And then there is the mother. These figures should under no circumstances be the same. The mother who looks like her adolescent daughter is not beautiful. On the contrary.

"Regardless of anything else, as we grow

older our bones contain more lime salt and our skeleton comes to weigh more. So if we do not show an increase of about a half pound a year in weight it means we actually have less flesh on our frame.

"Naturally," explains Doctor Goldwater, as he eliminated one star for one good reason and another star for another reason, equally good, "my ideas on beauty are influenced by my profession.

**I**HAVE watched women playing their part in the life drama now for many years. I know that the women who are products of many generations of an urban population are slowly becoming narrower through the hips. At the same time babies are being born with larger heads. That also is a development of a higher civilization. Eventually we seem to face an *impasse*. And right now many women are finding it increasingly difficult to have their babies.

"Constantly aware of this state of affairs, I have come to appreciate the fundamental fitness of the sturdier, more squarely built women—Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish women in particular. These women come from countries largely devoted to farming. They have a breadth of frame.

"Evidently, the exercise and sports in which our women engage do not produce the same results as farm work, even in a lesser degree.

"No wonder, then, all these things considered, I find a very definite beauty in the fundamental fitness of the squarely built Scandinavians."

Doctor Goldwater was not attempting to start any back-to-the-soil movement. He was merely trying to show how interrelated he believes a woman's beauty to be with her fundamental destiny.

It would seem, however, that the two artists,

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



# Gargle LISTERINE

*every 2 hours*

when you have a

## COLD or SORE THROAT

In your mouth, a fierce and continuous battle is being waged. The forces of Health against those of Sickness. Nature against Germs—dangerous bacteria that lodge and multiply in the mouth by millions, striving to cause illness.

Surely you can appreciate the necessity of using, every day, a mouth wash fatal to germs, yet harmless to tissue!

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For Listerine kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science.

### *Gargle every 2 hours*

The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth.

But when infection is actually under way,

which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

By so doing you give the body, now at lower resistance, the extra attacking force it needs to combat the ever-multiplying germs in the mouth.

### *Mouth germs reduced 98%*

If you could look into your mouth with a microscope before and after gargling with Listerine, you would behold a remarkable transformation.

Before the gargle you would see millions and millions of germs, alive, wriggling, darting to and fro. After, you would see the same germs dead and powerless to cause harm.

Repeated tests, following the technique employed at Great Universities, show that full strength Listerine actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%.

### The Truth About Mouth Washes

203 mouth washes, old and new, examined, analyzed, and tested under standard laboratory methods.

94 utterly unable to kill germs in five minutes, and hence non-antiseptic. 107 unable to kill in three minutes. 143 unable to kill in one minute. Dozens of them without the slightest deodorizing effect. Others poisonous, or harmful to tissue.

Contrast their sorry performance with that of Listerine, the safe, non-poisonous, deodorizing antiseptic, which kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).

### *Take this precaution*

At the first symptom of trouble in the oral cavity, begin gargling with Listerine and consult your physician.

Do not be afraid to use Listerine undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action. Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SAFE • NON-POISONOUS • PLEASANT TO USE

KILLS GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



The masculine half of "The Team Who Came Back"

# Questions & Answers



The girl who came back in "The Man Who Came Back"

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**WHAT** a girl! What a boy! What a team!

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell top the questions this month. And the most popular question about them is: "Are these two favorites going to team together in pictures forever and ever?" At least, that's the way Muriel, of Kansas City, Mo., puts it.

Well, Muriel, *forever* is a long, long time. But the Answer Man's guess is that the Fox company is too foxy to separate such a great box-office combination. Right now they are planning a new co-starring film for Janet and Charlie. By the time you read this, production will be under way.

**AUDREY J., PHILADELPHIA:** Yes, Janet Gaynor is a Philadelphian by birth. She lived there until she was eight years old, so perhaps the little Gaynor girl with whom you used to play tag and hopscotch is the one who grew up to be the famous Janet. No, she didn't grow up far—just an even 5 feet. She weighs the huge sum of 96 pounds, has curly auburn hair and brown eyes.

**JIM, of JANESVILLE, WIS.:** Charles Farrell was born and brought up on old Cape Cod, and got his higher education at Boston University. He towers fourteen inches over Janet Gaynor, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. Was born August 9, 1902, and is four years older than Janet. If you've studied higher mathematics you may be able to figure her age.

**FRANCES N., ST. LOUIS, MO.:** Lew Ayres says he never played a banjo in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. But he played a young German soldier with such genius that it has brought him one grand part after another ever since. He isn't married at this writing, but they do say he's vurr, vurr fond of a rising young screen actress whose first name is Lola and whose last name also has four letters and also begins with L. Now, guess.

**MISS D. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.:** More questions about Lew! He began his acting career on December 28, 1909, by acting perfectly awful as soon as he came into the world. Why, they tell me he cried just like a baby! Minneapolis was the place. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 155 pounds; has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

**MISS B. W., CEDARHURST, L. I.:** "Holiday" was a successful Broadway stage play before Pathé made a movie of it, and Monroe Owsley played the rôle of understanding big brother in both versions. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., is 5 feet, 10; weighs 156 pounds, wears faultlessly fitted clothes, tasty ties and immaculate hankies. He has a long-term contract with Paramount and will be seen any day now in the latest Fredric March-Claud-

ette Colbert picture in which he plays an important part.

**COSETTE, HOLYOKE, MASS.:** Go to the head of the class! Ramon Novarro did play in "Scaramouche." Alice Terry was the girl. Your heart throb, John Wayne, was a property boy at the Fox Studio when his big chance



Dear Seymour:

Does anybody besides movie stars ever wear such clothes as this negligée worn by Bebe Daniels in "My Past"?

—L. A. F.

No, dear L. A. F., they don't. Such things as this are just fine symbols of what not to do.

—Seymour

came along and slapped him on the back. His real name is Duke Morrison, he was born May 26, 1907 in Winterset, Iowa, is 6 feet, 2, weighs 200 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is still single. But—and how I hate to break the sad news—his "keeping company."

**JANE, BUFFALO, N. Y.:** Here are some of the tall girls of pictures: Jeanette MacDonald is 5 feet, 5; Garbo is 5 feet, 6; Alice Joyce, Lil-yan Tashman, Gwen Lee and Hedda Hopper are 5 feet, 7, and Gertrude Astor is 5 feet, 7½.

**MILDRED, LANCASTER, PENNA.:** "I'm Only the Words, You Are the Melody," and "Never Swat a Fly" are two of the popular songs from "Just Imagine."

**ELEANOR, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.:** We're so smart at PHOTOPLAY Magazine that we answer questions even before they're asked. You'll find an article in the February issue that answers all your questions about Marie Doro. You know, she hasn't made a picture for many years. Neither has Elliott Dexter.

**JACK AND JILL, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.:** "The Sea Wolf" was Milton Sill's last picture. I, too, thought he gave a great performance in it. Jane Keith, who played opposite him, was born 22 years ago in Kansas City, Mo. She weighs 115 pounds, is 5 feet, ½ inch tall, is blonde and has blue eyes. PHOTOPLAY published a little story about her in the September, 1930 issue. You can get that issue by sending a letter to our Circulation Department, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and enclosing twenty-five cents with your request.

**P. L. K., CLINTON, ILL.:** You want to know about Jane, too? Well, read the preceding answer. Nancy Carroll's latest released picture is "Stolen Heaven," in which Phillips Holmes plays opposite her. But she's hard at work on another picture right now. "That crazy Jack Oakie" comes from Sedalia, Mo. Aren't you glad he didn't stay there? Sure, I've got a big brain. Some of my best enemies call it a "big head."

**ESTELLE, CHICAGO, ILL.:** So you like heman! Buck Jones is married, Tom Tyler is 27 and unmarried, and Bob Steele is numbered among the single, too. It's a fact, and a sad one, that Fred Thomson passed on in December, 1928. Tom Mix has been recuperating from an illness.

**ABE, THE BUCK JONES FAN:** Buck is 41 years old, 5 feet, 11¾ inches tall, and weighs 173 pounds. He has a daughter of 13. His real name is not Buck, but Charles. But that's a deep, dark secret and don't let anyone know I told you.



“Your six stars  
are my lucky stars”



**STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER STARS TO KNOW WHY**

*“Only a healthy skin can stay young”*

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

**INGRAM'S**

Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES...50c...\$1...\$1.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-31  
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



Ten years ago she was one of the best known leading women in pictures. Recently she had been out of the limelight. And it came as a great shock when we learned that Ethel Grey Terry had died, after a long illness

She observed Lebedeff doing his hand-kissing act, which is quite famous in Hollywood by now.

Then she sniffed.

"Hmph," she said, "he can't hold a candle to a waiter we've got back home in Minnesota!"

PLENTY of cinemaland pocketbooks suffered when the Bank of Hollywood closed its doors. But somebody at the United Artists studio got square. He took a pail of paint and a brush across the street to where a huge 24-sheet billboard proclaimed:

BANK of HOLLYWOOD  
"GROWING with HOLLYWOOD"

When the paint-wielder was done, the poster read:

BANK of HOLLYWOOD  
"—OWING—HOLLYWOOD"

CHARLES (Ex-Buddy) Rogers has five automobiles—a 16-cylinder roadster, two town cars, a phaeton and a Ford.

RING the bells and fire the old tin cannon in the Public Square! Ernst Lubitsch and Emil Jannings are to be reunited again, according to report.

Unser Emil, following his tremendous American reception in "The Blue Angel," is to make "The Man I Killed" under the direction of Ernst the Great, with Phil Holmes in the troupe.

Thus the great team that made "Passion," years ago, in which we discovered both Jannings and Negri, is together again! So let the huzzas ring out!

WHENEVER Joan Crawford has to go to one of her own previews she always dines at six.

The preview is never until eight-thirty, but the reason for the early dinner is so that her food will digest before she begins to get petrified with fear and panic over witnessing herself act on the screen.

YOU remember all the publicity that Ramon Novarro and Elsie Janis got recently when they had a little friendly tussle at the Lawrence Tibbetts'. The other night, Ramon took Elsie to another party. One of her friends came up and patted her on the shoulder.

"Don't touch her," said Ramon, "or your name will be on all the front pages of the papers."

NENA QUARTARO denies that she ever said, "I consider myself engaged to Frank Carideo, quarterback for Notre Dame." Denies it with tears in her eyes.

"I never told that to the reporter who printed it. I was in Bell, Calif., and my sister

talked to him. She denies that she said it. Frank and I have known each other since I was twelve.

"We lived just a half mile apart in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"I have always admired him. He came to my house, here. A newspaper writer was present. She said she thought we were engaged.

"Frank said, 'I wouldn't call it engaged but when I come to California during my vacation, I am coming to see Nena.'

"I warned Frank to be careful or they would print our engagement. He said, 'Great. I'll get a great kick out of that. You send me the papers.'

"I was worried for fear even a rumor like that might hurt him at college.

"And I don't believe Frank Carideo said it was a cheap attempt to get publicity. He wouldn't do it.

"I won't believe that, any more than I hope he won't believe I said we were engaged. I swear I didn't."

She admits to a close friendship, and those who were at the station when she saw Frank off tell how he held her hand and said, "It's

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



International

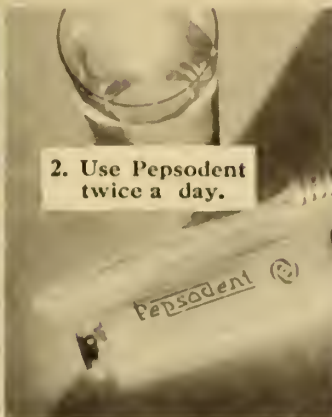
One of filmland's newest brides—in her hands she holds the fateful little paper that legalized her marriage to Clyde E. Greathouse, an oil operator. She's Josephine Dunn, the pretty blonde who has been seen in lots of pictures in the past few years. She was divorced from William P. Cameron in 1923

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



**1. Include these in your daily diet:**

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, hard lettuce, cabbage or celery, 1/2 lemon with orange juice, One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



**2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.**



**3. See your dentist at least twice a year.**

# Teeth neglected today may inflict a costly penalty

this is no time to economize with health

**F**OR your health's sake, don't carry economy too far. If you need dental treatment, don't delay because of the few dollars you will pay in dental fees. Neglect a tiny decay cavity in your teeth, and you may pay for it with heart trouble or rheumatism. If you escape that, or something worse, the best you can hope for is some expensive bridgework in the future.

### Take care of teeth—remove film

Keep teeth in repair. Keep Pepsodent tooth paste at hand and see that the whole family uses it. Those are two important ways to save both health and money.

Pepsodent frees teeth of the stubborn, clinging coating known as *film*. Remove film and you remove the millions of acid-producing bacteria that destroy the tooth's delicate enamel . . . that cause many other commonly



**Film** is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

known disorders. You remove the unsightly stains that film absorbs from different foods and smoking. These are mistaken by most people as the natural color of their teeth.

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today — it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

**TURN TO PAGE 20**

Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a toothpaste)

## Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

just like cutting my arm off to say good-bye to you."

Sweethearts, but not an engaged couple, we take it.

**A**LL kinds of new careers are opening up for Esther Ralston. She's made a fine comeback in the talkies (see "The Southerner") after a long and profitable vaudeville tour. And now she and her manager-husband, George Webb, expect an addition to the family some time in June.

**A**NEW hiding place of Greta Garbo's has been discovered. It's called "Little Bit o' Sweden" and is a restaurant which serves only food from Greta's native land. It's a rough-looking place in a big frame house just off Wilshire Boulevard. Crude benches and chairs. Luncheon fifty cents. Dinner eighty-five to a dollar and a quarter. Greta is a frequent visitor.

"She usually comes in with her brother and her secretary," the owner told the lady who discovered Greta among those present.

"Does her brother talk French?" The owner nodded eagerly.

So we judge that Director Feyder was the "brother" in question.

One day an eager fan discovered Miss Garbo. "Why do you come here?" he asked her.

"Because I like the food," Greta answered simply. And why not?

**DANNY CUPID'S** Operative No. 4-X-17 reports things about Dorothy Mackaill and rugged young Joel McCrea. She's got a pet name for him. It's "Softy."

**I**N "Unfaithful" Ruth Chatterton is supposed to throw a pair of dice and lose. Before the scene was taken, she said, "What number shall I take? Tell me a point that is hard to make."

High above the stage, from the runway upon which the electricians stand to manage the spotlights came a wan voice, "They're all hard, lady."

**SAYS** Li'l Danny Cupid:

. . . William Powell and Carole (don't forget the final "e") Lombard going places together and all Hollywood waiting. . . . Viola Dana's stepmother divorces Viola's father because, she complained, he persisted in letting his hair grow long. . . . Florence Lake, Arthur's sister, wearing a great diamond ring and admitting it's from Jack Goode, stage actor, whom she's going to marry. . . .

. . . Florence Lawrence—remember her, 'way back in the old Biograph days?—gets the headlines again, but this time because she sues for divorce from Charles Woodring, cosmetics manufacturer . . . and part of the settlement between them is that she gets a half-interest in his lipstick-and-rouge factory. . . .

. . . Josephine Dunn gets out license to marry a young oil magnate and reveals she was divorced not so long ago by a Boston manufacturer and her real name is Mrs. Mary Josephine Cameron. . . . Murrel Finley, who was once selected by a noted artist as "the golden girl" of California, although she came from New York, marries Eddie Cronjager, famous cinematographer. . . .

**A**NN HARDING'S father is dead.

He was Colonel George C. Gatley, one of the old-line army veterans. Early in January he died in a military hospital in San Francisco, after a long illness.

This recalls the reconciliation between the old army colonel and his picture-famous daughter.

Years ago, they quarreled when she, against his wishes, took the stage for a career. Recently, while he lay on his sick-bed in the San Francisco hospital, Ann visited him and was forgiven.

He leaves another daughter besides Ann. The other daughter is the wife of a Hollywood business man.



## Just a Dandy Bedroom Outfit

If this isn't good to look at, I'm fashion blind—which I'm not.

This bedroom outfit of Anita Page, my dears, is called "nyjamas"—pronounced nyjamas.

It has trouser legs just like other well behaved pajamas—except that each leg is almost two yards around.

But aren't they pajamas good to look at?

—Seymour



Yep, it does happen in the movies! The Barton Twins, Beatrice and Bertha, were visiting the Paramount studio, and Eddie Sutherland was directing Jack Oakie in "The Gang Buster." Ed saw the girls and made them do a scene with Oakie and Jean Arthur. And here's the big scene, Barton girls and all!

**F**OR the first time in his life, Charlie Chaplin is learning a foreign tongue—Spanish.

"So I can understand the bullfight when I get to Spain," he explains. Seeing a bullfight is the high spot of his forthcoming European tour, he insists.

"A bullfight is *not* brutal," he says. "If you understand it, it is a beautiful display. The toreador's real object is not to kill the bull—that's merely incidental. The real purpose of his art is to transform the bull's fury into a beautiful dance—a beautiful dance of death."

Well, anyway—Charlie's trying out his Spanish on everybody in Hollywood. Not a Spaniard or a Mexican understands it, yet—until Charlie starts acting out what he's saying.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]

**She thought:**

"You'll never be lucky in love until you end 'B.O.'"

*Yet, to be polite,*

**She said:**

"Your heart-line shows many difficulties ahead."

## "Luck" was always against him ... until he ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

SOMEONE else got the job he wanted. Someone else won the girl he admired. "Bad Luck", he called it. But the real reason was—body odor!

People hate to mention this distressing fault—even under the polite name, "B.O." But finally a close friend did tell him, suggested a simple safeguard. Today he is forging ahead in business—a favorite socially. "B.O." is no longer a fatal handicap.

• • •

Often we wonder why we don't succeed faster—make friends easier. "B.O." may be the unsuspected cause.

For everyone perspires. Science declares that even on cool days pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Unnoticed by us, because we soon become accustomed to it, this

ever-present odor may be a constant annoyance to others.

Don't take chances. Adopt the simple precaution of millions of particular men and women, and be *sure* of not offending. Wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, creamy, antiseptic lather purifies pores so deeply that "B.O." completely vanishes. And how gloriously fresh—how satisfyingly *clean* you feel!

**Keeps complexions youthful**

Clogged pores stifle complexion beauty. Lifebuoy's soothing, penetrating lather gently frees pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, youthful radiance. Its pleasant *extra-clean scent*—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



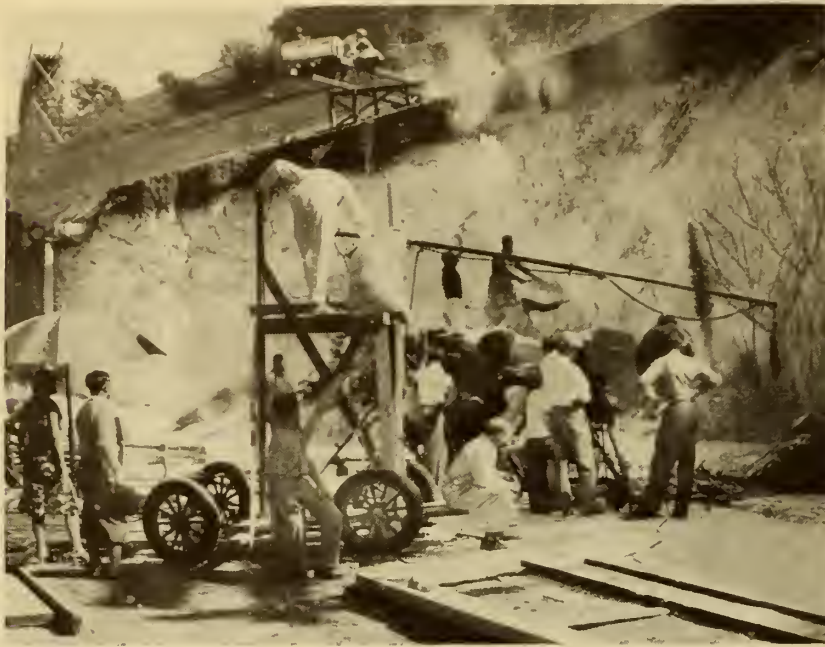
# Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

*stops body odor*

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]



Under a broiling sun, so hot that parasols are in order, it's snowing in Hollywood! The property boys are covering this cliff with studio snow so that John Boles and Lupe Velez can make a scene for "Resurrection," laid in coldest Russia. Yes, sir, they make snow, even if they die of sunstroke at it!

Then his pantomime is so good that everybody understands it.

CHESTER MORRIS' dad, William Morris, well-known stage actor, is in pictures now. He has a big part in "The Gang Buster," Jack Oakie's new comedy.

"It took more'n a half year of high-powering on my part to get dad out to Hollywood and into pictures," Chester Morris explained.

"You see, dad has been on the stage more than forty years—and veterans of the stage get funny that way. Think it cheapens their art to do their stuff before the camera.

"Reminds me of the time when he was asked if he'd play a rôle in a stage play wherein I was the lead. 'Would you mind supporting your son?' the producer wired him. 'Why not?' he wired back; 'I've been doing it all his life!'"

"AFTER I got a foothold in pictures, I got dad out for a visit. He sat around and sat around and sat around and said the climate was fine but he couldn't stand doing nothing—he'd go crazy.

"So—I had nothing to do with this; oh, no!—he was offered a job in the Bert Lytell picture 'Brothers.' Because he was bored doing nothing, he took it.

"Well, he got much more salary for that than he ever got on the stage. And now he loves pictures! The salary check convinced him that pictures are a real business now, and he's here to stay!"

WHEN the Filmarte (a little Hollywood movie theater devoted to the higher things of the cinema) ran the silent UFA movie "Manon Lescaut," it advertised on its marquee "Marlene Dietrich." And, of course, the house was filled on the strength of it, but Lya de Putti (remember her in "Variety" and a couple of American films?) was the star and Dietrich had only a bit.

What's more, she played a comedy rôle and she was so plump that if you hadn't been

watching pretty closely you'd never have recognized her.

The picture was made by UFA a good many months ago. It was filmed in France.

THE entire Los Angeles section of Southern California has been suffering from a wave of petty thievery. Radio broadcasts have warned citizens to leave their gems at home. There were close to three hundred robberies in the month of December. But, strange to say, the stars have been little molested.

Marie Dressler personally received a C. O. D. package from the delivery man for a department store. She paid by check. Ten minutes later the boy pounded at the door and asked if he could come in for a moment. He was white and trembling. A thief had held him up in Marie's back-yard and taken between eighty and ninety dollars. Since Marie's servants were out, she trembled a bit herself—and admits it.

PAUL FEJOS, directing the French version of "The Big House," was driving to Beverly Hills from the M-G-M studios. He stopped for a boulevard-stop. "Where's Robertson Boulevard?" a man queried. Fejos turned to point and felt something in his ribs. "Hand out your wallet!" Fejos complied and the young fellow selected twenty dollars from the more-than-a-hundred. "Give me your keys—you'll find them on the sidewalk in the middle of the next block." Fejos found them and drove home to announce, "The gag was worth twenty bucks. We'll use it in a picture."

Mary Bartol, in charge of magazine publicity for Universal, was robbed of the few dollars her pocketbook contained on the way home one evening. Her diamond ring was not touched.

A man employed in the Universal Studio café was held up in one of the busiest sections of Hollywood Boulevard one Saturday and relieved of fifteen dollars. The thief made a mistake. He thought he had stopped the payroll boy.

Russell Hoover, cameraman, was returning home from Radio Pictures at midnight when he was stopped at a stoplight intersection by another car. He thought the two men were police. "Get out," they ordered, and relieved him of his watch, seven dollars and a new overcoat.

HOWEVER, the bigger rackets directed against the stars continue. Reginald Denny was forced recently to broadcast a warning against a fellow posing as either himself or his brother. A bad check trail in the name of "Denny" was spreading over the entire Pacific Coast. The most daring pose was the acceptance of advance money for personal appearances in cities of Northern California.

RUDY VALLEE has left the Paramount Theater, in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a long engagement.

He took a two-weeks' holiday in Miami and then was due to start on a tour of other Publix Theaters.

Rudy's drawing power was slipping in Brooklyn. His Publix contract runs until June, 1931. He's still crooning his way to much money per week—even though he's never made good that threat to get a glass megaphone, as far as I know.

HOLLYWOOD has been full of McLaglens. Three of Big Victor's brothers are, or have been, out in the film colony.

War broke out between Vic and his brother Leopold. The latter filed suit for \$90,000 damages, charging slander and defamation of character. He said Vic had remarked that "There's room for only one McLaglen in Hollywood—and that's I."

We await the next moves. What a war it would be if four huge McLaglens started brawling! Knock over a few haciendas, that would!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



Hollywood's newest kid find! Little Jackie Searle scored such a sound hit as sissie Sid Sawyer in "Tom Sawyer" that Paramount clapped a long term contract on the lad and cast him in "Finn and Hattie Abroad"

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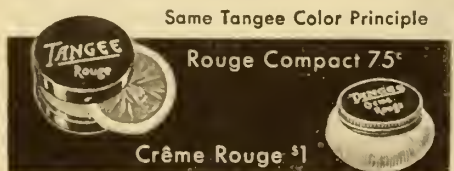
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more natural  
make-up < <*

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## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

CAL YORK dishes up the following paragraph of tittle tattle in the issue of PHOTOPLAY for March, 1921:

"It is said in studio circles that Leatrice Joy, who played in 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' is to marry Jack Gilbert, director. At any rate, Miss Joy is wearing a diamond on the correct finger and neither of the parties has denied the engagement."

Well, Cal was right, as he often is to this day, dear old soul. But let's not look up the matter in 1931. It's not too pleasant to contemplate the awakening from love's young dream.

Too often it resembles a hangover.

THE same month saw the magazine give space to two more romances of pictureland that had come to the marriage stage.

And it was a double wedding. On Dec. 26, 1920, in Greenwich, Conn., which is New York's Gretna Green, Dorothy Gish and James Rennie were married. And so were Constance Talmadge and John Pialoglou.

At that time Connie and Dotty were Best Girl Friends, and two of the leading comedienesses in pictures, and they took the big leap together.

The Talmadge marriage was brief, but the Gish marriage has endured—through storm and sunshine—to this day.



Remember this beauty? Jewel Carmen, the blonde charmer who ten years ago was bidding for stardom. She's now the wife of Director Roland West

THERE were big movie "permeers" a decade ago, just as there are in Hollywood and New York today—only they were peopled with the idols of that day.

The new Mission Theater, in Los Angeles, has just opened, with Doug Fairbanks' dashing romance, "The Mark of Zorro," as the attraction.

Let's look at the glittering guest list.

Doug and Mary, of course, "held hands in a box," according to the watchful Cal York. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky were in good seats. (Tom, alas, is dead, but Jesse was never more alive). Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner had as their guest Pauline Frederick.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond were box-holders. Others—Gloria Swanson and Husband Her-

bert Somborn, Bebe Daniels and her mother, Lew Cody and Jack Pickford, beautiful Katherine MacDonald, surrounded by admiring males.

The same scene that Hollywoodians see in 1931—with some new faces, gowns and ermine. Remember the classic line of Caesar's about the Appian Way—it applies equally to changing filmland.

"You and I grow old, Horatius, but the crowd on Hollywood Boulevard is ever the same age."

WHO are our roto beauties in March, 1921? Jean Paige, for one. Mary Hay, and Phyllis Haver; Mary MacLaren, and Virginia Valli . . . We go in for slightly regal writing ladies this month. An article by Elinor Glyn on "Film-dom's Boudoirs," and a short story by the then-reigning Olga Petrova . . . And a loving picture of Alice Brady and her husband, James Crane. Great grief, can it be but ten short years ago? . . . An article by Prof. Bernard Sobel, of the English Department at Purdue University. It's called "How They Do It," and gives the stars' recipes for screen success. Hmmm. A few years later Bernard Sobel became one of the best press-agents Florenz Ziegfeld ever had, and as this is written, guides the publicity department of the great Columbia Broadcasting Company. From the classic shades of Purdue to Broadway—just a hop, skip and jump, after all!

TWO little stories about two people prominent in the public eye.

Here's Madge Bellamy—eighteen, with enormous and beautiful eyes. She's new to pictures, and coming to much notice. And across the way is Mahlon Hamilton, stage leading man who, in 1921, is knocking over feminine film fans right and left with his manly charms on the screen.

We still see Hamilton, an excellent actor, now and again. But where is Madge? Let's set up a hue, and even a cry, for that pretty girl.

PICTURES of the month—George B. Seitz, Marguerite Courtot, and June Caprice in "Rogues and Romance," which Seitz wrote, directed and starred in . . . Alice Joyce in "Cousin Kate," directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew . . . Constance Talmadge and Kenneth Harlan in "Dangerous Business" . . . Bill Hart in "The Testing Block" . . . In "Polly with a Past" Ina Claire makes her motion picture debut. It was the first play—and later, film—which ever joshed the movies, even good-naturedly. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, newlyweds, in "Flying Pat," one of the very earliest aviation comedies . . . Wally Reid and Lila Lee in "The Charm School" Charlie Ray in "Nineteen, and Phyllis." . . .

FROM the indefatigable Cal York's gossip counter—

Pauline Frederick is reported about to marry a producer's executive.

Buster Collier looks like star material.

Alice Joyce stops work at four and serves tea on the set. (That story seems to be still good in 1931.)

Pola Negri's picture, "Passion," broke all records for a weekly gross intake at New York's Capitol Theater. It took in \$55,000. (The record is now held by the first week of Garbo's "Anna Christie." The receipts for that week were \$109,000—just double Pola's figures.)

Hoot Gibson, driving a new racing model, smacks into a garage door and hurts the feelings of the garage owner—also his own car.

Fatty Arbuckle is a great hit in Paris, being wined and dined widely, and no pun intended, either.



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ish is the newest aid to romance.

The things every clever woman wants  
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Perfume in nail polish can add nothing  
to these qualities, and often conflicts with  
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reason Cutex has never stressed perfume  
in polish, and its quality remains unex-  
celled—the result of 16 years of special-  
izing in manicure preparations!

Everywhere beautiful women prefer it.  
Madge Garland, London's famous wom-  
an editor of "Britannia and Eve," says,  
"To hunt, to shoot, or dig in the garden  
and still have hands that captivate men  
across the tea table is a problem English  
women have solved perfectly with this  
glamorous, durable nail make-up."

Follow this easy Cutex method. First  
scrub the nails. Then remove the old,  
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Now remove the old polish with  
Cutex Polish Remover and brush  
on your favorite shade of gleaming  
Cutex Liquid Polish... Then a  
touch of Cuticle Cream or Oil, and  
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cure, a few minutes each day will  
keep your hands always romanti-  
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new Cutex Nail Make-up*

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2. never crack, peel, or discolor?
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**ALLURING EYES**  
instantly

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EYE SHADOW  
EYEBROW PENCIL**



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# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**ROSE HOBART** ("A Lady Surrenders," Universal) is the daughter of parents who were professional musicians, but Rose turned to the theater soon after leaving boarding school. While playing the ingénue lead in "Death Takes a Holiday," she was signed for pictures. She appeared in "Liliom" with Charlie Farrell, and is now at Universal.



**SYLVIA SIDNEY** ("City Streets," Paramount) is looked on with high favor by Paramount to whom she is under contract. She appeared in the Fox talkie, "Thru Different Eyes," two years ago. Sylvia was born in New York, in 1910, and went into the theater in her mid-teens. This season she appeared on Broadway in the play, "Bad Girl."



**C. AUBREY SMITH** ("The Bachelor Father," M-G-M) is a British actor who has adorned the American stage for many years. Born in London and educated at Cambridge, he has been in the theater, both here and abroad, for many years. He played the same rôle in "The Bachelor Father" on Broadway that he is now enacting in the Marion Davies talkie.



**HENRIETTA CROSMAN** ("The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount) is one of the best-loved veterans of the American stage. She was, for many years, a star. Miss Crosman, now sixty-five, made her stage début in 1883. A few years ago she played in "Merry Wives of Windsor," with Mrs. Fiske, most successfully. This is her first talkie.



**RALF HAROLDE** ("Hook, Line and Sinker," Radio Pictures) has been doing the heavy villainy for Radio since his talkie début in "Jazz Heaven" a year and a half ago. Although only thirty-one, he was on the stage for twelve years before going into pictures. Ralf is a Pittsburgh boy, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wigger of that town.



**ELISSA LANDI** ("Body and Soul," Fox) is this company's newest candidate for big film things. Born in Venice twenty-four years ago, she appeared on the London stage for several seasons, and has had two novels published. Fox scouts saw her in "A Farewell to Arms" at a Broadway theater and said "Here's a girl for talkies." Signed she was!



**JUNE MacCLOY** ("Reaching for the Moon," United Artists) came to Hollywood via the popular musical show route—"Scandals," to be exact. June was born in Sturgis, Mich., and went to school at Ursuline Academy, Toledo, O. Well liked in the Fairbanks film, she's now under contract to Paramount. June is twenty-one, blonde and blue-eyed.



**ROBERT ALLEN** ("Night Nurse," Warner Bros.) had one of those breaks—he lived next door to someone influential in pictures. He's a Dartmouth boy, now twenty-four years old, and very good looking indeed. He went West to join the Warner army with little or no stage experience, but they expect considerable of the young man from Hanover.



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Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has *two distinct advantages*—advantages that have never before been offered to women.

**Ends All Chafing—All Irritations!**

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Patent No. 1702530), it is different from any other pad. It is so unique in its results that we want you to see for yourself. We want to send you a sample (in plain wrapping, of course). We want you to open this sample and examine it. You will note it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose. Soft as fluffed silk.

You will see from its construction why it *cannot possibly chafe or irritate*. Hence no more discomfort from wearing a sanitary pad! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of fluffed silk. Its "feel" gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from irritating old ways.

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# Addresses of the Stars



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## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Martin Burton  
Ruth Chatterton  
June Collyer  
Juliette Compton  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Leon Errol  
Stuart Erwin  
Stanley Fields  
Kay Francis  
Skeets Gallagher

Mitzi Green  
Phillips Holmes  
Carole Lombard  
Paul Lukas  
Marcia Manners  
Cyril Maude  
Rosita Moreno  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Guy Oliver  
Eugene Pallette  
Ramon Pereda  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Stanley Smith  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson  
Luana Aleaniz  
Robert Ames  
Michael Bartlett  
Warner Baxter  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Lucile Browne  
Robert Burns  
Joan Castle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Marguerite Churchill  
William Collier, Sr.  
Joyce Compton  
Roxanne Curtis  
Fifi Dorsay  
Charles Farrell  
John Garrick  
Janet Gaynor  
C. Henry Gordon  
Louise Huntington  
Warren Hymers  
Keating Sisters  
Richard Keene  
Jane Keith  
Nancy Kelly  
J. M. Kerrigan  
Lhissa Landi

Dixie Lee  
Marion Lessing  
George Lewis  
Myrna Loy  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Leslie May  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Frances McCoy  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Goodee Montgomery  
Lois Moran  
J. Harold Murray  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Nat Pendleton  
Will Rogers  
David Rollins  
Jillian Sand  
John Swor  
Lee Tracy  
Spencer Tracy  
Ruth Warren  
John Wayne  
Marjorie White

### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy  
Henry Armetta  
Mary Astor  
Roscoe Ates  
Evelyn Brent  
Sue Carol  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Betty Compton  
Ricardo Cortez  
Bebe Daniels  
John Darrow  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Eddie Foy, Jr.  
Noel Francis  
Ralf Harolde

Hugh Herbert  
Rita LaRoy  
Ivan Lebedeff  
Dorothy Lee  
Everett Marshall  
Joel McCrea  
Jack Mulhall  
Edna May Oliver  
Robert Robinson  
Lowell Sherman  
Katya Sorina  
Ned Sparks  
Leni Stengel  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

### Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss  
John Barrymore  
Noah Beery  
Joan Blondell  
Joe E. Brown  
James Cagney  
Donald Cook  
Claudia Dell  
Irene Delroy  
Robert Elliott  
Frank Fay

John Halliday  
Leon Janney  
Evalyn Knapp  
Winnie Lightner  
Ben Lyon  
Marian Marsh  
Edward Morgan  
Olsen and Johnson  
Barbara Weeks  
Jack Whiting

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett  
Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Jean Harlow  
Al Jolson

Evelyn Laye  
June MacCloy  
Una Merkel  
Chester Morris  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell  
Constance Cummings  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones  
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell  
Dorothy Revier  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Miriam Seegar  
Barbara Stanwyck

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lenore Bushman  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Jose Crespo  
Marion Davies  
Reginald Denny  
Kent Douglass  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Julia Faye  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
William Haines  
Hedda Hopper  
Lottie Howell  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton  
Arnold Korff  
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy  
Joan Marsh  
Adolphe Menjou  
John Miljan  
Conehita Montenegro  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Catherine Moylan  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Marie Prevost  
Marjorie Rambeau  
Duncan Renaldo  
Norma Shearer  
Gus Shy  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Lester Vail

### Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
Bill Boyd  
James and Russell  
Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Helen Twelvetrees

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Margaret Adams  
Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Hoot Gibson  
Bela Lugosi  
Charles Murray

Mary Nolan  
George Sidney  
Slim Summerville  
Genevieve Tobin  
Lupe Velaz  
John Wray

## Burbank, Calif.

### First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Glenda Farrell  
Joe Frisco  
Walter Huston  
Fred Kohler  
Dorothy Mackaill

David Manners  
Marilyn Miller  
Ona Munson  
Dorothy Peterson  
James Rennie  
Otis Skinner  
Loretta Young

## Long Island City, New York

### Paramount New York Studio

Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Ina Claire  
Claudette Colbert  
Norman Foster  
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March  
Marx Brothers  
Frank Morgan  
Ginger Rogers  
Charlie Ruggles  
Charles Starrett  
Ed Wynn

## Hollywood, Calif.!

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.  
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York  
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane request that their mail be sent to them in Beverly Hills, Calif. No street address is necessary.



Robert Ames and Mary Astor in a scene from their new RKO picture, "Behind Office Doors"

"When we need a clock on the RKO lot, we call for a Warren Telechron★—RKO Studios"

MOVIE-MAKING is an exacting business. Efficient production demands that scenes be shot strictly on schedule. Naturally the big companies depend upon Telechron Electric Clocks—the most modern, most accurate time-tellers ever devised.

Radio Pictures has used a number of Telechron models in its new picture, "Behind Office Doors," featuring Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Catherine Dale Owen, Ricardo Cortez and a splendid supporting cast. Three models from that picture are shown below. Watch for them when

"Behind Office Doors" comes to your theater.

Telechron Clocks never need winding or oiling or regulating. Their uncanny precision is made possible by Telechron Master Clocks in America's power houses. Only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial can bring you true Telechron service.

There are Telechron motored clocks in rich variety—tall grandfather's clocks for hall or stairway—other models for wall or mantel, desk or dressing-table. Some with chimes, with alarms, with illuminated dials,

and other novel features. You'll find them displayed by a dealer near you, listed in the classified telephone directory under "Telechron."

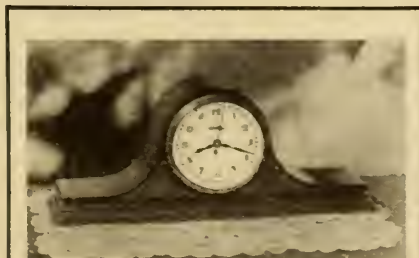
Telechron Clocks range in price from \$9.75 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from \$40 to \$1200.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U.S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY  
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS



APOLLO—Moulded case. Chromium fittings. \$15



ENGLEWOOD—Mahogany. Maple panels. \$12.50



HOSTESS—For the kitchen. Moulded case. \$9.75

# HALF-FACE TEST

*brings Thrilling Proof*

## OF SKIN-LOVELINESS

### WITHIN REACH OF EVERY WOMAN



Compare the picture at left with the one on the right. Here is striking proof of the difference that faithful use of Woodbury's Facial Soap means to your skin.

15 Eminent Dermatologists test leading beauty aids on the faces of 612 women. Actual case records prove superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

TAKE case No. 49 from the Chicago Clinic. Physicians found her skin uncommonly dry. She followed the standard daily ritual. On the left side of her face . . . her usual cleansing method. On the right side . . . Woodbury's Facial Soap. At the end of the test, doctors reported the right side distinctly less dry. Complexion clear. Texture smooth and lovely.

Some women say, "But I can't use soap on my face!" Many of the women who made this test had been of that opinion. But they discovered, in less than a week, that Woodbury's is more than a soap. That it is a complete beauty treatment . . . in cake

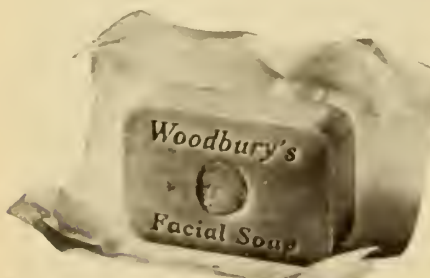
form. Soothing to the most sensitive skin. And beautifying . . . to any skin.

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Or mail coupon for generous sample.

*"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional standing."*

(Signed)

*Walter J. Highman M.D.*



1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?  
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

803 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

- |                                    |                                       |                                      |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Oily skin <input type="checkbox"/> | Flabby skin <input type="checkbox"/>  | Sallow skin <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dry skin <input type="checkbox"/>  | Coarse pores <input type="checkbox"/> | Pimples <input type="checkbox"/>     |
| Wrinkles <input type="checkbox"/>  | Blackheads <input type="checkbox"/>   |                                      |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## They Are Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

the worst of 'em and his parents and those of a famous French actor were of the same mind when they named the baby.

**Number Nine:** You saw her 'way back in the days when Von Stroheim's "Greed" was making producers pull out their hair. She had a fat part in "The Merry-Go-Round" but it didn't bring her the fame that came to several of her fellow players in that opus. You should remember her in "The Wedding March," "Foolish Wives" and as the nurse in "The Sacred Flame." Not long ago you wondered who she was when she appeared as the secretary in "Office Wife" and she brought notice in "The Man From Blankley's." Still going strong she is a wow as *Sally Scrubbs* in "The Great Meadow." We could give you a hint but surely in *her* case you won't have any difficulty in filling in D— F—!

**Number Ten:** Last but not least—well rather not—is this tough looking hombre in the ten gallon kelly. *Steve* in "The Moose," in evidence in both "The Virginian" and "The Texan," he did noble execution as *McDougal*, the mate, in "The Delightful Rogue," as a member of the gang in "The Border Legion," the constable in "The Old Homestead," in "A Devil with Women" and some umpty ump others during the past twenty years. If you're a graybeard, you'll remember him as one of the perils in the old Universal serials, too. When it comes to dialect for the talkies he spik's dem all. You know Ed, so put his last name down and let's count your score.

AND there, folks, you have them, Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns. Without them the motion picture business would be up Salt Creek and no paddle. They are more important to you and me than any star for a star—pouf—can be made in ten days, the time it takes to make a batch of home-brew, while only experience, knowledge and the magic of time can perfect rare vintages.

And now, after we've practically done it for you, take your pencil and see how many of them you can name before you turn to page 131 for the right answers.

## March Birthdays

- March 1—John Loder
- March 3—Jean Harlow
- March 3—Edmund Lowe
- March 4—Dorothy Mackaill
- March 11—Lois Moran
- March 15—George Sidney
- March 16—Marion Byron
- March 16—Conrad Nagel
- March 18—Betty Compson
- March 18—Edward Everett Horton
- March 22—Bernice Claire
- March 23—Robert Ames
- March 23—Joan Crawford
- March 24—Jameson Thomas
- March 25—El Brendel
- March 27—Gloria Swanson
- March 29—Warner Baxter
- March 29—Wheezer
- March 30—Anna Q. Nilsson
- March 31—Eddie Quillan
- March 31—Victor Varconi

# ● SKINNER'S



©CNP

This afternoon frock is fashioned of Skinner's Crepe Romaine, with a touch of lace. It features a peplum cut in one with a front panel. A simulated balero in the form of an applied wide band adds to its charm.

CREPES  
 CREPE SATINS  
 GEORGETTES  
 SHANTUNGS  
 CHIFFONS

For the woman who seeks unusual beauty of fabric—and the wearing quality which has made SKINNER the most famous name in Silks.

## *Skinner's* Silks

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S • SKINNER'S  
 WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, SAN FRANCISCO . . . ESTABLISHED 1845

# Short Subjects of the Month



Lovely hair  
is the key to  
feminine charm

...and HOLD-BOBS are the secret of a beautiful hairdress! An adorable face, faultless skin... how often these girlish charms are spoiled by hair that falls short of perfection! And how often the plainest of features are glorified...made truly beautiful by lovely hair!

The most becoming hairdress is not sufficient...you must be sure that it will stay that way. HOLD-BOBS will keep the most wayward hair, whether it is bobbed, long or growing, in place all day long and all evening. HOLD-BOBS are invisible. The smooth round points cannot scratch. The flexible crimped sides of HOLD-BOBS hold fast... HOLD-BOBS don't fall out.

You can tell HOLD-BOBS by their shape and by the gold and silver metal foil cards. Sold everywhere at 10 cents. Send for the new booklet on Modern Hair Culture, and supply of HOLD-BOBS free.

**THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY**  
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)  
Sol. H. Goldberg, President  
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. 173, Chicago, Illinois

Small  
Invisible  
Heads

Also  
sold under  
the following  
names:  
BOB-ETTES  
CLIP-PER-  
ETTES  
LOX-THE-  
LOCKS



**THE HUMP HAIRPIN  
MANUFACTURING CO.**  
1918-36 Prairie Avenue  
Dept. 173, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the booklet on Modern Hair Culture and latest hairdress styles and FREE sample card of pins.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Blonde  Brunette

**H**ERE are some of the things that are happening in the short subject field this month:

Johnny Hines has made a reappearance, after a long absence.

Mack Sennett's talking comedies, and the antics of Lloyd Hamilton, seem to be getting better right along.

And the new monkey comedy, reviewed below, is a howl!

## DANCE HALL MARGE

Sennett—Educational

Way above average as a laugh-maker. That grand little trouper, Marjorie Beebe, is great as a taxi dancer, gone society, who is trying to escape the clutches of a dastardly butler, played for all there is in it by the funny Harry Gribbon. Some swell under-water scenes.

## NINE NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

Tiffany

Tiffany's now-famous chimps are up to their monkey-shines again in this screaming burlesque on the old play. You'll die to hear "Father, dear father, come home with me now" in the chimpanzee version. The human dialogue, dubbed on, is fine. You'll roar.

## WE, WE, MARIE

Universal

Universal is still using the "All Quiet" sets for this funny number in the series of Slim Summerville-Eddie Gribbon comedies. Laughter here comes from action and not dialogue, and there's plenty of funny action. You'll enjoy seeing little Pauline Garon as *Marie*.

## DON'T LEAVE HOME

Educational

Well, if here isn't Johnny Hines! The little comic with the big grin is using the gags that made him popular during his starring days in the silent era, and getting plenty of laughs. Most of the comedy concerns Johnny and a baby—sometimes genuine, often dummy.

## THE LOVE BARGAIN

Mermaid—Educational

This is a fast moving comedy filled with domestic complications, broken dishes and all the dear old hokum that still dredges laughter. Bobby Agnew, masquerading as a chauffeur to win the girl he loves, is hired by Alberta Vaughn and Tyler Brooke. More fun!

## MICKEY'S BARGAIN

Darmour—Radio Pictures

Another of the hilarious series based on Fontaine Fox's cartoons. This time there's a lot of laughable nonsense at the expense of all "covered wagon" pictures. Mickey and the other kids, notably tiny Billy Barty, are very funny, and the gags get plenty laughter.

## GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

Warners—Vitaphone Variety

Martinelli made one of the first Vitaphone shorts, and is still a prominent figure on the Warner list of short subjects. Here, instead of appearing in a scene from an opera, the tenor sings two semi-popular numbers. "Love's Garden of Roses" and "Because."

## THE CHISELERS

Hal Roach—M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy, the goldurned fools, are at it again. This time they manage to ship their wives out of the picture so they can make a little of what is hopefully called whoopee. But the wandering wives get back in time to catch the boys on the loose.

## MARRIAGE ROWS

Educational

Lloyd Hamilton is hitting his stride in talking comedies, and it's a fast one. This is a daisy, with Ham screamingly funny as a suspicious husband given to hysteria. Who should be "the other man" but our old pal Al St. John. You really shouldn't miss this one.

## UNDER A COCK EYED MOON

Pathc

This take-off on romantic Western pictures features Si Wills and Bob Carney. The boys play a couple of Eastern sapperinos who wander into a tough Arizona town and then get rewards for unwittingly capturing the worst boys in town. Not rib-splitting.

## THE ITCHING HOUR

Darmour—Radio Pictures

When a comedy has Louise Fazenda, just how much more does it need? Well, just enough comic situations to give Louise a chance to strut her copious stuff. Here she and her fellow actors spend the night in a haunted hotel. Shocks, shivers and lots of laughs. Rare nonsense.

## ANYTHING BUT HAM

Paramount

Smith and Dale, the well-known vaudeville comedians, feature this short comedy as a trusting butcher and a slick banker who gets the meat-cutter's money. Two formerly prominent girls in support—Betty Blythe and Gertrude Mudge. It gets some laughter.

## THREE HOLLYWOOD GIRLS

Educational—Ideal

A two-reeler with pace and dialogue that put many a feature in the shade. Leota Lane, Rita Flynn and Phyllis Crane are the girls. Aided by Eddie Nugent's flip antics, it's a travesty of girls who get to Hollywood via beauty contests.

## IN OLD MAZUMA

Universal

Another burlesque of Western romantic melodrama, with Charlie Murray and George Sidney in the leading rôles. Murray plays the army sergeant hunting for "The Cisco Kid"—that's Sidney, playing the Mex bad man. The boys don't do any too well in this one





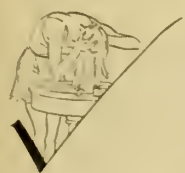
# Can loveliness be this simple?

It seems so easy for some women *always* to look their very best ... to attract admiring attention wherever they go ... to know just what to do to magnify their natural charm.

And their secret *really is* quite simple. Merely careful attention, every morning, every evening, every night to just a few all-important (but easily-neglected) details. For instance:



**Loveliness of face.** How can your skin be radiantly clear unless it is really clean? How can your new make-up look its best unless all the old is first removed? The simple answer is frequent washing with soap and warm water. Ask any doctor—he'll tell you there is no substitute for soap and water. For many helpful suggestions use coupon below.



**Loveliness of hair.** Would you have soft, smooth, lustrous hair? Lovely hair that glints and glistens? Then don't let grime kill its beauty. Shampoo frequently. It's the most important single thing in caring for the hair. Check up on this matter at regular intervals! Learn the fine art of shampooing.



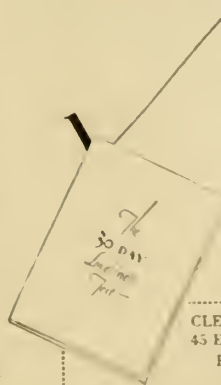
**Loveliness of clothes.** After all, the best way to look smart and neat and immaculate is actually to be that way. Each time you dress, examine every garment critically. Collars, cuffs, lingerie, stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves—watch them all very, very carefully. Put on nothing that isn't crisply clean. Read our free booklet for further suggestions.



**Loveliness of hands.** You admire the soft, smooth whiteness of attractive hands. But remember that hands don't stay beautiful without attention. Manicure your nails every week. Soap-scrub them every day. Wash your hands frequently and always do it carefully! These, and a few other simple things, will do much to make your hands more lovely.



**And most important.** Never expect to look your *very* best unless you have just stepped out of the bath tub! In addition to real cleanliness the bath brings new poise and self-assurance... gives your personality a better chance. Beyond doubt, the bath is the basis of all good grooming!



**This free booklet tells all.** Above we have suggested several of the "essential little details." Would you like to know the others?... And more about those touched upon? Then send for *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test*... a practical, helpful booklet. Easy instructions... and a *definite program to follow*. Free for the asking.

## CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

*Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness*

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N 3  
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



## Beauty tells Beauty...

"a new cosmetique that  
WON'T  
MAKE  
LASHES BRITTLE"

INSTINCTIVELY—women know: nothing flatters as much as the fringe of dark lashes around sparkling eyes... And yet—ordinary cosmetiques—though they darken lashes—so often give an unnatural and "theatrical" effect. So often lashes become coarse and brittle... Perhaps, therefore, you've hesitated to use these preparations... If so, the new Winx with its Double Treatment Formula is made just for you... First, it darkens and beautifies lashes. It makes them look long and soft. The effect is smart—yes—but always discreet and natural. Then—Winx actually softens lashes. Brittle or coarse lashes are impossible... Try the new Winx... now for sale at department and drug stores.



The new Winx (with the Double Treatment) comes in two forms. Liquid is absolutely waterproof. Cake is now packed in a smart, silvery compact which fits into the flattest bag. Winx is easy to use.

For  
Lovely  
Lashes



## Still Kicking Around

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

some of the others, or replace them. They even wear out, but as we tried to say, while being so rudely interrupted, we improve with age.

"Every patch adds distinction and character. Every new sole lends poise and equilibrium that we assure you comes in quite handy when Charlie makes one of his funny skids around a corner."

"You must have had quite a few soles during your career," I queried, "for if my memory serves me correctly, every picture contains several such skids."

"WELL, let's see. Not as many as one might suppose.

"We're of hardy stock, you know, only the finest materials used—we couldn't have had more than nine soles.

"But perhaps you shouldn't mention that. It would sound too much like we were made of catgut—er—we mean skin."

"You were given those soles and the other repairing was done here at the studio?" I asked.

"No," they answered, "there's a little old-fashioned cobbler on Highland Avenue who acts as our family doctor.

"He's a real artist, too—delights in his work and craftsmanship and knows all our idiosyncrasies.

"Every patch and sole we've had has been designed and applied by him.

"No one else could take his place as far as we're concerned.

"It might seem sentimental, but it's worth a great deal to see his face light up whenever the boss takes us to him. He always carries us there, himself."

"That's interesting," I said, "and, now, won't you tell me something about your work? You must have had some very entertaining experiences, been lots of places and seen many things."

They leaned towards each other, loosened their laces, another eye, and smiled knowingly as if to say, "And how!"

"Millions have laughed at us, doing our funny little walk, or comic kicks and antics, but it is impossible they could have gotten any more laughs out of us than we've had ourselves.

"When we were brand-new, it was such fun with Charlie practicing his funny walk. We would get tangled quite a bit. That was because we were so loose on his feet, we suppose.

"He ordinarily wears a number 6C while we are number 12AA. Quite a difference.

"It is really surprising how adept he has become at handling such a discrepancy. But we had hundreds of squeaky chuckles tripping him and getting all mixed up with each other, sometimes intentionally, before he got so good.

"CHARLIE must have been quite pleased that he had made us so large when he first began throwing things over his shoulder and kicking them with that little back flip, for if we had been smaller he would have missed more often.

"Incidentally, that trick and the skids around corners get more laughs from the kids than any others. The grown-ups laugh, too, but they seem to enjoy the subduing of dignity more.

"They laugh most when the boss plants us in the seat of a policeman's pants or when we trip a haughty lady.

"It's not so much fun, though, to kick a policeman. In the pictures they always seem to be unaware that they are going to be kicked.

"But just between us, they're always prepared for it with some kind of hard substance or padding.

"That's one of the reasons why our toes are so scuffed and worn looking.

"We've worked in nearly forty pictures. We have helped form plots for many of them, too," they jubilantly declared as they gave the others a withering glance.

"During production of all the pictures there are many story conferences. They're really funnier than the pictures themselves. Several executives gather in a room with the boss. They make suggestions for 'gags,' each one thinking everybody else's suggestion is terrible and sometimes many angry words are exchanged.

"At these times, when they're all about ready to give up for the day, Charlie puts us on, gets into character and soon there's a brilliant idea.

"THERE is another pair of shoes just like us—that is, they resemble us. They're our doubles. We're probably the only shoes in history who have understudies. They are used when Charlie falls into water or takes some hazardous chance which might mean destruction for us.

"They are used, too, for exhibition purposes and have travelled, as our proxies, all over the world for show purposes.

"The only time we have been replaced by shoes other than our doubles was in 'The Gold Rush.' The boss dressed up in one sequence of that picture and wore patent leather shoes.

"He's stuck to us ever since so they evidently weren't so good.

"The 'Gold Rush' was the hardest picture we've made. Most of our time is spent basking in California sunshine, but we left that behind for several weeks of hardship when we went on location in the High Sierras for snow scenes.

"We never did get acclimated, and aged more in the snow in that short time than at any other period.

"It resulted in a breakdown and we spent several weeks afterward in our Highland Avenue hospital.

"That picture was a nightmare, but the others make up for it. In them we have visited almost every conceivable type of place. We have walked in the mud and slime of war trenches and have trod marble floors of palaces; we have felt plowed ground and the cobblestones of city alleys.

"What more could one ask in the way of variety? Yet in addition to all this, we accompanied the boss on a European tour. We stayed in the Kaiser's suite at a Berlin hotel, in the royal suite aboard the S. S. Berengaria, and lived in palatial apartments in Ritz-Carltons and Claridges all over the world.

"We're just a pair of old shoes, in one sense of the word, but we've lived—and suffered. Other parts of Charlie's wardrobe may go to museums or collectors, but he'll never part with us."

A WARDROBE attendant walked in about this time and they started to lace themselves preparatory to going to jail—for a scene in "City Lights," of course—

"Just one more question, please," I pleaded as they started away with that funny little shuffle.

"When are you going to make a talking picture?"

"That will never be," they threw back over their instep. "We might be old, but there are too many squeaks left in us yet to record well."

# \$2050.00 IN 70 CASH PRIZES

AND SOME ONE WILL WIN \$1000.00

## Write a letter to enter in this month's "Thank You Letter" Contest

"MANNERS," once said a wise man, "are the happy ways of doing things." They are the cream on the milk of human kindness . . . the only courtesy that even kings eat show.

And now that fashion brings a statelier decorum, ten years of calls that we should have made, ten years of letters we ought to have written, rise up to reproach us. For in this mode so newly ours, these pleasant formalities have an established and historic place.

The note of acknowledgment, brief but sincere, is one of our most gracious manifestations of the art of manners. It has a charm not measured by its length, not conditioned by its occasion. It may, if you please, vividly and truly reflect a portrait of its writer. And whether you have received a glass of home-made jelly or a silver coffee service, you very much want the giver to realize the warm glow of appreciation that was yours when you opened the gift.

For the best letter sent in to the "Thank You Letter" Contest, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer a first prize of \$150, and 22 other cash prizes. You may win a total of \$1000. Read the rules below, and watch for the final contest next month sponsored by John Held, Jr.



You will be quite particular about the paper on which you acknowledge a gift. It must not be too casual . . . nor yet too formal. Eaton's Highland Linen and Eaton's Highland Vellum are suitable in every way. Men and women, alike, prefer them. 50 cents to \$3.50, wherever social stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

CLIFFTOP  
NYACK, NEW YORK

Thursday

June, dear

You are an angel to divide your bulbs with me. They came late this afternoon, in perfect shape (at least so far as this common or garden variety of horticulturist could detect).

I have already set them out and if taking care of them will bring me luck, I should have lilies nine feet high by Easter.

But anyway, I'm hoping for some of the luck you've always had with flowers. And if the lilies should turn out well they'll be worth your coming to see, don't you think?

Much love,  
Mary

### RULES OF THE CONTEST

DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. are offering prizes for a particular kind of letter. For March they will award prizes in the "Thank You Letter" Contest as follows: first prize, \$150; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; five fourth prizes, \$15 each; five fifth prizes, \$10 each; ten sixth prizes, \$5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of \$850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win \$1000!

All letters in the "Thank You Letter" Contest must be in the mails by midnight of March 31, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Thank You

Letter" Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. This is the second of three consecutive monthly contests.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page of your letter. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the October issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr.

# EATON'S

# HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

of the good preparations for that purpose, set your wave carefully with a comb and your fingers, or have the hairdresser do it for you, if you prefer. But the regular brushing will smooth your hair and, if you brush in the direction of the wave, pushing the wave up with your hands, it will correct that "frizzed" look.

I am glad that the colors I suggested suit you so perfectly. They were carefully chosen for your type.

CONNIE:

Naturally, the young man who is your tutor does not ask if he can call in the evening or take you out. He is old enough and wise enough to realize that you are still a child, in the first place, and that he would be violating his position by putting your relationship on a social basis. He probably thinks of you as an agreeable and interesting student, and you can please him most by being an apt pupil. Put away these thoughts of attracting him in a romantic way, unless you want him to classify you as a silly girl whose mind is not on her lessons.

A few years from now there can be plenty of romance to satisfy your heart, but don't try to grow up too fast.

MADÉLINE B.:

Your weight is correct, Madeline, and your measurements are well proportioned. But, if you think that your hips could be slimmer, why don't you practice the simple hip-reducing exercises in my booklet? If you haven't already asked for it, just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, and it will be forwarded promptly. Even if the exercises do not reduce your weight, which isn't necessary in your case, they will improve the line of your hips, and that's the result you want. Don't let the teasing of the girl you mention annoy you. I'm sure it's all in fun, and if you don't let it ruffle your temper she will soon get tired of it and stop.

Your skin is evidently rather oily. Watch your diet, use plenty of cold water on your face, and a mild astringent if you find it necessary, either daily or several times a week. No, I repeat that drinking a normal amount of water is not a flesh-builder but an important factor in weight reducing, and also in maintaining a good complexion.

JUST ANOTHER GIRL:

And a foolish one! You are really having a good time feeling sorry for yourself, sitting back in your corner and thinking how "different" you are from the other girls who are having the dates and the fun that belong to girlhood.

If you wanted to have friends among boys as much as you say you do, there would be no excuse for not having them, with your opportunities to meet boys and invite them to your home. Unconsciously, perhaps, you are cultivating an outward reserve and indifference that you do not feel, by turning all your thoughts upon yourself.

Make up your mind you are going to join in all the fun, just as the others do. When you meet a boy who attracts you, be friendly to him. Let him know that he is welcome at your home, and he will probably ask for a definite date. Then make him feel at home when he comes, by not straining too hard to entertain him.

The way to achieve popularity is by cultivating every bit of personal charm you can, day in and day out, year in and year out, and then by being your own charming, natural self when you are with anyone, men or women, one man or one woman. Charm isn't something you can take out of a box and don for a date. You probably have a lot more charm than you realize, so don't stifle it by artificiality.

I'm answering your letter at such length because it is typical of so many others I get, and I hope this bit of advice will help you.

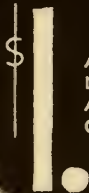
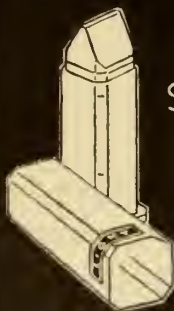


When the young folks really fell in love. Kenneth MacKenna and Kay Francis met six years ago, while on the stage, but they didn't really take it seriously until they played together in "The Virtuous Sin," from which this is a scene. And they were married in mid-January. Moral—if you like a girl, play opposite her in a picture. Evidently it won't be long!

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Address.....

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Canvas Sprung to Life!  
When it sweeps to the  
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in motion picture history!

▲ ▲ ▲  
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"  
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

And Now Comes

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FERBER'S**  
Epic of Empire



**Down a Hundred Miles of Raw Frontier  
Swept a Human Avalanche!**

Fifty thousand land hungry souls seeking a handful of Earth they could call their own! The weak faltered... the sick died... the strong swept on to transform a wilderness into an Empire in a day! History has never written a more dramatic chapter than the Oklahoma land rush of '89! Glamour and splendor! Courage and valor! Romance and tragedy

crowded into blazing days of battle and nights of love and adventure! A panorama of days when Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskins, roamed the West... a Titan of Empire while around him whirled the giant forces that shook the Earth as Civilization was born from a Wanton Frontier!

RKO RADIO PICTURE with RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE, ESTELLE TAYLOR, WM. COLLIER, Jr.,  
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It takes but a moment a day to keep your hands and skin smooth, white and lovely with Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. Requiring no bothersome massage, the modern liquid penetrates quickly and dries almost instantly, guarding the pores like an "invisible glove." It is not the least bit sticky, greasy or gummy. You'll like the orange blossom fragrance. Hands are never rough or red from household tasks or weather when you use a few drops several times during the day, and just before going to bed. And it's an ideal powder base. You'll find Chamberlain's at your drug or department store in two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

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**Chamberlain's  
HAND LOTION**  
"The Invisible Glove"



## Gloria's "Hank" Rebels!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

in this country sufficiently important to occupy his attention."

And again, "Oh, Henri likes America, but the adulation I receive is all bewildering to him."

And again, "I like Henri and appreciate the difficulties in being married to me. I am so devoted to my career that my first interests are naturally in my screen work."

And if you discover in these remarks a patronizing attitude—make the most of it.

For the trouble had undoubtedly begun long before Constance Bennett came into the picture.

WHEN Gloria made arrangements to work at the Pathe Studios, Henri was given, in France, a job with Pathe. Just what his position was nobody was ever quite sure. Hollywood said it was sort of a pension job to keep him happy because he was Gloria Swanson's husband. The Marquis, himself, knows that he got no credit for what he did for Pathe, yet he turned several neat business deals, including the signing of Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow," at a ridiculously low salary, after the musician had sworn that he would never work in America.

He also signed Constance Bennett, and the results of her picture work have filled her studio's coffers with pure gold. Oh, Henri worked in France, but nobody would believe it. Gloria, it was thought, had engineered the job for him, merely to give him something to do.

Upon the completion of "The Trespasser," Gloria went to Europe in order, she said, to bring Henri back to Hollywood with her. But she returned alone. The revolt, you see, was beginning.

Shortly thereafter Henri, himself, arrived in Hollywood. He was a day in town before Gloria knew where he was stopping. The situation caused her, I'm sure, no little embarrassment. Not having conferred with him she had nothing to tell reporters. When they did, at last, get together it was announced that they were to have separate establishments and remain the best of friends.

It was a difficult situation all 'round and took the most Continental of manners to handle it with tact. She invited the Marquis, who was still, you remember, her husband, to attend a small dinner party at her home. She invited him as one would ask a friend. He

arrived after most of the guests were assembled. He kissed her hand punctiliously and they all went in to dinner.

During the meal, friends noticed that Gloria looked at him with wide, tragic eyes which, of course, may have been imagination. Maybe not. The fact remains that when they were married they loved each other. Yet, by her own admission, no man can ever completely fill Gloria's life.

When the dinner was over, Henri kissed Gloria's hand, thanked her for a nice time (or whatever a Marquis would say upon such an occasion) and bade each guest good evening.

A few weeks later the divorce was filed. It was then that Gloria said perhaps Hank would return to France.

But he didn't. Instead, he remained to work and he got the position on his own, sold himself as a man capable of handling a job and *not* as the husband of Gloria Swanson.

So he will remain in Hollywood—a town he once hated.

"Of course I hated it," he says, "when I didn't have any place in it. But when I'm working I love it. Everybody has been so splendid here at the studio. Naturally, all this publicity has been embarrassing—but one can't help that. For various reasons I couldn't find work before, but now I have this and I'm trying to do my best and to make myself a workman. In Europe I got no credit for anything I did. But I know that now it is different."

HIS first job was the French version of "The Royal Bed." He finished it two days before schedule, and under cost. He realizes that in order to make any money on foreign versions he must make them as cheaply as possible. His ideas are sound and concise. Working hard all day, every day, is easier than being married to a great picture star. And his first French version was roundly applauded at a big Hollywood theater.

As for Constance Bennett, with whom he is always seen and with whom he appeared at a night club the day his divorce was filed, she is triumphant over his success. She advises him and helps him whenever she can. She is proud that he is making his own film record.

As for Gloria, she refuses to talk. She feels, no doubt, that everything that was to be said has been said.



Barberton, Ohio

"Close that door when you come in! Goodnight—you kids act like some cows in a barn!"

I looked up from my reading, "My heavens, what's the matter with the old man?"

"Aw, he's lost his sense of humor," growled my brother.

I glanced at Paw and mentally concluded he didn't have a sense of humor to begin with. Never once had I heard him laugh. Sullen and gloomy, a smile with him was a rare

thing. Well, he needed a tonic, and he wasn't going to get it in spoonfuls either!

The next night, much against his will, I hustled him down to see a talkie comedy. To tell the truth, I don't know what I got the biggest kick from, the play or Paw's hilarious roars. Even a couple of days after the play, Paw was as amiable as a lamb.

Net result: It might have been his first play, but it is not going to be his last!

May Woods



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In keeping with our long standing policy, we are again able to make the public the beneficiary of the savings obtainable through better manufacturing methods and greater buying power. For the first time, a Cord Front-Drive car is now offered to a larger market. Owners of the Cord Front-Drive will tell you it is the finest automobile in the world. Nothing less than a totally new *kind* of motoring could make possible the successful invasion of the Cord into the fine car field. Its sales in its first year represent nearly twenty per cent of all cars sold above \$3000. The Cord became the model for the entire automobile industry to pattern after. It is this car, which is the standard of fine car values, with its exclusive front-drive advantages, which we are now able to offer for the \$2395 first time at the extremely low price of **2395**

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# Who Has the Best Figure in Hollywood? And Why

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

Earl Carroll and Earl Christy, were influenced by this same inter-relationship, even if less consciously. For Doctor Goldwater's final choice for the most beautiful figure in Hollywood was Dolores Del Rio. With Bebe Daniels a second choice.

In the final summation we will give a credit of five points to a star every time she was awarded first choice, a credit of three points for being a second choice, and a credit of one point wherever a star was up for final consideration by any of the judges.

superiority of the roundly turned, warmly curved figure.

She is a far hail from the straight up and down type.

All of which is likewise true of Bebe Daniels, who wins second place.

To Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, Clara Bow, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford and Alice White goes honorable mention.

Beauty is what it always has been and always will be, the result of health . . . and a beautiful body is that body frankly yet sym-

Star	Earl Carroll	Earl Christy	Hattie Carnegie	Doctor Goldwater	Total Credits
Dolores Del Rio	5	3	-	5	13
Bebe Daniels	3	5	-	3	11
Marion Davies	5	-	-	-	5
Constance Bennett	-	-	5	-	5
Clara Bow	3	-	-	-	3
Kay Francis	-	1	1	-	2
Joan Crawford	-	1	1	-	2
Alice White	-	1	-	-	1

Dolores Del Rio achieves the honor of being judged as having the best figure in Hollywood by these experts. And, as I said in the beginning, her selection definitely establishes the

metrically shaped for its part in the drama of life. For, on these points, we find doctor, impresario, and artist standing firm on a common ground.

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]

**N**O director in Hollywood has worked harder or to better effect, recently, than John Cromwell.

That able stage actor and director has filmed a mess of hits. In rapid succession he has turned out "Street of Chance" and "For the Defense" and "Tom Sawyer" and "Scandal Sheet," and has just finished "Unfaithful," Ruth Chatterton's newest.

I believe that's a record for successive hits. What a man!

Well, he's earned his holiday, and he and his lovely wife, Kay Johnson, have been playing and resting in Havana and New York. Kay, you remember, stepped out of a Metro contract because she felt she'd been consistently miscast.

Kay should worry about jobs, with her spouse knocking out homer after homer at Paramount!

**A** COUPLE of picture actresses, neither doing any too well at the business, were having a fanning bee over the tea-cups.

One of the ladies, none too heavy-weight above the ears, said, "Do you know who I'd like for my press agent? The same man who does publicity for the Prince of Wales!"

**C**AN you bear it, girls? Ronnie Colman is actually going to play an American!

At least, his producers say he is. And then we hear that Michael Arlen—you remember old "Green Hat" Mike!—is coming over to write a story for Ronald.

Well—maybe it's to be a British-Armenian-American after all.

**O**LE BEN TURPIN, the boy with the rambling eyes, still gets in a good lick now and then.

His great Sennett days may be long gone, but he can still cash in on his ambling orbs. For working two and a half days in "Assorted Nuts," the Wheeler-Woolsey comedy, he drew down \$1,000.

Ben played a cross-eyed aviator who dropped bombs on the wrong town. A natural for him!

**M**R. QUINN MARTIN, for some years movie reviewer for The New York *Morning World*, has been signed by Fox as a writer.

Mr. Martin was pleased to give out this statement to the panting press:

"The first month of my stay in Hollywood will be devoted to the business of offering gentle apologies to all the actors who, in the years of my critical activity, have seemed to me to be ham. This may require even two months."

Or more, Mr. Martin—if you live.

**W**E said she would and she did! Clara Kimball Young is making a comeback. Her first is "Kept Husbands." And Bryant Washburn is also in the cast.

**R**ECENTLY Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hired a night watchman to guard their home in Brentwood. The first night he was on duty Doug went out and began to chat with him. He discovered that the watchman played chess, so now Joan is a chess widow.

"I go upstairs and go to bed in the house alone while Doug and the watchman sit out in the garage and play chess half the night," she said.

**T**HERE'S a little girl on the Fox payroll named Frances McCoy who won't be going to any more big premières with jewelers.

One of them dated her and, when he called



for her, showed her a beautiful set of jewels and asked her to wear them. Frances did, only to discover that she was a human showcase.

During intermission the ardent merchant pointed out the jewelry Frances wore to the other women and told them the price of every piece.

**HOLLYWOOD Stenographer Makes Good:** "We've got to have a new title on this," decided the Great Minds at Radio Pictures, concerning the Betty Compson film called "Children of the Streets."

So the title-thinkers thought and thought and thought and couldn't think of a new title.

By and by, some executive's clean-minded stenographer suggested "Ladies for Hire."

And they took it and paid her twenty-five dollars for it!

**GAVIN GORDON** has the answer to "Why do picture players affect such bright colors for their autos?" It's this:

Twice within a month, in Hollywood, Gordon's car was stolen. And each time, the colors so hit a policeman's eye after the description had been broadcast that it was recovered before the thieves got it out of town.

**ONE** of our most popular leading men on the Coast was for years a violent opponent of prohibition, and practiced what he preached.

He has just gone on the wagon. Was he put there by the exhortations of a temperance lecturer showing snakes in bottles of alcohol and horrible examples? He was not. Did the pleadings of his dear wife finally prevail? They did not.

It seems that he had a dog, to whom he was very much attached, and he began to notice when he came into the house with a bootleg breath that the dog refused to recognize him. He wondered about the strange performance until he realized that when he came home liquored-up he was not a pleasant



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Kotex, in the first place, is so tremendously absorbent . . . by test, five times more so than the finest of surgical cotton. And the way it absorbs is important—"lateral absorption"—a process which makes the pad effective not in just one area but over the entire surface.

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Kotex may be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort. No danger of embarrassment, no fear of inadequate protection.

Its softness lasts. It deodorizes thoroughly and effectively. Hospitals use it because of its hygienic safety, its amazing absorbency. You'll find it wise to specify Kotex next time you buy sanitary protection. All stores have it.

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**KOTEX**  
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



Society's latest gift to the talkies. Katharine Leslie is one of New York's prettiest débutantes. But she's always had her eye on the stage. Last year she made her début as a society girl in the play, "Rebound," and now she's playing the same sort of part in "New York Lady," Paramount talkie starring Tallulah Bankhead and Clive Brook. It's Katharine's film début



# GROW-

**Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days**

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

**Over 10,000 Women Prove It**

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order *Lucille Young* NOW at low price.

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person, and that a family row generally ensued. That made him think and made him quit.

**WILLIAM POWELL** has a fine baritone voice. Each morning when working in a picture, he sings a song or two to loosen up his talking voice. But he has NEVER sung in a picture.

Yet Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers has. Hollywood is like that!

**BET** many of you don't know that make-up extends even to changing the color of hair! Of course, there's no secret about touching up hair with white to designate age. Or about Charlie Chaplin blackening his graying hair while he makes a picture.

But even Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford have to make-up their tresses. Each of them lightens her hair during the shooting of a picture. Better photography.

**TOM MOORE** and Bob Ellis, after years, are together again in the same picture. Tom's a hero and Bob's a heavy in "The Last Parade."

Long ago they worked together, in the Selznick and Kalem days. They had a swell system. Ellis would direct Moore, and Moore would direct Ellis, and being firm friends, they'd each give the other a grand break.

**JUST** to show what habit will do— There was a time when Ben Turpin, the obtuse-angle-eyed, was a cop. A traffic cop. In Mack Sennett comedies.

The other day, there was a traffic jam outside a Hollywood church. Ben leaped into the breach and directed traffic. It's funny, but despite the fact that nobody could tell which way he was looking, he got it unsnarled.

**A HOLLYWOOD** columnist describes Clara Bow's latest sports costume—long white flannel trousers, sharp-creased; a white beret; a white sweater with zigzagging red lines; white shoes with red heels. "She's been mistaken," he said, "for a young barber pole."

**RAYMOND GRIFFITH'S** great work in the dying-soldier bit in "All Quiet on the Western Front" didn't draw him a heap of work.

Everyone thought it would, but the former star comic dropped from sight again.

Now he's been placed under contract by Warners to write scripts—probably comedies. Make 'em funny, kid! We're for you.

**PRACTICALLY** all the kids who live in the neighborhood of the Paramount Eastern Studio at Astoria, Long Island, own kodaks. The reason? Nancy Carroll has been making one picture after another out there, and she patiently stands outside the door and poses for youthful admirers who prize a picture they've snapped themselves more than the finest photographic product. And sometimes Nancy poses with one of the kids, while another records the great event! Happy days out on Long Island!

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

### Cheer Up, Greta

Philadelphia, Penna.

With all due respect to Frau Dietrich I don't think that Greta Garbo need worry about her throne.

WM. C. KESSON

### Huzza for Marlene!

Boulder, Colo.

Never have I beheld such a devastating personality as that of Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco."

In fact, so absorbed was I by her witchery that I never realized until the picture was over that a seat mate was rattling a paper sack and munching lustily. That is true Art.

GERALDINE WYNNE

### Come, Be Nonchalant!

Los Angeles, Calif.

Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers is as much of a man as any actor you can name, and I have much more respect for him because he does not smoke all the time than I have for Chester Morris who always has a cigarette in his mouth.

MISS DOROTHY GILMOR

### Attention, Jeanette!

Malang, Malay

My favorite wish has been realized at length. I have seen and heard Jeanette MacDonald and that in "The Love Parade." Do I like her singing? No doubt about it. It was divinely beautiful.

All the time, while I was sitting to look at her amiable face, I wondered if it was really a human being who sang. And what a sympathetic and magnificent figure she has.

F. L. AMICURLE

### A Vote for Two Boys

Cleveland, Ohio

It distresses me greatly to learn that Nils Asther is out of pictures. Someone is making a grave error.

Greta Garbo has only had two decent leading men—Nils Asther and John Gilbert.

GAIL JONES

### Right! A Treat!

Charlotte, N. C.

What a delicious treat to see a picture such as "The Right to Love" when you're so fed up on high-kicking, wise-cracking and under-world pictures.

I am still walking around in a daze under its mystic spell. Ruth Chatterton's superb acting brought out the deepest emotions of the human heart.

MRS. JOE MILLER

### Bruce Grows Ecstasie

Yakima, Wash.

I sometimes doubt that a woman as devastatingly lovely as Greta Garbo lives in the same world, breathes the same air as other human beings.

When I see her in a picture it is like catching a glimpse of Heaven.

BRUCE HIATT

### Mary Is Upset

Montgomery, Ala.

Lew Ayres is just another good kid gone wrong through woeful miscasting. After his fine, sincere performance in "All Quiet" they cast him opposite the blonde and bored Constance Bennett with the result that he looked and acted like a green, overgrown school boy.

And not satisfied with that, they take the Adorable Baby Face and make him King of the Underworld. I'm looking for them to put Marie Dressler in "Bab, a Sub-deb" any minute.

MARY JANE FULLER

### No Ribs, Please

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

I was very disgusted when I read the very

spiteful and ridiculous letter sent to your magazine by Mrs. Lillian Brown in reference to Joan Crawford's ribs.

I think Joan has the most perfect figure in Hollywood.

MARGARET WINIERS

**In Re John!**

New York City, N. Y.

Why doesn't John Barrymore devote himself to character parts and leave the romantic parts to such natural players as Ronald Colman, Fredric March and Gary Cooper?

MRS. H. L. DAVIS



For a change, we have a heart throb from the other side of the proscenium arch. This little story is taken direct from Walter Winchell's famous column in the New York Mirror.

"Poor Lillian Roth . . . The audience never suspected that those tears she flooded all over the stage were genuine . . . Lilly sings that ballad she warbled in 'The Vagabond King' flicker in which she moans about her lover—who is sentenced to death . . . Two moments before she went on Sunday some careless lad let her answer the phone . . . Which let her know that her real sweetheart, her groom to be, had died while under the operating blade . . . He was only 23, too . . . How she screamed and shrieked in her undressing room . . . Her grief was terrific . . . She adored him so . . . Richman wasted no sympathy on her . . . The rest of us moaned with her, telling her how sorry we were, which was wrong, for it only made her cry all the harder . . . Harry shook her up and yelled: 'None of that stuff, do you hear? This is your life—your job. Audiences never understand . . . They aren't interested in your grief! . . . They came to be amused, entertained and diverted . . . You've got to go out there and sing your head off!' . . . And so asserting himself Harry shoved her out onto the stage . . . I never saw such a display of 'heart' in my career, or as we vulgarians prefer calling it—'guts!' . . . Her sweetheart was dead up there at the hospital and she had to go out there and make them laugh . . . And applaud . . . And how she did it! . . . Then when she came to that sad song in which she yells: 'He was my man! He made me happy! He took my heart! I love him so!'—the tear ducts opened wide and how she wept . . . The spectators of course must have said to themselves: 'Gee, what an actress. Look at those real tears!' . . . I've written about such things from hearsay before—oh, hundreds of times—about 'The show must go on!'—'The curtain must go up!' . . . That was the first time I got a close-up of it."



**"Kleenex? . . . as essential as cold cream itself!"**

Use Kleenex to remove cold cream . . . avoid germ-laden towels and "cold cream cloths."

*Lillian Roth Miller*

Frequent powdering, exposure to dust and soot, fill pores with dirt that is often very difficult to remove completely. This dirt needs the superabsorbency of Kleenex.

The delicate tissues attract cleansing cream like a magnet . . . absorbing embedded particles of dirt along with it. Kleenex, too, saves towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

Women who started using Kleenex for removing cold cream soon discovered what perfect handkerchiefs it makes. Kleenex prevents re-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use each tissue but once, then discard. It helps reduce the spread of colds in families.

FOR perfect cleanliness, Kleenex is almost an essential. Kleenex enables you to give up those germ-filled "cold cream cloths" forever. And how dangerous they are—teeming with bacteria—actually *encouraging* blackheads and even more repellent blemishes.

You use Kleenex just once, you see—then throw it away. No tissue need ever touch your face that isn't as fresh as fresh can be.

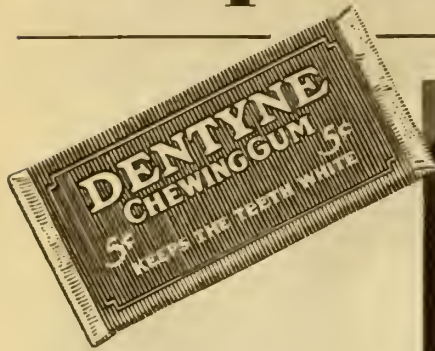


Kleenex comes in dainty tints and in white, and in large, medium and small packages. At all toilet goods counters. Try Kleenex today.

Try Kleenex Free  
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Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.  
(In Canada: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.)  
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

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**T**HE beginning of many a friendship may be traced to a charming smile.

And the thrilling charm of a smile may be traced to teeth—WHITE teeth.

Every day chew delicious Dentyne, the gum especially made to keep teeth white.

It also helps to keep gums firm, because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Money can buy no finer chewing gum than Dentyne.

# Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!



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## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

### FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions

**T**HIS picture will delight audiences to whom it will be shown. It is not made for the big houses, but Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some of their best work and they are surrounded by beautiful Jeanette Loff, the heroine, and Wallace MacDonald and W. L. Thorne, heavies. MacDonald does a fine drunk scene. You will get your money's worth.

### THE LOVE KISS—Celebrity Productions

**A**N amiable little college comedy that will please the young folks, both romantically and laughically. A pretty and able newcomer turns up in the person of Olive Shea, and Forrest Stanley plays a handsome professor. Donald Meek, a great character actor, is in it, and so is Terry Carroll, Nancy's sister.

### THE SECOND HONEYMOON—Continental

**A**FARCE comedy that turns out to be entertaining, and good fare for the family trade as well. Blonde Josephine Dunn and our old silent friend, Edward Earle, play the leads. Its story has to do with domestic infelicity, but it's all very nice and clean.

### NIGHT BIRDS—British International

**T**HE hired hands across the sea again turn to mystery melodrama. Most of the action here is in a London night club, and there is considerable to-do over a killing. The excellent Jameson Thomas has the leading rôle. It's an all-right picture, but hardly worth the time, effort and expense. Oh dear, our British cousins must do better!

### ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production

**T**HE good old "Bird of Paradise" plot, volcano and all, and dressed up in swell clothes for the talkies. There's a lot of sure-fire sob-stuff about a little tot and mama, some not-so-bad comedy, a lot of South Seas atmosphere with steel guitars and everything, and a quite hot volcano. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard.

### CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions

**G**EORGE SIDNEY and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. The gangsters are too real for comfort. It moves fast and is funny most of the time. A cast of skilled comedy veterans. Pretty girls, and pretty good fun.

### THE SUNRISE TRAIL—Tiffany Production

**T**HERE'S so much talking in this Western that there's hardly a chance left for action—and a Western without action is like pretzels without beer. Usual stuff about the cowboy hero who outwits the cattle rustlers and wins the girl. If they talk this much out West, then the West has stopped being the place where men are men; it's where men are dialogue writers, thassall.

### WHITE THUNDER

**T**HE eternal triangle, transplanted into Newfoundland this time. The story is nothing to get terribly excited about, but the scenery is magnificent. Photographed and recorded in the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland.

"White Thunder" presents a legitimately interesting picture of the life of those who live there. Particularly thrilling is that part of the picture which deals with the sealing expedition and its melodramatic climax.

**ALMOST A HONEYMOON—**  
*British International*

A LIGHT bedroom farce of the era that still thought the man hiding under the bed, or in a clothes hamper, excruciatingly funny. Clifford Mollison stands out as a promising light comedian, and the leading woman is a pretty girl named Dorothy Watts. Our old American friend, Monty Banks, directed this job. Very mild.

**THE MAN FROM CHICAGO—**  
*Elstree Productions*

THE British idea of how the gang gentlemen of Chicago, and their ladies, carry on. It's simply too terrible to waste words on. We won't.

**ONCE A SINNER—Fox**

AN exceptionally fine cast is hurled into the oldest type of triangle story in "Once a Sinner," and only its really brilliant acting pulls the picture from the doldrums. It's about the woman with a past who decides on a new life with a nice country boy, only to renew the old life when they make money and move to the city. Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea, C. Henry Gordon, John Halliday—all dandy.

**HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—**  
*British International*

THIS forms the surrender of George Bernard Shaw, most distinguished living man of letters, to the talkies. It's a little comedy that takes three-quarters of an hour to unroll, done in one setting, and depending on the Shavian wit for all its entertainment. And it is amusing, if you like Shaw's smart talk batted about. A cast of three—unknown to Americans—performs it.

**DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art-**  
*World Wide*

SORRY to say this has the earmarks of a quickie, and made some time ago. But it has the services of pretty June Collyer as a home-wrecker, and pleasant work by Charles Starrett and Eloise Taylor as the young married couple whose domesticity is busted wide open by June's dimples—until the last reel. Irvin Willat directed. Very mild, this.

## Poor Li'l Rango

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

playing with some native youngster in Sumatra today, happier probably than either you or I."

Then a terror smites Schoedsack.

"But don't print that," he adds.

"Why?"

"It'd spoil the illusion," he echoes. The phrase that's used a million times a day in Hollywood.

"But don't you know that every Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals will be gunning for you?" you ask him. "Don't you realize that every warm-hearted movie-goer who sees *Rango* slain will hate you? Don't you realize that this thing's going to raise a storm of resentment and criticism?"

"Aw," he draws at that, "I'll take the fall, if they really think I killed him. But if they knew, before seeing the picture, that *Rango* didn't actually die, that scene would lose all its punch."

And there the matter stands.



## READ THE WARNING MESSAGE IN THE LITTLE LAUGHTER LINES

BE warned of this fact: *the smallest line* is a potential wrinkle. Unless you watch them, the lines that were once so fetching around your eyes and mouth will gradually spread and deepen until they are ugly wrinkles, disheartening wrinkles that make you look old.

You need not let this happen. Dorothy Gray has evolved scientific treatments and preparations that will keep your skin smooth and young. It is an easy matter to give yourself these treatments at home, for the same preparations which have proved so successful in the Dorothy Gray salons are sold at leading shops everywhere. Write to Dorothy Gray, or ask at your favorite shop for a copy of the Dorothy Gray booklet on correct home care of the skin.

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**G**IVE the soiled tie a gentle rub or two with a clean, Energine-moistened cloth. Spots vanish like magic, leaving the tie fresh and like new. And it's ready to wear immediately because Energine dries instantly, leaves no odor and no regrets.

In just a few minutes with Energine you can clean and renew his whole stock of ties. Removes dirt and grease spots instantly without wrinkling or taking out the crease. Will not harm the finest silks or other fabrics.

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### MARY T. GOLDMAN

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

Color of your hair?.....

As a matter of fact, he revealed, the scene wherein the tiger apparently kills the tiny ape was one of the first scenes he shot in this marvelous jungle-story. "And one of the most dangerous," he adds.

That prompts questions about how the film was ever made—how those unbelievable close-ups of fierce jungle beasts were secured—how the final death-battle between the caribao and the tiger was shot—a million other questions.

"I've got to protect myself," is his answer. "I can't tell my secrets." He's right. He's the man who made "Chang" a few years ago; "Grass," that tremendous epic of man's struggle against nature's hardest obstacles. He won't work in studios; hates them. He goes to the far places and brings back masterpieces. And "Rango" is his finest.

**H**E does admit that immeasurable patience is one first requirement. For days, he and his other cameraman, Buddy Williams, waited behind jungle-grass screens beside tiger-trails for a few seconds' shot of a tiger. For days on days, they waited through jungle rains for a moment of sunlight to shoot a scene or two.

No trained animals are used in the film, so he had to trust to the animals themselves to give him his stuff. He couldn't direct them, like circus tigers or Tiffany chimpanzees. He had to turn his cameras on them and let them do their stuff as nature directed, not man. And that's exactly the reason, after all, why his film is so great. It's real, not artificial.

Unbelievable difficulties attend his work, aside from the need for patience, and living under jungle conditions, and all that sort of usual thing. For one thing, he never knew until he got back to civilization just what his cameras had recorded. He could not develop his stuff in the wilds.

And technical difficulties were legion—but you're not interested in that. You're interested only in two things—that "Rango" is a great film, and that Rango wasn't killed after all.

Rango is going to take rank as one of the year's favorite stars. And Schoedsack as one of the year's best movie-makers!

## The Star's Secret

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46 ]

moonlight, and Stella Solvig! Oh, the armies of men who would have given years of their lives to change places with me! I thought of them, and I decided I would ask her my question this night, before I lost the chance forever.

"**W**HEN we reached her cottage, she stopped, of her own accord, and sat down on the sand. 'I want to look at it awhile,' she said, and putting her elbows on her knees, took her face in her hands. I sat down beside her, and we watched the tide coming up on the beach.

"I was afraid I hadn't the courage to speak to her. But, finally, without courage, without planning what I was going to say, I blurted out: 'You must know! You must have come to some conclusion about it! Your power is so universal, so tremendous. And it's real. The fact that it expresses itself through illusions doesn't make it any less real. All over the world, at this moment, the faithful are watching you, worshipping you, listening to your voice and dreaming over your beauty.'

"Don't!" she said quietly. But I went on because I couldn't help myself: 'Tell me,' I said. 'Be kind and tell me your secret! It isn't possible that you're a stranger to yourself. Everyone else on earth, perhaps, but not you. You've had too many proofs of your power. You, the modern goddess, must know why the world adores you.'



Now never complains of throbbing headaches thanks to DR. EDWARDS

**E**ACH night, just before going to bed, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and if you're like thousands of others, you'll be delighted with the way headaches vanish, as good and glorious health returns. For more than twenty years, Dr. Edwards prescribed this formula for patients who found grateful relief. It is a compound of rare vegetable ingredients. Now he brings this formula to you. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color.

### Relief is Quick and Gentle

An efficient substitute for calomel and far more pleasant to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets merely assist nature in restoring the bowels and liver (trouble starts here) to normal action, thus relieving danger and protecting good health. They are safe, harmless, and mild in action. No griping. Non-habit-forming.

If your skin is sallow; if you are tired and listless; if headaches bother you, try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Quickly you should look and feel so much better. Sold by all druggists, 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

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87,000 men and women have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage of the nose—quickly, safely and painlessly, while you sleep or work. Your age doesn't matter. Results are lasting. Doctors praise it. Small cost. Money-back guarantee.

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Mary Jane Lee, Dept. H  
Nu-Way Mfg. Co. (Est. 1925)  
Louisville, Ky.

"I know I am a success on the screen," said Stella Solvig.

"It's so much more than success! I said. 'It's this power to move people, to make them feel, to arouse in them emotions they themselves can't analyze and hardly know they possess. To be able to do that, you must have some fundamental emotion, some hidden source of feeling, with which to move them. You must! And I'd give the moon and that large red star over there to know what it is.'

"SHE turned and looked at me. Her face was like sculptured marble. Her hair was pale gold in the light from the sky.

"Very well," she said. "I'll tell you my secret. It's so simple, really." She paused for a moment. Then she said in a voice I could just hear above the pounding of the surf: "I have an excellent director. He tells me to do this and to do that. He tells me to make love, to laugh, to cry, to be angry, to suffer, to flirt, to be unhappy, to fall down and die. I do all these things, just as he tells me. But as for myself, I feel nothing. I feel absolutely nothing."

"She got up, then, and without another word walked into her house.

"I sat," said John, "for a long time listening to the sound of the waves on the beach and looking at that other unfathomable mystery, the sea."

## This Odd Chap Barrymore

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 ]

corridors to his room, leering and grimacing horribly at nurses he encountered on the way.

He has a left eyebrow that's remarkable. It can express the most malevolent thoughts. Barrymore does much of his gesturing with it. And with this eyebrow, he absolutely terrified the hospital nurses. And so, when the baby arrived the middle of one night, it was with trepidation and fear that a nurse awakened Barrymore.

He sat bolt upright and waggled the eyebrow at her.

"What?" he roared.

"Sir," she quavered, "you have a baby daughter."

Furiously the eyebrow waggled.

"Splendid!" he bellowed so that the hospital shook.

And then, while the nurse almost fainted, he turned over and went back to sleep!

ONE priceless line about Barrymore was uttered by a prop boy during the filming of "Moby Dick" while tons of water, from slosh boxes, were emptied on Barrymore during a storm sequence. Naturally, he swallowed some of the water; he couldn't help it. The prop boy remarked:

"That's more water than Barrymore has drunk all the years of his life!"

Yet the truth is that he doesn't drink nearly as much as he's supposed to. Sometimes for months at a time he goes on the wagon, bone dry.

He often acts drunk to get rid of undesirable company!

He calls prohibition "the blight." He contracted jungle fever on a recent trip on his yacht to South America. The jungle fever assumes such a form that Barrymore cannot drink while suffering from it.

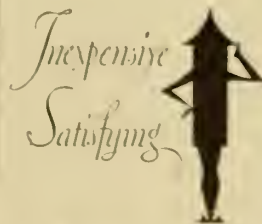
And it's recurrent. He's trying frantically to find a cure.

Yachting, profanity, bibulation and acting aren't his only accomplishments. He's also an artist—in colors and in sketch—of no mean ability.

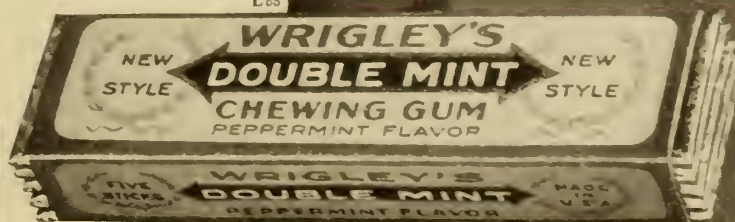
As a matter of fact, descended though he was from the famous stage family of Barry-

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FACIAL MUSCLES, same as body muscles, need exercise. Especially is this true of the much neglected area about the mouth where the first wrinkles come. The gentle, natural exercise of chewing **DOUBLE MINT** guides the lips in a graceful curve. It encourages supple yet firm muscles which help ward off those ugly nose-to-mouth lines. Chew **DOUBLE MINT** twice daily. It's the most perfect Facial in the world.



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# Mothers— don't neglect your child's COUGH or COLD

Try this milder "counter-irritant"

GOOD old Musterole now made milder for babies and small children. So pleasant to use and so reliable—apply Children's Musterole freely to the affected area *once every hour for five hours.*

That's the safe, sure treatment that millions of mothers and leading doctors and nurses recognize and endorse.

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mores, his first leaning was not to the stage. He started as a newspaper artist.

His father, Maurice, paid for his tuition in art school when the boy said he wanted to be an artist, not an actor.

He went only once.

His father, knowing him, commented only: "I don't understand how you came to go even once!"

ONE of his first jobs was as cartoonist on a New York paper. It lasted six minutes.

He was fired when he submitted his first sketch.

He never could draw feet, so he always stood his characters in tall grass. He does, even yet.

He sketches, for the studio make-up and wardrobe departments, his conception of how he wants to look in the characters he is to act—also how the other actors should look. The make-up and clothing departments follow these sketches.

His home is adorned with many framed specimens of his own artistic ability.

He tried newspaper reporting, too, before he finally took to the stage. Arthur Brisbane once fired him from the *New York Journal*. He had a friend, another improvident reporter.

When both were broke, which was often, the friend used to pawn his gold tooth for seventy cents.

Then he and Barrymore drank up the seventy cents.

Finally, he went to acting and following the traditional success of the Barrymores. He has deserted the footlights for the screen for the obvious reasons—it pays more, and one can stay in one place and enjoy life. Barrymore enjoys life. But he professes a whole-hearted contempt for pictures and movie methods. Of the filming of "Moby Dick," which has no love story in the book, he snorted: "What! No love interest?—I suppose they'll have me fall in love with the whale!"

One of the stage's better known exponents of Shakespeare, he's tired of being asked if he'd ever play *Hamlet* in modern clothes. His stock reply is: "No, but I'd play *King Lear* in the nude."

He's a first-class swordsman. He likes, when shopping, to get behind store counters himself and dispense with the clerk's services. He has a violent temper, and now and then has had a fist fight.

HE'S been married three times. When he got his last marriage license, to wed Dolores Costello, he set his age down at forty-three. According to "Who's Who," he was born February 15, 1882. He has all his clothes made in London, and wears them sloppily. He has a hat which he has owned for years. It's dirty, disreputable, battered, and he wears it in preference to all others. He can look more unkempt than anybody else; and when he's dressed up, he can't be beaten for sartorial elegance.

He doesn't like to buy new automobiles and his two cars are several years old.

He's the originator of the "Barrymore collar" for men—the soft one with the ultra-long points.

He and Dolores do no entertaining on a big scale, although he often has friends in to meals. His friends may be anybody, depending not on who they are, but whether they interest him or not.

Once, Winston Churchill whom he'd met in England visited him at the Warner studios.

Barrymore welcomed him, had him taken on the set. When the scene was done, Barrymore escorted Winston Churchill across the set, before director, assistant, featured players and all, and presented him to "Tiny Jones," a little unimportant Welsh character actress for whom John had conceived a fondness. She was flustered to death, of course. And then Barrymore led Winston Churchill right back again to the studio gates, ignoring everybody else—executives to camera boys—and bade him good-bye.

Barrymore and Tiny Jones were the



only two people on the whole lot who met the great British statesman!

Besides yachting, Barrymore's favorite sport is clay pigeon shooting. When he's thinking deeply, he plays with his nose. His favorite music is a piece called "Canadian Capers." He heard it years ago on a phonograph record, and since then has bought many records of the same piece. He plays it out on the ocean, alone, taking a portable phonograph and record out in a dory with him, off his yacht. He has tried, thus far in vain, to have "Canadian Capers" played in the background of every sound picture he's worked in. It approaches a superstition.

HE thinks his sister Ethel and his wife Dolores are the grandest women on earth.

He lives outdoors a great deal but is not robust in health. He catches cold very easily. He doesn't care much about what he eats unless he's put on a diet by his physician. Then he hates the diet. He likes to be photographed with a pipe, but smokes only cigarettes for enjoyment.

He will not have a photograph taken showing only the right side of his face because he thinks his left is the "good" side.

Sometimes he has a moustache, sometimes not, and it varies in size and shape with his mood.

He has worn a beard not infrequently. He is slightly gray.

His hands are unusually large and rough, and his fingernails almost always need manicuring but don't get it.

His real name is not John Barrymore. It is John Blythe.

But his wife calls him "Winkie."  
And he calls her "Shrimp."



## VITAL MEN



A human dynamo and he looks it. Energy, plus. Well groomed — meaning not only smartly dressed, but also a well-kept body under his clothes. The very type of man who after his morning or evening shower sprinkles himself freely with that soothing, pleasant powder: VIVAUDOU...MAVIS...TALCUM.

Mavis Talcum is rather a blessing to vigorous, active men because it holds them altogether free from unpleasant body irritation and the annoying effects of chafing.

*After the shave and shower Mavis Talcum Powder*

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Los Angeles . . . Paris . . . New York . . . Chicago . . . Toronto



What a gown, and what a girl! Little Joan Marsh wears this creation of apricot satin in the new Joan Crawford picture, "Dance Fools, Dance." Who wouldn't dance for Miss Joan?



# RECOGNIZE THESE EYES?



Their owner is a First National Pictures star whose father and wife are both film favorites. Born in 1907, he's 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and light hair. Name below\*.

## clear eyes are a social asset!

Yes, and a business one, too! There's no denying the fact that clear, bright eyes make a far better impression than do those which are dull and bloodshot. Start now to have more attractive eyes by using *Murine* each night and morning. It harmlessly clears up any bloodshot condition and imparts new lustre to the dullest eyes. 60c at drug and department stores everywhere. Try it!

\*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

# MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

## THESE BOATS KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE!



THIS Old Town won't cut capers when she's loaded with a bunch of fidgety kids! She's steady as an ox—but swift as a swallow! Safety, speed, economy, and durability are yours in an Old Town. Extra-rigid ribs and keel. Strongly braced stern to hold the weight of a motor. No vibration or shaking. No caulking, either. The non-leak, *seamless* canvas-covering can't open up!

Free catalog shows all models and prices. Also rowboats; canoes; dinghies; big, fast, all-wood, outboard family-boats, and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 223 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

# Boo! It's Only Hollywood!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

you'd be simply out of luck. Of course, there are so-called "glass shots," "Williams shots" and the like, but even these necessitated construction and much juggling about, and were limited in their application.

THE Dunning's do the thing more simply. You dig up for them a stock shot of the Taj Mahal from a film library or from a news reel and turn it over to these new magicians. They make what they call a transparent "plate" from it, which plate contains a positive image of red tint and a negative image of neutral gray. An ordinary motion picture camera with double magazines is brought into play, and into this go unexposed film in actual contact and behind the transparent plate.

Now a foreground is built in the studio—merely a length of pavement of the proper design in this case—and your three characters go through the necessary action to take them through the entrance into the building. The result is achieved by supplying a blue background for this part of the picture. The figures and their foreground are illuminated by strong white light, and the blue backing by powerful flood lights.

The result is that the transparent plate becomes a filter which passes the white light reflected from the figures through to the unexposed film, and by means of the reflected blue light prints the image of the Taj Mahal on it at the same time. Both images print together and of equal intensity, so that the result is a new negative on which both images—perhaps taken months or even years apart—are reprinted simultaneously and in perfect composition. The cost is less than a tenth of the expense of sending your players off to India.

Bearing this in mind, here's how the foreign-language film business of Hollywood is being rescued from the deluge of red ink that splashes its accounts:

An English language talkie—"Beau Ideal," for example—is made in Hollywood and Arizona at a cost of half a million or more. It is desired to have a German, French and Italian version of it. Ordinarily the whole of the dialogue portion would be remade with casts appropriate to each language, and eventually large concourses of people in all three countries would sneer snootily. But along come the Dunning cohorts, and wherever there is specific close-up action in which the new characters speaking the foreign language appear, the camera records the background or distant action *without the principals*. This is merely an extra negative without the principal characters, and from this the Dunning's make their transparent plate.

NOW, you have on this transparency all the scenic and production effects. This is sent off to Berlin, Paris or Rome with one of the Dunning crew, together with a print of the original picture for reference. New German characters are engaged and the director merely repeats his original important scenes with them using German language, of course, against the blue background.

Later the new composite negative is incorporated or "cut in" to the original foreign negative where necessary, and if the Germans don't like the result they will have to put the responsibility on their own players, for these are doing their own talking. Just duplicate all this with the French, Spanish and Italian versions. If the Argentinians are very particular they can do their own talking in Buenos Aires—if they're willing to provide the simple facilities.

You see that the foreign language problem disappears at once; the Hollywood producers

# CORNS



## Pain Stops at Once

You will be amazed how quick is your relief when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns or sore toes. In *one minute* pain is gone—*forgotten!* This instant action is produced by the soothing, healing medication in Zino-pads. They cushion and protect the sore spot, completely removing the cause—shoe pressure.



### 100% SAFE

Zino-pads are safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE SHAPELY LIMBS . . . pair \$6.75  
OR SLENDER ANKLES . . . pair \$5.00

Relieve swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with DR. WALTER'S famous medicated (flesh colored) gum rubber hose.

Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world. Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman. Write for booklet.

Dr. JEANNE P. H. WALTER  
389 Fifth Ave., New York



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begin to smile once more; the studios get rid of their incubus; the foreign picture patrons are more or less satisfied—or, at least, are in a situation where they can't complain too hard; money is saved in large amounts, and the only people who remain dissatisfied are the foreign language players, for whom a prospect of even leaner days looms up.

But, says someone, can't you tell the difference between this Dunning business and an original picture? Well, suppose you be the judge. You may recall "Anna Christie" and those marvelous harbor scenes on the waterfront and on the barge. The water backgrounds and shipping were made by a cameraman who cruised up and down the East River in New York on a tugboat. His negative came on to Hollywood and a transparent plate of it was made. Then Greta Garbo, Marie Dressler, George Marion and Charles Bickford went through the action on a nice dry sound stage in Culver City a month or so later, which coincidentally was "Dunninged" into the original background.

AND you may recall "Such Men Are Dangerous." Do you remember that thrilling scene where Warner Baxter opens the door of his cabin monoplane and looks down on London with the Tower Bridge, Westminster, and the Thames Embankment swirling beneath? Didn't notice anything "fakey" about that, of course, but it was handled by the Dunnings on a Fox sound stage at Fox Hills, using an airplane stock shot from a London film library.

If you saw "Just Imagine" you will recall some of the bizarre shots on the planet Mars. The airship or rocket ship scenes were Dunning shots. Again, in "The Last of the Duanees," the thrilling log jam sequence was a Dunning shot in its entirety. The jam itself was a miniature shot made at Fox Hills, and the foreground scenes made on what the Fox people call their "trick stage." And there was the realistic dirigible smash-up on the ice in "The Lottery Bride," in which the ice scenes were made at one period, outdoors, and the dirigible model on an ordinary sound stage, the two "composed" together in the process laboratory. Summed up, the famed "art" of the movies without the engineer and the laboratory would be as effective as a portrait painter without brush or canvas.

It requires Edisons, Eastmans and Dunnings to bring the cinema art into existence!

## Is It Easy Money?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

positions are the targets of Hollywood's sharp-sharpshooters.

It has come to be a truism in motion picture circles that uneasy lies the head that earns \$100 and up a week. It's always open season on the other fellow's job, and often a few months' salary is a few years' salary, too. The most omnipresent joker in film work is not the weeks when there are pay checks, but the months when there aren't.

Progressing to the inside of the studio, you perhaps will pass the wardrobe and the technical departments. In the former, the head costume designer receives from \$150 to \$350 a week, though it takes a liberal education in both New York and London even to approach the latter figure. The assistant designers are paid from \$60 to \$125, and the other wardrobe girls get about the same as seamstresses elsewhere, from \$18 to \$22.50. But—there are fifty seamstresses to every designer, of course.

In the technical department are the set designers, engineers, and draughtsmen. Here, again, the same condition prevails, with the head of the department drawing an actor's salary and his assistants nominal sums, but any of them could do at least as well financially in any similar position. A famous Beverly Hills architect designs ten per cent of homes

# HER TRAINING TABLE IS AT THE "RITZ" . . . YET SHE HAS 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'

**S**HE does a daily marathon of calls and social duties in a motor car. She's active in charities and the plans of the Younger Set. Naturally, this takes a good deal of running around—but seldom with her feet.

Yet this charming member of the *haut-monde* has an unmistakable case of "Athlete's Foot." Not that she knows what it is. She only realizes that her nicety is offended by a strange, moist whiteness between her little toes. And, like a breath of scandal on the dainty feet, there is even *itching*. If she only knew it, millions of other immaculate people have been afflicted with this same infection.

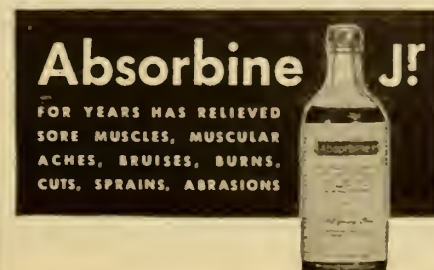


*Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?*

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinca trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time."

*It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white,



thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors*. If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

### SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

- (1) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.
- (2) If you wear socks or stockings that can be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.
- (3) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously inside your shoes at night.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores — \$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Free! TO WOMEN ONLY...**



*this little secret!*

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo\* will show you the way! 25c. at your dealers', or send for free sample.

(\*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-sint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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Seattle, Wash. \*\*\*\*\* Please send a free sample.

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Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_




*She hated to embarrass him, but—*

—she just couldn't dance another step. Of course, it was an accident, but that one slight touch had given her unpeepable pain.

Don't let a corn rob you of your good times. Relief is so quick—so easy. All druggists have this famous old remedy in convenient, 35¢ packages.

Made by the manufacturers of Kohler Anidote for Headache and all simple nerve pains.

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**Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young**

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flake off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines**, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

that cost sometimes as high as \$500,000, and although he isn't half as celebrated as several of Hollywood's best studio architects, he makes many times as much money as any of them.

The laboring man, at a studio, suffers all the uncertainty of the theatrical profession without enjoying any of its benefits. Actors and actresses may work only part of the time, but they draw large salaries when they do work; the carpenter, the plasterer, the electrician and the other trades have no such consolation. They get the local scale, in cents per hour, just the same as those on the outside steadily employed building houses or chicken-coops.

**A**WORKMAN who averages eight months steady work at a studio out of a year has cause to congratulate himself. Shut-downs, lay-offs, and lost time apply to the rank and file in all departments even more than to the executives, stars, and directors, most of whom work under contracts specifying the minimum number of weeks per year for which they shall receive salary, whether they work or not.

But again, for every such contract worker there are at least one hundred laborers.

On the set itself there are, of course, the cast and the director, surrounded by a host of technicians. The head cameraman is paid anywhere from \$175 to \$750 a week, but he, too, is often weeks "between" pictures, without pay. So are his second cameramen, who make from \$75 to around \$150. And so are the slate-boys, at \$25 to \$35, and the "grips," who, like the other carpenters, make around sixty cents an hour.

When sound first came into vogue the "mixer" and his crew were magicians and paid as such. Now he averages about \$75 to \$100 a week—when he works. His assistants earn from \$50 to \$60 a week, all figured by the hour. The sound supervisor is the only man in that department who makes any money now, varying from \$150 to \$500 a week.

The prop man is a tragedy unto himself. After a lifetime usually spent as a theatrical trouper, he makes less money than the average baggage smasher—and works harder than anybody in the studio. He gets from as little as \$17.50 to as much as \$35 a week, possibly six weeks out of ten.

When a picture is in production, there is no such thing as an eight-ten- or twelve-hour day. The trades are paid overtime, of course, or another shift used; but everybody else seems to work the harder knowing that they must inevitably be "through" or laid off the sooner.

During the filming of "The King of Jazz," for instance, everybody in the troupe averaged eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, for three months. They worked like beavers, everybody driving everybody else. As soon as the last scene was shot, every salary ceased, and some of them haven't begun again.

Easy money?

**H**OLLYWOOD is a magical city, the birthplace of many magical things. But it isn't the end of the rainbow, save for the fortunate few. Even for them, the period during which the goose lays the golden eggs is usually short. There are in Hollywood but forty-two full-fledged stars, anyhow, and how many of them who were stars yesterday will be stars tomorrow?

Most of them were years reaching stardom, and even the salaries they receive now don't average so much over that period of years. Then, when they no longer get such sums, how many of them will be content with moderate salaries after having accustomed themselves to living as stars seem to think they must?

Those years to come, those years after they are through, must be averaged in, too. And even during the height of their fame and earning power, many a poor starlet wonders from month to month where the next payment on her income tax is coming from, not to mention the robin's-egg blue Rolls-Royce! Those who save and invest are sensible—but what they earn from that isn't movie money.

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**FIGHT THEM OFF WITH THIS LAXATIVE QUININE**



These tablets have been the world's most popular remedy for 41 years! At all drug stores.

Go out in bad weather if you must, but go in to the drug store on your way back for this safe, dependable cold remedy. It takes both a body tonic and a laxative to check colds and headaches quickly and comfortably. You get both in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Use them. Keep well.

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*Tablets*

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The Ambassador Hotel is representative of everything that the finest hostelry can be in location, charm, excellence of menus and service.

There are always celebrities of the screen world at The Ambassador. It is in the social center on one of the world's most famous thoroughfares.

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ATLANTIC CITY • PALM BEACH • LOS ANGELES

Of course, there are a few children of fortune who have been wafted to affluence upon the breeze. But for every one of them there are ten thousand who make application at the stenographic department, at the wardrobe department, at the casting office and switchboard for any kind of job. That's why the waitresses in the cafés and the clerks in the drugstores are so pretty.

They thought that it was easy money, too—until they found out how hard it is to grab even a little of it!

## Unbeatable Betty

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

seriously ill, had a family to care for, and would actually lose his job. So Betty forthwith upset all rules and precedent, and worked under hot lights for six hours in clothes she didn't own!

Then she reverted to her rule and hasn't broken it since. She helps orphans, too.

ON her living room table is a handsome box. Open it, and you'll find the frowsiest collection of tinfoil that you've ever seen. She collects it and expects her friends to give her all they can save. When she gets a heavy ball of it, she sends it to a Denver orphanage, of which a relative is an official. They sell it.

She's always pestering people at the studio, too, to save tinfoil for her orphans!—prop men, grips, still men, stars, directors, all get asked to save the foil from their cigarettes and cigars for Betty.

Every once in a while, when there was a party at the Compsom place, Betty would say: "Well, whaddya say we help the orphans?"

Everybody agreed. So Betty sends the butler for a bottle or two of something, and the tinfoil goes into the orphans' box. Talking about butlers, Betty had to fire one once because he helped the orphans too much himself.

This all sounds as though Betty's a rather wild person, doesn't it? Well, don't get her wrong. She's regular—but she's real, too.

Thirty-three years old, Betty is, and in those thirty-three years she's known poverty and want. She achieved what she has by her own efforts. And in that fight, she's learned that life isn't all good or all bad; and that people are like that, too. There's nothing brilliant or novel about that philosophy, of course—but so many people never do seem to learn it.

As a matter of fact, Betty actually loves her work and her home. Work is paramount to her. She loves making pictures, and she's willing to make any sacrifice to maintain her stardom. You know, when she married Jim Cruze and went domestic, her weight rose to 135. Well, 135 for Betty's height is too much. When she went back to pictures, she had to reduce.

PEOPLE around the Compsom place began to be startled, mornings, by seeing a female dashing about in bathing suit or running togs.

They'd look out and mutter:

"There goes that crazy woman again, runnin' around half naked!"

It was Betty, of course, reducing. She brought her weight down to 108, and is keeping it there because she has a horror of ever having to do it all over again. She hates exercise, anyway. Swimming is about the only form of athletic diversion she goes in for, and not too much of that, either. For pastime, she'd rather read. She reads a lot, and her tastes are diversified—classics or popular stuff.

Superstitious? Yes—about as much as any ordinary person. Knocks wood for luck and things like that. Just like you or me.

Success hasn't gone to her head, either. I've told you how she likes people because she likes them—and not because they may be famous or rich. She keeps appointments, too—and that's SOMETHING in movieland. The biggest rôle of her career came because she kept instead of breaking a date.

# A short route to

# Beauty

and a sure  
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daily use of this

# Balanced Cream



AS YOU have probably discovered, a face that isn't cared for regularly soon advertises its neglect. Skin—to stay beautiful—needs a deep, thorough cleansing every day. It needs to be protected against roughness, the texture kept smooth and fresh. Rather an arduous program for the busy woman, isn't it? Unless she combines all rites in one by using a *balanced* cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has enjoyed forty years of feminine demand because it accomplishes a whole facial without accessory creams or lotions. So expertly is this all-pur-

pose cream compounded that it softens the skin immediately on application, sinks deep into the pores, relieves the skin of make-up, impurities, excess oil.

You don't need an elaborate shelf of cosmetics when you have Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream in your boudoir. You don't require a skin-food, for this *balanced* cream nourishes. It smooths away wrinkles, refines large pores, saves all the fuss and bother of lengthy beauty devotionals. And achieves the same miraculous results! The finest and best ingredients to be had make up the formula of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It is scientifically blended to agree with the greatest number of skins. You cannot buy a *better* product at *any* price. Send coupon below for a generous size tube.



These windy March days you'll find your make-up adheres better if put on over a light powder base of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.



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## Goodbye Dandruff!

There's nothing mysterious about dandruff. It's an actual substance, just as natural as perspiration. If you don't believe you have it, *try the finger-tip test*: gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every speck of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for blondes as it is for brunettes.

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For 10c enclosed send generous trial package and 32 page educational booklet "Your Hair and Scalp."

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# Men dislike Women is MICHAEL ARLEN'S

theme in his new COSMOPOLITAN serial of a modern girl who loses her heart but keeps her head in America's dizziest, maddest social set. What Arlen did in depicting London's Mayfair in "The Green Hat" he does now for our Park Avenue Mayfair in "Men Dislike Women." Begin this sparkling new serial in March

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Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 1253 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

She had an interview with George Loane Tucker. She had worked hard, and was dead tired. Nine persons out of ten would have broken the date. Betty kept it. It resulted in her being cast in "The Miracle Man"—and that was the picture that really "made" her.

And, rich or not, she's still a shrewd bargainer. She's never forgotten what she learned in days of privation, and if you don't believe it, just try to put something over on her.

She just loves children—she's happy when she's with them. But other people's—she never wants any of her own, she says. What she wants to do when she retires—and IF she retires—is to go to England and make her home there in a cottage. She worked in pictures in England, and loves the country.

SHE'S so jealous of her plans that some time ago, rather than forfeit the privilege of going back to England some day, she paid a \$15,000 tax on her earnings in England, when she might have gotten out of it by fighting it and staying here. Her own ancestry, by the way, is Norwegian—that's where she inherited that brilliant hair and those blue eyes.

She likes period furniture, and believes in changing her houseful of it every six or seven years. Sends out all the old stuff to the auction room, and refurbishes completely. Says it's as necessary for the house as airing out the bedding! She collects antiques—has Queen Victoria's egg cup and a pair of Dresden China candlesticks that the King of Serbia once owned. She has more than a thousand elephants of all kinds, sizes and materials.

She never keeps letters, but saves contracts. She thinks she'd like to direct pictures, and would also like to design advertising layouts. She plans to build a \$5,000,000 hotel in Hollywood. In fact, she thinks she can do any number of things as well as make pictures.

And if anybody makes the obvious wisecrack, the answer is that to date, she has made nearly 300 moving pictures, and is still making 'em.

And that's some kind of a record!



Charlotte, N. C.

I never had any childhood; I was a woman at twelve, with tragedy for a playmate. Youth is not even a pleasant memory; merely the grinding of wheels in a dingy, dusty mill and dragging an aching body home to rest. Now with life's doors of happiness locked and barred, I find myself shivering and alone, forced to warm my numbed fingers at the phantom firesides of make-believe—the movies, the one bright spot in my bleak life, the one place where I may dream, and forget, and play.

The charming love stories bring me the fragrance of many forgotten springtimes and the fullness of passion that was never mine. The varied locations of the pictures carry me into far places, giving me an idea of the great world in which we live, which I could never see but for the movies. My blood tingles with excitement when I tread dangerous paths in underworld pictures, so in contrast to the safe monotony of my present existence.

The movies have stretched out a hand to me in the dark. I have taken it and found its firm clasp warm and sincere; a friendly substitution for what I may never hope to attain.

Mrs. J. M.

## MY DEAR, can those be freckles we see!



THIS will never do. Lovely ladies mustn't look like young imps these days. Rush out and get a jar of the new Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this minute!

You'll love it. So safe—so gentle—so utterly ruthless in its business-like banishment of freckles and blotches, winter-weathering. You'll find your skin shades and shades lighter in just a few days, softer, smoother—and quite blemish-free.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is soothing, healing and completely harmless—its base a mild baby-skin cream. You'll find it at all toiletry counters—\$1 the jar.

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## Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, liquids, electricity—even a razor. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My Free Book, "Getting Rid of All Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Money back if not satisfied. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 659, Chicago.

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Fragrant and Refreshing

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A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

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## "Just Let Me Work"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

Arbuckle will half-smile and say, usually: "Aw, never mind me; I'm doing all right. But you might give a story to So-and-So"—naming either an old-timer who's heading for the rocks, or a newcomer who needs a boost.

He has learned that his field is motion pictures, and it is in that field alone that he must seek whatever the future holds for him. He tried, disastrously, restauranting. His friends backed him—first with the Plantation Club, a night resort near Hollywood. It went well enough, in a way, but "Fatty" got nothing out of it to speak of. His name was blazoned there in electric lights, and it was called "his" place.

But all he really was was entertainer there. And it didn't last.

**T**HEN some friends promoted another place for him, in Hollywood. But it was off the beaten track.

Friends are few—real friends, that is. Not many people came to Arbuckle's café. And that flopped, too.

"It's pictures for me," he realized. He had been brought up in pictures, and pictures was all he knew.

He hasn't many resources. So he turned back to pictures.

Producers were afraid of his name. They knew that to mark their product with the name of Arbuckle was to invite disaster.

It was Mack Sennett who took the first chance. He gave "Fatty" a job directing and gagging. But even Sennett had Arbuckle use another name. Four months, "Fatty" stayed there.

Then he went to Radio Pictures. Radio kept it very, very dark. If "Fatty" happened to get into a photograph taken on the set he was working on, while acting as gag-man, the negative was destroyed. The studio adopted a rigid hush-hush policy on Arbuckle's presence while he worked there as comedy adviser on two pictures.

From there, "Fatty" went to another producing organization that specializes in two-reel comedies.

For the past several months, he has been successfully directing there under his new name. He is reasonably happy.

When we say that, we mean that "Fatty" is resigned. He has lost his fight; he has lost his illusions. And of hope, he retains only a vestige.

That hope is the one thing he has never given up. It is the hope that some day, somehow, he may once again return to the screen—on the screen! And it's not because he thinks he can make more money—because he's making a good living now. It's because he can never forget the place he once held in the hearts and affections of movie-goers. He wants that place back.

"**A**LL I want to do is to be allowed to work in my field," is the way he puts it. There's no longer any enthusiasm behind his saying it, though.

"It isn't for money. I'm not broke. I never have been broke. I don't want anybody sobbing or whining over me.

"I've no resentment against anybody for what has happened. My conscience is clear, my heart is clean. I refuse to worry. I feel that I have atoned for everything.

"You know, people *can* be wrong. I don't say I'm *all* right. I don't believe the other side is *all* right. And anyway, so much worse has happened in history to people vastly more important than I am that my little worries don't matter, in comparison. So why should I kick?

"People have the right to their opinions. The people who oppose me have the right to

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theirs. I have the right to mine—which is that I've suffered enough, and been humiliated enough.

"I want to go back to the screen. I think I can entertain and gladden the people that see me. All I want is that. If I do get back, it will be grand.

"If I don't—well, okay."

**Lew Stares at Stars**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

orchestras, that he even had a little reed organ in his home. But I never dreamed of hearing the beautiful harmony, the difficult compositions, the unique improvisations which issued from that organ with Lew sitting, engrossed in his playing, at the console.

HOLLYWOOD has a way of winding itself about people so that they all, sooner or later, drop their individuality and assume a common mold. Tricked by Hollywood into adopting a stereotyped pose which they mistake for unique and individual temperament. There is a race to see who can display the most motor cars, the most pretentious homes, who throws the biggest parties, who can give Hollywood the biggest thrill of the moment.

Few stars have escaped Hollywood's treacherous yoke. Greta Garbo is one. Lew Ayres is another.

As Lew sat there at the organ, I couldn't help mentally cataloging him as a sort of male Garbo.

Indian moccasins on his feet, tie loosened, shirt unbuttoned at the throat, trousers out of press, really sloppy looking!

I asked if he wore the moccasins to better manipulate the organ pedals.

"Hadn't thought of that," he answered, without interrupting the improvisation upon which he was working. "Guess I *do* look kind of messy for one of these movie actors! So people are always telling me, anyway. But I'd rather be comfortable than eat!

"I had to spend most of my time around cafés and ballrooms for three years before I went into the movies, and I got fed up on party atmosphere, dolled up from morning till night, every word and gesture studied for the effect it would have on the observer.

"At last I can live as I want to. I can put on comfortable clothes, and rummage around the junk shops down on Main Street, attend auctions (I always get stung, but I *do* like auctions!), examine the ten-cent stores, fool around with this pipe organ, read books, drive down to Agua Caliente for *muchas cervezas* (several beers, that means), sit in my window nights and stare at the moon and stars through my telescope."

PUBLICITY regarding Lew Ayres has centered largely about two explicit characteristics—he is "baby-faced," and he is silent. Don't let either of these facts fool you about the boy they only vaguely describe. Lew has a sense of values—a philosophy far in advance of his years. Few other young chaps could have been showered with his sudden success, and been able to resist the temptations Hollywood offers youth.

Lew has an enviable bank account, takes pleasure-filled week-end trips to all of Southern California's points of interest, reads good books, studies astronomy and music every spare minute, chooses a few reliable and interesting friends . . . the rest can go to the devil!

Lew knows his Hollywood, and has beaten it before it even so much as induced him to try on a beret.

Lew's own words are: "Life is a lot of fun if you make it so! I figure that it is my job to do my best at the studio; then I can go home and forget work—make the spare hours

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count. Parties, cars and clothes in excess—they're all right, I suppose, but nothing upon which to build memories for future years. You may think me over cautious, but it isn't that. It's just my idea that you can be happy all your life, if you pave the way for it from the start."

Maybe the younger generation isn't headed so directly for destruction—as voices from the bench and pulpit would have us think, when a youngster can salvage from the sophistication, cynicism, and futility of life in Hollywood a philosophy like that of Lew Ayres!

**Larry the Kid**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]

in a lake, that he can't see it that way! He thoroughly resents being told what to do.

He once said: "If I tried to live the way people say I should live, I'd be dead!"

He lives for the sheer joy of living.

Temperament is just a foolish word in his lexicon.

**G**RAND vocalist that he is, Tibbett can't play a single musical instrument! He can't even play the piano well enough to accompany himself. The only thing he can play is a phonograph, and he has a wonderful collection of records—everything from Red-Seal stuff to the jazziest syncopation.

He loves jazz and loves to dance to it, and thinks that most people who go for only "high brow" music are putting it on.

For his own delectation, his favorite musical pieces are the Evening Star aria from Tannhauser, and "A Kingdom in the Sea," a song by Edgar Allan Poe, to music by Arthur Somerville. He sings these two for himself. He also loves German *lieder* and popular ballads and is constantly using more and more of them in his recitals.

"Some day when I get nerve enough," he says. "I'm going to confine all my concerts to English songs and ballads." He contends that as long as he's singing in an English-speaking country, why not sing in English? He has little patience with ultra-highbrow critics.

Mrs. Tibbett has to keep a sharp eye cocked on him. He'd buy colored shirts if she'd let him but she makes him buy white ones. When he does buy clothes, he buys in huge quantities at a time—when he has one suit made, he orders three or four more like it. Shirts, pajamas by the dozens.

He hates to buy hats and shoes, and would rather wear old ones.

He's got a corduroy coat that his wife can't part him from unless she burns it, and he's got a pet sweater that's the same way.

He lets his valet choose his clothes for him when he dresses, and when he undresses, it's liable to be anywhere around the house. Mrs. Tibbett never knows where she will find his collar and tie next.

**H**E doesn't play bridge at all. Nobody cares, because he's more fun at a gathering *not* playing bridge.

Sometimes he gets up when some music is being played and does an impromptu "aesthetic" or "interpretive" dance. It's as good as Chaplin.

He has no hobby, unless it's collecting suitcases and leather goods. It is all one can do to get him by a leather goods shop without his going in and buying things.

He has more suitcases than stuff to pack in them.

He clings to an old razor he's owned for fifteen years.

His secret ambition is to be a Shakespearean actor.

And that's a close-up of Larry Tibbett, who's never grown up! Thank God!



**"WOMEN USE TOO MUCH ROUGE"**

**THE MEN**, poor dears are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does* look unreal.

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# May-Breath

# Did Brown and Garbo Fight?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

enough. She refused to say many of the lines and instead of arguing about it she'd only sulk and murmur, "When docs the next boat leave for Sweden?" a variation of the old "I tank I go home."

When asked why a line did not please her she would only say, "Oh, dot's silly. I never heard people talk like dot." "Inspiration," a sophisticated story has smart, Continental atmosphere.

The lines are those that might be used by smart people.

GETTING the most from a line is something that Garbo does not yet know how to do. She has mastered every trick of the silent screen, but the technique of the theater, which has now become the technique of the screen, is foreign to her.

Once she said to a member of the cast, "I should like to go on the stage."

"But what would you do about rehearsals? You don't like them."

"I wouldn't do them," she said. "You see, I'd have the whole cast rehearse and have another woman do my part. Then, when it was ready I'd come in and play the rôle."

And that!—a Scandinavian snap of the finger—for the traditions of the theater!

You see, Garbo believed that she knew more about dialogue and the reading of lines than the producers. At least, her actions betrayed this and because she would not learn at home the lines she did not like, the set was turned into a school room. While the other members of the cast—pretty good actors, too, Marjorie Rambeau, Lewis Stone, Beryl Mercer, Robert Montgomery—waited, Garbo was taught her speeches.

It is reported that Clarence Brown used to go behind a flat alone. Perhaps he was counting from one to ten!

The strange part is that this is all very different from the way things were six years ago, when Garbo first came over. The late Mauritz Stiller directed the first part of her second picture.

Stiller was the final word, Garbo not even the introductory sentence.

She moved before the camera at his command. And it was only when Stiller left the M-G-M lot that Garbo showed her first signs of temperament. But she showed her stubbornness so persistently that other directors wished Clarence Brown sardonic congratulations when he was assigned to guide her and Jack Gilbert through the amorous paths of "Flesh and the Devil."

That, as it later turned out, was the film that made of her the first siren of the cinema. And it also showed that something in Garbo's temperament acted as a complement to something in Brown's.

You realized that these two were the perfect star-director team.

Garbo was completely happy doing that part. Brown made her work as she had never done before.

He also introduced her to Jack Gilbert and never before was there such an idyllic glow of happiness upon any set.

IT is true, of course, that Brown directed her more in that first film than he has since. The years, of course, have taught her much. Brown knows her to be the outstanding woman personality of the screen, and he now lets her play her scenes about as she wants to do them. She has confidence in Brown. She knows his worth as a director.

Out of that confidence, and their long association, Garbo and Brown have developed friendship.

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Here's a little yarn that will illustrate it. During the last football season Brown was told, on a fine Saturday morning, that he would have to work with Garbo and her company all day. Greta saw that her director looked sad.

"What is the matter, Clarence?" she asked.

"I wanted to go to the game," the director said.

"You have de tickets?" asked Garbo.

"Yes," answered Brown.

"O.K. You go. Now Garbo sick! She cannot work any more today."

SO the star put her hand to her head, and staggered across the set, saying "Garbo sick! Garbo sick! No more work!"

And Brown saw the football game. Brown knows her worth as an actress and he has made part of his success with her by sitting by, calmly, and allowing the flame of her talent to burn itself before the camera. Whenever any difficulty arises Brown says, "Well, we'll shoot the scene two ways, your way and mine, and we'll see which is the better!"

It is the way to handle Garbo. Arguments won't do. She has fixed opinions, but she does not back these up with reasons. Just as in the old days she sent hairdressers away talking to themselves with her "Garbo does not like," so now she watches the action of a bit of the scene and says—in effect—"Garbo does not like." Therefore, Garbo must have her own way. She may be persuaded to do it another way as well. But she'll do it her way at least once.

So much for the trouble on "Inspiration." So much for the rumors of star-director battles.

There were none of the latter—only sulky moments that made everybody concerned unhappy.

Garbo can be most unpleasant. But the only thing of importance to you and to me is that one rumor that Brown will not direct Garbo again. That would be tragic.

AND, here is what Brown, himself, says about that. "I would not direct Miss Garbo again under the same conditions that prevailed during the last picture. We would begin by having a completed script before we started. But for Miss Garbo, personally and as an artist, I have the greatest respect and admiration."

And, now, for you Garbo fans, here's the final tag to the story. Garbo did not like her rôle in "Inspiration." She did not like her lines.

She did not like the conception of the woman she played. She did not like working in the picture.

And, yet, as the modernized "Sappho," she gives one of the most beautiful characterizations of her exciting career.

And if you can beat that one you'll win the diamond-studded megaphone.

### Here Are the Names of the "Best Known Unknowns"

These are the names of the best-known Hollywood unknowns described in Mr. Chrisman's story on pages 72-73.

How many did you know?

1. Tom Ricketts
2. Lon Poff
3. Daisy Belmore
4. Edgar Norton
5. DeWitt Jennings
6. Maude Turner Gordon
7. Paul McAllister
8. Maurice Black
9. Dale Fuller
10. Ed Brady

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## Ina Claire Laughs Last—and Loudest!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

that was Ina Claire's artistic kingdom? Alas, and I may say, alack, no. It popped faintly, for its first showing, at an out of the way neighborhood theater—for three days! This, for the first talking picture of a potent star!

And then it dropped from sight entirely. To this day there is some doubt, probably, in the minds of thousands, as to whether there really WAS such a picture as "The Awful Truth." And as one of the few who saw it, I may say it was a pretty good picture, too! But that didn't help Ina, her pride, or Pathe very much.

AND so Queen Ina Claire entered upon her Black Days. As far as Hollywood was concerned, she was already in the scullery, polishing pans from which her betters might feed.

But Hollywood didn't know the Claire girl. When Pathe bought off the rest of her contract for \$75,000—when she squabbled with Gilbert and moved out of the hilltop castle into a house in the lowlands, still Hollywood didn't know her.

The picture public never had—save as "that blonde dame, you know, the one who married Jack Gilbert."

So here was Ina, palpably a slightly spotted deuce at the bottom of the deck. A lesser woman might have taken her licking and retired to a cave to moan and blubber. But not Ina. That wasn't the way she got to be a queen. Just when her bruises were biggest and sorest, she really began to fight.

And for magnificent ironic comedy—with a dash of white-hot drama—I offer you Ina Claire's irresistible, indomitable comeback!

Suddenly Hollywood, dreaming in its cardboard castles, learned that Miss Ina Claire was to star on the Los Angeles stage in "Rebound," a play by Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart. It lifted one eyebrow, and went back to its movie mumbling. Oh yes, that stage actress who married Gilbert. And what a first-rate flopperino SHE was!

But they still didn't know Ina Claire. She and Gilbert called out the troops. Jack commandeered a flock of seats and marched in the movie monarchs, all ermine and diamonds—all from Missouri, waiting sniffily to be shown.

Ina Claire, indeed! It was, by all accounts, the most brilliant opening in the history of the Los Angeles stage.

AND they were shown! In the leading rôle of "Rebound" one Ina Claire gave a performance that left the mummies gasping like so many moribund tadpoles. She let them have both barrels of her colossal glamour—she teased them, cajoled them, smote them, inflamed them, stirred them and left them goggling in their seats! Producers rushed into the lobby, talking to themselves and adding sums on their fingers.

Well, it was really too funny. Ina's triumph was complete. If there was any enemy yet alive, it was flying over the High Sierras, its coat tails lying flat on the breeze.

Before you could mutter "Gustav Von Seyffertitz," Ina Claire had been signed on the dotted line by Paramount, and Pathe had snapped up "Rebound" for Ann Harding. From that droll result, you can see that it was a scramble, and too bad for the hindmost!

Ina Claire? Oh, she just smiled a slow, cool smile and went into strict training. Ina, you see, was a queen again.

Gilbert had married a blonde actress, and caught a monarch!

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Ina Claire tossed off a few pounds, here and there.

She no longer had buck fever when a microphone snapped at her. She looked more ravishing than she had in years.

Like the great troupier she is, she went into the trenches at Paramount's Eastern studio—and the scenes flew.

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Paramount did its part. It told off Fredric March and Henrietta Crosman and Mary Brian for the company.

It allowed George Cukor and Cyril Gardner to try their directorial metal on the excellent script.

AND what a picture they made—with Claire and March glittering in the van!

It had a silk-hat opening at the proud Rivoli Theater, right where Broadway's heart beats loudest.

The critics danced in the aisles when the première was over. For days on end the public jammed, packed and crammed the playhouse—to see what is certainly one of the best talking pictures yet manufactured by the arts and sciences in crafty hands.

And there you have it—and there you have Ina Claire, a queenlier queen than ever, and rightly so, by talent, training and beauty. I sometimes wonder what Hollywood makes of it, when it contemplates "that snooty blonde stage actress who came out here and married Jack Gilbert and then flopped over at Pathe."

Can you beat it for Horatio Alger drama—and for sardonic comedy?

Have your laugh, Ina—and make it loud, long and as triumphant as you please.

And wait—as one who has adored you (from theater balconies) for years, let me join in!

Harl Harl Harl and a Tiger!



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CAPABLE—she understands her work and does it well. Efficient—to the very tips of her speeding fingers. Fully dependable—until a certain period every month.

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## A Real Sheik Sees Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

and all the other make-up of the so-called "sheik."

"There's one of *our* sheiks," said the studio man.

"That?" screamed Ab's'l'm. Then he spat violently and in five languages, called upon Allah to witness that he had been grossly insulted.

It was many minutes before the studio man could explain that the term sheik originated here with the Valentino rage.

"Bah!" lamented Ab's'l'm at length. Then: "Now you know Meester Wolheim? Well, he would be a sheik in my coundree."

IT was about his five wives that they kidded Ab's'l'm most. Ab's'l'm finally shut them up.

"W'at ees de deaf'rence?" he asked. "Een my coundree, I haf five wives. Eet seems from w'at I see and hear dat een Holleewood eet ees not onusual for one beautiful woman to haf five 'osbands—som'time not all at once, maybe."

And American men—oh, they're all right as friends, but as lovmakers . . . !

"I theenk," said Ab's'l'm to a close friend on the day he left Hollywood, "dat sometime soon I shall come back.

"I shall estableeah a school for love-making. Eet ees badly needed here."

But then, this is a family magazine, after all.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALMOST A HONEYMOON"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by Walter Ellis. Adapted by Monty Banks and Walter Mycroft. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: *Basil Dibley*, Clifford Mollison; *The Butler*, Donald Calthrop; *Rosalie Quiller*, Dorothy (Dodo) Waits; *Culbert de Grey*, Lamon. Dickson; *Sir James Jephson*, C. M. Hallard.

"ALOHA"—ROGELL-TIFFANY PRODUCTION.—From the story by Thomas H. Ince and J. G. Hawks. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Jimmy Bradford*, Ben Lyon; *Hanu*, Raquel Torres; *James Bradford, Sr.*, Robert Edeson; *Stevens*, Alan Hale; *Winifred Marvin*, Thelma Todd; *Elaine Marvin*, Marion Douglas; *Old Ben*, Otis Harlan; *Johnny Marvin*, T. Roy Barnes; *Larry Leavitt*, Robert Ellis; *Kahea*, Donald Reed; *A Sailor*, Al St. John; *Junior Bradford*, Dickie Moore; *Governess*, Marcia Harris; *Rosalie*, Addie McPhail; *Dixie*, Phyllis Crane; *Naive Girl*, Rita Rey.

"CAUGHT CHEATING"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by W. Scott Darling. Directed by Frank Stryer. The cast: *T. McGillicuddy Hungerford*, Charlie Murray; *Sam Harris*, George Sidney; *Maddlyne Cabrone*, Nita Martan; *Joe Cabrone*, Robert Ellis; *Tessie*, Dorothy Christy; *Lena Harris*, Bertha Mann; *Tobey Moran*, Fred Malatesta; *Giuseppe*, George Regas.

"CITY LIGHTS"—CHAPLIN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. The cast: *A Blind Girl*, Virginia Cherrill; *Her Grandmother*, Florence Lee; *An Eccentric Millionaire*, Harry Myers; *His Butler*, Allan Garcia; *A Prizefighter*, Hank Mann; *A Tramp*, Charles Chaplin.

"DAMAGED LOVE"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the play by Thomas W. Broadhurst. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Nita Meredith*, June Collyer; *Jim Powell*, Charles Starrett; *Rose Powell*, Eloise Taylor; *Madge Sloan*, Betty Garde; *Ned Endicott*, Charles Trowbridge.

"DANCE FOOLS, DANCE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Aurania Rouverol. Continuity by Richard Schayer. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Bonnie*, Joan Crawford; *Bob*, Lester Vail; *Bert Scranion*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodney*, William Bakewell; *Stanley Jordan*, William Holden; *Jake Luva*, Clark Gable; *Wally*, Earle Foxe; *Parker*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Selby*, Hale Hamilton; *Della*, Natalie Moorhead; *Sylvia*, Joan Marsh; *Whitey*, Russell Hopton.

"DRACULA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Bram Stoker and the play by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Count Dracula*, Bela Lugosi; *Mina Seward*, Helen Chandler; *John Harker*, David Manners; *Dr. Seward*, Herbert Bunston; *Dr. Van Helsing*, Edward Van Sloan; *Renfield*, Dwight Frye; *Lucy*, Frances Dade; *Martin*, Charles Gerrard; *Maid*, Joan Standing.

"EASIEST WAY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene Walter. Adapted by Edith Ellis.

Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Laura Murdock*, Constance Bennett; *Willard Brockton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Jack Madison*, Robert Montgomery; *Peg*, Anita Page; *Elfe*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ben*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Agnes*, Clara Blandick; *Nick*, Clark Gable.

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"—WARNERS.—From the play by Herbert Fields. Adapted by Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and Eddie Welch. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Jack*, William Gaxton; *Simon and Peter*, Olsen and Johnson; *Violet*, Helen Broderick; *Baxter*, Lester Crawford; *Michael*, John Halliday; *Pernasse*, Charles Judels; *Looloo*, Claudia Dell; *Joyce*, Evalyn Knapp; *Marcelle*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Mrs. Carroll*, Daisy Belmore; *Mrs. Rosen*, Vera Gordon; *Mr. Rosen*, Nat Carr; *Fakir*, Bela Lugosi.

"FIGHTING THRU"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Dan Barton*, Ken Maynard; *Alice Malden*, Jeanette Loff; *Tennessee Malden*, Wallace MacDonald; *Queenie*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Ace*, William L. Thorne; *Fox Tyson*, Charles L. King; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns.

"GANG BUSTER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Cyclone Charlie Case*, Jack Oakie; *Sylvia Martine*, Jean Arthur; *Sudden Slade*, William Boyd; *Andrew Martine*, William Morris; *Gopher Brant*, Tom Kennedy; *Zella*, Wynne Gibson; *Pete Caltek*, Francis MacDonald; *Carlo*, Albert Conti; *Falkner*, Harry Stubbs; *Sammy*, Ernie Adams.

"GENTLEMAN'S FATE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Ursula Parrott. Continuity by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Giacomo*, John Gilbert; *Frank*, Louis Wolheim; *Marjorie*, Leila Hyams; *Ruth*, Anita Page; *Mabel*, Marie Prevost; *Florio*, John Miljan; *Mike*, George Cooper; *Angela*, Ferike Beros; *Dante*, Ralph Ince; *Francesco*, Frank Reicher; *Mario*, Paul Porcasi; *Tony*, Tenen Holtz.

"HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the playlet by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Cecil Lewis. The cast: *He*, Robert Harris; *She*, Vera Lennox; *Husband*, Edmund Gwenn.

"JAWS OF HELL"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Boyd Cable. Scenario by Robert Stevenson. Directed by Maurice Elvey and Milton Rosmer. The cast: *John Kennedy*, Cyril McLaglen; *Jean MacDonald*, Benita Hume; *Nobby*, Alf Goddard; *Capt. Gardner*, Miles Mander; *Father Nikolai*, Robert Helmes; *Natasha*, Betty Bolton; *Trooper Strang*, Wal Patch; *Capt. Nolan*, Harold Huth; *Lord Raglan*, J. Fisher White; *Prisoner's Friend*, Clifford Mollison; *Prosecutor*, H. St. Barbe West.

"LOVE KISS, THE"—CELEBRITY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Robert R. Snody. Directed by Robert R. Snody. The cast: *Annabelle Lee*, Olive



Ever know what happens to a miniature golf course when it dies? Sometimes it turns into a trout pool! When Ruth Roland's pee-wee course went bad, she flooded part of it, stocked it with trout, and here you see the young folks casting for speckled beauties in the heart of Hollywood!

Shen; Roger Jackson, Forrest Stanley; Helen Foster, Joan Bourdelle, Miss Primm, Alice Hegehan; Billiam, Donald Meek; Ruth, Terry Carroll; Joan, Rita Crane; Mary, Berta Donn; Sally, Sally Mack.

"MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE"—ELSTREE PRODUCTION.—From the play by Reginald Simpson. Adapted by Walter Summers and Walter Mivcott. Directed by Walter Summers. The cast: Nick Dugan, Bernard Neddell, Irma Russell, Joyce Kennedy; John Larwood, O. B. Clarence; Barry Larwood, Billy Milton; Cherry Henderson, Dodo Witts, Detective Inspector Drew, Austin Trevor; Detective Sergeant Moyn, Albert Whelan; Jimmy Donovan, Dennis Hoos; Bill Sicaert, Leonard Dainton; Sergeant Lane, Matthew Boulton; Koss, Morris Harvey; Tel, Ben Welden; Charles, Syd Crossley; P. C. Harris, Fred Lloyd.

"MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE"—FOX.—From the play and story by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson. Screen play by Edwin J. Burke. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: Angie, Janet Gaynor; Stephen Randolph, Kenneth MacKenna; Mrs. Gaynes, Mary Forbes; Thomas Randolph, William Holden; Charles Kesling, Ulrich Haupt; Captain Gallon, William J. Worthington; Griggs, Peter Gawthorne; Barse-Duc, Leslie Fenton.

"MANY A SLIP"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: Jerry, Lew Ayres; Pat Coster, Joan Bennett; Hopkins, Slim Sumner; Ted Coster, Ben Alexander; Smitty, Virginia Sale; Stan Price, Roscoe Karns; Mrs. Coster, Vivian Oakland; Mr. Coster, J. C. Nugent.

"MEN ON CALL"—FOX.—From the story by James K. McGuinness. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Chuck Long, Edmund Lowe; Helen Gordon, Mae Clarke; Coast Guard Captain, William Harrigan; Joe Burke, Warren Hymer; Perkins, Joe Brown; Mrs. Joe Burke, Ruth Warren; Mary Burton, Sharon Lynn; Surfman, George Corcoran.

"MILLIE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Millie, Helen Twelvetrees; Helen, Lilyan Tashjian; Tommy, Robert Ames; Angie, Joan Blondell; Jimmy Damier, John Halliday; Jack Maitland, James Hall; Connie, Anita Louise; Attorney, Edmund Breese; Holmes, Frank McHugh; Springs, Franklin Parker; Mrs. Maitland, Charlotte Walker; Mark, Harry Stubbs; Hawksworth, Harvey Clark; Mike, Charles Delaney; Miss Vail; Carnielita Geraghty, Clara Roscoe, Geneva Mitchell; Luke, Otis Harlan; Bobby, Marie Astaire; Landlady, Aggie Herring.

"NIGHT BIRDS"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Scenario by Victor Kendall. Directed by Richard Eichberg. The cast: Detective, Jack Raine; Deacon, Lake, Jameson Thomas; Dolly, Muriel Angelus; Mary, Eve Gray; Chief Inspector, Frank Perfit; Archibald Bunny, Garry Marsh; "Scottie," D. Hay Petric; "Toothpick," Jeff, Harry Terry; "Dancer" Johnny, Cyril Butcher.

"NO LIMIT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Salisbury Field. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Bunny O'Day, Clara Bow; Douglas Thayer, Norman Foster; Max Mindil, Harry Green; Ole Olson, Stuart Erwin; Dodo Potter, Dixie Lee; Joyce, Thelma Todd; Carly, Kenneth Duncan; Happy, Mischa Auer; Romeo, Maurice Black; Wilkie, William Davidson; Charlie, G. Pat Collins; Armstrong, Paul Nicholson; Hannon, Frank Hagney.

"ONCE A SINNER"—FOX.—From the story by George Middleton. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: Diana Barry, Dorothy Mackail; Tommy

Mason, Joel McCrea, Richard Kent, John Halliday; Serge Ratoff, C. Henry Gordon, Kitty King, Ika Chase, Mrs. Mason, Clara Blandick, Mary Nolan, Myra Hampton; James Brent, George Brent, Helle Patterson, Sally Blaine; Marie, Ninette Faro; Pierre, Theodore Lodi.

"PAINTED DESERT, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Howard Huggin and Tom Buckingham. Directed by Howard Huggin. The cast: Bill Hobbrook, Bill Boyd; Mary Ellen, Helen Twelvetrees; Cash, William Farnum; Jeff, J. Farrell MacDonald; Bret, Clark Gable; Tonopah, Charles S. Bron; Kirby, Will Walling; Tex, Guy Edward Hearst; Carson, Wade Boteler; Denver, William LaMare; Charlie, Cy Clegg; Steve, James Donlon; Frosty, Richard Cramer; Sullivan, George Burton; Randall, James Mason; Doyle, Brady Kline; Dynamite, Jerry Drew; Bill Hobbrook (as baby), Hugh Allen Adams.

"RESURRECTION"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Count Leo Tolstoy. Adapted by Fims Fox. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Prince Dmitri Ivanovich Nekhliudof, John Bob; Katusha Maslova, Lupe Velez; Major Schoenboch, William Keighley; Aunt Marya, Nance O'Neil; Aunt Sophia, Rose Tapley; Simon Kartinkin, Inn-Keeper, Michael Mark; Simon's wife, Sylvia Nadina; Smelkoff (The Merchant), Edward Cecil.

"SEAS BENEATH"—FOX.—From the story by James Parker, Jr. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Commander Bob Kingsley, U. S. N., George O'Brien; Anna-Maria von Steuben, Marion Lessing; "Lug," Kaufman, Warren Hymer; "Mugs" O'Flaherty, William Collier, Sr.; Chief Mike Costello, Walter C. Kelly; Chief Joe Cobb, Walter McGrail; Lieutenant M. Gregor, Larry Kent; Ensign Dick Cabot, Gaylord Pendleton; "Butch" Wagner, Nat Pendleton; Ernst Von Steuben, commanding U-172, Henry Victor; Franz Schuller, 1st Officer U-172, John Loder; Adolph Brucker, Engineer U-172, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; Fritz Kampf, 2nd Officer U-172, Hans Furborg; Hoffman, Kurt Furborg; Winkler, Harry Tenbrook; Lotita, Mona Maris; Reilly, Terry Ray; Harrigan, Ben Hall; Levinsky, Harry Weil; Merkel, Maurice Murphy; Trawler Captain, Francis Ford.

"SECOND HONEYMOON, THE"—CONTINENTAL.—From the novel by Ruby M. Ayres. Adapted by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Mary Huntley, Josephine Dunn; Jim Huntley, Edward Earle; Major Ashbrook, Ernest Hilliard; Edith, Bernice Elliott; Maid, Fern Emmett; Sheriff, Harry Allen; Deputy, Henry Roremore.

"SOUTHERNER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bess Meredith and Wells Root. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: Jeffry, Lawrence Tibbett; Antonia, Esther Ralston; Doc, Roland Young; Snipe, Cliff Edwards; Rodman, Purnell B. Pratt; Christine, Hedda Hopper; Mrs. Farraday, Emma Dunn; Hoke, Stepin Fetchit; George, Lonis John Bartels; Carter Jerome, Theodore Von Eltz; Peter, Wally Albright, Jr.; Elsbeth, Suzanne Ransome; Naomi, Gertrude Howard; Jackson, John Larkin.

"SUNRISE TRAIL, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: Texas, Bob Steele; Goldie, Blanche Mehaffey; Kansas, Jack Clifford; French Sadie, Germaine De Neel; Rand, Eddie Dunn; Sheriff, Fred Burns.

"TRADER HORN"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Ethelreda Lewis. Adapted by Dale Van Every and John Thomas Neville. Screen play by Richard Schayer. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Harry Carey; Edwina Booth; Duncan Renaldo; Mutia Omoou; and Olive Golden.

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Well sir, two weeks went by an' he not only was alive but was seen to grin now an' then. Another week an' he was whistlin' at dogs an' smilin' at little children. Dug up the poison ivy he'd planted on his west forty acres an' constructed a free picnic grounds.

History sez every great feller was inspired by some woman, an' I figger it's true in old man Wheeler's case. Instead of poisonin' him his new wife gave him some little chocolate tablets.

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They are all prosperous city folks. I was to make a visit to see them. I knew I was terribly passé in clothes and manners and diction. I had neglected myself terribly on the farm making money to help the children to be "higher up." I went to the movies. I studied the stars and everyone else in the play. I studied the audience. I learned

much about deportment, dress and manners in general. I studied diction. That is where I adore the talkies. Their pronunciation is always correct, their English faultless.

I spent long hours in practising their talk. I learned new words, and how and when to use them. Then after weeks of finishing I shopped.

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- The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?
- How much Loretta Young weighs?
- Where Chevalier was during the World War?
- That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?
- What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?
- That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?
- Who was once engaged to the 'grandson' of the Kaiser?
- The name of Irene Rich's husband?
- Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?
- Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?
- The real name of Lew Cojy?
- What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?
- How many times Alma Rubens has been married?
- How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?
- Where Bebe Daniels was born?
- How old is Marie Dressler?
- Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?
- How Jack Oakie got his start?
- Gilbert Roland's nationality?
- Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

**WAR NURSE**—M.G.M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Grotesque and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M.G.M.—John Gilbert as a sea-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

**WAY OF ALL MEN, THE**—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (Sept.)

**WESTWARD BOUND**—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

**WHAT A WIDOW!**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

**WHAT MEN WANT**—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (Sept.)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

**WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE**—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

**WILD MEN OF KALIHARI**—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

**WINGS OF ADVENTURE**—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

**YELLOW MASK, THE**—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM 3/4 TAKT (Two Hearts In Waltz Time)**—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

# How to Have Lovely Lips for 8 Hours



You apply when you go out



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

**New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wear-proof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."**

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

### Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick.

It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

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-quickening loveliness—trust the French for that!

### What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the **NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge)**. AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

## The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.



Here's Ernest Schoedsack, the patient genius who spent nearly a year in the jungles of Sumatra and came out with the great film called "Rango," in which orang-utangs are the stars. Schoedsack also made "Grass" and "Chang"

## BE MODERN NO GRAY HAIR

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# The *Million Dollar* Baby



All sparkle, dimples and bright-eyed smile—that's Dorothy Lee, who at nineteen has a talkie contract that will collect her three-quarters of a million before it wears out

One of the prettiest, brightest things that ever happened in Hollywood—little Dynamite Dorothy Lee!

*By Katherine Albert*

her little face is as serious as that of an executive about to merge a couple of studios.

She hates stockings and never wears 'em. She hates shoes, too.

She didn't wear stockings at her own wedding and immediately after the ceremony was over (the guests were still assembled) she took off her shoes.

You could put her in your hip pocket and still have room for a good-sized flask, but I defy you to keep up with her, athletically, for one whole day.

She's not the kind of actress who poses for publicity pictures—tennis racket in hand, golf club thrown over left shoulder, and that's all.

She actually does things—tennis, golf, riding, swimming. Well, wasn't she the star player on her lacrosse and hockey teams in high school? Couldn't she skin the cat better than any kid in the neighborhood? Your grandmother would have called her a tomboy.

**W**ITH "sitting down" games she has no patience. Bridge makes her think—and she doesn't like that. For she's all energy, actual physical energy, and can honestly give any man a pretty good game of whatever she attempts.

Which is one of the things that makes her husband adore her. The husband is Jimmie Fidler, one of the best press agents in the business.

They live in a swell house at Toluca Lake—neighbors of Jobyna and Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell.

There is, of course, a swimming pool and a tennis court at the side of the house and at the back is a big room devoted to nothing but games.

On the screen Midge is the baby-faced, blank-eyed cutie with whom Wheeler and Woolsey do a succession of gags. Wheeler and Woolsey started out as a comedy team but Dorothy makes it a trio. You remember "Half Shot at Sunrise," "Hook, Line and Sinker" and others.

Now she's to be a star in her own right. She will do a college story and that remains to be seen.

With Wheeler and Woolsey she is perfect. She gives an elfin, sprite-like quality to the screen. She is the exact foil for the funny men.

Now she has to stand on her own two tiny feet. (And she doesn't like to wear shoes.)

She does not like the average formal party. Too energetic, too strenuous to chat discreetly with the people you meet at parties, she prefers the lustier type of gathering in her own play room where nobody dresses up. There she will wear you out at ping pong.

She takes her success quite calmly. She thinks it strange that, a Los Angeles girl herself, she had to go to New York before any studio would consider her. Outside of this it's all perfectly natural.

And, what's more, a big hunk of that three-quarters of a million will be put away in a sturdy sock. She may be just nineteen. She may be the smallest thing in Radio Pictures. She still knows what to do with her money.

**H**ERE'S one to try over on your Cinderella complex! A little girl, who had always wanted to get in pictures, had tried to crash every studio gate in Hollywood, gave it up as a bad job, joined the Fanchon and Marco dancers, went to New York to do musical comedy and was signed by Radio Pictures, is now—just a little more than a year afterwards—possessor of a contract which states that she will be paid three-quarters of a million dollars by the time it expires.

Things happen pretty quick in Hollywood. One of the prettiest and the quickest is Dorothy Lee.

Dorothy—otherwise known as Midge—is nineteen years old. She is four feet, eleven and a half inches tall and weighs ninety-five pounds. (I guess that's what you'd call being worth her weight in gold.)

On the screen she's always laughing. Away from the camera

# Show me the husband

*who hasn't a weakness  
for smooth, pretty hands!*

Husbands are funny. You know, I really think that they are more sentimental than we are. Deep down in their hearts, they wish that they could keep us as fresh and lovely as we were on our wedding day—right to our very finger-tips. I suppose many a fond husband blames himself. He says—"If I were making more money, we could afford a maid. Then she wouldn't have such hard-working hands."

He is likely to think that work is to blame. Perhaps you do, too. I know I did once—when I thought that washing and cleaning was such hard work that I needed the help of *strong* soap.



Yet strong "kitchen" soap is what makes our hands get red and puffy and dry. It splits the cuticle and makes the nails brittle. And in cold

weather, our hands get chapped and sore so easily!

Now if you don't feel happy about your hands, I'd like to ask a favor of you. Test out my plan—do your usual hard work with a *mild, pure* soap. I hope that means that you'll do your washing and cleaning and dishwashing with gentle Ivory suds!

For Ivory will prove to you that a mild soap can do really hard work. And it will help you to be truly economical. It will keep your colored clothes fresh-tinted—it won't fade and age them, as strong soaps do. Ivory will preserve the gloss on your painted woodwork and the newness of your linoleum . . . for Ivory has none of the "eating" action of harsh "kitchen" soaps.

By the way, have you tried out the new Ivory Snow? You'll find it wonderful for baby woolsens and nice silks; its fine little snowdrops dissolve instantly and completely in *lukewarm* water!

And during this trying weather, I always take care to make every Ivory task a beauty treatment for my hands. I always dry my hands carefully and gently push the cuticle down with my towel to keep it free. Then, even if I have to go outdoors right away, my hands keep soft and smooth.



Do try this plan, won't you? Then your husband will be prouder of you—and you'll be happier! Husbands *like* to be twisted around smooth, soft fingers—and it's part of our business to keep them satisfied!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS



Have you tried the new Ivory Snow?



Ivory tasks keep hands smooth

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## IVORY SNOW!

It looks like snow. It melts like snow instantly in lukewarm water—into snowbanks of 99 44/100% Pure Ivory suds! Try Ivory Snow. See how kind it is to delicate silks and woolsens—and your beauty-wishing hands.



# Clean teeth - firm gums - and no more "Pink tooth brush!"

**T**ODAY there is no such thing as taking care of your teeth if you neglect your gums—if you fail to keep them firm, hard and healthy. Otherwise you run the risk of gingivitis, trench mouth or even pyorrhea. You risk the possible loss of even the soundest, whitest teeth through infection at the roots!

In these modern days we eat almost no coarse foods, and lacking natural stimulation, our gums grow lazy, flabby, and tender. Soon they begin to bleed—and we have "pink tooth brush"!

To prevent "pink tooth brush", the gums *must* be cared for.

Ipana Tooth Paste is a scientific modern

tooth paste. It keeps the teeth *clean*, and sparkling white. Moreover, if you will rub Ipana lightly into your gums each time you clean your teeth, it will bring a healthy glow to the gums, and keep them firm and hard. Ipana and massage—that's today's answer to today's most common oral health trouble: "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-31  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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# PHOTOPLAY

APRIL

25 CENTS



What  
Hollywood  
Did To  
Einstein

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Your  
**Picture Idea**

The Inside  
Story of  
**Gaynor and**  
**Farrell**



**BECAUSE  
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WELL-GROOMED  
IN  
ALL THINGS**

Because they are fastidious in all phases of enjoyment . . . it is only natural that these charming people were the first to take up Spud. In Spud, they found not only the sudden new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment . . . but also that well-groomed, welcome sensation of being continually "mouth-happy." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.



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**CIGARETTES**

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CAN.)

*You watch me, Mother,*  
 I'll never get  
 "pink tooth brush"!



SON: Now *watch*, mother! Watch me!  
 MOTHER: *What are you up to, son?*  
 SON: I'm showing Jackie how to massage his gums—so he won't ever get "pink tooth brush"!  
 MOTHER: *Who on earth told you about "pink tooth brush"?*  
 SON: Why, the teacher! She told us all about it. The way our gums get lazy, because we won't eat food unless it just melts in our mouths. And so you got to massage your gums, to keep 'em hard and healthy. If you don't, they begin to bleed. And that's just too darn bad.

MOTHER: *Serious, you mean?*  
 SON: Sure it's serious! Why, mother, you ought to know that, as old as *you* are. Why, if you have "pink tooth brush" you're liable to get something—a disease that's spelled g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. Or you might get Vincent's Disease. Or you *might* even get py—py-something.

MOTHER: *Pyorrhoea?*  
 SON: That's it. And that's not all. If Jackie doesn't massage his gums, he'll probably have false teeth when he gets about 20 or 30. Because if the roots of your teeth ever get 'fected—

MOTHER: *In-fected.*  
 SON: Well, anyway, if they do, off to the dentist you go. And have a heck of a time getting a lot of teeth pulled. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you have "pink tooth brush" *yourself*, mother.

MOTHER: *No, as a matter of fact, I haven't. Because I use Ipana Tooth Paste just as you do. And it has ziratol in it—which is what the dentist uses to stimulate the gums and keep them firm and healthy.*

SON: Yeah. I know all about ziratol. But the best way to *really* keep your gums in great shape is to put some *more* Ipana on your brush after you've cleaned your teeth. And rub it in your gums. Like this. See? Look, mother, don't my gums look hard—and *healthy*? So will Jackie's—if he'll massage *his* gums with Ipana every single day—twice a day. Just the way my teacher said.



CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"  
 WITH **IPANA**  
 TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-41  
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
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THE MOTION PICTURE SENSATION OF 1931

# RANGO



JESSE L. LASKY

IN the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

*Jesse L. Lasky*

First Vice-Pres.  
Paramount Publix Corp.

*Paramount Pictures*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.  
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY





# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 5

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

April, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*



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

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



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# Brickbats & Bouquets



## You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

ular" how can they do justice to a 100 per cent show? They're already run out of adjectives on the punks.

CHARLIE J. WEBB,  
Greenville, Texas

### The \$25 Letter

HERE is my prescription for the perfect movie actress:

Jeanette MacDonald's voice.  
Clara Bow's S. A.  
Constance Bennett's languorous charm.  
Joan Crawford's figure.  
Greta Garbo's poise.  
Jean Harlow's golden hair.  
Loretta Young's smile.  
Lillian Roth's dimples.  
Lupe Velez' vivaciousness.  
Gloria Swanson's ability to wear clothes.  
Marlene Dietrich's legs.  
Kay Johnson's naturalness.  
Norma Talmadge's eyes.  
Ruth Chatterton's dramatic ability.

LOUISE SMITH,  
New York City

### The \$10 Letter

THE talkies are a School for Charm and I, for one, am an eager pupil. I get ideas on every feminine subject. Ideas on dressing chicly; on a thousand and one ways to wear a bob; on the use and abuse of make-up; on matters of etiquette; on how to say inane things interestingly; on the sort of note to leave your husband when you run away with his best friend; on how to commit murder gracefully; on the gentle art of sipping tea; how to walk, sit, stand; how to cry effectively; how to radiate "It." And, as a finishing touch, the talkies are making me voice-conscious.

Could I ask for anything more?

GLADYS CHARNAS,  
Miami Beach, Fla.

### The \$5 Letter

WHEN the people who write the movie ads describe a zero show as being "magnificent, marvelous, thrilling, outstanding, tremendous, never-to-be-forgotten, spectac-

CLARA BOW—the name has fairly shrieked through the mails since the mess started. And the fans are for Clara, body and even soul. Eight hundred and fifty-two letters about her were written to PHOTOPLAY and not one letter that is not sympathetic. Abuse is heaped on the unfortunate Miss DeVoe's head by loyal sympathizers who feel that the little Brooklyn girl's private life is her own and they want to see her in bigger and better stories. Give her a break!—say the fans.

The Garbo versus Dietrich controversy still continues to be a headliner. The Dietrich followers are growing, but many of those who have seen Garbo in "Inspiration" say she is just too breathtaking. "The Blue Angel" comes in for heavy criticism.

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell get an enthusiastic welcome on their return together in "The Man Who Came Back," but opinions on the picture differ. The fans agree, however, that they should never be parted again.

"Reducing" brings out the fact that Marie Dressler is the "screen" favorite. How the fans love her! Complaints galore, however, that the crash of laughter following a gag drowns out the ensuing dialogue. The producers will have to figure out something to remedy this.

Everybody went strong for "Cimarron," and bouquets are heaped on Richard Dix and Irene Dunne for their fine performances. All the Will Rogers fans say he is great in "Lightnin'," and Barbara Stanwyck won a lot of friends for her work in "Illicit."

"Give us better picture titles!" wail the fans, who resent misleading catch words and phrases, which producers use to lure them into the theater. "The Call of the Flesh" and "A Lady's Morals" are two examples. Why, they ask, all the titles about SIN, HELL and DEVIL?

### Clara Bow

Why should pathetic, misguided little Clara Bow be made the recipient of all this petty publicity because of Miss DeVoe's dishonesty?

To be frank, I have never admired Miss Bow's type, but my sense of fair play forces me to protest the injustice done her and I most sincerely hope that her public will not be affected by the small, mean statements of an ungrateful parasite.

MRS. C. A. TEMPLETON,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Clara Bow had a chance to live down this murky newspaper publicity in her next picture, "City Streets," and now, through the unfortunate lawsuit with her double-crossing secretary, the picture is to be made with a Broadway star.

The public wants their own movie stars in the talkies, so long as their voices measure up to their acting ability.

ALICE SIEBER,  
Tulsa, Okla.

Come on! Give Clara Bow a break! She's a wonderful kid, and what a personality!

Give her a *real* story, instead of the wild, cheap pictures she's been playing in, and see what happens!

BETTY LEWIS,  
Atlanta, Ga.

### Garbo vs. Dietrich

WE must admit that Dietrich is a great actress.

Certainly everyone who has seen both "Romance" and "Morocco" will agree that Dietrich surpasses Garbo, in beauty and personality.

And those eyes!

MARGUERITTE AMOS,  
Kingston, N. C.

Why bring in a terrible foreign production like "Blue Angel" with Marlene Dietrich? We shout loud and fierce, "Send her back!"

HAROLD MURRAY,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

# FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

The \$7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons  
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen

—and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine?  
To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps—  
but especially to find out just what it is that fifty  
million Frenchmen can't be wrong about!  
Here's your chance to learn the secrets of  
*la vie Parisien* without crossing the ocean  
and getting your feet wet. " " " "

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN  
is based on the play by Herbert Fields  
The screen adaptation was made by  
Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and  
Eddie Welch

Photographed by Technicolor  
Directed by LLOYD BACON



CLAUDIA DELL



WILLIAM GAXTON



HELEN  
BRODERICK



JOHN  
HALLIDAY

OLSEN AND  
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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (Oct.)

**AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

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

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

**ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

**ANIMAL CRACKERS**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (Oct.)

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

**ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (Oct.)

**ARE YOU THERE?**—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

**ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

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

**BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

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

**CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozz, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

**CAPTAIN THUNDER**—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

**CAT CREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

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

**COLLEGE LOVERS**—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**DANGER LIGHTS**—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (Oct.)

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

**DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

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

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

**DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

**DOORWAY TO HELL, THE**—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

**DOUGHBOYS**—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (Oct.)

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

**DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION**—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## If You Want a Job in Hollywood—

It would be well to read the article in next month's PHOTOPLAY which tells the amazing variety of positions in motion picture studios, and what these positions pay.

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

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the Fresh Air Taxi! Dis an entertainment! (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

PASSIONATELY YEARNING FOR LOVE...

*She fled from marriage  
to the softer shoulder of  
romance...*

Here are the heart throbs of a hundred pictures, fused into one superb emotional triumph... a woman's love-life laid bare, from ecstatic happiness to reckless abandon; from joys of wifehood, motherhood, to depths of man-made despair; poignant with passion; powerful with an appeal that has moved millions to tears; Ann Harding, living the essence of every woman's life, in a magnificent performance of a marvelous role... An unforgettable picture!



SETTINGS BY  
JOSEPH URBAN

FRANK LLOYD  
PRODUCTION

**ANN HARDING**

*in the NEW*

**EAST  
LYNNE**

*with*

**CLIVE BROOK  
CONRAD NAGEL**

CECILIA LOFTUS  
BERYL MERCER

Tears, Thrills and Heart Throbs woven into one  
of the most glorious screen romances of all time

=====**FOX**=====

ASK YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN

# The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

Greta Garbo comes through with a superb performance in "Inspiration." It is a rendition which lacks the dramatic power of *Anna Christie* and has not the poignant beauty of *Rita Cavallini*, but withal, Greta was never more perfect, never conceived her part so humanly and tenderly, and never carried her work to such a high point of histrionic perfection.

RICHARD E. PASSMORE,  
Media, Penna.

I was disappointed after seeing Miss Garbo in "Inspiration." She seems somehow to have lost her old enthusiasm and does her part mechanically without much real emotion.

M. L. GIMLICH,  
Pittsfield, Mass.

Garbo reminds me of dawn—cold and aloof. Dietrich is a flaming sunset.

MARY LOU BROWN,  
Allentown, Penna.

## Gaynor and Farrell

In "The Man Who Came Back" Janet had the greatest rôle since "7th Heaven," and she played it right up to the hilt.

Incidentally, Charles Farrell acted better than he has in any recent picture. The whole picture was beautiful, tender, great!

F. MERRICK,  
Denver, Colo.

There is a general feeling that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell couldn't handle their parts in "The Man Who Came Back." Lighter type of entertainment is their meat.

RUBY E. LORENTZEN,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

## Random Opinions

Now that we have an honest-to-goodness vocal artist like Tibbett, we need not fear for the future of singing pictures.

FRED STEPHENS,  
Quapaw, Okla.

Joan Crawford should remember that lifting her brows won't make her a dramatic actress.

MARMA LA VERNE,  
Oakland, Calif.

The silver-throated Grace Moore is truly lovely. Her voice by far surpasses every other singing voice we have heard in the talkies.

MRS. RAY M. ARMSTRONG,  
Berkeley, Calif.

Why place an actor like Conrad Nagel in a picture like "Free Love"?

OLLIE MAE BURCH,  
Dallas, Texas

Evelyn Laye is lovely—but for goodness sake, give her a decent picture. "One Heavenly Night" was terrible.

MARION FOSTER,  
Portsmouth, Va.

Buddy Rogers as a man—as a lover! Don't make me laugh. He is a wonderful tailor's dummy.

MRS. L. C. HALL,  
Malden, Mass.

Mary Pickford should stop being "synthetic" and give us the "real" Mary again.

MARY GRACE STREET,  
Oakland, Calif.

Paramount should let the Chatterton-Brook team continue. These two stars were at their best when playing together.

BETTY DOWD,  
Springfield, Mass.



## Want to Look Lovely?

Learn from Loretta  
— Seymour

Whenever we see a picture of Mrs. Young's daughter, Loretta, even we find it hard to think about clothes. She's a good-looking gal—no foolin'. Now that the heartbeat is down to normal, let's look at the dress.

First, it's white satin—or rather egg-shell—an off shade of white. Good. Second, its fur is fox. Also good.

It's simple. Like an old Greek costume, it's long and flowy. The flowers are a feminine touch.

The dress is low in the back. That's why the little jacket is worn—to cover her lovely back.

A wonderful girl. A slick dress. Too bad it (the dress) is spoiled by being too long. It should miss the floor. Leave the floor sweeping to those who get paid for it, Loretta!

Chatterton's only rival on the silver sheet is La Swanson, and I consider them the only two magnificent stars of today.

C. JACK THORNTON,  
Queensland, Australia

Here's hoping there will be fewer Lessons in Crime and many more pictures like "Just Imagine."

JANE A. WOODEN,  
Washington, D. C.

Mickey Mouse Cartoons are different and silly enough to provoke laughter, but I wish they knew where comedy left off and vulgarity began.

AUNT "FAN,"  
Wichita, Kans.

Richard Dix in "Cimarron" made *Yancey Cravat* come to life. Bushels of bouquets to Richard, and what a picture! I saw it twice.

ANNA MILLER,  
New York City, N. Y.

My highest praise goes to Charles Bickford when he plays a miner or a sailor, but as a lover he's impossible. He spoiled "The Passion Flower."

MRS. ANNIE ERDMAN,  
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Give us a thrill by casting Gary Cooper in a "white collar" part for a change. As a rich man-about-town with lots of love-making he would be a knockout.

DORIS H. COZZENS,  
Scarsdale, N. Y.

Why feed the American Public such tripe as Clara Bow in "No Limit"? I'm not the snobbish intelligentsia, but these sort of pictures will never draw us away from our bridge tables.

ANN BISHOP ROBERTS,  
Stamford, Conn.

I don't think Marlene needs Greta, or anyone else, as a model. She has qualities that Garbo never knew existed.

H. A.,  
Ogden, Utah

Why cast the immature Bob Montgomery opposite Garbo in "Inspiration"? He lacked charm and took himself far too seriously, which made Garbo's great love for him a little ridiculous and the whole story unconvincing.

BERNICE ANDRE,  
Louisville, Ky.

Heaven deliver us from the sound of weeping in the talkies.

JOHN LEHTO,  
San Pedro, Calif.

## Chevalier

I always feel I've been somewhere and had a grand good time whenever I see and hear Maurice Chevalier on the screen—whether I like the story or not. He is bubbling over with life, and the love of life.

ETHEL E. SMALLEY,  
Oak Park, Ill.

Chevalier? I'm tired of that same old song, sung in that same old way.

Can't he do anything about that overhanging under lip?

D. PARKS,  
Pasadena, Calif.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]



*A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.*

# FATHER'S SON

LEWIS STONE  
IRENE RICH  
LEON JANNEY  
JOHN HALLIDAY  
MICKEY BENNETT  
*And a lot of great kiddies*



LEWIS STONE

*From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington.  
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE*

*"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.*



**I**F you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .  
If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother . . .



If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

*Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!*



"Let's all go to the movies."



"I know what I wanna see."

"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"

"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see *Father's Son!*"

**A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE**

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

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

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

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

**EYES OF THE WORLD**—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (Oct.)

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

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

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

**FLIRTING WIDOW, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (Oct.)

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

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

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

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

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

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

**GOING WILD**—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

**GOLDEN DAWN**—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (Oct.)

**GORILLA, THE**—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

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

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

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

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

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigaret. (Dec.)

**HELL'S ISLAND**—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (Oct.)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—Frankie and her erring *Johannie* further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**HER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

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

**HOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the rent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

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

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

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

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

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

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

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

**KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN**—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (Oct.)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

**LADY WHO DARED, THE**—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (Oct.)

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

**LASH, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

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

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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### A Mother's Kiss May Spread Disease



## New discovery! Pepsodent Mouth Wash 3 to 11\* times more powerful than other leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!

*"THIS phenomenal discovery opens a new era in the fight against germs — also the social evil of bad breath."*

That is the emphatic statement of the eminent university professor whose discovery led to Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash. His opinion is confirmed by two of America's leading bacteriological laboratories, who have made extensive tests. Likewise, by independent scientists who have examined critically science's latest contribution.

#### From Pepsodent laboratories

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

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

#### Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than

pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

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

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in 10 seconds—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in 10 seconds germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

#### Checks bad breath

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

#### At your druggist's—today

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

#### Consult your Dentist, Physician

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



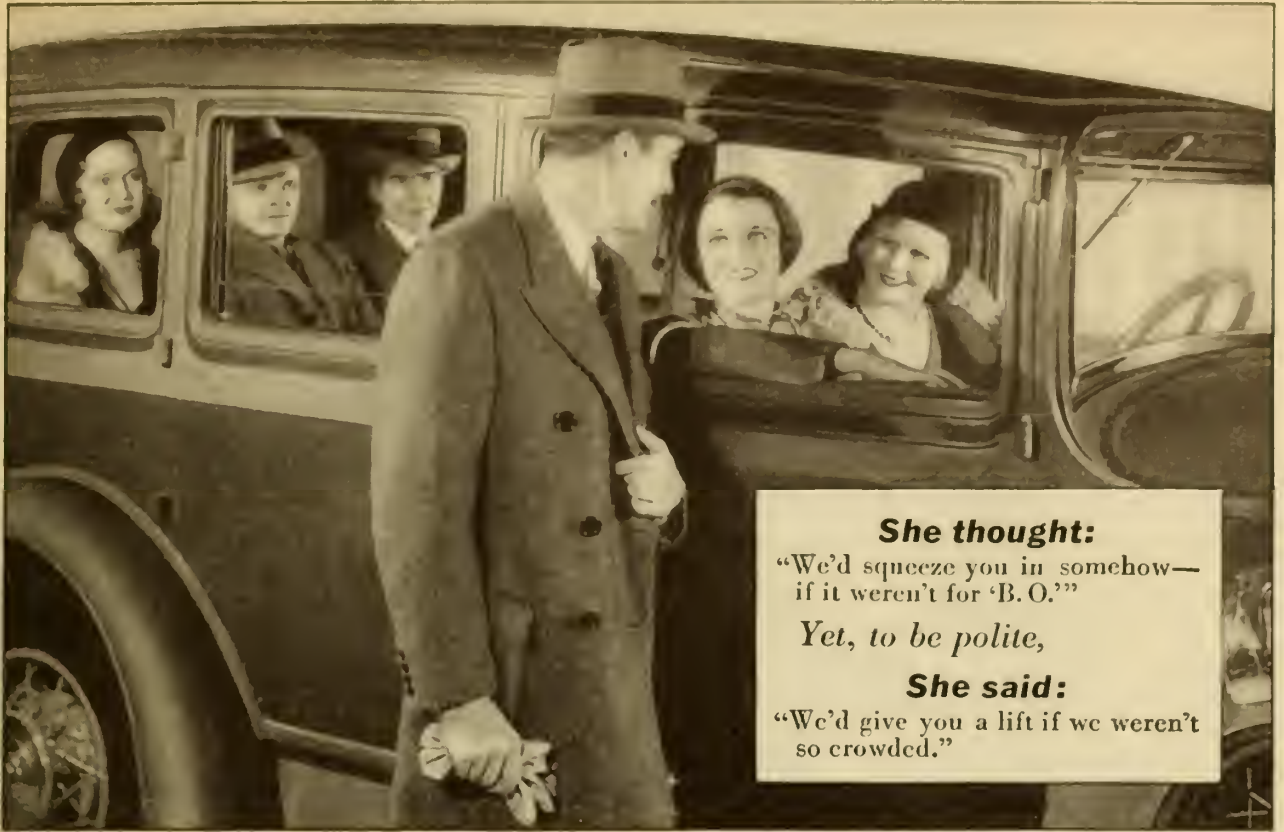
\*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

# Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

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





**She thought:**  
 "We'd squeeze you in somehow—  
 if it weren't for 'B.O.'"  
*Yet, to be polite,*  
**She said:**  
 "We'd give you a lift if we weren't  
 so crowded."

# Another invitation lost ... all because of 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*. . . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

**A risk we all run**

People won't tell us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy

pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, anti-septic lather cleanses and purifies pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

**Radiantly fresh complexions**

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

**Try Lifebuoy Free**

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy free. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 474, Cambridge, Mass.

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

# Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

*stops body odor*



Anita Page believes in two types of beautifiers—dining-table and dressing-table. If you want a clear skin, sparkling eyes, healthy hair, and the poise that comes only from a general feeling of well-being, watch your diet!

# The Beginning of Beauty

“YES, she’s pretty, but it’s only skin deep,” said the girl in the green sports suit to the girl in the leopard jacket. It sounded like an interesting conversation. And, crowded as we all were in a New York subway train, I was forced to listen, even had I been unwilling.

But I wasn’t unwilling. I was eager to hear the other girl’s answer. I could see her face. The sort that’s usually described as “intellectual.” Good features—clear eyes, a straight but rather long nose, a large but well-shaped mouth, nice skin. Not beautiful, not what we call pretty, but “interesting looking,” and—that’s it—“intellectual looking.” And very attractive.

So I wasn’t surprised at the answer she gave. Of course, I can’t repeat the conversation exactly. I couldn’t very well take out paper and pencil and make stenographic notes. But it went pretty much like this.

She said: “Oh, well, Marge, it’s all right to say Polly’s beauty is only skin deep and try to let it go at that, but if you stop to analyze it you’ll find that most of it comes from the inside out.”

“What do you mean?” came the indignant retort from the green-suited girl, whose face was turned away from me. “Isn’t Polly pretty because she has natural blonde hair, big blue eyes, good features, a grand complexion and a nice, slim figure? What’s that got to do with the ‘inside’? And, anyhow, where did you get this ‘inside’ information?”

“You forget that I went all through high school and college

with Polly,” answered Miss Intellectual. “No, we weren’t really chums,” she hastened to add as the other girl started to break in. “But I saw her practically every day for eight years, except during vacations, and I feel I know her fairly well.

“And I’m going to tell you something that will surprise you. When Polly was seventeen, during her third year in high school she was the fattest, most unstylish, most unattractive girl in the class! You know how the other girls envy her now that ‘clean, blonde look,’ as they call it. How she always looks as though she had come straight from a bathtub and a beauty *salon*. Well, her hair was even blonder in those days, her skin just as fair, and yet she was so untidy that she never looked as though she had had a good soap and water scrubbing.

“AND then, suddenly, she began to be troubled by a bothersome skin eruption. Not bad enough to be disfiguring, but noticeable enough so that during vacation her mother sent her to a famous skin specialist. And when Polly came back to school as a senior, not only had her face cleared up almost entirely, but she was a different girl.

“She had lost some of that excess weight, and she kept right on ‘slimming out’ gradually. No more ice cream sodas after last class. Mighty few fudge parties. But she ate her vegetables, which she had always side-tracked, like a well-trained infant.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]

## Friendly Advice on Girls’ Problems

**W**ANT to be slim? Or, at least, slimmer? Want to stop worrying about blackheads? Want to improve your complexion generally?

A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Or my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. Or you can have both, simply by asking for them.

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



ANDRE DUBREUIL JACK HOLDEN F. J. VAN HALLÉ MAX FACTOR LOUISE WAGNER

**A Screen Test for MAKE-UP  
Color Harmony**

*BERNICE CLAIRE and WALTER PIDGETON, in a pre view of 1st National's Technicolor production, "Kiss Me Again". Photographed in projection room at Technicolor Studios, Hollywood.*

Max Factor and Technicolor's Color Control Staff, studying and approving the ravishing beauty of Bernice Claire as emphasized by Max Factor with make-up in correct color harmony to blend with her own individual complexion colorings. The effect is like an artist's masterpiece...no other make-up in the world is created in this amazing way. Now you may have the secret.



*LILA LEE, First National star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using eyeshadow to emphasize the depth and lustre of her eyes.*

# MAKE-UP *in* Color Harmony

THE MAGIC BEAUTIFIER... Created to Living Screen Star Types by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-up Genius... NOW RELEASED TO YOU

*No other cosmetics in the world created in this amazing way... and no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty. Mail coupon for priceless beauty gift.*

WHAT color face powder? What color rouge? What color lipstick? And what color eye-shadow... and how will they look together in the make-up ensemble? Will they clash in color or will they harmonize? Will they blend with my complexion colorings or will they not? Will they be of such exquisite fineness and softness as to become a very part of skin tone and texture? Will they detract from my natural beauty or will they add the glamour and allure of a new charm? Why trust such questions so important to beauty to chance or guess?... when make-up can really be a magic beautifier.

Within your reach... just for the asking... you may have the personal advice of Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, creator of cosmetics for the screen stars and studios.

Just as though you were a screen star... Max Factor will chart your color harmony in make-up... create for you an ensemble in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and the daily requisites of Society Make-Up which will bring out the hidden fascination of your natural beauty

*LILA LEE, says: "Whether for screen or street wear, I always find greater satisfaction in Max Factor's Make-Up."*

*BERNICE CLAIRE, writes: "Make-Up today is an art, and your Society Make-Up in color harmony proves that you are a master of the art."*

... and emphasize the alluring magnetism of your personality.

Each cosmetic produced by Max Factor... each glorious color tone... is like the masterpiece of an artist. Created to some living screen star type of unrivaled beauty, you can well imagine the magic power it holds. And the complete make-up ensemble is perfect in color harmony balance... for Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony revolutionized make-up in Hollywood.

So whatever your complexion colorings, whatever your variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette... discover the one way to double your beauty, discover Hollywood's make-up secret.

And remember that no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty... for only Max Factor's is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios, by Technicolor, and by Hollywood's stars. Mail the coupon immediately.

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

*"Cosmetics of the Stars"...* HOLLYWOOD

95% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1930 Max Factor



**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-4-32  
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____		COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	ELIPS
Address _____		Light	Medium	Mass
City _____		Fair	COLOR LASHES	
State _____		Medium	Dark	Day
		SKIN		
		COLOR HAIR		
		Dark	Day	
		AGE		
		Young	Normal	
		Other		
		Answer with Check Mark		

# Scalp troubles? Loose DANDRUFF?

Read letters below—

*they tell much better than we could  
the amazing results accomplished by  
Listerine in treating scalp disorders.*

**M**EN and women are constantly writing us of the beneficial effects of using full strength Listerine on the scalp and hair, either as a part of the usual shampoo or independent of it. In many cases they report that Listerine brought relief from scalp troubles after other methods of treatment had failed.

The letters below, selected from many hundreds, show a number of uses to which Listerine has successfully been put. The value of this safe antiseptic lies primarily in its ability to destroy germs almost instantly, and therefore combat infection. At the same time it is soothing and healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## *Relieved Itching Scalp*

My husband and I can't find praise enough for Listerine. It sure is wonderful. For months he was troubled with dandruff and his scalp itched him terribly. He'd come home from work so grouchy, that you could hardly speak to him and he'd always say "How can I help it? My scalp itches so badly, that it nearly drives me crazy, and I have so much dandruff that I'm ashamed to be seen anywhere."

One of our friends advised him to try Listerine. At first he laughed, but I finally persuaded him to try it. He did and with such wonderful results the first time that he went right to the druggist's and purchased a large bottle. He has been using it regularly once a week and I can truthfully say that he hasn't a bit of dandruff, or noticed any itching of the scalp since he's been using it.

Yours truly,

MRS. VIRGIL HELBIG  
Newport, Kentucky

## *Ended Baby's "Milk Crust"*

When my infant daughter reached the age of four months, a fine film of "milk crust" commonly known as "cradle cap" formed on her scalp. I attempted to soften this film with olive oil, hoping thereby, to release it from the scalp but soon discovered that this treatment was ineffective as the "cap" had thoroughly imbedded itself in the scalp. Combing with a fine tooth comb helped somewhat but was not recommended as it tended to irritate the sensitive scalp and one had to be extremely careful of the soft opening at the top of the head. The scalp not only was unsightly but refused to respond to treatment.

Finally my husband suggested Listerine, two parts of Listerine to one part of warm water, and rinsing the baby's head with this solution.

Skeptical, I gave it a trial for a week, soaking baby's head thoroughly once daily with the diluted Listerine. At the end of the week I noticed that the "crust" had almost disappeared and that the remaining flakes were quite loose and could be combed out with

gentle movements. I continued using the diluted Listerine for the two successive weeks and at the end of that time baby's scalp was clean. I noticed no irritation or discomfort on her part, therefore was certain that Listerine was as harmless to infants' sensitive scalps as to adults' more hardened ones.

Sincerely yours,  
MRS. MILDRED S. MACLEOD  
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

## *Relieves Itching of Diabetic Patient*

Early in our education as student nurses we are taught, among other important duties, the Nurse should not prescribe, and also, she should be seen and not heard.

But, as regards Listerine and its valuable properties, I feel it is necessary that I be heard. If I may so express myself, I find Listerine to be the last word in securing a cooling, refreshing, and permanent relief or cure from the annoyance of not alone dandruff, but skin conditions especially those of the scalp so often prevalent in diabetes.

A small piece of cotton dipped in Listerine and applied to the scalp, after parting the hair, not only relieves the itching, but refreshes the patient confined to bed (which automatically reacts on the general physical health and soothes them to sleep many times) and it entirely removes the large itching spots that occur on the scalp in the diabetic patient.

These spots often appear on the forehead, on the sides of the face and around back of the neck, bordering the hair and are visible, about the size of a quarter. They not only itch but are embarrassing; as skin desquamates and falls on the eyebrows finally rests on the chest and shoulders. These irritated spots, thanks to Listerine which I always apply to the infected area, are controlled, at the same time soothed, and ultimately obliterated.

Cordially yours,  
MARY WILSON PATTON, R. N.  
San Antonio, Texas



Don't miss **BOBBY JONES, King of Golf**

**LISTERINE HOUR**

**Every Wednesday Night**

**WEAF and a coast to coast NBC network**

**See your local paper for time**



Preston Duncan

**T**HE youngest princess of the Royal House of Bennett, Joan by name and star by destiny. Always busy in the studios, she is the least tempestuous of the three Bennett girls, the other two being Constance and Barbara. You'll be seeing her with Lew Ayres in "Many a Slip" any moment now



Clarence Sinclair Bull

**T**HIS beautiful, inscrutable face is discussed at every party where true film devotees get together and talk things over. We have all thought of her as a mystery woman, but read what Katherine Albert has to say about her in this issue. All agree, however, on one point—she's a fascinating actress





Otto Dyar

CAN this be the little Texas girl we've called pretty and let it go at that? Yes sir, it's Mary Brian, herself, but a new, more mature Mary than we've known up to now. Or maybe she and the Paramount photographer got together and decided to submit to the Garbo influence



Ernest A. Bachrach

**Y**ANCEY CRAVAT, himself—where a fine actor and a fascinating fiction character met and came vividly to life in the person of Richard Dix. His work in "Cimarron" has made Dix, after all these years, one of the most talked-of figures in pictures. And what a fine show the boy does give!



**TASTE SENSATION  
OF A NATION**

**OVERFLOWING  
WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!**

Fresh, crisp, china-hard rings of pure enjoyment... the Taste Sensation of a Nation... throat soothing... mouth refreshing.

Millions like them after eating... after smoking... they aid digestion... sweeten breath.

There's a flavor for every taste... in the convenient roll form... handy for pocket or purse.

And also, try the famous fruit flavored LIFE SAVERS... Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape... as delightful as the fruit itself!

The  
Candy  
Mint  
with  
the  
HOLE



All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc

The story of a wife who  
recaptured the romance  
in her marriage . . .

# Their SECOND Honeymoon

by



**BEATRICE  
FAIRFAX**

who has helped many wives by her  
discussions of marriage problems

"JIM and Ada had been married ten years. They felt romance and glamour fading. "And then, Miss Fairfax," writes Ada, "I set my wits to work. I wanted Jim to think of me as his sweetheart, not just as busy housewife and mother.

"What I did was to buy myself a second trousseau! Not expensive things, but lovely colorful frocks and lingerie that gave me a feeling of being charming and so feminine.

"Jim almost at once sensed the change in me. He once more seemed to find me the girl he had adored. And now we're having a second honeymoon that's going to last all our married days!"

"Wise wife! How easy to keep honeymoon happiness all through marriage, if every wife would do two simple things:

1. Buy colorful, dainty frocks and lingerie.
2. Keep them color-fresh and charming always.

"Frocks in becoming colors can make you look so pretty and young! And the deliciously soft, lacy lingerie one can buy so reasonably nowadays makes you feel utterly feminine! A shining feeling . . . that calls forth adoration and holds it.

"Don't believe you can't afford such frivolous clothes. For with Lux, that wonderful product you all know, they can be kept charming and new so long every woman can afford them. Many,

many Lux washings won't disturb their shimmering beauty.

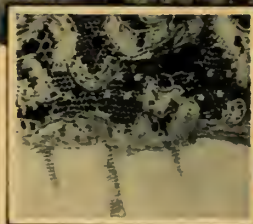
"Lux is especially made to preserve colors and the life of delicate fabrics. Their charm, too. So that as long as you wear them, they lend their charm to you!

"And in your home: Keep your home fresh and pretty, too, for this adds to your charm. Linens, colorful curtains, sofa cushions—always look lovely if you use Lux."

BEATRICE FAIRFAX



*Honeymoon Happiness need never fade*



*Peach satin lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—lace and satin worn, color faded, lustre lost.*



*Duplicate lingerie Luxed 12 times—silk and lace fibres intact, the color charming as new. Utterly exquisite!*



No matter how delicate a color.. If it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

April, 1931

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures  
(TRADE MARK)

# PHOTOPLAY

**F**AIRBANKS got \$300,000 for his work in "Reaching for the Moon." Irving Berlin got \$50,000 and fifty per cent of the profits for writing the story. Edmund Goulding got \$82,000 for directing it, and Elsie Janis received a mere pittance of \$25,000 for tinkering the dialogue. After these incidentals there was the actual cost of the picture.

"Kiki" cost a million dollars, Mary working for wages for the first time in many years. And they do say that De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the song writers, got \$300,000 for writing Gloria Swanson's new picture.

Set 'em up again, George, and see what the boys in the back room are going to have.

**W**ILL these hokus-pokus spiritualists, psychic investigators, and mediums ever let poor Valentino rest in peace? First Natacha Rambova gave out spirit messages. Then a thousand mediums got busy on the radio to astral planes. They didn't bother to get together, and they reported him as putting over all sorts of goofy and contradictory messages. Recently they got busy again, and this time report him as saying he did not die a natural death.

I remember, a few months before he died, asking Valentino if he believed in this stuff. He had become interested in the subject through June Mathis, who wrote the script of "The Four Horsemen," which brought him fame. His reply was one word: "Applesauce."

**F**OR several years the intelligentsia—that's what they call critics who have a thesaurus and know where to find big words—have been raving about Chaplin, "the supreme artist."

And it seems only a few years ago, when they showed his pictures in second-rate theaters, that

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



respectable folks visited the little movie shops stealthily, darting furtively in, looking over their shoulder lest some one with a clean collar see them enter.

**I** REMEMBER seeing him for the first time in Levy's Restaurant, in Los Angeles, fifteen years ago. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore dined there inexpensively.

At other tables sat Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett, Charlie Murray, Ford Sterling, D. W. Griffith, Bessie Barriscale, Henry Walthall, Ruth Roland, J. Warren Kerrigan, Jackie Saunders, Dustin Farnum, Tom Ince, and Charlie Ray. It was the evening rendezvous of Sennett's troupe.

Charlie Murray pointed Chaplin out to me. "See that little fellow there?" he said. "He's just started, and Sennett thinks he's going to be good."

**C**HAPLIN'S picture will not change picture technique, nor cause any retardation of dialogue. But it has shown the industry how to make pictures that will sell abroad. It succeeds in spite of its lack of dialogue. No one but Chaplin could have survived the handicap. Foxy Charlie—looking at the world market and making the highbrows call it art.

**H**AVE you seen "Cimarron" yet? I've seen it three times and got the same thrill every time. What a directorial job Wesley Ruggles has done! It brings Richard Dix back to the forefront, and starts Irene Dunne off as one of our greatest screen artists. Go see it, and tell the little woman to take an extra hanky to dry her tears.

**A** VETERAN picture director went to see "Once in a Lifetime," the stage play that shows up some of the absurd business methods and social antics of Hollywood. He sat through it straight-faced.

"Why don't you laugh?" asked a friend.

"How can I laugh about something I've cried about for ten years?" was the rejoinder.

**F**ORCED, by economic pressure, to work as an actor under a director whom he realized knew not half as much as he did, made to suffer every humiliation at his hands, broke between pictures, out at the elbows, his wife with but one dress time and time again, cursing producers, fighting always for his artistic ideals, no figure in Hollywood is more colorful and brilliant than Eric Von Stroheim. He is now to make "Blind Husbands," one of his first great successes, as a talkie for Universal, the company which gave him his first opportunity.

Von Stroheim, alone in his opinions, alone in his artistic ambitions, a novelist where other directors are short story writers, must continue to pound his head against the impenetrable wall of commercialism.

The producers are afraid of the costs of his pictures and therefore he must conform—as much as Von can ever be made to conform—but he still has the fun of cursing them.

**F**OR two months a writer and a cutter, with a corps of sound technicians, have been working over the emaciated form of a picture that had been "shelved" as unfit to release. They tried to make it a burlesque. They tried dialogue. They tried music and sound. The studio nickname for the picture is "Lazarus," and they call the workers "The Miracle Men."

**L**ISTEN to Ernst Lubitsch:  
"For eight years I have been coming to New York. Each time I see a musical show on Broadway. In it there is always a song, the same song, sung by a girl who tells how her man is unfaithful to her, how he hits her over the head with a bottle, yet she loves him. Always that song is popular.

"Now, when New York gets a new song, then it can begin to talk about being ahead of Hollywood."

**T**HEY'VE wired D. W. Griffith's grand old epic, "The Birth of a Nation," for sound. If you plug up your ears with sound-proof material, you'll enjoy it as much as you ever did. But, why in the name of common sense, just because somebody invented talkies, should they take this masterpiece and stick in a lot of canned music, mob shouts and a so-called rebel yell?

**M**USIC and singing are dead, say the producers. No, no, music and singing are not dead. It's the music and the singers.

**D**URING the panic of 1907 a young fellow came into a bank near Fourteenth Street every day with a cloth sack bulging with nickels, dimes, and quarters. The lone depositor aroused the curiosity of the president of the bank. "Who is that chap who is bringing in cash?" he asked the teller.

He was told the man was William Fox, who owned a motion picture house nearby.

**F**IVE years ago Slim Summerville was getting \$350 a week at Universal. Although recommended at that time for a fifty dollar raise, the studio manager refused to give it to him. Recently he signed a new contract at \$2,000 and when that same manager wants to see Slim now he has to go to the actor's bungalow on the other side of the lot. Slim won't go into his office. That's r-r-revenge.

**A**N interesting piece of "Americana" has been discovered—a poem, "To Mary Pickford," written by Vachel Lindsay, the now eminent American poet. The first stanza reads:

Mary Pickford, doll divine  
Year by year, and every day,  
At the Moving Picture Play,  
You have been my Valentine.

That was written in 1914, when the movies, and, one assumes, Mr. Lindsay, were still in their infancy.

**G**EORGE BERNARD SHAW, after all his talk about pictures, turns out the worst British film of the year, thereby establishing a new low in art . . . The blind flower girl in "City Lights" was a true echo of an old romance in Chaplin's life . . . The prize title change of the month. Radio Pictures changed "Room and Board" to "Board and Room" . . . The Providence, Rhode Island, film censor did not make a single cut during the year 1930 . . . Mary Pickford says if she could live her life over again she would not want a career . . . Picture stock value jumps \$80,000,000 in one month . . . "Trader Horn," on the shelf for a year, turns out to be a wow . . . No more big Westerns, or gangster pictures said the producers, and "Cimarron" and "Little Caesar" go out and knock 'em dead . . . The company that let Ina Claire out a year ago wants her back at five times the salary . . . Bill Powell jumps from Mr. Lasky's to a competitor and now Lasky is going to make a big star out of Carole Lombard, Bill's best girl.

**I**N Lille, France, school children in a recent questionnaire, could name ten or twelve American movie stars but couldn't name more than two or three French statesmen . . . Professor Mark A. May, of Yale, leans over his classroom desk and tells the lads that "It" means your *stimulation value* . . . The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education is distributing talkie sermons to enlist youth in church activities . . . The greatest part that Seena Owen ever played, a piece of work that would have revived her old popularity with public and producers, will never see the screen. It was in the Swanson million dollar fiasco, "Queen Kelly" . . . We told you so item of the month: (February issue) that Farrell and Valli would be married.



Bert Longworth

“Ready *on*  
*the* Set!”

“HEY, Miss Mackaill, ready on the set,” the assistant director is yelling, and the First National star takes a final look at her make-up by the light of a sun-arc lamp. Dorothy is doing “Party Husbands” to the tune of Clarence Badger’s megaphone

# Dietrich—How She Happened

**B**Y the time this article appears Marlene Dietrich will have started back to Hollywood to resume her picture making, but she has left behind considerable amusement here over the frantic efforts of the sages of Hollywood to peg the exquisite, exotic and elusive star, its latest sensation, to one of the few standardized types to which every respectable American movie beauty is supposed to belong.

But apparently Marlene won't stay pegged, for she is not an American girl, but a European woman.

The closest these sages have got to a classification has been to say that she is another Greta Garbo, which is true as far as it goes. It goes no farther, however, than to say that one Chinaman is like another.

True, both are European. True also that both are blonde and Nordic. That increases the resemblance, but there it ends, too.

America still produces the most beautiful girls in creation. They are not only beautiful, but upstanding, self-reliant, free, fearless, and superior to mere man. They glitter and sparkle, with the beauty of rare gems. And that goes for all of them—from sixteen to sixty.

**E**UROPE, on the other hand, is still a man's country. The female of the species is still the Submerged Sex. "Americanized" girls are few—and frowned upon. The European woman is, outwardly, at least, not upstanding, nor self-reliant, free or independent. She does not flaunt her superiority to man.

Girls in particular are nothing much in Europe. They are merely incomplete women—chicks who stray at times, but who really belong under the wings of some mother hen. The European man dominates the woman, and the European woman dominates the girl.

But a subtle training has helped to equalize things for the European woman. Unable openly to challenge man's dominance, she is brought up from childhood to gain her ends through man by methods which would be known in America



Marlene Dietrich and her discoverer-director, Josef Von Sternberg. She spoke one line in English—and he signed her for "The Blue Angel"

**A**S alluring as is the exotic Marlene Dietrich, and as sensational as has been her sudden rise to prominence on the American screen, it is generally agreed by friends of both that the German actress' introduction to American talkies would have been less brilliant if it hadn't been for the guiding genius of Josef Von Sternberg, her discoverer and director.

Plucking her from a German musical comedy in Berlin for the leading feminine rôle opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," Von Sternberg has guided her movie career from that moment with an unswerving devotion and intense zeal.

Like an artist working in clay, Von Sternberg has molded and modeled her to his own design, and Marlene, plastic and willing to be the material in the director's hands, has responded to his creative moods.

From the time she stepped into her first part under his direction he has guided her, giving her all of his expert help in "The Blue Angel." He saw to it that she got a good story for her next picture, rigidly passed on all of her portraits and the "stills" that were sent out on her. He supervised her publicity, and was her escort at the glittering Hollywood openings that were so new to her.

On and off the screen he has guided and directed her to her best advantage, and though Marlene was born in Germany, and received all of her stage training and experience there, it can truly be said that she was "Made in America"—and by Von Sternberg.



The greatest thing in Marlene Dietrich's life is not her newly won film fame, the applause of millions, but her five-year old daughter, Maria



By  
*Otto Tolischus*

Read this fascinating and intimate account of Marlene's background and beginnings by an American journalist in Germany

as the "clinging vine" system. It means making man her prime concern. Her weapon is her femininity; her weakness, her strength.

And so, the difference between Marlene Dietrich and American movie stars is the difference between two continents. Not all European women are Marlene Dietrichs, but Marlene Dietrich could only be a European woman.

For Marlene Dietrich is, in a sense, the sublimation of European Femininity, the wish-fulfilment of European girls. "Sex-appeal" is the American word for it, but that is only one side of it. Marlene is reputed to have the most beautiful legs in filmdom, but somehow one does not think of Marlene Dietrich as merely a pair of legs.

She is primarily a woman in the comprehensive, all-inclusive sense.

"SHE is all women in one," an American writer said.

A European would have said that she is wife, mother and sweetheart, all in one, and would have paid her therewith his highest compliment.

Patrician, continental upbringing and a continental background made Marlene Dietrich what she is. Only through them can she be explained.

That soft, seductive beauty which is not "vampish" at all, and is independent of the beauty parlor; the supple figure which, for American standards, is really somewhat overweight; the soft, cultivated voice, her unassertiveness, patience and eagerness to please, so favorably noticed in Hollywood; above all, those eyes that can light up in a saucy smile and then hide behind shimmering veils that seem to hold all the mysteries of womanhood—all that is continental, European, and yet unique.

Have you noticed the resemblance between the look in the eyes of Marlene

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129 ]



The Marlene Dietrich who flamed across our screens like a flash of lightning—the glamorous girl of "The Blue Angel." Unique and extraordinary in personality, no copy of anyone, she is "all women in one—wife, mother and sweetheart"



One scene of the hair-raising episode in which the starved band of fugitives takes a meal away from a lion. This was made in Mexico

# How "Trader Horn" Was Made

An answer to the questions millions are asking about this splendid picture

WHILE it sometimes seems like painting the lily, it is, nevertheless, oftentimes necessary for the movies to "improve upon nature" in order to make a picture more dramatic and more entertaining to the spectator.

"Trader Horn," the thrilling adventures of a group of white people on the Dark Continent, is a case in point. If you haven't seen it already, by all means do so, and take the whole family.

There has been criticism in some quarters that the jungle scenes, natives, animal shots and growls in the pictures are not always genuine, but in many instances were doctored. This is true enough, but the producers explain that "Trader Horn" is neither an animal picture nor a travelogue, but a dramatization of a human interest story with a jungle background. They had the good taste not to misrepresent it to the public like so many others have done.

Most of the background scenes were taken in Africa. The acting company spent nearly a year on location there, and some of the natives, war dances, animal shots, and other wild and woolly embellishments are one hundred per cent genuine and true. Edwina Booth and the entire company suffered many hardships to make a great picture for you.

But to turn out a finished picture and follow the dramatic story they wished to film, it was necessary to supplement

this with a lot of African atmosphere created by the movie makers themselves.

Originally, the whole company went over to make the picture. At the time sound was still new and no sound apparatus went along.

When sound "took," however, M-G-M sent over some of the early sound recording equipment and with this they recorded sound in Africa. Some of it was good, but some of it was found to be particularly poor when the company returned and discovered what could be done with the improved sound mechanisms then available.

ACCORDINGLY, they did most of the sound over. Most of it was made in the studio, though some is the original African stuff amplified and clarified. The tribal chanting and native talking is among the real African-made sound, and much of the Carey-Renaldo-Booth dialogue. All of it, though, is cleverly done and so well pieced together that it's impossible to tell where the genuine and the false begin and leave off. One of the finest jobs of the kind ever done.

Practically all of the animal sound is synthetic. Lions were made to roar in the studio.

One of the most exciting scenes is a raging lion charging Edwina Booth. This was made with the use of a double. The long shot shows Edwina fainting [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129 ]



Little Marian Marsh in her *Trilby* make-up, and her beautiful sister who, failing herself, trained Marian for a screen career

One of the strangest Cinderella stories that ever happened in Cinderella City

## “You Should See My Kid Sister”

**H**ERE'S a true Cinderella story from Hollywood—only in this case, Cinderella's own sister was the fairy godmother who made her dreams come true.

Little, blonde, seventeen-year-old Marian Marsh—yesterday, just another one of Hollywood's innumerable movie nobodys; today, John Barrymore's new leading lady! She plays *Trilby* to Barrymore's *Scengali*. It's the story of Marian and of her older sister Jeanne—Jeanne Morgan, she calls herself, who too sought fame in movies.

But Jeanne's too tall. Overheight is one of the handicaps that keep a girl from stardom. And so Jeanne, realizing the hopelessness of her own quest for film fame, transferred her ambitions to her kid sister.

And it was the magic of Jeanne's everlasting boosting of that kid sister that finally put little Marian in the place where, like Cinderella in the fairy tale, she met Prince Charming. Only in this story, Prince Charming is John Barrymore—but nothing could have been more princely or more charming to Marian than Barrymore's acceptance of her for the rôle of *Trilby*.

The story begins—back in the island of Trinidad, British West Indies, where Marian and Jeanne were born. And their family name, if you must know, isn't either Marsh or Morgan—it's Krauth. But how would Krauth look in neon lights on a theater marquee? Don't be silly.

When Marian was ten, the family moved to New England; Daddy had inherited a manufacturing business there, and gave up his job as chocolate-buyer.

Naturally, like any girls in their teens, Marian and Jeanne used to go to movies and envy the glamorous heroines of the screen, and dream of being like them. Or better yet, being them.

“Wouldn't it be swell . . .?” Oh, you know how kids dream. And then, as luck would have it, the family came to California. It was a matter of somebody's health—but the important thing was, they came to Hollywood. Marian went to school; Jeanne, older and done with school, set out to make her own dreams come true. She got work in pictures as extra girl.

**A**TTRACTIVE, she did fairly well. But once on the inside, she saw that her aims could never be fulfilled. She had to realize that, for one reason or another, stardom was not for her. Disillusionment is not a sweet experience; it very often sours people against the things that disillusioned them. But Jeanne was different.

“If it can't be I,” she reasoned, “why not the kid sister?” And then the afterthought: “. . .but she's got to have more than I had!”

So the intensive preparation of Marian began. She was sent to school—not alone Hollywood [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]



Illustrated by  
H. R. Ballinger

Everything in this  
story of Hollywood is  
true except the names



# Love Is

ANOTHER of the famous dinners of  
Madame de Longpré!

Among those present:

Mary Leeds, the latest little furor in film stars,  
tangle of pale gold curls. Wistful, beautiful lips.

Prince Saranoff, a prince and a poet, dangerously handsome.  
Zara, a gypsy, looking for the past, present and future.

Johnny Haversmith (inconspicuously behind the palms),  
lean, lank, taller than it is thought necessary for a gentleman to be.  
Thatch of dun-colored hair; long ears bending away from  
his head, and mismatched eyes, a gray one and a blue.

Great financiers, spectacular figures of stage and screen,  
villagers, musicians, etc.

\* \* \*

HOLLYWOOD! That incomprehensible Mecca where Main  
Street is the Vanity Fair of the world; where fashion and  
faces are the alphabet of all romance; where liveried chauffeurs  
convey human jewels in glass cases and youth and beauty and  
fame are spent like a drunken man's money!

Of course, there are simple things, too. Little houses where  
life is cut by sweet old patterns; little kitchens in the morning—  
"I'm late again! That damned alarm doesn't work! Have you

got the coffee ready, dear? I have to be on the set at eight.  
The baby cried a lot in the night, didn't he? It must be teeth.  
You must have a nurse for him! When we get the house paid  
for and get your new Steinway, the very next thing we afford  
will be a nurse, sweetheart! If the good old public keeps on  
thinking I'm a hero, I'll get a raise pretty soon and the first  
thing we're going to buy is a nurse, sweetheart! Did your plum  
jelly set? It looks great!" . . . Red glasses in a row on the  
window glowing with sunlight! Warm, tantalizing smell of  
coffee, and crisp toast and hot butter! . . . Flutter of pink  
gingham. "The paper this morning says you were wonderful in  
'Blue Jacket,' darling! . . . Let's open a glass of the new jelly  
for your breakfast. I put a geranium leaf in it because your  
mother always used to. . . Don't crawl under daddy's feet,  
Snookums! Don't untie daddy's shoe! He's in a hurry! He  
has to go to work!"

But the cosy little houses, the cosy little kitchens, the cosy  
little hurry in the morning to be at work by eight, damp  
gurgling baby, red jelly on the window ledge; these are not  
what we want of Hollywood! London means fog, the Sahara



From behind the palms Johnny Haversmith, just a camera man, watched Mary Leeds come downstairs to meet the gentlemen celebrities in love with her

By

*Dixie Willson*

# Expensive

means a caravan, Heaven means golden slippers, and Hollywood, by popular demand, means a bazaar of lost and found sensation; pretense; illusion; fantasy; intoxication; love, that must be no more than thin ice on the brink of Hell!

\* \* \*

IN the drawing room of Madame de Longpré, cigarette smoke floated on a rose and amber mist. With wavering bow-knots of light, the candles seemed trying to tie their brackets to the walls. Chiffon, and sequin, and velvet ladies, trailed up and down the stairs, while gentlemen in tuxedos waited; white *boutonnieres*, smart little waxed moustaches.

But it seemed to be Mary Leeds for whom *most* of the gentlemen waited! Her name seemed the pin upon which revolved all their conversation! This thing and that thing about Mary Leeds seemed the entire tenor of their interest! An obvious majority of the gentlemen present appeared to be bordering on that state of idiocy called "love," and the extremely beautiful person who came, at last, hesitantly downstairs, smiling with pretty unsophisticated consciousness at the attention trained

upon her, seemed immediately the answer to the impulse and desire in the eyes of fairly all that little sea of cavaliers!

She wore white lace with pastel flowers, ivory slippers, no jewels, but a pair of jade bracelets, above her elbows.

In the shadows of the conservatory, Johnny Haversmith, merely a cameraman, waited orders from Madame de Longpré. He had been hired for the purpose of making a photograph of the event.

The conservatory adjoined the drawing room, two steps down, and through a wrought-iron gate. Its tiled floors were set with odd, bright patterns. Its tub-trees and trellises were heavy with green and sweet with tropical moss and budding flowers. A fountain played silver staccato into a pool where lilies floated and tadpoles hid around sprawling roots. A flood of purple shone under the water. Candle-light filtered through the open gate.

And from behind the palms, Johnny Haversmith, just a cameraman, watched Mary Leeds come downstairs to the gentlemen celebrities who were in love with her. The mere cameraman ran his hand back over his dun-colored hair, and poked the end of a somewhat shabby necktie inside his vest.

He had long since become calloused to beauty. Beauties in the picture business are like fish in the sea!

In all Hollywood, there was only one beautiful woman coming down a stairway into the arms of two score lovers, who could have stirred a ripple in the breast of Johnny Haversmith. But that one woman was little Mary Leeds! The only woman in the world, in fact, who had ever stirred a ripple in his heart of any kind under any circumstances!

Too often Fate seems to portion her heartaches promiscu-

ously with cruel and deliberate disregard for balance. Johnny Haversmith's heartache, since the first day he had seen that little girl in the rags of Limehouse, had been his love for her! A hopeless, despairing love, since he had no illusions! He knew she counted hundred dollar bills with less concentration than he counted dimes! He knew she could have her choice of almost any love and name and fortune upon which she chose to smile! He knew the chances were slim and feeble that she even remembered he was alive!

But it is not by judgment or reason a man's heart beats for one woman! Love is the most mysterious magnet of all! The steel pins dangle, knowing how futile it is; yet they cannot get away!

Johnny Haversmith, behind the palms, saw the gentlemen celebrities gobble up the little girl he loved—their eyes looking into hers as his longed to look—their lips saying what his longed to say!

A parrot stepped sagely from an iron ring into a bamboo tree, and recommended in a raucous voice that God should save the King!

"And some of the rest of us!" said Johnny Haversmith.

He lighted a cigarette—walked to the tree, and blew smoke up the vein of a bamboo leaf. The parrot, with solemn awkwardness, came down and hooked himself to the back of Johnny's neck, cleverly, so no possible contortion could admit of blowing smoke!

"What a life," rasped the bird. "Hell's bells! *E pluribus unum!*"

With a rustle of spangles, a little noise like falling rain, Madame de Longpré came around the wrought-iron gate.

"We're almost ready now," she said. "We're only waiting



"He loves you," the gypsy said. "He is not handsome. He has no money."

for Dorothy Denver and Mr. Dupont. Don't let Columbus bother you. He takes such violent fancies! Now, I'd like to have the picture with everybody on the stairs so it will show the beautiful stairs and the ivory Buddha! . . . Oh, come in, Mary my love! We're just talking about taking a picture. You're simply ravishing tonight! Every woman here will despise you! This gentleman is going to take a picture. Miss Leeds, Mr. —, I really don't know your name."

"I do," Mary said, laughing up at tall Johnny Haversmith. "He's made ten million feet of me!" She picked a fuchsia from a trellis and tucked it into his buttonhole. "I haven't seen you for ages, Johnny! Where've you been? Somebody told me you asked to go on another picture when I started 'Saints and Sinners.' Did you really?"

"Yes," he said, his eyes devouring her, starving for the sight of her. "I couldn't stick to my job, any more, on a set with you!"

"Mercy!" rippled Madame de Longpré, "what a temperamental camera person!"

"Quite!" said little Mary Leeds. "I'm surprised!"

"I hope your presence tonight, Mary," Madame de Longpré remarked, "won't make it impossible for him to remember that the point of the picture is to include the stairs and the ivory Buddha! Interviews all mention the stairs and the ivory Buddha!"

With a gesture of her diamond-studded lorgnette, she dismissed any necessity for further recognition of Johnny Haversmith's presence.

"And Mary I promised the Prince I'd present him the instant you arrived! He's put all he's going to say to you into an epic or canto or something that will take weeks to speak, so you'd better let him get started! And he's so rich, my love! And so determined to marry you! He's even sent a description of you in bridal pearls and ermine, to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



The first all-woman cast in the history of pictures! This is the galaxy of girls Director William Beaudine has been directing in "The Mad Parade," a story of women in the World War. Reading from right to left—Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman, Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda, Fritzi Ridgeway, Marceline Day, June Clyde and Helen and Elizabeth Keating. A fine looking company, too!



Irene Dunne is glad PHOTOPLAY found out she had been secretly married. Here she is as *Sabra*, her glorious rôle in "Cimarron"

# Irene's Secret Marriage

By Ruth Biery

**I**RENE DUNNE, *Sabra* of "Cimarron," is the wife of Dr. F. D. Griffin, a physician of New York City.

To tell or not to tell? That was the question which worried Irene Dunne when Radio Pictures signed her on a long-term contract, following her forty weeks in "Show Boat," and brought her to the Coast to star in musical pictures. Somehow, no one had ever inquired whether she was married or single. When she was on Broadway, it hadn't seemed to matter, but when she came into pictures—

There was a long family discussion; there was a longer professional argument with the officials of Radio Pictures. The old picture idea, you know, is: "Marriage hurts. If you must marry don't tell the world about it." Irene had been told it was one of the movie commandments and decided to keep silent.

It really didn't matter much to picture fans, either, until the present. For Irene Dunne was just a name until "Cimarron" was released and she gave the picture world one of its finest performances! Musicals died on the screen just as Irene was born to them. For months she drew salary and spent her time long-distancing her handsome, famous, far-away husband.

Then: "Leathernecking." We won't go into that. It was a bad picture—a very bad picture . . . and Irene Dunne had better remained unborn to the screen, perhaps, than to make her initial appearance in it.

Then—"Cimarron"! And, suddenly, she became copy. Every newspaper in Los Angeles rushed to interview her. But

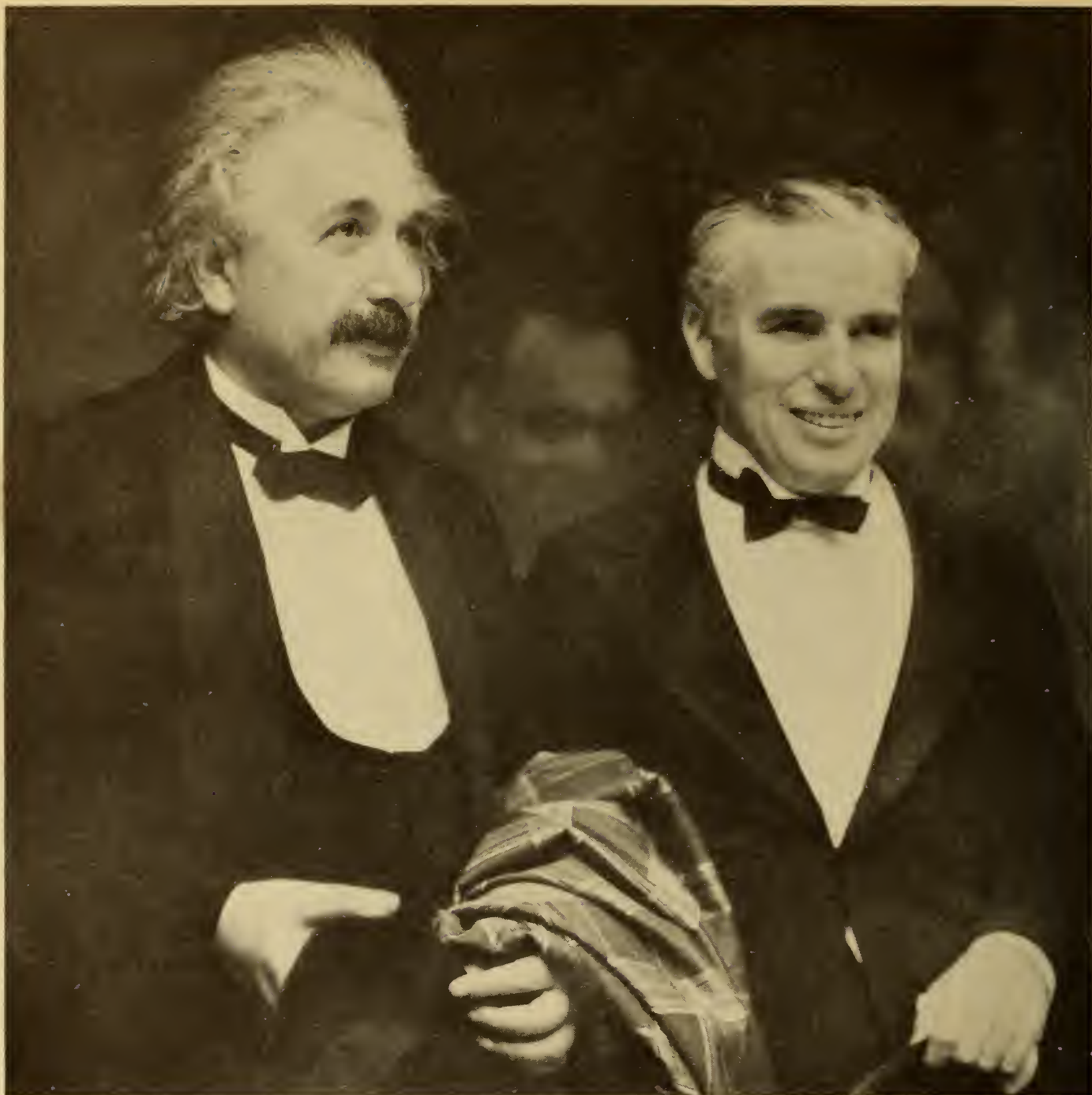
they took it for granted, since she said nothing whatever about it, that she was single—so didn't even ask her about it.

"And the funny part of it is—we've been married for nearly three years. And the best part of it all is—we are happy. Why, he's been out here three times. Came by aeroplane; watched every test made for 'Cimarron'—has advised me on every movement. I wouldn't turn a hand without him. Oh, I'm glad, *glad* PHOTOPLAY found out and I can really talk about him!"

They were married in New York City, July 16, 1928, and sailed immediately for a six months' honeymoon in Europe. She had just finished "The City Chap," a stage play, with Dillingham.

"**I** EXPECTED to give up my career entirely. My husband was *then* opposed to the stage. He felt it would take the only thing he really wanted away from him if I went on after we were married. It's strange to think of *then* and *now*. Today, he is my inspiration. His friends in New York can't understand it. He talks and boosts and encourages and wants his wife's career, just as he used to fight it."

There was not the least reason for Mrs. Dr. F. D. Griffin to continue working. Her husband was born almost next door to Calvin Coolidge. An old, ancedored New England family. When she met him, he was a bachelor with an apartment on Park Avenue, a name and plenty of money. They met before she went on the stage. She had [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135 ]



Prof. Albert Einstein and his host, Charlie Chaplin, at the Los Angeles opening of Charlie's "City Lights." Chaplin was the one man in Hollywood Einstein wanted to meet. Well, he met him—and about 50,000 others, too

# Einstein In Hollywood

THEY say Professor Einstein was trying to explain his theory to a big studio executive.

"... for instance, consider Betelgeuse," Einstein was explaining. "Betelgeuse, one of the greatest stars in the whole system, can be photographed merely by means of one ray of light . . ."

"Uh-huh," uh-huhed the executive. Later Einstein went home.

At once, the executive grabbed a telephone and called his casting director.

"Say, you," he shouted, "I want you should go out and sign up this feller Betelgeuse. And I want you should sign him up quick. Einstein, who knows everything, says he's one of the greatest stars in the business.

"And economy!—hah, lissen—we can shoot him with only one light, Einstein says! !"





At the Warner Studio the Einsteins were coaxed into this bouncing car. Cameras cranked, tricksters worked. Two hours later the guests received a film of themselves flivving 'round the world!

## He can comprehend the Universe, but the picture business left him dazed

That is just one of the dozens that are being told—true and otherwise—about Einstein's visit to the moving picture capital. Queen Victoria in a tap-dancing school wouldn't have been half as out of place as Einstein was in Hollywood.

Now, of course, Einstein has about as much in common with Hollywood as maple sugar has with canned salmon. But Einstein, being human, naturally wanted to get a look at Hollywood while in California. And Hollywood, being Hollywood, naturally wanted to grab off the lion's share of the unprecedented publicity Einstein was getting.

AND so it all began—this amazing business of Einstein-in-Hollywood, as soon as he arrived in Pasadena. The purpose of his trip of course, was to visit the famous scientific laboratories at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, twenty miles from Hollywood. He was provided with a bungalow, where, it was assumed, he would go into retirement to ponder on the vastnesses of the universe.

But Hollywood wouldn't go for things like that! To let Einstein hide away, and thereby overlook a headline like "EINSTEIN VISITS COLOSSUS STUDIOS" was not in any Hollywood press-agent's book of rules. And so the race began. Universal won.

It seems that "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, bland potentate of Universal City, was having a twenty-fifth anniversary of making movies. It would be nice to have a lot of big people there. So huddles were huddled and plans were planned, and what eventuated?—

An invitation was sent to Professor Einstein in Pasadena. Would he care to see the famous film "All Quiet on the



The celebration of Carl Laemmle's twenty-fifth anniversary in pictures was on, and Einstein unwittingly helped the party. "You tell me about relativity?" is what Hollywood thinks Mr. Laemmle is saying, referring to his relatives on the Universal lot

Western Front"? Einstein's a famous pacifist, by the way. And having heard much about "All Quiet" and its force for peace, Einstein innocently said yes.

Fine, said Universal right back at him, we'll have a showing for you on such-and-such a day. Well, such-and-such a day was the day of the anniversary celebration. And then, invitations were sent broadcast through filmland to come on over to Universal on such-and-such a day—Laemmle's twenty-fifth Anniversary and Einstein as attractions.

Did it work?

Well, even Queen Mary was there—Mary Pickford. So was Gary Cooper, in his eye-paining yellow-and-green open car, even though it rained that day. Will Rogers came. Executives from all the other studios were there. Filmland turned out *en masse* to see Einstein. And the most surprised person of all was Einstein! He expected to see a moving picture. Instead, he saw countless scores of movie celebrities he didn't know, plus countless Laemmle relatives. "There were so many relatives," said one person there, "that you couldn't get to the buffet luncheon table!" And that's the beginning of the famous crack about what Laemmle might have said to Einstein:

"What! You're telling me about relativity?"

It was at the Einstein visit to Universal that the famous Mary Pickford episode happened. Celebrity after celebrity was introduced to Einstein.

Among [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

By Harry Lang

# The Most Romantic Love



1



2



3

1 They met on the set where they were making "7th Heaven," that tender love story that was to touch the hearts of millions—and make the boy and girl great stars. He was tall, handsome, and twenty-two—she was little, winsome, and twenty. Making one of the loveliest of love stories, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell fell in love. They became *Diane* and *Chico* to the world, and to each other. Janet broke her engagement to Herbert Moulton, the Los Angeles newspaper man who had helped her on the hard road upward.

2 Rumors of the engagement of Janet and Charlie flew faster when they played opposite each other in "Street Angel." How happy they were! Their boy-and-girl romance was in full flower—this picture shows them in their happiest sweetheart days. But no announcement was forthcoming. Why, asked the world? For here was a romance the fans actually wanted to see consummated. Thousands of letters poured in approving the romance the picture world had seen begin in "7th Heaven" and flower in "Street Angel." But the youngsters were just happy in their work and affection for each other.

3 The answer to the question of "Why don't Janet and Charlie get married?" was undoubtedly Virginia Valli. She and Farrell had been pals since his earliest days in pictures. She always loved him in a thoroughly unselfish way and was friend, advisor and critic. Charlie's nature is something like Virginia's. She had devoted weeks to helping him plan his home at Toluca Lake. During this period of home-making, Charlie saw more of Virginia than of Janet. Two girls in love with the same boy—that was Hollywood's verdict.

# Story in Film History



4



5

4 "Lucky Star" gave *Chico* back to *Diane* in pictures. Word circulated that Janet and Charlie were to be married any day. Charlie was to tell Virginia. Hollywood prepared congratulations. Then, without warning, Janet rushed to Oakland and married Lydell Peck, rich young San Francisco society man. What had happened? The story was that Charlie had gone to call on Virginia, that Janet, piqued, had wired Peck her acceptance of his proposal. They were married September 11, 1929. Hollywood was amazed.

5 "Sunny Side Up" brought them together again in pictures—but Janet was Mrs. Lydell Peck now. Then came "High Society Blues," and Janet's flight from the Fox lot. There was the episode of her trip to Honolulu, with Charlie accidentally boarding the same boat, and beating a hasty retreat. Janet cried! Ten heart-breaking months away from the studio. And then a glamorous return in "The Man Who Came Back." Who, seeing Charlie and Janet together in that picture, could doubt that the youngsters were still the best of friends? Again the world wondered about Janet and Charlie!

6 Then came the sudden death of Charlie's mother. It hit him pretty hard. PHOTOPLAY announced that Virginia and he were to be married, and sure enough, when Charlie got a vacation and time for a honeymoon they sailed for the Mediterranean, man and wife. They were married in New York a few days before sailing. And a happier pair of kids never leaned over a ship's rail and waved farewell. If you believe in astrology, ask the stars. Janet was born October 6, under the sign of Libra. The romance of Janet and Charlie—not to be!



6

# Love, Marriage and Divorce



True love in Hollywood. Totty and Teddy are tiffing over a little matter of close-up stealing

JUST as Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, as happy a pair of newlyweds as the ship news reporters ever saw, sailed for Europe, Charlie said to a PHOTOPLAY writer: "Well, we made good for your old book, didn't we?" He was referring to PHOTOPLAY'S announcement of their intention to wed, published several months ago. It will do the old Mediterranean good to see such genuine happiness, and the good wishes of millions are with them.

\* \* \*

Irene Dunne, the superb *Sabra* of "Cimarron," is married to Dr. F. D. Griffin, a New York physician—and very happily, too! PHOTOPLAY discovered this true love story when all Hollywood's other smart reporters had gone along assuming she was single and in circulation. The whole story of Irene's adventurous stage career, her romance and her marriage will be found on another page of this issue.

\* \* \*

WELL, as far as little Loretta Young is concerned, it looks like another clear-cut case of "Mother Knew Best."

Married at seventeen, will she be separated permanently at eighteen, and divorced before she's twenty? Her marriage to big, good-looking Grant Withers has gone to pot—at least Hollywood thinks so. He's eight years older than Loretta. He'd been married before, and had been a romantic figure in the lives of others. And there are other factors, too.

When Loretta didn't rush to his side when Grant was reported operated on for appendicitis in Chicago, people wondered. When he was back on the stage ten days after the operation, they wondered still more. It's food for thought.

Well, when you read this Loretta may be home with her mother and sisters—Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

Though she tried her darndest to prevent the marriage, mother hasn't yet said, "Well, Loretta, I told you so! Remember, mother knows—"

\* \* \*

The great question, asked ten million times, "Can the Jack Gilbert-Ina Claire marriage last?" has been answered. It couldn't last—and hasn't.



Happy days are here again! The nice old judge tells them they're free once more

When Ina arrived in Hollywood not long ago, Gilbert had taken to the High Sierras. His wife waited hours for some message from him. None came. Then she gave this statement to the press—

"Mr. Gilbert and I have agreed to separate. Any difficulties or misunderstandings we may have had are probably as much my fault as his. I did not want to discuss my personal life at this time, but owing to the fact that I have recently been misquoted, I feel it only fair and more comfortable for Mr. Gilbert, myself and our friends to stop all further evasions."

Jack and Ina were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, in May, 1929. Not long after their marriage they set up separate establishments.

In 1929 Jack was at the height of his fame, and Ina just trying to break into the Hollywood hit class. Now his glory is in eclipse and Ina, on the strength of her hit in "The Royal Family," has a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

And that, children, is Life, with a capital L!

\* \* \*

HERE'S the most involved and hectic "love story" of the Hollywood month—

That of Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mrs. Renaldo! Not long after Renaldo and Edwina came back from the long "Trader Horn" location trip to Africa, Mrs. Renaldo slapped a \$50,000 alienation suit on Miss Booth.

Edwina denied everything under oath, and asked the courts to annul her marriage to Director Arthur Schuck.

Renaldo was clapped into jail on charges of illegal entry into this country, obtaining his release on \$2,000 bail just in time to attend the "Trader Horn" opening in Hollywood. He and Edwina went to the theater widely separated, and each was escorted by police in plain-clothes.

# in Hollywood — this Month



Hurray! "The law says we're single again. Now we can be good Hollywood pals!"

What a maze of lawsuits, bitter charges and stout denials!  
Where does love—even under an African moon—come in?

\* \* \*

EVERYONE in town is taking a look at the ring Clara Bow gave her current boy friend, Rex Bell! *My dear!* It's platinum, with five diamonds that grade up to one of two and a half carats. In the band is engraved a heart, and in the center of the heart, the word "It." Also, "To darling Rex from Clara."

\* \* \*

William Powell opines he is going on a long cruise in Mexican waters between his last picture for Paramount and his first for Warners—if he can get "the right girl" to cruise along with him!

That means Carole Lombard, the Paramount leading woman. And Bill's very frank about saying he wants her to marry him. No statement from the lady yet, but it looks like the real thing. She calls him "Junior"—he calls her "Baby."

And the love-birds of Hollywood go "tweet-tweet!"

\* \* \*

CONSTANTLY seen together—Gloria Swanson—dividing her time between scenarist Gene Markey and composer George Gershwin.

The Marquis de la (Hank) Falaise and Connie Bennett. This seems to be a very genuine article.

Marguerite Churchill and Eddie Grainger, son of Vice President James R. Grainger of Fox and himself a supervisor on that lot. Eddie was attracted by pictures of her he saw in the publicity department. He met the lady.

P. S. He's building a new home in Beverly Hills.



Marriage *a la* film colony. "I saw you wink at that extra, you brute, you!"

Junior Laemmle of Universal and Sidney Fox, the girl his company just brought from Broadway. She's just four feet, ten—vivacious, brunette and very young.

\* \* \*

Oh yes, and Jean Harlow of the platinum locks is being squired about by Paul Bern, supervisor and director. Jean's just got her divorce from Charles F. McGrew, II, Chicago broker. She married him in 1927, when she was sixteen. She rates a house in Beverly, a car and the income from a \$200,000 trust fund.

\* \* \*

Here's true love!

Norman Foster has been toiling at Paramount's Hollywood studio while his pretty wife, Claudette Colbert, has labored at the Long Island plant. Not long ago both the young folks had a little time off. So they boarded trains and spent a few happy days together—in Chicago.

\* \* \*

SPEAKING of love and its consequences—Kathlyn Williams, once the greatest of serial film stars, has divorced her long-time husband, Charles Eyton, in Reno. Still friends, both say. . . . Alice Day, who is Mrs. Jack Cohn, expects in April. . . . Lew Ayres and Lola Lane still going together, though Joan Bennett has been noted with Lew now and again. Incidentally, Joan and John Considine, executive, aren't the Best Pals any more. Considine and his former fiancée, Carmen Pantages, are reported Best Pals again. Lackaday! . . . Hollywood is shocked at the separation of Director George Hill and his scenario-writing wife, Frances Marion—the team that wrote and directed "The Big House."

\* \* \*

When Doug left Mary to go on his trip to the Orient, the usual divorce denials came from both parties. One thing is sure, they are not playing the ideal married couple gag any longer. It must have been quite tiresome to both.

\* \* \*

John Wayne, engaged to a dark-haired South American beauty, seems to like blonde Virginia Cherrill, too.

\* \* \*

And Garbo still hasn't a steady!



Girl novelist turns actress! Carman Barnes, who wrote a novel called "Schoolgirl" when she was fifteen, is now playing in one of her own stories at the Paramount Studios



Have you met *Butch's* Missus? Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mrs. Wallace Beery, accompanied by her large and talented husband, as they looked at the Hollywood opening of "Trader Horn." Wally acted as master of ceremonies to thunderous applause. Beery's first wife, you recall, was Gloria Swanson

# Cal York

The Monthly

# Hollywood

WELL, did Edna know Best? Something new in the history of Hollywood has happened. A leading lady walked off the set of a big picture—because she was homesick and afraid she wouldn't make good!

They were ready to shoot the first scenes of "Cheri-Bibi," Jack Gilbert's new picture, at Metro. But no leading lady! Edna Best, one of the most famous young leading women of the English stage, and ready for the rôle, had departed—leaving no message.

The troupe was flabbergasted.

Suddenly a wire, dated Needles, Ariz., was handed to director John Robertson.

It read—

"I am on my way back to London. I am awfully homesick, and besides, I am just afraid I wouldn't be good in the picture."

An inferiority complex, said officials. Edna sped Eastward. And Leila Hyams stepped into the rôle.

HOLLYWOOD'S happy to see Tommy Meighan again, after a couple of years in retirement.

For Thomas has come back to pictures. He'll make his reappearance in "Young Sinners," in which Dorothy Jordan will play the leading rôle.

Meighan has been living happily on his Florida estate, but the camera called too loudly.

"After all, a fellow can play just so much golf and tennis and spend so much time managing his belongings," Tommy told me

on his way to Hollywood. "Then a man's got to do something, or simply blow up."

So Thomas Meighan, a favorite of ours for many years, is coming back to us! He was like the old fire horse—he heard the bell again, and off to Hollywood he rushed. Another case of once a trouper, always a trouper.

DORIS KENYON agreed to make one picture for First National but before it was completed they had signed her for the lead in the next Arliss picture in the part of *Lady Hamilton*, and following that she will have the lead with Walter Huston. This will take her right up to the time of her departure for Europe in May. She was offered a long term contract but insisted on the European trip for study.

JUST as we go to press we learn that, on the advice of a Hollywood soothsayer, Marian Marsh's older sister, Jeanne Morgan, has

changed her name to Gene Fenwick. Within three days she landed a good job with First National.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest Cinderella is Carman Dee Barnes, eighteen-year old writer who ground out a story called "Schoolgirl" when she was fifteen.

Last fall she went west for Paramount to write. Now she's to play the leading rôle in a story written by herself.

She's reported to have said that she is a little shy of pictures because she has to write down to her audiences!

This, from a kid writer of frenzied flapper fiction.

Are we allowed a small chuckle, or a modest guffaw? Sure!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, Paramount's latest stage recruit, now playing opposite Clive Brook in "New York Lady" at the Long



The makers of four winners of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal have lunch on the Fox lot with Director Frank Lloyd. They've all been working at Fox. Left to right—Lloyd; Henry King, director of the silent "Tol'able David," John Ford, of "Four Sons," and Frank Borzage, who made "Humoresque" and "7th Heaven"



Well, here's Tallulah Bankhead telling the movie world she hopes we like her first talkie, "New York Lady." She's home again after eight big years on the stage in London

# Announcing— Broadcast of Goings-On!

Island Studio, had been pretty much wrought up over her first talking picture.

The executives had an attack of nerves also. They'd been watching Tallulah pretty closely to see how she was making out.

In the midst of a particularly trying morning Mr. Zukor himself walked on the set and proceeded to watch. This was too much for Tallulah. She screamed at Mr. Zukor to leave and with a thousand apologies the president of the company walked meekly out.

**HAROLD LLOYD** had his first look at Harold Lloyd Junior through Junior's glass incubator wall.

"He's got a turned-up nose," was Lloyd's first comment.

Gone Hollywood early!

At this writing, Harold, Jr., seems to be doing right well.

The youngster gains a few ounces right along. He weighed less than three pounds

when he was born, having made his bow to the world about two months before he was expected.

**A** LOS ANGELES newspaper printed the following advertisement recently:

"Young lady, 30, thoroughly experienced, offers \$100 bonus to anyone securing her position as secretary to movie star."

Evidently a lot of them think Daisy De Voe had a great time!

**NORMA SHEARER**, actress, doesn't talk about her new son, Irving Thalberg, Jr.

That's not her idea of publicity.

But Norma Shearer, mother, can't help it. She's that fond and proud of the baby.

"He weighs sixteen pounds now," says Norma. "Yes—his nose is exactly like mine,

turned up at the end. And it seems to me he's a born comedian!"

And when you see Norma, you'll realize what motherhood's done for her. In "Strangers May Kiss" you'll find her more beautiful than ever—if that's possible!

**FIFI DORSAY** has been spanked and sent to bed without her caviar and truffles.

Fox was plenty sore about the stunt Fifi's personal press agent put over. You remember she was reported involuntarily shanghaied on a liner bound for the Canal Zone.

This cunning little thought caused Fox, put in bad with the press, to take Fifi's name off all advertising copy for "Mr. Lemon of Orange," and to keep her idle for a while as punishment. And the Associated Press declared it might never, NEVER carry her name on its wires again!

**TRAGEDY** follows Mary Nolan. It seems as if that girl just can't get a break or won't take 'em when they come. A little over a year ago she was considered one of the biggest embryonic stars on the film horizon. She had all the stuff of which stars are made—beauty, emotion, glamour, acting ability and a certain basic mystery. But what has happened to her now?

After five months of illness she was slated to begin "The Up and Up" for Universal. The picture has been postponed for a few more weeks. And, although she's drawn a good salary the girl is pretty near broke—financially. Her illnesses have, of course,

# Tune in, folks, on Cal York's

taken much of her money but besides this she lives extravagantly.

She has not learned to deny herself anything that she really wants.

Unable to manage herself, she is invariably the victim of bad management from others.

**T**HEN there's the Hollywood man-about-town who remarked after seeing Edwina Booth in her native costume in "Trader Horn": "I can't blame the tsetse fly for wanting to bite her."

**G**ARBO is still Hollywood's champion walker.

Not long ago she hiked, alone, around the edge of Arrowhead Lake—some forty miles.

Then Gene Markey, scenarist and Ina Claire's ex-beau, accepted a lunch-hour bid to walk with the Swedish star. She took him 250 times around a big sound stage at a fast clip.

Gene broke down and had to go home. But Greta just took a drink of water and went back to work on the set!

## HOLLYWOOD:

The other day, a cinema trade paper reporter was shooed off the Universal set whereon Jean Harlow, the super-heated "hell's angel" was working.

He wanted to know why.

"Miss Harlow is insufficiently clad," he was told, "to permit visitors on the set."

*But:*

The "insufficiently clad" outfit was the

very dress in which she was being shot for the picture!

P. S.—Production was held up two days during the shooting. Miss Harlow had a cold in her chest.

**O**UR Dietrich-Garbo story intimating that Marlene should not be called a Garbo copy-cat and should be given a great big hand on her own beauty and personality, stirred up a storm of mail.

The writers, almost to a man and maid, agreed—even though they were avowed Garbo partisans.

"Live and let live," was the motto. Hollywood's big enough to hold two glamorous gals from overseas.

Incidentally, when Dietrich gets settled in America again after her European vacation, she may ask to work at the Long Island Paramount Studio. Marlene's no lover of Hollywood. She once told reporters in Chicago that the sunshine of Hollywood is too powerful and consistent—in her own words, "It burns your brains out!"

This would probably mean that Joe Von Sternberg, her director, would go East to work with her. And Greta 3,000 miles away. That's 2,980 miles farther than Sheridan was from the Battle of Winchester!

**T**HE whole film world was saddened by the death of Louis Wolheim.

The brilliant character leading man passed away as the result of his efforts to fit himself for the rôle of the managing editor in the famous newspaper comedy, "The Front Page," now being made by Howard Hughes. The part had always been played by a slender man, and Wolheim reduced from 190 to 160 pounds in three weeks. Weakened by self-denial, he became ill and died after an operation. We shall miss Wolheim—one of the finest actors of the American stage and screen.

**J**OHAN GILBERT, John Loder and Johnny Farrow, scenario writer, were lying on the sands at Malibu Beach. A girl whom Farrow knew came along. Farrow introduced her.

"I know this is John Loder, all right, but this other man is not John Gilbert."

"Why?" asked Mr. Gilbert.

"I just know it."

"Is it because I shaved my moustache? I had to do that for a picture."

"No." The young lady hesitated.

John persisted.

"Well—I know because even your voice doesn't sound like John Gilbert."

John turned toward his companions with a wry grin. "That's the way M-G-M seems to feel about it."

**A**HOLLYWOOD extra girl, says *Variety*, was suing a director for a Rolls-Royce he promised her.

But the director filed a counter-suit.

So she settled for an Austin.

**I**S the "star system," with its big money and its race for names, going to flourish in Hollywood as never before?

Now that the Warner raid on the Paramount star stockade is history, news of the salaries the boys and girls are said to be slated for is startling.

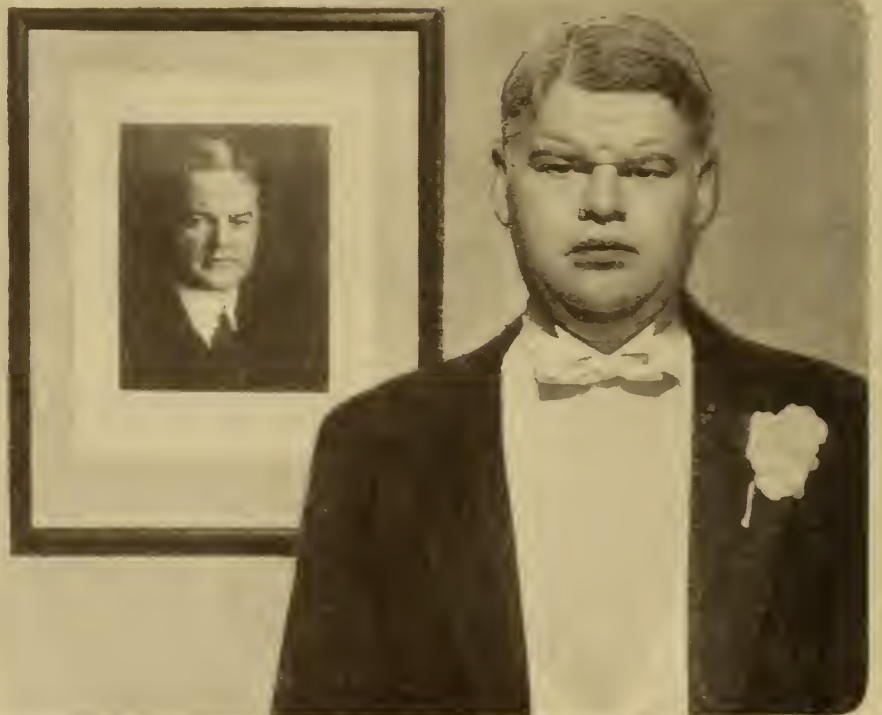
Ruth Chatterton's Warner contract, which goes into effect next October, is said to call for something like \$20,000 a week, though written on a so-much-per-picture basis. Bill Powell's gilt-edged document is said to be for \$175,000 a picture.

But Kay Francis really got the most astonishing raise.

From the \$750 a week she was reported getting at Paramount, she is said to be promised \$2,750 a week on the Warner lot, with stardom specified the second year.



Look! It's *Skippy!* Needing a youngster to play the great little hero of Percy Crosby's comic strip, Paramount raided "Our Gang" and came away with Jackie Cooper



Well, does the gentleman at the right look like the gentleman in the frame? Universal spent weeks finding the man to double for President Hoover in a sequence of "Fires of Youth." They picked Tom Jensen, a Los Angeles cop. And after all that, we hear, Tom's now just a face on the cutting room floor



# H o l l y w o o d   S t a t i o n — N - E - W - S

In addition, Rowland V. Lee, formerly Paramount, has been signed to direct for Warners at \$3,150 a week. And Edward G. Robinson, after his sensational hit in "Little Caesar," has a contract which, it is said, will bring him \$100,000 by next October.

All of which is what is now known as important money, and certainly a hard nudge to the merry old overhead.

**E**VER since Warner Bros. signed up a flock of Paramount stars, Hollywood has been all a-gag about it.

Gag No. 1—Visitor to Warner lot sees new building being erected. Asks "What's that?" "Oh," replies guide, "that's the Paramount dressing-rooms."

Gag No. 2—Paramount called off the vacation Ruth Chatterton was to have had and announced it will make three Chatterton pictures before her contract is up in October when she goes to Warners. "Nothing like a Warner contract to speed up Paramount production," grins a gagster.

Gag No. 3—They say Warners are trying to sign up Leo, the M-G-M lion.

**A**T a recent tea party Yvonne Vallée, wife of Chevalier, and Betty Bronson, of "Peter Pan" fame, got into a friendly argument. Both being tiny girls, they disputed over who was the taller.

At last they stood back to back and Maurice did the measuring.

"Exactly the same height," said Chevalier, "but I think I'll keep the one I have!"

**W**E were all saddened when we heard that Mary Carr—"Mother" Mary—had been forced to go into bankruptcy.

Things have broken badly with her for a long time. Her husband, W. C. Carr, is a semi-invalid, and most of her six children are dependent on her for support.

And there hasn't been much work lately for the grand old lady of pictures, who has been in the studios since 1909. Creditors pressed for payment.

So Mary Carr took the only possible way out.

She filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing her liabilities at over \$12,000—and her assets at \$165.

Remember "Over the Hill"?

**D**AISY DEVOE sits in a cell in the Los Angeles County jail, no doubt meditating on the perils of being secretary to a movie star.

Clara Bow's ex-helper, companion and playmate must report to a probation officer for three years and a half after her eighteen-month jail sentence runs out.

So the famous case of Bow-De Voe-dough is closed.

Clara making "Kick In," the Willard Mack play, into a talkie. Daisy in the jailhouse, and the public fed right up to the chin with the whole business.

**D**ID you know that Director W. S. Van Dyke, who just gave us "Trader Horn," was once a messenger boy for D. W. Griffith?

**W**ELL, nothing like it had ever been seen by the citizens of Los Angeles before. I mean the first showing of Chaplin's "City Lights."

Women's evening gowns were torn. For hours the mob surged back and forth, apparently unafraid of policemen's clubs, which were freely used.

At last the comedian arrived. He was accompanied by Professor and Mrs. Einstein and Professor and Mrs. Millikan and Georgia Hale. What Einstein thought about it could only be told by use of the fourth dimension.

Chaplin, who was literally mobbed, was ever

smiling, ever gracious, even while the buttons were being pulled off his coat. He might have been torn to bits if the police had not completely surrounded him.

**F**OX hired George and Ira Gershwin, composer and lyric writer of a score of musical comedy hits, to go to Hollywood and write a picture.

Guy Bolton, veteran librettist, was to do the story.

The Gershwins' fee was to be \$100,000 for the ten-week job.

When the term was up, George had written one tune. Ira had written forty-two words, by his own count.

And the picture? Well, nothing has been heard of it lately.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT'S contract for two pictures with Warner Bros. stipulates a six-hour working day for six days a week. La Bennett does not report for work until ten A. M., takes one hour for lunch and leaves at five. George Arliss is the only other star with such a "Unionized" arrangement.

They gave it to him because of his advanced age.

We suspect temperament might be the cause of Miss Bennett's, judging from the experience M-G-M had with her while she was making "The Easiest Way." She refused to take the time for publicity pictures. She left the publicity department without enough stills to properly advertise the production.

There was to be a half-day of retakes. The publicity men asked her to report at the studio [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]



Rin-Tin-Tin receives a charming caller as he gets his daily workout. Evalyn Knapp, of First National, visits the famous dog star at his home. Rinty is put into this huge squirrel cage every day, and he runs about fifty miles in it before he gets his supper. Rinty is not worried about his hips



Is this Mr. George Arliss with a Dutch bob? Or is it just little Mitzi Green, one of the cleverest of child mimics, giving us her impression of the famous character star?

# Swindle Swindle Little Star

*One of America's most popular authors takes us behind the scenes of movie love and finance*

*By Charles Francis Coe*

BECAUSE he could sell the services of other actors better than he could his own, Danny Grindle forsook the high iron gates of the studios and became an agent. To his dearest friend, Tommy Raridan, he confided his purposes. "A fellow could spend his life standing outside these gates, Tommy," he explained despondently, "and never know where his nex' meal would come from. When I do manage to get into a casting director's office, I can tell him more about the other fellow's acting than I can my own. I think I am a better salesman than actor. I'm going to be an agent."

Tommy, from the depths of his own discouragement, answered, "I guess that's true enough, Danny. In my case it's different. I couldn't sell the Presidency to a Democrat. Maybe I'm a rotten actor, too, but I've got to depend on that for my living. However," he shrugged with the optimism characteristic of his kind, "maybe I'll get a break."

"That's what I was thinking," Danny said. "There's at least a dozen fellows and girls around this extra gate who would make good if they got a chance. I'm going out and sign each one of them up. Then I'll make it my business to sell them to the studios. I thought maybe you'd sign up with me first, Tommy."

"Sure, I will," Tommy agreed instantly. "If you get to be



*Illustrated by Frank Godwin*

an agent, I'll be your first actor. I don't guarantee you'll make much of a living out of me, though," he smiled.

"You can't tell about that. Stars are made overnight," Danny pointed out. "I thought I'd ask Jean to sign up too."

"I guess she would all right," Tommy returned.

"It'd be pretty swell," Danny pondered hopefully, "if I could sell you both, wouldn't it? You're the nicest kids I've ever met in Hollywood. It'd be grand to have you both stars . . . and married."

"It's pretty swell of Jean to wait while I hang around extra gates," Tommy returned. "Stardom don't mean anything to her where love is concerned, Danny."

Three days later in the mystic machinations of Hollywood's commerce, Danny Grindle was an agent and as such represented five virtually unknown motion picture performers.

Anything can happen in Hollywood. In this particular case something did. On the second day of his efforts, Danny man-



Tommy couldn't understand why the director gave him all the breaks, photographing him full face while only the star's back showed in scene after scene

aged to display Tommy Raridan's screen test to a producer. The lad's work seemed to fit into the requirements of a part then open, and Danny signed the boy at the flat price of one hundred dollars weekly for the course of the picture.

"You can't tell what will come of this," Danny pointed out repeatedly. "You're sure to click in that bit, Tommy, and it may lead to a long term contract."

The three devoutly hoped so, and Tommy worked with that thought in mind. The inevitable resulted. He was submitted a contract for five years, starting at seventy-five dollars per week and increasing every six months at the rate of fifty dollars per week, provided, of course, that his work warranted the studio in exercising these semi-annual options. In high glee

Danny, as Tommy's agent, signed this contract and the lad went to work.

"Only six months, sweetheart," Tommy told Jean when the contracts had been executed. "We can live pretty comfortably on one hundred twenty-five a week."

Danny's success with Tommy got him contracts for many others, though he did not place Jean.

"You don't need to worry about that, honey," Tommy told her repeatedly. "Just as soon as I get up there in the big money you can give up this acting."

Midway through the second option period of the contract, a well-known Broadway star was imported at terrific cost to the studio. Shortly after the arrival of this renowned actor, Tommy was called into the producer's office. It was made clear to him that he was to play a substantial part in the picture the Broadway star was to make.

"It's a great chance for you," the producer pointed out. "Watch this star closely, Tommy. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119 ]



★ A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—Fox

MIX Will Rogers and Mark Twain and you've got laugh-medicine that'll cure anything from the megrims to depression-woe. This 1931 talkie of Twain's grand old story is better and funnier than was that fine silent "Yankee" that Harry Myers starred in some years ago. Liberties have been taken with the book, but even Twain wouldn't kick.

For instance, when *King Arthur's* mail-clad knights come charging to frays in bantam autos. Armed with machine guns instead of lances, it's a swell gag. And there are plenty others. As the *Yankee*, Will Rogers—Indian-blooded Oklahoman though he be—is a natural. His tongue fits Twain's words perfectly. William Farnum and sinuous Myrna Loy are excellent. Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan supply the love interest.



★ PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH—M-G-M

ONE of the stage's good old dependable farces breaks out on the screen, and is it a howl!

The dolorous-visaged Mister Keaton, and the ultra-leggy Charlotte Greenwood, racing for comedy honors, cross the finish line, neck and neck. And neck and neck and neck and neck . . . ! And until you've seen giraffy Charlotte and half-pint Buster neck, you haven't seen necking.

Of course, you all know the story—about the goofy sign-tacker who, for adequate house-party reasons, is converted into a synthetic Lothario, and takes it so seriously that no woman is safe. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing.

They've handed him a fine supporting cast, with Reginald Denny, Dorothy Christy, Sally Eilers, Natalie Moorhead and Cliff Edwards all going big.

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ KIKI—United Artists

"OUR MARY" PICKFORD'S back at the top o' the heap! After "Kiki," she can sit back and politely make faces at the wise ones who bawled: "She's through!" "Kiki" knocks all her critics for a row of rimless zeroes and reestablishes Mary as the peer of any screen actress.

You'll thrill tremendously at the metamorphosis of "America's Sweetheart." Here's no sugary, sick-sweet Pickford; here's a little rascal as much like the Mary of old as tabasco's like syrup. Mary's gone *hot!*—and saucily sophisticated. She prances in underthings, somersaults furiously in pajamas, gets bounced from a doorway. She lets herself be utterly ludicrous. You'll laugh at the queen—but how you'll love her! *Why* has Mary been hiding all this fire?

The picture itself? Marvellously cast, splendidly produced, directed with a keen sense of values, as fast-funny a farce as has been filmed. Reginald Denny has never done a finer piece of comedy work; it's his tough luck that, in your excitement over Mary's revivification, you lose some perspective on the brilliance of his work.

"Kiki" is a warmly seasoned dish. Situations and lines are often a bit naughty. But such is the artistry of this production that you can safely take the kids. And you'll have a few private laughs of your own.

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

KIKI EAST LYNNE  
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE  
PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH  
LONELY WIVES MOTHER'S MILLIONS

## The Best Performances of the Month

Mary Pickford in "Kiki"  
Reginald Denny in "Kiki"  
Ann Harding in "East Lynne"  
Clive Brook in "East Lynne"  
Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee"  
Buster Keaton in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"  
Charlotte Greenwood in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"  
Edward Everett Horton in "Lonely Wives"  
May Robson in "Mother's Millions"  
Skeets Gallagher in "It Pays to Advertise"  
Jeanette MacDonald in "Don't Bet on Women"  
Nancy Carroll in "Stolen Heaven"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 144*



★ EAST LYNNE—Fox

A RARELY beautiful and artistic production. Even though this melodrama antedates grandmother's theater days, it now comes to us in its very finest form. Our ideas of tragedy have changed, and the same situations must be handled with finer discrimination to move us now.

The picture retains all of the heart-breaking details of the original tragedy—the wife cast out by her stern husband, wandering over the world, denied the sight of her own child, finally coming home to die, but it is unbelievably touching, with a war sequence for a modern background.

Gorgeous sets, exquisite photography, almost flawless direction by Frank Lloyd, make this an outstanding picture.

Ann Harding, the star, runs the entire gamut of emotions, with as fine shading and restraint as has ever been seen on the screen, and (curls and all) she is captivatingly beautiful.

Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook, the men, are continuously interesting in unsympathetic rôles. Brook's pantomime is marvelous. Beryl Mercer brings a tightening of the throat in a small bit. "Cissy" Loftus and others do excellent work.

It took some courage to make a talking version of this old drammer. Fox has succeeded nobly. Plus the beauty of Ann Harding, the whole thing is a beautiful job.

No true devotee of pictures can afford to pass this by.



★ LONELY WIVES—Pathe

FOR sheer, side-splitting farce, this is the best thing we have seen in a blue moon. Edward Everett Horton plays a dual rôle and does it so well we are wondering how he has kept his light under a bushel. The three girls involved are Esther Ralston, Laura La Plante and Patsy Ruth Miller, the last named being the dangerously attractive secretary, while the other two are wives . . . but *not* entirely lonely.

The story revolves around a *Mr. Smith*, who attends strictly to business during the day and becomes absolutely irresponsible when work is over. Even his shrewd mother-in-law cannot keep him out of mischief.

You must see it to have any idea of how many laughs you can crowd into fifty minutes.



★ MOTHER'S MILLIONS—Liberty Productions

HARRIET BREEN, the wealthiest woman in the world, saved not only her pennies for old age but a fine sense of humor and heart full of compassion, according to this delightfully entertaining story. This reviewer formerly lived in the same block as Hettie Green, on whose life the talkie is founded, and can truthfully report that May Robson at least looks exactly like her until the final dress-up sequence. Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting are ingredients which make this a fine family picture.

Although presented like a stage play, the movie does not lose in this instance. James Hall, Lawrence Gray, Frances Dade and Edmund Breese give excellent performances, but Leah Winslow as the maid is the runner-up for honors with the veteran stage actress May Robson in her first big talkie.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**JUNE MOON**  
—Paramount



AS the dumb oaf from the electric works, who thinks he's a song writer, Jackie Oakie is a swell excuse for a lot of laughs. Most of the wisecracking lines in this are by Ring Lardner, excellently sustaining the current allegation that he's an ace humorist. A fine supporting cast helps Oakie put this over, with Harry Akst almost stealing the show. You're going to like this one.

**DON'T BET ON WOMEN—**  
Fox



HERE'S another of the modern crop of spicy, naughty affairs wherein husbands, wives and lovers are first scrambled, then unscrambled for the nice ending. It's good adult pastime, but unless the children are precocious, they won't be highly entertained. Roland Young's comedy is nice, and Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel play their rôles effectively and make the most of the smart dialogue.

**KEPT HUSBANDS—**  
Radio Pictures



THE title gives the story away but it is fun watching Dorothy Mackaill trying to make a tea hound out of Joel McCrea. They make an attractive pair. Clara Kimball Young's return is not as auspicious as it might be, as the part is disagreeable, but she's still beautiful. Mary Carr, Bryant Washburn, Robert McWade and others complete a capable cast. Lively entertainment.

**3 GIRLS LOST—**  
Fox



THREE little girls come to the city as little girls so often do. One is a good girl, one is a bad girl and you're not quite sure about the other—maybe she's Goldilocks. Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton aren't given much of a story break in this one. Lew Cody does a swell job as a racketeer but John Wayne isn't so hot. Maybe it's not his kind of rôle.

**BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—**  
Radio Pictures



THE story of a carefree youth who rises to industrial importance through the help of an efficient secretary and almost loses his romance. Robert Ames is the irresistible young man and Mary Astor the ever-helpful secretary. He's also interested in Catherine Dale Owen and Edna Murphy—in the story. The picture tells an interesting tale—and Mary Astor does fine work.

**FIRES OF YOUTH—**  
Universal



REMEMBER Jack Gilbert and Jeanne Eagels in the silent version of this, called "Man, Woman and Sin"? Now Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through the well-worn plot and the going isn't so good. Ayres must have better parts. Certainly Lew isn't the sad cub reporter of this, but Genevieve Tobin makes up for everything. She's grand. The dialogue is poor.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**IT PAYS TO  
ADVERTISE—**  
Paramount



**T**HIRTEEN Soap, "Unlucky for Dirt," is the advertising slogan motivating this hilarious comedy. "Unlucky for gloom" should be the slogan for the picture. It's the old stage play in new, movie-designed clothes. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster (husband of Claudette Colbert) and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. The keynote of the picture is speed—and then more speed!

**AMONG THE  
MARRIED—**  
M-G-M



**A**NOTHER of those things called "sophisticated" about how husbands and wives carry on in country club sets. All ends happily and reasonably honorably after various liaisons are effected or attempted. Adolphe Menjou plays himself excellently as usual. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams are—this is high praise—a young couple very much like any young couple. Not for the kiddies.

**BODY AND  
SOUL—**  
Fox



**L**OOKIEE, there are airplanes, spies, mistaken identity and all the things that make movie plots what they are! Also there's Charlie Farrell doing very nicely, thanks, in a uniform and a good part. Elissa Landi, from the stage, takes her first movie bow. She can take a lot more, too. She has the beauty and talent that should spell success. And is that Myrna Loy a mean one? You'll say so. See this.

**STOLEN  
HEAVEN—**  
Paramount



**N**ANCY CARROLL and Phillips Holmes do some very touching romantic acting—but something went wrong with the story of two young folks who try to steal a little paradise on twenty thousand stolen dollars. It's slow, unreal and even a little silly in spots. They have their brief fling in Florida, but Phil is finally marched off to the jail-house—with a hint that he'll get mercy because he and Nancy love each other.

**FINN AND  
HATTIE—**  
Paramount



**M**ITZI GREEN and Jackie Searl just about have their own way in this, though ZaSu Pitts and Leon Errol, Lilyan Tashman and Regis Toomey are present and accounted for. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock* have little fun out of their trip abroad, how can they, with a fiendish nephew and little daughter along. The picture is one long howl, and can safely be put on your must list.



**CHILDREN  
OF  
DREAMS—**  
Warners

**A**NOTHER reason why the box-office turned thumbs down on musicals. Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, II, are responsible for the tale, which has fruit-pickers (accompanied by an orchestra) singing through orchards, and a hero tenor warbling to the girl friend "And Every Morning at Seven A. M. We'll Climb a Tree." The cast works hard.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 133]

# Bebe and Ben and Their Little



**I**T'S a tough life—living at the beach ten miles out of Hollywood. Bebe and Ben, getting their day's supply of actinic rays before starting the day's work. Then, "The car, James," and off to the jute mill to earn their daily cake



# 25-Room Hovel at Santa Monica

Bebe's own boudoir. What's that man doing there? Here is one couple that Hollywood doesn't gossip about. One reason is that they're never seen out in public except in each other's company



Two hops and a jump and the Lyon family are in the Pacific surf. Note the high, palm-crested cliffs behind the house, and observe the manner in which the servants' quarters are separated from the main house

The rooms most lived in at the Daniels-Lyon house face right on the beach. Last night they probably were battling at contract bridge on the table that now serves to hold the friendly grapefruit and coffee



# Money Is No Joke

**H**A, ha, ha, ha, hah . . . !—funny, isn't he, this Will Rogers fellow?

Gets up and wisecracks about anything at all, he does. Congress, international affairs, football, national crises, aviation, Hoover, religion—they're all screamingly funny when Will says willrogersy things about them on the screen, or the stage, or in his newspaper articles.

Yeah, he's funny there. But say, have you ever seen him in a business office? Have you ever heard him driving a business bargain? No?—well, quite a few people have. They're the people who did business with him. And to them, Will Rogers is just about as funny as a steam roller—and quite a bit more effective.

To them, the funniest thing about Will Rogers is how unfunny he is when it comes to dollars.

And just because it's tremendously interesting to see the other side of Ha-Ha Rogers, the Oklahoma cowboy who's made himself a millionaire several times over by kidding everything, this will be the story of Mr. William P. Rogers, wholesale and retail dealer in new and shopworn jokes, with an annual business turnover of better than a million dollars . . . !

**J**UST for contrast, let's go back to 1905. There was a young fellow with a partner and a trick horse in a vaudeville act at Hammerstein's Roof in New York, then. He was getting \$150 a week for the whole act. One day he asked Hammerstein for a \$10 raise

"Ten a week more or we quit," was the general idea.

He got the dollars.

Well, that was Will Rogers, and he's been getting the dollars ever since. But not in tens. In tens of thousands, instead.

Look, for contrast, at what happened last year. Rogers, you know, chews gum all the time. Certain chewing-gum makers thought that an endorsement of their brand by Rogers would boost sales. So they asked Rogers to endorse.

"What do I get f'r it?" Rogers wanted to know, not very much interested in the general idea.

"What do you want?" they asked him.

"Aw—about thirty thousand," he said!—\$30,000 he demanded just for saying that yes, he liked their chewing-gum. And they paid it!

And that's just the beginning—just a drop in the bucket of the enormous income that Rogers has amassed. Let's go:

Chief source of his river of gold, of course, is his movie work. Just a couple of months ago, Will Rogers signed his new contract with Fox—one of the fattest, juiciest contracts any picture star has ever held.

It pays him, the Fox people report, \$900,000 a year for a two-year minimum, with options up to five years hung on!

Now, no movie outfit is going to pay any one person \$18,000 a week unless they've got to. And it was Will Rogers, the funny, bashful feller, who made them



Will Rogers makes a million a year but he won't joke about five cents

do it. The new salary is a huge increase over the old contract, but when Rogers signed the old one, he hadn't been a success in pictures. In the silents, the few pictures he made were flops. His sort of comedy is the audible kind; not pantomime. So when Fox signed him originally, they were taking a chance.

**I**T so happened, then, that Rogers made good with the mike. He became big box-office, and knew it. And so, when new-contract time came around, they discovered that they'd been dealing not with Will Rogers, comedian, but with Wm. P. Rogers, business man.

They began to understand why Rogers had declined, at the outset of his talkie career, to sign a long-term contract. At that time, he said: "Well, let's not make it a long contract; let's wait an' see how I get across." Maybe the executives thought he was being kind to them—leaving them a way out in case he flopped. But on the other hand, it now became more evident that he was leaving things open for himself to a spot where he could demand plenty and get it, in the event of success.

And so it turned out. For his new contract, Rogers asked plenty. The Fox people wept and wailed and gnashed their teeth. "Take it or leave it," was Rogers' general attitude, although he was willing to dicker. They dickered. And when it was all over, Rogers came out grinning, and the Fox people, asked what the new figures were, grumped:

"Oh, just a slight increase. You know Rogers . . . !"

Well, the "slight increase" now is revealed as giving the comedian the

nearly-a-million-a-year salary—one of the biggest starring contracts on record.

And not the least interesting part of the contract is one significant clause. That clause specifies, in black and white, that Will shall not be required to submit to publicity interviews.

Why?

Because he might inadvertently, during an interview, give away one of his jokes. And, it is specified, he is not to be asked to give away that which he sells—jokes!

**T**HIS leads up to the entertaining revelation that Rogers uses each of his jokes a half dozen times. He guards each new wisecrack that he originates—or finds—like the City National Bank guards its vaults. He takes it and mulls it over and coddles it and twists it about. And before he's done, each joke has become sextuplets. And he uses it six different ways—a couple of times in his writings, a couple of times in his talks, and a couple of times wherever else he can get paid for it. You're never sure, when you're paying to read or hear Will Rogers, that you're not getting a second-hand gag—or a third or fourth or fifth or sixth-hand, maybe.

His writings are the second main source of his income. It's hard to set any exact figure on what [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]

By Harry Lang



# “Hello Mary”



Doug phones the Missus from a Pacific liner 7,000 miles away

By Edwin Morton

OPERATOR—Miss Pickhorn? Mr. Fairshanks calling.

MARY—Oh dear, I thought he was on a ship somewhere!

OPERATOR—He is, Modom. Here's your party. Hold the line, pulleez!

TELEPHONE—Ork! Ork!

DOUG—Hello, Hipper!

MARY—Hello, Tiller!

DOUG—How are you?

MARY—Oh, I'm just fine. How are you?

DOUG—I'm fine.

MARY—Well, what's new with you?

DOUG—Not a thing. Just sailing along.

MARY—Pass any boats lately?

DOUG—Well, not *very* lately. Vic, when did we pass that boat? Victor Fleming says we passed it yesterday morning, but I thought it was Tuesday.

MARY—Was it a big boat?

DOUG—Well, not very big. I think it was a sampan. Was it a sampan we passed, Vic? Vic says it was a catamaran. I thought it was a sampan. Anyhow, I jumped over it a couple of times.

MARY—Are you jumping all right now, dear?

DOUG—I'm jumping simply bully. Haven't jumped so well in years. You should have seen me go over the captain's table at lunch today. Never touched a dish.

MARY—I suppose you'll do a lot of jumping in the Orient.

DOUG—I should say so. I plan to jump from Korea to Manchuria. Of course, poor old Vic will take a train. Well, a train or a junk. What are you up to, dear?

MARY—Oh, I'm just nipping around. You know, gadding here and there. I've seen a few nice shows. Have you heard “I Got Rhythm?”

DOUG—How would I hear it? Sing it, baby.

(Mary sings two verses and a chorus of “I Got Rhythm” into the phone.)

DOUG—Ha-cha-cha! That's great!

OPERATOR—Ten minits, please.

DOUG—Get off the wire, Pet! Or line, rather. There isn't any wire, eh Mary? Ha, ha! I guess there isn't any line, either. Well, get off the air. Ha, ha! How's my picture going?

MARY—Oh, fine.

DOUG—That's fine.

MARY—This line is certainly clear, isn't it?

DOUG—I'll say it's clear. Why, you might be right in the next room.

**\$2,000.00 For  
a Few Days'  
Thought!**

See pages 66 and 67 and read about the grand opportunity to turn your enjoyment and observations of motion pictures into Cash. Then get busy.

MARY—Oh this science, eh Doug?

DOUG—You said it. Why, I'll bet this is probably the longest ship to shore telephone call ever made! Why, it might get into the newspapers!

MARY—Oh, I'd hate that! After all, our private lives are our private lives, it seems to me.

DOUG—You're absolutely dead right, Mary. How's the weather in New York?

MARY—Oh, coldish and a little snowish. It was a bit foggish last night, but then it turned chillish. How's the weather out there?

DOUG—Well, warmish. Not a sign of a monsoon. I'd give my eye for a good monsoon right now. Like to see if I could jump over it. Oh well, heigh-ho!

MARY—Did you take plenty of white socks, dear?

DOUG—Yes, dear.

MARY—Underwear holding out?

DOUG—Yes, darling.

MARY—Buttons on all your shirts?

DOUG—Yes, sweet.

MARY—Everything all right?

DOUG—Quite, sugar.

MARY—Well, Doug (yawning) glad you called.

DOUG—So am I. Well, take care of yourself, Mary.

MARY—Be a good boy, Doug.

DOUG—Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

MARY—Don't take any wooden yen.

DOUG—Well, nighty, night, Mary.

MARY—Tootle-oo, Doug.

DOUG—Well—'bye!

MARY—Well—'bye!

OPERATOR—The charge, Modom, is \$4,219.40.

MARY—Reverse it, and try and catch the boat with the bill!



Does this look like the most vicious killer in the talkies? *Little Caesar*—pardon us, Edward G. Robinson and his pretty wife, Hollywood-bound. Contrast this with the Robinson below. *Caesar*, loot-laden and gun in hand, awaits the coming of his enemies, the cops

# What? *No* Guns?

We come to praise, not bury *Little Caesar*—or Edward G. Robinson, now the First Gangster of Filmland

By  
*Leonard Hall*



In the eyes of New York's thousands, Eddie was *Rico*—not Robinson. The actor squirmed under the barrage of stares. Much as he loves New York, he was more than a little relieved when he mounted the steps of the fast rattler that was to carry him to Hollywood and a fat new contract at the Warner-First National foundries that will bring him \$100,000 by next October.

For three years and a half, now, Eddie Robinson—as mild

a little man as ever said "please" to a waiter—has been First Gangster of stage and screen.

His career with leer and gun began when "The Racket" was produced in the theater. (It later became a picture with Louie Wolheim in the Robinson rôle.)

Theatergoers who saw Robinson in the part of *Nick Scarsi* in "The Racket" still shiver when they think of it—of his first entrance, one of the most appalling that ever covered a playgoer with gooseflesh.

A silence had fallen on the main room of a Chicago police station. Suddenly the door opened quietly and *Scarsi* appeared. The wide Robinson mouth was a scarlet slit of implacable hate—his little eyes [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]

**L**ITTLE CAESAR walked along Delancey Street, the Broadway of New York's teeming East Side, in the cool of the evening.

About him was a mob of his friends.

He was on no gang raid—merely in search of the Roumanian vittles that charm and excite his Roumanian palate.

And at his heels followed, at a respectful distance, a growing crowd of East Side gamins. You could have hung hoops on their eyeballs. The picture "Little Caesar" was in its third week on Broadway. All these kids had seen it. And now had not *Rico*, their idol, taken flesh to walk among them?

At last one of the kids rallied all his unstrung nerves. He glided up beside the fast-striding *Rico*.

"You're *Little Caesar*, ain't you, mister?" he asked. "Chee—leave me see your rod, will yuh?"

And that's what happened to Eddie Robinson—*Edward G. Robinson*, if you please—since the colossal success of "Little Caesar," the splendid gang picture made by First National from the novel of W. C. Burnett.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

COME on, everybody—return this Girl Scout salute you're getting from a couple of good scouts. It's International Day on the Santa Monica sands. Conchita Montenegro, left, is wearing a gay Algerian beach suit, and at the right Lillian Bond displays a new American gob outfit done patriotically in red, white and blue



Bert Longworth

**T**HEY'RE going to buy this pretty blonde child a pair of roller skates so she can make better time from studio to studio—she's that much in demand! But Warners have a contract! Joan Blondell, twenty-one and a trouper since childhood, scored sensationally in Dorothy Mackaill's "The Office Wife." Now she works all the time!

*If Seymour Says It's Good Fashion—It's Good*

# I Approve 7 Fashions in this One Outfit

—Seymour

You know Carole Lombard. But do you know these 7 fashion points of these clothes of hers?—if you don't you will before the spring is over

1. A two-piece jacket dress that looks for all the world like a suit. But take my word for it, it's a dress—
2. Not only a short jacket but short sleeves. Getting technical—they're three-quarter sleeves.
3. They show the frilly sleeves of the blouse underneath.
4. Only it isn't a blouse. It's a guimpe. Know what that is? It's a false blouse—with only a neck and arms.
5. The dress is wool—a light tweed—a manish material—but femininely trimmed in sheer ladylike organdie.
6. Shorter sleeves mean longer gloves. Good.
7. Her handbag—thin—flat—like a little envelope—has green trimmings. Fine.

But her hat—not so good, my dear. Its brim is all right—but its crown—too high for now.

And she leans well in fashions, too—against a good looking Sheraton-type table. There's fashion in tables, too.





# Get out Your Fashion Adjectives

Get out your adjectives and let 'em start cheering Joan Blondell in this roarin' beach hat.

It sets off her beauty like a great shell found by a mermaid down among the ocean plants.

You'll see lots of these big hats this summer—and probably be wearing one.

Notice her pajamas—I saw many of these spotted ones at Miami and Palm Beach—and liked 'em.)

They give just the right snap to curves—mighty cute to the eye.

— Seymour

Notice no sleeves—all right with big hats to keep the naughty sun off pretty shoulders.

That's another tip, particularly if your complexion can't get along with actinic rays.

Her shining pearls are in fashion, too. So are her well outlined lips and her lovely eyes—

Swell gal! Swell hat!



# Girls will be Girls

Not only will be—But are

—*Seymour*

It takes a cute thing like you, Sid, to get away with boyish clothes this Spring. The big gals just can't do it.

Sidney Fox—you look girlish in this boyish suit.

Your collar-attached shirt is THE thing to wear with that jersey suit. And the candy-stick tie is a wow.

You're all right, Sidney. From the little-boy way of wearing your beret to the tips of your good looking pumps.



Take a tip from Sidney Fox, girls. Dress to your type as she does—then everything will be lovely.

Another kind of girlish fashion is shown by June Mac-Cloy in "Night Life."

A good looking evening dress that has that "mustn't-touch-'cause-I'm-dreadfully-innocent" look.

It's the ruffled, primmish type of dress the girl of the 1880's wore to get her man. White. Blue velvet sash and bow. It couldn't look more girlish.

And—if you like fashion repetition—we'll tell you again that looking girlish is a big fashion trick this Spring.





# Hedda's in Fashion

*in her hat  
also her lips*

*—Seymour*

I give Hedda a hand for her topper—fine straw—a bicorne—with its two points. White-feather trimmed—you'll see more of such frills. And I'll fashion check with Miss Hopper on her make-up, too.

Make-up is more important in fashion right now than ever before. Why? Because hats such as these show not only her face—but all her forehead as well.

Hedda's lovely—also luscious, if you please—lips are rouged to a queen's—or rather king's taste. That's a point worth noticing.

Her eyes are made up swell, too. Notice she puts on her make-up in the right way—exactly as you put on a necklace—to fit the color effect she wants. Taste and care—that's the secret of her charm.



Preston Duncan

**M**ITZI GREEN has her lessons to study, like any ten-year-old, but they're not long division and highly improper fractions. You can often find Paramount's wonder-child tucked away in a corner of a sound stage, conning her lines for the day. "You beast!" studies Mitzi out loud, "What—has this woman—been—to you?"



Bredell

**I**F she isn't First Lady of the Screen, just who is? Ruth Chatterton, poised and lovely as always, as she looks in her latest Paramount picture, "Unfaithful." Ruth has signed a sensational contract with Warners, to take effect when her present agreement expires next fall. Read the why and wherefore across the way

# "I Want To Live Happily Ever After"

Says Ruth Chatterton, when asked questions about her new contract

By Ruth Biery

**I**F you were offered three-quarters of a million dollars for two years' work with the possibility of a million and three-quarters for four years, what would you do?

Oddly enough, Ruth Chatterton took it. And by taking it from one company while she yet had three pictures to make for another, she exploded one of the biggest bombs ever dropped into Hollywood—not excluding those used in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Hell's Angels."

Ruth Chatterton's signing with Warner Bros. in *January*, when she is under contract to Paramount until *October*, has been considered unethical by many. I have personally heard at least a dozen people criticize it in language which left nothing to the imagination.

Why all the excitement?

Because there is supposed to be an agreement among motion picture producers that the company employing a star should have first option on her services when present contract arrangements have expired. That is, according to this mythical arrangement, Warner Bros. had no right to negotiate with Ruth Chatterton until Paramount had finished negotiations with her.

Any such agreement must do away with competitive bidding among producers for contract players! It must definitely keep the salary scale for stars *down* rather than letting the box-office determine the figure. We remember the day when Gloria Swanson was offered twenty thousand a week for her services. That was because her box-office value at that time was so great that the company could afford to pay it. Whether the agreement has existed or not, it is true that salaries have gone down since the days of the Swanson offer.

**R**UTH CHATTERTON'S box-office receipts? Among the greatest of any cinema star. In three years her pictures have grown in popularity until Warner Bros. signed her for three-quarters of a million dollars, flat, for two years' work and took an option on her for the next two years at a million.

"I've had no battle with Paramount," she told me. "I have none now. They have been marvelous to me. They have given me by courtesy what Warner Bros. give me by contract. All except money. I mean, I have sat in on every story conference—helped produce my own pictures.

"I cannot understand all the excitement of this move! They made me an offer. I turned it down. I took an offer of twice as much. Is there anything wrong in that?

"As for the gamble Paramount took on me?—Of course they took a gamble. A tremendous gamble. And I appreciate it,

but appreciation does not make me independent. Money does. At the end of two years more I can really live without working.

"It is true that Paramount signed me when they didn't know whether I would be a loss or an asset to them. I had been out here for months hunting work. I was so broke that I had to borrow money from my manager to live. In fact, I would have returned to Broadway and given up the thought of pictures forever if it had not been for his faith in me.

"I told him I must get work soon. My funds were getting lower and lower. Months passed. 'I will have to go back to Broadway while I have enough to get there,' I told my manager. Several plays were offered me in New York.

"'Wait!' he urged. 'It is only a matter of a few months. How much do you need?'

"His belief was encouraging—especially since it was a belief which went so far as to offer me money. I told him I needed \$1,500 a month to live as an actress should live in Hollywood. I signed my contract in June, 1928. He had loaned me \$7,500. It was *his* belief which made Paramount gamble. I cannot help but feel that my pictures have repaid Paramount. It has hurt more than I like to say that people have said I am ungrateful to those who believed in me."

**W**HAT is Ruth going to do when her contract is finished? "I am going to retire. I may produce a play or a picture; direct one, perhaps. But no more acting. Whether my contract lasts the four years or ends with the second, I will have enough to live in comfort the rest of my life. The only luxury I want is complete comfort.

"France. A villa a few miles from Paris. I have a friend who has one. Thirty acres with hunting preserves. A house which he has made modern with bathrooms and furnishings but which still has the old medieval appearance and feeling. And what do you suppose this place cost?" she laughed. "Including original purchase price, improvements, furnishings—\$20,000. That is my idea of luxury. Servants at \$25 a month. Time to read and relax and enjoy while you are still young enough to enjoy. Six months in a chateau like this; six months in this country—California. No worries—no responsibilities.

"Four more years of real work. Good pictures. I want to make my last three for Paramount my best to date. I want them to make all the money they can from me. But I am not sorry about any of the other—I appreciate what they did for me. They gave me the opportunity to retire in four years and live *happily ever after*. Which is the dream of us all!"

## Clothes Habits of Hollywood

**T**HERE are more freak ideas about off-screen clothes in Hollywood than any place in the world. Read Ruth Biery's amusing story on the subject in next month's **PHOTOPLAY**.



# \$2,000.<sup>00</sup>

For Your  
Picture Idea

On another page of this magazine there is an interesting story of Marian Marsh who is to be cast as the heroine of "Beauty and the Boss." Keep her type in mind when thinking out your story. She is a blonde, five feet, two, and weighs 106 pounds. She has been a professional dancer. Warner Bros. are sure she is going to be one of the greatest of the dramatic stars. John Barrymore himself chose her to play *Trilby* to his *Svengali*. By the time she starts making the prize winning version of "Beauty and the Boss" she'll be famous

**A**TENTION, PHOTOPLAY readers! Everybody has a story in him. Yes, everybody, and that means you, and you, and you, and you!

Warner Bros. want that story and will pay \$2,000 for it. Preferably, they want a story which will fit the title, "Beauty and the Boss," but in addition they may take such additional stories up to ten as they deem suitable, even though they don't fit this title, just so long as they are appealing, human and interesting stories—and will pay that same \$2,000 for each one of them accepted.

PHOTOPLAY is cooperating with Warner Bros. to get that story through this new and exciting contest. The rules of the contest are printed on another page. They are simple and easy to follow. Read them! And then, put on your thinking caps, motion picture devotees, make this easy money.

Remember, you don't have to be a literary genius. You don't have to be a great writer. But you do have to be original and interesting. Your story needn't be profound. It needn't be built around a serious theme. But it must be a good story, human, convincing, real, that will make the kind of a moving picture that you, yourself, would want to see.

That very story might be written around something in your own life, or something that you yourself have observed. It might be your brother's story, or your mother's, or father's, or sister's.

If it is, urge him, or her, to write it; or, better still, get together and write it. After all, this PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest is a contest for the whole family. It can be made into a fascinating—and exceedingly profitable—game.

In the evening, after a good dinner, what could be more fun than to sit down with the family and write this story. It might mean that new car, or the payment on that house in the country, or even the start of your own business—the opening up of an entirely new world.

**THINK!** You've got that story in you. Maybe you've known it right along and always wanted to write it. Well, here's your big chance. It may be worth \$2,000.

The big cry in the moving picture business today is the cry for good, interesting and *original* stories. There is always a place in the movies for them. And where could be found a better place to look for them than among the readers of PHOTOPLAY?

Now, just before you rush to your typewriter, a few hints and helps. Before you write your story be sure that it has never been presented on the screen. Your story must be original. That will be the biggest thing in its favor.

Be careful of religious stories, for they might easily offend some one.



See Page 106 For

\$2,000.00 in cash for best story idea for title "Beauty and the Boss." Equal amount for other short picture stories accepted

Hold a story conference with your family or friends. You may organize a group and have a regular once or twice-a-week talk on a story to fit the title "Beauty and the Boss." It suggests any number of stories from life



Here's the lad who is going to play opposite Marian Marsh in the winning story. Is he an actor? We'll say he is. Have you seen him as the *Second Lieutenant* in "Journey's End"; with Alice White in "Sweet Mama"; or "The Right to Love" with Ruth Chatterton? He is 29 years old, is six feet tall, weighs 169 pounds, has brown hair and grey-green eyes

The same thing applies to racial problems. Unless you can look upon these subjects with a broad, tolerant and sympathetic mind, steer clear of them.

Stories dealing with historic events and characters are always acceptable, but they are so familiar and have been done so many times in the pictures, that they are apt to be obvious.

Modern-day life, with all of its variety of problems, problems which confront every one of us, offers unlimited opportunities for dramatic and human stories.

Some problem of everyday life which is of vital importance to you at this moment might be the very theme around which a fine moving picture story could be based.

SO think! Get that vital, moving story that is in you outlined in your mind and then go to it.

"Beauty and the Boss" suggests a theme that Warner Bros. are seeking through PHOTOPLAY's readers. But they'll take nine more if they can get satisfactory ones—ten stories altogether! And \$2,000 for each one!

To help the contestants further, Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department for Warner Bros., will write an article for next month's issue of PHOTOPLAY, which will contain suggestions on how to get ideas for stories and what types of stories make the best moving pictures.

Mr. Wilk's expert suggestions will contain many hints and helps to the comparatively inexperienced writer.

Past contests conducted by PHOTOPLAY have vividly demonstrated the keen picture sense of this magazine's readers. Their letters to the editor have shown they know how to criticize and that they know the difference between a good picture and a bad picture.

Consequently, this contest also offers a further opportunity to show that constructive spirit by writing the type of screen story enjoyed by the vast numbers of clear-minded, human movie-goers. Many times you have come home from the theater and discussed the picture with members of your family. You have told each other how, in your opinion, the picture just seen could have been made better.

NOW you have your opportunity of writing a better picture yourself! Not merely criticizing and rearranging some of the plot, but writing an entirely new and original story of your own.

Remember that you don't have to be a polished writer. You don't have to have a reputation. You just have to be yourself and write that story you've got tucked away inside of you—straight-forwardly and neatly.

Read the rules carefully. They'll tell you everything and answer all your questions. And now go to it! You've got plenty of time. Get to work on it. Get the whole family working on it. And win that \$2,000!

## Rules of Contest

# A Pictorial Visit to Ramon Novarro's



**L**IGHTS! Action! Camera!—  
The whole story of the making of talking films is told by this vivid picture by Stagg, PHOTOPLAY'S staff photographer in Hollywood.

Never before has the camera caught the tenseness of the moments while the cameras grind and the microphone's sensitive ear is alert as it has in this comprehensive view of the making of a scene for "Daybreak," Ramon Novarro's new picture.

The whole drama has been captured

by our lens artist. The entire world of motion pictures has been enclosed in one set that is silent save for the voices of the actors and the rolling of a drum.

Let's examine the vibrant scene in detail: The star, seated at the right, is getting a breathing spell while this scene is being made by his supporting troupers. Ramon's playing an Austrian officer in this romantic story.

At the left is the director (seated), his assistants, and one camera crew, with the camera mounted on a rubber-tired

"dolly" for the making of traveling shots.

Jacques Feyder, director of Garbo's "The Kiss," is the boss. He's at the extreme left, second from the bottom. Crouching at his side is his first lieutenant. Just above Feyder stands the script girl, watching the details of the scene.

Behind the camera stand the other members of the staff—technicians, electricians, cameramen and assistants.

No tenser faces ever were seen behind a machine gun waiting for an enemy counter-attack!



# Set During the *Making* of "Daybreak"



Photo  
by  
Stagg

There's one exception—the young gent sitting in the easy chair in the center of the picture. He's either taking time out for injuries or waiting to rush into the line to replace a casualty!

In the center, with his back to us, stands another cameraman. He's catching the scene from another angle.

And, at the right, the scene itself. The young actor on the table is making an impassioned address to the other officers, evidently suggesting that it is sweet and proper to die for the Emperor and

Country. The young gentleman with the drum is evidently about to let off a sardonic thumping as soon as the orator sits down or is pushed off the table. Only the speechmaker seems to be enjoying himself. The others look plenty bored.

Behind the camera, silent tenseness. On the set, life being counterfeited for the amusement of millions!

The lights are blazing. Across the scene stretches one long microphone boom. Two mikes are visible—the ears of the motion picture. And in the

lower right hand corner young Mr. Novarro, taking his ease, has a little smile for himself.

The whole business of making talking motion pictures, caught on one photographic plate.

And from the wall at the rear the late Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, second last of the House of Hapsburg to reign, looks down upon the scene.

Probably wondering what in thunder it's all about!

# Exploding *the* Garbo Myth

By Katherine Albert

**L**ET'S get down to brass tacks about this mystery woman of the screen."

In the files in our office there is one folder marked, "Garbo, Greta." It lies, not at all mysteriously, between "Gallagher, Skeets," and "Garon, Pauline" and it is full to running over with reams and reams of printed copy ranging from a magnificently beautiful piece of lyrical writing in a national magazine (not usually concerned with picture people) to some pretty cheap twaddle in lesser publications. I've just re-read it all and (although I find much of my own stuff there) I'm pretty dog-gone bored.

Do hear me out—then dust off the old family shotgun, prepare the burning oil, excavate the Spanish torture chambers and do with me as you will. I've simply got to say it.

I'm bored with Garbo! And I believe that because I'm a fairly average person with fairly average tastes there must be others like me. I'm not alone in my heresies. At least I find company in Hollywood.

Here are the facts: Great directors and executives of the cinema who once hailed Garbo as the Bernhardt, the Dusé, the Mrs. Siddons of the screen have confided (behind locked doors and in whispers) that Garbo is no great shakes as an actress.

Co-workers of the famous star who once alluded to her deep silences and aloofness as the epitome of mental brilliance now admit (also behind locked doors and also in whispers) that, in reality, Garbo is phlegmatic.

And others say (but very discreetly, mind you) that what has been called her great artistry is no more or less than a facial trick which in some way piques the imagination.

Well, let's analyze the thing and see where we get and what I get (besides a hand grenade hurled through my bedroom window).

**H**ER artistry? Listen! This occurred on the set while Garbo was making "Romance." Do you remember the scene where Garbo, as the great singer, interrupts an amorous moment to listen to an organ grinder on the street below? She throws him some money from her bag.

Gavin Gordon, as her lover, objects and asks her why she made such a gesture. And the Diva shrugs her shoulders and says, in effect, "Why not? We are one—he and I. Do we not both make music?" It was, of course, one of the most charming lines in "Romance" and the complete tip-off on the singer's character, one of those beautiful bits that make a character live.

But Garbo, herself, objected to that line. "It is silly," she said. "It means nothing. I would never say a thing like



A veteran picture writer and critic expresses her opinion. And now for the fireworks

exception of her bald statements, "Garbo likes" or "Garbo does not like," I believe I'm safe in saying that Garbo has never expressed an opinion. I remember in the early days when she was first beginning her amazing career and I was in the publicity department I used to go out on the set with what is called a symposium idea. This means that a writer for a magazine or newspaper had requested that I ask the stars for certain of their opinions on various subjects. I grant you that some of these "ideas" were pretty terrible, but others there were that might have promoted a little interesting discussion.

**I**NVARIABLY Garbo said, "Oh, dot's silly. I do not want to be quoted." That was all right and she was, in those days, just beginning to build up that tremendous reputation of mystery. We weren't anxious to have Garbo quoted, either, but I used to say, "Very well, you won't be quoted, but just between ourselves what do you really think about the question?" And

Garbo always answered, "Dot's silly."

Her intellectual, lonely life? A very excellent reporter trailed Garbo for one day and recounted her activities. The story was good because it was about Garbo, but stripped to the bare facts, it was the most average twenty-four hours you can imagine. She dined at a little Mexican restaurant (where many stars go and continue to go) with a friend, attended a puppet show with him and the next day went to a party which was also attended by a large portion of Hollywood's foreign colony. But you thought Garbo didn't go out? You thought she didn't like people and parties? Uh-huh. The twenty-four hours with Garbo was as dull and ordinary as twenty-four hours with your next-door neighbor.

**N**OBODY has ever had such a place in the film firmament. Nobody has ever had such a hold on the imaginations of the people.

Garbo has been publicized as not liking people, not liking parties, not liking to go out, not liking Hollywood. I saw her one evening at one of the most select and brilliant of gatherings. The few people there were the real intellectuals of the colony and not a word of the banal chatter

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



Is she a mystery woman or like your next-door neighbor? The writer, who knows her, says there is no mystery about her



# Now it's Bobby Coogan

**N**O sir—you can't keep the junior Coogans off the screen!

So we might as well introduce Jackie's little brother Robert, half-past five, now under contract to Paramount and playing *Sooky* in the production of "Skippy."

There they are, up above, very brotherly and nice. Once a Coogan, always an actor, the copy book now says.

Pa Coogan didn't want it so. Neither did Mother Coogan. They figured that Jackie was enough kid actor for one tidy little family—millionaires after his long and successful career as a youthful star.

But the trouper blood will out.

Dad Coogan took young Bobby by the hand one day last summer and led him to the Paramount Studio to see Jack make a scene for "Tom Sawyer."

"I want to play in pictures!" remarked Robert, apropos of nothing much.

"Son," said his father, "you can be a fireman, or a policeman, or President of the United States. But actor—no!"

Paramount needed a tot to play *Sooky*.

The part was difficult to cast. *Skippy* himself was to be played by Jackie Cooper, an "Our Gang" alumnus.

*Sooky* presented difficulties. He's a sad-eyed, bedraggled little mite. One

day Jack brought Robert to the studio, and Director Norman Taurog asked him if he wanted to play in "Skippy." Bob, thinking it was a new game, said yes. And before he knew it, he was tested and accepted for the part, and signed at a fat salary. For isn't he a royal Coogan?

Bobby is now exactly as old as Jackie was when the latter became famous in "The Kid." He has the same enormous and wistful eyes—the same childish helplessness that made twenty million women want to take the five-year-old Jackie to their hearts.

Will history repeat itself once more? Keep your eye on Bobby!



THE ABSENT MINDED MOVIE USHER GETTING MARRIED—  
“Seats without waiting in the balcony, sir!”

### Our Garbo\*

*Twinkle, twinkle, little Garbo  
How we wonder who you are!  
Up above us all so high,  
Like a moonbeam there you lie.  
That mysterious way of yours  
And eyes that many adore.  
Please show us “Inspiration,”  
We all support your station.  
And you who like the rain so well,  
Come to Portland, it is swell!*

(\*Ed. Note. This poem by Miss H. B. of Portland, Ore., is selected as the outstanding Garbo tribute of the month. But what looks like a gratuitous sock at Portland's climate is respectfully referred to the Chamber of Commerce of that up and coming city.)

### Anything for a Snicker

Soon after the Buster Keaton-Kathleen Key Scratch-and-Screch thing, Sidney Skolsky, of the *New York Daily News*, addressed this wire to the comic—“HEAR YOU ARE OFF KEY.” . . . Hollywood reports that a pall of smoke has been hanging over the district recently, hampering the making of outdoor shots. Undoubtedly the smoke of burning options. . . . Connie Bennett is said to rate \$800 every working hour under an agreement with Warner Bros., establishing a new union scale for high-powered blondes. What I'm sore about is that she doesn't get a cent for dull Sunday afternoons. . . . Fountain pen pistols are reported being sold in Hollywood, but that's nothing new. Why, the old-fashioned fountain pen has shot many a star dead out there! . . . The first all-Greek talking picture has been made in New York. This is not to be confused with some of the mouth-full-of-oatmeal talkies made in English studios. . . . Mitzi Green, the kid phenom, has been insured for \$1,000,000. O Death, where is thy sting? . . . The talkie sensation of Vienna just now is “Drei von der Tank-

# Reeling Around

with  
*Leonard  
Hall*

steller,” which seems to mean “Three from the Filling-Station.” Now for a sequel entitled “And Just Look at the Tires, Too, Ed.” . . . Gary Cooper has just burst out with a canary colored car with pale—ah, so pale!—green trimmings. Add Lupe and a dash of bitters, shake well, and get a Beverly Hills cocktail. Heigho! Great place, Hollywood!

### The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize goes, without a tussle, to Oscar Levant, composer who has written the scores for many Radio Pictures.

Oscar is sitting in a Hollywood beanery, assaulting a poached egg when a flip extra girl from the home lot swishes by.

“Hello, baby!” she says.

Oscar fixes her with a song-writer's eye and says: “Mr. Baby to you!”

### Getting Personal

Serge Eisenstein, noted Russian director now south of the Rio Grande shooting pictures, had a terrible time persuading Mexicans and the Mexican government that he wasn't Dr. Albert Einstein, the big relativity man. . . . Two months ago Senor Torres Arias was in New York looking over pictures to buy for his Teatro Variedades, Panama. Today he is President of the Republic of Panama. Boy, a couple of the same! . . . Evelyn Laye, co-star of “One Heavenly Night,” gets a divorce from Sonny Hale, London song and dance man, who the next day marries the correspondent, Miss Jessie Mathews, of the stage. . . . Pearl White, who has been in Paris trying to crash French talkies, has returned to Egypt defeated, accompanied by her rubies. . . . Oh, these Cubans! One Havana paper expressed sadness about the visiting Nancy Carroll, calling her “a disappointment for the fans because she even got freckles.” Our adorable Nancy! And those are the people we freed! . . . A book on philosophy by the late Milton Sills is awaiting publication. . . . Georovesti, a Roumanian hamlet, recently saw its first movie. Twelve peasants were hurt in a mad rush for the exits when a locomotive seemed to be rushing right upon them from the screen. The only wreck was the interior of the theater. . . . A big winter for Carl Laemmle—“Uncle Carl” of Universal these many years. He has just celebrated his sixty-third birthday, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the picture business, and the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of Universal City. . . . George O'Brien and John Ford, Fox director, have left Hollywood for a two-months' tour of the Orient. . . . Mary Nolan, high-powered blonde, now has a body-guard in Hollywood. He's Ray Robertson, her brother, formerly a motorcycle cop. . . . Mary Pickford is mentioned again as a Broadway starring possibility, this time in a show for William A. Brady. They'll hoist her behind the footlights yet. . . . Gloria Swanson has added a fully equipped private theater to her Beverly Hills home. It is wired for sound. . . . Anita Page still set at Metro. Contract renewed for another year. . . . Sylvia Sydney, who's getting a big Paramount play, appeared in Fox's “Thru Different Eyes,” and caused no stir.

# Vanderbilt..



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, nee Gloria Morgan, who lives in Paris, says: "Not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with Pond's!"

# Morgan...



Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, is known for her clear, vigorous complexion. She says: "I have used Pond's for years."

# Astor...



Lady Violet Astor, daughter of an Earl, has violet-blue eyes and a rose-leaf skin. She calls Pond's four preparations "delightful, practical, effectual."

# Belmont..



Mrs. Morgan Belmont has Titian hair and ivory skin. She says: "Pond's Method will keep your skin clear and fresh in less time at less cost."

# Drexel..



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr. is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. She follows Pond's Method and says: "Pond's is wonderful!"

# du Pont....



Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont is a blonde with exquisite skin. She uses Pond's because they are "pure and good and keep one's skin always at its best."

*Aristocratic women owe the beauty of their skin to this safe, gentle care*

THINK how significant it is that these six aristocratic women, to whom no luxury is ever denied, agree in choosing for the care of their skin the simplest and best of all beauty preparations—Pond's.

Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent position a perfectly-groomed complexion is essential—it is the first social requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest to be had despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it always exquisite.

*Pond's Method*—Four swift, simple steps, followed faithfully every day, assure the radiant charm of your complexion:

1—During the day, for thorough cleans-

ing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float all the clogged dust, dirt and grime up to the surface.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, softer, more absorbent. Peach color and white.

3—Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone, firm, promote lovely natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face, but wherever you powder . . . arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelous to keep your hands soft, white, unchapped. Use always after washing.



POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

At bedtime: Never fail to cleanse your face and neck with Cold Cream and Tissues.

Tune in on *Pond's Afternoon Tea* every Tuesday afternoon at 5 P. M.—E. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women Speakers. N. B. C. Red Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. R 114 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

“  
*Keep the lure of Youth*”

*says*

**RICHARD DIX**

R. K. O.  
 Radio Pictures' Star

*Learn the Complexion Secret*  
*9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars know*

“THE woman who wants to keep her charm must keep her youth!” says Richard Dix . . . star of the R. K. O. production, “Cimarron.”

“And certainly there seems to be no reason these days to lose this endearing charm! Every day here in Hollywood I meet actresses no longer young as birthdays go, but still radiantly attractive—still with that compelling something that causes all the damage to men’s hearts.

“Every woman should learn the complexion secret these screen stars know!”

*The stars do know the secret of growing lovelier each year—birthdays hold no terrors for them.*

“Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap is the secret,” famous screen beauties will tell you. “This lovely soap keeps skin youthfully aglow.” 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses have used it, *regularly*, for years!

Hollywood, Broadway, European stars find Lux Toilet Soap perfect for every type of skin!

Because they are so dependent on it, this fragrant white soap is found in theaters everywhere—is *official* in all film studios.

*Your skin will love it, too!*



*The caress of dollar-a-cake  
 French soap*

*Youth* **LUX**

# that Birthdays cannot steal!

(below)

NANCE O'NEIL, lovely star of countless productions, has used Lux Toilet Soap for years. She says of this white soap: "I find Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for the very smooth skin required on the screen. I am devoted to it."



(below)

ESTELLE TAYLOR, beautiful star, another of the 605 important Hollywood actresses who use this soap. She says: "A star *must* have beautiful skin. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me in keeping my skin heavenly smooth."



(above)

IRENE DUNNE, delightful Radio Pictures' star who came to the screen from the stage, says enthusiastically: "Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous for the flawless skin the close-ups require!"



## Toilet Soap..10¢

# A Twelve-Year Miracle in Hollywood!



At the left is the only real snow storm ever photographed in a little California town called Hollywood. The gentleman is Director William Beaudine. The lady, then an actress in Christie Comedies, is now Mrs. M. C. Levee, wife of a Paramount executive. And the scene — Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, hub of the film colony, as it appeared twelve years ago, with the famous pepper trees. Look above! The same corner today, busy and metropolitan. At left center, the Taft Building. The white line marks PHOTOPLAY'S offices



# Bright April Beauty need never... never fade



*For the Saline Method brings new youth and beauty*

**M**AKERS of lotions and creams—how essential you are! Your delicate blends, your pure and lovely products are vital to the loveliness of women.

But in spite of all the good your products do, there is a radiance—a clarity of complexion, that can only come from within. For all the good of creams is undone unless the woman who uses them keeps herself internally clean.

She who would guard her complexion, who would retain her youth, her sparkle and her charm, should turn to salines to assist her creams and lotions. She should know Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica insures that internal cleanliness which is the source of health and fine complexions.

How well the women of Europe know

the virtues of the saline method! Each season's end sees the beauties of Paris, of Vienna, of England turning to the famous spas—there to drink in new youth, new loveliness from the health-springs of Vichy, Wiesbaden, Aix.



For saline waters sweep away impurities from the blood. Headaches, rheumatism, colds—acidity, digestive troubles—yield to this new cleanliness within. Youthful sparkle and loveliness come back again.

Physicians, here and abroad, have long prescribed the saline way of cleansing the system. And Sal Hepatica is the *American* version of the saline method.

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. For one whole week, keep perfectly clean *internally*. Feel youth come singing into your veins—watch radiance reappear in your face. See how your skin clears.

Send for our free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the saline path to beauty and health.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-41, 71 West St., N. Y.  
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

★ ★ ★

# Sal Hepatica

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]



International

Guess! The Russian boots, the mass of orchids, the face—you're right! It's Pola Negri, in London to open a vaudeville engagement. Doesn't our girl friend look—er—plump?

at nine-thirty for photographs that morning. She refused point blank. The hour was "ungodly." They changed it to ten-thirty. She agreed but failed to appear. She promised to come an extra day when the picture was finished. They called for four weeks, then gave up the ghost and did without the pictures.

Furthermore, she was aloof on the set, ritzed the other players and made herself so generally disliked that to mention the name Bennett on that lot is to bring forth a good old-fashioned razzberry!

Perhaps the wisecracker who remarked that a new haberdashery was needed in Hollywood to provide hats big enough for Miss Bennett wasn't such a wisecracker after all!

**LUPE VELEZ**, the Riot of the Rio Grande, is a free-lance actress now.

Universal didn't take up its option on Lupe, and when she finishes work in "The Squaw Man" for Metro, she'll be on the loose among the studios.

And there'll be probably plenty of takers for her stormy services on the lots.

"**THE ROYAL BED**," the Lowell Sherman-Mary Astor mythical kingdom picture which has been shown here and there, hasn't a sign of a bed in it—royal or otherwise.

There's a royal desk, in the film—but no one curls up on a desk but a newspaper man after a rough night.

There have been so many squawks that Radio Pictures, the producers, are going to release it under another name from now on. How about "No Royal Beds"?

**FIFI DORSAY** admits that she packed the theaters during her recent appearance tour. "They shouldn't haf sent me. I make so good, I come home and demand that they pay me much more money."

She played her home town of Montreal. At first, the city of her birth made fun of her and refused to acclaim her because she had said she came from Paris. "Was she ashamed of us?" the papers questioned. But Fifi made a public apology, explaining that she only did as her managers ordered, and Montreal forgave.

"They forgave so much that I never knew a person could have so many relatives. We did not have half so much at the funeral when my mother and father died. I had eight grandmothers! So I took my one own grandmother to the show and introduced her."

The vivacious Fifi also kissed the boys in the audience until the censors came in and stopped her.

Then she kissed the old men.

Incidentally, she met Fred Berrens, her fiance. "I meet him only to find I don't love him. I am now free lancing in love!"

A successful trip, all around, we take it!

**PEVERELL MARLEY** admits that he still loves his former wife, Lina Basquette, and that there may be a reconciliation in the immediate future.

"She is the most wonderful girl on earth. Yes, I still care for her. I wouldn't be surprised if we went back together again."

He was behind the cameras, where Lina found him. He is photographing the German version of "The Big House." He admitted that he could never be a hooper, a dancing partner for Lina as she had desired.

**ALICE WHITE'S** situation is one of the main topics of Hollywood inner politics. Her name was billed down in "The Widow from

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 ]



Preston Duncan

Did you ever see a cuter picture of a fuzzy-headed youngster than this? We presume to doubt it, though we won't start an argument. This sparkling-eyed tike is Master Richard Blue, son of our old friend Monte, who was a star for years. Dick is happy, because Dad's acting in talkies now



**DR. ALLEN ROGERS, Ph.D.**  
University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazzelli Medal, 1920; Author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.;**  
Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry;" Pioneer worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.

**DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.**  
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

# Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.



Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome

Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed a unique experiment.

They have examined, tested, analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate's is superior.

Let them say why. "Colgate's," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after tests, "because it has the ability to get into

crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason — since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.



**25¢**

The price is important—but the QUALITY—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder—Colgate's comes in this form, also.

**FREE** COLGATE, Dept. M 1030, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]



International

Something new in the goggle line. Estelle Taylor demonstrates the new race-track or opera glasses, which are worn like spectacles. The near-sighted can use them for any purpose

Chicago" in spite of the fact that she gave one of her best performances. A fan wrote her from Washington, D. C., that he went in to see "Naughty Flirt" on the opening night without knowing that any other woman but Myrna Loy was in it but that the reviews in the papers gave Alice White the credit.

This matter of *blacklisting* has always been a mythical proposition.

Alice was called to one studio for a test after she left Warners.

When she returned to ask about it, she was told it was satisfactory but they could not use her until she had made a picture elsewhere.

She made no more tests for large companies until after Ruth Chatterton signed with Warners. Then she made a test for Paramount and has since made three for M-G-M where she is being seriously considered for the lead in "Cheri-Bibi." The other companies are said to have considered it a breach of etiquette for Warners to sign Ruth Chatterton.

Evidently the other companies have decided that this means a lifting of any ban against Alice!

ANN HARDING'S troubles with Pathe are on the way to complete patching, if they aren't quite smoothed out already.

Some Hollywoodians remember that Ann also kicked up a fuss about making "Holiday"—her greatest hit to date—and that she insisted on helping with the direction.

They hope she will not make the mistake others have made, in trying to direct as well as act.

Miss Harding is under contract to Pathe until early in 1932.

While she is now getting \$1,300 a week—not big star money—it is recalled that her hus-

band, Harry Bannister, is also being carried by Pathe at \$1,000 a week, and he doesn't work for weeks at a time.

Moreover, Pathe says they gave Ann a bonus of about \$20,000 when she was out on loan to Fox to make "East Lynne."

Hope Ann isn't losing her head. She has a chance to be one of our very greatest stars—if she just doesn't get too ambitious.

CHARLES (EX-BUDDY) ROGERS stands at the crisis of his screen career.

From now on he'll have to *act*. He knows it, and is working harder than ever before.

A year ago he was the flappers' idol. They flocked to see his pictures, they mobbed theaters where he was appearing in person. A few months ago, and very suddenly, Buddy found himself on the chutes.

Paramount gave him a new contract before the old one expired—\$3,000 a week, and more for his personal appearances. Now he's got to fight for his place in the screen world.

He's to be featured in a picture with Dick Arlen.

Here's what Rogers says about it.

"A year ago it would have broken my heart to see my name sharing the lights with another. Now I'm glad. I couldn't carry it alone, and I know it. Besides, I play a gangster. Maybe as a gangster I can show them. I'm going to make good."

Well, everybody just got tired of the too-good-to-be-true boy in pretty sappy parts.

Time for a new deal. Okay, kid. Go on and put it over!

ALL of Hollywood grieved with Lawrence Tibbett in the recent loss of his mother. Again it was an illustration of the trite but true saying that "The show must go on." Larry was just getting ready to open a new opera at the Metropolitan, so that he could not even attend his mother's funeral, and his sister returning from the funeral was stricken with pneumonia and one of his boys with 'flu.

We should have explained that Mrs. Tibbett died in New York, while visiting Lawrence, but was brought to California for burial.

The funeral was from the "Wee Kirk O'Heather," the same church from which Milton Sills was buried.

Lawrence sang the only solo at Milton's funeral.

WHEN nine women work an average of eighteen hours a day on a picture *without men*, displays of temperament and indications of jealousy are *expected*.

Director William Beaudine admits he was afraid of the consequences when he began "The Mad Parade," the all-woman war picture starring Evelyn Brent, and featuring Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Marcelline Day, Fritzi Ridgeway, June Clyde and Irene Rich. He

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83 ]



Half-  
and-  
Half-  
But all Cream  
— Seymour

All the girls in the audience who don't own pajamas will now be excused while they go out and get some.

June MacCloy's a sailor gull in these pajamas. But gull or boy—as Fred Allen says—she's all right, eh?

White jersey makes it—colored flannel trims it. Half-and-half they call it.

Meant for the beach. But you can wear it around the house, if you insist.

The Stanley Korshak Blackstone Shop  
 Originals Take Their Smart Lines  
 from GOSSARD Moulded Figures



"The lines of today's clothes reveal the idealized, rather than the natural feminine figure. Gossard foundation styles, months in advance, accurately guide the designer to a correct interpretation of the silhouette. Smart women find that modern clothes show their lines to best advantage when worn over a Gossard foundation," says Stanley Korshak, head of the Blackstone Shop of Chicago. The Blackstone Shop has gowned Chicago's social leaders and debutantes for many years. Chicago's fashionables have faith in Blackstone originals — because they are always so delightfully wearable.



THE Blackstone gown, pictured, heralds a new note for Spring—fabrics cut on the diagonal, and dependent entirely upon the foundation garment for its lines! Shapeless on the hanger—it takes on charm and line when worn over a Gossard foundation, and clings to the figure with a smoothness hitherto unknown. The lovely Gossard combination is of dainty peach lace with narrow sections of hand-loomed elastic at side back. It is finished with an eight-inch lace flounce ... Designed to mould the figure to slim curves. Model 1630

GOSSARD  
 Line of  
 Beauty

And he said  
he **NEVER**  
would marry!

Kenneth was known as a man's man. Charming and gracious as he was to all women, none had ever swept him from his cool detachment. But now he found himself standing breathless, almost awkward, before the bronze-and-ivory radiance which was Helen.

Hair a warm brown upon which an autumn sun might have cast a ruddy glow . . . eyes of the same coppery-brown faintly flecked with jets of flame . . . the creamy skin of a gardenia misted in rose . . . mocking lips of pomegranate red. Under his enraptured stare, a slow flush mounted her throat, the gay mischief in her eyes departed.



● As ardent now as he had been aloof before, Kenneth soon separated her from the friendly gathering—and guided her to the still seclusion of the library. There, the man who vowed he never would marry, eagerly renounced his cherished freedom for the glamor of the bronze-and-ivory lady!

● There is one such an ensemble for you

No matter what your skin coloring or texture, there is a Pompeian tone in each cosmetic to give your complexion a radiant glow, to bring out a beauty which may not be suspected now.

● Behind the looking glass

Helen's beauty had been no gift of the kindly disposed fates. Her complexion had once been sallow and uneven of texture, her lips without color, her brown eyes lustreless.

So fine and so skillfully blended are the ingredients, that Pompeian powder and rouge cling lastingly to the skin and avoid frequent re-touching. And, because of the millions of women who choose Pompeian toiletries above all others, they are the most economical you can use.

It was the satin mask of Pompeian Powder in Rachel tone . . . it was the glowing touch of Pompeian Bloom (a creamy rouge) in Oriental tint . . . and the deep vividness of the new Pompeian lipstick . . . that had transformed her to a thing of living beauty.

Pompeian Powder and Pompeian Rouge are beautifully encased in generous packages and cost but 60c each; the lipstick likewise is only 60c.

Order your own particular beauty ensemble today — all drug and department stores carry Pompeian. Also 10c sizes available at 10c stores.



**Pompeian Toiletries include:**

Beauty Powder Powder Compact Dusting Powder  
Bloom (Rouge) Night Cream Massage Cream  
Indelible Lipstick Day Cream Talc

Each is priced at 60c (Talc, 25c)

**A book to assist you**

Mme. Cordet, famous beauty specialist, has studied all types of feminine beauty. For each of them, she has designated the Pompeian cosmetics required to make the most of the individual's charm. This booklet is included in our coupon offer.

**Loveliest Art Panel of All**

The new Pompeian Art Panel is the most beautiful we have ever offered. You will wish one for the colorful charm it will lend to your walls.

● Be sure to PRINT name and address

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet,  
Dept. 16-4, Pompeian Laboratories,  
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(In Canada—10 McCaul St., Toronto)



**P O M P E I A N**

**POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK**

The Pompeian Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Can. (Sales Offices:  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N. Y., and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]



Mary Carr, the well-remembered mother of "Over the Hill" and many other pictures, is bankrupt. Our sorrow is tempered by the thought that maybe her family of big children will help

their pictures. But it was not to be—at least, not for a good long time. For Esther faces motherhood joyfully. And the nursery's ready.

**T**HE extras have their troubles just like the stars.

In a certain picture an old bit-player was told to put on disreputable clothes and emit loud screams every time the camera turned. "No, sir," he said. "Not for that \$7.50 check I don't holler all day."

**I**T'S in Will Rogers' contract that he's not to be required to submit to fan-magazine interviews—because he might inadvertently give away a joke he could sell.

But Dorothy Mackaill went him one better the other day. A magazine writer wanted to do a story about her love life. She turned it down. "I should give away my love life," she protested, "when it might be a best seller!"

**U**LTRA-IMPORTANT Clarabow Note:

For the first time, the Bow's eyebrows are the same color as her flaming hair. They used to be black.

**L**EW AYRES has *again* settled his difficulties with Univorsal and will remain on their payroll for another six weeks, at least.

During "All Quiet on the Western Front," he was receiving \$250 a week. When we recall he was at Pathe for \$50 and had only "The Kiss," with Greta Garbo, to his credit in the big picture class, that was not bad. After that, he received \$500. A few months ago, following a misunderstanding with the studio, he was raised to \$1,000.

Now, after "The Doorway to Hell," comes another misunderstanding and a raise which we understand brings him \$1,250 weekly. Rows pay, we take it.

**B**USTER KEATON has a little white frame dressing bungalow next to Jack Gilbert's pretentious stucco near-mansion.

The other day Mr. Keaton strung a clothes-line from his frame-corner to Jack's stucco one and hung a string of red flannel underwear on it.

**A**CCOMPANIED by Gene Markey, screen writer, novelist of note, and Ina Claire's ex-beau, Gloria Swanson can be seen any morning following the little white ball around the Rancho golf course.

Very good for the figger!

This Markey lad, by the way, is quite the gallant of Hollywood. He can say just the nicest things.

All the girls like to meet him. He has the finest line of compliments and is not stingy with them.

**B**EBE DANIELS passed her solo flying tests a few weeks ago, and now holds a pilot's license.

**C**OINCIDENCE:

January 4, 1930: Doug Fairbanks returns to America from Europe.

January 4, 1931: Doug Fairbanks leaves America on trip to the Orient.

And, of course, divorce-denials are issuing from Pickfair as quantitatively as pickles from a Heinz plant.

Mary gave Doug a going-away present. It was a sleeping bag, so Doug can stay warm nights even though not between the Pickfair blankets.



Well, if it isn't Enid! Welcome back to the camera. Enid Bennett, who has been busy raising three youngsters of her own, has come back to play *Skippy's* mother in that film

also admits that Louise Fazenda's sense of humor was the only thing which saved the situation.

Whenever one of the others tried to steal a scene or thought someone else was trying to steal it, Louise wisecracked them into forgetting about it.

One scene was completed in which Lilyan called Fritzi a rat. But Lilyan repeated her line. "You rat—" Fritzi made ready to answer.

"Who says I'm a rat?" Louise got to her knees. "Who says I'm a rat?" She crawled. The girls laughed. The unpleasantness was forgotten.

And just to make doubly certain, Louise managed to cook a cake or fry chicken or make cookies almost every day of the shooting, bring them to the set and keep the other girls so interested in their tummies that they forgot their war-frayed dispositions.

**C**HEVALIER played his five shows a day at the Paramount Theater in New York with a temperature of one hundred and two and a bad case of the 'flu.

A nurse accompanied him to all performances and he rushed home to bed between shows.

**E**STHER RALSTON'S talkie comeback was suspended almost as soon as it had begun.

She's gone into retirement to await the arrival of a little stranger some time in June. She and her husband, George Webb, are tremendously happy about it. They want a son.

She made a big hit in "The Southerner," with Lawrence Tibbett, and other producers began demanding her beauty and services for

**C**OLLEEN MOORE lost a several-thousand-dollar diamond bracelet at the Hollywood premiere of "Trader Horn."

She advertised in all the papers.

A colored woman returned it to the theater. Said she had picked it up outside the lobby the night of the opening of the African picture. She got two hundred dollars reward.

**T**HE working title of the newest Chevalier picture was "The Smiling Lieutenant." It's all about the difficulties a handsome young lieutenant gets into.

Paramount asked its writers for new title suggestions.

One piped up with: "The Officer's Mess."

Oh, well . . .

**W**ELCOME home, Enid Bennett!

The beautiful blonde leading woman retired from the screen several years ago to devote herself to taking care of husband Fred Niblo and their three children.

But a call came from Paramount that just couldn't be denied, and now Enid is playing *Skippy's* mother in the picture being made about the adventures of that child in Percy Crosby's famous cartoons.

Well, Enid should know all about mothering *Skippy*, with three youngsters of her own at home.

**N**EVER mind what anyone may tell you—Rudy Vallée has a sense of humor in operation.

As you probably remember, three gay college boys tossed him a few elderly eggs and senile grapefruit while Rudy was singing on the stage [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

# Money Is No Joke

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54 ]

he gets, annually, from his typewriter. A quarter of a million is a safe guess.

Through the McNaught Newspaper Syndicate, he sells two newspaper features—a daily short article which you'll find on the front page of many newspapers; and a weekly Sunday article, which you've undoubtedly seen in your favorite Sunday papers.

Aside from that, he writes an occasional book, which brings him in steady royalties.

Well, then, there's two sources—films at \$900,000 a year, and writings at \$250,000. Total, already, \$1,150,000 a year.

**N**OW comes radio. Last year, certain tooth-paste makers, apprehensive that they were being outradiod by the Amos 'n' Andy tooth-paste broadcast, looked about to see what other opposition they could scare up.

"How about Will Rogers?" someone suggested. So they went to Will.

"Please broadcast for us," they begged.

"Sure," grinned Rogers, "If you'll pay me."

"How much?"

"Oh, about ten thousand a night," suggested Will, not thinking they'd pay it.

"Okay!" they said.

And for thirteen successive Sunday nights, Will Rogers talked for about seven or eight minutes into a microphone—and socked another \$130,000 into the bank.

Well, the total's going up: \$30,000 for saying yes to chewing-gum people; \$900,000 a year for making movies; \$250,000 a year for typewriting new and used wisecracks for newspapers; \$130,000 for talking into a radio microphone for less than two hours altogether . . .

Add to that his real estate income. He has invested his moneys wisely. He is one of Los Angeles' foremost property holders. And

Los Angeles real estate can be very profitable. There's no guessing how much, or how little, he's made in his real estate venturings. He'll never tell himself, because he's as close-lipped about his business affairs as he is loose-lipped about other people's affairs. But total it all up, and it's a safe bet that his income is better than a million and a quarter a year.

His present wealth has been estimated at anywhere from \$2,000,000 to \$10,000,000 with Rogers himself saying nothing except that he's kind of shy on cash, whenever people want him to buy anything.

But in contrast to all this acquisitiveness on the man's part, and in utter fairness to him, it must be told that he's generous, charitable and unstingy. He likes to get money, but he doesn't squeeze it till the eagle squawks. Authentic tales are told of his generosity.

For instance, there was the time he cashed a fellow-actor's check for \$300. He folded the check and put it in his pocket. Next day, the other actor summarily lost his job, and was decidedly up against it.

Rogers heard of it. He called a mutual friend, tore the jobless actor's \$300 check in half, and sent it back by the friend. "He needs it more'n I do," he grunted. That was all. And last year, when Los Angeles' Community Chest was hard put to it to raise its quota, Rogers stepped into the breach.

Not with any huge cash contribution from his own coffers. He guarded those well. Instead, however, he agreed to make personal appearances at a downtown Los Angeles theater—a thing he rarely does. He drove a hard bargain for his salary for a week of stage appearances. He made them pay him \$12,500. And he turned every cent of it over to the Community Chest.

And then they still talk of the time his closest friend, Fred Stone, was hurt in an airplane crash on the eve of the opening of the new Stone play on Broadway. They made much of how Rogers flew east and at the eleventh hour, took his friend's place in the show, out of pal-ship.

But they neglected to state that Rogers collected \$4,000 a week salary for the stunt.

**O**F course, with all these millions, Rogers can afford things nowadays. He owns, as has been mentioned, all sorts of property in Los Angeles. For a while, he was owner of one of Beverly Hills' finest homes—"the house that jokes built," is what sightseeing bus megaphones used to call it. But he's sold that and lives, with his family, on a great 250-acre ranch in the hills between Los Angeles and the sea. He has a great stable of polo ponies, and plays polo virtually every Sunday before a crowd that pays from \$1 to \$5 admission. He's not even playing polo for nothing!

He owns about a half dozen automobiles. But with all this millionairing, he still affects Hollywood's extreme sloppiness. He's almost always to be seen in dirty, bedraggled clothes, his hair all askew. He doesn't own a dress suit, and his dressiest outfit is a double-breasted blue serge. He won't have a telephone in his house. He maintains, in short, the make-up of the ignorant cowhand.

But the funniest joke he ever used is the one he always uses—the line he starts so many of his talks and writings with: "Well," it goes, "all I know is what I read in the papers . . ."

Now, Mister Rogers, you know there are a lot of people who read the papers, too. But they don't know how to make a million or more a year!



## Here's A New & Simple Card Game

**H**OLLYWOOD'S latest craze in card games is not "according to Hoyle" but, nevertheless, has taken a huge toll of victims. Introduced by John Cromwell, Paramount director, it has been named "Cromwell" by members of Ruth Chatterton's "Unfaithful" company, where it was first played.

Between-scene waits find Miss Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Juliette Compton, Paul Cavanagh, Donald Cook and others pursuing their luck with the game. A combination of several card pastimes, it resembles "Rummy" more than any other game.

It may be played by two or more players. Each player is dealt seven cards and the

Star and director play a round of "Cromwell" between scenes of "Unfaithful." Ruth Chatterton and John Cromwell mix coffee and a hand of the game he invented. From her wary expression looks as though Ruth expected some skull-duggery!

dealer places the pack face down on the table and turns up one card.

Players then begin play on this card, given the preference of either following suit or pairing a card from their hands with the turned-up card. The card played by each person determines the play for the one at his left. If suit cannot be followed or card played,

players must draw from the deck until they can play. All eights are wild and may be played at any time and called any suit preferred by the player. If an eight is the first card turned up, it must be buried in the deck.

The first player playing out all cards wins and points count against those held by remaining players, with aces scoring eleven, face cards ten and all others at face value.

When draw has exhausted the deck, play continues as long as any players can meet the "suit or pair" requirements.

If none can play and all hold cards, the person with the lowest number of points left in hand wins.



# in HOLLYWOOD

*they advise this way*  
to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Palmolive is recommended by 76 of the 80 beauty experts in Screenland's capital

Here's the popular "Jim," beauty specialist to numbers of stars. *"It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction that 76 of the 80 Hollywood salons recommend Palmolive Soap, and we specially use and recommend it in our complexion advice to stars."*



*James Chudowell*

1608 NO. HIGHLAND AVENUE

HOLLYWOOD knows. Hollywood can't afford to guess. Beauty is too important, movie cameras far too faithful to permit haphazard facial care. So 76 of the 80 Hollywood beauty experts insist upon one thing, to begin with. "Use Palmolive Soap," they say.

When the close-up flashes, you look for YOUTH! And youth means, first of all, a schoolgirl complexion. Here's the way advised by 76 experts in the center of Screenland: first, a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water applied gently to face and throat. Then, a thorough, refreshing rinse with warm water, and an icy-cold after rinse. Ice (wrapped in a towel or piece of linen) is advised by many beauty specialists. And, after that, make-up.

*Over 20,000 experts say so!*

You can't imagine a more worldwide beauty rite than this twice-daily treatment. For there are more than 20,000 experts (licensed, operating specialists . . . every one) who recommend regular use of Palmolive.

This pure soap has attained its worldwide popularity because it is made of those priceless beauty ingredients—olive and palm oils . . . which harmonize so well with the favorite face creams.

You can begin this popular facial this very day. And the price of Palmolive—just 10 cents, you know—makes it the least expensive beauty treatment in the world.

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAf and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



*Youth! Freshness! Natural loveliness! That's the trend in beauty today. And such loveliness depends on keeping "that school-girl complexion."*

*"Palmolive Soap I find most effective in cleansing complexions."—Ruby Hime, Roosevelt Beauty Salon.*

*"I advise the use of Palmolive twice daily to provide really thorough cleansing," says Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy, Ann Meredith Shop, 6734 Sunset Boulevard.*



Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

# TANGEE



*"Lips must  
look natural"*

SAY AMERICA'S GREAT

FASHION AUTHORITIES

VOGUE says: "All Paris is creating more natural appearing make-up. A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very *feminine, individual* mode. Avoid lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring."

HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**MARION LESSING** ("Seas Beneath," Fox) is a beautiful blonde youngster on whom Fox is counting heavily. The daughter of Professor Otto Lessing of the University of Illinois, she went to Vienna in 1925 and entered on a stage career there. Coming back to America, she made several appearances on Broadway. Her work in shorts led to a Fox contract.



**WILLIAM GAXTON** ("Fifty Million Frenchmen," Warners) has long been prominent in musical comedy and vaudeville on Broadway. A San Francisco boy, he came East and appeared with great success in "The Music Box Revue," "Connecticut Yankee" and "Fifty Million Frenchmen." He is married to Madeline Cameron, musical comedy actress.



**CONSTANCE CUMMINGS** ("The Criminal Code," Columbia) is a twenty-year-old-girl from Seattle, Washington, who appeared on Broadway in choruses and almost overnight jumped to leading rôles in pictures. She was a chorus girl in the first "Little Show." She is now under contract to Columbia. Her real name is Halverstadt.



**DONALD DILLAWAY** ("Body and Soul," Fox) is another stage juvenile to click in Hollywood talkies. Don was born in New York twenty-three years ago. On the stage he appeared in "Fast Life" and "Courage." Coming to Hollywood, he played in "Min and Bill" and "Mr. Lemon of Orange." Then Fox placed him under a nice contract.



**HELEN BRODERICK** ("Fifty Million Frenchmen," Warners) was long one of vaudeville's favorite comediennes, with her husband and partner, Lester Crawford. In addition, she appeared in many musical comedies, among them "Fifty Million Frenchmen." She plays the same rôle in the film. She was one of the late Jeanne Eagels' best friends.



**WILLIAM MORRIS** ("The Gang Buster," Paramount) has been on the stage for many years. His wife and their four children are also of the theater. The most famous is Chester, now a United Artists star. Father William, many years ago, was Modjeska's leading man. For a long time opposed to picture work, he was at last led before the camera on the Coast.



**FLORENCE BRITTON** ("The Devil to Pay," United Artists) played her first picture rôle in the Colman film, and was so well liked that Samuel Goldwyn put her under contract. She's a twenty-year-old San Francisco girl who had but a brief experience on the stage, in stock. She has auburn hair and gray eyes. As Colman's sister in "The Devil to Pay" she impressed greatly.



**CLARK GABLE** ("The Easiest Way," M-G-M) is an Ohio boy who began in the theater as a stock actor in his early twenties. Now, at twenty-nine, he has signed a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and seems to be set for a career in talkies. Clark is six feet, one inch tall and weighs 190 pounds. He has brown hair and gray eyes.



# Teeth .. lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care

*This thrift dentifrice  
is thorough, yet so gentle  
in action*

**H**OW fool-hardy to brush sound, lovely teeth with any but a safe gentle dentifrice which has proved itself in the hands of millions.

Before creating Listerine Tooth Paste we made an exhaustive study of tooth enamel. We examined its structure. We tested its varying degrees of hardness, case after case. We learned that people of today have less sturdy teeth than their ancestors.

Our next duty was to discover cleansing and polishing agents that would be harmless to the precious enamel surface. At length we found, and included them in our dentifrice. Thousands have thanked us for them.

For the sake of your teeth, we ask you to use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how swiftly but how gently it cleans teeth—erasing fermenting food particles, discolorations, and tartar. Note the lovely luster it imparts to the teeth. Observe their soundness year after year under this gentle care.

In all the field of dentifrices there is no purer, more carefully compounded one than this. In every way it is worthy of the Listerine name. That you can obtain it for 25¢ is due entirely to modern manufacturing methods and mass production. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste  
recommend  
**Pro-phy-lac-tic  
Tooth Brushes**



**25¢**

**It saves you enough  
to buy a toilet set**

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

# FASHION SALUTES

## A GRACEFUL NEW NOTE



Photographs by Ray Jones

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, beautiful Universal star, demonstrates the versatility of present-day fashion. Shorts and shirt for tennis. A soft and subtle satin gown for afternoon. And for moments of relaxation, a feminine gown, charming and comfortable.



NEVER were styles more truly feminine than in this year of Fashion, 1931. Frills are everywhere. Dresses are flowy . . . with clinging, *revealing* lines that are both graceful and alluring. How they do set off the figure!

Ah, that's the point! The figure's the thing, says Fashion. We must be slender, to be sure—but slimly rounded. We must remember calories, but not forget complexions, vitality, glowing health. And that's why so simple an addition to the diet as *bran* is very, very important.

For unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

All this danger may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet. ALL-BRAN isn't fattening—it adds health instead of calories. It provides the roughage needed for proper elimination. It also adds iron which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the nut-sweet flavor—the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, in soups and omelets; cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over wjz and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E. S. T. Also KFI Los Angeles, KOMO Seattle at 10.00, and KOA Denver at 10.30.



**SEND FOR THE BOOKLET**

**"THE MODERN FIGURE"**

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Dept. A-4, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

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# Cooking in a Kitchenette



A scene typical of many modern homes, where kitchenettes have solved space and servant problems. It's from the two-reel Educational comedy, "Three Hollywood Girls"

WHILE kitchenettes have narrowed the scope of cooking, they have enlarged its perplexities. The housewife who is newly transplanted from a roomy, old-fashioned kitchen to a "new-fangled" kitchenette, is apt to stand with a frying pan in one hand and a double boiler in the other, wondering where she can find room to set either one, much less both of them!

And, when she tries to cook a dinner that begins with soup and ends with a homemade dessert, she is inclined to grow actually sentimental about the little restaurant around the corner!

But, like everything else, it's all in getting used to it! After a while, Mrs. Housewife discovers that there are desserts which can be prepared hours ahead and tucked away in the ice-box until time to be served. That one vegetable can be cooked, and one raw vegetable, such as chopped cabbage, can be combined with a salad like lettuce and tomatoes, and served with salad dressing. That coffee can be made right at the table or on a side table in a percolator, or coffee essence or granules can be added to hot water in a jiffy.

There are many short cuts to help the kitchenette cook, and many ways to simplify her serving. And there are plenty of simple but excellent recipes she can substitute for some of the more complicated and space-taking ones she used to follow.

HERE are a few suggestions for kitchenette cooked meals. The first recipe is for a nourishing, filling luncheon or supper dish. It's called *Shrimp Wiggle*. You need:

- 1 cup shrimps
- 1 cup canned peas
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups milk
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter and add the flour which has been mixed with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅓ teaspoon pepper. Pour the milk on gradually. As soon as sauce thickens, add the

shrimps, broken in pieces, and the peas, drained from their liquor and thoroughly rinsed. Serve piping hot, and pour over thin slices of toast if you like. A real treat for lovers of sea food.

If fresh shrimps are not available, there are many good brands of canned shrimps.

*Baked Rice with Cheese* is substantial enough to serve for luncheon without meat, and will take the place of potatoes and a cooked vegetable at the evening meal. The ingredients are:

- ¼ lb. grated cheese
- ¾ cup sweet milk
- 1 cup steamed rice
- 3 eggs
- 1 tablespoon butter

Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs. Beat the yolks and stir into them the cheese, rice, milk and butter. Then fold in the beaten whites. Make into patties and bake twenty minutes.

A green salad—lettuce with French Dressing will do nicely—should be served with this dish.

The following is an excellent recipe for French Dressing.

- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon lemon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons olive oil

Rub the mixing bowl with a garlic bean, (but be sure that the flavor of garlic is not offensive to those who are to dine with you!). Mix lemon juice, salt and pepper in the bowl, adding oil slowly and beating constantly. Chill and serve cold.

AND here is a recipe for Baked Apples that makes them a real dessert—one that's good and good for you, too.

Peel and core as many apples as desired, filling the center of each apple with a tablespoon of honey. Bake for an hour in a moderate oven, placing a little water in the bottom of the pan to keep apples from burning. Sprinkle with chopped nut meats.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



### This is Mrs. White

You probably know Mrs. White yourself . . . have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house . . . and her children, too . . . and yet always has time for other things!



### She plans her housework

And you've wondered how Mrs. White (or Mrs. Jones as the case may be) manages to do so much. Her secret? She *plans* her housework. She budgets her cleaning time. Our free book tells exactly how she does it.



### She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely — makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)



### And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do . . . and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless . . . and *happy!* How does she manage?



### FREE booklet

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells Mrs. White's whole plan. Interesting and helpful. Send for a copy. You'll be very glad you did. Use the coupon.

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Please send me free of all cost "A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock."  
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Street.....  
City..... State.....



# Good Dress Here

—like it?

—Seymour

A good spectator sports dress—worn by Karen Morley in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

The jacket follows the title. Short—it doesn't meet the skirt.

The sleeves—three-quarter—don't meet the wrist.

White—with bright contrast—patriotically and fashionably—red and blue—good.

And her tri-color scarf—she can wear it or wave it.

Good hat, too—brimmed and lifted off the face and forehead.

# "I've found a perfume to register *Me*"

says LILLIAN ROTH

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never *quite* believed it, don't you know.

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello *Me*! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . I like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . .'

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"



## Keeping the Mood of *Seventeen*

*Face Powder* . . . in smart, subtle shades. *Dusting Powder* . . . an exhilarating finish for the bath. *Compact* . . . in which alert sophistication is combined with *Seventeen's* naive charm. *Brillantines* . . . both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. *Sachet* . . . like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. *Toilet Water* . . . the characteristic *Seventeen* scent. *Talcum* . . . fresh, clean, fragrant. *The Perfume* . . . the mood of *Seventeen* itself, translated into a perfume.

His supper club bill  
was . . . \$38

Her gown, spoiled by  
carelessness . . . \$79



At the blue-and-silver supper club where *he* was entertaining *her*, they chatted and danced with verve. At least they began that way—but what a horrid ending! And it cost *her* \$79.

The club got closer and warmer as the evening wore on. *She* perspired under the arms, and presently her little jade satin gown grew damp. She knew

that the dress was ruined—that the perspiration stains were sure to fade its color. And she was in terror of underarm odor—so fatal to charm. So *she* turned gloomy and silent.

There went the evening, utterly spoiled. *He* thought *her* very difficult indeed. *How* Odorono would save *her* both men and money!

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF  
**ODO·RO·NO**

**ODORONO REGULAR** (*ruby colored*)  
—provides the most lasting protection of all preparations for use in preventing underarm odor and perspiration—3 to 7 days. It is for application at night, before retiring.



**ODORONO COLORLESS**  
—instantly effective and quick-drying, is for those who like to use Odorono quickly. Apply at any time . . . day or night. Odorono Colorless gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.  
Dept. 4Q1, 191 Hudson St., New York City  
I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Odorono Colorless, and Odorono Cream Depilatory. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name .....

Address .....

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

## To Clara Bow's Public

(With apologies to Shakespeare and Mark Antony)

*Friends, Americans, Fellow Fans, lend me your ears;*

*I come to condemn Clara, not to praise her.*

*The evil that she does flames out in every newsprint,*

*The good is hushed and hidden from our sight.*

*So let us defame Clara. The noble Daisy Hath told us that Clara was extravagant.*

*If it were so, it was a grievous fault*

*And grievously hath Clara answered for it.*

*Henceforth, accusations flung by Daisy and the rest—*

*And Daisy was her honorable friend—*

*Came I to speak of Clara's calumny.*

*She was our pet, glorifying "It" far us.*

*But Daisy says she was extravagant;*

*And, sure, she was her honorable friend.*

*So are we all, all honorable friends.*

*She hath brought many of us to the theater*

*Whose maney did the movie coffers fill.*

*She hath made us laugh, and thrilled us*

*By her joyous acting. But she is extravagant.*

*She hath spent her maney freely to benefit her friends;*

*Did this in Clara seem extravagant?*

*Her maney is her own to spend it as she likes.*

*When that her friends have cried, Clara hath wept.*

*Fame should be made of sterner stuff.*

*I speak not to disprove what Daisy spake,*

*But here I am to speak what I do know.*

*We all did love her once, not without cause.*

*What cause withhold us then, to stand by her?*

*O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts*

*And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;*

*My heart is there with Clara in her need*

*And I must pause till it come back to me.*

—Gertrude C. Ball

## Heart Throb

I had one of those grippy colds. My sister was in bed with a broken collarbone. My mother was ill with nervous indigestion. My father looked worried. The maid was leaving within the week. I knew I'd scream if I remained in the house a moment longer. I flung on my things and left the house, feeling like a scooped out pumpkin. (That's what grip does to you.) I went to the movies.

Two hours later I sang all the way home. It was snowing but when I got to my door I felt exhilarated—thrilled—happy—laughing. The talkies had snatched me out of life for two hours. I am grateful.

Phyllis-Marie Arthur





Catherine Dale Owen, charming featured player in the Radio Pictures' production, "Behind Office Doors." Beside her is Apollo, a modern Telechron model, with moulded black case and chromium fittings, priced at \$15.

## Look for these Telechron\* Clocks in Radio Pictures' new production, "Behind Office Doors"

MOVING PICTURE production demands accurate timing for efficiency. Movie accessories must be modern, smart and well-designed. Telechron Electric Clocks qualify both ways. That's why Radio Pictures Corporation says, "When we need a clock on the RKO lot, we call for a Warren Telechron!"

A number of Telechron Clocks appear in "Behind Office Doors," supporting Mary Astor, Catherine Dale Owen, Robert Ames, Ricardo Cortez and the rest of the stars in this entertaining RKO picture. Watch for them when "Behind Office Doors" is shown at your local theater!

The amazing accuracy of each Telechron Clock is assured by a Telechron Master Clock in the power house. Besides telling time, Telechron saves time! It never needs winding, oiling or regulating. And only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial bring this Telechron service.

You can have in your home, clocks just like those that tell time for the stars. There's a dealer near you, listed under "Telechron" in the classified telephone directory. He has many models to show you. Stately grandfather's clocks. Graceful tambours for

the mantel. Quaint banjos for the wall. Attractive uprights for desk or table. With deep-toned chimes, illuminated dials and other interesting features. See them.

Telechron Clocks range in price from \$9.75 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from \$30 to \$1000.

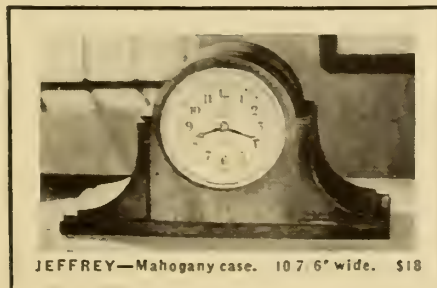
\* Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U.S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY  
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS



SURREY—Mahogany case. 15 5/6" high. \$33

*Telechron*



JEFFREY—Mahogany case. 10 7/6" wide. \$18



R-804—Mahogany case. Westminster chimes. \$40



# Questions & Answers

"Cimarron" has stirred up hundreds of questions this month, and leads in interest at the moment. Here are Richard Dix, Irene Dunne and little *Cim* driving into Osage, Okla., to settle

**CIMARRON**—Edna Ferber's thrilling adventure story of the rise of Oklahoma from early pioneer days to statehood—brings a comparative newcomer to the screen in the rôle of *Sabra Cravat*—Irene Dunne, from Louisville, Kentucky. Inquiries poured in this month as to where anyone so perfectly suited to the part was found. The answer is simple—Radio Pictures signed Miss Dunne on a long-term contract after having seen her as *Magnolia* in Ziegfeld's production of "Show Boat." She played in a musical picture—"Leathernecking" and after tests were made of a number of girls they gave her the part in "Cimarron" because she looked eighteen and could talk in the quavery voice of a woman of seventy. Her hair is a beautiful copper-color and her eyes are grey. She is five feet, four and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. You will see her next in "Bachelor Apartments." She has a beautiful singing voice.

**L. R. LARCHMONT, N. Y.:** Yes, L. R., you must be right because everyone thinks as you do that Richard Dix was *Fancey Cravat* come-to-life. His next picture will be "Big Brother" but he is not directing himself. He is under contract to Radio Pictures.

**GRACE KLEIN, WILLISTON, N. D.:** Well, Grace, I hate to have to tell you that you are wrong and your friend Fran is right. It was Lewis Stone who played in "The Prince of Head Waiters" and the story was about a boy who does not know his father. Now the argument is settled and Fran can kiss and be friends.

**I. J., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.:** Yes, your informant was correct. Ruth Taylor married Paul Zuckerman in March, 1930. She now lives in New York—on Park Avenue, and has a small son, born last December. She is very happy and says she has no idea of going back into pictures.

**MARY ESTELLE GRACEY, LONG BEACH, CALIF.:** John Boles has two daughters and I'm sure that if you write him he will send you an autographed photograph. He is under contract to Universal Pictures and is at present working in the screen version of Charles Norris' novel "Seed."

**MRS. MARIE LEONE, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.:** Your friend has got Harold Lloyd's picture "Feet First" mixed up with "Safety First" which he made some years

ago. There is some similarity in the way of thrills, but "Feet First" was never made before.

**M. O. DRUM, GALESBURG, ILL.:** We hear that Pearl White is running a casino in Biarritz in the south of France. Dorothy Dalton married Arthur Hammerstein, a theatrical producer, and lives on Long Island, N. Y. Ella Hall played in Cecil De Mille's "Madam Satan." Harrison Ford expects to go back on the stage. If you've seen "Seas Beneath"—a Fox picture—you've seen Francis Ford.

**M. J. ROBBINS, M. D., LUNENBURG, VT.:** Some of Constance Bennett's most recent pictures are "Common Clay," "Sin Takes a Holiday" and "The Easiest Way." A letter addressed to the Pathe Studio will reach her.

**LESTER DAVID, NEW YORK CITY.:** Jackie Coogan has light brown hair and brown eyes. He is sixteen years old, weighs ninety-eight pounds and is four feet, ten inches tall.

**FRANCES E. PETERSEN, HARTFORD, CONN.:** If you were in New York you could see Jack Whiting playing the part of a movie hero in a new musical comedy called "America's Sweetheart." He will be thirty long years old next June and is married to Beth Sully, Doug Fairbanks' former wife and mother of Doug Jr. "Top Speed" and "The Life of the Party" are the names of two pictures in which he played.

**HELEN KATHERINE EISENBERG, LONACONING, MD.:** David Manners' real name is Rauff Acklom. He was born on April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His eyes are grey-green and his hair is brown. He weighs one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and is six feet tall and married to Suzanne Bushnell. Lew Ayres was to have played in "Dracula" but he did a picture instead with Joan Bennett called "Many a Slip." I can't tell you who he likes best—Joan or Lola Lane. We'll have to be patient until Lew makes up his mind.

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 220 W. 57th St., New York City.

**MARIAN KENNEDY, KIRKWOOD, MO.:** In "Madam Satan" you saw Reginald Denny as a vagabond king in the masquerade on board the zeppelin. The part of "Water" was played by Doris McMahon. Don't tell anybody, but we think Maurice Chevalier is about thirty-six years of age.

**MILDRED MYRICK, NORFOLK, VA.:** Listen carefully, please Mildred! Mickey Daniels plays *Freckles*; Grady Sutton plays *Fat Boy*; and David Sharpe plays *Cute Boy*. And they all play in Hal Roach Comedies.

**W. F. B., WINNIPEG, MAN.:** Summon Old-Man Arithmetic and figure this one out—William Farnum was born on the Fourth of July, 1876. How old would he be now? He played at the Fox Studio in "A Connecticut Yankee" with our old friend, Will Rogers.

**ED. C. CREIGHTON, CHILLICOTHE, TEXAS:** Well, Ed, it's like this—some curly-top players answer to the names of Charles Chaplin, Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Regis Toomey, John Gilbert, Phillips Holmes, and Bob Montgomery, while others less fortunate are Chester Morris, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Richard Arlen, Fredric March and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—all straight.

**VERGEL BELLSON, ST. PAUL, MINN.:** Marion Davies and Bill Haines are two good examples of January 1st birthdays. Betty Compton was born on March 18, 1897, with that very name. Genevieve Tobin was a child actress—educated in this country and abroad. She is blonde, with grey eyes, weighs one hundred and nine pounds and is five feet, three inches tall, born November 29, 1904. She was on the stage for a number of years and last July she signed with Universal on a long-term contract. Her last two pictures are "Seed" and "Fires of Youth."

**H. D. BRAY, HAZLETON, PENNA.:** Mae Clarke made her debut in the world on August 16, 1910, and her debut in the talkies in June, 1929. She was reported engaged to John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband. Mae was divorced last year from Lew Brice. Her latest picture is "Men on Call."

**MARY LEW, LINDSAY, ONTARIO:** If all rumors are true Charles Bickford, will be back in talkies soon. He's a product of Cambridge, Mass., married and has two children, boy and girl.

# "Under these stars lies Youth"



By Frances Ingram

YOU would recognize her name at once if I were to mention it. She is almost as well-known as her very well-known husband. And her portrait, showing her with her three charming children, was recently reproduced in rotogravure sections all over the country.

It was last November when I first met her. "One glance—and you'll know that I've been mistreating my skin frightfully," she said. "But I haven't time for long complicated treatments. They've told me about you—several of my friends. Now what *can* be done for a skin which has spent the summer on the Maine coast and the autumn behind the hounds—in Virginia? Wind and sun and *weather* are bad enough. But worse still, what used to be tiny lines in my skin are becoming wrinkles!"

I know she has followed my Milkweed method ever since I explained it to her—for not long ago I saw her again.

"Don't I look years younger?" she said. And I wasn't flattering her a bit when I told her that she did! Her skin was exquisite—clear and smooth, with scarcely one tiny line left to say to the world, "She's past thirty-five."

Her case is so like that of hundreds of women who write me. You yourself can accomplish wonders by following my starred way to a young skin. First, keep your skin *deeply, immaculately clean* with Milkweed Cream . . . it is a remarkable soothing cleanser. Then—follow the quick, effective directions below.

MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ THE EYES—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.
- ★ THE CHIN—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from under the chin outward, under the jaw bone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.
- ★ THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES . . . 50c . . . \$1 . . . \$1.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-41  
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

At 10:15, each Tuesday, tune in on WJZ or an associated station, to hear "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram." And send for her free booklet "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## THE CIGARETTE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN..

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the diction in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public *taste-tests* of the four leading brands show how convincingly even a few puffs tell OLD GOLD'S taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

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# OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

# Short Subjects of the Month

**N**OW that the technique of short subjects in sound has been pretty well mastered, the one and two-reelers are becoming largely a matter of personalities.

Of the comparative newcomers, Andy Clyde and Marjorie Beebe, developed by Sennett, are among the outstanding. Their latest pictures are reviewed in this department this month.

### THE COLLEGE VAMP

Sennett—Educational

If you like whiskey Andy Clyde, you'll love this picture. He plays the ineffectual dean of Baldwin College who keeps hopefully trying to squelch a bunch of students who are too much for him. And then, alas, he is framed with the devastating Yola D'Avril!

### COURT-PLASTERED

Warners—Vitaphone Variety

Another recent arrival on the laughing screen is Helen Broderick, one of the best comediennees of the hard-boiled variety we have. In this one-reeler she and her husband and partner, Lester Crawford playing a murderous manicurist and prosecuting attorney. Very funny!

### PETE AND REPEAT

E. W. Hammons

This short introduces a couple of blackface comedians to the screen. Their picture names are Seben and 'Leben, and they hold promise of developing into sound laugh-makers, a pun. Here they play the village blacksmiths who get into the clutches of escaped convicts.

### LOVE BUSINESS

Hal Roach—M-G-M

The old reliable "Our Gang" kids, which gets new faces but goes right on, does one of its customary little comedies. Two of the youngsters fall for teacher. But this series shows signs of growing stale. The dialogue is slow, and too adult for kids. Needs pepping up.

### A HAPPY LITTLE HONEY-MOON

Christie

Glenn Tryon, formerly a feature player, appears in this short. He and Vera Marsh are newlyweds and the leading figures in a mystery-melodrama with plenty of laughs. A brutal robber tries to get away with their \$10,000 wedding present—and is given a chase.

### BIGGER AND BETTER

Hal Roach—M-G-M

This is the latest in the "Boy Friends" series, with three pretty flappers and three nice looking lads having good, clean fun in an adolescent way. Mary Kornman and the rest of the youngsters furnish mild entertainment in a typical young-folks romantic comedy.

### CAME THE PAWN

Columbia

This is another of the shorts directed and played in by the diminutive Eddie Buzzell. It's a one-reeler suitable for adult audiences particularly, with Eddie as a radio announcer at the slumber hour. He describes marital trials—and the scenes are acted at the same time.

### ONE YARD TO GO

Sennett—Educational

Here's peppery little Marjorie Beebe doing some of her best work in a pretty conventional little college comedy. You'll probably only remember the football game at the end, but that has punch enough to make up for previous low spots. Frank Eastman is the dashing hero.

### KNIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Radio

Still another in the Radio series, starring George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, and one of the weakest of the lot. Karl brings Arthur, his pal, home for Christmas, and the rest of the comedy is largely a rough-and-tumble brawl at the old family fireside. Slapstick.

### SLEEPY HEAD

Warners—Vitaphone Variety

Little Frankie Orth and his big French wife, Ann Codee, contribute another chapter to their Vitaphone series of fun films. Frankie invents a snoring machine to fool his wife into believing he's home when he isn't. It has laughs, but a lot forced.

### JUST A BEAR

Sennett—Educational

Our friend Andy Clyde hasn't quite as much to do in this as he might, but he'll hand you some snorts and chuckles as a great big silent man of the North Woods who gets all tangled up with a bear. He gets especially swell support from Patsy O'Leary and Harry Gibbon.

### SEEIN' INJUNS

Pathe

This one is sure-fire slapstick of the kind we've always loved. It stars that amazing little bundle of comic talent, Daphne Pollard. Doing her familiar cockney character, Daphne takes her little boy to a wild west show. The kid gets lost, and then the fun's fast and frenzied.

### MY HERO

Warners—Vitaphone Variety

This short features Eddie Foy, Jr., son of the famous comic who delighted our dads in days gone by. He's aided by Dorothea Chard, a pretty minx from the stage. Eddie plays a fresh college youth who mistakes a hold-up for a fraternity initiation. Pretty mild drollery.

### HELLO, RUSSIA

Universal

Our beanpole friend, Slim Summerville, goes right on with his series of war comedies, and this one's very funny in spots. Slim plays the bugler of an American Army unit in Russia, with Eddie Gibbon as a tough sergeant. As usual, the boys fight over a girl—this time, Olga.

# Everybody's asking me

## about the new "individual" hair tonic Packer's Scalptone

"An 'individual' hair tonic, which can be made just right for my particular kind of hair?" . . . Ever since I let out the news about Packer's Scalptone, letters have been pouring in on me—from radio listeners, from magazine readers—all saying, "Really? A personal preparation for my hair?" And it is just that.

**Your own prescription for your own hair . . .** Scalptone—made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap—is more than just a hair tonic. It's an absolutely new preparation that you can vary yourself, to suit *your* kind of hair. It's as individual as if your initials were on the bottle! If your hair is oily, you may have Scalptone in a slightly astringent form and if your hair is dry, you may have Scalptone as oily as you need it. Yet you only have to ask for Scalptone!

**Here's how it's done . . .** In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone, there's a little tube which contains oil of sweet almonds. (You probably know

that oil of sweet almonds is recommended for dry scalps.) If your hair is oily, you won't need this oil. You massage Scalptone, just as it comes from the bottle, directly into your scalp. If your scalp is dry, you uncork the tube, and pour enough of the oil into the Scalptone to make it right for *your* hair. If your hair is very dry, you may need all of the oil. That's all. But it's the simplest, most sensible way I've found for years to give hair the sparkle, the life which is its natural right!

For any hair can be lovely—if the scalp it belongs to is really healthy and vigorous. Regular massage with Packer's Scalptone will help your scalp to keep "young." Scalptone is antiseptic, too, so that it's a help in fighting the dandruff enemy. Your druggist should have Scalptone by now—if he can keep up with the orders! If he hasn't it yet, send me his name and address and I'll try to see that he has some for you at once.

JEAN CARROLL



Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.

## PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the Makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-beauty depends on scalp-health

## Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

### **oily hair:**

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Then massage daily with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

### **dry hair:**

Shampoo every two weeks regularly with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

### **dandruff:**

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate

pine tar. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap Shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

### LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

For 10c in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25c I will send you samples of all three. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-D, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1.00 with your note.



# Perhaps like CASE Number 91

## Coarse Pores are Your problem



### PROOF!

"The statements made in this advertisement are in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists . . . They are known to me as specialists of the highest professional standing."

(Signed) *Walter J. Highman M.D.*

(ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS)



Once each week careful skin examinations were made by the supervising Dermatologist in each of the 14 cities.

ON THE morning of August 19th, Miss Mary M— appeared at the office of a noted Philadelphia physician.

"Case No. 91" . . . so he designated her in his case-book ". . . coarse, enlarged pores . . ."

Then he instructed her to wash the right side of her face each night with the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap for 30 days. Using any other preparation of her choice on the left side of her face.

Simultaneously, in this and 13 other cities, 611 other women followed this same interesting daily beauty procedure for 30 days. In Miss M—'s case, as in 82 out of a total of 113 cases of enlarged pores, Woodbury's Facial Soap seemed, literally, to transform

the texture; pores rapidly became less conspicuous; the skin became finer and silkier. Woodbury's benefited Acne in 106 cases and restored normal skin lubrication in 196 cases of excessively dry or oily skin.

In case after case the evidence was built up—that no other cleansing method equals Woodbury's for the care of the complexion.

For your complexion's sake, won't you follow the findings of Science . . . and at least try Woodbury's? Start this proven beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . at but 25¢ a cake . . . may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or send coupon for generous samples.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?  
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

804 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily skin  Flabby skin  Sallow skin   
Dry skin  Coarse pores  Pimples   
Wrinkles  Blackheads

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



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JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

## Exploding the Garbo Myth

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

that usually characterizes as small a community as Hollywood was uttered. Garbo came. A hush fell across the group. She completely wet blanketed the crowd. She was obviously bored and went home early. She literally said and did nothing.

I have talked to many, many people about Garbo, people who know her intimately (and there are more of them than the stories about her would lead you to believe) and I have yet to have one of them give me the slightest evidence that her silences are a mask of deep thought.

Now she does have something on the screen. She's not had so much since talking pictures (with the exception of "Anna Christie," a ready-made part) for the reason that the talkies require a new technique which Garbo can not easily learn. But in the silent days, and later, perhaps, too, there was something to whet the romantic appetites of all those millions of fans who go to see her, who adore her, who become maniacal over her.

As a person I can only gather that she is very sweet to her friends and both stubborn and petulant on the set, that she's done a lot of nice things for people, and that she is a shrewd business woman who keeps mysterious because she knows her limitations and because she is bored (as most of us are) when she's with people who are over her head. Sure, I may be wrong. I may not be mystic, nor psychic, nor attune enough to get her.

ON the screen—well, I believe that it's a trick. That something about those lack lustre eyes, that sullen mouth, that high brow, that pale, clay-like skin appeals to the imaginations of people. Rudolph Valentino had a dead nerve in one eyelid. It gave that eyelid a droop. And a nice, wholesome, Italian boy became the sinister, mysterious dream lover of a million women.

Garbo appeals in the same way. I do not want to hurt her, for she does care about the things written of her and she reads them, yet she must realize that her personality has now become public property and the facts must be met if we're to keep ourselves honest. Mind you—Garbo's a nice girl. No criticism can affect her while she makes good pictures. She's invariably lovely and kind to the new actors and actresses who work with her. She is touched by illness and sadness and expresses herself in flowers and gifts to those who are ill or sad.

But the Garbo legend is a myth—and don't let anybody tell you anything else. And her "great art" is something quite outside herself like the art of Clara Bow and Lupe Velez and other emotional machines.

## Heart Throb

Came the casting of my lot in a strange city on the other side of the continent. That I was city-bred had not inured me to unfriendly faces, to loneliness.

The Cinema! Stars whom I had seen in countless dramas and accepted or rejected insofar as their REEL performances had been good or bad were now REAL companions. My profound gratitude goes out to them for the happiness they brought me during dark hours fraught with despair, nostalgia and heartache.

George Wilton, Jr.



Jeanette Loff, Universal Star

# FILM STARS

say: "Safest · simplest  
· most satisfactory"



John Boles, Universal Star

*93% of all Universal featured players adopt this modern method. A significant fact that every home manager must heed!*



★ *Every Suds, Every Rinse, timed to the Second. Scientific devices time every bath under the multiple-suds method, developed at the American Institute of Laundering—million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry.*

**A**PPPEARANCE is vital to screen success. Film-  
dom's favorites must always look their best. So  
93 per cent of all Universal featured players—stars,  
character actors, directors and technical men too—send  
their clothes to the laundry.

They know present-day laundry methods will safe-  
guard their valuable garments, send them back fresh,  
spotless. They know fragile washable frocks and deli-  
cate linens will be handled with the utmost gentleness,  
and dainty colors will be preserved in original beauty.

You too will delight in the beautiful work done by  
the up-to-date laundry. And you'll be astonished at its  
trifling cost! For just a few pennies a pound you can  
be free from all the worry and strain of home washday.  
There's a laundry service for every purpose, for every  
family budget.

Eight million home managers now "let the Laundry  
do it." And year by year the number steadily grows.

The present-day laundry way, using only rainsoft  
water and the *multiple-suds method*, is an amazing ad-  
vance over old-fashioned washday methods. Phone a  
present-day laundry in your community this week, and  
say goodbye to all washday bother. Take this easy route  
to leisure and happiness! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners  
National Association of the United States and Canada.*



★ *"Puff" Devereaux, personal  
maid of Frances Williams, Star  
of George White's Scandals, put-  
ting away the petite dancer's  
freshly laundered linens; Miss  
Williams is only one of the many  
stars who "let the Laundry do it."*

Let the **LAUNDRY** do it!



## Adds Gloss, Lustre—to lifeless. Dry, Dull Hair

Leaves It Easy to Manage

**I**F your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

Just put a few drops of Glostora in the palm of your hand and pat it on your hair before you wave or comb it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



# Glostora

## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**T**HIS would be a red-letter month in any year, but it happens to be April, 1921, and a great event is on tap for all devotees of the movies.

"The Kid" is charming the country—Chaplin and baby Jackie Coogan are going through their practically deathless pantomime, and critics and public have joined hands and are dancing in the streets.

Our Mr. Burns Mantle, conservative always, says he doesn't care to state right out that "The Kid" is the greatest motion picture ever made—but the inference is that he thinks it is.

The country discovers all over again that Mr. Chaplin is a genuine genius. And that cute Coogan baby!

(Flash ahead to 1931—ten roaring years. The country rises to cheer "City Lights," Chaplin's first picture in a long time. Jackie Coogan, in long pants, signs with Paramount. But, oh, those memories of "The Kid"! How about a revival?)

**A**ND here's another picture of early spring, a decade ago. A slender little stage star named Arliss—George Arliss—has just turned out a picture made from one of his theatrical successes. It's "The Devil," written by a promising Hungarian playwright named Molnar—Franz Molnar.

The picture kicked up no sand. Our critic, praising Mr. Arliss' "suave" performance, says the film itself has little to hold the interest. The star is supported by Sylvia Breamer, Mrs. Arliss, and a young fellow named Edmund Lowe.

"**T**HE DEVIL" was soon forgotten, and Arliss went back to new stage triumphs.

(In 1931? Oh, the star is just First Gentleman of the talking screen, with a hatful of medals, including PHOTOPLAY's golden award for "Disraeli"!)

**S**EE what you can make out of the list of the beautiful ladies—and one lad—who adorn our portrait gallery this early post-war April—

Alice Calhoun, May McAvoy, Gladys Walton, Charles Ray, Gladys George, Lucy Cotton, Estelle Taylor and Gloria Swanson.

Some are here—others are there—and the galleries go on.

**A** SYMPOSIUM on marriage this month . . . Some of the thoughts we print on the eternal subject . . . Cecil B. DeMille: "If genius is too great for marriage, it is poor genius." Marshall Neilan: "Motion picture people are human. Very often they crave the fireside and the simple life." William S. Hart: "Man was made for woman, woman for man." Anita Stewart: "Marriage is the culmination of all emotion." . . . There! Now we know all about marriage, don't we?

**M**AURICE MAETERLINCK, the Belgian poet and dramatist, contributes an article to this month's issue. It's called "The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies."

Here's what he had to say—"The cinema ought to be an art, but it has become an industry. The business men who direct it are beginning to suspect that if it founders as an art, it will founder as an industry."

**W**E devote a page to the red-hot news (in 1921) that Marguerite Clark is returning to the screen!

Nothing in the earlier history of pictures had caused more real sadness than Marguerite's retirement after her marriage to H. Palmerston Williams of New Orleans. A prime favorite, that pretty little girl, and the fans missed her. So this month we announce her return, to the tune of a page of pictures.

"Scrambled Wives" was the title of the picture that was to bring her back, after a year as housewife. But she soon returned to the hearth—where she has been ever since.

**T**HIS month we fictionize the picture made from "Sentimental Tommy," by Sir James M. Barrie . . . Quite an exceptional picture. . . . It brought out Gareth Hughes with a great performance whose promise was never quite lived up to later . . . It gave May McAvoy her first fine part, preparing her for the most brilliant job she ever did—the rôle opposite Barthelmess in the unforgettable "En-



The unforgettable baby. Jackie Coogan as he looked in the days of "The Kid" with Chaplin—the picture that gave him to the screen

chanted Cottage." And a very young lady named Virginia Valli was well met in a supporting rôle.

**A**MONG the pictures of the month . . . Dorothy Phillips and James Kirkwood in "Man, Woman, Marriage" . . . Mr. Tod Browning's production of "Outside the Law," with Priscilla Dean, Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman. Mr. Browning later made a talkie of it—years later . . . Miss Betty Compson justifies her stardom by her work in "Prisoners of Love" . . . The famous horse-story, "Black Beauty," comes to the screen in Vitagraph form . . . Mary Pickford's new picture is "The Love Light." It draws a panning . . . "Mamma's Affair" is Connie Talmadge's latest. Kenneth Harlan is her leading man . . . Fatty Arbuckle's a hit in "Brewster's Millions."

**G**OSSIP from all over movieland, as of a decade back:

Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are engaged, dears! Wallace is the well-known leading man, and Doris is the peachy little girl who came to fame opposite Doug MacLean in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave."

That pretty girl is still appearing in the Kodak ads. (Sh—it's Eleanor Boardman!)

Hobart Bosworth and Mrs. Cecile Percival have just been married. Very few knew that Hobart was divorced from his first wife, Adele Farrington.

Bill Hart says that when his Paramount contract is up he's going to retire and write books "for the youth of America."





Adrian designs many of the gowns you admire on the screen. His original creations are often made of Skinner's fabrics.

# Modeling masterpieces

*"Skinner's Crepes combine the perfect texture and draping qualities needed to visualize and appreciate a new model long before the lines of the dress are actually completed."*

... ADRIAN

For many years leading motion picture stars have owed the smartness of their gowns to Adrian. At his studio in Hollywood, this noted costume designer has direct and far-reaching influence on the world of fashion. Nothing short of the best will do in his selection of materials. Hence a preference for the quality that has made Skinner the most famous name in Silks.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco  
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

## Skinner's Silks

Crepes	Georgettes	Chiffons
Crepe Satins	Shantung	Sport Fabrics

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Clinging evening gown designed by Adrian for Joan Crawford's forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture (as yet untitled). Skinner's Triple Georgette lends itself to the slender, graceful lines achieved by this distinctive dress.



# Addresses of the Stars



"MELLO-GLO stays on longer yet does not clog the pores or leave the skin dry" Miss Barbara Carrington (well known opera singer).

## NO WONDER BEAUTIFUL WOMEN LOVE THIS NEW FACE POWDER

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks.

MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture. If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 43)  
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

### Hollywood, Calif.

#### Paramount Publix Studios

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Richard Arlen    | Mitzi Green     |
| Jean Arthur      | Phillips Holmes |
| George Bancroft  | Carole Lombard  |
| Clara Bow        | Paul Lukas      |
| Mary Brian       | Marcia Manners  |
| Martin Burton    | Cyril Maude     |
| Ruth Chatterton  | Rosita Moreno   |
| June Collyer     | Barry Norton    |
| Juliette Compton | Jack Oakie      |
| Gary Cooper      | Guy Oliver      |
| Frances Dee      | Eugene Pallette |
| Marlene Dietrich | Ramon Pereda    |
| Leon Errol       | William Powell  |
| Stuart Erwin     | Charles Rogers  |
| Stanley Fields   | Stanley Smith   |
| Kay Francis      | Regis Toomey    |
| Sketsy Gallagher | Fay Wray        |

#### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Frank Albertson      | Dixie Lee          |
| Luana Alcaniz        | Marion Lessing     |
| Robert Ames          | George Lewis       |
| Michael Bartlett     | Myrna Loy          |
| Warner Baxter        | Edmund Lowe        |
| Humphrey Bogart      | Claire Luce        |
| El Brendel           | Sharon Lynn        |
| Lucile Browne        | Leslie May         |
| Robert Burns         | Jeanette MacDonald |
| Joan Castle          | Kenneth MacKenna   |
| Virginia Cherrill    | Frances McCoy      |
| Marguerite Churchill | Victor McLaglen    |
| William Collier, Sr  | Don Jose Mojica    |
| Joyce Compton        | Goodee Montgomery  |
| Roxanne Curtis       | Lois Moran         |
| Fifi Dorsay          | J. Harold Murray   |
| Charles Farrell      | George O'Brien     |
| John Garrick         | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Janet Gaynor         | Nat Pendleton      |
| C. Henry Gordon      | Will Rogers        |
| Louise Huntington    | David Rollins      |
| Warren Hymer         | Jillian Sand       |
| Keating Sisters      | John Swar          |
| Richard Keene        | Lee Tracy          |
| Jane Keith           | Spencer Tracy      |
| Nancy Kelly          | Ruth Warren        |
| J. M. Kerrigan       | John Wayne         |
| Elissa Landi         | Marjorie White     |

#### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

- |                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Amos and Andy   | Hugh Herbert     |
| Henry Armetta   | Rita LaRoy       |
| Mary Astor      | Ivan Lebedeff    |
| Roscoe Ates     | Dorothy Lee      |
| Evelyn Brent    | Everett Marshall |
| Sue Carol       | Joel McCrea      |
| Joseph Cawthorn | Jack Mulhall     |
| Betty Compson   | Edna May Oliver  |
| Ricardo Cortez  | Roberta Robinson |
| Bebe Daniels    | Lowell Sherman   |
| John Darrow     | Katya Sorina     |
| Richard Dix     | Ned Sparks       |
| Irene Dunne     | Leni Stengel     |
| Eddie Foy, Jr.  | Bert Wheeler     |
| Noel Francis    | Robert Woolsey   |
| Ralf Harolde    |                  |

#### Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

- |                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| George Arliss  | John Halliday     |
| John Barrymore | Leon Janney       |
| Noah Beery     | Evalyn Knapp      |
| Joan Blondell  | Winnie Lightner   |
| Joe E. Brown   | Ben Lyon          |
| James Cagney   | Marian Marsh      |
| Donald Cook    | Edward Morgan     |
| Clandia Dell   | Olsen and Johnson |
| Irene Delroy   | Barbara Weeks     |
| Robert Elliott | Jack Whiting      |
| Frank Fay      |                   |

#### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Joan Bennett      | Evelyn Laye    |
| Eddie Cantor      | June MacCloy   |
| Charles Chaplin   | Una Merkel     |
| Ronald Colman     | Chester Morris |
| Dolores Del Rio   | Mary Pickford  |
| Douglas Fairbanks | Gloria Swanson |
| Jean Harlow       | Norma Talmadge |
| Al Jolson         |                |

#### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Richard Cromwell    | Bert Lytell       |
| Constance Cummings  | Dorothy Revier    |
| Ralph Graves        | Dorothy Sebastian |
| Jack Holt           | Miriam Segar      |
| Buck Jones          | Barbara Stanwyck  |
| Margaret Livingston |                   |

### Culver City, Calif.

#### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| William Bakewell | Ellen McCarthy      |
| Lionel Barrymore | Joan Marsh          |
| Wallace Beery    | Adolphe Menjou      |
| Edwina Booth     | John Miljan         |
| John Mack Brown  | Conchita Montenegro |
| Lenore Bushman   | Robert Montgomery   |
| Harry Carey      | Grace Moore         |
| Joan Crawford    | Polly Moran         |
| Jose Crespo      | Catherine Moylean   |
| Marion Davies    | Conrad Nagel        |
| Reginald Denny   | Ramon Novarro       |
| Kent Douglass    | Edward Nugent       |
| Marie Dressler   | Anita Page          |
| Cliff Edwards    | Lucille Powers      |
| Julia Faye       | Marie Prevost       |
| Greta Garbo      | Marjorie Rambeau    |
| John Gilbert     | Duncan Renaldo      |
| William Haines   | Norma Shearer       |
| Hedda Hopper     | Gus Shy             |
| Lottie Howell    | Lewis Stone         |
| Leila Hyams      | Lawrence Tibbett    |
| Dorothy Jordan   | Ernest Torrence     |
| Buster Keaton    | Raquel Torres       |
| Arnold Korff     | Lester Vail         |
| Andre Luguet     |                     |

#### Pathe Studios

- |                           |                   |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| Robert Armstrong          | Ann Harding       |
| Constance Bennett         | Eddie Quillan     |
| Bill Boyd                 | Helen Twelvetrees |
| James and Russell Gleason |                   |

#### Hal Roach Studios

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| Charley Chase  | Stan Laurel      |
| Mickey Daniels | Gertie Messinger |
| Dorothy Ganger | Our Gang         |
| Oliver Hardy   | David Sharpe     |
| Mary Kornman   | Grady Sutton     |
| Harry Langdon  |                  |

### Universal City, Calif.

#### Universal Studios

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| Margaret Adams | Mary Nolan       |
| Lew Ayres      | George Sidney    |
| John Boles     | Slim Summerville |
| Hoot Gibson    | Genevieve Tobin  |
| Bela Lugosi    | Lupe Velez       |
| Charles Murray | John Wray        |

### Burbank, Calif.

#### First National Studios

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Richard Barthelmess    | David Manners    |
| Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. | Marilyn Miller   |
| Glenda Farrell         | Ona Munson       |
| Joe Frisco             | Dorothy Peterson |
| Walter Huston          | James Rennie     |
| Fred Kohler            | Otis Skinner     |
| Dorothy Mackaill       | Loretta Young    |

### Long Island City, New York

#### Paramount New York Studio

- |                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Clive Brook       | Fredric March    |
| Nancy Carroll     | Marx Brothers    |
| Maurice Chevalier | Frank Morgan     |
| Ina Claire        | Ginger Rogers    |
| Claudette Colbert | Charlie Ruggles  |
| Norman Foster     | Charles Starrett |
| Miriam Hopkins    | Ed Wynn          |

### Hollywood, Calif.

- Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

### Los Angeles, Calif.

- Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.  
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York;  
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane request that their mail be sent to them in Beverly Hills, Calif. No street address is necessary.

# JOHN HELD, JR.

SPONSORS OUR

## "Letter of Congratulation"

CONTEST

\$2050.00 in 70 cash prizes

YOU MAY WIN \$1000.00

SEACREST  
OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

Dear Katherine:

It is wonderful  
that Fred is to have the district  
manager's job. Everyone in the  
old crowd is so pleased. Where  
will you be moving back?  
We have already begun to  
plan a round of dinners and  
dances in honor of your  
triumphal entry.

My best love  
to the children.

Tuesday  
Agnes

ONE of the finest things in life is the unselfish pleasure we feel at the success and achievement of some one dear to us. But we are so often remiss in our expression of that sentiment . . . particularly when the message must needs be written instead of spoken.

And what a pity that we should be so careless! For even the briefest of notes to the adoring parents of a new baby . . . to the woman whose husband has received a promotion . . . to the girl whose engagement has been announced . . . to the boy or girl just graduated from school or college . . . will repay us a thousand-fold in the happiness it brings to them.

Write such a letter for the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest. It may be to any one at all on whom some honor has fallen. And it has a chance to win a total prize of \$1000 . . . or one of twenty-three other cash prizes in this monthly contest . . . or one of 100 awards of Eaton's Highland Vellum. It's very simple to enter. Read the rules on this page. This is the third and last of the monthly contests.



### RULES OF THE CONTEST

During February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. are offering prizes for a particular kind of letter. For April they will award prizes in the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest as follows: first prize, \$150; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; five fourth prizes, \$15 each; five fifth prizes, \$10 each; ten sixth prizes, \$5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of \$850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series of contests, making it possible for some one to win a total of \$1000!

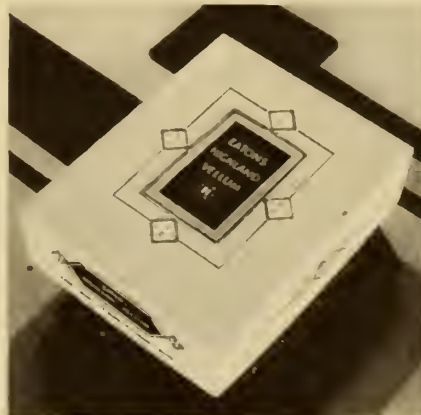
All letters in the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest must be in the mails by midnight of April 30, 1931.

Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Letter of Congratulation" Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters. No letters will be returned.

The winners will be announced in the October issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr., famous humorist.



The note of congratulation is doubly charming when written on attractive stationery. The splendid writing surface of Eaton's Highland Vellum and Eaton's Highland Linen, is popular with men and women alike. 50c to \$3.50, wherever good stationery is sold, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

# EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM

HIGHLAND LINEN

She **WANTS** to know **BUT** she **"HATES** to ask"



Then why not send for this booklet of facts?

NOW and again a young wife enters her married life with knowledge of the necessary facts clear and true in her mind. But she is the exception—not the rule. Most women are faced with a problem. Naturally they hate to ask others. And when they do, they are more than likely to be disappointed by the information they receive. It is all so confusing, so conflicting.



#### Danger in poisonous antiseptics

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the antiseptic. Much as doctors and trained nurses approve of surgical cleanliness, they will not approve of poisonous antiseptics. They know the dangers—deadened membranes, areas of scar-tissue, interference with normal secretions.

But *Zonite* is different. *Zonite* is the safe and effective germicide for feminine hygiene. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

#### Zonite booklet tells all facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This up-to-date booklet is a thorough education on the subject. Read it—and there will be no need to ask anybody. *Zonite* Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles:  
30c, 60c, \$1



Both in U. S. A.  
and Canada

*Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

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Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....  
(Please print name)

Address.....

City.....State.....  
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

"The girls began to call her 'Polly good-for-her' because when they offered her something good to eat she frequently answered, 'but it isn't good for me.'

"She had begun to wear trimmer clothes to suit the trimmer lines of her figure. She had brushed her hair back from her face. She had become much more particular about the brands of powder and rouge that she used. And she made a point of getting enough sleep—actually left parties at the height of the fun because she had to be up early the next morning and needed her rest.

"SOME of the boys were real put out about it at times, but she just let them do the worrying. If they didn't like it, they didn't need to ask her, seemed to be her attitude.

"One day when the girls were kidding her about having become so precise in her habits, and were probably looking at her new prettiness a little jealously, she made a remark which did a lot to alter my own way of living and thinking.

"And what you said about Polly shows that you have something to learn, too.

"She said that the doctor to whom her mother sent her for treatment had told her there is no more fallacious saying than that 'beauty is skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone.' He told her that beauty comes right out from the core of one's being, from one's state of mental and physical health.

"He showed her how she was ruining her digestion by overindulging in desserts and palate-tickling foods, instead of 'majoring' in the life-giving ones. He said that the best complexion in the world could be ruined by continued intestinal disturbances. He taught her how to combine soap and water with some well-selected preparations for the care of her skin. He explained the necessity of spending a certain length of time outdoors every day, of drinking plenty of water, of letting the mind and body rest for the next day's activities.

"And he evidently scared her just a little—told her she would be old and gray before her time, would lose the promise of beauty that was already there if she continued to disregard every rule of health.

"I don't mean that she didn't ever backslide—stay out late the night before an important exam, or stop for a butterscotch nut sundae an hour before dinner. But she didn't make a practice of these things. Most of the time she was temperate and careful. And, believe me, it has paid her to be. I think she's more than pretty now. In this last year she has actually become beautiful. Maybe that's because she is doing such interesting work, and her face lights up so when she talks about it—which, as you know, is practically all the time!"

"I'LL say it is!" was Marge's final contemptuous comment as she suddenly realized they were at her station. She seemed determined to find something to criticize in the absent Polly, even though she had been well talked down by the more fair-minded girl.

As she turned to leave the train, I caught my first glimpse of her face. And I fervently hoped that she had taken Polly's experience to heart.

Her poor, abused skin fairly cried out for some of the treatment Polly had given hers.

I'll wager that by this time she is beginning to prove for herself that beauty is far more than skin deep.

#### CLARE LOUISE:

You neglected to mention your age, Clare Louise, so it is difficult for me to judge what you should weigh. If you are between seven-

teen and twenty, however, your weight is correct for your height. Use a light rachel powder and a medium rouge, matching your lipstick to your rouge.

#### COLETTE:

Perhaps in trying to eradicate the pimples you are causing those little brown spots of which you complain. My complexion leaflet will help you. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, as there is no charge for this information.

You are a trifle underweight, Colette, but your measurements are in excellent proportion.

#### JACQUELINE:

Warm water should be used for shampooing, but it is an excellent practice to use cool or cold water, as you prefer, for the final rinse, to close the pores.

Unless your skin seems to require it, it might be well to use the cold cream only in the daytime, and not at night. Young skins like yours need only a little protective and preventive care.

#### MARGARET:

Your weight of 125 pounds was exactly correct for your height and age, so I feel you made a mistake in reducing to 105 pounds. A growing girl sometimes needs a little extra weight. If you are careful not to over-indulge in pastries and candy you will find that you can eat without giving any thought to your food, except to enjoy it, and your normal weight will return as a matter of course.

Yes, I think your natural eyebrows must have been more attractive than the too-thin ones you now have. You can shape them a little, if necessary, but let them broaden out a bit, just as they were in the beginning. That extremely thin line is no longer fashionable, and it certainly was not pretty.

#### LEONA:

These are the colors that should be most becoming to you: deep, rich reds and wine; terra cotta, buff and apricot; mahogany and bronzed-brown; dark, soft greens with bluish cast, avoiding the olive greens; dark blue, ivory and cream white.

#### K. B.:

Mary Brian is a very interesting, attractive type, and if you are somewhat like her she will make an excellent model for you to follow. But no girl wants to make herself just an imitation of someone else—even if that someone is as charming and popular as Mary. Let Mary be your general guide to clothes, hairdressing and manner, but don't stifle your own individuality in an effort to be a mere "carbon-copy." I'm sure she wouldn't be flattered by that, and you wouldn't be happy.

Use a light rachel powder, a medium rouge and matching lipstick. Your best colors should be rich, vivid blues; amber, creamy yellows and beige; most shades of brown; flesh pink and coral; ivory and cream white; and clear reds that are not too vivid.

Next month I am going to tell you some of the methods the screen stars use to preserve their good looks. Almost every actress has some little beauty secret of her own that has helped to preserve the loveliness of skin and hair and figure. I begged for a few of these "secrets" and promised I would tell them only to PHOTOPLAY'S almost a million readers!

# "No Other One Like You"

"OUR DANCE," a voice was saying. Helen turned, but there was a startled look on a strange face. "Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I've made a mistake!"

Helen blushed scarlet. She had feared something like this from that moment in the dressing room when she had seen Betty Ward arrive in a dress exactly like her own.

When she had bought the dress, Helen had thought of ways she might change it. It wasn't quite becoming, anyway, but it seemed the best value for what she could spend and the shop had assured her it was one of a "special lot."

How she got through the evening she never knew, but this was certain—never could she wear that dress to the club again. A thousand times Helen had wished she could make her own clothes. She knew so well what she would like to have—just what color of fabric seemed to put a glow in her cheeks, a new sparkle in her eyes. Just what lines set off her figure—what decorative touches spoke for her as she really was. Never yet had she found in the shops a dress that completely satisfied her. If only by some magic means—

And then—just then as though her wish were heard and answered, Helen learned that there *was* a way that she could create for herself the lovely clothes she wanted—yes, Helen who had never sewn a stitch in her life. Right in her own town there were waiting for her the personal help of a sympathetic teacher, wonderful electric machines to use and every convenience one could want.

Never had she known such happy afternoons as those that followed, when she pored over fashion pages of the magazines, explored the tempting, colorful fabric counters and then watched a dress grow to loveliness—just as she had hoped and dreamed. Not just one dress, but another and another at unbelievably little cost.

No wonder she laughed a joyous little laugh in her heart when, at the club, a voice—no longer strange—whispered, "This is our dance. I'm sure because—well, in all the world there's no other one like you!"



*If you would like to know how you can learn to make your own dresses, free, at the nearest Singer Sewing School, telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your community. Simply look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Or send the coupon below and full information about this new plan will come to you at once.*

Haven't you wished for the skill to make clothes that really express your individuality? You can have them now; for modern patterns, modern methods and the modern Singer Electric have made all sewing a delight. And the Singer Sewing Schools are ready to give you just the help and the confidence you need, without one cent of cost to you. There is one of these Schools not far from you, where you will be

guided step by step through the making of the dress of your choice. You will be shown how to select a becoming design and materials, and how to make, fit and finish your dress completely, to the last distinctive bit of decoration. In just a few fascinating afternoons or evenings you will learn the modern methods that will make forever simple the creation of your own smart clothes.



**SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS**  
Conducted by SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.  
Dept. D-118, Singer Bldg. New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.

Name -----  
Street -----  
City ----- State -----



Beauty  
TELLS Beauty



PHOTO BY GRANCEL FITZ

"Never fear  
**LASHES STAY SOFT**  
with this new cosmetique"

A CHIC WOMAN said: "I like a slight dark accent on my lashes. Nothing else is quite so flattering. But I just *won't* use ordinary cosmetiques. I don't want my lashes to be brittle or 'made-up' looking. What shall I do?" ... Have you tried the new Liquid Winx? It was created for just this need—a cosmetique that *won't* make lashes brittle. For it *softens* as well as beautifies lashes. A new discovery—the Double Treatment formula—makes this possible. The new Liquid Winx gives the lashes a smart, *natural* and flattering accent. But—no matter how often you use Winx, lashes stay soft and silky! . . . . .



Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof. 75c—at department and drug stores. For those who prefer the solid form cosmetique, Winx offers Cake. (See the illustration above.) It is packed in a charming silvery compact which fits into the flattest handbag. \$1.00.

**winx**  
for lovely Lashes

# Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 66-67

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros. Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all stories submitted as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

## IMPORTANT This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

..... L. S.

..... Address

**WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?  
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?  
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?**

*The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture! AT LAST—*



# TRADER HORN



**FILMED IN  
THE WILDS  
OF AFRICA**

*Based on  
the famous novel  
by* **TRADER HORN &  
ETHELREDA LEWIS**

*Directed by*  
**W. S. VAN DYKE**  
*with*  
**HARRY CAREY  
DUNCAN RENALDO  
EDWINA BOOTH**

*is completed and has been  
proclaimed greater than  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
greater than "BEN HUR,"  
in fact*

**"THE GREATEST  
ADVENTURE  
PICTURE OF  
ALL TIME!"**

*See it at your favorite theatre*

**A METRO  
GOLDWYN  
MAYER**

*All-Talking Picture*





## Why I changed to Marlboros

Hundreds of thousands of new smokers change... develop... progress... graduate to Marlboros. Help us put into words the *REASONS* for this ever-increasing recognition.

### First Prize \$100 Cash 100 PRIZES TO SMOKERS

**T**HOUSANDS of cheap cigarettes, of course, are still sold for every carton of Marlboros. But... past year's figures show Marlboro sales forging ahead at a record-breaking rate. Can you say *why*?

We know many reasons. We want *yours*. For the best hundred reasons submitted before the last day of next June, we will award 100 prizes as listed. No strings. No conditions. Write in your own words your own reasons for changing to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

#### 100 Prizes!

- First Prize ..... \$100
- Second Prize ..... \$75
- Third Prize ..... \$50
- Fourth Prize ..... \$25
- 5<sup>th</sup> to 10<sup>th</sup> ..... each \$10
- 11<sup>th</sup> to 50<sup>th</sup> ..... each \$5
- 51<sup>st</sup> to 100<sup>th</sup> ..... Library package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.  
119-C FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

# MARLBORO

*Mild as May*

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO AFFORD 20c FOR THE BEST

#### Good Reasons for Changing to Marlboros:

Marlboros are machine packed, *tips DOWN!* Nobody's fingers—not even your own—can soil them.

#### IVORY TIPS

#### Are Lip Insurance

...they prevent dangerous infection. Protect torn, chapped, or rouge-roughened lips.

Ivory Tipped or Plain, Marlboros show always a dainty hostess. Particular people are careful to avoid cheap cigarettes for dinner and bridge party guests. Smart debutantes recognize Marlboros as a suitable accessory. Successful men demand Marlboros as the cigarette of distinction.

You, yourself, may have just progressed... developed... graduated to Marlboros. Write us a few words about *your* reasons. This courtesy may win for you one of 100 prizes.

SELECTED winners will be published in magazines and newspapers. No fees or payments beyond the prizes. We cannot undertake to return suggestions nor enter correspondence. Prizes duplicated in any tie. Judges, R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris & Co., K. M. Goode, advertising consultant, and Lee Brown, advertising agent.

Contest Closes June 30th, 1931

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 ]

of a Boston theater. The tune was "Give Me Something to Remember You By"! They did.

One of the lads went out of the freshman class at Harvard on the first bounce.

And here's where Rudy's sense of humor came in. The next time he broadcast over the radio he announced his approaching holiday in Florida.

"And when I'm down there," said Rudy, "I hope to have the opportunity to autograph a few grapefruit for my friends!"

**Y**OU haven't forgotten yet, have you, how Hollywood used to thrill over the story of Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens?

And the surprise that came when Alma, after her cure, divorced Ricardo.

Now here's another facet of the picture. While Alma lay on her deathbed a few weeks ago, Ricardo was working at First National studios, utterly unaware of how dangerously ill his one-time wife was. And not until he read in the papers, the following day, that she had died, did he have an inkling that she had been ill.

**A**FTER it is all over and all is said and done, perhaps there was nothing in Alma Rubens' life as pitiful and tragic as her funeral. I had known Alma for many years and I attended her funeral because I felt I wanted to pay my respects. I quickly turned away.

Her mother, in order to give everybody a chance, had put a notice in the paper that the funeral would be public, at the little church in Forest Lawn. And while there were at least a thousand sightseers on the outside stretching at the ropes, they came only to see the stars that might be present at the funeral and they did not want to come inside the church, nor did they come. They were looking only for picture people and not interested at all in Alma Rubens. There were no picture people there.

On the inside of the church there was a mere handful of thirty-five people, and the nearest approach to a picture person was Ricardo Cortez' brother.

To me it was one of the most pathetic things I ever heard of.

**T**HERE is a big to-do about the signing up—that's what they call hiring them in pictures—of Mme. Chanel to design clothes for the lady United Artists. Far, far be it from us to intimate that business is bad in Paris and that Mr. Sam Goldwyn sold the lady on the idea that it would be good publicity for her Paris shop. Incidentally, it is also good publicity for United Artists.

**F**OUR years ago, when Tom Mix was writing for PHOTOPLAY, he said:

"Wives even get together and frame their husbands, feeling the need of new jewelry. Anything to get their feelings salved with diamond dust. You can go into the Ambassador, or the Biltmore, or the Montmartre and count the diamond bracelets on the arms of the women present and tell exactly how many times their husbands came home stewed in the past year."

Maybe Tom was cynical even before he was divorced! He goes on:

"A man hasn't got a chance against a woman in a play like that. The quicker he finds out her objective and surrenders to it, whether it is rubies or emeralds, the more years he will have to be a sucker in."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]





## FOREMOST AUTOMOBILE

Out of approximately 44 different makes of American automobiles, the Cord offers the exclusive advantages of front-drive. . . . When introduced about a year and a half ago, the Cord was an original, distinct advancement against the background of all other cars. Since then, its margin of fine-car leadership has widened daily due to the experience of the increasing number of Cord owners. . . . That it is foremost in design, is evidenced by the great number of 1931 models patterned after it, both here and abroad. . . . Now for the first time a Cord is available at the extremely low price of \$2395.

BROUGHAM \$2395 • SEDAN \$2395 • CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET \$2495 • CONVERTIBLE PHAETON SEDAN \$2595 • Prices f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*  
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

# CORD

FRONT DRIVE

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

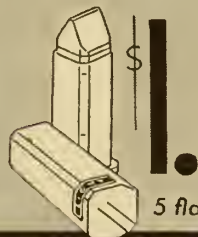
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108 ]



**ENTRUST YOUR LIPS TO YBRY**

A kiss in the dark ... never requires later explanations in the light if it's Lipstick Ybry she wears! Truly Permanent—Smooth—Pure! Scented with world's costliest parfum and simply does not come off.

Featured at best shops



AMAZINGLY LOW FOR A FRENCH CREATION

5 flattering shades



Ybry, Inc., Dept. P-4, 50 W. 57th St., New York City  
Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is..... My eyes are.....

Name ..... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address .....

AS the late cowboy, Art Acord, rides other ranges, further word comes of his suicide, not so long ago, in Chihuahua, Mexico.

It seems that, with fortune lost, Art had determined to try one more screen comeback. With another American, an unimpeachable informant tells us, he had planned to be kidnapped and held for ransom by Mexican bandits.

But it all fell through. An attempt to recoup in Mexico failed.

One suicide try at the Palacio Hotel failed—his American friend knocked a bottle of cyanide from his hands.

But, in his room Art had hidden another bottle of the poison. With this he accomplished his tragic purpose.

And in Hollywood, where his body had been brought by former comrades-in-arms, Art, wearer of the *Croix de Guerre* for gallantry in action in France, was laid to rest with all the military honors that had been dear to him in life.

THERE is dancing on the village green in Hollywood and gay carols are being sung up and down the boulevards.

Eric Von Stroheim is about to begin a picture.

The actors who have been cast are preparing to build new homes in which to deliver themselves of progeny.

By the time the picture is finished, the children born during its making will be ready to play juvenile leads.

**N**OW we learn that "Cimarron" cost \$1,750,000—in round figures—to produce.

We, old cynics, agree that the picture was worth it.

TWO former picture favorites have been favored with vaudeville bookings by Radio-Keith-Orpheum.

One is Blanche Sweet. The former Mrs. Marshall Neilan opened in Elizabeth, N. J., in a singing specialty. She is asking \$2,500 a week for her work.

The other is Rin-Tin-Tin.

The famous dog star is now trouping the country and he and his master draw down \$1,250 a week.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



The camera moves into the department store! Here it's shown taking a ride on the escalator from Women's Doodads, on the second floor, to Gent's Thingumbobs, on the third. Director William Wellman, to the right of the camera, is filming a scene for "The Public Enemy"



# New De Luxe Edition of the Stars of the Photoplay

"Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

250 Reproductions in Rotogravure of the Stars, and the facts you want to know about them

## DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires— which ones foreign titles?  
 The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?  
 The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?  
 How much Loretta Young weighs?  
 Where Chevalier was during the World War?  
 That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?  
 What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?  
 That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?  
 Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?  
 The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?  
 Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?  
 The real name of Lew Cody?  
 What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?  
 How many times Alma Rubens has been married?  
 How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?  
 Where Bebe Daniels was born?  
 How old is Marie Dressler?  
 Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?  
 How Jack Oakie got his start?  
 Gilbert Roland's nationality?  
 Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?  
 That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

The answers to these—and hundreds of other questions—just the information that you and your friends want can be found in "Stars of the Photoplay."

Size of "Stars of the Photoplay," 7¼ x 10½ inches; individual portraits, 5½ x 7½ inches. A biographical sketch accompanies each portrait.

You can obtain this remarkable book with an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for only \$4.00. "Stars of the Photoplay" sells regularly for \$1.25; an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY \$3.75. The regular price of the two combined is \$5.00. You will, therefore, save \$1 00 by taking advantage of this unusual offer. We recommend the combination offer, but if you want only "Stars of the Photoplay," just send \$1.25.

This combination offer is an ideal Birthday gift. If it is to be sent as a gift, insert the name of the person to whom you wish it to go, on the coupon, and your own name on the extra line at the bottom provided for this purpose, also state date of birthday, and a proper notification will be sent to the recipient.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine {STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY}  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PH. 431

Enclosed please find \$.....  check  money order  cash, for which send me  The New De Luxe Edition of "Stars of the Photoplay" and enter my subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for 18 months effective with the next issue.

(Special Rate: \$4.00 U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 Canada; \$5.00 Foreign.)

The New De Luxe Edition of "Stars of the Photoplay"—now only \$1.25.

Name.....  
 Street.....  
 City..... State.....  
 Gift from [name]..... Birthday.....





**TRY THIS PERFECT WAVE SETTING FLUID**  
*at our expense*

**Y**OUR name and address on the coupon will bring you, free, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set . . . remarkable new greaseless finger-waving fluid that dries so rapidly and leaves your hair in soft, glossy waves. *Leaves no residue.* Does not make hair gummy or sticky. Beneficial to hair.

*New low prices . . . 35c and 60c (Formerly 50c and \$1.00) at drug stores, department stores, hairdressers. Ask for Wildroot Wave Set by name. Beware of imitations.*

**WILDROOT WAVE SET**



*Coupon brings FREE SAMPLE*

THE WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,  
Dept. P-4, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Please send me free sample Wildroot Wave Set.  
Also a sample of your new Liquid Cleansing Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**EY-TEB** Patent Pending  
*Luxuriant Lashes Instant-Secure*

*Your Lashes*

any length or thickness  
*in 10 minutes*

The magic of Ey-teb lashes added to your own—cannot be detected from natural lashes even under the magnifying glass test—simple to apply. Not affected by water or cleansing agents—one application lasts weeks—cannot injure your eyes or own lashes—nothing like them before.

Send this advertisement with your name and address and \$1 for special trial size (several applications), post-paid. State brown or black.

*Take this quick step to beauty today!*

Ey-Teb, Dept. A, 275 W. 23rd St., New York City

**No More Foot Pain**

Amazing relief for you. Stops burning, aching, tender, swollen, calloused, torturing feet. Foot troubles mastered in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like. One application works wonders. At all druggists, 35c. Send postcard for free booklet "Care of Feet."

MEDCO CO., Dept. L-4, Dayton, Ohio

**Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY**



**Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 ]

And Lina Basquette has been singing in a cafe at Miami. It's reported that she and ex-husband Peverel Marley are about to kiss and make it all up.

**PAULINE STARKE** is recovering from a serious nervous breakdown which sent her to a California sanitarium for over a month.

Pauline, the wife of Jack White, comedy producer, hasn't been seen in pictures lately.

Polly gave out for publication that she had four taken out. We'll let you in on a secret. There were nine and she went through lots of suffering.

**ANN HARDING** sings a song in "East Lynne."

And, she says, the only reason she consented to do it was because she had occupied the dressing-room bungalow originally built for John McCormack on the Fox lot!

**POLLY MORAN** was standing by the studio gate, her bright new teeth which have replaced the old crooked ones in the front of her mouth, glistening.

"Say, do you want to see Polly Moran's double?" one passer-by asked another. "Looks exactly like her except her teeth ain't crooked."

Then Polly knew that all the pain had been worth it. The teeth had been perfectly good, by the way.

Polly just got tired of seeing herself on the screen with big protruders.

**ESTELLE TAYLOR** returned from several months in New York with her seventy-two-year-old grandmother, the little Quaker lady who raised Mrs. Dempsey. The trip was a riot for Estelle. On the first night, she opened grandmother's bag and found one nightgown, one set of dominoes and eleven boxes of pills.

Estelle was worried about the rich food grandma was eating and remonstrated at hot cakes, sausage, fatty meats, etc., which were always followed by three dyspepsia pills.

"I've lived seventy-two years and I guess



Underwood and Underwood

They're off! The honeymoon pair, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, snapped outside the door of their cabin on board the S. S. Augustus, just before the liner churned away for Italy. "We're not going to smart places or do the conventional sight-seeing," said the happy groom. "We're just going to get a modest car and go places having a good time." The honeymoon, hope Charlie and Virginia, will last three months

I should know what to eat by this time," was the answer.

When Estelle posed for pictures at the Los Angeles station, grandma noticed that all the ladies' hats sat well back on the head, exposing the forehead, according to the latest fashion. She pushed hers high. "Does that show enough of me?" she asked the photographers.

Her only comment when reaching the Dempsey mansion on fashionable Los Feliz Avenue was: "You live too far in the country, granddaughter. I like to be close to the stores and excitement."

JUST one of Hollywood's little accidents that turned out to be to everybody's advantage.

They were shooting the final scene for "Beyond Victory" where Bill Boyd, Jimmy Gleason and the others in the cast are celebrating the armistice in Paris. Their arms are loaded with champagne bottles. Bill's line is, "Isn't it great all the shooting and noise is over?"

And just as he said it for the microphone, the carbonated water in one of the prop champagne bottles blew off the cap. The actors were actually startled but the cameraman didn't stop grinding and that is the laugh fade-out of the picture

WALKED onto the "Strangers May Kiss" set the other day to the strains of a popular piece played by an orchestra.

Since there is no music in Norma Shearer's new picture we discovered that the boys were the same ones who played for all of Norma's silent pictures. When the talkies pushed out the set musicians, Norma said, "They've played for me so long and made me so happy that I'm going to keep them for between shots."

That was two years ago and she's still paying the same boys from her own salary.

**THERE'S** a midget who has discovered a new gag on Hollywood Boulevard.

Out of work, he peddles apples. They're crabapples.

ELISSA LANDI had to break a mirror in "Body and Soul." She hesitated. Director Alfred Santell said, "We'll break six mirrors. I won't ask anyone to do what I wouldn't do myself."

Charles Farrell, Donald Dillaway, Humphrey Bogart, Dell Pruett (secretary to Santell) and the director broke six separate mirrors.

A few days later, Charlie Farrell's mother passed away after only a few hours of illness.

And it was only the day after the breakage that Al Santell sat in his car at Malibu Beach with his rare first editions and collection of unusual salt and pepper shakers huddled high about him waiting to see if his house would burn in the big Malibu fire. Louise Fazenda's, separated from Santell's only by Karl Dane's place, was blazing. Santell's was saved. Now he wonders whether the hot hours of fear which he put in waiting for his home to go took care of his ill luck.

The others admit, also, they are waiting for the results of the ill omen.

IF Walter Pidgeon's hair is gray in his next picture, don't blame it to make-up. Blame Hollywood's practical jokers.

At eight o'clock the other morning he was awakened to receive the Rolls Royce he had ordered. An hour later the Packard people called to deliver their latest model. Another hour and another make appeared. The climax came at four p. m. when the Elks club called to ask what time he wished the orchestra and entertainers he had hired for the evening to report for duty.

The automobile companies were left holding the sack since Walter had put in no orders, but Walter held it for the orchestra. A woman calling herself "Mrs. Pidgeon" had ordered it and Walter, the confirmed bachelor, had to pay for it.

Which reminds us that the same trick was played on Greta Garbo recently. Only the



## "I use Kleenex and know my complexion's safe"

Why cold cream should always be removed with Kleenex... a beauty talk with one of the loveliest actresses of the screen.

*Marian Nixon*

SUCCESSFUL beauty culture inevitably must start with super-cleansing. Yet many women fail in this—their first and greatest duty to their complexions—in the very cleansing process! They attempt to remove both cleansing cream and dirt with a greasy, bacteria-laden "cold cream cloth" or a half-soiled, unabsorbent towel. And then wonder why blackheads threaten... why pores grow large and relaxed.

Beautiful women of the stage and screen have dis-

covered that nothing cleans like Kleenex. Kleenex... the delicate, powerfully absorbent tissues that attract dirt like a magnet.

One of the loveliest of famous Kleenex users is Marian Nixon. Miss Nixon understands the importance of cleansing. "I shouldn't feel my face was clean unless I used Kleenex to remove the cleansing cream," she says.

"Why take chances with half-clean towels and cold cream cloths? These methods are inefficient and unsanitary, often leaving a residue of powder and fine dirt in the pores."

**"Occasionally I see girls invite skin trouble by ignoring recognized methods. This has always seemed absurd to me. When there's one right way, why take chances? I use Kleenex, and know my complexion's safe."**

MARIAN NIXON



Use for Colds—in Place of Handkerchiefs  
Kleenex prevents constant self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. It is used once, then discarded.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in three sizes — 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send a free supply of Kleenex

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please print name plainly

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. PH-4

# Now! Make Up Only Once A Day

—Instead of Every Hour!

*A New Idea from Paris that Takes  
the Bother Out of Make-up.  
No Caking. No Drying. No  
Unsightly "Lipstick Line"*

A way has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly all day long. Instead of making up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

### WHAT IT IS

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a permanent make-up yet discovered. It is



*Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with one of his famous clients, Hope Hampton, beautiful stage and screen star.*



*You use it on your cheeks, too—just a touch with the finger-tips—and thus have the color of your cheeks blend perfectly with the color of your lips.*

different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above.)

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. And—it lasts for hours.

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

### COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box, 9 different colors. Same price as American rouges.

### Angelus

## Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe, Inc.

cars came to the studio. The practical joker had not known her home number. One advantage to remaining "mysterious."

WORD was sent to Bill Boyd's house that he was wanted at Pathe for retakes on "Beyond Victory."

"He can't report," came the answer; "he's got to stay in bed, according to doctor's orders. Laryngitis."

"That's okeh," the studio answered. "We just want to make retakes where Bill's in a hospital bed."

The doctor said it was all right, so Boyd, laryngitis and all, was taken to the studio and put back into bed before the camera for two days' shooting.

HELEN KANE goes well with the natives in Honduras.

Enid Bennett's brother, marooned on a coconut plantation in that region, took along his trusty victrola to while away the hours. The boys were startled when they heard a voice coming from this strange device, but when the Baby-Talk Girl's voice reaches them, they do a nip-up and get all excited. They don't speak a word of English.

Maybe boop-boop-a-doop means something in Honduran, or whatever they speak down there.

ESTELLE TAYLOR is another Hollywood poet. It's surprising, how many film actresses turn to verse now and then. Here's one of Estelle's—

Don't eulogize my corpse  
And buy me roses  
And weep  
And sniffle  
And get red noses.  
For I will be there  
With my sense of humor  
And stand by your side  
And laugh at the rumor  
I'm dead.

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

### Boles or Novarro?

In my opinion Ramon Novarro is the only star in pictures who could take Rudolph Valentino's place.

AGNES PETERSON,  
Pasadena, Calif.

Why do critics rave about Ramon Novarro all the time? Why not boost a really good singer and actor, a second Valentino—John Boles? He has the best singing voice on the screen.

AGNES GEARHART,  
Toledo, Ohio

John Boles should go to dramatic school because, while I'm willing to admit that he's handsome and has a good voice, he's nothing but a collar ad which after half a reel gets to be mildly boring to say the least.

S. BOSWELL,  
Baltimore, Md.

### Million Dollar Productions

Grand finales! Dazzling costumes! Splendor! Magnificence! I marvel that the producers don't realize that we would exchange all this for just a bit of human pathos—realism—heart interest.

A picture is built upon the emotion it arouses, and these "million-dollar" productions only leave us awed, with a feeling of unreality.

M. BARRON,  
Petaluma, Calif.

# TYPEWRITER

## NOW 1/2 PRICE

**All Standard Makes**  
Lowest Prices and easiest terms on World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. Save over 1/2 Mir's original price. Yourch's sent n10 days' Trial. **EASIEST TERMS EVER OFFERED—PAY ONLY 12c A DAY.** All standard size—late models. Fully Guaranteed. **Also Portables at reduced prices.**

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**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE**  
231 W. Monroe St. Department 452 Chicago

**DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR**

It's easy to impart that bright, shining, youthful look to streaky, age-telling gray hair. Just comb in Brownatone, clean, odorless and harmless. Also splendid for toning down unnatural bleached or henna shades. Any color from golden blonde to jet black. Used by millions for 20 years. All dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for test bottle.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. F-12, Brownstone Bldg., Covington, Ky.  
Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

# BROWNATONE

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

**Pokes and Posies**

**Brickbats:**

The acting of Rudy Vallée.  
 Inept movie titles.  
 Strong, silent heroes with one word, "Yeah?"  
 Theme songs.  
 Inebriated actors.  
 All-dancing, all-singing squawkies.

**Bouquets:**

Bored expression of Ronald Colman.  
 Quiet resignation of Garbo in "Romance."  
 That fit-to-be-kissed loveliness of Lillian Roth.  
 William Powell's polish.  
 Janet Gaynor's virginal wistfulness.  
 Sound cartoons.

ARTHUR MARBLE,  
 Brigham City, Utah

**Old Loves and New**

The actresses who starred in pictures around 1923 and 1924 don't appeal much to the theater-goers of today. We don't want them. They must make way for the new and better actresses.

ROBERT M. FORD,  
 Iowa City, Iowa

I think it's a downright shame the way the old stars who are well-known to the movie public have to give way before the new ones. It's not that the new ones are any better; it's only an everlasting desire on the part of the producers to introduce new faces.

FLORENCE LONDON,  
 Philadelphia, Penna.

**Jack Gilbert**

What a come-back Jack Gilbert has made in "Way for a Sailor."

Gone is the sentimental twaddle, and our Jack emerges a regular he-man, and does it to perfection.

BETTY R. STRACHAN,  
 Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Jack Gilbert died a pretty awful death in "Way for a Sailor." I think M-G-M have carried their little joke too far.

BERNICE GUSTAFSON,  
 Norfolk, Nebr.

**Whose Voice?**

Constance Bennett has the clearest, sweetest and best voice I have heard in any talkie.

MRS. JONES,  
 Gadsden, Ala.

Kay Francis has the best female voice on the screen. After hearing her, I never want to see another silent picture.

DORIS ROSENBERG,  
 Cohasset, Mass.

**Just What You Think**

The Glorification of the American Girl is now passe.

It has become the Glorification of the American Gangster.

What must foreign nations think of the United States?

IDA MCGEE,  
 Canton, Ohio

**Cimarron!**

"Cimarron!" What a picture! What a cast! What a director!

Except for one little fault the four of us who went to see this picture think it the finest thing we've seen.

We had all read the book and felt that the last scene—the statue of the pioneer—should have had a close-up of the face to make it very

# More Glamour added to your fingertips by this new Nail Make-up

*Excels in brilliance, say  
 women in 8 fashion centers  
 "New way to Fascinate," writes  
 Beauty Editor in Budapest*

**I**N all the fashion centers of the world beautiful women are making men's hearts beat faster . . . with the alluring brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish.

Guthy Böske, well-known Beauty Editor in cosmopolitan Budapest, writes: "Every woman of fascination recognizes in this gleaming new nail make-up a way to make her hands more fascinating, surer of their effect.

"Cutex Liquid Polish never fails you," she says. "It is the result of 16 years of specializing in manicure preparations only. Its brilliant lustre is unmatched and lasts for days. It never makes your fingers unsightly by cracking or peeling or discoloring. It goes on so simply, so smoothly, and dries in a moment!"

This Polish contains no unnecessary perfume to make it more expensive, to conflict with your own favorite scent, or to dim its lustre . . . and there is a



range of six smart shades to choose from.

Just as fastidious women all over the world do, you, too, can keep your nails flawless, appealing. Follow the directions in the little booklet enclosed with every Cutex preparation.

Just this easy manicure once a week and a few minutes' attention each day to cleanse and push back the cuticle . . . your nails will always be romantically lovely! Every new aid for beautifying the nails has started with Cutex.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS



**Put your Nail Polish to this Test:**

Does it . . .

1. dry in 30 seconds?
2. never crack, peel, or discolor?
3. last a whole week?
4. sparkle always with smart lustre?
5. come in sturdy bottles, easy to open?

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢ each . . . Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, together . . . 50¢.

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q-4  
 191 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

## Cutex Liquid Polish ONLY 35¢

Tips the fingers with romance

## A NEW KIND of SOFT BEAUTY

GOOD NEWS! Here is a night cream which is *absorbed by the skin almost as soon as applied*. Instead of staying on the surface of the skin, as ordinary night creams do, Dr. Charles Flesh Food penetrates deep into the cells below the surface—the cells which nourish and support the surface-tissues. It revitalizes these basic cells while you sleep; thus wrinkles fade away and the complexion assumes a youthful firmness, smoothness and translucency. A single application makes a noticeable difference. Why be satisfied with a night cream that does less? Use it also on chapped hands, or where the skin is roughened.

50c and \$1.00 the Jar

## Dr. Charles FLESH FOOD

**FREE** For free sample jar send this coupon to Dr. Charles Flesh Food Co., Dept. P. D. 220-36th St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Specially posed by Ginger Rogers  
Paramount Pictures Star



clear that it was a statue of Yancey Cravat.  
E. H. BOOTH, JR.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

### Illicit

That picture "Illicit" is going to do a lot of people a lot of good. Every married couple should see it.

I heard two women seated next to me in the theater discussing it after the picture was over.

They were telling of married friends of theirs.

One said, "I'm going to make George and Mary see this. It will open their eyes and probably patch up their troubles."

FREDERIC BASCOMB,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I enjoyed "Illicit." It is a great picture and I'm strong for Barbara Stanwyck.

But, tell me, do ladies of the screen really wear these skin-tight nighties such as Miss Stanwyck wore?

I had a suspicion there was a girdle under it.

MARY ATKINS,  
Harrisburg, Penna.

### Your Answer Is in This Issue

Do you mean to tell me that lion really pounced on Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn"?

And how under the African sun could that girl live in that country and be whiter than whitewash?

I'm just asking. I've got my money's worth out of the picture and I'm not complaining.

It's a great picture.

IVAN SIMPSON,  
Sioux Falls, Iowa

### Laughs Kill Laughs

"Charley's Aunt" was a distinct disappointment to me for the simple reason that the laughter of the audience completely drowned out the dialogue.

I believe that this is the greatest drawback of the talkies.

MARTHE WITTEKIND,  
Columbus, Ohio

### Scandal Sheet

How much more dramatic it would have been if they'd ended "Scandal Sheet" after Bancroft had killed Brook.

The newspaper background was very convincing but Mr. Bancroft's too-relentless characterization of the managing editor made us hardly blame Kay Francis, his wife, for rushing into the arms of the infinitely more charming Clive Brook.

MRS. HENRIETTA CRILE,  
Larchmont, N. Y.

### Will Silents Return?

There is no doubt the day will dawn when the public will want a silent picture for desert. Why should such excellent stars as Chaplin, John Gilbert and Jannings—true artists in pantomime—not still be great?

You'll never find another lover like Gilbert. Can he help it that "love" is a silent language and the talkies are asking of him the impossible?

ELLEN KONGSHANG,  
Detroit, Mich.

### We Thank You

Quite some time ago there appeared on your pages a Brickbat bewailing the erroneous belief that PHOTOPLAY had spoiled the appearance of one of her issues by printing on the cover, "The Most Imitated Magazine in the World." But now I cannot help but notice the truthfulness of the words on said cover.

Ironically, I offer another—and perhaps bet-



"At home and on location, College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktails are a habit with me."

Jeanette Loff  
UNIVERSAL STAR

## The renowned Bracer and Appetizer

ON SALE AT  
DRUG STORES  
FOUNTAIN GRILLS  
AND ALL  
FOOD SHOPS

COLLEGE INN  
FOOD PRODUCTS Co.  
(Division of  
Hotel Sherman Co.)  
CHICAGO



**COLLEGE INN**  
**TOMATO JUICE**  
**COCKTAIL**  
The Original



ter—pet phrase: "Often Imitated, But Never Equalled."

BILL CONYAS,  
Englewood, N. J.

### Let's Have Plots

Producers should cut out trying to use one plot for a dozen different pictures.

WM. H. JUASHA,  
New York City, N. Y.

### Well, It's Out!

We, in Poland, admire powerful American film production, but we are tired of song and dance films.

There is too much syncopation, rhythm, theme song and noise. Such a tone film as "Love Parade" one can hear ten times without getting a headache, but this day's jazzmania is indeed too tiresome.

YOLA FRANKOVSKA,  
Poland

### And Why, Pray?

Keep young Fairbanks out of love scenes.

J. SWEET,  
Montreal, Canada

### Too Many Gunmen!

For a period of time there were complaints galore about musical comedy talkies; and now that they are fewer and better, along come gang pictures.

Another crusade will have to be started against these.

MRS. JULES S. LAKE,  
New Orleans, La.

### Yep! It's a Mystery

It puzzles me how a ninety piece orchestra crowds in to help the hero and heroine with their sharps and flats in the big hit number, whether they be far out on burning desert sands, high above the clouds or driving through a rainstorm.

How come?

AL SCHMIDT,  
Memphis, Tenn.

### Alas!

I would have gone to see Norma Talmadge in a silent picture under any circumstances, but in "Du Barry" her acting was so stilted and unnatural and her voice so harsh and uncultivated, I do not care to ever see her again.

E. H. BARRON,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### She Is Good-looking

I'm tired of hearing Marie Dressler called homely and ugly! Just because she can stretch her jaw like a rubber for our amusement and because she can play wonderful character parts is no sign that she isn't nice looking in private life.

MRS. JAMES W. MITCHELL,  
Martin's Ferry, Ohio

### Welcome, Mickey!

After many years of forced endurance of the pie-throwing comedies, the Mickey Mouse cartoons come as a welcome relief.

Intelligent movie-goers are greatly impressed by the genius, thought and patient work which have been combined to make these the most entertaining comedies ever shown

MARGARET LETTICE,  
Evansville, Ind.

### What? Even Now?

Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I would rather see America's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford, as



*Inexpensive  
Satisfying*

## MAKE YOUR MOUTH BEAUTIFUL

**Chewing DOUBLE MINT** is the new way. Beauty of lips and flash of smile will attract the man of your dreams. Thus your happiness and security may actually depend on your possession of a fascinating mouth. As exercise keeps your body lithe and young, so it will help keep your delicate facial muscles supple and attractive. Mother Nature's own perfect and natural means of forming lovely lips and of giving you gleaming teeth is through the chewing exercise of masticating your food. But since modern food is so soft the daily chewing of **DOUBLE MINT** has become a very necessary factor in modern life.



Why  
should

# GRAY HAIR

make you older  
than you are?

I could save countless women many a heartache if they would send for my FREE SINGLE LOCK TEST PACKAGE.

Gray hair is so unnecessary. In over 30 years I have shown millions of women the way to ever-youthful hair. You need no experience. Merely comb clear, colorless liquid through your hair. Youthful color will come—color that matches perfectly your own hair whether it be black, brown, auburn or blonde. Results are natural-looking—nothing artificial. Your hair stays soft and lustrous—waves or curls easily. You can wash it without fear of fading. No danger of rubbing off on hat-linings or linen.

3,000,000 women gained youthful hair by making this sensible test

I want to show you, too. You can make the test at home without risk or expense on a single lock snipped from your hair. I only ask you to see for yourself. Your druggist can supply the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee . . . But why not send for Free Complete Test Package now?



Famous Single  
Lock Test Package  
**FREE**  
MAIL COUPON

MARY T. GOLDMAN  
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

### FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

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

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

BLACK  DARK BROWN  
 MEDIUM BROWN  LIGHT BROWN  
 DARK RED  LIGHT RED  BLONDE



the child who captivated our hearts with her pranks and hardships but in the rôle of a silly French flapper in "Kiki."

DOROTHA CONNOR,  
Kane, Penna.

### A Vote for France

Are all French girls like Fifi?  
Let's go to France, but stay away from Sweden.

IMOGENE PARSONS,  
Buffalo, Okla.

### Betty Is All H. and B.

One gets all "hot and bothered" about movies.

I'm hot because there is a gag that never fails newspaper columnists lacking filler for their stick—

"The mentality of the average movie audience is that of a nine-year old!"

I'm bothered because those columnists suppose an audience likes the trash resignedly sat through just because hard-earned money has been paid to see a show.

BETTY VOORHEES,  
Dana Point, Orange Co., Calif.

### Are You Shy? Read This

A man I know of owes a great deal to the movies. He is very self-conscious and hard to talk to. However, when the "movies" are the subject of conversation he is immediately at ease.

He forgets his shyness and talks very well and very interestingly.

MARION H. DEVERGNIES,  
Haddon Heights, N. J.

### Nosegays for Fred

Not many of us have suave Colmans and sophisticated Brooks for brothers or husbands, but who of us does not have a Fredric March in the family?

His portrayal of Paul in "Laughter" was so true, so human, he won my whole-hearted admiration.

Hats off to Fredric March for a perfect performance!

MRS. J. Y. BLAKE,  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

### We Blush—And Print It

PHOTOPLAY is taking its place among the really smart magazines in America; in fact, the whole world.

This stark but happy fact is evidenced in the neatness with which some of its writers are putting the ha-ha on Hollywood and some of its hams.

The most clever article in the November issue is by Bogart Rogers, entitled "Bogy Man Turns Actor." It is simply swell! The panner Jim Tully gets panned and plenty; and smartly and satirically!

Fine magazine, this PHOTOPLAY.

ALAN E. PHILLIPS,  
Hollywood, Calif.

### Too Many Carbon Copies

Repetition is not "the spice of life." We fans are becoming surfeited and bored by the continuous sameness of pictures we see today.

As sure as life, death and the income tax is the fact that if a motion picture goes over big with the public there will be multitudinous others of that ilk just as soon as Hollywood can produce them.

GEDELLE B. WILSON,  
Columbia, S. C.

### She Doesn't Like Remakes

It's particularly annoying to expect to see something "new and different" and discover that it's simply an old silent picture one has

# FRECKLES

## The Ugly Handicap To Fair Complexions



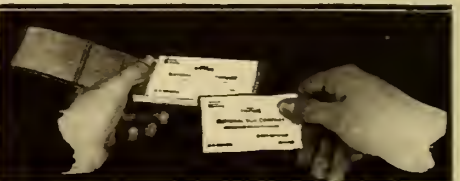
### Now is the Time to Get Rid of Those Homely, Rusty-Brown Spots

This is a very trying time for fair-complexioned women; Spring sun and winds bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now.

But fortunately there is also a treatment for those unsightly blemishes so simple and reliable that no one need stay freckled. A few nights' use of Othine-double strength will rid your skin of freckles and restore its natural fairness and beauty. It is seldom that more than an ounce of this dainty white cream is needed.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not fade out even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.

## OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH



**T**HERE is no introduction which carries the dignity, prestige, or personality of a well-arranged business card. A tab of perfect business cards will be sent in response to your request.

The JOHN B. WIGGINS

Company

Established 1857

1153 Fullerton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# WIGGINS

Peerless Book Form  
CARDS

seen before with new players, a new title and embellished with a sprinkling of music.

DOROTHY V. SCHULTZ,  
Providence, R. I.

### Two Idols Go Ker-Plunk

After seeing Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check" I've decided that if they can act I'm a writer.

The boys were plumb good on the air and the wife and I used to stop fighting long enough to listen in on them, but we'd have been better off if we hadn't gone to see them because they won't be the same to us again.

They're good where they belong, so give them "the air" from the screen, and oblige them

BOB ROBINSON,  
Ft. Worth, Kan.

### She Likes Happy Landings

I don't mind if there is a little sorrow in the stories, but I like everything to turn out all right in the end.

ELEANOR F. MOORE,  
Philadelphia, Penna

### Be Serious, Marie!

I saw "Caught Short," and while it was funny, I do think that Marie Dressler is too fine an actress to do low comedy.

It seems cruel to me to see her in silly situations.

A person able to put over the part she had in "Anna Christie" shouldn't have to throw pies to get a laugh.

MARIAN GRIFFITH,  
Plainfield, N. J.

### Hold the Line

The movies a moral prop! They are to me. A diet is the only thing that keeps me thin. But a diet is like a bath. It doesn't do any good unless you keep it up.

Here's how the movies come in. Every time I am tempted by potatoes, I run to the movies. The sight of the slim, beautiful stars is a moral prop to me.

A chocolate éclair leaves me cold. After looking at Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides," how could I betray myself, by guzzling salted almonds? I am thin today and the movies keep me so.

HELEN LEWIS,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

## Swindle, Swindle Little Star

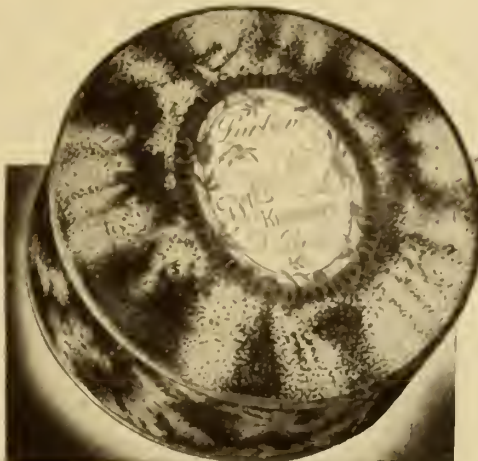
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

See how he puts things across. Notice how he reads his lines. Watch his hands, and his feet, and his face. If you keep your wits about you, you'll soon be a big star. I'll be watching these rushes very closely."

AFTER the usual delays they went into production on the picture and Tommy, experienced in the petty indications that mark the atmosphere of a set, realized that he was being favored. The actor from the legitimate stage did not sense camera angles and Tommy realized after the first day or two that the director was not giving him helpful breaks. Time and again Tommy was upstage of the star; repeatedly he found himself so placed in the shot that his picture was full-face, close-up, while the camera was shooting over the shoulder of the featured player. This, he realized, was a most amazing procedure, indicating lack of experience on the part of the legitimate actor and an unfriendly attitude toward him on the part of the director.

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They worked so many nights that it was a week before the three youngsters had an evening together. Tommy quickly noticed a change in Danny.

"YOU'RE not yourself tonight, Danny," he pointed out half-way through their buffet dinner. "What's up? Now that you're a big business man, I suppose weighty matters clog your mind."

Danny looking up suddenly, frankly said, "I think I'm going to lose my star contract."

"What do you mean?" Tommy demanded. "Who're you going to lose?"

"You," Danny returned.

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Tommy laughed. "Do you think because I'm getting a little successful I'll cut out your commission? You're a fine friend to have!"

For a moment or two Danny made no answer. Then, at last, he said slowly, "I saw the rushes on your picture today, Tommy."

"Did you? How do you like them?" Tommy asked eagerly.

"You do a grand job. Everybody says so. That's going to be a good picture, too."

"I certainly hope so," Tommy beamed. "There's an awful lot of talk about it on the set."

Danny lapsed into silence again. Tommy regarded him quizzically. "Say," he said slowly after a moment, "on the level, Danny, have you got the idea I'd run out on you? Why, you're my best friend."

"I never had any doubts about you, Tommy," Danny explained, "but they put it up to me pretty strong at the studio today. If you weren't my best friend, I'd never lose you."

"Meaning what?" Tommy asked.

"Well, that producer nailed me after he saw the rushes. He told me that you were a great actor in the making and the studio was willing to undertake the making provided they could deal direct with you."

"What do they care about that?" Tommy asked surprised. "They don't pay you anything. If I want to give you ten per cent of my contract, I don't see where they need worry about it."

"That's not the idea," Danny said. "He claims that he can make stars in a year's time and any that he makes he must deal with direct so no agent will hold him up after the actor gets to the top."

"Are they going to demand it?" Tommy asked.

"FROM the way they talked, I guess they are," Danny answered. "And I'll tell you something else, Tommy. When they do, you tell 'em that you'll square things with me all right and deal direct."

Tommy thought things over at some length, then said, "Of course, I can't afford to lose the opportunity of becoming a star, Danny. But no matter how much money I get, you still get ten per cent of it. There don't have to be any contract for that."



Here's Tommy! Mr. Meighan, emerging from several years' retirement at his Florida home, is again in Hollywood, busy making pictures on the Fox lot. He's shown here with Gene Sarazen, famous pro, contemplating a shot that wandered into the rough

Danny smiled at this evidence of friendship. "Anyway," Tommy pointed out, "if they really want me, why not let them buy my contract from you? In that way you'd get a lot of quick capital, Danny. I'd love to see them do that. Then I could sign with them direct."

"Don't think I missed that chance," Danny smiled. "I told them I was ready to negotiate if they wanted to buy your contract."

"What did they say to that?"

"They said that there were too many boys they could make stars without buying any contract. If I wanted to insist," he told me, "on selling the contract I have with you, they would take another boy and make a star of him and not even exercise the second option in your present contract with them."

There was silence for a moment.

"Oh, they got it on us all right," Danny terminated.

AFTER a long pause Jean cut in. "Of course," she said, "we can't let Tommy lose his chance to be a star. Therefore, if the studio does insist upon dealing direct, we'll have to let them. The financial arrangements about the ten per cent will, of course, go on no matter what happens."

"Well, that's darn nice," Danny said. "I appreciate it a whole lot. In any case, I told them I'd step out of the picture if they wanted to negotiate direct with you. You know I wouldn't stand in your way. I guess they will negotiate, too," he added slowly. "Gee, it's a great thing to have friends like you in business, Tommy."

So the supper came to a happy conclusion and the three went out to see a picture together. They sat in the darkened theater and whispered their various reactions to the efforts of the people on the screen. On their walk home from the theater, Tommy dilated considerably upon the talents of the great star from the legitimate stage. "He's a great fellow personally," he pointed out. "But he doesn't understand camera angles. The director over there is giving me plenty of breaks. I hardly know him, so I don't see why he should. But it isn't my place to raise a kick about it."

"I guess you're an actor, all right," Danny laughed. "Can't you see what that means?"

"It's a mystery to me," Tommy admitted. "If you've got any ideas, I'd love to have them."

"Do you know what they're paying that star?" Danny demanded.

"No idea," Tommy admitted.

"Forty-five hundred a week," Danny said laconically. "That's all, Tommy."

"Jiminy!" Tommy exploded.

"YES," Danny went on, "and they're talking fifty thousand flat a picture now, with bonuses if the picture takes over six weeks to make."

"Then I should think," Tommy snapped, "that they'd give him every break in the world! He's got to go over big!"

Danny grinned. "I'm not so sure about that," he said. "If he does go across big, it means that they'll have to pay him that fifty thousand every picture."

"If he goes across big they can afford to," Tommy suggested.

"Oh, no, they can't," Danny sneered. "Not if they can get you, kid, to imitate him!"

Tommy stopped short there on the sidewalk. "Say," he said, "I never realized it before, but that's just what they told me to do. Watch his face and his hands and his feet; see how he reads his lines. . . . I don't want to be an imitator. Anyway, that star is too nice a fellow."

"You shut up a minute," Danny cut in excitedly. "If I didn't think you had good sense, I'd never have told you this little angle. This movie thing is a racket, Tommy. I've seen enough of it to know. I've talked with big business men, and with people who have been stars for a long time. The only thing it's got to offer the people in it is money. You've got to



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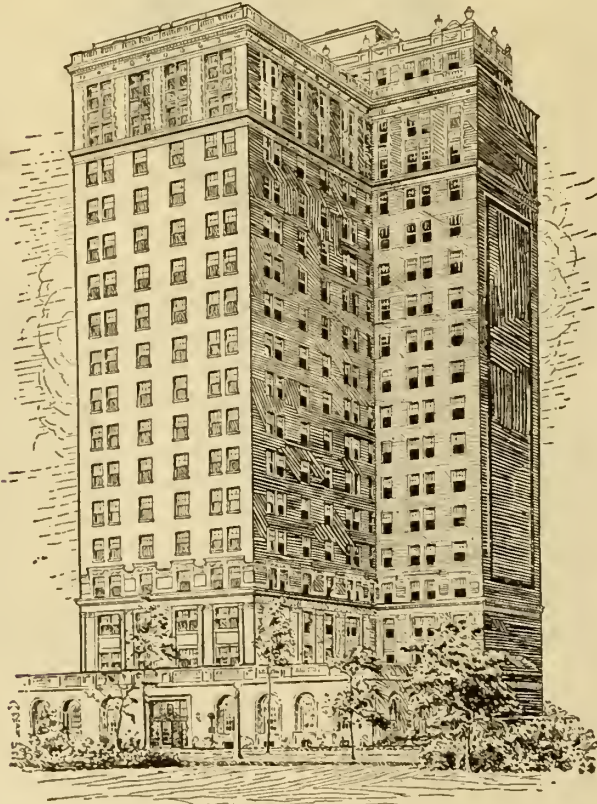
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figure that all you'll ever get out of it is money. Men rise to stardom on the whim of a befuddled producer. Anything that comes as easy as that can vanish just as easily. I've thought this all out. You've got to keep your mouth shut and do as you're told."

Jean caught him by the arm. "Danny's right, Tommy," she said earnestly. "All there is out here for anybody is money. There is no art and there is no real achievement. It's all tinsel. . . . Publicity that's bought and paid for through the nose, Tommy. A great play will live forever because it's printed in book form and mirrors the work of genius for all generations to come. The greatest picture ever made is nothing but mandolin picks a year after it's first shown!

"AN actor can't ever express himself in pictures. He follows blindly the orders of a blind director. That's the way the business is run and that's the way we've got to look at it. Danny's absolutely right, sweetheart. Our whole happiness depends upon this thing. You've got your big chance, and it's my big chance and Danny's too. You've simply got to do what every one has done before you. What some one else will do now if you don't!"

Four days after the completion of the picture and its treatment in the cutting room, Tommy was quietly notified of a preview in the Santa Monica theater. Fifteen or twenty of the executives of the studio attended this preview and Tommy sat among them. He listened eagerly to their comments and looked at the screen with a mild stupefaction. A great actor was in the picture, but with the mechanics of direction and cutting arrayed against him, his effectiveness did not exceed forty per cent. Time and again scenes actually carried by this man reflected credit upon other actors.

As they left the theater the producer himself laid a hand on Tommy's shoulder. "Drop in and see me tomorrow morning, Tommy," he said casually. "I've something in mind I want to talk over with you."

"Yes sir," Tommy nodded. "I'll be glad to. What time?"

"Well, make it eleven-thirty."

At eleven-thirty next day Tommy was in the office. At twenty minutes of two he was admitted for the conference.

"It's this way, Tommy," the producer began abruptly. "You looked pretty good in that picture, but I guess you know why, don't you?"

"Well, I'm very glad you think so, sir. I tried very hard to learn."

"You didn't do badly at all. You've got a future, young man. Provided we make it for you."

"Yes sir," Tommy nodded.

"I understand you're tied up with this young Grindle, the agent?"

"Yes sir, I've a contract with Danny. We started together, you know."

"Well," the producer said frankly, "it's every man for himself in this business, Tommy. I'm sick and tired of being badgered by agents who have prior contracts with my actors. I promised myself I'd never again make a man important if I had to deal through an agent."

"Yes sir," Tommy said dubiously.

"I'VE decided I can make you important. I can make you famous and rich."

"I'm mighty glad to hear that, sir," Tommy nodded.

"But I can't deal through an agent. Nothing against Danny Grindle, you understand. A fine young kid and all that, but I just don't deal any more through agents."

"I see, sir."

"If you can get out of your contract with him, I'll sign you up on a new contract here, Tommy. I'll start you out at a flat two hundred dollars a week and let it run without option for twelve months. I'll put a clause in the contract, stating that if you make good I'll double your salary the second year, making it four hundred a week. If you want to agree to this, I'll start the wheels running to build you up at the box-office. That means, Tommy,

that you've got a good living for the next two years and after that you can be a star."

Tommy wet his lips nervously. It was such a moment as this of which he had dreamed for years. To have an all powerful producer refer to him as a future star, was unspeakable joy. But he decided to be cautious. "I've got a legal contract with Danny," he said. "Of course, I haven't the capital to buy it from him."

"There was a suggestive quality in his voice which the producer did not miss. The great man shrugged his shoulders and reached for a cigar. "That's your problem, Tommy. There's too many fine kids around Hollywood to take your place if you can't arrange this. I'm not interested in buying any contract."

"I DIDN'T mean exactly that," Tommy ventured. "I just wondered how I'd square it with Danny."

"Well, if he's your friend, he won't stand in your way," the producer pointed out. "I'll go even further than I've said. I'll guarantee you two hundred dollars a week for one year. I'll put an option in the contract increasing to four hundred and fifty for the second year. I'll do that," he said magnanimously, "just to show you that I mean business. If you've got good sense, you won't miss a chance like that."

"No sir," Tommy said eagerly, "I'll not miss it, sir. I'll find a way to fix this up with Danny."

"All right, go and do it. Be back here at five o'clock this afternoon with a written release. Wait a minute. I'll fix this." He pressed a button which summoned a secretary. To the young lady he said, "Go to Mr. Levy, our lawyer. Tell him to draw up a proper form of release to be signed by Daniel Grindle, releasing Tommy Raridan from any and all contractual arrangements between them. Explain to Levy that I want this release so worded that we can sign up a new contract with Raridan."

"Yes sir," the girl responded.

To Tommy the producer snapped, "Be back at five o'clock with that signed release. You can get it in the next half hour. I think you've got good sense, kid."

As Danny signed the release, he said, "You're on your way up, all right. Nothing can stop you now. What a break for them, too!"

"What a break for me, you mean," Tommy interrupted. "Two hundred bucks a week with pretty good assurance that I'll get four fifty next year, and seven hundred after that. Jean and I don't need any more than that. I've got no ambition to be one of these ten thousand a week fakers."

"After you finish and release this picture," Danny went on, "you'll be worth at least two thousand a week to these people, and they'll be getting you for ten per cent of your value. That's why they're pushing you to the front. That's why they crossed up the big stage star who came out here with his forty-five hundred a week salary. They don't want people like that when they can get by with youngsters at two or three hundred a week."

"CAN you blame a business man for that if he finds it possible?" Tommy queried.

"Motion pictures aren't all business," Danny protested. "That's where the big mistake is made, Tommy. A producer owes more to his public than he does to his treasurer's report. That producer who fulfills first his obligation to his public, need never worry about his treasurer's report. But these producers out here are too short-sighted to see that fact. Don't misunderstand me," he went on, "I'm as happy over all this as you are, except that there are certain features about it I see that you don't see."

"Well, what are they?"

"You're the victim of a grab," Danny insisted vehemently. "They're using you to cheat big actors out of their accustomed salary in the first place; and in the second place, they're using big actors as a threat over your head in order to cut your salary to a minimum."

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It's the same old Hollywood army game and it makes me sore."

Tommy could see that it was quite possible Danny was right in his various contentions. This, however, seemed unimportant to him. At last his break had come in the studios. The daily food problem had been solved majestically and completely. On a salary of two hundred dollars a week, one hundred eighty of which remained his, Tommy could be perfectly happy.

HE was so completely dominated by his love for Jean and hers for him, that he viewed life and the future entirely through lenses of bliss. Anything that enabled him to marry Jean must be a gift direct from the gods.

The picture was finished almost on schedule and after a cursory cutting, which followed two previews, was released. For no particular reason that any one could lay a finger upon, it instantly began doing unexpected volume in the business world. It was a winsome picture with a happy illusion not easily dispelled and the public accepted it for its reflection of folk lore in the outer world of which Hollywood knows nothing. It became a first class money getter. In Hollywood itself, as a result of this productivity, it became a bone of contention. The director of the picture, of course, laid claim to all its glory. The star himself insisted that he had lifted a mediocre story into the realms of prosperity by his own powerful interpretative art. The producer, in contrast with these two individuals, bestowed credit upon his own god-like supervision, plus his foresight in inserting a new face into the picture, plus his judgment in the selection of the director and his gifted alterations of the original story submitted by the author.

The sum total of these cogitations, however, was an immediate and hungry desire to get another story comparable to this one and make another picture that would be an excellent money getter. The mysterious executive offices of the studio assumed a feverish atmosphere predicated upon much darting about by authors, supervisors, executives' assistants, producers, directors, actors, technical advisers, script girls, camera men and secretaries. Out of all this, Tommy Raridan, unexpectedly, emerged something of a hero. He was called once again into the producer's office and it was explained to him that his work in the recent picture had been such as to warrant starring him in a vehicle of his own. The producer explained that a story similar in nature to the one made by the famous star of the legitimate stage with whom Tommy first worked, was in course of preparation for him. He slapped Tommy on the back and shook him by the hand. He smiled happily and chortled gleefully that he should have foreseen this success for Tommy and made it possible, while Tommy himself had risen to the heights of opportunity and capitalized the chance for him.

TOMMY returned gleefully to report to Jean and Danny this newest of amazing developments. Danny received the news in a sulky silence. Jean permitted herself to be wafted away again on the wings of imagination. Tommy read the excellent notices in the newspapers and fan magazines which followed his work in the last picture. He had become news and conjecture framed his name.

"There's no need in waiting any longer, Jean," he said to the girl. "Let's get married right away. I can furnish a little flat and we can go on from there. After all, it's each other we want. I hate to think of you with the old mob outside of the gate while I'm riding the crest of the wave on the inside of it."

"Sure," Danny nodded, "you two might just as well get married. You'll be a lot happier and I suppose it will be grand publicity for both of you anyway. Maybe as Mrs. Raridan you could get bigger parts, Jean, and I'd make some money out of this, too." He finished with a laugh. So the engagement was announced publicly and because of Tommy's recently attained identity, great interest manifested itself.



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Tommy went into his first starring vehicle with an enthusiasm Hollywood stages had not seen in years. No matter how many hours he may have toiled, or how aching might be his eyes from the kléigs, or how reeling his head from the endless dialogue sides, Tommy always trudged to the projecting room to see the rushes of his picture. His naturally provocative manner, coupled with his high determination, reflected in his work. His unction was indisputable. Some conceded his stardom grudgingly, others happily, none there were, however, who denied that Tommy Raridan had arrived and the studio had made a real discovery.

Invitations began to reach the young performer, and they included his fiancée, Jean Appleton. In this manner he caught the gossip of executives and bigger figures in the celluloid world.

At various house parties he heard various pictures discussed and the personalities of the screen gone over with a view to isolating their particular fitnesses for parts.

He took infinite pride in finding himself included in these weighty conferences. It was at such an affair that he met again, personally, the star from the legitimate stage with whom he first had performed.

"HELLO, there," the star greeted him cordially. They shook hands and the star led him off into a corner. "I'm glad to see you, youngster," he said. "They tell me you're knocking them dead over on the lot."

"I've had some pretty lucky breaks," Tommy admitted.

"Well, there's a whole lot to that, of course. But you've got something else besides," the star said in friendly tones. "You'll learn sooner or later, kid, that they don't pick you up out here just for the sake of picking you up. You've got a lot to sell, or they wouldn't be buying it."

"Thank you," Tommy said wholesomely. He had a natural liking for this eminent person, had always felt vaguely disturbed about a rumor that he was one of the man's well-coached imitators. "You've always been sort of an idol of mine," he went on smilingly.

"I'll return the thanks," the star smiled. Then ruminatively, "I hear a lot about you, Tommy."

"They are going fine for me, thanks," Tommy smiled.

"Paying you plenty of money?" the star grinned.

"Nothing like they pay you," Tommy said. "But a lot for me. I'm only a youngster getting started."

"A gold mine," the star said sagely, "is never a youngster and never old. As long as it's worth anything, it's worth the gold it can produce."

"I suppose that's true," Tommy nodded uncertainly. "I don't quite get what you mean, though."

"You will as you grow older," the star said. "I don't want to pry into your business, Tommy, but I would like to know what they're paying you over there. I've heard rumors, of course."

"I DON'T mind telling you," Tommy said frankly. "I get two hundred dollars a week for the first year, four hundred and fifty for the second and seven hundred for the third."

"Holy mackerel!" the star exclaimed. "On the level are you working for two hundred dollars a week?"

"That's pretty good for me. It was only a short time ago that I was working for seventy-five a day when I got a chance to work."

The star groaned. "Gee, kid, you certainly are dumb!" he said. "I don't mean to be offensive, but it kinda burns me up to see a youngster treated like that. Another thing, I've learned a lot about this picture racket myself since I got out here. They gave me a fine kicking around. I don't feel any too friendly toward them."

"I shouldn't think you would," Tommy ad-



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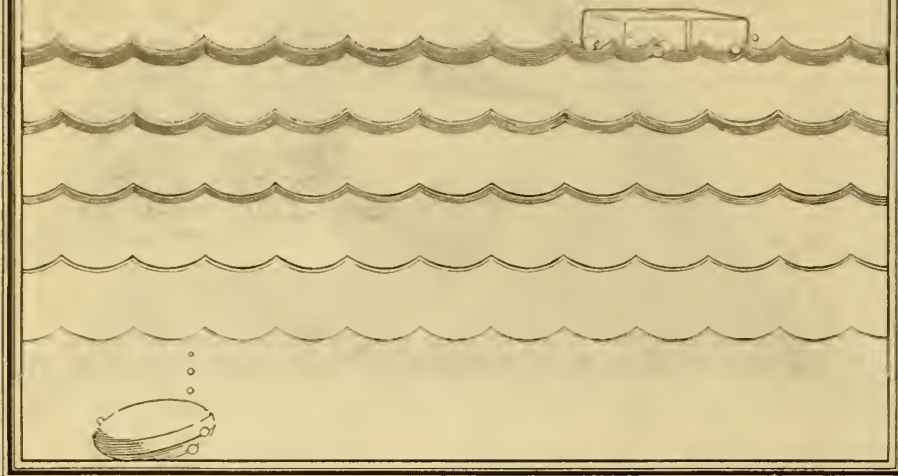
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mitted. "I guess they did kick you around in the cutting room."

"They weren't so sweet to me on the camera angles either," the star suggested.

"I'm awfully sorry," Tommy began to explain.

"You aren't to be blamed," the star laughed. "You'd be a sucker not to go for that, sonny. I hold nothing against you. In fact, I feel pretty friendly toward you."

"I hardly see why you should."

"Well, I'll show you," the star laughed. "I must confess I don't feel friendly toward the producer who tried to ruin me out here in order to save himself forty-three hundred a week. You're starting a starring picture now, aren't you?"

"YES, sir. I just started on it," Tommy said.

"Well," the star laughed slowly, "if you hadn't been a pretty good imitator, Tommy, they'd be paying me forty-five hundred or five thousand a week to make the same picture now. This is just a racket out here. That producer is a gyp artist and I know it, so I can do you one grand turn and square matters with him at the same time."

"How come?" Tommy smiled.

"Didn't you do business through an agent before you signed up direct?"

"Yeah. Danny Grindle. You know him?"

"Sure I do. And I'll have a talk with him in my own way . . . Now take me around and introduce me to that little sweetheart of yours, Jean Appleton."

Ten days after this conversation, Tommy's starring picture was well into production. Sets had been built; agreements with performers signed; a director brought in on an outside contract and altogether an investment in excess of a quarter of a million dollars already been contracted.

Then it was that Tommy heard the news at which the star had hinted.

He was called one day from the set into the producer's private office.

There, to his astonishment, he found Danny Grindle.

Danny had assumed a suddenly important air and his attitude toward the producer was really that of a dictator instead of a vassal. The producer was red in the face.

"What kind of a frame-up is this?" he bellowed as Tommy entered the room.

"Frame-up?" Tommy demanded in amazement. "I don't know what you mean."

"Pretty smart little crab, ain't you?" the producer bellowed. "I treated you like a white man. Why can't you be the same to me?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Tommy insisted. "What is it, Danny? What's gone wrong?"

Very pompously and with a sly wink in Tommy's direction, Danny took to pacing the office floor while he explained.

"I've just served an injunction on this gentleman," he pointed out. "He cannot go on producing that picture you're starring in, Tommy."

"BUT why not?" Tommy insisted. "There's already almost a quarter of a million spent on the picture."

"That's of no consequence to me," Danny said almost flippantly. "Your services were gained by fraud and coercion. Through deception I was impelled to release you from a perfectly sound and legal contract you had with me. The fraud is quite clear, and my attorney stands ready to proceed in the matter."

"It's a damned swindle," the producer insisted wrathfully. "It's a plain hold-up, that's what it is."

"You shouldn't excite yourself like this," Danny said to the man. "It's very bad for the digestion, you know. I have the testimony of two directors, a camera man, and a great star of the legitimate theater, to indicate what your scheme has been. You ruined the performance of a great and expensive star while

teaching this lad to imitate him. Then you forced him under duress to break his contract with me and sign direct. Your present contract is so rendered invalid and I own his services."

"Well, what do you want?" the producer roared.

"THERE," Danny nodded. "That's much better. I want a contract for two years, without option, guaranteeing Tommy Karidan two thousand dollars a week, payable through my agency. That's all I want, and that's all I'll take. When you are ready to sign up on that basis, we'll go ahead with the picture."

The producer sank back into his luxurious chair and looked murder though he remained inarticulate.

Danny turned to Tommy.

"This gentleman already realizes that there is no possible way he can get around this thing unless he wants to throw two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of picture out the window and confess to the world at large why he did it."

Tommy could not find answer. The producer finally regained control of himself. With an eye that was livid but hopeless, he spoke to the rising young agent.

"It's you fellows that make a racket out of the motion picture business," he said. "I admit you win. If you can get any satisfaction out of robbery, go over and tell Levy to draw the contract on the terms you state."

Without further argument, Danny bowed and left the office bound for the attorney's.

"I NEVER knew anything about this," Tommy began to explain.

"I know damn well you didn't," the producer retorted. "I don't hold anything against you, Tommy. Anyhow, even at two thousand a week, if that damn little fool knew it, I got a bargain in you!"

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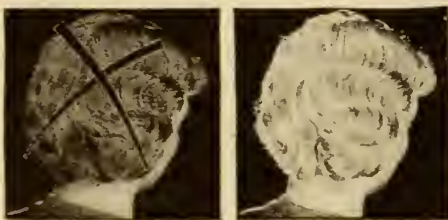
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## "You Should See My Kid Sister"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

High, to learn the things every youngster learns, but to other schools, to learn the A B C'S of the theater. Nance O'Neil taught her dramatics; dance-master Ernest Belcher taught her the arts of Terpsichore; a noted voice teacher gave her singing lessons . . .

AND in the meantime, Sister Jeanne was tooting Marian's horn. "You ought to see my kid sister!" became her stock phrase on the lots where she worked.

She helped the youngster get extra parts, here and there. One day, on the Warner lot, when both were working the same day, Jeanne talked the still photographer into taking some art portraits of Marian. They were magnificent—Elmer Fryer, the photographer who did it, is recognized as one of Hollywood's best. And somehow—Jeanne won't admit she did this!—somehow, the pictures came to the attention of Jack Warner.

"Good Jehosaphat—she looks like Dolores Costello!" was his reaction. And it was true—Marian, big-eyed, blonde, round-faced, did look like Dolores Costello, who, having just married John Barrymore, was off the screen.

"We'll take a chance." They signed her. And then Warner Bros. studio shut down! Once again, luck seemed to have deserted the sister before Marian could get a real chance.

That brings us to just a few weeks ago—near the end of little Marian's contract. They were looking for somebody to play *Trilby*.

Actress after actress had been interviewed, tested, found wanting. John Barrymore, picking his own cast, was mighty particular about *Trilby*—he wanted somebody who looked like the *Trilby* Du Maurier had sketched to illustrate his own book. And more, Barrymore wanted something more—he was looking for a quality he couldn't quite define. And in the midst of it, he fell ill. Executives were desperate. Barrymore'll, flat on his back, costs mounting, and no *Trilby*.

"How about little Marian Marsh?" suggested Jack Warner. "She looks like Dolores Costello. Maybe . . ."

Marian was called to the studio. She wasn't told what was up. "You're going to call on Mr. Barrymore," was all they told her. She was bundled into a car, and to Barrymore's house. Into the sickroom. Terrified, she was. So much had been told of Barrymore's strange ways—she didn't know whether he'd curse her out or eat her up. All he did was ask her a few questions, and look a bit startled at the resemblance between her and Dolores. Then they took her away.

WELL, that's about all there is to the story. Except that when they told her, seventeen-year-old Marian was so thrilled, she could hardly talk. And it was funny to see her try to remember the poise Nance O'Neil had taught her, and forget she was just a schoolgirl that was living a real-life Cinderella story.

## What! No Guns?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56 ]

glittered and shot fires of venom around the room. It was terrific. And that part made Edward G. Robinson the king of stage and picture gangsters. A nice pal—like an angry rattlesnake!

Playing *Scarsi* in a Coast production of "The Racket," he was snapped up by Universal for a part in "The Night Ride." And Eddie was off on his career behind a sub-machine gun. He hates, he shoots, he kills! And the astonishing part of it is that Edward G. Robinson, up to the hour he burst upon us in "The Racket," was labelled "a highbrow actor."

He had appeared in some ten plays for the hoity-toity New York Theater Guild, guardian of high and lofty art for the American stage. He was a Master of Arts of Columbia University. He had created suave characters for the best producers on Broadway during his sixteen years in the theater—as well as many good rôles in foreign-language playhouses.

THEN the guns of "The Racket" barked, and he was typed. Now he is *Little Caesar* on and off—the venomous little viper who carries nothing more lethal in his hip pocket than a French linen handkerchief. And Eddie writhes.

"I don't want to be typed!" he says. "I've played, and can play any sort of character. In fact, I'm a creator of character—not a type-player."

And Robinson is right—and I'd almost rather be Robinson than right, considering that new contract. Anyone who saw his magnificent performance as the Italian grape grower in "A Lady to Love," Vilma Banky's talkie, knows his versatility. He'll get new, fresh rôles in Hollywood, but he's labelled. He's *Little Caesar*! Put him under the microscope, and here's the manner of man this adder is:

Born in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1893. In childhood he wanted to be a lawyer, a teacher and an actor, and he compromised on acting.

His family came to America and was naturalized when Eddie was a kid.

He's married to Gladys Lloyd, the actress—there was just a flash of her in "Little Caesar." She's a beauty, and blonde, and they're as happy a pair as you could find in a week's march over hill and dale.

I MET Eddie and his Missus on the steps of beautiful St. Thomas's Church, in New York, one Easter Sunday morning, a year or so ago. He was fresh from the fusillades of "The Racket." I hurriedly frisked him, but found nothing more incriminating than a fountain pen.

"We've just been in to look at the flowers," said Eddie. "And how beautiful they are."

I hate to tear the cruel mask from *Little Caesar* this way. There is probably no actor now alive who can portray concentrated cruelty, unlimited ruthlessness, bottled venom and bottomless hatred as can this mild-voiced, wide-mouthed, sparkling-eyed little Roumanian. But here he is—gentle, kindly, intellectual and mild. Not a gat in a carload.

But I don't expect to ever sell the soft-spoken, harmless Eddie Robinson to the kids of the Republic. In a truly remarkable way, the brand of *Little Caesar* is upon him. Though Eddie finds a dozen orphanages with his spare change, he'll still be the merciless killer to the youngsters of the land.

Not since the brave days of Theda Bara herself has a character fastened itself upon a player to this degree. Oh, Eddie Robinson will get all sorts of grand parts to play before he leaves Hollywood to its own devices and vices. But the mark is on him. Often, as he tosses on his downy cot o' nights, he'll think of the last line of that great picture, as *Caesar* lies wounded—

"Mother of Mercy, is this the end of *Rico*?" And Edward G. Robinson, the man who became *Caesar*, will toss harder, and mutter:

"Good gosh, I hope so!"

## How "Trader Horn" Was Made

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

and falling to the ground. Then the camera is moved to a close-up. In the interval a man wearing a wig was substituted.

If the scene is closely watched the lion can be seen dislocating the wig as he paws at the man before being frightened away by watchers behind the camera. While the lion was reputed to be amiable there were, nevertheless, several men with rifles ready if the man should be attacked.

Another instance of clever faking is the scene showing a charging rhinoceros goring and tossing a native. The rhino is real enough and the charge is furious and genuine, but there isn't any native at all. He was drawn on the film after the manner of animated cartoons. On the screen this scene is so brief that the studio work cannot be detected.

Possibly the biggest thrill of the picture is the lions fighting over a kill, fighting hyenas and zebras and killing a deer. These are all made in Mexico, in a corral constructed for the purpose. Caged animals were let loose with the lions, who had been starved and hungered for days in advance. The battles ensued naturally.

Riflemen were stationed at strategic points lest any of the animals escape, and cameras were posted at every conceivable angle.

WHILE many of the tribal gatherings are authentic, taken when the company first reached Africa, a few of the native shots were taken in the studio with Negroes, recruited from the colored section of Los Angeles, playing the parts of natives.

While an anthropologist might easily detect the difference between the American Negro and the African native, the average moviegoer is unable to make the distinction. Likewise with the scenery, and settings. It wasn't Africa, but it was good colorful background.

For more than a year the M-G-M studios worked on sound and continuity and cutting on "Trader Horn." Prolific use was made of the Dunning process, a method that imposes characters photographed at one time against the background of action taken at another time.

All of those labors were expertly and effectively done. In addition to its wide entertainment values, "Trader Horn" is a splendid example of the mechanics of making an effective, dramatic picture.

## Dietrich—How She Happened

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Dietrich in some of her photographs and those of Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci's master painting?

That look, too, is the sublimation of European womanhood.

Translated into American, one might say Marlene Dietrich is the girl with the Mona Lisa look and the beautiful legs.

In an age when in America, too, the flapper and the jazz baby have had their day, when hair and skirts are longer, and Florenz Ziegfeld demands rounder revue girls; when, in a word, a more feminine touch is the fashion, Marlene's overwhelming success seems not unnatural. Rather it may be accepted as significant of the trend of the times.



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Not all European stars, of course, have been all gentle femininity. Bohemian upbringing and success may have spoiled them. But Marlene is not spoiled—at least, not yet.

FOR the theater and the movie studio is merely one side of her life. In private life she is Mrs. Rudi Sieber, the wife of a German movie producer, and the mother of a charming five-year-old daughter, Maria. She loves her beautiful Berlin home where her mother lives, too, and Paramount was able to lure her to Hollywood only on condition that she could return home to husband and child for a prolonged vacation every year.

Her first vacation from her American triumphs brought her home in time for Christmas. All fashionable Berlin was cavorting at winter sports places in Germany and Switzerland. Marlene stayed at home, banished all professional cares, refused all interviews, accepted few invitations and devoted herself to mother, husband, child—and cooking.

"They won't let me photograph myself with my daughter any more," she explained laughingly when I finally saw her. "They think it's enough if I just mention her. The idea! She's the most wonderful child in the world!"

Just the same, Marlene obeys orders. The photograph of Marlene and her daughter printed here has been obtained from other sources without her knowledge.

But Marlene is not just a German *hausfrau* by any means. She is an accomplished musician, and she loves sport. She likes to speed through the country in an auto, she loves tennis, and she is a good swimmer.

Like many another girl, Marlene came to the stage through the lure of the forbidden.

She was born in Berlin on December 27—never mind the year—as the daughter of patrician parents. Her father was Majro Dietrich of the German army. He died before the war. Her mother, *née* Felsing, comes from a substantial merchant family of Berlin, and Marlene's uncle, Herr Conrad Felsing, is owner

of three fashionable jewelry shops in Berlin's three most fashionable shopping streets.

After the death of her first husband, Marlene's mother married Herr Rittmeister von Losch, member of the German nobility and captain of the Death Head Huzzars of Danzig, whose regimental chief was then the German crown prince. Captain von Losch fell on the battlefield during the war.

Through the peace treaty of Versailles, Danzig was detached from Germany and is now a free city under the supervision of the League of Nations, but within the Polish customs union. This change of Danzig's sovereignty possibly accounts for the reports that Marlene Dietrich is not a German.

But she is a Berlin girl. Marlene says it proudly. Her name, incidentally, is a contraction of the names Maria and Helene.

She passed her childhood under the strict regime and in that sheltered manner which was typical in German patrician and especially officer families before the war—rigid family discipline enforced by the father, careful isolation from too much contamination with the world enforced by the mother, submergence of self in worship of the male members of the family, enforced by her own inherited instinct.

WHAT she remembers most of her childhood is that she seemed to be constantly moving from one garrison to another. Garrisons are usually in small towns. Thus, though born in a metropolis, Marlene really grew up a small-town girl.

She didn't attend theaters. Theaters were still considered wicked. They were strictly taboo for girls.

Of course, this merely roused her curiosity, but declamation of school poems was considered the only proper outlet for her desire at self-expression.

Her Uncle Conrad, however, related that Marlene was always an exceptionally bright girl, and precocious at mimicry.

"Her imitations of people and early attempts



## Clara—This is Terrible

Clara, since you've asked my opinion, I'll tell you quite subtly that I think these pajamas are terrible.

They're split up to the knees in front. And just why is this?

And they have two trains in the back—one local and one express. And just why is this?

The only thing good about these pajamas, my dear Miss Bow, from a fashion standpoint, is that they are pajamas.

— Seymour

to impersonate literary characters used to provide a lot of amusement for the family," he says.

But even the thought of a stage career would have been heresy. What an "accomplished" girl of a "better" family had to know, of course, was music. So Marlene studied at the College for Music in Berlin under the famous Professor Flesch, and was then sent to a girls' finishing school at Weimar.

Here she learned English and French and continued her music studies, becoming an accomplished violin player. Also, she began to come out of the shell of the small-town girl and develop into that vital personality that one can now feel smoldering below the outward calm. Now that she is famous, school friends recall that she was the leader in many a school prank.

HER actual turn to the theater was largely accidental. Through too much violin practice she strained her hand and was forbidden to touch a violin for six months. During that time, too, she and her mother moved back to Berlin.

Having nothing else to do, she decided to try out for the stage. Her mother didn't think much of her talent, but she argued that either she had some talent or she didn't, and the best man to tell her that would be Max Reinhardt. So to Reinhardt she went.

He accepted her for his stage school at the "Deutsche Theater." After six weeks she had her first engagement—in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

The movies were going big in Germany and, of course, the girls filmed as well. That is, they played extra parts when they got a chance. Joe May gave Marlene her first real chance on the screen in "Tragedy of Love."

Then she played on the stage again for Director Barnowsky in "Rubicon," where she was successful enough to win an engagement at the Prussian State Theater in "Duel on the Lido."

After that she played for Reinhardt in "It's in the Air," a musical comedy. This was her first real success. Then she stopped for a year and a half.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh," she answered, "I had married and I was having a baby, a most wonderful baby, and I didn't have any time for anything else."

She came back to the stage again in "Broadway," which she played both in Berlin and Vienna. Then she really broke into the movies. That, also, was an accident.

ROBERT LAND had seen her in "It's in the Air." He gave her a little part in one of his films and liked her work so well that two weeks later he gave her the leading rôle opposite Harry Liedtke in "I Kiss Your Little Hand, Madame." That was in 1928. It became her first movie success.

After that she changed off between film and stage. First she played with Fritz Kortner in the movie "Three Loves," which ran for six weeks at the "Playhouse" in New York, as well. Then again on the stage for Reinhardt in Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance" in Berlin. Then Maurice Tourneur gave her the leading rôle in the film "The Ship of Lost Souls," and later she played in George Kaiser's revue, "Two Cravats." That proved an extraordinary success and got her a Hollywood contract—again by accident.

For Josef Von Sternberg had just come to Germany to direct "The Blue Angel," Emil Jannings' first all-talking picture, which was to be made both in German and English. Originally he had hoped to use either Gloria Swanson or Phyllis Haver for the leading feminine rôle opposite Jannings, but Miss Swanson refused, and Miss Haver had retired to a happy domestic life as the wife of William Seeman, wealthy executive of Seeman Brothers, big American food corporation.

So he searched for the type he wanted, but with little success. He dropped into the theater where the "Two Cravats" was playing, weary after a long day of vain searching and



Vivacious, beautiful Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks

there comes=

## a new mysterious Glow!

INTO CHEEKS touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty — color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliancy natural!

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to ordinary rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

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The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color showing through the skin from beneath.

Now, then! All ordinary rouge blots out glow. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge imparts glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to come from within the skin. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only beauty is seen—"painty" effect never.

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PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE a new sensation — nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible.

no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical underglow to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

### Every Shade of Princess Pat Meets Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, any shade of Princess Pat you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are unlimited. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night — under artificial lights.

### Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you try Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you can be.

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Favorite Prescription**

almost at the point of returning to America. He was late and missed part of the first act, but he arrived just in time to hear Marlene cry in English:

"Three cheers for the gentleman who has won the grand prize!"

They were the only English words she spoke in the whole show, but they immediately arrested Von Sternberg's attention. He saw in her just the actress he wanted and sent his card back stage that night, made an appointment for her to see him the following day at the UFA studio, and she was signed for the part in "The Blue Angel."

She scored a pronounced success, and Von Sternberg knew he had made a real discovery, but Marlene objects to the impression in some quarters that it was her success in "The Blue Angel" which won her her Hollywood contract.

"I HAD my contract in my pocket long before that film was finished," she says, "and on the opening night of 'The Blue Angel' I left for Hollywood."

Her fame hasn't turned her head. To hear Marlene tell it it was all just work—and a few lucky accidents. She sincerely believes it and takes her success calmly.

She doesn't even believe that her "type" or her special attractiveness had much to do with it.

She repudiates the "European woman" idea put forth at the beginning of this article.

"Good work will win," she says. "Type? Why, there are many types in Hollywood, and the American girl type is the most successful."

What she says about work she means. Work is part of her life.

She frets at idleness. Also, she doesn't believe that she did it all herself.

"All depends on the director," she says. "It is wonderful to work for a genius like Von Sternberg."

She isn't wedded to the movies for good. She admits the talking pictures give one great opportunities, but she still has a love for the stage.

With a director like Von Sternberg, she feels she could make a hit on the stage again.

Her family adores her.

Her sceptical mother has long since seen the error of her first view regarding her daughter's talent, but she also takes success calmly.

In fact, she accepts it almost as something due a daughter of hers, and doesn't say much about it.

She busies herself presiding over her daughter's home during the latter's absence, and taking care of her granddaughter.

Herr Sieber—he's almost embarrassed at his wife's fame, however proud he may be of it. It keeps him busy warding off innumerable requests for interviews, pictures, invitations and other burdens of fame. For Marlene insists on having her vacations to herself and won't be bothered.

She doesn't understand why the world should be so much interested in her. She feels that everything that can be said about her has already been said, and she shies away from interviews when at home.

THE fact that she had to submit to interviews almost daily while in America she offers as reason enough why she should want to spend her vacation at home without this torture, especially since she will have to go all over it again when she returns to America.

Uncle Conrad is the only one more communicative.

"Of course, the whole family is very, very proud of Marlene and her success," he says.

"But," he adds, musingly, "I wonder whether all that makes people really happy. Marlene is so terribly busy and she is away from her family so much—I wonder!"

But Marlene isn't wondering at all. Marriage and a career?

Why should they interfere with each other? "I love both," she says, "and I am going to make a success of both."

**COLORLESS  
as Water  
yet this Liquid...**

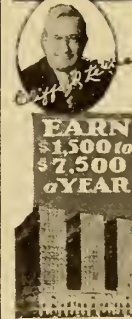


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## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

### DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox

DOCTORS' wives are supposed to be a jealous set, but we have never really believed that they had particular cause to be. We are only half convinced now, but Warner Baxter does have a way with women and Joan Bennett makes us feel her suspicions are justified. We are glad to see Victor Varconi again as well as John Sainpolis, both fine actors. Mild entertainment.

### THE SINGLE SIN—Tiffany Productions

NOTHING new in the story of a girl who comes back, but the fight she makes is well worth seeing. Kay Johnson handles this character beautifully and Bert Lytell is good as the drunken lover. Mathew Betz is a convincing heavy and Paul Hurst, as Bert's dumb friend, gets the laughs. An excellent picture with drama, comedy, pathos or anything you want.

### THE CONQUERING HORDE— Paramount

GIVE Dick Arlen a riding outfit and a horse and a big pistol, and chances are good that he'll give you back a swell Western picture. He's done it again, with the entertaining assistance of adorable Fay Wray, some angry Indians, villainous-looking heavies, and a great lot of cattle that swim rivers and do things like that. Nice entertainment and what more ask you?

### THE GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN— (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPER- BAHN) Sonor Production

AGAIN the Germans crash through with a talkie that's out of the ordinary. This is the unusual combination of grim melodrama with a few songs, and good ones. The story tells of a girl from the bright light district of Hamburg thrown into the dull surroundings of a lighthouse. It has action, and is well made, if a little dour.

### HELL BOUND— Cruse-Tiffany Productions

HERE'S another bootleg-racketeering, machine-gunning gang picture—and a good one, if you're not getting too tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays a typical Carrillo role—the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and rum baron—and manages to invest it with a sympathetic quality that leaves you feeling pretty badly when he's finally bumped off. As the girl in the case, Lola Lane is completely charming.

### CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures

WHEELER AND WOOLSEY suffer from a rush of dialogue to the screen. These nut comedians, funny when they're in action, aren't quite so amusing when they take it out in talk—and too much of "Cracked Nuts" is just that. However, you'll laugh, anyway, particularly in the later sequences where motion replaces gabble. Edna May Oliver is funny, as usual, and Dorothy Lee is pretty.

### GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox

WE don't believe that either girls or boys demand the kind of excitement that is offered in this picture. Its appeal, presumably, is to the younger element, but we don't think it will satisfy, as neither the dialogue nor the acting rings true. A fine cast, Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill, Wil-

# ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where he got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even *knows* that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

*Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?*

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it

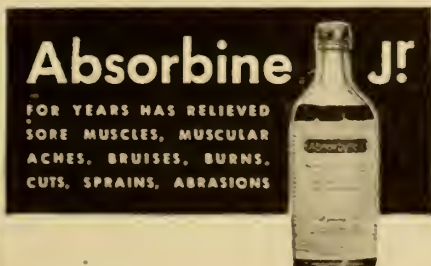
is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

*It has been found that Absorbine Jr.  
KILLS this ringworm germ*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.





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You can try all of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—absolutely without risking a penny. I want you to make me prove that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart beauty instead. . . or take some prettiness and impart stunning good looks. I will send you everything to try my beauty aids full too speak. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the sole judge. If not delighted, you just say so—and your word is final.

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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of fascination. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a lifetime. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman with her free trial of my beauty aids. Remember, you have everything to gain—absolutely nothing to lose. So TODAY—

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liam Janney and others, are wasted on a poor story.

**THE LITTLE CAFE (LE PETIT CAFE)**  
—Paramount

THIS is the French version, Hollywood-made, of Maurice Chevalier's American picture, "The Playboy of Paris." And it's a beauty. Maurice, of course, expands in his native French, and more songs are included. Yvonne Vallée (Mme. Chevalier) is gay and sprightly opposite her husband. Frances Dee played the part in English. A very blithe and charming picture. If you get a chance, give your French a workout on it.

**CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**—Fox

IF you have enjoyed Biggers' detective stories, you will just revel in this, for it is a perfectly grand mystery picture, with all the thrills, coupled with a very plausible romance. Warner Oland is marvelous as Chan, and Warren Hymmer and Marjorie White get many a laugh as the comedy team. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the lovers, and a very large and able supporting cast unfold a fine romantic drama.

**THE LADY REFUSES**—Radio Pictures

ROBERT MILTON and Guy Bolton decided to give us our drama in big doses in this, and Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it very realistic. However, the story of a father hiring one woman to win his son from another is too old for us to get excited over, but you may just be longing for a good cry. Here's your chance.

**THE RIDIN' FOOL**—Tiffany Productions

THIS is a great little Western that will furnish the youngsters plenty of thrills. Riding, gun-pulling, hold-ups, all the necessary ingredients are here, with Bob Steele and Ted Adams sharing honors. The women have little to do, but Florence Turner gives her usual fine performance, while Frances Morris is satisfactory as the girl.

**THE HOLE IN THE WALL (NAR ROSORNA SLA UT)**—Paramount

THIS Swedish talking picture is reviewed here because Sven Gustafsson, brother of Greta Garbo, makes his American debut in it. He's a tall, limp, black-haired boy with a minute moustache, and doesn't bear the faintest resemblance to his famous sister. And he's a punk actor, if this is a sample. The picture tells a light, chatty love story. There's one good actor in the troupe—an ugly gentleman named Uno Henning.

**THE LOVE HABIT**—British International

THE British conception of a French bedroom farce that limps along heavily from situation to situation. Weak direction makes the whole thing pretty much of a mix-up. The laughter is feeble and infrequent here.

**BY ROCKET TO THE MOON**—UFA

UNLESS you are interested in science, particularly astronomy, you can pass up this German-made picture. It's got a romance of sorts, but what kind of a romance would you expect in a rocket?

**NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN**—Fox

TOP-NOTCH entertainment and another proof that he-man Westerns are now hotter than ever. The picture begins with the exciting land rush in the Dakotas, and maintains excitement through three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon make the most of clever dialogue, with Cody winning.



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**THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Tiffany Productions**

THIS title will confuse you but when we tell you that it refers to a priceless ruby necklace, you will be prepared for what follows. There is a murder in any spot you choose, with a mystery melodrama satisfying to the most bloodthirsty. A good cast includes Warner Oland and June Collyer.

**THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL—Chesterfield Production**

ANOTHER formula film. Telegraph operator in love with girl. Villain also in love with her. Train robberies. False accusations. And things like that. But it isn't badly done and Glenn Tryon and Merna Kennedy make a friendly enough pair, with Mary Carr her usual motherly self. The whole thing, even the title, is as familiar as an old tune, but the kids will like it.

## Irene's Secret Marriage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

just come to New York from the Chicago Musical College and was staying with friends while job-hunting.

When he asked her to marry him and then announced that his wife couldn't work—she didn't see him any more. She realized he had the old New England inhibition about stage people.

The lead in the eighth road company of "Irene" sent her on the road for forty weeks.

At the end of those forty weeks she returned, more determined than ever that a man should not swerve her from her determined love for her profession.

But back in New York. Ah—Irene Dunne found that she, too, was only a woman. She found work, easily. But she also found she had a heart which could miss beats and never seem to catch them again. After all, what did work matter?

You've seen it happen again and again. A woman in love—Irene Dunne had fallen in love in spite of herself. There was only one thing to do. She became Mrs. Griffin.

Nor has it been easy in Hollywood, either. When the offer came so many commented: "To Hollywood alone; into pictures; it will only be a matter of time—"

AND the rumors that always encircle a Hollywood woman. "Who is the lucky suitor? Who's Irene Dunne's boy friend? How did she get such a break as 'Cimarron'?" Irene didn't like them. But she bided her time and said nothing.

Their telephone calls while she was away averaged about seven hundred dollars monthly. Every night they talked across the miles. And after "Cimarron" opened in New York—Irene says:

"He went with a party of twelve. After it was over, he went into a room, alone, and telephoned me. When he's excited he doesn't get boisterous or loud. His voice gets deep and throaty.

"It was so deep that night I could scarcely understand what he was saying." Tears came to her eyes.

"Oh, it's grand to be married and grand to be able to talk about it. I'm so grateful to PHOTOPLAY for discovering it. If he hadn't been willing I shouldn't have come to Hollywood."

Strangely enough, we old Hollywood cynics believe in this marriage. We believe it's here to stay and no heights of fame to which the wife can go will matter to either the wife or the husband.

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*Ends All Chafing—  
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Made under rigid U. S. Patents, it is pure RAYON cellulose filled. And as gentle as fluffed silk.

This softness comes because of its totally new construction—as well as its rayon cellulose filler—as you will note the moment you see it and compare it with any other pad. You see at once why it is preferable.

Once the average woman tries one, she never goes back to old ways. Its name is

Veldown. Most stores can now supply you.  
*Effective Hours Longer*

It also has another important feature. It is absolutely immaculate for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture proof and impenetrable.

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives COMPLETE SAFETY and protection HOURS LONGER than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And no other protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

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## Love Is Expensive

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

be published the day of the wedding! And he's so handsome! It's just *too* much, isn't it?" "Yes, isn't it!" murmured Mary Leeds. Madame de Longpré guided her away through the gate.

"After all, my dear, a marriage like this is absolutely the most even *you*, with *your* success, could hope for! The Princess Saranoff! Really doesn't it sound *thrilling*, my love!"

"Yes—doesn't it!"

Johnny Haversmith watched them cross the drawing room; saw the Prince and a dozen millionaires come, like a little tide, to meet them!

"Sleep baby sleep—*cep*," yodeled Columbus raspingly, and hoisted himself into the tree again.

HAVERSMITH arranged his tripod, his plates, and his camera lights. Dorothy Denver arrived—and Mr. Dupont.

And the photograph was made of the celebrated company—and the stairs—and the ivory Buddha.

And then, while the lank Mr. Haversmith was packing his things, he was once more aware of the presence of Mary Leeds!

"I think I dropped a green lace handkerchief," she said. He helped her look for it.

"You were silly to go on another picture, when I made 'Saints and Sinners,'" she said, as they looked for the bit of lace. "I thought you'd come back. Why didn't you?"

She caught the lapels of his coat so he had to look squarely down at her. "Why didn't you?" she demanded. "You're absolutely the best cameraman I ever had! I wanted you to come back!"

It was like a pain to him—that fragrance, that softness of her hair so close to his lips!

"You should be able to understand why I didn't come back," he said steadily.

"Well, I *don't* understand," she told him. "I thought you liked me. You *used* to like me! At least you used to give me all the camera breaks. I don't get *any* now... I wish you'd come back!"

She wished he'd come back—to give her the camera breaks!

"There's a gypsy here telling fortunes," she said. "Why don't you ask her if you should come back on my picture?" She shivered a little, and was suddenly serious. "I'm frightfully afraid of gypsies!" she said. "I believe everything they say! I think it's true that all your life is written in your hand. I always do exactly what they tell me! Let's go and ask if you shouldn't come back to my picture—and if I should marry the Prince."

In the drawing room, Benny London caught up a woman's spangled train, and wrapped it around his waist—caught another one around his shoulders, and, dragging the pair of shrieking women after him, he minced across the room, imitating a tipsy dowager. Amusement slightly stirred the crowd.

"BENNY'S doing his parlor trick," Mary said, without looking. She stood watching the pool. She had forgotten the handkerchief she had come to find!

"He thinks it's always good," she said. "In a minute Polly Loftus will do a shimmy imitation of *Eliza* crossing the ice and by that time the *frappé* has been around four times and everybody is asking somebody why they shouldn't marry and get headlines! Best buy you can get for the money! A wedding and divorce is good for a year's space and cheaper than any press agent!"

In the ballroom on the second floor, a jazz band started to play. A voice trailed downstairs moaning a senseless rhythm. Mary watched the checkerboard of tuxedos and bare white shoulders begin to sway and weave, men



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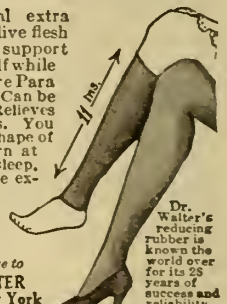


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drawing the women closer, their faces, their lips, closer!

She turned suddenly to Johnny Haversmith. "You have a car, haven't you? You're leaving, aren't you? Will you take me with you?"

"My car's a Ford," Johnny Haversmith told her. . . "Do you want me to take you—in a Ford?"

"Why not in a Ford?" she asked. "Wait for me outside by the gypsy tent—but don't answer! I hear de Longpre's spangles bringing the Prince to find me!"

Little noise like falling rain!  
"Mary, my love, where have you been? We've been searching the house for you!" the spangled hostess fussed a little tearfully. "You're missing seeing Polly Loftus do a simply screaming thing about *Eli'a*!"

"You are my heart!" the Prince said tenderly, and lifted her fingers to his lips and kissed them. "Life, even for five minutes, cannot go on without you!"

"You don't say!" rasped Columbus. "God save the King!"

• • •

IN a tent on the terraced lawn, in shifting circles of light, a fire smoldering under crane and kettle, Zara waited for palms in which to find fortunes. She sat cross-legged on the ground, old and fat, rumped braids and cheap beads breathing with her fat, thick breast, her head tied in scarlet, gold rings jangling in her ears.

Across the tent, a pepper tree made an embroidered pattern. Zara smoked a cigar and waited for some one to want a fortune.

Johnny Haversmith crossed the lawn. "Have they had supper yet?" Zara asked him. "What are they doing? Who is there?"

Her voice was like the parrot's, croaking and rusty. He didn't answer.

"What ails you?" she called at him sharply. "Can't you answer civil questions?"

He stopped and looked at her. Light and shadow streaked his tawny hair and angular face.

"Listen," he said, "a little girl in a white lace dress is going to meet me here! She's



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- April 7—Gavin Gordon
- April 8—Yola D'Avril
- April 8—Mary Pickford
- April 9—Thomas Meighan
- April 9—Carmel Myers
- April 10—George Arliss
- April 10—Tim McCoy
- April 10—Nick Stuart
- April 12—Virginia Cherrill
- April 13—Tully Marshall
- April 14—Claire Windsor
- April 16—Charles Chaplin
- April 16—Fifi Dorsay
- April 19—Lina Basquette
- April 19—Constance Talmadge
- April 20—Fred Kohler
- April 20—Harold Lloyd
- April 24—Marceline Day
- April 24—Cyril Maude
- April 26—Dorothy Sebastian
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afraid of gypsy fortunes. She'll believe anything you say! Tell her there is a man who hasn't any money who loves her. Tell her he will—ask her to marry him, and if she says "Yes," he will make her happy.

"And I should describe that man to be you," the gypsy croaked, and flashed a smile of white teeth and scarlet lips.

He brought his hand out of his pocket and crowded a few crumpled bills into her fingers.

"All right," she said, and lifted her shoulders in that little gesture for which there are no words. "Bring her here and I will make her believe it."

He went on after the Ford. Out through the garden, hung with Chinese lanterns, wound the snake-dance of a laughing hilarious crowd, paper caps, paper whistles, paper streamers hanging out of the trees!

\* \* \*

**MARY LEEDS!** The sun, moon and stars of Hollywood shining for Mary Leeds! But when love for her had first begun to possess Johnny Haversmith, she had been just the waif in "Jean Valjean"; just the harlot in "Hell's Wilderness," shy, and strange on the lot, coming to stay near his camera while she wasn't working.

And it had begun to be all he wanted of a day—for her to come; her voice to be where he would hear it!

Then overnight her name was suddenly everywhere! The little girl who could make you laugh; could make you cry! Could break your heart, could make you remember or forget! Every company was suddenly trying to buy her! Every exhibitor clamoring for her! Overnight she was a star! Her salary written in thousands instead of in tens!

She was surprised—a little. But in Hollywood there are no surprises. As you walk, without wonder, through the fantastic, impossible by-roads of dreams, so you live the caprices of Hollywood!

Mary became mistress of a mansion in the purple hills; rode in her imported limousine, found herself regarding an array of hearts and bank-books offered on silver salvers! And she never knew that on a street where little pale pink houses, and lavender houses, and yellow houses stood like cup cakes and puddings on a shelf, Johnny Haversmith, while she had still been the waif of "Jean Valjean," had bought a bungalow! She never knew about those little hinged windows, the open patio built around a pair of shaggy, serious, old-men palms! And lean Johnny Haversmith grew a little leaner, tried to avoid her, tried desperately to forget her! The palms grew ragged; the sign "For Sale," a little more limp with every passing wind!

And then at Madame de Longpré's she was near him again! Laughing at him—tucking a flower into his buttonhole again! And he knew he could never forget! He knew if there was a way in the world to have her, he would take it, fair or foul!

\* \* \*

**HE** drove the blue Ford down de Longpré's road along the garden wall. Beyond the terraces he heard the clamorous crowd in the garden. In the pepper grove he saw the light of the gypsy tent.

He left the car and went to find Mary. She came to meet him across the lawn.

"Let me tell the little lady's fortune?" Zara called out to them. "The planets write strange things!"

"Shall we stop?" Mary said. In the shifting yellow light Zara held Mary's hand palm upward in her own.

"To your house I see happiness," the gypsy told her. "A man who is tall. His eyes are—" she studied the hand closely—"they are blue and they are gray! He loves you. He is not handsome. He has no money. But if you want happiness," she flashed the smile of red lips and white teeth—"he is the one you must marry! That is what your Fate reads! You

will be with him soon"—she looked closely at the hand in hers—"very soon" . . .

So Mary Leeds and just a cameraman drove away from one of the famous dinners of Madame de Longpré—down a wide white boulevard.

"**WELL,**" Mary said, and laughed a little, "my Fate seems to be you, Johnny!"

"One thing she said is certainly true," he told her. "I love you. I have loved you since almost the first time I saw you."

"Really," she said, and cuddled her head into the satin depth of her chinchilla. "Fancy that! . . . Where are we going? . . . I'm starving! If you knew what I want you'd laugh at me! I want eggs fried in butter! The kind you can't buy! We could go to my house and cook them, only I'm afraid someone will look for me when they find I've left the party. . . . Why can't we go to your house?"

"How do you know I have a house?" he asked her.

"Somebody told me," she said. "I don't know who."

"I live there because I don't know what to do with it," he said, "but there's nothing in it."

"There's a stove and a frying pan, isn't there?" she insisted.

They went to Johnny's bungalow. There was little more than a stove and a frying pan! Two chairs—a kitchen table, some dishes and Johnny's ties and collars on the mantel. . . .

"I don't suppose you've got a kitchen apron," she said. "Give me a pajama jacket!"

She tied it, by the sleeves, around her lace dress.

She fried eggs in butter, and made toast, and set the kitchen table. She made coffee and burned her hand on the coffee pot. Johnny remembered his grandmother had told him to scrape a raw potato on a burn. He scraped a raw potato on her finger, and wrapped a bandage around it awkwardly.

"This will be an adorable house, Johnny," she said, "when I get to work at it! We'll have a green kitchen, if you don't mind. I've always wanted a green kitchen . . . don't look at me as though *Gabriel* is blowing his horn! I told you I'm afraid of gypsies! I told you I believe what they tell me! And you'll certainly ask me to marry you after what that gypsy said! And I certainly will be afraid to say 'no'!"

So here it was! Little Mary Leeds, whose answer he had bought from a gypsy! Here it was—and he couldn't take it! Who, after all, but a rat will take a pot he has won with an ace in his sleeve!

He loved her! God only knew how much! Too much to play a crooked hand.

He had everything to take, and nothing to give. There was no way he could do it and be fair!

He shut his fingers over hers, wrapped in the clumsy bandage.

"Mary, I wouldn't live on money of yours," he said huskily. "And that's what it would be."

"But I wouldn't have any money," she told him. "I'd be keeping house! I don't want to work in pictures! It's the hardest work I ever did!"

She looked up at lean, lank Johnny Haversmith, her hair rumbled from the grave concern of fried eggs and toast and coffee. "And the gypsy said I'd be happy! What more do I want than to be happy, Johnny!"

"**LET** me tell you something," Johnny said shortly. "I paid that gypsy ten dollars to say what she did! I thought I could let myself get away with it. But I'm telling you now, I paid her ten dollars to say I was the man you should marry. So forget it!"

The exquisite person in Johnny Haversmith's kitchen caught at her heart with that hand in a raw potato bandage—

"Johnny, you didn't," she said weakly—then suddenly she was as lost in his arms as the babes were lost in the woods—"but I paid her ten dollars to say the same thing!"

## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENEGADES**—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March.)

**RIGHT TO LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood history, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO PARADISE**—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (Oct.)

**ROUGH WATERS**—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (Oct.)

**ROYAL BED, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

**SANTA FE TRAIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

**SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (Oct.)

**SCANDAL SHEET**—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

**SEA GOD, THE**—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

**SEA LEGS**—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Palette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

**SECOND HONEYMOON, THE**—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March.)

**SEE AMERICA THIRST**—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

**SHADOW RANCH**—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**—Cruz—Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man *Boys* and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

**SILVER HORDE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)



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**SIN SHIP, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

**SINNERS' HOLIDAY**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (Oct.)

**SIT TIGHT**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

**SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A**—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (Oct.)

**SON OF THE SADDLE**—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (Oct.)

**SOUP TO NUTS**—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (Oct.)

**SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)**—Tobis.—Skillful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santseli, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

**SPURS**—Universal.—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

**SQUEALER, THE**—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

**STORM, THE**—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

**STORM OVER ASIA**—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent*. (Nov.)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

**SUNRISE TRAIL, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March.)

**SUSPENSE**—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE**—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM**—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

**THIRD ALARM, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

**THOROUGHbred, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

**THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS**—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)



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**TODAY**—Majestic.—One of those sensationals— all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzl Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March.)

**TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH**—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (Oct.)

**TWO WORLDS**—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

**UNDER MONTANA SKIES**—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Sumnerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

**UNDER SUSPICION**—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

**VIENNESE NIGHTS**—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Torrild love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

**WAR NURSE**—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

**WESTWARD BOUND**—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

**WHAT A WIDOW!**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (Oct.)

**WHITE THUNDER.**—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March.)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopie" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (Oct.)

**WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE**—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

**WILD MEN OF KALIHARI**—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

**WINGS OF ADVENTURE**—Tiffany Productions.—Armidia saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (Oct.)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

**YELLOW MASK, THE**—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)**—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

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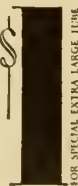
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## Einstein in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

those who tripped down the line to meet him was Mary.

"I'm so very glad to know you, Professor Einstein," she purred. Einstein bowed gallantly but with the usual bewildered expression.

Immediately afterward, he turned to an interpreter.

"Wer ist dass?" he whispered.

He was told it was Mary Pickford. Einstein's face was still blank as he turned to Frau Einstein.

Frau Einstein came to the rescue. She beamed on Mary.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we came to America in the same stateroom on the *Belgenland* in which your husband traveled."

A FEW of the Hollywoodites never could get the distinction between Einstein and Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director who had left Hollywood just a short while before the German scientist arrived.

Eisenstein it was who left after he and Paramount had failed to come to terms for the Russian to direct Dreiser's "American Tragedy."

And it was at the Universal affair, too, that another beautiful actress—spare the name!—cooed to Einstein:

"Oh, Professor! I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am that you're not going to direct the 'American Tragedy.'"

Naturally, photographers in hordes were about the Universal lot.

News cameramen—nine of them in a row, each with microphones poised—started grinding off footage as Einstein and Laemmle stood talking in German.

Einstein speaks little English. Uncle Carl and he chatted earnestly, while cameras and sound tracks reeled on.

It wasn't until the films were being developed for national distribution that it was learned that the conversation went about like this, in German:

EINSTEIN—But I wish that you would see to it that these pictures are not broadcast.

LAEMMLE—I assure you that they shall not be.

And Universal, frantic that the newsreels in every picture house in America would show Uncle Carl promising Einstein the newsreels wouldn't be shown, had to get the Hays office to help recall the negatives—just in the nick of time!

Innumerable promoters in Hollywood tried to sign Einstein up to a movie contract. They hadn't the slightest idea what he would do in front of a camera—"illustrate your Einstein theory," one of them suggested—but they tried to sign him anyway. To all these, Einstein turned a deaf ear.

But the greatest shock he gave was not his refusal of the movie money, but his refusal to meet all the stars!

IT was funny to see the greatest names in moviedom, hanging about Einstein's heels exactly like a crowd of fans hang around the heels of a film star, waiting for an introduction.

And Einstein, embarrassed explaining that he couldn't speak English and didn't know much about movies, begging not to have to meet them.

Of course, all this was a vast puzzle to Einstein.

He understood theories about time and space beyond most other mortals' ken, but he didn't understand Hollywood.

While he was being escorted about the Universal lot, for instance, he'd turn now and then to Frau Einstein and whisper:

"Jetzt gehen wir zum nachsten ring!"—

(Now we're going to the next ring!)—just like a kid at a three-ring circus.

At Warner Bros.—First National lot, Einstein and his wife got into the circus performance themselves, though.

The Warner lot was visited by the Einstein party on the same day they visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, several days after the Universal affair.

At Warners the publicity lads asked the Professor and his wife to step into a flivver, mounted on a wooden scaffold before a big blue screen.

Einstein, taking off his hat and exposing that fright-wig head of hair, did. So did Frau Einstein.

Then lights were turned on, the car was jiggled madly from beneath, and cameras whirred.

And two hours later, before he left the studio, Professor and Frau Einstein saw themselves on the screen, driving around the streets of Hollywood, Paris and Berlin, in the ancient flivver! Warner technicians had set a record with a trick-process double-exposure shot.

It was on the Warner visit that the battle of Einstein-vs.-Barrymore was staged!

Barrymore, in his frowsy long-whiskered make-up for *Svengali*, was told that Einstein was to be the guest of Jack Warner and studio officials at lunch, and would Barrymore join the party.

Barrymore replied that in view of his make-up and shooting conditions, he was not sure whether he could attend or not. And he sent over to the luncheon room a picture for Einstein to please autograph to him.

IN the meantime, Einstein had arrived and explained that, because of lack of time, he was afraid he could not visit all the stages, and would Mr. Barrymore please come to the luncheon and meet him there?

The message was taken to Barrymore.

Barrymore, famous for his temper and his language, rose to great heights. He said a lot of words about Einstein, to the effect that if Einstein couldn't come to the Barrymore stage, Barrymore would be so-and-so if he'd go to the Einstein lunch.

Then Einstein declined to autograph the Barrymore picture!

Barrymore said more things. Einstein stood pat.

At this juncture, a technician on the Barrymore set hastened over to the lunch room and when Einstein and officials came out, presented his autograph book.

Einstein took it.

Frau Einstein took it out of the professor's hands.

"Nein! Genug heute!" she said—(No! Enough today!)—and handed the book, unautographed, back to the lad. Crestfallen, the boy went back and Barrymore overheard his tale.

Then the Barrymore rage knew no bounds.

"Why, the—!!!" he shouted. "Lock the doors. Lock all the doors. Don't let that—on this set!"

And the doors were locked. And Barrymore didn't meet Einstein and said he didn't give a tinker's, and Einstein didn't meet Barrymore and didn't seem to care, either. And Barrymore, who up to then had been an Einstein enthusiast, isn't interested in Einstein theories any more.

EINSTEIN was lured to the M-G-M lot by virtue of the fact that two of his countrymen, working in a picture there, had known him in Germany. He didn't want to turn down their invitation. They were Heinrich George and Paul Morgan, known as the "Will Rogers of Germany."

As a matter of fact, Einstein visited longer on the stage where they were making the German version of "The Big House" than on any other lot in Hollywood. He could speak German at last—and he was always annoyed at the other lots through having to be bothered with interpreters. He swapped German with Morgan and George and the other Germans for several hours. But he didn't understand Director Fejos.

Fejos, "taking it big," was the ultra-director while Einstein watched. He had one scene taken three times over. Afterward Einstein shook his head.

"It looked," he said, "that the first scene was perfect. The second was grand. But he insisted on another one being made. If'n—he's too hard to please, I think!"

AS a matter of fact, throughout all his studioing, Einstein looked bewildered. He plainly was.

Look at his photographs. He seemed to breathe sighs of relief when he finally left each studio.

He had said, even before reaching California, that the only man he wanted to meet was Charlie Chaplin.

He did. He met Charlie and went with him to that terrific Los Angeles opening of Chaplin's picture, "City Lights."

The mob of 25,000 spectators that night broke all police control, and celebrities were manhandled by the star-worshippers as they entered the theater.

It was all Chaplin and Einstein and their party could do to get into the theater. Through it all, Einstein never said a word.

He just stared in utter amazement at it all. But later, he sighed a bit and confessed to Charlie:

"I have visited the world's famous laboratories. I have looked through the greatest telescopes. I have seen science's wonders. But never have I seen anything like that. And never, I hope, shall I again."

And most startling of all, Einstein was shown something science does not admit—that one body may be in two places at the same instant.

One night, while Einstein was in his Pasadena bungalow, he appeared at a Hollywood party. All the guests met him and he talked a few words to them in German. He left early.

IT wasn't until the next day that it was learned that the host—a moving picture official—had hired a clever make-up artist and a German actor, and that the "Einstein" at the party was only a double for the scientist!

Poor Professor Einstein!  
He can understand the most profound things—relativity, the Unified Field theory, mathematical equations that take two years to work out—But he admits, in so many words, that he can't understand Hollywood!

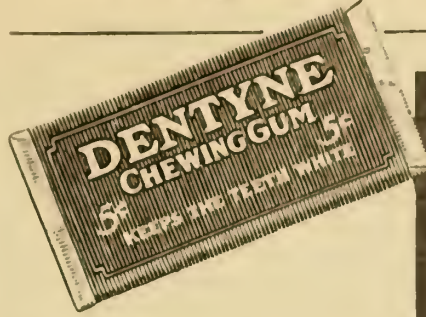
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# Castings of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"**AMONG THE MARRIED**"—M-G-M.—From the play by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Bill*, Adolphe Menjou; *Ethel*, Leila Hyams; *Jack*, Norman Foster; *Helen*, Mary Duncan; *Cally*, Hedda Hopper; *Joe*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Brandt*, Harry Northrup.

"**CRACKED NUTS**"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas MacLean and Al Boasberg. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Wendell Graham*, Bert Wheeler; *Zander*, *Ulysses Parkhurst*, Robert Woolsey; *Betty Harrington*, Dorothy Lee; *Aunt Minnie*, Edna May Oliver; *Carlotta*, Leni Stengel; *General Bogardus*, Stanley Fields; *King Oscar*, Harvey Clark; *Revolutionist*, Boris Karloff.

"**BEHIND OFFICE DOORS**"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story "Private Secretary" by Alan Brenner Schultz. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Mary Linden*, Mary Astor; *James Duneen*, Robert Ames; *Ronnie Wales*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dolores Kohan*, Kitty Kelly; *Daisy Presby*, Edna Murphy; *Ellen Robinson*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Ritter*, Charles Sellon; *Robinson*, William Morris.

"**BODY AND SOUL**"—FOX.—From the play "Squadrons" by Elliott White Springs and A. E. Thomas. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Mal Andrews*, Charles Farrell; *Carla*, Elissa Landi; *Jim Watson*, Humphrey Bogart; *Tap Johnson*, Donald Dillaway; *Alice Lester*, Myrna Loy; *Major Burke*, Crawford Kent; *General Trafford-Jones*, Ian MacLaren; *Lieut. Meggs*, Dennis D'Auburn; *Zane*, Douglas Dray; *Young*, Harold Kinney; *Sam Douglas*, Bruce Warren.

"**BY ROCKET TO THE MOON**"—UFA.—From the novel "Frau In Mond" by Thea von Harbou. Directed by Fritz Lang. The cast: *Professor George Manfredt*, Klaus Pohl; *Wolf Helius*, Willy Fritsch; *Hans Windeger*, Gustav V. Wangerheim; *Friede Vellen*, Gerda Maurus; *Gustav*, Gustl Starck Gsettenbauer; *Alias Walt Turner*, Fritz Rasp; *Mrs. Hippolt*, Margaret Kupfer; *Grojan*, Max Maximilian; *A Flower Girl*, Alexa V. Porembaska; *Chief of the Helius Hangars*, Gerhard Dammann.

"**CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**"—FOX.—From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Philip Klein and Barry Connors. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Mark Kennaway*, John Garrick; *Pamela Potter*, Marguerite Churchill; *Max Minchin*, Warren Hymers; *Sadie Minchin*, Marjorie White; *John Ross*, C. Henry Gordon; *Patrick Tait*, William Holden; *Capl. Ronald Keane*, George Brent; *Inspector Duff*, Peter Gawthorne; *Dr. Lofton*, John T. Murray; *Elmer Benbow*, John Swor; *Mrs. Benbow*, Goodee Montgomery; *Walter Honeywood*, Jason Robards; *Inspector Hanley*, Lumsden Hare; *Mrs. Luce*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Sybil Conway*, Betty Francisco; *Kent*, Harry Beresford; *Martin*, John Rogers; *Eben*, J. G. Davis; *Liner Captain*, James Farley.

"**CHILDREN OF DREAMS**"—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein II. Directed by Alan Crossland. The cast: *Molly Standing*, Margaret Schilling; *Tommy Melville, Jr.*, Paul Gregory; *Gus Schultz*, Tom Patricola; *Hubert Standing*, Bruce Winston; *Dr. Joe Thompson*, Charles Winninger; *Gertie*, Marion Byron.

"**CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**"—FOX.—From the story "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" by Mark Twain. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Hank* (*Sir Boss*), Will Rogers; *King Arthur*, William Farnum; *Alisande*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Clarence*, Frank Albertson; *Queen Morgan Le Fay*, Myrna Loy; *Sagamor*, Mitchell Harris; *Merlin*, Brandon Hurst.

"**CONQUERING HORDE, THE**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Emerson Hough. Adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by Edward Soman. The cast: *Dan McMasters*, Richard Arlen; *Tasie Lockhart*, Fay Wray; *Jim Nabours*, Claude Gillingwater; *Marvin Fletcher*, Ian MacLaren; *Stud Grogan*, Frank Rice; *Lumpy Lorrigan*, Arthur Stone; *Cinco Centavos*, George Mendoza; *Mr. Corley*, James Durkin; *John*, Charles Stevens; *Splint Coggin*, Edwin J. Brady; *Digger Hale*, Robert Kortman; *Buich Daggelt*, Harry Cording; *White Cloud*, Chief Standing Bear; *Captain Wilkins*, John Elliott; *Mrs. Corley*, Kathrin Clare Ward.

"**DOCTORS' WIVES**"—FOX.—From the novel by Henry and Sylvia Liferant. Adapted by Maurice Watkins. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dr. Jude Penning*, Warner Baxter; *Nina Wyndram*, Joan Bennett; *Dr. Kane Ruzler*, Victor Varconi; *Vivian Crosby*, Helene Millard; *Dr. Calucci*, Paul Porcasi; *Julia Wyndram*, Nancy Gardner; *Dr. Mark Wyndram*, John Sainpulos; *Aunt Amelia*, Cecelia Loftus; *Dr. Roberts*, George Chandler; *Lou Roberts*, Violet Dunn; *Charlotte*, Ruth Warren; *Mrs. Kent*, Louise Mackintosh; *Rudie*, William Maddox.

"**DON'T BET ON WOMEN**"—FOX.—From the story "All Women Are Bad" by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Lynn Starling and Leon Gordon. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Roger Fallon*, Edmund Lowe; *Jeanne Drake*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Herbert Drake*, Roland Young; *Tallulah Hope*, Una Merkel; *Chipley Duff*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Doris Brent*, Helene Millard; *Butterfield*, Henry Kolker.

"**DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE**"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the novel by Harold MacGrath. Continuity by Florence Ryerson. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Boris Karlov*, Warner Oland; *Kitty Conover*, June Collyer; *Prince Nicholas Petroff*, Lloyd Hughes; *General Petroff*, George Fawcett; *Prince Ivan*, Ernest Hilliard; *Prince Gregor*, Wallace MacDonald; *Martin Kent*, Hale Hamilton; *Anyu Karlov*, Florence Lake; *Peter*, Mischa Auer; *Aunt Abbie*, Clara Blandick; *Tazie*, Ann Brody.

"**EAST LYNNE**"—FOX.—From the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood. Screen play by Bradley King and Tom Barry. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Lady Isabel*, Ann Harding; *Robert Carlyle*, Conrad Nagel; *Captain Levison*, Clive Brook; *Cornelia Carlyle*, Cecelia Loftus; *Lord Mount Seavern*, O. P. Heggie; *Sir Richard Hale*, David Torrence; *Barbara*, Flora Sheffield; *Joyce*, Beryl Mercer; *Dodson*, J. Gunnis Davis; *William, as a baby*, Ronald Cosby; *William, later*, Wallie Albright.

"**FINN AND HATTIE**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the book by Donald Ogden Stewart. Adapted by Sam Mintz. Directed by Norman Taurog and Norman McLeod. The cast: *Finley Pierpont Haddock*, Leon Errol; *Mrs. Hattie Haddock*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mildred Haddock*, Mitzi Green; *Sidney*, Jackie Searl; *The Princess*, Lilyan Tashman; *Collins*, Regis Toomey; *Bolton*, Mack Swain; *Sireel Cleaner*, Harry Beresford; *Brakeman*, Sid Saylor; *Aunt Letty*, Louis Mackintosh; *Divorcee*, Ethel Sutherland; *Taxi Driver*, Eddie Dunn.

"**FIRES OF YOUTH**"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Monta Bell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Robert Marshall*, Lew Ayres; *Myra Deane*, Genevieve Tobin; *William Winter*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Herk*, Kenneth Thomson; *Collins*, Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Marshall*, Dorothy Peterson; *Robert Marshall (as a boy)*, Freddie Burke Frederick; *Annabelle*, Betty Jane Graham; *Annabelle's Mother*, Aileen Manning; *City Editor*, Frederic Burt; *Colored Woman*, Louise Beavers; *Mrs. Winter*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Miss Winter*, Polly Ann Young.

"**GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE**" (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—SONOR PRODUCTION.—From the story by Benno Vigny. Directed by Karl Anton. The cast: *Uwe Bull*, Hans Von Schlettow; *Hanna*, Olga Tschekowa; *Jens*, Josef Rowensky; *Margot*, Trude Berliner; *Pepito*, Andre Pilot.

"**GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT**"—FOX.—From the story by Harlan Thompson. Directed by Seymour Felix. The cast: *Peter Brooks*, John Wayne; *Joan Madison*, Virginia Cherrill; *Miriam*, Marguerite Churchill; *Freddie*, William Janney; *Harriet Mundy*, Martha Sleeper; *Gazella Perkins*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Freshman*, David Rollins; *Simeon*, Ralph Welles; *Margery*, Marion Byron; *Tommy*, Eddie Nugent; *Sheik Nevins*, Terrance Ray; *Mr. Madison*, George Irving; *The Dean*, Winter Hall; *Bobby Cruikshank*, Emerson Treacy; *Sue Street*, Addie McPhail; *Joe*, Jerry Mandy.

"**HELL BOUND**"—CRUSE-TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story "Platinum" by Edward Dean Sullivan and Adele Comanoini. Continuity by Julian Josephson. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Nick Cortelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Platinum Reed*, Lola Lane; *Dr. Sanford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dorgan*, Ralph Ince; *Rosie*, Gertrude Astor; *Gibber*, Richard Tucker; *Gaspape*, Harry Strang; *Omaha*, Marty Faust; *Ham*, Babe Lawrence; *Sanford's sister*, Helene Chadwick; *Pat*, Jack Grey.

"**HOLE IN THE WALL, THE**" (NAR ROSOR-NA SLA UT)—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Edwin Adolphson. The cast: *Marguerite*, Margita Alven; *Andre*, Uno Henning; *Charlotie*, Karin Swanstrom; *Greven*, Nils Wahlblom; *Analoie*, Sven Garbo; *Jano*, Anna Lisa Baudé; *Tradgarmsmastaren*, Viking Ringheim; *Kammarjungafrun*, Elso Marie Hansen; *Maskinkrivarskan*, Elsa de Castro.

"**IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Rodney Martin*, Norman Foster; *Mary Grayson*, Carole Lombard; *Ambrose Peale*, Skeets Gallagher; *Cyrus Martin*, Eugene Pallette; *Andrew Adams*, Lucien Littlefield; *Comtesse de Beauvenir*, Helen Johnson; *Thelma Temple*, Louise Brooks; *Donald McChesney*, Morgan Wallace; *Miss Burke*, Marcia Manners; *Perkins*, Tom Kennedy; *Office Boy*, Junior Coghlan; *Johnson*, John Howell; *Window Cleaner*, John Sinclair.

"**JUNE MOON**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. Adapted by Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Fred Stevens*, Jack O'Keefe; *Edna Baker*, Frances Dee; *Lucille Sears*, Wynne Gibson; *Maxie Schwarzs*, Harry Akst; *Eileen Fletcher*, June MacCloy; *Paul Sears*, Ernest Wood; *Young Coach*, Harold Walbridge; *Mr. Hart*, Sam Hardy; *Goldie*, Ethel Sutherland; *Window Cleaner*, Frank Daric; *Miss Rixey*, Jean Barry; *Joe McCloskey*, Eddie Dunn.

"**KEPT HUSBANDS**"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Louis Sarecky. Adapted by Alfred Jackson and Forrest Halsey. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dot*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Dick*, Joel McCrea; *Parker*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Parker*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. Post*, Clara Kimball Young; *Mrs. Brunton*, Mary Carr; *Gwen*, Lita Chevret.

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**WHY HAVE Ugly Pores, enlarged, and full of UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES,**

when you can now make them disappear this new, easy way!

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**W**ORRY no more over skin troubles such as rough skin, sallow complexion, blackheads, enlarged pores and minor surface irritations. Because now you can make them disappear and at the same time relieve the discomfort and itching and promote the healing of such skin disorders as simple eczema, acne, pustules, etc. Have a nice, clear, unblemished, smooth skin and healthy-looking complexion—yourself, at home. Your friends will wonder how you did it—and tell them if you wish.

This new, quick way is now explained in a wonderfully illustrated book called, "INNER MYSTERIES OF THE SKIN," which is being mailed to all readers of this magazine ABSOLUTELY FREE and postpaid. So, quit your worrying and spending money on useless treatments and write for this free help. Send us money, just name and address to Witolox Co., Dept. 2, No. 938 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y., and it will come in plain wrapper, postpaid. **FREE!** Learn this new secret of removing your skin blemishes yourself, at home, then tell your friends the good news!—Advertisement.

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Hughie, Ned Sparks; Bates, Bryant Washburn; Mr. Post, Freeman Wood.

"KIKI"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Andre Picard. From the play by David Belasco. Adapted and directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: Kiki, Mary Pickford; Victor Kendall, Reginald Denny; Alfred Kapp, Joseph Cawthorn; Paulette Goddard, Margaret Livingston; Eddie, Phil Tead; Hanson, Fred Walton; Dr. Smiley, Edwin Maxwell.

"LADY REFUSES, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Robert Milton and Guy Bolton. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: June Loring, Betty Compton; Sir Gerald Courtney, Gilbert Emery; Russell Courtney, John Darrow; Berthine Waller, Margaret Livingston; Nikolai Rabinoff, Ivan Lebedeff; Dobby, Edgar Norton; Milly, Daphne Pollard; Freddy, Reginald Sharland.

"LITTLE CAFE, THE" (LE PETIT CAFE)—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Tristan Bernard. Adapted by Vincent Lawrence and Bataillo-Henri. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: Albert Loufan, Maurice Chevalier; Yvonne Philbert, Yvonne Valle; Mlle. Berengere, Tania Fedor; Pierree Bourdin, Andre Berley; Philbert, Emile Chautard; Mlle. Edvege, Francoise Roay; Paul Michel, George Davis; M. Cadacux, Jaques Jou-Jerville.

"LONELY WIVES"—PATHE.—From the play by Walter De Leon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: Mr. Smith, Edward Everett Horton; Mrs. Smith, Esther Ralston; Diane, Laura La Plante; Minter, Patsy Ruth Miller; Andrews, Spencer Charters; Mrs. Mantel, Maude Eburne; Muzette, Gergette Rhoades.

"LOVE HABIT, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Seymour Hicks and Val Valentine. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: Justland Abelard, Seymour Hicks; Julie Dubois, Margot Graham; Alphonse Dubois, Edmund Breon; Max Quantro, Walter Armitage; Rose Tom Pom, Ursula Jeans; Mathilde, Elsa Lancaster; Santarelli, Clifford Heathcote.

"MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE"—CHESTERFIELD PRODUCTION.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. The cast: Gerald Boone, Glenn Tryon; Ellen Harbord, Merna Kennedy; Dan Padden, Tom O'Brien; Mrs. Boone, Mary Carr; George Wallon, Richard Kane; Billy Boone, Norman Phillips, Jr.; Joe, Jimmy Aubrey; Mr. Harbord, Phillips Smalley; Pete, Blackie Whitford.

"MOTHER'S MILLIONS"—LIBERTY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Howard McKent Barnes. Adapted by Winifred Dunn. Directed by James Flood. The cast: Harriet Breen, May Robson; David Talbot, James Hall; Tom Breen, Lawrence Gray; Faire Breen, Frances Dale; William Remington, Edmund Brees; Maria Peppy, Lillian Harmer; Mrs. Talbot, Leah Winslow; Peggy, Elinor Flynn; Detective Burke, W. L. Thorne.

"NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN"—FOX.—From the novel "Over the Border" by Herman Whitaker. Continuity by Emmett Flynn. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: Bull Stanley, Victor McLaglen; Lee Carleton, Fay Wray; Ace Beaudry, Lew Cody; Layne Hunter, Robert Warwick; Nelson, Franklyn Farnum; Bruce, David Worth; Bronco Dawson, Eddie Gribbon; Bull's Girl, Carol Wines; Ace's Girl, Joyce Compton; Bronco's Girl, Louise Huntington; Marshall Dunn, James Farley.

"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH"—M-G-M.—From the play by Charles W. Bell and Mark Swan. Adapted by Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Reginald Irving, Buster Keaton; Polly Hathaway, Charlotte Greenwood; Jeffrey Haywood, Reginald Denny; Bell Hop, Cliff Edwards; Angelica Embrey, Dorothy Christy; Nita Leslie, Joan Peers; Virginia Embrey, Sally Eilers; Leila Crafton, Natalie Moorhead; Detective, Edward Brophy; Frederick Leslie, Walter Merrill; Butler, Sidney Bracy.

"RIDIN' FOOL, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: Steve Kendall, Bob Steele; Sally Warren, Frances Morris; Boston Harry, Ted Adams; Bud Warren, Eddie Featherston; Juanita, Josephine Velez; Miss Scully, Fern Emmett; Ma Warren, Florence Turner; Col. Butterfield, Jack Henderson; Sheriff Anderson, Gordon De Main; Nikkos, A. Bridges.

"SINGLE SIN, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: Kate Adams, Kay Johnson; Joe Strickland, Bert Lytell; Slug, Paul Hurst; Frank Bowman, Mathew Betz; Roger Van Down, Holmes Herbert; Marian, Geneva Mitchell; French Maid, Sandra Ravel; Butler, Charles McNaughton; Cook, Lillian Elliott; Detective, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"STOLEN HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dana Burnett. Adapted and directed by George Abbott. The cast: Mary, Nancy Carroll; Joe, Phillips Holmes; Steve, Louis Calhern; Morgan, Edward Keane; Mrs. Woodbridge-Woody, Joan Carr; Harvey, G. Albert Smith; Dorothea, Dagmar Oakland; Police Commissioner, Guy Kibbee.

"3 GIRLS LOST"—FOX.—From the story by Robert D. Andrews. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: Noreen McMan, Loretta Young; Gordon Wales, John Wayne; William Marriot, Lew Cody; Edna Best, Joyce Compton; Marcia Tallant, Joan Marsh; Mrs. McGee, Kathrin Clare Ward; Tony, Paul Fix; Andre, Andre Beranger.

*"Chic" Sale—The Specialist*

interviews  
*Granny White*



"THE first hundred years are the hardest," sez Granny White, as she hopped in her yellow roadster to go to the miniature golf course. "After that you are kept smilin' an' happy fer another fifty by folks askin' how you lived a hundred.

"Yesterday I had my picture made usin' an automatic churn an' today I'm to test some roller skates. Tomorrow I'll be tryin' out the steerin' wheel on a new threshin' machine or showin' how easy a portable duck huntin' canoe or a collapsible music rack unfolds.

"All these things add to the length of life, but I wouldn't be here to enjoy 'em if it wasn't fer those little chocolate tablets."

An' she stepped on the gas an' down the road she went.

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MILLIONS like "those little chocolate tablets" not only for their delightful flavor—but for the important part they play in keeping them well.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At druggists—10c, 25c, 50c.

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Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH-41 P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# The Greatest Actress



ZaSu Pitts gave a fine performance as Lew Ayres' mother in "All Quiet." But a preview crowd tittered, and she was replaced

in Hollywood, says Von Stroheim, is ZaSu Pitts. But the audience laughs when she appears on the screen



Lew Ayres and the mother we saw on the screen, Beryl Mercer, in a scene from "All Quiet." She replaced ZaSu Pitts in the rôle

**E**RIC VON STROHEIM, whom Hollywood calls its greatest directorial genius (and then makes it hard for him to get a job) says that ZaSu Pitts is the greatest actress of the motion picture and one of its few great tragediennes.

Incidentally, and modestly, PHOTOPLAY proclaimed this ten years ago.

Backing up his judgment with action, Von Stroheim chose ZaSu for important rôles in his masterpieces, "Greed" and "The Wedding March."

But Hollywood persists in typing her as a comic.

Lewis Milestone chose her to play Lew Ayres' mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front." She gave a great performance. But she has played comedy parts so much that when "All Quiet" was previewed in a Los Angeles theater the audience tittered at her most tragic scenes. Panic-stricken, the producers retook all her scenes, using Beryl Mercer, a middle-aged character woman who is another great actress, in the part.

**W**HEN ZaSu Pitts came to Hollywood she was a funny looking girl who rode a bicycle and ate apples and didn't have any sex appeal. At least, that was the rumor around town.

She lived at the Studio Club and kept the girls there in hysterics whenever she moved those long hands of hers.

And then, one night, she met and danced with Tom Gallery and he thought she had sex appeal. The romance flourished and they were married.

Von Stroheim had never seen ZaSu. He didn't know that in the



The unforgettable beaten bride of "Greed"—the girl who triumphed in the limping "Wedding March"—the troupier who has stolen a hundred pictures from great stars—ZaSu Pitts. It's the sad and wistful face of a true tragedienne, yet audiences remember her comedy—and laugh!

stereotyped minds of the producers she was a comedienne. But had he known, he would not have cared a Teutonic toot.

In spite of all the mumblings of the producers—"that ridiculous Von Stroheim again, putting a comic in a dramatic rôle"—ZaSu was given the part of *Trina* in "Greed." It was during the time she worked for him that Von realized her sublimity as an actress.

"But," he said, "you've never seen her on the screen as I saw her. I consider that I've only made one real picture in my life and nobody saw that. Its poor, mangled, mutilated form you saw in a theater one evening and it was called 'Greed.'"

**T**HERE are a handful of men who still speak in hushed tones of a terrific experience that occurred to them in a projection room when the first cut of "Greed" was shown.

It ran for ten hours.

And it was in this picture, Von Stroheim's greatest, the picture you never saw, that ZaSu Pitts did the magnificent work you never saw.

"The average person thinks she is funny looking," says Von Stroheim. "I think she is beautiful, more beautiful than the famous beauties of the screen, for I have seen in her eyes all the vital forces of the universe and I have seen in her sensitive mouth all of the suppressions of humankind. I've seen her lifted to the heights of great acting. Art must weep when ZaSu Pitts plays a comedy rôle.

"She should not be in comedy for she is the greatest of all tragediennes."

# A letter



## from Oklahoma

## brought me

# this complexion news

I do get the warmest, friendliest, most interesting letters in answer to these Camay articles of mine.

Just this minute one came from Holdenville, Oklahoma. And it's such a *very* nice letter that I want to read snatches of it to all of you. After telling me that she started using Camay on the advice of a friend whose lovely, clear skin she had always envied, the writer says:

"You see, I am indoors and outdoors, in the sun and the dry prairie wind, and in the steamy kitchen. So it is a real problem to find a soap that will keep my skin clean and not dry it out too much.

"I don't care for 'perfume-y' soaps, but the delicate flower-scent of Camay is really most pleasing. I like Camay because it is pure and mild, and because it gives that delightful, dainty cleanliness that I love. In fact, I *like* Camay!"

And she adds: "Our whole family like Camay as well as I do. It is free-lathering, but hard-milled, so it is economical for the children (who belong to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Soap-Soakers) to use."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered about Camay is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of feminine complexions.

If you've read my earlier Camay articles, you'll remem-



ber that these physicians gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild soap—the right kind for even the most delicate complexions.

Those of us who have made our own discovery that Camay is the perfect soap for our complexions are highly pleased, I know, to have such authorities agree with us!

And those of you who have yet to make this important complexion discovery can feel equally important when you join *your* enthusiasm to the first scientific approval any soap ever had in all history!

Helen Chase

#### What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

**Face Your World With Loveliness**—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-41, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10c A CAKE

605 out of 613 important Hollywood actresses guard complexion beauty.... keep lovely with LUX Toilet Soap..10¢





# PHOTOPLAY

MAY

25 CENTS



MARLENE  
DIETRICH

**Mary Pickford  
n Facing Forty**

**How Norma Shearer  
Got What She Wanted**



# I made a speech



# to 468 girls

# and gave them the five rules of complexion beauty...



**Camay has been tested and approved by 75 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.**

### What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

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*John Allen Pusey*  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

**I** DON'T often go in for I stump-speaking. With my magazine and newspaper writing and my radio talks, I have my hands full.

But I made an exception this one time. The dean of a women's college wrote, asking me to help her convince her students that simple, natural beauty is the smartest, as well as the loveliest kind.

So I packed my five rules for beauty into my bag along with a creamy cake of my favorite Camay. And off I went.

Here are the rules I gave—rules every one of you should take to heart, if you want a lovely complexion:

**1. Cleanliness**—This truly is the first and most important step in any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are the *only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. To dermatologists, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water. And they say the soap is *very* important.

**2. Proper Diet**—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.

**3. Sleep**—an average of eight hours.

**4. Exercise**—walking, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active (this includes sweeping, don't forget that!).

**5. A Happy Frame of Mind**—throwing off your worries and keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

The first rule—cleanliness—is so important that I want you to remember it *particularly*. For, when I consulted 73 eminent dermatologists, I found that these physicians prescribed a thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the first and most important item in complexion care.

And now for the soap. These same physicians examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made exhaustive tests of Camay's effect on all the different kinds of skin. As a result, they gave Camay their unanimous approval as exactly the kind of soap they would recommend for even the most delicate complexions.

The dean writes me she has already noticed an improvement in the college complexion. With this assurance and the recommendation I just gave you, do you need any more convincing proof that here is the perfect soap for you?

*Helen Chase*

**Face Your World with Loveliness** is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-51, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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**Camay [Called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble soap—10¢ a cake**

A STAR OF THE STAGE  
AND SCREEN DISCOVERS

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"I DON'T like it. I don't like it at all! I admit I've noticed it before—but then there was only a faint trace of 'pink'. I knew I should have done something about it, then, right at the beginning.

"And my teeth have gone dull. They don't sparkle any more. They're dull now—sort of gray. Probably nobody will ever say nice things about my teeth again. Perhaps 'pink

tooth brush' has something to do with that.

"But somewhere—somewhere—I've heard how to stop this 'pink tooth brush' business—I remember—massage of the gums—with Ipana. Yes, Ipana. Thank goodness I thought of it. Because I can get some Ipana and start today—before rehearsals begin: I'll start it right now saying goodbye to old 'pink tooth brush'!"



"I don't like it  
—'pink tooth brush'  
—I don't like it at all!"



Better do more than look *worried* when there's "pink" on your brush. If you eat coarse foods, your gums would get all the exercise they need. But you eat delicious foods which melt in your mouth, and which give your gums none of the stimulation they require for healthy firmness. Circulation flags—and day by day the gums become softer, lazier, more tender.

And while the first trace of "pink" on your brush is nothing to get excited about, gums which continue to bleed are very likely victims to various gum disorders, such as gingivitis, or Vincent's disease—or even the less frequent but dread pyorrhea.

"Pink tooth brush," neglected can be responsible for the loss of the teeth's natural brilliancy—and may even lead to infection at the roots of your teeth. Then, of course, the dentist may have to extract teeth which today are perfectly sound.

Yet there's a simple, inexpensive way to check "pink tooth brush." Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those flabby, tender gums of yours.*

Ipana contains the important ziratol which so many modern dentists use for toning and stimulating unhealthy gums. Within a few days after you have begun to use Ipana with massage, your teeth will show a change. They're cleaner—and they have the brilliancy all healthy teeth should have. It may take longer before your gums show a difference. But within a month they will become firmer, harder, healthier than ever before.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-51  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE MOUTH



"MOROCCO," "THE BLUE ANGEL"—never before has anyone leaped into such instant popularity as glorious, glamorous Marlene Dietrich, "with the wisdom of the ages in her eyes."

VICTOR McLAGLEN  
MARLENE DIETRICH  
*in*  
**"Dishonored"**

Story and direction by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

To tell you the story would spoil it. It must be seen. So true to her part is Marlene Dietrich you live every minute of the picture. Vibrant, alive, telling—right to the end she carries you. And you go out of the theatre with the deep satisfaction that comes with leaving for a while your own life and experiencing the life of another. ¶ A typical Paramount production, which means—the cast is flawless, the story absorbing, the "atmosphere" authentic—unmistakably *A Paramount Picture* and "*the best show in town!*"

Paramount  Pictures

Paramount Publix Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 6

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

May, 1931



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

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



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# Brickbats & Bouquets

## You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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



### The \$25 Letter

SOME people do not approve of motion pictures. They claim they put ideas into our heads. They do! They have put a great many ideas into my head. When I see Norma Shearer I long to have a little of her sophistication—to be able to wear clothes like that wonderful actress, Joan Crawford, and have some of her poise. I wish I had half the vitality that bubbles forth from Clara Bow and if I could only look as sweet and have such a sunny smile as Marilyn Miller, and have the charming little-girl voice of Una Merkel, how happy I would be. I see the goodness in the world in Garbo's eyes. I only hope that I can grow old as beautifully as Irene Dunne in that marvelous picture, "Cimarron," and have the loyalty of the little negro boy.

These are the "ideas" I get from the movies.

GENEVIEVE HARTMAN,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

### The \$10 Letter

EPICS have their place in the movie world—so have "artistic productions." But the good old stand-bys are comedies and stories of young love, Westerns and the like. I may be over-enthusiastic, but there seems to have been an upward trend in the quality of productions during the past season.

WILLIAM R. BATTY,  
Middletown, Conn.

### The \$5 Letter

#### A MOVIE FAN'S PRAYER

LORD, I would like to have:  
The eyes of Claudette Colbert—  
The lashes of Joan Crawford—  
The hair of Jeanette MacDonald—  
The teeth of Dorothy Mackaill—  
The nose of Gloria Swanson—  
The style of Kay Francis—  
The charm of Marlene Dietrich—

"HELP! Help!" These cries come from Cal York, who has been given a black eye this month for the "ungentlemanly" stand he took toward the Brooklyn Bonfire. Several of the letters shake hands with him, but the majority—and that means multitudes—insist they are NOT fed-up with Clara and when "Kick In" comes to town they'll be lined up at the box-office.

The Divine Garbo charmed again in "Inspiration" but the picture was badly panned. The fans make impassioned pleas for happier endings to her stories and stronger heroes. Montgomery, they say, is not the type at all to play opposite their Queen. "Why not John Gilbert or Paul Lukas?" they ask.

The Dietrich devotees increased in numbers after seeing her in "Dishonored," but here, again, the picture did not always please.

Chaplin's "City Lights" was well worth waiting for, say all. And the word "genius" appears with surprising frequency in all the letters about it. However, the popularity of the talkies is not imperiled.

Mary and Doug have the fans a bit bewildered. They can't quite make up their minds if they approve of their departure from the old established path. "Reaching for the Moon" they do not feel was a fine enough vehicle for Doug. Mary, in "Kiki," they admire tremendously, but they shed a tear that the "sweet" Mary is no more. They could do with another "Coquette."

"East Lynne" has captured the popular fancy as no picture has in a long while, and the fans rave over Ann Harding's performance. A new star, Elissa Landi, comes in for lots of praise for her work in "Body and Soul." "Millie" with Helen Twelvetrees was a big success. The fans like her. The Constance Bennett admirers were strong for "The Easiest Way." Everyone is still raving over "Cimarron." They've seen it two and three times. Ruth Chatterton's "Unfaithful" disappointed, but the fans don't blame Ruth. She's given them too many good ones. Better luck next time!

The fans are all set for a good musical comedy. They still deplore gang pictures. They complain about the short subjects—and away with advertising campaigns!

The poise of Lilyan Tashman—  
The personality of Greta Garbo—  
The pep of Clara Bow—  
The voice of Ruth Chatterton—  
The sweetness of Norma Shearer—  
The grace of Loretta Young—  
Forever 'n' ever, Amen!

NORMA M. HALE,  
Jackson, Miss.

### Random Opinions

THE marriage of Charles Farrell to Virginia Valli means that he and Janet have buried themselves professionally with the movie fans. From now on they'll be "dead issues."

M. CLARK,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fox have a real find in Elissa Landi. She gave a wonderful performance in "Body and Soul."

MRS. D.,  
Toledo, Ohio

We want to see Paul Lukas play with Greta Garbo and not a baby like Robert Montgomery.

VIVA LOCKER,  
Paducah, Ky.

If Dorothy Jordan keeps up the good work, all the other actresses are going to fade into the background.

DORIS BAILARD,  
Gorham, N. H.

Garbo is walking Drama itself; and I congratulate the company who had the foresight to buy "Grand Hotel" for her. Only Greta could "put over" the rôle of the dancer in this wonderful play.

L. E. ELLIS,  
Parchman, Miss.

Marlene Dietrich has everything that Garbo has and something else besides—Humor!

CORAL WINTER,  
Vancouver, B. C.

Gary Cooper is the most romantic male on the American screen today. He is a second Wally Reid.

FLORENCE,  
St. Louis, Mo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]



# BEBE DANIELS



## "My Past"

*The tell-tale autobiography  
of DORA MACY'S life!*

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!

BEN LYON  
LEWIS STONE  
JOAN BLONDELL  
NATALIE MOORHEAD

Screen adaptation and dialogue  
by Charles Kenyon

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

**A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE**

# The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

Robert Montgomery has all the quaint charm of Wally Reid—plus a beautiful voice and the ability to seem natural in any rôle he plays. I predict he will be the screen's most popular male star.

VERLA JENKINS,  
Tacoma, Wash.

In "Stolen Heaven" Nancy Carroll acted and screamed all over the place. Restraint is what she needs to learn.

RAY HAR,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have never been an admirer of Marion Davies until I saw her in "The Bachelor Father," but in this enjoyable picture, Marion's charm completely won me.

CLYDEON MOTE,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Paul Lukas is the dashing, vivid type that we American girls love. Let's see a lot of him.

MURIEL BOUSSUM,  
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Billie Dove, though exceedingly beautiful, can't act worth a cent. She just looks pretty while her supporting cast does all the acting.

SELMA WELLS,  
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Joan Crawford has all the dignity, brains, sophistication, poise and charm which go to make up our ideal for the modern woman.

LYDIA BENNETT,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

"Cimarron" is to the talkies what "The Birth of a Nation" was to the silent screen.

F. C. POWELL,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

We Gilbert fans are waiting for the "John Gilbert Special" to pull in. We cannot forget Jack's charming manners and splendid acting of former days.

ALICE HENLE,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

To see Greta mothering poor little Robert Montgomery in "Inspiration" was indeed a pathetic sight.

PAUL S. DIAL,  
Covington, Va.

Why don't we see more of Lily Damita? I think she's swell!

JOHN FINBERG,  
Akron, Ohio

I hope this Garbo-Dietrich war is soon quieted down. Neither of them can compare to Clara Bow and Joan Crawford.

JOAN JOYCE,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

All the praise that has gone to Constance Bennett should really be given to her sister, Joan. She outshines Constance every time.

VIVIAN D. SUMMERS,  
Swink, Colo.

If you were to take a vote on the stars that give you most laughs for your money, you would find out that Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner would be far ahead of everyone.

R. W. MAGEE,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ann Harding has everything anyone could possibly desire in an actress, but why doesn't she change her coiffure? It attracts attention but does not charm.

MRS. A. W. EVANS,  
Bloomsburg, Penna.

Give us something new and interesting in the talkies—and not a lot of made-over silent pictures.

E. P. ARNOT,  
Exeter, Neb.

## Clara Bow

Thank goodness there's somebody who'll stand up and speak his mind regarding Clara Bow. We are fed up with her; I have been for the past two years. After each escapade the magazines usually dash to her rescue with some sob story. She's had enough of this sympathy stuff.

MISS BILLE R. DAVIS

That article in the March PHOTOPLAY about Clara Bow seems to me to be going just a bit too far. I only know about a hundred thousand people who are NOT fed up with Clara. I attended her trial and anyone could see that she's just a big-hearted kid.

R. E. LA MON

## "Dishonored"

I have a feeling that Marlene Dietrich is being directed to death. "Dishonored" was so far-fetched and elaborate a story, it was hard to tell if Miss Dietrich could act or not. But

# You Know the Stars!

Capitalize your knowledge of the picture favorites. In the past seven years PHOTOPLAY has distributed \$35,000 in cash among 370 of its readers.

That slice of wealth has paid for college educations, helped buy homes, enabled many to see the world. Now PHOTOPLAY prepares to cut another \$5,000 melon.

Read the details in this issue. Turn to page 36.

then, she's so good to hear and see, what's the difference? If her director would pay more attention to story and less to directing, we might get a chance to find out.

S. S.,  
New York City.

## Chaplin

I have just seen a real star make a superb picture out of mediocre material—Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights." The audience howled with laughter at his antics and wept softly as the picture drew to a close, showing the pathos of the little figure Chaplin has so realistically created.

DOROTHY RAIFER,  
Philadelphia, Penna.

Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" bears the imprint of the highest technical and artistic skill, but the stamp of genius is most certainly lacking. We felt entitled to something greater

considering the time and effort Chaplin spent on this picture.

S. C.,  
Santa Monica, Calif.

## Garbo

"Inspiration" as a picture, was a flop. But Garbo! Just another triumph for this great lady. For who but the glorious Garbo could carry such a bad production and put it over?

LEONA ANDREWS,  
LaFayette, Ind.

## Mary Pickford

Oh, Mary, Mary! You've let us down badly. "Kiki" is not your type of part. You did your best to be convincing, but we just can't accept you in this one. Bring us back some of the sweetness that we've come to expect from you. Make another "Coquette."

OLGA LARSEN,  
St. Paul, Minn.

Welcome a new Mary Pickford! I didn't think you could do it, Mary. You were just too cute for words in "Kiki." And that French accent! More, please.

BETTY JAMES,  
Long Branch, N. J.

## Garbo-Dietrich

Garbo carries us away from our modern, humdrum existence to a dream world. She expresses all the hopes, dreams and poetic longings we are unable to express ourselves.

"There is no one beside thee,  
And no one above thee,  
Thou standest alone  
As the nightingale sings."

THELMA HOLLAND,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dietrich is superior to Garbo in everything. She has twice the looks, twice the acting ability and an utterly charming talking and singing voice that Garbo can never aspire to.

BETTY FERGUSON,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## "Millie"

"Millie" was certainly a wonderful picture. Helen Twelvetrees deserves much credit for the splendid work she gave us.

MRS. G. W. BURROUGH,  
Clyde, Ohio

I have just seen "Millie" and of all the wash-outs, Helen Twelvetrees included, this is the worst.

About fifteen years elapse during the picture and everyone is dressed in the height of fashion of today in the beginning, as they are at the end of the picture. Why not be logical in the movies?

MRS. A. STREETT,  
St. Louis, Mo.

## Joan or Anita?

After seeing the glorious youthful roundness of Anita Page's figure in "Reducing" I decided then and there to be done with this dieting. May the movies give us more of these glowing specimens of girlhood!

RUTH COLVIN,  
West Hollywood, Calif.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]





# "B.O." cheated her out (Body Odor) of popularity...

*until she finally learned that perspiration need never offend*

**P**RETTY, gay, marvelous dancer—she should have been the hit of any party. *But she wasn't!* Why? Everyone else knew. Only she was unsuspecting.

Luckily though, her new sister-in-law was very frank. There's no "B.O."—*body odor*—to mar this girl's attractiveness now. She knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

• • •

What a giveaway "B.O." is! Treacherous! Always betraying, but never warning the offender.

Don't be deceived. We can't tell when

we're guilty because our sense of smell becomes deadened to an ever-present odor. But even when we don't seem to perspire, pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing waste daily.

Play safe—bathe with Lifebuoy. Its mild, antiseptic lather purifies pores deeply—prevents embarrassing odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're cleaner, *safer*, with Lifebuoy.

### *Complexions grow lovelier*

Lifebuoy's bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with clear, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



**Lifebuoy**  
SHAVING  
CREAM

Tender spots from shaving vanish like magic when you use this new double-dense, soothing lather.  
*At your druggist's*

# Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

**AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

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

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

**ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

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

**ARE YOU THERE?**—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

**ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

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

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

**BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

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

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

**CAPTAIN APPLEJACK**—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the niece girl. (Nov.)

**CAPTAIN THUNDER**—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Vareoni is the dashing Captain and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

**CAT CREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

**COLLEGE LOVERS**—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Baneroff and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

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

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

**DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## DID YOU KNOW

That dozens of the stars, who appear to us so glamorous and carefree,

## ARE AFRAID?

Next month Ruth Biery, PHOTOPLAY staff writer, will tell you about the terrors that beset the players. The story is called "Hollywood's Age of Fear," and it's one of the most revealing stories in many months. Just one of the treats you'll find

in the June issue of  
**PHOTOPLAY**

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

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

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with Kingfish and the Fresh Air Taxi! Dis an entertainment! (Dec.)

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

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



BEN LYON



# THE HOT HEIRESS



What would you do with a lover who was an expert at slinging rivets but who bungled his forks at the Ritz? , ,

Suppose you were a Park Avenue debutante . . . and some husky brute of an ironworker was mean enough to spoil your beauty sleep by pounding rivets right outside your bedroom window . . . and then you saw he was big and strong and handsome . . . and Oh! look out — he's falling — falling in love with you!

See what charming Ona Munson does when Park and Third Avenues meet! It's her newest, biggest part and you're going to like this rising young star.

**BEN LYON**  
**ONA MUNSON**  
**WALTER PIDGEON**  
**TOM DUGAN, INEZ COURTNEY**

*Original Story by Herbert Fields*

*Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart*

*Directed by CLARENCE BADGER*

*"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corp.*



**A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE**

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

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

**DOORWAY TO HELL, THE**—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

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

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

**DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION**—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

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

**EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

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

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

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

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

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

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

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

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

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

**GOING WILD**—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

**GORILLA, THE**—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

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

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

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

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

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigaretlet (Dec.)

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

★ **HIER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—Frankie and her erring *Johnnie* further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**HIER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

**HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (NAR ROSORNA SLA UT)**—Paramount.—Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (April)

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

**HOOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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# Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

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**SHEARER**

in  
**STRANGERS**

**MAY  
KISS**



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.



To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

**S**HE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**  
NEIL HAMILTON MARJORIE RAMBEAU  
and IRENE RICH

Directed by  
**GEORGE FITZMAURICE**



Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.



Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

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

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

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

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

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

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

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

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

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

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

**LASH, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

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

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

**L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES**—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

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

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

★ **LILLOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging Lillom, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

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

**LITTLE CAESAR**—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

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

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

**LONESOME TRAIL, THE**—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

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

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

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

**LOVE TRADER, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

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

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

Educational Pictures . . .	Page 109
First National Pictures . . .	Page 11
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . .	Page 14
Paramount Pictures . . .	Page 4
Radio Pictures . . . . .	Page 107
Warner Bros. . . . .	Page 7

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

**MAN TO MAN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MIN AND BILL**—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gaged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

**MISBEHAVING LADIES**—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantment, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

**MOTHERS CRY**—First National.—A best-seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

**NOLIMIT**—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March.)

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

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

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

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

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

**OTHER MEN'S WOMEN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway.") Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead-bound for the hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

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

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

**PAY OFF, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

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

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

**PLAYBOY OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (Nov.)

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

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

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

**REDUCING**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENEGADES**—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March.)

**RIDIN' FOOL, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

**RIGHT TO LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood hero-story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROYAL BED, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

**SANTA FE TRAIL, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

**SCANDAL SHEET**—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

**SEA GOD, THE**—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

**SEA LEGS**—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

**SECOND HONEYMOON, THE**—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March.)

**SEE AMERICA THIRST**—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

**SHADOW RANCH**—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

## What a Story!

Every now and then, out of the hundreds of manuscripts that pour into the PHOTOPLAY offices, we pluck a fiction story so thrilling, so romantic, so exciting that we can't help shouting about it. Such a story is

### "Pale Hands I Loved"

written by Margaret E. Sangster, one of the most brilliant of the younger tale-tellers. You'll be as crazy about it as we are! Watch for "Pale Hands I Loved" in the June issue of

## PHOTOPLAY

On sale everywhere May 15

**SILVER HORDE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

**SINGLE SIN, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

**SIN SHIP, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

**SIT TIGHT**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

**SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)**—Tobis.—Skillful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

**SPURS**—Universal.—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

**SQUEALER, THE**—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

**STOLEN HEAVEN**—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

**STORM OVER ASIA**—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (Nov.)

**STORM, THE**—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

**SUNRISE TRAIL, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March.)

**SUSPENSE**—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE**—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM**—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

**THIRD ALARM, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

**THOROUGHbred, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

**THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS**—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)

**3 GIRLS LOST**—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

**TODAY**—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March.)

**TWO WORLDS**—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

**UNDER MONTANA SKIES**—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]





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

**T**HIS new and revolutionary discovery by Pepsodent proves how far science has advanced in the past decade in its fight against dangerous germs. Fifty years ago little was known about bacteria, hence little could be done in our effort to destroy them. Today, with the discovery of the powerful Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash, we stand far better equipped."

Those are the words of a distinguished scientist after completing laboratory tests on this far-reaching new discovery. Some of America's leading bacteriological laboratories duplicate his work and find the same phenomenal results. That is impressive proof of its superiority.

### From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats bad breath immediately.

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

### Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent

Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

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

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

### Checks bad breath

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

### At your druggist's—today

Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

### Consult Your Dentist, Physician

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



\*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

**COSTS MUCH LESS**

# Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

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

# Hollywood tells some

# BEAUTY SECRETS



Fay Wray steams her hair over a bowl of hot water, to bring out the wave. Even very straight hair will sometimes respond to this treatment. While the hair is still moist and warm from the steam, comb and pat it into soft waves and curls

**Y**OU straight-haired girls who long for natural curls—I wonder if you realize that Garbo, to whom every adjective in praise of feminine good looks has been applied, has made of her straight hair one of her greatest assets?

You girls whose figures are not as perfect as you would have them, whose teeth need the attention of a dentist—how much you can learn from Norma Shearer!

You discouraged girls who write me for a word of advice and at the same time tell me that you know you can't be helped, that you are "just hopeless" as far as looks are concerned. Why don't you stop thinking vaguely about this much talked of subject, feminine beauty, and get it down to a practical basis?

You will remember that a few months ago the newspapers featured a list of the six most beautiful women of the screen as selected by a well-known British painter and photographer of beautiful women. He chose Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Lilyan Tashman, Marion Davies and Ina Claire.

If you want to know what physical obstacles Norma Shearer had to overcome before she could be included in such a list you need only turn to Katherine Albert's story (in this issue) of Norma's never-ending struggle for screen success. Read it right now, and then turn back to this one. You will be more in the mood to appreciate how much of beauty is made, not born.

In spite of Greta Garbo's straight-as-a-stick hair, girls (and men, too) speculate eagerly about each forthcoming Garbo picture, wondering what new style of hairdressing she will create and whether it will be as becoming as previous ones.

If she didn't have straight hair that adapted itself to the whims and waves of the hairdresser she could not have achieved

the variety of effects that have helped to give charm to her rôles. Her most famous hairdress, the Garbo long bob, was possible only because her hair could be brushed down straight and sleek and the ends curled out carelessly for contrast.

In naming Ina Claire, the British artist said she "typifies gayety, youth, laughter." Think of that, you girls who are approaching or already in your middle thirties and concerned with wrinkles and graying hair.

**M**ISS CLAIRE, too, has left the "glowing twenties" behind her. She served the legitimate stage well for many years before she became a screen star. She has worked hard, in a difficult profession, and faced many disappointments. Yet she was chosen as one of the beauties of the films because of her joy in living, which is reflected in her face. It is that attitude that has helped to keep her eyes clear and shining, her complexion more flawless than that of most sixteen-year-olds, her figure young and supple.

Marion Davies, also, was chosen because of her vividness and vivacity, rather than for outstanding physical perfection. Lilyan Tashman's features and figure are lovely. But the air of distinction she has cultivated, the carriage she has achieved, the flair for style she has constantly developed, have been far more important in registering her as an outstanding beauty.

And then there's Marlene Dietrich. Study her nose in profile. Many of my readers have wept bitter tears over more nearly perfect noses. But Miss Dietrich, too, gives an illusion of beauty that is far more compelling than absolute physical perfection.

Now, let's talk about some of the methods by which the stars achieve beauty and keep it. Many of these cherished "beauty secrets" are simple formulas that any girl can follow. That's why I want to share them with you.

Gloria Swanson, who has held her place as one of the most attractive women of the screen, has what she calls a "luxury bath" after her regular bath. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

**A**RE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

# If You Were a Screen Star

## Your Make-Up Would Be Max Factor's

*Although Stardom May Be Just a Cherished Dream... the Ravishing Beauty, the Alluring Charm You've Longed for May Now Be a Reality*

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius Explains How You Can Realize Your Dream of Beauty with an Entirely New Kind of Make-Up

In Hollywood, make-up means so much... more than the enhancement of beauty... more than just a puff of powder or a pat of rouge. It means the study of types... of personalities... of individual complexion colorings. The reward is a new beauty... even a new personality... alluring, magnetic, fascinating... like an artist's vision of feminine loveliness given the vibrant animation of life.

For more than twenty years now, it has been Max Factor's honor to create make-up for the famous stars of the screen. And as the glorious beauty of your favorite star flashes on the screen, you see the matchless artistry of make-up by Max Factor, for in all Hollywood Studios... in all the thrilling pictures of the year... Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively. An amazing achievement... awarded notable recognition by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Now you are invited to share the magic make-up secrets of the motion picture world.

Based on his revolutionary discovery, cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor has created Society Make-Up for every woman, for every day... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow... a sensation in Hollywood, for street and social use.

The magic secret is a color harmony ensemble in make-up for your individual type... to exactly blend with your complexion colorings, whatever your variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead

Natural color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, etc... created to living screen star types. Matchless in their perfection of luminous depth of color, in delicacy of velvety texture. Proved perfect by famous screen stars whose beauty is a thrill to millions. And now for you, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up, in exact harmony with your complexion colorings. You'll discover the one way to develop your beauty... the charm and magnetism of your personality to the utmost. Mail the courtesy coupon now.



Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Make-Up by Max Factor

Marion Davies, who never even thinks of using any but Max Factor's Make-Up says in a note to Max Factor:

"In the make-up ensemble, as in the costume ensemble, each essential must be in color harmony to create a becoming effect... and this I believe, is the secret of your Society Make-Up."

### Max Factor's Society Make-Up "Cosmetics of the Stars" HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1931 Max Factor

Marion Davies approves the lovely natural color imparted by Max Factor's rouge!



**MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS**  
 Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-5-38  
 Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents (stamps or coin) to cover postage and handling.

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC  
THE QUICK DEODORANT

# DO YOU KNOW THAT LISTERINE

... removes loose dandruff?  
... ends scalp irritation?  
... sets a finger wave?  
... combats oily condition?

If you are bothered with scalp irritation, itching, falling hair, loose dandruff, try Listerine as a part of the regular shampoo or independent of it. Douse it on full strength and massage the scalp vigorously. You will be delighted by results. Many thousands of men and women have ended minor scalp troubles by this pleasant treatment. We print below some of the many letters we have received from those whom Listerine has benefitted. Read them. They may suggest a solution for your trouble. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

### Ended Dandruff Permanently

I have thick, curly hair and have always been troubled with dandruff and dry, itching scalp. I disliked to wear dark gowns because the dandruff would fall on the neck and shoulders and I was embarrassed by having the loose particles show in my hair.

One day a friend and I were preparing for a party and she offered to shampoo my hair for me. I noticed a bottle of Listerine in her medicine cabinet, but when she took it out and started to pour some on my scalp I protested. And then she told me how much it had helped her. She explained that she not only used it when she shampooed her hair, but also when she did not have time for a thorough washing she would rub a little on her scalp with the finger-tips and, after a few minutes' massage and a brisk brushing, her hair would look lovely and glossy. I was skeptical, but decided that trying one more product could not make matters any worse.

Now I am one of Listerine's most enthusiastic boosters. It cannot, in my opinion, be duplicated by the use of any

other so-called dandruff remover. It is not just a temporary cure; it *really destroys dandruff definitely.*

Sincerely yours,  
DORIS MACDONALD,  
Bywood, Pa.

### Beauty Expert Likes It

For a number of years I worked in one of the best beauty shops in our city as an operator. We prided ourselves in our shampoos, and always used a lotion to loosen the dandruff and foreign matter before beginning a shampoo. Later I opened a shop of my own and wished to give the same kind of shampoos as I had in the other shop. I could not use the lotion as it was sold at wholesale prices to members of that particular organization only.

I overcame that obstacle as I remembered the sameness in the odor of that lotion and Listerine. Having seen your advertisements, I immediately stocked my

shop with Listerine. I am ready to tell everyone that my shampoos were just as popular and effective as any expensive shampoo on the market.

I know from my experience that no one can go wrong by using Listerine before a shampoo for the correction of dandruff and that tingly, new feeling the scalp has after use.

Yours truly,  
MARY DUKE,  
Wichita, Kansas

### Restored Hair Beauty

I am a teacher and am constantly in chalk dust and imagine the state of health my scalp is—or was—in. My desk is directly under the ventilator, too, which means added dust. Listerine has been a boon to me, and has restored my hair to its former sheen and feeling of well-being.

Sincerely,  
HELEN E. HAIGHT,  
Austin, Pa.





Hurrell

**H**ERE he is—the toast of tea parties and the pet of pretty picture-goers from Coast to Coast. Yes, and the men like him too! Robert Montgomery's brief film career has been a big parade of personal hits—and now he delivers another knockout opposite Norma Shearer in her new "Strangers May Kiss"



**F**OR two years Virginia Cherrill had been working in a picture before her pretty face was seen on the shadow stage! That's because it took Chaplin that long to make "City Lights," in which she plays his little blind sweetheart. Then followed her first talkie rôle in the gay Fox comedy, "Girls Demand Excitement"



Bruno

**D**O you recognize in this vivid photograph the harum-scarum heroine of Harold Lloyd's two latest comedies, "Safety Last" and "Feet First"? Yep—it's Barbara Kent herself. Babs is now over on the Gloria Swanson set, where she plays the gorgeous one's sister in her newest talkie comedy, titled "Obey That Impulse"



WE'LL stand right up in meeting and state that nobody in pictures is doing any more consistently good work than Barbara Stanwyck, who first bowled us over in "Ladies of Leisure" and won us all over again in "Illicit." Barbara's latest is "Night Nurse," and are we going to rush to see it!



# BRUCK-WEISS Designers Create their Originals over GOSSARD Corseted Models



Bruck-Weiss designers insist that the mannequins upon which they drape their original designs, wear Gossard foundations. Months in advance, Gossard figure garments inspire the designers to achieve the smart lines for which Bruck-Weiss costumes are so justly famous. In the charming atmosphere of the Bruck-Weiss Salon, fashionable New York social personages select their gowns and wraps with confidence that comes with complete fashion assurance—experienced by those clever women who have worn Bruck-Weiss creations.

## GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

The picturesque dropped-shoulder capelet and wide cuffs of Alençon lace over beige Ninon, are dyed red to match the diaphanous chiffon of the skirt. A Bruck-Weiss gown that effectively combines romanticism and modernism—for its moulded lines are taken from the Gossard foundation garments. The Step-in of French hand-loomed elastic, shaped and woven in France to Gossard's pattern, tapers the figure from waist to thigh. Matching peach-tinted Skinner's satin decorates—and re-enforces the front ... *Model 2228*

The exquisite uplift-brassiere of net lined peach lace and Skinner's satin moulds the bust to a youthful line . . . . . *Model 1211*





# The ? in Marriage

## Need Dishwashing make her Hands UGLY?

Even on her wedding day she wonders . . . "Will dishwashing steal away charm . . . leave my smooth young hands workworn?"

Recently nearly 2,000 young BRIDES in 11 large cities told us how they plan to meet this vexing

problem. *95 out of every 100 agreed!*

"Yes, we're going to wash dishes," these charmingly vivid girls said. "But we'll *never* have 'dishpan hands' . . . we *needn't*, with Lux in the house.

"We've always washed our fine things in Lux; noticed how softly white our hands looked afterward. We're trusting Lux to keep our hands lovely in spite of dishwashing, too!"

### Beauty Experts

Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say: "Lux in the dishpan keeps your

hands as beautifully cared for as those of the woman with maids."

Yet this tender care for your hands costs so little! **LESS** than 1¢ a day!



LUX FOR DISHES . . . *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

May, 1931

# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK

**D**URING a radio talk a few days ago, I made a casual reference to the response accorded a story in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY. The story was about Roseoe Arbuckle. It was entitled "Just Let Me Work." We have already received two thousand letters from men and women who want to see Arbuckle given a chance to earn a living. Poor Fatty, declared innocent by a jury of his peers, has suffered enough.

But the good elub women and organized professional reformers who stoned him into oblivion show no signs of putting into practice the precepts they mouth so glibly on Sabbath morn.



left the town flat over a year ago, and with Robert Flaherty, who made "Moana" and "Nauook of the North," sailed away for the South Seas in his own sixty-five foot sailing ship. There they made "Tabu," with natives of the remote island of Bora Bora as actors. Only genius could overcome all the difficulties they encountered. It took them four months to find natives who could play the leading rôles.

Back in Hollywood they got together with a man equally talented in his own line, and Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld composed and synchroized the sound and musical score which added immeasurably to the value of their picture.

**I**T all depends on where you sit! While America raved about Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," and Gary Cooper and his admirers moaned about his being relegated to the rear for the new star, a different story is being told abroad.

My slenths in Copenhagen, Denmark, report that the delectable Dietrich is mildly though respectfully received in "Morocco," but that Gary Cooper and his work in the picture simply have the Danes winging. In fact, he practically monopolizes the interest in the film.

Read this, Gary old boy, and cheer up!

**F**AREWELL, Murnau. Well done. Your friends, the art, and the motion picture public of the world will miss you. A gallant soldier in war, an outstanding genius in peace, Germany should be proud of you as a warrior, as an artist, and as the noble gentleman that you were.

**S**EE his last picture, "Tabu," just released. Satiated with what he felt was the artificiality of Hollywood, Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh,"

**F**REE, proud souls, the two men that made this picture. See "Tabu," or never again complain about screen clap-trap. And when you see it, note the musical theme where the native chief appears ominously at the door of the hut in which the lovers are living. He symbolized doom, and at that point, Murnau suggested to Reisenfeld that he use Schubert's "Death and the Maiden."

"Death," said Murnau, "can be as beautiful as life."

It was not long after his return from the South Seas that Murnau was killed instantly when his automobile fell over a cliff in one of the most beautiful spots in all California.

**H**ARRISON CARROLL, Hollywood's prattler, tells the one about the easting director on his deathbed. He insisted on picking his own pallbearers, and named six.

"But what about So-and-So?" someone asked. "He's one of your dearest friends."

"Yeah, but he won't do. He's too short," said the easting director, "not the type."

**DIRECTOR NORMAN TAUROG** was giving instructions to five-year-old Robert Coogan, brother of Jackie, who is playing in "Skippy."

"Hardboiled, Bobby! We want a hardboiled expression. If you give us a real hardboiled look, I'll give you a quarter."

"Say, Mr. Director, for ten dollars I could look as hardboiled as a gangster," Master Robert retorted.

Paramount is making every effort to sign Robert to a contract. But Mother and Father Coogan are demurring about one so young being an actor! However, if the proper price is reached, we suspect that the Jackie-of-yesterday will have a rival in Robert-of-today.

**FLIES**—common, ordinary house flies—cost studios thousands of dollars every year. In two ways:

No. 1—Flies buzz. Microphones pick up buzzing. So it happens that in some nice, quiet love scene, a fly carries on too close to the mike. When the thing is developed and projected, it comes out: "Darl-z-z-z-z-love you buzzzzzz will buzzzzzz be my buzzzzzzzzzzz..." So they have to shoot the scene over and charge up the bad "take" to loss.

No. 2—Flies get on people. Behold a close-up of a pretty star, emoting. Comes a fly and lights on star's nose. Looks like a horsefly on the screened close-up. Annoys star. Costs money for retakes.

In vain efforts to avoid fly-trouble, studios go to great lengths. They have fly-chasers, who, armed with swatters and squirt guns, try to keep flies off the sets. But it's a hopeless task—and since the hot, bright lights and the smell of greasepaint seems to attract them, flies will continue to cost studios money.

**ACCORDING** to *The Film Mercury*, a Hollywood linguist is a yes-man who can nod his head to a question in any language.

**THE** wheel of fortune has spun round again, and a flock of silent stars are making comebacks in the talkies!

Take Greta Nissen—and who wouldn't? Her last film job was in the silent version of "Hell's Angels," which was scrapped. Now she's the joy of the Fox lot, with much expected of her in "Women of All Nations," with McLaglen and Lowe.

Mae Murray has been playing the lead in "Bachelor Apartment" at Radio Pictures. Director Lowell Sherman found she was just the type. Laura LaPlante reappeared in "Lonely Wives." So did Patsy Ruth Miller.

Others who have turned up in the light of the Kliegs in the past few months are Clara Kimball Young, William Farnum, Esther Ralston, Mary Alden, Thomas Meighan, Bryant Washburn and Monte Blue.

There's a long, long trail a-winding. And it always seems to lead right back to the studios!

**CECIL DE MILLE** says the shortest dialogue is the best.

"'Yes' and 'No,'" says De Mille, "are one-word lines of dramatic value."

Especially "Yes," Mr. De Mille?

**"SLEEP-N-EAT"** is the only actor on the screen who admits lack of ambition! He's the colored boy whom Gaylord Lloyd, brother of Harold, discovered asleep on a Los Angeles curb and put to work in brother's "Feet First."

When "Sleep-n-Eat," as everyone calls him, walks, he crawls; when he sits down, he falls instantly asleep.

He was working on "The Virtuous Husband" with Betty Compson and Elliott Nugent.

"Don't you ever get despondent?" Nugent asked him.

"Despon-dent. What's that?" he drawled.

"Low. Feeling so blue you'd like to shoot yourself."

"Sleep-n-Eat" shook his head. "Colored man never gets like that. When white man sits down and thinks and thinks and thinks and thinks how bad things is, he just naturally gets up and shoots hisself. When colored man sits down and thinks and thinks and thinks how bad things is, he just naturally goes to sleep."

**ONE** of the greatest teachers of surgery who ever lived was the late Dr. W. S. Halstead, of Johns Hopkins Medical School. During the years that he was turning out capable young surgeons he continually adjured his students to "handle healthy tissues carefully."

Why wouldn't this advice extend to those writing lads to whom they turn over good healthy stories for screen adaptation?

**THE** late Milton Sills was considered one of the world's greatest masters of chess. His favorite lark was to play the game blindfolded. He was never beaten.

**TOPSY-TURVY** racket, these movies—

One of the biggest musical comedy successes of films was "Rio Rita." The star was Bebe Daniels, who came from silent films.

Now comes Irene Dunne, star of the musical comedy stage. She makes her great hit in "Cimarron," which has no more music in it than a lawn mower at seven A.M.

**TALKING** of titles—First National has titled the new Bebe Daniels picture "Woman of the World." And William Powell's most recent Paramount film is called "Man of the World."

**WARNING!**

Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers is taking singing lessons from ex-President de la Huerta of Mexico, who has become a voice maestro in Los Angeles.

And they threw things at poor Rudy Vallée!



Lights! Camera!  
Ready!

THE lens catches perfectly that breathless moment on the talkie set when cameras and microphones are attuned and the director is about to demand action! William Powell and Olive Tell ready for a scene for his new "Ladies' Man."

# The Girls Aren't Speaking! Read



The battle is on! In this corner—Lilyan Tashman, who graduated from the “Follies” to big film parts. Lilyan has made herself a great social success in Hollywood—wears the right clothes, says the right thing. Then Constance Bennett entered—wow!

## Connie &

By

Katherine Albert

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Lilyan Tashman don't speak to each other.

One of the reasons is that Lilyan Tashman has been called “the best dressed woman in Hollywood.” And Constance Bennett has been called “the best dressed woman in Hollywood.” Lilyan Tashman is a reigning beauty. So is Constance Bennett. And the good old mountains of Kentucky have nothing on a couple of reigning beauties when it comes to feuds. No suh, stranger!

The beauty-of-the-moment racket is one of the best organized, politically sound campaigns in the film center. And don't let anybody tell you that, in the sprawly little town of Hollywood, everything is all Goodness and Light. It isn't. There are circles within circles, wheels within wheels.

Now let us see what the requirements for these spectacular, gorgeous, magnificent women are. Here is what a beauty should do. She should:

Appear not less than three times a week at the Embassy Club for luncheon.

Never miss a Mayfair party.

Go to every big première that's staged.

Wear beautiful, spectacular clothes and own a chinchilla or a sable-trimmed ermine wrap.

BE gay, debonaire and collect a lot of *beaux*. Go to all Hollywood parties to which she's invited and manage to wangle invitations to those she's not.

Freeze out all other reigning beauties.

Attract attention.

Now for the business of attracting attention. Lilyan Tashman is an excellent example. She was, as you know, a Follies girl, like a good many others who came to Hollywood. She succeeded where others failed, because she used her head for something besides a place to perch her hat.

She definitely set out to be smart, sophisticated and socially prominent. She succeeded on all three counts. Now when she makes her appearance at public functions, she causes that little ripple of interest, that breathless hush that is the entrance music of a reigning beauty.

Lilyan goes to the Embassy Club the proper number of times. *She has never been seen there in the same dress twice!* She entertains at her table only the best people, and her group is invariably the center of attraction partly because they make so much noise. Lilyan projects her ego. She is one of the few in the colony who own real chinchilla coats. She also makes a fad of wearing nude colored evening gowns because she says that shade is by far the most exciting, the most spectacular and the most interesting color.

But she does more than this. She has a knack of saying

# About the Current Battle Between

## Lilyan

For the "Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood" Championship! The title is now in doubt!

the clever, smart thing—the thing that will be said at a party one night and repeated all over town at every luncheon the next day.

And then Connie Bennett slithered upon the scene of action. Connie, with her fine European ways, her fascinating background, her last-word clothes, threw everybody into a dither. Connie got talked about. Connie got quoted. And Lilyan didn't like that. Lilyan didn't like that and a lot of other things that we can't go into here.

ONE night at the Embassy Club (it was a most formal affair) Lilyan appeared with a group of guests. Connie appeared with another group of guests. When Connie saw Lilyan, she quietly turned to her friends and one by one they all left the club. The field of battle was cleared for Lilyan and her group.

Now, you might expect such between Connie and Gloria Swanson on account of the Marquis de la Falaise. But it isn't so. Gloria and Connie don't exactly rush to each other and kiss, but time and again they've been at the same parties, at the same theater, at the same smart supper club, and if you happened to be one of the four people in the United States who hadn't heard of the famous Gloria-Connie-Hank triangle, you would suppose that the girls bore no enmity for each other.

Of those who have played the reigning beauty-of-the-moment game, there are, besides those already mentioned, Billie Dove, Claire Windsor, Carole Lombard (whose table at the Ambassador, shared by William Powell, is one of the things the waiters point out to tourists), Estelle Taylor, Olive Borden, Joan Crawford (before she was married), Dolores Del Rio, Jean Harlow and others.

Florence Vidor was a great beauty, but she was always exclusive. Norma Shearer, too, invariably goes to openings and often to the Mayfair and Embassy, but she impresses by her dignity and excellent taste. Ruth Chatterton is like her in that respect, as was Corinne Griffith. Although Corinne was the ringleader of a group of girls who decided they could have a manless dinner at the Cocoanut Grove with success.

CARMEL MYERS, May McAvoy, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Carmelita Geraghty, Colleen Moore, Julianne Johnston, Virginia Valli and others were on the guest list. The table was decorated with small papier-maché hens. When the girls arrived at the hotel, there was another table as large and imposing as theirs. It was identical except that it was decorated with roosters. The women had barely seated themselves when all their [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141 ]

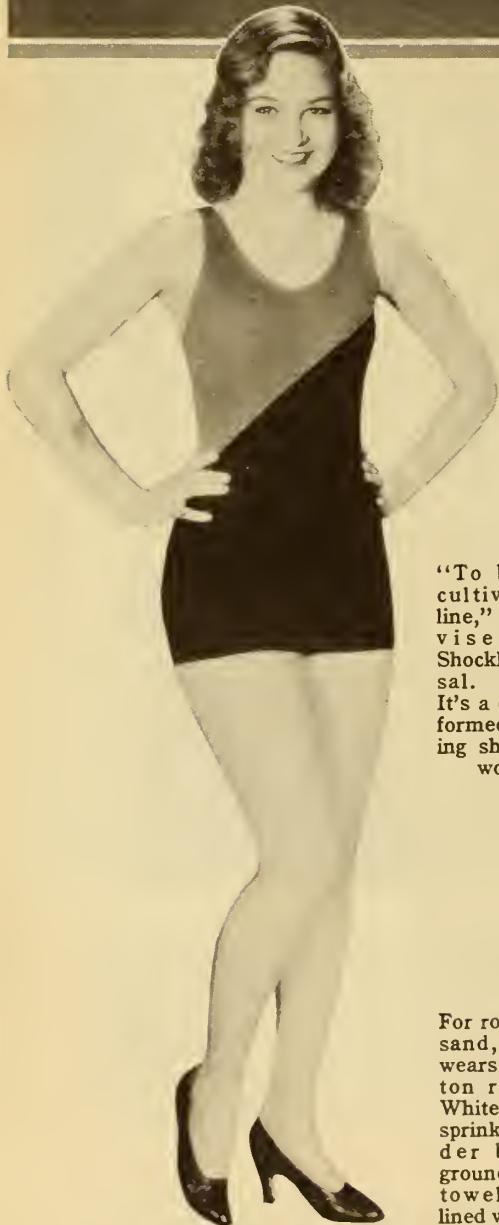


In this corner — Constance Bennett, "Colossal Connie," party of the second part in the present battle for the "Smartest Woman in Hollywood" belt. Like Lilyan, she is the last word in exquisite dress and *bon mots*. And the girls are worthy adversaries!

# New Ideas for Swimming *and* Sunning



All-white invades even the water this season. And, when it's banded across the shoulders in bright red, it gets along swimmingly with a slender beauty like Dorothy Jordan



"To be popular, cultivate a good line," some one advised Marian Shockley of Universal. So she did. It's a diagonal one, formed by contrasting shades of blue wool-jersey

For romping on the sand, Anita Page wears this cute cotton romper suit. White flowers are sprinkled on a powder blue background. The white toweling coat is lined with the cotton





Some of the smartest beach and bathing suits seen at Malibu and Santa Monica



*Note to blue-eyed blondes:* Joan Marsh's yellow jersey suit matches her sunny hair, and is piped with blue to match her eyes. That's a knockout combination against a background of sand and sky and water



June MacCloy's "spectator swimming suit"! White jersey top, black satin trunks, cape lined with satin and appliquéd with satin discs. The wooden bracelets are the newest in bathing jewelry



Joan Blondell, who made her first talkie hit as the wise-cracking younger sister in "Office Wife," scores a beach hit in this up-to-the-minute bolero-jacketed suit

*When Love's on the  
Hollywood see-saw—  
a great story like this  
happens!*

# Ham Actor



*By* Charles J. McGuirk

*Illustrated by* R. F. James

THEY could say what they liked about Hollywood, its Oriental lavishness and its tremendous salaries, but the place never inspired Don Halburton—of Halburton and Halburton, refined singing and dancing act—with any awe. He felt that the moving pictures had ruined vaudeville, his profession, and he had a consequent envious contempt for them and for the people who triumphed in them. As he said, one day in their dressing room, to Patricia, his wife, the other half of the act:

"Don't talk to me about Hollywood and the pictures. Hollywood is the place where all the fourflushers go when they die and are swept out of show business.

"Of course, once in a while a real trouper goes out there for a couple of months and gets a bundle of dough for prostituting his art. But you'll notice he don't stay. Soon as his contract is up, he's back playing Broadway where the audiences get his gags and give him the hand he deserves. Hollywood! Huh! What's the matter, Babe? Don't you feel good?"

Patricia hastened to assure him she felt fine and disclaimed any responsibility for her idle remark that it would be nice to

work in Hollywood in the pictures for a while. She just happened to be running through a motion picture magazine and had come across some photographs of one of the star's homes in Beverly Hills.

She didn't tell him that she was a little tired of passing her life in hotel rooms and Pullman berths in the little time they weren't working fourteen hours out of every twenty-four in the vaudeville houses.

She didn't tell him she missed the babies she had never had and the home in the suburbs they didn't own, though they made enough money to have put down at least a first payment in the four years they had been married.

She didn't tell him that the sight of any hut, hovel, house or castle that looked inhabited set up a fierce home-maker's yearning in her which dried her tongue and set her heart to galloping. And she didn't tell him any of these things because she was afraid and a little ashamed.

She knew she had married Don under the false pretense



that she was a real trouper. She had been able to fool him for nearly five years, since they had first met in Altoona where he was playing Number 2 spot with a male partner in a dancing act and she was one of the chorus in a tabloid musical comedy.

All through their courtship, which lasted eight months and was just one vaudeville bill after another, she had led him to believe that the theater was her greatest ambition and that she would rather sing and dance than eat. She had never been able to decide to this day whether Don's proposal was a romantic declaration or a business proposition.

"Listen, baby." He had begun it. "Maybe you've noticed that I'm a pretty good hooper." She had, and she told him so. "All right, hon. And you're no cripple yourself. And you got a sweet voice. Now listen. My partner and me is splitting up. I can teach you the routine for six-seven numbers and we'll pick up a couple of swell songs for you and we'll have an act that will wow them. Why, baby," and his eyes had lit with the vision, "we'll be playing the Palace in a year. Let's get married." And so they were married.

They did have a good act. They built it up till it was a sought-after addition to any vaudeville bill. And they played

There, in the glare of the lights, Patricia was putting it over. Even Deane, the leading man, had more fire in his eyes than the script asked. And Don, back of the camera, thought, "Yeah, the kid's good. And why not? I taught her all she knows!"

the Palace several times, but not in any headline spot. That failure to make the feature position burned Don up. He blamed favoritism.

She didn't believe that, because she could see they weren't quite headliners, but she never dared admit it. And Don told her ten or fifteen times a day that all the good things in their act were his. His routines, his gags, his wonderful dancing, his quick wit and his baritone voice were the things that sent it over. And his looks.

SHE raised casual eyes from the magazine and behind an absent expression gloated over him. There wasn't a better looking man on either stage or screen than Don Halburton. Even if he did know it. How could he help knowing it with women telling him every chance they got? Twenty-five, tall, lithe and strong with the catlike strength of the dancing man. His hair was black, his eyes gray, his face thin and dark, like a Spaniard's. His thin-lipped mouth was crooked and sarcastic. He looked like the artist he insisted he was.

He was a child of the theater, born, as he expressed it, in a suitcase and raised in the wings. And he knew show business backwards. She wasn't the only one who appreciated him.

## Talkies? Easy! Then Don and Pat tried them!

She had her own bothers keeping the women away from him. Of course, he was easy for them. What man wouldn't be, with his chances? But other women didn't bother her—much.

Patricia sighed and returned to the magazine. She was glad their twenty-weeks booking was nearly over. Don was worrying about a new contract but she was looking forward to a rest. She wished they had a home of their own in which to take it, instead of a theatrical hotel. If they only had a big house now! She gave herself up to a sudden saturnalia of imagination as she saw herself furnishing it. She'd have a dining room suite—

"Come on, babe. It's near time to go on. Better slip into the costume."

AS she stepped out of her dress she looked like a dryad. She was twenty-three and looked seventeen. Her small, round head was heavy with ash-blonde hair. Her blue eyes danced and invited under her low broad forehead. Her delicate mouth was laughing.

Her graceful body was warm Carrara marble, slender with a rounded slenderness. Her shapely legs tapered to slim ankles and narrow, strong dancing feet.

Looking at her, one thought desirously of moonlight and shadowy forest on the shores of a whispering sea—with her. And that was Patricia's trouble.

She was a frustrated housewife in the body of a dancing girl. *Venus* married. *Mrs. Aphrodite*.

"That's a neat outfit," Don told her, as she slipped into her long tulle dress. "As snappy as I thought it would be when I picked it out. Brings out your lines. Women are wising up to the fact that the less men see of 'em the better they like 'em. Let's go. And don't let down tonight. We need new booking and you never can tell who will be sitting out front. Maybe," he sneered, "a movie magnate."

"All right," smiled Patricia. "If he is, we'll pull him out of his seat."

There was a movie magnate in the house that night—Abe Wagner, president, founder and brains of Monarch Films, in New York for a merger which he had just successfully completed.

He sat in an aisle seat, a fat, bald-headed little man with shrewd monkey eyes and a thick-lipped mouth, concealing his incurable zest in the gaudy tinsel of the stage under a mask of boredom. He was mildly amused as the bill played itself before him, but untouched. Until Halburton and Halburton appeared and went into their act. Then, with a soft grunt, he sat forward in his seat.

Abe Wagner was captivated by Patricia's slender beauty and grace. His eyes lit with joy at her smooth, sensuous movements. His ear was soothed by her sweet, husky voice when it was raised in a song. He recognized her partner half irritably as her necessary foil. When they finished, his hearty hand-clap clattered above the generous applause. He was six million male movie fans rolled into one, and the six million had just made another discovery.

"That's a swell kid," he told Davey Cohen, his secretary, who sat beside him. "She's got everything. Young. Refined. Beautiful. Get her for me."

"Okay, boss," said Davey Cohen who would have said "Okay, boss," in that same tone if Abe had told him to arrange for a location on the moon. "It looks like I'll have to get the whole act. These vaudeville teams won't break up, generally."

"All right," Abe snarled. "Get the act if you have to. But try and get her alone. That partner is a ham. He'll be stickin' his nose in out in Hollywood and gummin' up the works. By herself she'd be easy to direct."

"Okay, boss," said Davey Cohen.

THIS here now Halburton and Halburton act playing the Eighty-fourth Street this week," said Davey

Cohen next morning to Sam Lessor, booking agent with whom he had started in show business, "who's booking them?"

"I am," said Sam. "Why?"

"Well, the old man and me caught the act last night and he likes the girl. How long does their booking run?"

"It's up next week."

"Good," said Davey. "What's the chance of breaking up the act? The old man can't use the partner."

"There's no chance and the old man will have to use him. If you break up that act, you're a wonder. It's been tried by nearly everybody in vaudeville from here to Chicago. They're married."

"Oh, well," said Davey Cohen, "there's no swell party without a big head the morning after. Who's their agent?"

But it was Don, himself, who dictated the terms by which they descended (his own word) into the movies in Abe Wagner's office. He was the originator, producer and manager of a vaudeville act so good that the movies were crying for it. So he did all the talking.

Patricia sat, adorable and childlike, in an over-stuffed chair three times too big for her. Abe [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

## \$5,000 in Cash Prizes

ANOTHER month and the fun will be on! And it's fun that pays dividends in cash!

In the June issue PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Puzzle Contest gets away to a flying start.

It lasts four months, and when the final returns are in, our readers are going to be \$5,000 richer.



The sort of composite picture you'll enjoy unscrambling when PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Puzzle Contest starts next month. Just match hair, eyes and mouth—and presto!

## Another Famous Photoplay Contest

OUR prizes, in past years, have sent boys and girls to school, have financed long and happy holidays, have helped buy homes. What they've done before, they can do for you in 1931.

Unscrambling our mixed-up pictures of film favorites is just hard enough to make it fascinating and just easy enough to allow every member of the family—including Junior and Mary Jane—to take part.

There'll be seventy cash prizes. Start reaching for the June issue, out May 15. Fun and profits—some combination!

# The Perils of Marlene

They are in danger of being oversold by a zealous director

**W**HAT'S to be done about Marlene Dietrich's legs? You may reply, "I thought they were all right," or "Just look, and like it!" But that is flippantly begging a very serious question that confronts the motion picture world today.

With "Dishonored"—her third picture—snapping on the screens Marlene is now definitely set as a hot box-office pet and star of the first magnitude. The same picture poses the problem that we must face if we are men and not mice.

You may and will say that America was made Marlene-conscious and Dietrich-hungry by her beauty, her talent, her colossal press-agenting. I say that her tremendous overnight popularity and appeal was not fatally hurt by the pictures of her that were spread across the United States—pictures showing her wearing a feather boa, a yard of velvet and a slow, cool smile.

**T**HOSE lovely legs bellowed from billboards, they leaped at the beholder from newspapers and magazines. They spoke more eloquently than the rantings of seven hundred foaming press-agents.

The Twin Perils of Marlene began, with "Morocco," as a lure and a delight. They smote us in "The Blue Angel"—in which all her costumes together would not furnish decent raiment for four orphaned midgets.

But in "Dishonored," owing to the mistaken generosity and zeal of the talented Herr Direktor, Josef Von Sternberg, they constitute an overdose of sex appeal, a plethora of beauty and a definite menace to the future sound and solid career of the Belle of Berlin.

Let me remind you.

The picture opens with a close-up of two silk-clad legs. No more was necessary. The crowd of



Well, here they are—glamorous, appealing, dominating every scene in which they appear, no matter how thrilling the action. There is really no need to tell you whose they are!

By  
*Leonard  
Hall*

devotees in the theater sighed aloud—"It's Dietrich!" Those ineffable, unmatched understandings, twinklin' in the rain! We'd have known them in the dead of an African night!

**T**HE length and breadth of the picture was dominated, ruled and obsessed by the superb stems of Marlene Dietrich! When she and Victor McLaglen, rival spies, faced each other and life and death were in the balance—the eyes strayed from the pistol-point to the legs of Marlene, carelessly revealed with such exquisite care by a director who knows his selling points.

They were displayed from end to end in "Dishonored," for any reason or none save their own virtues. They dominated every dramatic scene in which they appeared, and they appeared in them all. They were, in fact, the stars of the piece—and the rest of Marlene and all of the huge, hairy McLaglen were forced to divide what slim honors remained—with a bow to Von Sternberg.

For a time I didn't know whether I was looking at a spy drama or a hosiery show.

And who can forget the picture's end?

Dietrich, nonchalant as only a lady spy can be when she knows the rifles are loaded with blanks, faces the firing squad. The fatal drum starts the long roll. The troops draw a bead on that fair, alabaster brow.

**T**HEN, as the word of command trembles on the officer's lips, Marlene reaches down, hikes her skirt up to here, and adjusts one silken stocking! The soldiers shudder, but they know their duty! In fact, they, and not the victim, should be blindfolded!

Blooiie! A ragged volley rings out, and Marlene is gathered to her fathers. Thank God she died

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GARBO, done according to the ancient Greek principles of "dynamic symmetry," by the sculptor, Julian Bowes. "Garbo's proportions are identical with the famous statue of Athena by Phidias," says Mr. Bowes. "The ratio is 1 to 1.4472, or a square plus a root five triangle." Oh, so *that's* what Garbo's got, eh?

# He Has Two Bosses

**G**EORGE ARLISS dodges dinner invitations whenever possible. Dinners out so frequently embarrass him, because he doesn't eat meat. And it's such a fuss refusing meat courses—and explaining why.

It all dates back, the story is told, a decade or more. George Arliss and his wife were making a trans-continental American trip. It was a year of great drought. In the cattle country, the train passed through miles of range—and cattle were dying like flies. Thirst-tortured kine were leaning against range fences, too weak to stand. It was a pitiful thing to see.

The Arlisses were, even then, noted for their humane activities. The sight of the tortured steers was too much for Mrs. Arliss. "If dumb beasts can be tortured like that," she said, "in order to provide food for us humans, then I for one will never eat meat again!" And she went vegetarian.

But Arliss liked meat. Arliss kept on eating meat, even after his wife had quit. But not for long. Every time he put a bit of meat into his mouth, his own conscience and his wife's accusing eye made it so untasty for him that by and by he, too, swore off meat. And he's never eaten meat since that day.

"I never," he explains it now, "eat anything I can pat."

He eats fish, though. You can't pat a fish. That is, without a struggle.

**H**E has other aversions, too, besides meat. Just as strong, for instance, is his objection to being thought old. He's sixty-three this year. For more than forty of those sixty-three years, he's been an actor. Yet it galls Arliss like nobody's business to be called a "veteran of the stage"! He burns when he's classed with old-timers—like Otis Skinner, for example. He wants to be thought a contemporary, and not "old-school."

Yet he has some decidedly old-school notions. His dislike of off-stage limelight, for instance. Other actors of today may crave

An intimate portrait of a man who desires knighthood, tea and privacy

By Harry Lang

have worked out a newshound-dodging system. When Arliss' train pulls into the depot, Jenner is first off. With him comes an avalanche of luggage, wraps, traveling blankets and such. And behind this screen of activity, a little fellow quietly sneaks to the ground and hustles, virtually unseen, away. That's Arliss.

**E**VEN after Arliss has made his getaway, Jenner keeps on doing his stuff. Baggage arranged, he stands for minutes, peering expectedly at the coach exit, as though Arliss must appear any minute. And by the time would-be interviewers, greeters, *et al* have discovered the ruse, Arliss is merrily on his way to his hotel!

This man Jenner—his real name is George, but he's always called Jenner—has been with Arliss for a quarter of a century. He takes care of Arliss militantly. He's a big, bluff, stolid Briton, and service and devotion to his *marster* are everything to him. He's jealous of any other person who performs any service for Arliss—even of Mrs. Arliss, and he makes no secret of it. Jenner and Mrs. Arliss are almost always at odds over Arliss. One day a message was to be delivered to Mrs. Arliss on the set. Jenner was asked:

"Will you please tell Mrs. Arliss that . . ."

"Tell 'er yourself," snapped Jenner, "she and I ain't speakin'!"

It's said that between the assiduous ministrations of his wife and his Jenner, Arliss hardly ever has his own way in anything. But that's all wrong.

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The gentleman from Bloomsbury, George Arliss, star of stage and screen. At the left, Jenner, his valet, who is one of his bosses. At the right, the other—Mrs. Arliss, who has been his devoted helpmate for over thirty years

# Those Awful Reporters!



Sometimes press-agents make mistakes. They did when they booted reporters off the Clara Bow premises. It aroused more curiosity!

the nasty scandal sheets! Heart-breaking! But if you have tears to shed wait a while—a long, long while.

What has actually happened since the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe trial?

Clara Bow is making "Kick In" for her old employers. Fans all over the country rushed to Clara's aid. They wrote letters begging that she be given another chance. Clara's popularity in a movie contest run by the *New York Daily News* was not hurt one iota by the trial.

The public will forgive seven times seven when a movie idol totters on her pedestal.

But the moving picture mighty have not yet learned this. With the first chill wind of adverse publicity they run to cover, and blame everything on the scandal sheets.

"Unfair," they cry. "Why don't you print as much about

Elsie Glitz who was arrested yesterday?"

Elsie isn't a movie idol. It is perfectly true that any editor would give Clara

**T**HERE'S no use in keeping it a secret any longer. A war has been going on for some time between the Fourth Estate and the Fourth Industry—and the movies have suffered from it. In fact, the movie stars have been the only casualties to date.

The movie moguls claim the newspapers "play up" every act of the stars, that they may sell more papers. Newspapermen retort that newspapers are made to be sold, and that if moving picture people behaved themselves they wouldn't get into bigger and blacker headlines.

Next to your relations and your neighbors, the movie stars are the people you know best. You know Clara Bow's dimples, her eyebrows, the way she wrinkles her nose when she laughs, the color of her hair, the calibre of her frown, the quality of her voice, and the gestures of her pudgy hands. Were you interested in her suit against Daisy De Voe?

Were you not?

At least, newspaper editors thought you were, hence the wash on the line, the stories of her boy friends, her clothes, her check book, her smiles and sniffles, and the fact that Clara, like Dorothy in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," was the sort of girl who gave men presents.

Clara was in hot water. It was found out at the trial that Clara was gently lit on occasion, played poker, and wasn't above threatening if she felt a bit peevish.

**A**NOTHER movie scandal! Old Man Adverse Publicity had reared his ugly head once more and this time it would be fatal for Clara.

Her producers wisely played close to the chest. They weren't going to show their hand until they found out how Mr. and Mrs. Public felt towards Clara.

A Broadway actress, Sylvia Sidney, was given a rôle scheduled for Clara. Women's clubs in the North, South, East and West met for the purpose of weighing the case against Miss Bow.

Poor Clara! Poor little butterfly kicked into the gutter by



Hollywood in its Golden Age of Publicity Bunk In those dear, dead days, little Hazel Happy model in clay, or made doilies. We loved it!



# War between the Fourth Estate and Fourth Industry! Newspapers and studios battle over Hollywood's soiled linen!

By

*Mildred Spain*

*Illustrated by Van Arsdale*

lines—and what lines!—in preference to some obscure girl whose private life would make Clara look like the story of Elsie Dinsmore in Hollywood. Provided—that is—that Elsie did no more than Clara did in having Daisy De Voe arrested. Yet suppose that Elsie were the heroine—so called—of the latest murder mystery. Clara's publicity in that instance would be as nothing compared to Elsie's.

There was a story not long ago which said Al Capone was visiting Clara. Poor Clara again. It turned out to be a lot of talk, but the papers carried the yarn just the same. Press-agents had kept reporters from seeing Clara and checking up on the truth of the rumor. If these men—who are also known as suppress-agents—had allowed the re-



Sob writers and stars always squabble about beauty. "Beautiful, but so dumb!" scribbles the sobbie "What a frump!" says the pretty starlet



One story the newspapers never printed, and rightly. Once upon a time Doug Fairbanks fired a leading lady—because she had square hips

porters to talk to the film lady, everything would have been cleared up.

And here we come to the core of the trouble. It's a long story, but I'm going to tell it anyway.

**I**GNORANCE of the functioning of newspapers is directly responsible for the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe trial, and many others.

Daisy didn't know she couldn't sell Clara's letters and telegrams to the newspapers. Clara didn't know it, either. Officials of the movie companies do not seem to understand that unless a ticklish situation, such as this was, becomes public property through court action, the papers are helpless—they cannot print one line.

A movie star is the sole owner of her private letters, believe it or not. The law protects private letters. The private letters of a former president, now dead, were found to be the property of his heirs—and those to whom they had been written—and who still possessed them—could not legally publish them.

Daisy De Voe, one of the many who trail after movie stars with fame and money, was put on trial in the Los Angeles courts, charged with the larceny of some \$16,000. She had been hired by Clara to be a secretary. She made herself also a duenna, a detective and a grafter.

But was it Daisy who was tried, or was it Clara?

Well, anyhow, her employers didn't go back on Clara, not after they found out that nothing can blast Clara's reputation with her public. Daisy is in jail [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138 ]



Many call her the prettiest girl in Hollywood. But tough breaks dog Mary Nolan's footsteps. Now in vaudeville, she still hopes ardently for a picture career

# CAL YORK

# Announcing-



International

Meet the new Mrs. MacLean! Douglas, former star comedian and now an associate producer for Radio Pictures, steps in to get a license to marry this pretty lady—Lorraine Eddy, an actress of stage and screen. Doesn't Doug look happy?

**R**UTH CHATTERTON, visiting the Long Island Studio, came upon Tallulah Bankhead at work, cameras grinding.

"Stop!" shrieked Tallulah. And the grinding ceased. She was introduced to Miss Chatterton. A few pleasantries were exchanged and then Tallulah said in her sweetest voice, "Would you mind leaving the set while I do this scene?"

"Not at all," smiled Miss Chatterton, pleasantly. "I'll be going."

"We're living at the same hotel," from Miss Bankhead, calling after her.

"Yes,"—from Ruth. "See you in the lobby some time."

**W**E have been wondering why little Mary Philbin dropped so completely out of pictures. We knew there have been several nooks where she fitted. Now we learn it is her health.

She may have to follow Lila Lee and Renee Adoree to an Arizona sanitarium. Poor little girls whose bodies are not as strong as their ambitions.

**S**EEN at the recent Mayfair dance. Carole Lombard planting a soft kiss on the lower cheek of William Powell, during the last dance of the evening. Yet, only an hour before, they had been trying to hide from having their pictures taken together.

A bit inconsistent.

**O**N again? Off again? It's hard to tell, but it seems to be on again with Joan Bennett and John Considine. Anyway, Joan is wearing

an enormous emerald on her engagement finger—a recent acquisition. She has just signed a five-year contract with Fox and moved into a brand new house in Beverly Hills.

**T**HEY were filming a Western thriller, and the director was giving his all. Turning away from the brink of a tall cliff, he noticed a straw dummy lying beside him.

"Good heavens," he screamed, "who was it we threw over the cliff?"

**P**ERSISTENT rumors have it that Estelle Taylor is on her way to Paris, and when movie folks go to Paris they're not supposed to go to visit the Louvre.

**C**OLLEEN MOORE may be married to Al Scott by the time this magazine appears on the newsstands.

**W**EDDING bells for Dorothy Sills, nineteen-year-old daughter of the late Milton Sills. On March 19th in New York City, Miss Sills became Mrs. Robert Swayze Way.

**H**ERE'S irony. Carman Barnes' play "Schoolgirl," which got her a Paramount contract and what looks like a bright future—was the cause of her being expelled from one of New York's most exclusive girls' schools.

**I**RENE RICH'S daughter, Frances, graduates from Smith College in June. She will come immediately to Hollywood to enter pictures.

And since she has already hired a press-agent, we take it she means business.

**M**ARION DAVIES was entertaining. The Marquis de la Falaise arrived and she escorted him among her guests to make introductions.

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



You'll enjoy looking at Charlie Chaplin's favorite partner at London parties. Sari Maritza, a young actress who may come to Hollywood to make some talkies



The famous composer of "Rhapsody in Blue" takes off his coat and concocts some music for the talkies. George Gershwin at his piano on the Fox lot. Beside him is his brother Ira, who writes lyrics. On the piano, Guy Bolton, librettist

They approached Gloria Swanson. Gloria's eyes twinkled; she extended her hand.

"I suppose you remember meeting me?"  
"With much pleasure!" was the quick, gallant answer.

So well does he remember that, when we dropped in on Gloria's set the other afternoon, we found the Marquis among those who were paying their respects to the star!

No, Constance Bennett was not among the number.

Perhaps she was working.

**A**GUSHING lady visitor was being taken through the Paramount Studios.

She was introduced to Buddy Rogers and she gushed, "Oh, Mr. Rogers, I'm so glad to meet you. Tell me—how is your nice, funny father, Will?"

**Y**ES, Clara Bow has started her new picture.

And now all the wiseacres who said, "She'll never make another," are busy saying they meant, "after she finishes *this* picture."

Oh, hum, it's wise to be dumb in this city. The new one is Willard Mack's famous melodrama, "Kick In." Regis Toomey's the leading man.

**W**ILL ROGERS has been suffering from a badly swollen wrist.

Everybody swears it was from a polo injury, and not from reaching for a check at the Embassy Club.

**L**OVE and So Forth—

Six months of matrimony and Dixie Lee separates from her megaphone-crooning hubby, Bing Crosby . . . he was a good harmonizer in a dance band, but not so good as such at home. . . . Tim McCoy, Western film star,

and his wife separate . . . she says she won't file suit for divorce, but can't go on living with McCoy because he's "gone Hollywood." . . . Lina Basquette rejoins her interlocutorily-divorced hubby, Pev Marley. . . . "It won't be necessary for us to remarry," he gloats, "because our divorce won't be final until next September . . ."

Hollywood tongue-wagging whisper that all is not well between Frank Fay and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck . . . and Frank and Barbara both insist it's just another Hollywood rumor and she's still cooking the Fay hot cakes. . . . Frances Marion and George Hill enjoying post-divorce *été-à-été*s at Hollywood restaurants. . . . Hans Kraly and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch still devotedly going places together . . . remember the big battle?

**D**OUGLAS MACLEAN, who used to be film funster and is now associate producer at Radio, ups and marries Lorraine Eddy, actress . . . his former wife Renoed him last fall. . . . Colleen Moore going places with one Al Scott, but admits and denies nothing at all. . . . Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut gets court judgment for \$8,570 back alimony which she says ex-hubby didn't pay her. . . .

Howard Brown, movie producer, marries actress Elizabeth Rose Caldwell. . . . Virginia Valli, off a honeymooning with brand new hubby Charles Farrell, tells ship-news reporters that henceforth she wants to be known as Mrs. Charles Farrell.

Kenneth MacKenna and the Mrs., *née* Kay Francis, still honeymooning. . . . Mary Miles Minter and Tenor Joseph Diskay seen places

# Tune in, folks, on Cal York's



Beaver! Recognize the distinguished looking gent behind the hedge? Yep, it's our handsome friend, Fredric March. He sunburned his face so badly in Bermuda he couldn't shave for days

plete without one, or both of these troupers.

James Neill has just died, at seventy, after forty-seven years on stage and screen, and thirty-four years of happy, fruitful married life with Miss Chapman, who survives him.

His last picture rôle was in "Man to Man." He played Aaron in "The Ten Commandments" and The Apostle James in "The King of Kings."

**WHEN** Cecil B. De Mille gets interested in a scene, he'll work himself and his players far into the afternoon without ever stopping for lunch.

The other day, luncheon had not been called and it was after two o'clock.

Eleanor Boardman looked at her watch and said, "I know what happened to C. B. when he went to the hospital the last time. They took his stomach out."

**MARLENE DIETRICH** has a famous chauffeur, as such things go.

His name is Harry Wright. Once he pushed the gilded hack of His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, and during the Boer War he acted as personal bodyguard to the late Lord Kitchener.

Now he has the honor of driving Marlene Dietrich from place to place.

Is that a job?

**AND** now everybody is saying that Garbo will make only three and possibly four more pictures and then return to Sweden to watch the northern lights in lonely splendor.

But it seems it isn't so. Garbo's contract has a year and a half to run and there's no way for her to get out of it.

**WESLEY RUGGLES**, the director who brought "Cimarron" to the screen so magnificently, is paying now for all his hard work.

He is at his Malibu Beach home under the

care of doctors and nurses with a strained heart, due to overwork.

**HARRISON CARROLL** reports that a drunk saw Jack Coogan, Sr., dancing at one of the smart hotels and said, "He sure was funny when he was a youngster."

**THOSE** who know Pauline Starke realize the tragedy of the end of her romance with Jack White. By the time you read this, the divorce will be filed, although Pauline has made no statements to the newspapers.

It will be as dignified a procedure as possible, and you can rest assured that Pauline will say nothing against Jack White, because she loves him.

You'll remember that Pauline's career has been dotted with tragedy. She is one of the best troupers in Hollywood, who never quite got the breaks. "A Connecticut Yankee" put her on top in the silent days. A long term contract with M-G-M followed and then came a gradual decline. But Pauline didn't really bother about that, for in 1927 she married comedy producer Jack White.

It was an ideal romance, it seemed. She had known and admired him for years. She loved him deeply.

A radiant, happy young matron, she thought she had everything when she took her first talking part in a James Cruze picture. Nobody knows exactly what happened, but Pauline was replaced by another actress. And still, although she loved to work, she didn't care a lot, for there was Jack, the husband she adored.

**DID** you hear the story about the actress who discovered that her name had been left out of advertisements of a picture in which she had appeared?

Anyhow, she rushed up to the producer and said, "See here—no billing, no cooing."

together. . . . Hollywood hears that the romance between John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-hubby, and Mae Clark, is cool. . . .

Vivienne Sengler, screen dancer, files another breach-of-promise suit against Maurice Costello, who used to be the johngilbert of the early screen days . . . .

**EDDIE WOODS**, screen juvenile, announces his betrothal to Harriet Parsons, magazine writer. . . . Thelma Todd, who hasn't been seen any more with Ivan Lebedeff, goes places lately with orchestra leader Abe Lyman. . . . Nick Stuart and Sue Carol gradually taking top rank as happiest Hollywood couple. . . . Ina Claire takes beach house at Santa Monica. . . . Jack Gilbert has one at Malibu . . . miles apart. . . . Bill Boyd and wife Dorothy Sebastian honeymooning in Honolulu. . . . Anita Page is seen places with Carl Laemmle, Jr. . . . Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, and Buster West's ex-girlfriend, now seen out with Eddie Grainger, associate producer at Fox. . . . Virginia is working in Fox films. . . . Constance Bennett, in radio interview, says sure she'll marry again "if the right man comes along" . . . line forms on the right. . . .

**DEATH** has sundered one of the grandest old couples in picture history.

Maybe their names don't mean much to youngsters now, but every faithful film fan remembers James Neill and Edythe Chapman. No Lasky picture, in the old days, was com-



John Barrymore has crossed swords with some of the world's greatest swordsmen; he's crossed all the Seven Seas; he has crossed wits with brilliant conversationalists. Now he rounds out a lifetime of crossings by crossing eyes with Ben Turpin! They met on the Warner lot, with this terrible result

# Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

IT looks pretty tough for Billy Haines unless the old wisecracker gets a bang-up good story. Billy is one of those actors who seem to have just so long a time to run—a personality kid.

He's been given the same sort of rôles and that can't last.

The funny part is that Bill is a really swell actor. The few dramatic scenes he's done are invariably better than his comedy ones. But he made his name as a smart guy and smart guy he must stay.

I imagine that when his time is come, Billy won't care an awful lot. He has a profitable antique business. He's been smart about saving his money. That home of his is so beautiful I should think he'd hate to leave it at all, and he has grand friends.

I can't picture Billy being too awfully unhappy no matter what happens.

**FOUND!** The man who doesn't care much about Garbo!

Frederick Lonsdale, the British dramatist who wrote "Devil to Pay" for Ronnie Colman, is the cool laddie.

He says he deems Greta incapable of speaking English properly, and doesn't care to write a picture for her, thanks very much! He will do some for Metro, however, now and then.

Rippin' joke on old Freddie if Metro sticks Garbo in one of them after all, what, what?

**THE** latest "most popular player" contest has just checked in—from India! And Clara Bow won—those Indians like curry and Clara and hot stuff.

**HELEN CHANDLER** is notorious for getting words all mixed up. Not very long ago her husband, Cyril Hume, the novelist, received a letter from the French government (or maybe it wasn't) telling him that they would finance him for a year if he would go to Madagascar and write a novel with that place

as the locale. The idea was to popularize the community.

Helen was intrigued with the idea and the next day on the set she said:

"Well, I may not be here much longer. Cyril and I are thinking about going to Madagascar to populate it."

**JUST** because Corinne Griffith has not appeared on the screen recently is no criterion that she has been idling away the hours. Far from it. Corinne has a knack for business and owns most of the choice spots in and about Beverly Hills, including office buildings, vacant lots and a swell mansion. In fact most of the property that goes to make Beverly Hills has passed through Corinne's very beautiful hands at some time or another. She is an able and respected citizen.

It was Corinne who took the first taxi ride when the Yellow Cab Company brought their invaluable service to the town. Never a Chamber of Commerce dinner without Corinne's name on the honor list. All in all, we nominate Corinne for the next mayor of Beverly.

**OUR** nomination for the meanest man in the world—the Hollywood director who installed a microphone in the guest-room where guests take off their hats and coats at his parties.

Whatever is said there, is broadcast from a loud speaker downstairs.

**REMEMBER** we said, not so long ago, that Pathe should straighten out the contract trouble between themselves and Ann Harding and because of her grand work and her equally grand standing at the box-office, give the little girl everything she wants?

Modesty forbids our saying that they took our humble advice. But the fact remains that the old contract—the one that caused the trouble—has been torn up and Ann has a brand new one that runs for three years. She gets



Weight, Hollywood's bugaboo, was the cause of Marie Prevost's Metro contract not being renewed. A grand little actress, but oh, those fatal pounds! Marie as she looked in "Paid"

more money—lots more—and won't be loaned to other companies.

**MRS. CHEVALIER** is tired of being just the missus.

The French star's wife is a musical comedy favorite in Paris. Here she has just been Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. So she is about to take a vaudeville whirl, billed as Yvonne Vallée, her stage name.

But you can bet your last sou that somewhere on the boards, in sizable type, will be "Mrs. Maurice Chevalier." Show business is like that. There's plenty in a name, Mr. Shakespeare!

**GENE MARKEY** continues to be Gloria Swanson's most steady boy friend.

Gene's the writer, you know, who came to Hollywood in the wake of Ina Claire. While he was rushing Westward, Ina slipped off and married John Gilbert.

**RAMON NOVARRO** wears a little wire cap between scenes to keep his hair in place—a sort of glorified marcel cap.

**THE** volcanic daddy of the three Bennett beauties is in pictures again. Meaning that Richard, sire of The Three Graces, Connie, Barbara and Joan, is playing Marion Davies' father in "Five and Ten," her new talkie.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 ]



How they took closeups of the family at the dinner table for "Bad Sister." Camera and microphone were placed in the center and swung around as each actor spoke his piece. The players, beginning at the bottom and moving right—Charles Winninger, Helene Chadwick, Bette Davis, Emma Dunn and Sidney Fox

# Here Comes Tallulah!

The American girl, who fascinated London with her paprika, comes home and makes a talkie. She's a brand new type—will she hit or miss?

By  
*Frances  
Denton*

**T**HE ginger of a Clara Bow—the wise eyes and cool brow of a Garbo—the throaty voice of a Jeanne Eagels—the smartness of tomorrow's best epigram—that's Tallulah Bankhead!

Well—it will give you an idea of this Alabama girl who has come back to America to make some talkies after standing London on its delicate, shell-pink ear for eight years.

She's different, a new type. This Tallulah's going to be big—a big hit, or a big flop. There's nothing half-way about the Bankhead lass.

An American tornado in the English theater since she was twenty, she has come back to the homeland determined to make good for the home-folks in talking pictures. Tossing away the harum-scarum act that enslaved the British equivalent of flapper, Tallulah went to work.

She's finished her first picture, "The Tarnished Lady," at the Paramount Studio on Long Island. She'll make more. She's a personality, this girl. Here's how she became what she is today.

Eight years ago she was an almost unknown youngster on the Broadway stage. She hadn't registered. So she moved on London.

A run on the Bank of England couldn't have stirred staid old London more. Here was something new! She had the enthusiasm, animation, energy that the British think of as American. In this case it was mostly Tallulah. Of course, she's deprecatory.

"Remember, the English stage is old, bred from the same strain for centuries. It had weakened. I brought a new strain, fresh vigor. That's all."

Whatever it was Tallulah brought—pep, talent or glamour—it clicked. She got first-rate parts—"The Green Hat," "The Gold Diggers," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Let Us Be Gay," other plays that had been American sensations.

And London, half terrified and entirely fascinated, took her to its heart. She was a flash of lightning in the

fog. She startled, she thrilled, she delighted. In a few years she was the most popular young actress in Great Britain—this flaming daughter of a line of Alabama politicians.

Thousands of girls had the usual "crushes" on her. She was a real "gallery god"—that British institution which has the frenzied devotion of the customers on the shelf, who are entitled to cheer and boo. They stood in line at theater doors for hours to catch a glimpse of her—they followed her everywhere. The adoration of American movie fans for popular stars is something like it, but not nearly so personal, so vivid and so satisfying. What a girl! She might turn hand-springs in the Savoy Hotel, causing dignified diners to fall headlong into their consommé.

One day a disgruntled American actress came up to Tallulah in a hotel dining-room, slapped her face, tore her hat off and covered her with language.

Tallulah, poised as ever, freed herself, put her hat back on, and lit a cigarette. She was nonchalant. She figured it the proper play. And if she had felt that it would be right to swing a left to the attacker's jaw, why, she'd have done that, too!

There were hearty London farewells when it came time to return to America and tackle talkies. Farewell parties—heart-broken notes from the "gallery gods." And Tallulah sailed home—no longer the vivid youngster, but a smart, mature, poised woman of the world and the theater.

She was perfect when New York met her with pencil and camera. She was dignified and amusing—she said and did the right things. And she went to work like a good trouper.

The head of the company for which she was working came on her set out at Long Island, when "The Tarnished Lady" was in work. Still a little camera and microphone shy, she wondered if he would mind leaving. He didn't, and did.

What manner of girl is this intense young cyclone

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This was a tough picture to get—it shows Tallulah Bankhead in a reposeful state of mind and body. Moving pictures were made for dashing girls like this. A scene from "The Tarnished Lady"



The little orphan was bewildered. "They're lovelier—than—heaven!" she murmured breathlessly—

*ONE of America's favorite story writers tells of an odd turn of fate in the movie world*

# A ttar of Roses

**T**HE story began—oh, it might have been a trifle more than ten years ago. Not too long after the war; just before the wave of Latin popularity began to sweep across the screens of a million movie theaters. Slender, sleek-haired heroes weren't, as yet, the vogue. The public taste—and especially that vast percentage of the public taste that was feminine—still ran to muscular arms and broad shoulders and curly, not too short hair, and cleft chins. "He-man" was the priceless adjective. "S. A." hadn't become a national byword.

Muscular arms, broad shoulders, curly hair—and a cleft chin! They made the pattern—a pattern that was hard to beat.

And Roland Roundtree had them all. Had them all—plus! Panting women dreamed of him, wrote fan letters to him, begged for his latest photograph, named their boy babies for him. Greater love hath no following—than that! When he

*By*  
Margaret  
E.  
Sangster

*Illustrated by*  
H. R. Ballinger





graced the stage of a vaudeville theater, in the flesh, the militia had to be called out—nearly—to keep back the crowds. When he made a new picture it was an event of real importance.

And when he walked down the street—even though the street was thrill-proof Broadway—the crowds fell back to give him precedence and shoulder room. Such was the popularity of Roland Roundtree—just a little over a decade ago.

Perhaps one of the few women in the country who didn't bow down and worship at his shrine was Mary Smithers. And she wasn't a woman yet—she was only a gawky, undernourished, freckled twelve-year-old. And she'd never been to the movies in her life—and she didn't know that such a person as Roland Roundtree existed.

Mary, you see, didn't have much of a chance to get around. She didn't have much of a chance to know what the world was talking about. She lived in a dingy gray building, in a dingy part of the city. The building, and its gray, paved yard, was shut away behind high gray, ominous walls. She—and the others who were her companions—wore gray dresses that looked as if they were made to match the building and the paved yard and the walls.

In fact, the whole world, to Mary, had a gray cast. The skies, the trees, the very stars at night—when she saw them! Mary didn't get much of the fun out of life that a twelve-year-old should get. One day was pretty much like another day—one week was identically modeled after every other week. There wasn't much of laughter for Mary—and there wasn't any love.

No—you're wrong! Mary didn't live in a reformatory—although, from the description, the gray building might just as well have been a reformatory! Mary was one of the two hundred gray-clad youngsters who lived in an orphan asylum. She was so thin, and plain, and hungry-eyed that she'd never run the slightest chance of being adopted, either. She'd never, even, been pretty when she was a baby!

ANYWAY, her isolation was extreme. And her knowledge of passing events was meager. Even the war had only been a vague shadowing of far-off smoke—an unexplained rumble of far-off guns. And she had never, in all of her twelve years, heard mention of the name of Roland Roundtree. She never would have heard it, probably—for a popular idol's fame can vanish as the dew vanishes under the sun—but for a couple of happenings that came together.

Roland Roundtree came from California to her city, to make a personal appearance or two. And Mary—bored to the very fiber of her soul—decided to run away from the asylum.

This story starts, as I said in the beginning, a matter of more than ten years ago. And it starts on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street—where a good many other stories, very different in motif, have also started.

It began at that moment when Mary—with every freckle etched in sharp relief, upon her white, uplifted, excited little face—was standing on the corner. Drinking in the magic of the amazing, chaotic, kaleidoscope that was New York at night. Reveling in the first romantic impressions of a drab little life.

SHE had run away with great ease, from the asylum. It had been so simple, the business of escape, that Mary—standing in the midst of the swirling crowd—wondered why she'd never thought to do it before. She had merely wandered away from the other children—she had merely been loitering in the vicinity of the barred gate when a delivery man came in with a weekly supply of groceries. It was just before the supper hour—everyone was either preoccupied or actually busy. So Mary just waited until the delivery man had completed his business, and then followed out through the gate, after him.

So silent she had been—such a slim gray wraith, she was, in the shadow of his bulk (he was a stout delivery man) that he had been quite unaware of her. Once she had gained the street there was nothing left to worry about. She just—vanished; it hadn't been hard. She wasn't without funds, either—not a bit of it! There were eight nickels, seven dimes, and two quarters in the pockets of her gray dress. They represented almost two years of intense Scotch thrift. They represented the hoarding of every gift that had been bestowed by every generous visitor. They stood for two Christmas trees and two Easter festivals and one May party and one Thanksgiving.

They stood for more than that—they stood for liberty.

Mary boarded a street car. The car ran only a block from the asylum. She presented a nickel to the conductor.

"What," she said, as she presented the nickel, "is the busiest place in this town?"

The conductor laughed.

"Broadway 'n Forty-second Street," he told her. And then—"You're kinda small to be out alone—and it'll be dark before long—" (Mary didn't look her twelve years).

"I'm on an errand," she said, "for my folks."

(What would it be like to have folks to go on errands for? she wondered.)

She left the car, in the gathering dusk, at the town's busiest corner. The conductor, with knit brows, watched her go.





"But I thought,"  
said her director,  
"that you came from  
the London stage!"  
"It's a good line. I  
encourage people to  
think so," said  
Marye casually

It was he, later, who told  
a distracted asylum super-  
intendent where a little  
lost girl might be found.

\* \* \*

MARY had supper. As  
unlike an asylum sup-  
per as possible. She had it in a glittering white-tile restaurant,  
and she didn't care that it absorbed nearly all of her savings,  
for it was mostly ice cream and angel cake and pie. After  
supper she wandered out into the crowded street, and took up  
her station on the brightest corner. There was so much to see,  
on that corner. Women in furs—although it was summer.  
Little girls her own age—but in silk dresses. Sidewalk venders  
who sold delightful things—Mary bought a chubby Kewpie  
doll (she'd never seen a Kewpie doll, before) from one of them.  
Taxis scuttling. Limousines darting. Police blowing  
whistles. Trolley cars rattling. Noise, thrill, wonder, every-  
where. Everything painted in vivid colors—nothing gray  
. . . Mary stood, enraptured, while minutes became hours.  
Nobody paid any attention to her—she was such a small,  
vague thing—and everyone, even the policemen, was so busy.  
So she just stood—trembling with excitement and delight.  
And then all at once from out of a theater doorway came a  
sound of cheering and clapping. And a group of men elbowed  
their way through what promised to be a small mob. And

Mary, peering down the street, saw that one of the men was  
taller than the others, and broader, and more handsome.  
And that, though the others wore shiny tall hats, his curly  
head was bare. And that—oddest thing in a whole Arabian  
Nights evening—he carried a great armful of flowers. Scarlet,  
long-stemmed roses—dozens of them. Mary had never seen  
American beauties, before. As the men came down the street,  
toward her, she caught her breath to see them. And her two  
thin hands came up to clasp themselves together on her flat  
little gray-covered breast.

The men were coming close. The crowd, gathering from  
all around, threatened to submerge them. They were laugh-  
ing, joking. Mary—caught by the throb of existence—  
teetered on her toes at their [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134]

# How Norma Shearer



Hurrell

**T**HE girl who got what she wanted! Norma Shearer, by her own standards, is Hollywood's perfect success. Fighting and whipping obstacles one by one, she is famous star, admired woman, beloved wife and mother. Yet, in the article over the way, Katharine Albert wonders whether Norma missed some of the joy of life on her climb to glory!

# Got What She Wanted

A steel will and driving ambition overcame her handicaps and brought her love and success. But has she missed anything, in her fight for fame?

By Katherine Albert

WHEN Norma Shearer enters a room—oh boy, she enters that room! Her head is high, chin up, shoulders back. She is the essence of grace and assurance. Graciously, she nods to her friends and you have the feeling that if the drawing-room were in the White House at Washington or Buckingham Palace it would be the same. Invariably, she is the best-dressed (although the least ostentatious), the most beautiful (despite terrific physical handicaps), and altogether the most charming woman in the room. You wish you, yourself, were a little more at ease, just a trifle better groomed. Norma has always been like that. Except once.

That was just before her baby was born. For the first time in her life she was not completely mistress of the circumstances. For once Norma was baffled. Something quite beyond her was happening. She was caught up in nature's whirlpool and her eyes wore a stark look, her shoulders drooped. Norma Shearer, able to bend every person's will to her own, had become merely a woman—a woman who was going to have a baby. And she was afraid.

This new attitude didn't last long. She returned to her own cool, classic self. And why not? Norma, the indomitable, triumphed over whatever whim nature might have had. Norma had a boy.

WHEN the event was announced, a certain star who had always wanted a man child and had a girl instead said, "Norma's had a boy. I knew it. I knew it. Norma would!"

At the time I would have bet a tidy sum (well, at least it would have been tidy) that Norma's baby would be a boy. The trouble was I couldn't get a bet. Everybody felt sure that if Norma Shearer wanted a boy she'd get one, despite what Mother Nature had planned, as she's gotten everything else she has wanted.

Now let's go back a bit and see what has caused this divine belief in Norma.

Consider her when she first came to New York from Canada to go into pictures. Her eyes were unusually small and deep set. There was also, in one of them, a slight tendency toward a cast. Her teeth lapped in front. Although her figure was perfect, her legs were not. In fact, D. W. Griffith, who was then the great master, said to her, "My dear, you'll never get along in pictures. Your blue Irish eyes won't photograph."

If ever I were to doubt that mind was greater than matter, Norma Shearer would pull me back into line. When you look at her, you think her utterly beautiful and yet she has these glaring defects. I believe that she hypnotizes you into believing that she is beautiful. I'd expect anything from a woman like Norma.

Nobody knows what she has gone through during that amazing journey toward success. No hours were too long, no effort too tedious if it brought her what she wanted. Her teeth could not be permanently straightened, so for years she wore a brace under them, a device that tortured her. She also learned how to stand, both for still pictures and before the moving film camera so that the lines of her legs would appear to be perfect. Norma didn't miss a single bet.



The raw material. The Norma Shearer of 1923, when she broke into pictures for Louis B. Mayer. Her own spiritual force turned her into the sleek, gorgeous girl across the way

Handicapped as she was physically, what, then, did she have to offer? A theatrical background? Long years of stage experience? A thorough knowledge of screen technique? Not at all. She had never appeared upon a stage or screen. She did not even know a single actor or any one in any way connected with the business. And yet she and her sister (thus unequipped) arrived in New York to get into pictures. Sister Athole soon gave up the fight, but Norma went on. What courage, what sheer will-power, what absolute nerve it took, nobody will ever thoroughly [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

# \$2,000.<sup>00</sup> For Your

\$2,000.00 in cash for best story idea for title  
"Beauty and the Boss." Equal amount  
for other short picture stories accepted

**J**UST grab that fellow who has been talking "hard times," hold him fast and shout this in his ear:

"There's \$2,000 waiting for you at PHOTOPLAY'S office!"

It's waiting there for the best story that fits the title, "Beauty and the Boss," which Warner Bros. want to produce with Marian Marsh and David Manners in the leading rôles.

And there are nine more checks for \$2,000 waiting, too.

Yes, nine more for the best stories with picture ideas from amateur writers.

As we told you last month in announcing this opportunity to tell your story in your own way and get \$2,000 for it, originality will mean more than literary ability. It's your story that Warner Bros. want.

If you can tell a story that you think will fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss," fine and dandy! Get right to work and tell it.

But if you think you have a better story of your own, why, that's fine, too. Tell it. If it's human and interesting and original it can win one of the nine \$2,000 checks that are also waiting.

Remember that the wonderful modern cameras and sound mechanisms recognize no limitations. They can tell any story. From the most ponderous depths of the ocean, 20,000 leagues under the sea, to the airy, fanciful regions above the clouds; from the majestic splendors of the Taj Mahal to the homely thatched cottage of the Irish countryside; from the squalid tenements to the mansions of the rich the camera moves

quickly and easily. The whole world is your setting and all the people in it your characters.

But be original—and sincere. Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department of Warner Bros.—First National, whose helpful suggestions are printed here for your guidance, tells you that "the story should roll along just as though you were telling of something that really happened.

"Never for a moment should the disagreeable sensation of artificiality be present."

**N**OW, just to remind you and reassure you again. You don't have to be a literary genius. Just be original. Look around you, think of things that have happened to you, or that have shaped the lives of your friends. Maybe a great present-day problem that has deeply affected you offers a moving, human story.

Talk it over with the family. Better still, write it with the family.

Let every one in on it, and make it an exciting, thrilling and profitable game.

You have plenty of time, until midnight of July 15. The rules are simple and easy to follow. They are printed on another page.

Read them carefully. Read Mr. Wilk's suggestions. They will help you, too. And now, go to it. Everybody! And win those \$2,000 checks!

By Jacob Wilk

(Manager of the Story Department,  
Warner Bros.—First National Pictures)

**I**T seems ever to be the rule that those things which appear easiest to do are precisely those which in the long run are the most difficult.

What is so simple—on the face of it—as writing a scenario? A few words, dashed off without regard to literary style, or even too strict observance of the rudiments of grammar and—presto! the task is completed. All that remains is to write a crisp business note to the story editor of one of the motion picture companies to accompany the enclosed manuscript, and then to sit back and await the check in (it is fondly hoped) the return mail.

Alas, it is not the check which most often comes back in the return mail but the scenario! And the would-be writer for the screen wonders what could have gone wrong.

It is foolhardy to declare that there are definite rules in writing scenarios, any more than there are rules in writing books. Every time an authority sets himself up to codify the laws of an art like writing,



The camera recognizes no limitations. It moves time backward or forward, goes all places at all times and sees all things. This street scene of Chicago in 1909, constructed on the Warner Bros. lot for a sequence in "The Public Enemy," is but one example of what the movies can do

See Page 94 For

# Picture Idea

somebody comes along and succeeds in creating a masterpiece in spite of the fact that he has disregarded all of them.

Rules being what they are, please be warned that you will find none here. What I propose to submit for your consideration are admonitions and precautions. Observe them carefully and you will avoid the pitfalls that litter the path of the scenarist.

Guard against being insincere. This doesn't mean you are to write a scenario consisting only of the innermost secrets of your life. It doesn't even mean you are to exploit the secrets of your friends' lives—although that is getting nearer to it. In the strictest sense, it means writing only that in which you *believe*—never that which you, yourself know is silly but which you imagine will prove acceptable to others.

As a matter of fact, nothing is so difficult to pass off successfully as pseudo-material which is written with the thought in back of the author's head that here is something about which he knows little and cares less. The deceit breaks through every line, and the story editor, in reading such manuscripts, finds himself saying: "Why don't these authors write about the people and things they know best? Why does this prim school-teacher base her tale on life in Parisian cafés? Why does this clerk in a general store treat of dope smugglers in Hongkong? Isn't there enough drama within the circle of their own lives?"

Of course, there is no injunction against a prim school-teacher describing life in Parisian cafés, and the same goes for the clerk in the general store. These people have, at times, written successful stories based on incidents and situations lying wholly without the range of their experience. However, such successes are the exceptions. Why shoot at a feather when the whole bird is available?

The great fallacy is that aspiring screen writers heedlessly presume that no one is particularly interested in what they themselves know best, but that what is required in the way of a story is a re-statement of the type of film which happens to be currently popular. Thus the preponderance of amateur scenarios submitted within recent months to the Warner Bros.-First National story department deal with the underworld. Here the axiom appears to be: Underworld films are popular, why not write an underworld story?

Why not? On the other hand, why, unless there is a strong inner urge to tell something about the underworld that is not already known?

There are two things every scenario must have—plot and characterization. This simply means a story with real, live persons in it. Curiously enough, the story and the persons in it have a very complete relation to each other. Sometimes it is the story which makes the characters what they are, and other times

## Some Friendly Hints

By Jacob Wilk

Manager of the Story Department, Warner Bros.—  
First National Pictures

**A**CTION is essential in a motion picture story.

A literary style is not necessary, but the clear presentation of ideas in dramatic form is essential.

The great fallacy is that aspiring screen writers heedlessly presume that no one is particularly interested in what they themselves know best.

There are two things every story must have—plot and characterization.

The successful writer knows his subject.

Write only that in which you believe—never that which you, yourself, know is silly, but which you imagine will prove acceptable to others.

it is the characters which make the story. Either of these two cases is good, for in real life it is sometimes events which change or mold our lives and other times it is we who change and mold events.

What is bad, however, is for neither plot nor characters to have any relationship to each other—or a slight or implausible relationship—or for the one to be overdeveloped at the expense of the other.

In the case of all plot and no characterization, we have a tremendous lot of action without any meaning in terms of human interest. We are conscious that things are happening, but that no one for whom we can feel any sympathy is affected in the least. Our reaction is almost exclusively restricted to the eyes as opposed to the heart or emotions. Contrariwise, an over-emphasis on

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]



Capturing six-cylinder action in "The Public Enemy." Another example of the mobility of the camera and the ability of the screen to tell your story, no matter where it takes place. James Cagney and Edward Woods are being photographed in the light car in the foreground

## Rules of Contest



★ *THE FRONT PAGE*—United Artists

**L**USTY with the same rowdy boisterousness that made it big box-office on the stage, "The Front Page" has reached the screen.

Unchastened by contemplation of the Hays' code, it manages by devious means to retain every bit of its original aroma—certainly not that of the lily, certainly not far removed from the lily's roots. All that aside, here's a great movie! It's fast, it's alive, it packs thrills and laughs and sobs together at high speed. It runs nearly an hour and three-quarters, and you don't get tired. That's the acid test.

Producer-Millionaire Hughes used all the money it needed to do this well. The cast bristles with big names. Menjou takes top honors, and if any more proof were needed that Lewis Milestone is a magician of a director, this is it.



★ *THE MILLIONAIRE*—Warners

**T**HIS is the first time George Arliss has undertaken a picture not made from one of his stage plays, in which he was letter perfect.

It is also the first time he has ever made a picture so essentially American in theme and action. The result is one of the most delightful characterizations he has ever done.

A wealthy automobile manufacturer is ordered by his physician to give up all work. The work is his life, but he comes West with his family and, disgusted with the constant nurses and servants, he goes out on the q. t. and gets himself another business.

Evalyn Knapp, as the daughter, is attractive and lovable, while David Manners, as the business partner, is particularly appealing. Everybody should see this.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *SKIPPY*—Paramount

**M**ANY were agonized when they learned "Skippy" was to be movified. Those who had learned to love Percy Crosby's *Skippy* on the comic page feared what Hollywood would do with him. Those who hate all kids and kid pictures groaned at thought of another. But "Skippy" is grand. You'll love it—as much for what it isn't as for what it is.

They have had the courage to dispense with such cinematic traditions as slapstick hokum and "love interest." They've had the courage to picture as simply as a child thinks, a kid friendship and the childish tragedies and triumphs that loom so colossally in their lives. You laugh, you cry, and you don't feel afterward that you've been tricked into doing either.

Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan as *Skippy* and *Sooky* are amazing. No taint of that painful precociousness of child actors mars their work; they're just kids. How much of this is due to their own ability is a question. The dialogue, which doesn't try to fit adult words to kid tongues, is splendid, and director Norman Taurog has certainly shown high talent in transferring to the screen what goes on in the minds and hearts of children. In the midst of the present flood of sophistication and wild animals chewing each other, may Allah be praised for such an anodyne as "Skippy."

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

SKIPPY	STRANGERS MAY KISS
THE FRONT PAGE	THE MILLIONAIRE
DISHONORED	IT'S A WISE CHILD
TABU	DIRIGIBLE
	STEPPING OUT

## The Best Performances of the Month

Jackie Cooper in "Skippy"  
Bobby Coogan in "Skippy"  
Adolphe Menjou in "The Front Page"  
Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss"  
Robert Montgomery in "Strangers May Kiss"  
Neil Hamilton in "Strangers May Kiss"  
George Arliss in "The Millionaire"  
Victor McLaglen in "Dishonored"  
Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored"  
Marion Davies in "It's a Wise Child"  
Ralph Graves in "Dirigible"  
Richard Barthelmess in "The Finger Points"  
Fredric March in "Honor Among Lovers"  
William Powell in "Man of the World"  
Charlotte Greenwood in "Stepping Out"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142*



★ STRANGERS MAY KISS—M-G-M

THIS is Norma Shearer's first picture since she became a mother, and it's her finest picture to date.

That's going some, as "The Divorcée" won many of the honors that were floating around last year, but Ursula Parrott develops her characters more logically and Norma's work in some scenes is superb. Rarely has one been as gorgeous as our Norma while treading the primrose path.

An extremely modern girl refuses marriage, because her knowledge of married life has been false and disappointing. After giving her favors without benefit of clergy, she learns she has cheapened the thing she most prized. After much suffering, both she and her lover grasp the deeper significance of the marriage vow. Sounds trite, but Director Fitzmaurice keeps it absorbingly entertaining throughout.

A splendid supporting cast, in which Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery share equal honors. Montgomery wins much sympathy and Hamilton gains new laurels. Irene Rich appears in only one sequence, and cannot be forgotten throughout the picture. Marjorie Rambeau is charming.

Both Modernists and Conformists will rave over this. Norma is the last word in everything sophisticated (with clothes to make you gasp), giving us beauty, finesse, restraint, and abandon. A vivid drama of modern life.



★ DISHONORED—Paramount

IT'S mighty difficult to get reviews into PHOTOPLAY before a lot of our readers have seen some of the pictures. This new Marlene Dietrich picture, for instance. Thousands have already seen it. We wonder what they really think of it. We feel it's the best work Miss Dietrich has done. She plays a spy, the fascinating X-27. Here is a new and better Victor McLaglen. And a grand supporting cast.

Here are all the famous Von Sternberg touches. But there are too many "dissolves" (the technical term for overlapping scenes) and we hope they won't do that again.

We're sure the picture held you spellbound, nevertheless, from the first shot of Marlene's already famous legs until the last spectacular moment.

See "Dishonored," and you'll know why we recommend it.



★ IT'S A WISE CHILD—M-G-M

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that this Belasco hit ran more than a year in New York, and the lines were quoted from Coast to Coast, Marion Davies brings a naive freshness to the picture that makes it seem like new. It makes us feel like predicting a great year for Marion.

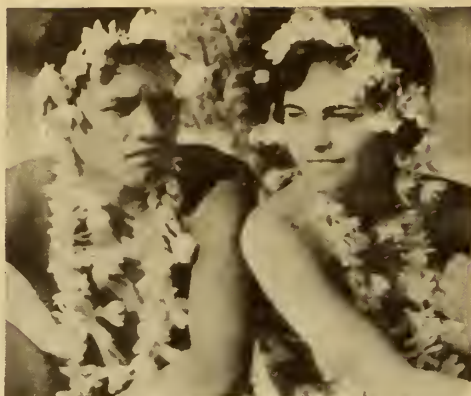
Robert Leonard, who directed her in "The Bachelor Father," handles the megaphone again. He has an unusual understanding of Marion's flair for comedy, combined with the rare art of being able to get all the mirth out of a risqué situation without offending the censors.

Sidney Blackmer, Ben Alexander, Polly Moran, Marie Prevost and others deserve a good hand, too, while James Gleason, as *Cool Kelly*, is a riot. It's hilarious farce you will walk blocks to see.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**TABU—**  
Paramount



**A** PICTURE of exquisite tropical beauty, the last work of that master of the screen, Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh." See this picture and encourage more like it. Robert Flaherty, director of "Nanook of the North," worked with Murnau and shares the honors. A story of the South Seas, made with a native cast, it concludes with a veritable screen poem of tragedy.



**DIRIGIBLE—**  
Columbia



**F**ED up with jungle thrillers? Then come to the South Pole and get a fresh line of thrills. This is a grand melodrama, packed with excitement on the air and the Antarctic wastes, with dirigible and airplane shots that prove there's something new even in aerial pictures. The Navy helped make it. You'll like Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Fay Wray and Roscoe Karns, who take high honors.



**STEPPING  
OUT—**  
M-G-M



**H**AVE you noticed how they're putting richer casts into program pictures? Here's another light comedy with an honor list like the old super-specials. Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reginald Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond. Every one fits his part as a smart dress fits Norma Shearer. It's a continual laugh, and naughty enough to be spicy. See it.

**THE FINGER  
POINTS—**  
First National



**T**HIS story is obviously suggested by the Lingle murder case, and makes an intensely absorbing picture, with Barthelmess as the green Southern boy reporting for Chicago's biggest newspaper. He tries playing straight, thinks it doesn't pay, takes his cut from the gangsters, fails to keep them protected and pays the penalty. A decidedly different rôle for Barthelmess. Regis Toomey and Fay Wray are also splendid. Don't miss this.

**UNFAITHFUL—**  
Paramount



**C**HATTERTON-FOREVER enthusiasts will like this, but the average audience may be tepid. The story of a society matron who cannot divorce her faithless husband without involving her own sister-in-law, and who goes to the dogs like a kitchen maid. However, fine actors like Paul Lukas, Paul Cavanagh, Don Cook and Juliette Compton support, and it will please wherever Chatterton pictures are popular.

**GOD'S GIFT  
TO WOMEN—**  
Warners



**F**RANK FAY, debonair French bachelor, is the gift; Laura La Plante, gorgeous American blonde, is the final receiver. He passes through many lovely feminine hands, however, before she gets him. Mostly in a hilarious manner. Good gags and new ones. Worth many a laugh. Nothing sensational in the story, but still amusing. Laura's beautiful in her return to the screen. You'll want to see her.



# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**MAN OF THE WORLD**—  
Paramount



**WILLIAM (SUAVE) POWELL** turns in another grand performance as an expatriated American living by his wits in Paris. The story hasn't much action, but it's so dramatic, emotionally, that you don't mind. And Bill isn't fooling when he says he loves Carole Lombard, who is lovely. Cal York tipped you off to that. Wynne Gibson is the other girl. Lawrence Gray has a small part. Good picture.



**A TAILOR-MADE MAN**—  
M-G-M

**THIS** is a blues-chaser, and superior to the recent Billy Haines laugh operas. Although Haines has his usual jaunty self-confidence, he plays it with restraint, thereby proving he's really a good actor. He's supported by an unusually fine cast. Incidentally, it's funny without being suggestive. This is the second time this has been done in pictures. Charlie Ray first. Now Bill Haines.

**THE LAST PARADE**—  
Columbia



**THIS** is Columbia's contribution to the big parade of gangster talkies now marching—and shooting—across our screens. It's a jim-dandy, too, with thrills, suspense, romance and some good comedy dexterously mingled. The cast is as well-balanced as the plot—led by Jack Holt, Constance Cummings and Tom Moore, all three do excellently. The boys are rivals for Constance's favor. Jack wins.



**MR. LEMON OF ORANGE**—  
Fox

**EL BRENDEL** bursts into stardom in this one, which is a burlesque on racketeers and racketeering films. It's mistaken identity stuff, and El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay do their best with the material they have. You may not laugh as much as you expect from an El Brendel picture, but the Bantam car sequence, and what happens when he swallows a tiny mouth-organ, are funny.

**BACHELOR APARTMENT**—  
Radio Pictures



**THE** Nth degree of sophistication! Yet the amusingly risqué situations are served with a plot which actually holds story interest. Lowell Sherman proves he is not only a finished actor, but a finished director. Mae Murray makes a spectacular return as the modern vamp, a restless married woman. Hats off to Irene Dunne, Claudia Dell, Noel Francis, Charles Coleman, Norman Kerry, Ivan Lebedeff and Purnell Pratt.



**HONOR AMONG LOVERS**—  
Paramount

**EXCELLENT** performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and Monroe Owsley do all they can to save this story of love between boss and secretary from triteness. Owsley, at present First Cad of the Cinema, is the weak laddie Claudette marries—but she and Freddie walk out of the final fade-out hand in hand. And first-rate dialogue helps.

[ ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 126 ]

# A Melancholy Wisecracker

We move the camera close to "Wild Willie" Haines, a lazy funny-man who loves—and knows—his antiques

By

Harry Lang

**T**WAS a group of Hollywood *cognoscenti*, and they were having fun telling what various film folk made them think of, in one pungent phrase.

"Hobart Bosworth," for-instanced one, "makes me think of Sunday afternoon in Philadelphia."

"And Clara Bow," up-piped another, "reminds me of an inflamed carbuncle on Will Hays' neck!"

"While Laurel and Hardy," wisecracked a third, "are, to me, just succotash!"

"What of Gary Cooper?" asked one.

"The Love-Life of a Giraffe," answered another.

"Doug Fairbanks—senior?" prompted a voice.

"Mahomet on a Pogo-Stick," was the solution.

"What about William Haines?"

Silence. Great minds pondered.

Then from a corner came the voice of a black-haired girl. She knows Bill Haines well. She's worked with him on the lot, and has met him socially.

"I know the answer," she said.

"What?" they chorused. "'The Specialist'—bound in white velvet."

So everybody agreed, and that's how they started talking about Haines. It seems everybody knew something about him—or something he'd done. Hollywood's like that. Everybody knows a lot about everybody else.

"**YEAH,**" observed the One-Who-Knew-Him-When; "that crack about 'The Specialist' bound in white velvet is pretty apt. You could take Bill Haines and Rabelais and four mule drivers an' start 'em at scratch, and Bill would have the rest blushing inside of fifteen seconds! And then he goes to sleep on lace pillow slips in a bedroom that would make Clara Bow's look like a fireman's."

"Uh-huh, he's kind of nuts on fancy furniture and antiques," continued the One-Who's-Seen-His-House. "Y'ever been up at Bill's place? Say, he's got the greatest collection of early American furniture and pieces that there is in Hollywood."

"He runs an antique shop, too, over here in Hollywood, but everybody knows that by this time. Makes money at it, too. Got a nice piece of change out of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks. Sold them antiques to furnish their portable dressing-rooms with."

"Marie Dressler was at one of his parties once," explained the One-Who-Knows-Him-Well, "and she—who's traveled all over—said she'd never seen a more perfect host and a more perfectly appointed table than at Bill's party."

"You know, he sort of prides himself on that. He's not like other bachelors—leaving everything to the servants. Bill runs his house himself, and he is amazingly good at it. He even sees to his larder himself, just like a housewife, and orders every menu for every dinner he gives, instead of leaving it to some one else. And what dinners! Giving formal affairs is his delight."

"**W**HAT a husband he'd make," sighed the Sweet-Young-Thing.

"Not if he ever knows it," replied the One-Who-Knows-Him. "Bill's a confirmed bachelor. Says he has never been in love with any girl yet, and doesn't intend to."

"What about Polly Moran?" asked the One-Who-Reads-Fan-Magazines.

"Oh, that's a story. It seems that Bill likes to startle people," said the One-Who-Knew-Him-When. "Well, early in his movie career, a news woman met him on the lot one day and asked him if he had any news. 'News?' echoed Bill, 'well, I don't know if it's news or not but I'm gonna marry Polly Moran.'"

"Bill said it as a joke. But the writer took it seriously—and published it!"

"Well, Bill thought the joke was so good, he continued the gag. Polly Moran, who's as much of a clown as he is, helped him. Out of that, a grand friendship grew, and Bill and Polly are probably Hollywood's two best friends."

"**H**E'S the despair of photographers. They never can get him to pose quietly. Sometimes they think they've got him—and when the plate is developed, they find he's making a fool face or sticking out his tongue or something nutty like that. He hates to pose in full dress."

"Is he always a wisecracking smart-aleck?" demanded the Girl-Who-Wants-To-Know-All.

"Moody as a prima donna," replied another. "He can be as bubbly as champagne for days, and then all [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



William Haines and his mother, Mrs. George Haines. She's a gentle, white-haired Virginia matron, and the one great love of Bill's life—in spite of all these yarns about Polly Moran! Haines swears he'll remain a happy bachelor



Ruth Harriet Louise

**W**ILLIAM HAINES, for years the screen's favorite smarty-cat comedian, stands at a crisis in his picture career. He needs some good stories as never before! Meanwhile, on the opposite page, Harry Lang turns the spy-glass on this popular star

# Screen Fashions You Can



Those are real honest-to-gosh gardenias Dorothy Jordan is wearing on the neckline of her georgette evening gown. A new way to wear flowers and a smart way, if you ask me.

If you wear artificial flowers instead of real ones, you're still in fashion. And remember this—flowers help even the most beautiful woman look more beautiful.



Wear court earrings like Karen Morley's if you want to look royal. But don't wear any other jewelry at the same time or you'll look like a jeweler's window. Earrings are back in the fashion picture—especially for evening.

— Seymour —

# Wear—Chosen by Seymour

Here are some of fashion's stars that twinkle on the silver screen. Not like some movie folks—a star today but only an extra tomorrow. These costume stars are going to brighten fashion's firmament a long time.

Let me tell you what's smart about them, so you can have something quite like them for yourself—if you want to.

It's exciting, isn't it, to see a costume on your favorite movie star that you know you can wear yourself. They show you so dramatically how to wear fashions. How to tilt a hat, wrap a coat, tie a scarf, or swish your ruffles into a ballroom in the manner of a grand duchess.

Still more exciting, I think, to know the costume's smart—and why.

May brides—June brides—any summer brides get a thrillingly good idea about bridal gowns from Jean Arthur.

This one is antique ivory satin (white is rare in bridal gowns now, you know). The proverbial bridal lace is used in yoke and sleeves. An idea of Vionnet's, cleverly adapted.

Notice how the train just seems to flow naturally out of the gown. It's all right to wear a train on a wedding gown—you wear it only once. I call this a fine interpretation of the most important of all gowns—the bridal gown.





SEYMOUR PICKS  
THESE FASHIONS  
FOR SPORTS WEAR

One of my favorites of all summer hats. This new elegant sailor is a favorite of Laura La Plante's, too.

Linen-like straw—low shallow crown—brim not too wide—stiffened edge bound so it stays away from your face—as a good sailor should.



This is a slick sport suit Evalyn Knapp is wearing.

Yellow—smart color. Angora jersey—smart fabric. Short jacket, scalloped—good.

Notice the white and tan opera pumps she's wearing. You just have to own a pair if you want to be in fashion this summer.



This is a sports dress you'll see often this summer. Reason: it's easy to wear and smart as can be.

Lita Chevret looks good in it—you will, too. Gaily striped, sash tied, it has shoulder-covering sleeves—a fashion winner!

— Seymour —

# Fashion Headliners for Afternoon Wear

Lanvin has made herself and Paris famous for fashions by designing perfectly swell dresses like this one Tallulah Bankhead is wearing. It's blue crepe with a flattering scarf collar and even more flattering drapery lines.

Garden-printed chiffon is fashion-fine for afternoon bridges and garden parties, says Leila Hyams and I—and millions of others who know. Note its deep bertha with scalloped edge. Ankle length—right for this kind of dress. Good hat, too.

A gorgeous girl—Carole Lombard. A gorgeous dress—this beige crepe roma creation. The fox trimming on the three-quarter sleeves is an especially good fashion point. Her gloves are long enough to meet the short sleeves, another fashion point.

*Seymour*





— Seymour —

Dorothy Jordan is just the right type for this soft little dance frock shown at the left.

Let's give it a fashion test. Has it the smart Empress Eugenie drop shoulders? Check, it has. Is it ruffled? Right, it is. Is it white? Yes, ma'am. Made of fashionable chiffon? Right. And does it just miss the floor? It doesn't touch it.

100 per cent for Dorothy. Congratulations on a perfect fashion score.



Advice: have at least one lace dinner dress.

This one worn by Eleanor Boardman is wearable by many. You'll look especially attractive in it if you're the feminine type—like Eleanor. If you're tired of black—good news—wear brown, as she does, and still be in fashion.

Good jewelry here—sparkling crystals. Too bad the frock is so long—it should just miss the floor.

— Seymour —





Evalyn Knapp scores as a fashion picker again. This collarless suit of hers is certainly a wow. Lightweight wool in woodland green—good. The jersey blouse is in three colors — good. She's wearing mesh hose — good. Those alligator oxfords are good. But say, Evalyn, a scarf would have made this outfit slicker.



See the wide revers on this suit—that's a military touch.

The tricorne is a military-looking hat—good fashion alone—better fashion when worn with a suit like this one June MacCloy wears so well.

Blue and white. The oxfords, mesh stockings and white gloves complete the cast of this perfect fashion picture



Loretta Young shows good judgment, I think, in framing her pretty face with this soft knitted straw turban. Good, too, because of its two colors—tan and brown. I like the pert ornament over the left eye, don't you?

— Seymour —



**D**OES she look like a woman peering over the brink of forty—this vivid girl who has loomed large on the American screen for over twenty years? Mary Pickford comes to the critical age. Now read, on the opposite page, how gallantly she faces it!

# As Mary Faces Forty

MARY PICKFORD has decided to accept maturity gracefully—even to grow old in the same manner!

There is news in this simple statement. News in which every woman in the world should be interested. For to grow old gracefully is a difficult thing.

Much has been written recently about Mary's individual problem. Much more has been said in Hollywood about Mary's frantic clutching for the youth which is slipping from her. She is face to face with forty! People have said that Mary would not face it. They are mistaken.

A year and a half ago they would have been correct. Although I could have written then that Mary Pickford was frightened, I refrained because I was waiting to see who would win the battle—Mary Pickford or Gladys Smith.

Gladys Smith, the little Irish minx who was carried onto a Montreal stage as a child to help make money enough to bury her father, would not have worried when she had reached that beyond-thirty-five period. She would have handled the problem with the same astuteness and indomitable courage as she handled the necessity of making money.

Mary Pickford, the "Queen" of a very real Kingdom, had a much more complicated problem. Queen Marie of Roumania has struggled many years with the same battle.

"I will not give up making pictures! Why should I? I am young. The public still wants me.

"There is no trouble between Douglas and me. We are devoted, as much in love with each other as ever.

"If mother had only lived!" (The mother whose influence had helped to raise the Queen to her throne.)

THESE are some of the statements Mary Pickford made me eighteen months ago across the luncheon table at Pickfair. I did not believe them, but I remained silent because of the eyes of the woman who said them. They were the most unhappy eyes one could imagine. Tears came to them frequently. She spent three hours describing the homage she, with Douglas, had received in the Orient.

She emphasized how the women had stooped to kiss her boots; she unpacked boxes of presents to show me what the followers had heaped upon her. It was Mary, the Queen, speaking. And Mary the Queen could not or would not admit that her day of youthful rule was nearing the end.

Only once did Gladys Smith peep momentarily through that heavy silken curtain which the Queen had so carefully drawn about her. But those all-too-few glimpses showed me that a battle was raging. A battle between the fundamental woman and the artificial one Hollywood had made.

Recently, I spent two hours with Mary Pickford in her studio bungalow. Here are some of the things Gladys Smith told me during that period:

By Ruth Biery

"I hope to make another picture, but I may never make it. Certainly, I will never make another bad picture. If the right story comes my way, the right director, I will do it. Of course, I have to fulfill my contract with United Artists, which calls for one more. I am speaking of beyond that period.

"A spirit stronger than myself has always whipped me to action. It was as though some outside force lashed me from one step to another; one picture to another. *The urge isn't nearly so definite as it used to be.*

"I AM having such a good time playing." Her eyes twinkled. "I feel as though I were playing hooky. Weren't your best school days the ones on which you played hooky? I am getting into the habit of loafing. I love it. I am really afraid now of the day when my fiery ancestors will catch me moping and whip me again into action. I used to be afraid they wouldn't.

"I have never been a happy woman. It is not my nature. For the first time I am learning about contentment.

"If I never had another kind thing said about me while I live, I would still say I have been blessed all the way. Nobody has had a more remarkable career. No one has more lovely things to remember.

"I am actually trying to hide as long as I can. I almost went back onto the stage when I was in New York. Those Irish ancestors almost had me. I was afraid I was going to break out into self pity and go to work. I didn't.

"I understand about Mother now. (Gladys Smith pronounces that word with a capital letter.) It was right. It is all a matter of philosophy. All life is a matter of correct thinking. It isn't so much what you do. It's the inside that counts. I am putting up a little white fence around my inner self. I want to keep people from tramping on that; it doesn't make much difference what they say about Mary Pickford.

"I AM adding a codicil to my will. It says that when I go, my films go with me. They are to be destroyed. I am buying all my old films for this purpose. I would rather be a beautiful illusion in the minds of people than a horrible example on celluloid. I pleased my own generation. That is all that matters.

"Pictures have progressed. My pictures will soon be old-fashioned. My old pictures are already old-fashioned. It

is marvelous for me to remember 'Daddy Long Legs.' I do not want to see it. I am more happy in the memory of it than I was during the success of it.

"Douglas?" She smiled. "If I had a girl I would not spank her. I would spank a boy. Boys need punishment. A man feels he must go on a trip and suffer physical discomforts. He likes going unshaven. A woman must have a nice, warm bath.

"I couldn't imagine myself trekking six days—three on an elephant and three on a donkey— [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]

## In This Amazingly Frank Interview Mary Pickford says:

"I cannot deny that there may be a separation. I can only say there is none now. Just a vacation for Douglas.

"I have never been a happy woman. For the first time I am learning about contentment.

"I hope to make another picture, but I may never make it.

"I am adding a codicil to my will. It says that when I go, my films go with me. They are to be destroyed. I pleased my own generation. That is all that matters.

"I haven't half as much money as people credit to me.

"I still shake all over when I am in the presence of Gloria Swanson."

# Do You Want a



Did you think the Hollywood studio offices were more glamorous than yours? A corner of the script department at M-G-M, where typists prepare scenarios. Edith Farrell, its head, is the smiling lady

**W**ANT a job in pictures? Wait—don't rush out here! It's a hypothetical question I'm asking.

Well, what sort of a job? Acting?

Oh please! You've been told for twenty years how tough it is to crash the golden gates of Hollywood.

The acting division is a small part of the mighty army that makes our talkies. There are about 6,000 actors charging up and down the studios—and some of those are more hopeful than successful.

But between ninety and a hundred thousand men and women labor in the motion picture colony—doing everything from running the whole shebang to sweeping out.

Their jobs are tremendously varied, and some of them are interesting and well paid. What would you like to be? For instance, on the regular weekly payroll at Fox are 775 persons—of which fifty-four are actors under contract. The rest are the butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers of the film world.

Naturally, this isn't the full Fox manpower.

Thousands are hired on a daily or weekly basis.

I wanted to find out what Hollywood thinks of its job. I talked to representative people in nearly every department of the business—asking them what their work entails, how they happened to go into it, how they like it and what they think of it as a choice for other young men and women.

And here are the answers—the first comprehensive survey ever made of the myriad jobs of the movies!

**ACTING:** After talking with a dozen prominent members of this most-talked-about branch, no one was found who would take the responsibility of advising others to try it! They have

entered it from almost as many different avenues as there are people in it. Betty Compson from fiddling, Corinne Griffith from a beauty contest, Billie Dove, Joan Crawford, Lilyan Tashman and many others from Broadway choruses. Lew Ayres came from a Los Angeles orchestra.

**ACTING** is too uncertain. The chances are one in ten thousand. If you win today, you may lose tomorrow. The money is large, but not steady. You can starve more easily than you can succeed. The hours are ungodly, the trials almost unsurmountable, the heartaches inevitable."

They all said the same, yet all admitted that once in it, they would not go to another profession. One example shows what they mean. Ruth Chatterton had many years of stage experience, yet she went to her last eight dollars in Hollywood with no work in sight. A loan enabled her to continue the gamble. She won.

The salaries vary. Extras get \$7.50 a day. And the girl who has become a star from an extra is the eternal myth of the business! Bit players receive from \$10.00 to \$50.00 a day, and specialists more. Contract players draw from \$75.00 a week to eight and ten thousand.

"And remember," Betty Compson told us, "it takes an actress of any standing at all the better part of \$9,000 a month to live in the strictest economy, because of the demands made upon her."

**DIRECTING:** E. H. Griffith made "Holiday," one of 1930's most successful productions. He says:

"I came via newspaper reporting, with Monta Bell and others. My ambition was to be a great writer. It still is. I am using directing to help toward that end. Where can I learn more about story construction?"



For forty years she's taken care of theatrical clothes! This is "Mother" Coulter, now in charge of the period costume department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios

# Job in the Studios?

By  
*Jeanne North*

Here is the only thorough and reliable article ever printed about all classes of employment in the picture studios!



The make-up departments of the studios offer chances to beauty shop operators. Erne Westmore, head of the shop at Radio Pictures, supervises work on Irene Dunne, famous as *Sabra* in "Cimarron"

"Actors seldom make good directors. Those who have been actors will admit they were bad ones. An actor must concentrate on one rôle; a director must differentiate among many.

"Writing is good preparation for directing. Travel is the best possible training. I should advise a young man to leave school early, if necessary, to get in his travel.

"My advice to young boys with ambitions to direct is: don't. If a boy has the ability, intelligence, perseverance, ambition and determination to be a good director, he can make far more out of life in business.

"Make two or three good pictures and you are on the top; make two or three bad ones and you are in the gutter.

"We have no home life. We eat from a counter more often than we do from a table. We have no time for vacations because we are working on stories between pictures."

A twinkle entered his eye. "However, if young men pay any attention to me, they won't make good on any job—they'll be too discouraged. The acid test is:

"Are you easily discouraged?"

**SCENARIO Writing:** Frances Marion began as a newspaper reporter at seventeen.

She sold her first story of importance, "The Foundling," to Mary Pickford, sixteen years ago.

Alan Dwan, the director, said: "I will pay you \$250 for it if you will write the continuity, help with the wardrobe, act as press-agent for the production and help with the cutting."

A few years later she was the first woman to receive \$1,000 a week for her work. June Mathis learned of it and insisted upon the same salary.



Newspaper experience and contacts got pretty Eleanor Packer a good job in the publicity department at M-G-M



Betty Roberts is a big shot at Radio Pictures. As head of the scenario department, she knows all the answers

**T**ODAY, Miss Marion makes around \$100,000 a year, the "around" depending upon whether she is under salary or selling originals. She is the highest paid woman in her line and ranks among the three highest of either men or women.

"Newspaper reporting, by all means, for training. This means contacts with life. A good way to start in a studio is as script girl, and since they are usually hired from the stenographic force, stenography makes an excellent preparation.

"Experience as a cutter is invaluable as it is a sure way of learning to know your film.

"It is strange, but when you are climbing the ladder it is fun. The fight up brings the greatest happiness. I don't know what

I would have done if it hadn't been for the talkies. They were new; we had to fight all over again. The way I fought to prove I could write dialogue! And during the day of musicals I re-studied music, took lessons again.

"Now, I am taking Spanish lessons for foreign versions.

"As long as there is something to fight for, it is fascinating.

"Opportunities? Of course, there are opportunities. Studios need good stories more than they need anything else. Anyone who has ideas and is willing to work all hours and think of nothing but work, can succeed. I never go to parties. During the filming of 'The Big House' when I wasn't on the set, I was in the projection room seeing rushes or in the cutting room helping the cutter.

# Do These Hollywood Jobs Look More Thrilling Than Yours?



Is this a job? Erne Westmore, chief makeup expert on the Radio Pictures lot, devotes some personal attention to the task of teaching Pearl Eaton's chorus girls to fix their faces

"The trouble with so many girls and men is they won't work!"

A woman heads the scenario and reading departments at Radio Pictures. Incidentally, Berry Roberts is a real power in that organization.

Her position is really a self-created one. She has charge of the stenographers and the readers, and helps in the selection of scenario writers. She selects stories for the supervisors and directors, contact agents, outside writers, advises on the final cutting of pictures. She commenced as a secretary but always found reasons for staying late and arriving early. She says, "I have gone up because I made myself useful to so many people—made them learn to depend upon me."

She hires numerous people and admits to a real difficulty in finding efficient ones. "We want readers who can write a clear synopsis, secretaries who are real helpers and have initiative. Anyone can make a place for himself or herself in a studio, who is willing to work." She pays from \$25 a week to \$100 for good readers, secretaries and assistants.

**T**HE Paramount reading and scenario department complains of the same difficulty. Irene Francis heads the readers under the supervision of Edward Montagne and his assistant, David Lewis. Lewis is a young chap who reached the executive field via stage acting. He ran away from school to play the footlights, had several successes, lost his voice, went to his last five cent piece, secured reading to do at home for Paramount. (Ann Harding followed the same course.) He came to Hollywood as assistant to a supervisor. The supervisor went out; Lewis was

shunted back to the reading department where he worked up to assistant to Montagne.

The reading department should offer splendid opportunity, but few people in it have the ambition to get out of it.

They don't work hard enough. To get ahead in a studio you must dedicate your life to it. Marion Dix, Charles Furthman, Dorothy Arzner, Ann Harding have been readers. Most of our people come from colleges.

A complete stranger begins as low as \$25; good readers get from \$60 to \$100. Enid Hubbard is Paramount's best West-Coast reader. She writes synopses so well that stories have been purchased because the synopses were better than the original.



One of the most delicate jobs in pictures—cutting the finished film. There are many excellent cutters among Hollywood's girls. One of them is Blanche Sewell, a real expert at M-G-M

**I**N the Paramount scenario department is Virginia Kellogg, formerly press-agent for Fred Niblo. When Niblo left Metro she visited me. "I am going to get into scenario work or die," she stated. It is that do-or-die spirit which wins. Although she is just a beginner, she has already had two original stories accepted by the studio where she landed.

A script girl must be a stenographer, so ninety per cent of them have secured their jobs via this route. Catherine Hunter, for years with First National and now "freelancing," was a stenographer in Wall Street. Doris Kenyon, a personal friend, placed her as a secretary in the First National Studio. Then scripting.

"We must know each detail of a picture. If the star carries a glove in the left hand on the first day of shooting, and there is a re-take of the shot on the last day, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

This is no attempt to glorify an actor who has passed on. It is the truth, every word of it. Louis Wolheim was one of the finest and most generous souls I have ever known

J. R. Q.



# The *Hard-Boiled* Samaritan

**H**AROLD LOCKWOOD, Wallace Reid, Barbara La Marr, Rudolph Valentino, Mabel Normand, Dustin Farnum, Rudolph Schildkraut, Alma Rubens, Milton Sills, Lon Chaney.

Now we add the name of *Louis Wolheim*.

Each time there has been a death, those on the lot where the star worked have created a fund for floral offerings. Louis Wolheim made most of his recent films for Radio Pictures. Co-workers there followed the custom; collected the money. But when the question of flowers arose, the objections were unanimous.

"Louis wouldn't have wanted flowers. He wouldn't have wished us to spend money that way. He would have cussed at us!"

The money was given to a fund to feed the hungry.

Miles Connolly, Radio producer and closest friend of Wolheim, says, "Ours was a double tribute because it is the tribute Louis would have wanted."

His co-workers had many memories to encourage them to such an action. They already knew what the proprietor of a fashionable restaurant told us, recently: "You have no idea how many people will go hungry since Wolheim has gone. He paid the checks for large numbers here each day."

While he was working on "The Silver Horde," he noticed an extra man whose eyes were inflamed. "What the H—" he demanded. The next day, the extra man was in the hospital with a great eye surgeon averting blindness.

His use of harsh language was only comparable to that of John Barrymore; his generosity to that of Marion Davies.

He was under contract to Howard Hughes at \$1,500 weekly, but had an arrangement that he should receive all moneys

above that amount when he was loaned to other companies. For several years he had received \$3,500—since his first sensational success in "Two Arabian Nights."

Yet, Mrs. Wolheim is far from a wealthy woman. Friends doubt whether she has enough for real comfort. The money went to the poor of her husband's profession.

He was considered a "Red" by members of his profession. Miles Connolly says of that: "His so-called radical tendencies came from his terrific desire to help the unfortunate, the poor and the suffering. He had a passion to make the world better. He believed no one should get more from life than he gave to it. If business men made a profit greater than the energy invested, he felt these profits made millions unnecessarily poorer. He could never understand why some should wear rich furs and others starve."

"**H**IS hard-boiled face was a mask; he was a child who never knew quite what it was all about. I think he felt he would live to help a great world-change for the better."

When he was given his last rôle in John Gilbert's "Gentleman's Fate," he was assigned the dressing-room that was once Lon Chaney's. Being superstitious, he refused to take it and occupied the one next door!

You have read of his college degrees (Cornell), of his love of anything mathematical, from bridge to musical composers such as Bach. Of his insatiable search for knowledge. He was one of the really brilliant intellects of the industry.

I think that Wolheim's character is best illustrated by a story of his location days in "Danger Lights." Miles City, Montana, is granted to be one of the country's roughest centers. The cowboy and overall millionaires [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]



Garbo's idea of style is to be comfortable. Yet her plain beret became the byword for feminine *chic*. And now her vagabond felts threaten to rival the beret's popularity



Kay Francis likes hats that follow the lines of her shapely head. The secret of a small hat's smartness is in the way it's worn. And how that Francis girl wears 'em!

# CLOTHES

## *Habits of*

# Hollywood

*By Ruth Biery*

Bob Montgomery's off-screen clothes are, to say the least, informal. Instead of collar and tie, an old yellow scarf dangles around his neck

**H**OLLYWOOD has a lot of claims to note and notoriety. Its sky is the bluest, its sunshine the brightest, its art-business the maddest and its liquor the worst in all creation.

Yes, and its inhabitants have the oddest, quaintest dress habits, devices and vices of any group of men, women and children under Heaven.

True, Broadway claims this distinction (?) for its people, but I propose to show that Broadway is a piker in this regard.

Read on, then, and discover the clothes tricks, conceits and habits that give Hollywood the color and excitement of a three-ring circus.

Jack Oakie's day-in-and-day-out costume is patent leather shoes, the sweat shirt and flannel trousers! No hat. Always the same—whether he is on Hollywood Boulevard, the tennis court or at the Paramount Studio.

Josef Von Sternberg, the discoverer of Marlene Dietrich, always wears a belted coat which makes him look shorter. He wears no hat. But he always carries a cane.

Ivan Lebedeff wears an equally weird combination. Spats, morning coat, striped trousers. And, no hat.

Remember Lon Chaney's caps? One gray, one brown. The gray for blue and light suits. The brown for all others. No one in Hollywood can recall ever seeing Lon Chaney in a hat.

Clive Brook's wife is progressing a little in her fight against her husband's cap habit. Clive Brook is really one of our best dressed men, you know. He would never think of wearing a suit *twice* without its being pressed. But he loves caps and for years has worn them—pulled far down over the left eye.

Mrs. Brook used to insist upon a hat when he went to town to see his lawyer. Now, she must be insisting more often because Clive does wear a hat, frequently, although we understand he always carries a cap so he can wear it if the desire becomes too compelling.

**W**HEN it comes to the hat habits of the ladies, we run into secrets, my dears, real secrets. For instance, Ann Harding and Jetta Goudal. You know Ann's hair. Well, there's so much of it that when it's coiled on her neck, in the established Harding fashion, there's not a hat in the country big enough to cover it. So Ann has her hats made—not according to style, but according to the size of knob they must cover. The result is that Ann Harding frequently looks like one of your country cousins whom you'd hesitate about asking to visit you in the city.

Ann isn't any too careful about clothes, anyway, and by the time she's pulled a hat down over that glorious yellow bundle on the back of her neck, whatever shape the designer *intended* for the front is pretty well forgotten.

As for Jetta Goudal. Her idea is to have hats which rest on





Fitting this heavy knot of hair into a modern hat is like putting the proverbial square peg into a round hole. It can't be done! So Ann Harding buys hats to fit the hair



Dick Barthelmess and his "topper" are familiar Hollywood sights. He's apt to wear it on the most informal occasions. Dick is heavy set, and not so tall, which may explain it



Hollywood calls these *Bowjamas*. Clara wears sports ones for daytime, hostess ones for entertaining, and bedtime ones for bedtime. She keeps a dress handy just for shopping

## Bizarre, quaint or commonplace—every star has a sartorial stunt or two that's almost a trade-mark

top of the knot so that she may avoid the tribulations which beset Miss Harding. But this system has difficulties, too. At Howard Greer's tea, the other day, the little contraption perked on that twist looked for all the world like the old family skillet. Incidentally, the black band which so often encircles Miss Goudal's neck is pinned, in the rear, to the hair-knot.

Jetta has often been described as "high-hat." Really, she isn't. I have wondered if the difficulties of bending her head or turning it from one side to another with the weight of that knot and the strain of the back ribbon tied to it, have not given the world that high-hat, unbending opinion of Jetta. Incidentally, Jetta is the girl who wears her evening corsages of orchids or gardenias wound around her bare arm—in serpentine fashion.

**NORMA SHEARER** goes in for very small hats, close fitting, molded to her head almost as a kid glove is fitted. She frequently wears double-pearled earrings with them—just two little pearls that fit as closely to the ear-lobe as the hat does to the head. And the next time you see Norma in sports or street clothes, notice her beads. Made to order for each costume. She designs them. For one lavender sport costume, she used heavy buttons which she had dyed to the right color and strung with a tiny white bead between each. In the evening you will find her wearing three bracelets. Red, white and blue. Sapphires, rubies, diamonds. The only formal jewelry she desires.

Kay Francis is another who makes a fetish of small hats. Of course, Clara Bow spurns hats—another charter member of Hollywood's non-hat fraternity. In the daytime she wears sports pajamas. Rides to the studio in them; prances around the lot in them. She does keep a street dress in her dressing-room so she can change if she goes to the Boulevard between shots or at luncheon. But she longs for the day when women will wear pajamas even for shopping. During the summer she even ventures forth on the thoroughfares in them.

Clara wears high heels except in some of her picture rôles. It doesn't make any difference whether she's in evening gowns or pajamas—she trips along at the same dangerous height.

We saw her one day at a football game in sports clothes and red satin high-heeled slippers. She goes to reds, you know, defying all the preconceived ideas that redheads should avoid flaming colors.

Joan Crawford favors felt hats. "I don't *feel* comfortable in anything else," she explains. Her hatter delivered eight to her dressing-room at one time, recently. All vagabonds, each cut just a bit different, but if it were not for the great variance in color, you really could not tell one from another. However, hats are not Joan's most unique clothes habit. It is having several dresses made exactly alike, in different colors. Last summer she bought a cunning red and white polka dot sport dress for thirty-five dollars, and liked it so well that she had her seamstress copy it in three different polka dot combinations. She has been known to do the same with evening gowns.

**BILLIE DOVE** orders hats in the same fashion. She begrudges the time for extensive shopping, so chooses as many as eighteen at the beginning of a season. All shaped alike—from an especially becoming pattern designed for her by her hatter. Every shade of the rainbow. Her gowns, if you please, are then ordered to match the hats she has ordered.

Which reminds us. Joyce Compton recently startled the Mayfair with a new black velvet [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]



At the left, Edna Best, the little English star who ran away from Hollywood and a talkie career to be with her husband, right. He's Herbert Marshall, brilliant British actor now on Broadway



# A Hollywood Runaway

**W**HEN Edna Best, the little English actress who was cast opposite John Gilbert in "Cheri Bibi," left Hollywood, "Cheri Bibi," Gilbert and everyone else on the M-G-M lot flat, and dashed 3,000 miles across the continent to join her husband in New York, Hollywood, used to just the opposite, raised a cynical eyebrow and mused:

"I wonder what the *real* reason is!"

Hollywood would do that, because the simple, touching story of a woman who preferred home and husband to a career in the movies was altogether out of place in that mad, topsy-turvy mecca of complicated marital and romantic careers.

But that *is* the real reason—just that!

Edna Best, happily married to Herbert Marshall, handsome English actor now appearing in Phillip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" in New York, was unhappy 3,000 miles away from him.

It was the first time in their married life of more than two years that they had been separated for so long and by such a distance, and Edna, obeying that impulse, simply hopped on a train and wired the studio from San Bernardino that she was on her way.

When that new bombshell burst in that already well-shocked community, everyone had a different explanation, ignoring, of course, the explanation given by Miss Best herself.

Everyone had the *real* "lowdown."

"Why, haven't you heard, dearie?" asked one. "Well, it seems that at a rehearsal of the picture, at which she was very nervous, she had to go over something several times, and Gilbert got very peevisish.

"How much longer do I have to act with this stick?" Jack shrieked, and she burst into tears and left the act.

"That's the real reason, dearie."

**T**HAT story, however, hardly bears out the other one that Gilbert, upon hearing of Miss Best's sensational departure, screamed with mirth and said:

"Good for her! I wish I had the nerve to do something like that!"

Furthermore, Gilbert has a splendid reputation for being courteous and considerate to fellow-workers on a picture, particularly new-comers to Hollywood. He had already ex-

The reason Edna Best fled the talkies is so honest no one believes it!

By James M. Kahn

pressed himself at the studio as being delighted with her screen and voice tests and thought her very clever.

Another well-circulated story was that Miss Best acquired an overwhelming inferiority complex upon reaching the sun-kissed shores of California, which was only heightened when she saw the ease and casualness with which the experienced old-timers went about their work, and that she fled in terror, feeling she'd never make the grade.

Those are Hollywood versions of a story so simple that it just couldn't be believed, but the truth is beginning to soak in at last.

In fact, M-G-M executives, at first considerably put out by Miss Best's abrupt leave-taking, are now beaming like little cherubs over a letter of explanation from Miss Best in which the word "husband" was mentioned seven times.

They have taken the trouble to make it plain that all is forgiven, and that they are looking forward to the return of Miss Best *and* her husband, who is also entering the talkies, in the early fall.

**A**T present they are happily re-united in New York, where Mr. Marshall continues to charm both the little woman and capacity audiences in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

When the play has finished its run, both will return to England for a combination business and pleasure trip. Bent on doing everything together, they both are in partnership with Gilbert Miller, the Anglo-American producer who sponsored Mr. Marshall's present Broadway vehicle, and it is largely in connection with the Miller-Marshall-Best theatrical enterprises abroad that they are making the trip.

Until this comes off, Miss Best will fill in her time in New York in a new play with Basil Rathbone, which is now in rehearsal.

As it doesn't require that she leave New York—and Herbert Marshall—she has entered into it with her old zest.

After their theatrical engagements and their trip to England are over they will return to Hollywood in the early fall—together.

Then, with her husband on the same lot with her, maybe in the very same picture with her, Edna Best will begin all over again on an American talkie career that, even at its best, she has concluded, runs second to that more desirable combination—a husband and home.

# Four wise ways to Loveliness that famous women use

Distinguished for their beauty . . . for the irresistible grace with which they carry on an aristocratic tradition . . . the world's social leaders follow Pond's way to the unflinching charm of personal loveliness.

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care . . . and face an admiring world with radiant loveliness . . . assured success.

Follow their example. Equip your dressing table with these Two famous Creams, these softer Tissues . . . this marvelous Skin Freshener . . . Then watch for the enchanting new beauty that *must* glow in your skin!



1—For thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, with upward, outward strokes. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all cream and dirt. These fleecy-soft Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues. Peach or white.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener briskly pat your skin till it is all aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, promote natural color.

4—Now a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it on your neck and arms, too—wherever you powder.

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# "YES—I am SAYS IRENE RICH

*This charming screen favorite tells how 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars keep the lure of youthful skin . . .*

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old!

"A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To hold her public she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. We know it says 'youth' quicker than anything else. Any woman who wants to keep her charm right through the years should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

*How* does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "*I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly,*" she says.

#### ■ IRENE RICH AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS

(left to right) Frances, 20 years old, Jane (in background) 14, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, still irresistibly appealing, Irene Rich says: "Any woman can keep her youthful freshness right through the years. The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap for years, and my daughters, too, use it."

For every type of skin, the Hollywood stars find, this fragrant, lovely white soap is the perfect complexion care. Surely *you* will want to try it!



The caress of dollar-  
a-cake French soap

*Youth* LUX

# 39 years old!"



Photograph by Autrey  
Hollywood, 1930

■ **IRENE RICH**, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Above is one of her most recent photographs. Years have only added to her charm. Today she faces even the cruel test of close-up lights triumphantly youthful, as this picture (right) from one of her recent films shows!



## Toilet Soap - 10¢



VERY YOUNG LEADING MAN—"Of course, my pet, I'll be terribly, terribly proud to be a father—but what *will* my public say?"

### Important Money

(Since Warners signed Ruthie Chatterton, Willie Powell and Katie Francis for huge sums, the actors in Hollywood are again talking in a lot of cyphers.)

*I saw Jack Warner yesterday—  
He offered me a million.*

*But shucks! I tossed the contract back  
And told him, "Don't be sillion!"*

*"Just give me thirty grand a week,  
A palace at the shore,  
Six cars, eight maids, a swimming pool  
And I'll not ask for more!"*

*"Oh yes, I'll want a contract with  
Ten automatic options—  
And probably a dressing-room  
With all the new contropions!"*

*I handle all big shots like that—  
"Give up—or I'll take air!  
What's that? A bit at Paramount?  
Gee! Lend me taxi fare!"*

### Fun's Fun!

Leo Townsend tells Walter Winchell he thinks Gloria Swanson is running around with Gene Markey because she thinks Markey is a title. . . . Some mad wag—I suspect Willie Haines or Eddie Nugent—hung a sign on Buster Keaton's dressing-room, reading "Danger: Women at Work!" . . . Katherine DeMille, Cecil's daughter, has given up acting for a time and is holding the script on her dad's set. Can't you just hear it? "Yes, Pop!" . . . Some good marquee signs

# Reeling Around

with  
*Leonard  
Hall*

lately. In New York—PAGLIACCI, the first grand opera in sound film, THE DOORWAY TO HELL. In London—ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT. Next week—THE DEVIL TO PAY. . . . "The Village of Sin," famous Russian picture, was directed by O. Proebashenskaja. *The Film Mercury* wants to know why the feller doesn't come to Hollywood and make a name for himself? . . . Charles (Ex-Buddy Ex-Star) Rogers gets his morning headache worrying about which of his five cars he'll take to the studio. And when he was a kid hit, did I buy five gallons of gas for his one-lunged flivver? A whole Hollywood novel in two lines. . . . Richard Dix, it is said, will sing in "Marcheta." Well, we can always remember "Cimarron."

### The Gag of the Month Club

This month's award goes to Groucho (Silly) Marx without effort.

The fastest-cracker of the four Marx boys arrived in Hollywood to begin work on the next Paramount comedy of that funny family.

As a matter of course, he was interviewed.

"Mr. Marx," asked an earnest young newsman from the *Los Angeles Times*, "do you want to play *Hamlet*?" Groucho gave him the eye.

"Not," replied Mr. Marx, "unless he gives me a stroke a hole!"

### Getting Personal

When Clara Bow was getting her rest after the DeVoe trial, she spent most of it hiding away at the ranch owned by Charlie Mack, of Moran and Mack. . . . Yes, and Clara and Charlie Rogers won the popularity contest conducted by the *Chicago Times*. Garbo and Lew Ayres, second. . . . Harry Langdon, with three suits filed against him in Hollywood, is playing in vaudeville somewhere else. Harry found he couldn't laugh off the suits. . . . Alice White's chauffeur is named Charles Ray. . . . Did you know that Uncle Carl Laemmle of Universal is now so hard of hearing he has to use ear-phones to hear his own talkies? It's a break for him if he mislays them now and then. . . . Will Rogers set out to be a Methodist minister. Then the chewing-gum habit got him, and now he's a millionaire. . . . Ina Claire is a numerologist, like a lot of others in Hollywood. Ina found the lucky number and made "The Royal Family." . . . Though Anita Page is a great big girl now, eleven o'clock is still the deadline, or bedline, and her pappy still calls for her at parties. . . . Arthur McLaglen, Vic's fifty-seventh or ninety-fourth brother, was married in Hollywood to Marian Lord. . . . Robert Montgomery has rated a brief Broadway holiday after arduous work on the Metro lot. . . . The progress of cinematic art in America—the Pennsylvania censors made so many cuts in "The Easiest Way" that four subtitles had to be written in to explain the action. Clarence Brown, famous Metro director, has just given up \$15,000 for a new plane guaranteed to deliver 175 miles an hour.



*..and on her cheek  
there blooms the radiant  
blush of Health*

*Glowing health and unblemished beauty can reward those who follow the Saline Treatment*

TO the art of the cosmetician, to the maker of fine creams and lotions, every woman should bow in gratitude. For pure creams and unfailing care do much to clear and guard your skin.

But cosmetics, however good, and creams, however fine, guard only the surface of your skin! And many a woman blames her creams and lotions when the fault lies in herself—she has neglected *internal* cleanliness!

She, then, should know the virtues of the Saline Method—for the surest, simplest way to internal cleanliness is with Sal Hepatica—the saline way to a clear and healthy system.

In Europe, well do women know the

virtues of salines. At the season's end, to Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix—come the lovely Viennese, the cool beauties of England, the dark, slender women of France. There they drink the saline waters of the famous health springs—and



return to the European capitals with complexions refined, with bodies revived.

For years, physicians have recommended the saline method for correcting acidity and the long list of ills which come from faulty elimination.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are driven away. Digestions are regulated. Complexions are cleared. For salines purify the bloodstream.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how your complexion takes on the radiant clarity of health.

Send in the coupon—and let us send you, free, the booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth"—which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-51, 71 West St., N. Y.  
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

\* \* \*

Sal Hepatica

© 1930

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]



Will Rogers tries his gags on the boy friends. Between scenes for "A Connecticut Yankee," Will reads one of his daily telegrams right out loud. Left to right, William Farnum (*King Arthur*), Will himself, and Brandon Hurst (*Merlin*). Director David Butler, in civilian clothes, seems the best audience of the whole lot

**T**HE stars used to have their faces lifted. Now they have their voices lowered.

It's the talkies, mates!

Dr. Marafioti, over at Metro, has been relaxing John Gilbert, and in "Gentleman's Fate" Jack's voice is several tones farther down in the chest, much to everyone's delight.

It is even said that Garbo, herself, is tinkering with her voice. She's said to be worried about its huskiness, and would like to iron it out a bit. Don't do it, Greta! The minute you go canary on us, you'll lose a lot of that fascination!

**A**NITA PAGE now tips the scales at 118. Careful, Anita!

**T**HERE'S still plenty of fight in Mary Nolan. Of course, the Hollywood version of her row with Universal is that there was too much fight in her to begin with—and that most of it was directed at Ernest and Junior Laemmle. The roaring of the tempestuous beauty of the Universal lot was altogether too reminiscent of the pre-talkie tantrums of Pola Negri, and the inevitable outcome was the abrupt termination of her contract.

But, fighting still, she says she's on her way back. She's playing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville now which she hopes will show producers the wide range of her dramatic talents and the kind of parts she wants to play.

She wants a respite from the steady succession of "bad woman" parts to which she took such an explosive dislike at Universal.

**H**OLLYWOOD versions of the tumultuous Mary don't exactly jibe with her own plaintive accounts of how hard things were made for her.

She says she got a bad deal because she happened to be Imogene Wilson before she became Mary Nolan.

One does know that her vitriolic outbursts, when Pauline Starke supplanted her in "What Men Want," made her unpopular and that after she had gone the entire company played

the fashionable game of "Murder." At the suggestion of Carmelita Geraghty, each member told a different story of how they had murdered La Nolan!

At any rate, only twenty-six, and still beautiful, her heart is still in pictures, she says, and with protests that are as determined as they are pathetic, she insists she'll be back.

So it seems that you just can't keep Mary Nolan down.

**I**F any of our Honolulu readers happen to see Phyllis Haver leaving the boat with an elderly gentleman, let us assure them it is not an elopement. She is still crazy about her husband, Billy Seeman.

Billy's father died recently, and his uncle was so broke up over it that Phyllis took him away on a holiday.

Billy had to remain in New York to run his big "White Rose" canneries.

**B**ETTY COMPSON admitted in a recent interview that she might marry someone the second time who was several years younger than herself. Even as much as ten years younger.

Hugh Trevor, who has been her boy friend since she divorced James Cruze, satisfies the situation.

Incidentally, Trevor is the nephew of William Le Baron, head-man for the Coast studio of Radio where Betty makes pictures.

**A**LICE DAY and her husband, Broker Jack Cohn, are happy.

Alice's little son, born in March, is doing fine, and so's Alice—and so, need I add, is Jack.

**R**EPORTS persist that Pola Negri is coming back to America to make talkies.

She's said to have a one-picture contract with Radio Pictures, with options. It would be her first audible screen effort.

Well, doggone it, come on, Pola. Hollywood's been getting a bit dullish!

**N**EITHER London nor the little gray comic himself will soon forget the welcome the British capital gave Charlie Chaplin when he landed in the country of which he's still a citizen.

Riots at the dock, the London railway station, and up and down the town. Pandemonium at the premiere of "City Lights." Visits with all and sundry nabobs, from Premier MacDonald down. A quick trip to the teeming East End, where Charlie spent his boyhood.

Rumors of a knighthood—which Charlie probably wouldn't accept, anyway.

Berlin—the same story. Mobbbed at the station, with Marlene Dietrich ill-advisedly crashing in on the reception and being politely put aside until Charlie was properly hailed. Then she and the comic had a talk at his hotel.

And again in France, the same whoop-de-doo. All for a little gray-haired comedian who is called the greatest living master of the art of pantomime!

**T**WENTY million movie fans—grab your shotguns and swords and get ready for battle!

A learned board of judges headed by Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, has chosen America's twelve greatest women.

Social workers, artists, educators and authors—and not one picture actress!

What about Clara Bow? What about Garbo—or is Scandinavian birth ruled out? I'm boiling!

**N**OTHING daunted, director Josef Von Sternberg, discoverer of the Delectable Dietrich, picks the six most beautiful women

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82 ]



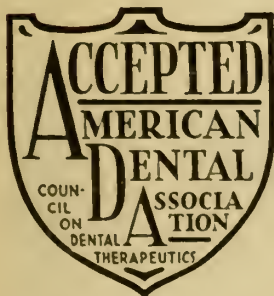
How do you like Evalyn Knapp's smart sports scarf, with its flower design, and bag to match? And how do you like Evalyn? You'll see her next in First National's forthcoming "You and I"



# THIS TOOTHPASTE

KEEPS MORE PEOPLE'S  
TEETH CLEAN THAN ANY OTHER  
DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD—AND  
HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS . . .

yet sells for **25c**



See if the seal of  
acceptance is on  
the toothpaste  
you buy

**C**OLGATE'S has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on

Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

## COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

in Hollywood. Thus daring the thunderbolts of slighted darlings.

Here are Joe's picks—

Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Clara Bow, Frances Dee, Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich (My oh me, this last is a surprise, Joe!).

Well, it's a good pick. One man's pippin is another's headache, and *vice versa*.

**JACK OAKIE** is making his first Western picture.

"Every time I play a whole scene without falling off the horse, all the real cowboys on the set cheer," he says.

**YOUNG Frank Albertson** is one of our newer grooms.

The Fox juvenile plunged off the deep end with Virginia Shelley, a pretty girl in pictures, not long ago.

"Love and careers mix," say the Albertsons, smiling broadly.

**WHEN** Universal made "Dracula," the thriller, officials knew they were taking a chance. The subject was so morbid that it might have no audience appeal. But it went over big. "Dracula" proved a box-office success.

So a lot of officials of Universal threw a big party to celebrate. One who was not invited to the party was Tod Browning.

Tod Browning directed "Dracula."

**OF** course Hollywood has taken to backgammon. Conrad Nagel is one of the victims.

He carries a pocket-sized backgammon board with him wherever he goes. Well, almost.

**GOODNESS** gracious, there's a restaurant in Hollywood which actually doesn't want publicity. They beg people not to let their name get into print.

It's Armstrong and Schroder, at Wilshire and Santa Monica.

And their reason? They are afraid Gloria Swanson will stop coming there almost every evening to eat steak, her favorite food. When the public go to a restaurant to see the stars eat, the stars go somewhere else.

**LOWELL SHERMAN** has a trick superstition. In the cast of each picture he is to direct, he insists on having at least one person from the cast of the last picture he made.

**"WHY** won't you tell the amount of money you inherited from your grandmother?" we asked Carole Lombard, who has contented herself with explaining she would never have to work again if she didn't wish to.

"Because everyone would be wanting to borrow from me," was the simple explanation. Wise baby!

**AND** now there's the bozo who says that Harry Carey may be a star in Hollywood but he's suicide in Japan. Get it?

**EVELYN LAYE**, the booful blonde of "One Heavenly Night," seems to have lost out in Hollywood.

Samuel Goldwyn has allowed her option to lapse. Before that Warners wanted her for the rôle of *Tribby* in Barrymore's "Svengali," but they couldn't see the \$50,000 she asked.

So the English Miss Laye seems all set for a brilliant career—in England.



Mary Brian gets her copy of PHOTOPLAY from the new "News-O-Mat" vending machine in Hollywood. A quarter in the slot, a tug at the lever, and Mary gets the latest news about herself

**"CIMARRON"** not only put Richard Dix back into the limelight as one of the leading cinema actors but, more important to Richard, who admits he has a mercenary streak, it boosted the weekly pay check. It's now \$5,500. And before you say it's too much, remember that a salesman is entitled to ten per cent and Dix's name is the salesman for "Cimarron." The way that picture is going, it's not ten per cent, either.



Making talkies on a battle-wagon! The Navy lends the Battleship Colorado to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for scenes for "Shipmates." Of course, the gobs just hated having this crowd of pretty girls on board! As you can see by the way they're crowded back of the lights, they aren't interested. It must be the cameras they like!

**A** STUDIO visitor—a friend of somebody-or-other, and one of those gushy young things!—was introduced to Ricardo Cortez on a First National set the other day.

"Oh, Senor Cortez!" she began—and forthwith rattled along in excellent Spanish for several minutes.

Cortez listened and smiled indulgently, until she paused.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't speak Spanish."

She looked startled.

Then a light dawned.

And she chattered on—this time in exquisite French.

Again Cortez patiently waited.

When she paused again, he turned to a studio aide.

"Say," he pleaded, "won't someone tell this lady that the only language I know is English?"

She was quite disappointed.

Ricardo Cortez' real name, she learned later, is Jack Krantz.

He was raised in Brooklyn, N. Y.

**CARMEL MYERS** wants \$52,000.

Who doesn't? But Carmel is suing as the result of an automobile accident in which she suffered a broken wrist.

Carmel charges that Milton C. Bren lent his car to her husband, Ralph Blum, knowing that its brakes were defective. Over an embankment they went.

Carmel's wrist cracked—and it hurt just \$52,000 worth.

**JOAN BENNETT'S** bodyguard is a Great Dane dog—a mammoth beast.

It roams the grounds of Joan's big, isolated house, by night.

It used to belong to Rudolph Valentino.

**ONE** way to end a perfectly good screen career is to kick El Brendel in the eye. Or maybe you'd just like to do it on general principles.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]

In more than 1600 cities . . . all over the world . . . beauty experts agree on olive and palm oil beauty cleansing

# Madame BERTHA JACOBSON of London

## tells how to retain the complexion of Youth

**T**HAT ruddy, out-of-doors English complexion. It defies weather. It defies time. And beauty experts in Britain's capital believe that one particular facial soap does much to guard that youthful, wholesome beauty. They advise Palmolive. Their clients use it.

Madame Bertha Jacobson speaks for thousands of her colleagues in beauty culture when she warns against "the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

In over 1600 cities—do consider the tremendous reaches of Europe and America that must cover!—beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap as a safeguard to skin loveliness. And in England, Mme. Jacobson, a pre-eminent leader in her field, is quite emphatic in her reasons for suggesting its use.

### Need for soap and water

"When women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," she says, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty.

"By using Palmolive you can always be sure your skin will retain its natural loveliness."

Unless impurities are removed from the skin by the use of gentle, soothing soap lather, they form blackheads, pimples, blemishes of all sorts.

Now, because of its olive and palm oil content, Palmolive has been found to be most efficient in cleansing the skin . . . gentler, easier on the youth of the skin. That is why Madame Jacobson and over 20,000 other beauty experts advise it. Why you should use it—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.



"Palmolive leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily."

*Bertha Jacobson*

of Maison de Beauté Pompadour, Ltd., 11/12 Dover St., Mayfair, London, W. I.

**YOUTH!** Wholesomeness! Duc, in large measure, to the captivating freshness of that schoolgirl complexion!

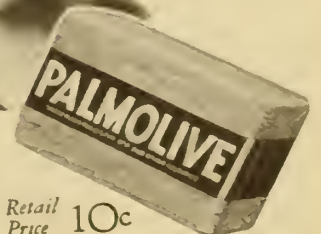
**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



**TEJERO** of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.



**DAHLSTRAND** of Stockholm Beauty adviser to the loveliest women in Sweden, places "Palmolive first among soaps."



Retail Price 10c

# Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



What susceptible hippopotamus wouldn't lie down, play dead or even yodel for these pretty First National girls, Mae Madison and Gladys Ford? One spat from Mae's wand, and this hippo was a good doggie! First National's publicity boss rushed the girls over the minute Al Barnes' circus train came steaming into town to help make a circus picture

Antoinette Morales is a little Spanish dancer who has a part in "Women of All Nations." She kicked a little too far and Brendel was standing where he shouldn't have been.

It was pretty serious and, for a time, it was thought that the comedian might lose the sight in that eye.

And poor Antoinette was so upset that she didn't wait to see if her option was going to be renewed.

She just packed her things and went straight back to New York.

**MARION DAVIES'** pet superstition is the one about not having thirteen at table.

She'll hold up even a formal dinner for more than an hour to find a fourteenth guest.

**NO** matter how serious the occasion, Buster Keaton always has a good laugh!

Shortly after Kathleen Key stormed into his dressing-room, demanded \$20,000 from him to keep from making a scandal, wrecked the place pretty successfully and manhandled Keaton, equally successfully, Buster hung a sign on his dressing-room door. It read, "Closed for repairs." Shortly afterwards, he hung up another one which said, "Opened under new management." He also had

printed slips of paper which every woman who comes into his dressing-room must sign.

The statement makes it clear that you enter at your own risk and that Buster is not responsible for murder, arson, falling hair or arches, indigestion or loss of husbands.

**NOW** that Director Van Dyke's black men, Mutia and Riano, who played in "Trader Horn," have returned to Africa, the secret can be told.

Of all the delicacies that America afforded, the one thing upon which they spent all their extra cash was potato chips.

**SIX** months ago Conchita Montenegro was dancing in Paris. An M-G-M official saw her and brought her to Hollywood for foreign versions.

When she landed, she could say only "Hello" and "Goodbye" and "No."

Today she is playing the lead in the English version of "Never the Twain Shall Meet," starring Leslie Howard. She prattles English almost like a native. She will tell you she learned so quickly because she is so ambitious. M-G-M will tell you she is a Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio rolled into one.

She's a cute youngster with a nose like Gloria Swanson, and she's popular with the

men. Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin was one who was beginning to take particular notice when he departed for Europe.

**HOLLYWOOD'S** gagsters just can't resist playing with the title "Cimarron."

One cracked off that they serve "Cimarron buns" at the Radio studio restaurant daily, now. But the prize—a bottle of cyanide!!—goes to the wag who said:

"Say, what's become of So-and-So? I haven't Cimarron lately . . .!"

**TO** look at that funny pan, you'd never think she had a care in the world. And that just goes to show how wrong you'd be. Polly Moran is the champion long distance worrier of the film colony.

Around about option time, Polly turns a seagreen and forgets to laugh at Billy Haines' cracks. The big silly—as if there weren't a dozen studios who would be tickled to death to sign her if M-G-M didn't renew! But everything is moonlight and roses now. Metro has signed her again, as everybody knew they would.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Try this over on your zither! Lilian Bond, the new Metro find from musical comedy, wears this novel sports costume—a black and white jersey suit, with the jacket full of musical notes

# Why do so many women prefer this tooth paste?

**T**HE answer is simple and logical. Listerine Tooth Paste is kinder to the teeth.

This delightful thrift dentifrice contains remarkable cleansing and polishing agents— noted for their gentle action. We searched for years before discovering them. They are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious tooth enamel and are therefore harmless to it.

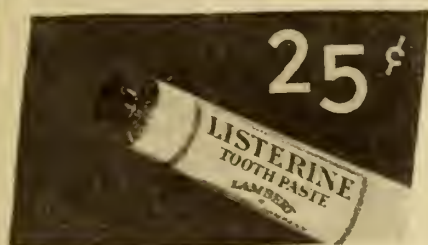
So, teeth cleansed by Listerine Tooth Paste retain their natural health, firmness, and brilliance.

If you are not already using this unusual tooth paste, get a tube today and try it. Compare it with any tooth paste at any price. And judge by results alone.

More than 3,000,000 men and women have made this comparison. Now they pronounce Listerine Tooth Paste their favorite. They like the quick but gentle way it gets rid of discoloration, stains, and tartar. They like the thorough way it cleans. The beautiful brilliance it imparts to teeth.

And they welcome that wonderful feeling of freshness it leaves in the mouth—a sensation associated with Listerine itself.

Incidentally, at 25¢ the large tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class, on the basis of a tube per month per person. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



## Listerine TOOTH PASTE

Buy gloves with  
that \$3 it saves

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Gloves are merely a suggestion.





## A top o' the morning treat

GET OFF to a flying start for the day. Heap Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes high in your bowl. Float them in cream. And then taste them. You'll wonder how bran flakes could taste so good!

And look what you get in every serving. *Three vital elements!* Here's crunchy *whole wheat* to nourish you. Here's extra *bran* to help keep you fit—just enough to be mildly laxative. And above all, here's the matchless taste of PEP—the wonderful flavor that only Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes have.

Vim, health, and marvelous flavor all combined. That's why Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are so good to eat and so good for you. That's why they are *better bran flakes*. Children love them and so will you.

Serve them often for breakfast. Enjoy them at lunch. Make them the main dish for the children's supper. The more of them you eat—the more you'll agree that Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are the best bran flakes you ever ate.

Sold by all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E. D. S. T. Also KFI Los Angeles, KOMO Seattle at 10.00, and KOA Denver at 10.30.



*Kellogg's*

**PEP BRAN FLAKES**

# Jobyna and Dick



# Give a Party for Six

**W**HEN Jobyna Ralston married Richard Arlen, Paramount star, back in 1927, she gave up a promising screen career to settle down and become merely "Dick Arlen's wife." Since then, Joby has turned her talents into housewifely channels, and an invitation to one of her little dinner parties is a promise of good food and fun.

She believes in rather simple menus, except for formal dinners. Here is a typical one:

Caviar Canapes with Celery

Cream of Chestnut Soup

Fillets of Flounder  
with Waffled Potatoes

Crown of Lamb with Purée of Peas  
Parsley Potatoes

Hot Biscuits with Preserves

Moulded Russian Salad  
with Cheese Sticks

Coffee Frappe  
Demi-tasse  
Crackers and Cheese  
Candy and Nuts

Moulded Russian  
Salad

**R**EDUCE strong consommé so that when cold it will be jelly-like in consistency. Set individual moulds in a pan of ice water. Pour in consommé one-quarter inch deep. When firm, decorate bottom and sides of moulds with cold cooked carrots, beets, and potatoes cut in fancy shapes.

PHOTOPLAY'S photographer catches Mr. and Mrs. (Jobyna Ralston) Arlen preparing for one of those Hollywood orgies. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. (Sue Carol) Nick Stuart, Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers. Dinner was followed by a scandalous evening of backgammon but probably none of the neighbors called the police

By Carolyn Van Wyck

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.

Add consommé to cover vegetables, and as soon as firm fill moulds two-thirds full of any cooked vegetables that may be at hand. Add consommé by spoonfuls, allowing it to become firm between the additions, and put in enough to cover vegetables.

Chill thoroughly, remove from moulds, and arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

### Coffee Frappé

White of 1 egg  
1½ cup cold water  
½ cup coffee  
4 cups boiling water  
1 cup sugar

Beat white of egg slightly. Add cold water and mix with coffee. Turn into scalded coffee pot, add boiling water, and let boil together one minute. Place on back of stove ten minutes to cool. Then strain, add sugar, and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and salt.

Serve in frappé glasses, with whipped cream that is sweetened and flavored.

**I**F any of your guests are on a reducing diet you will have to make some changes in the Arlen menu. But most people have learned that by eating smaller portions of everything they need not deprive themselves of any foods, not even potatoes, bread or sweets.

If you want to simplify the menu, you can substitute a fruit cocktail for the caviar and a thin soup for the cream soup.

# TANGEE



*"Lipstick  
must look  
natural"*

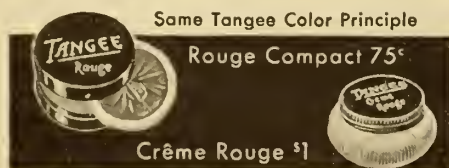
**SAYS FRENCH AUTHORITY**

"Let us caution every woman who would be fashionable this season," says *Le Jardin des Modes*, of Paris, greatest French fashion magazine.

"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the effect of the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine.

"TANGEE Lipstick well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring." ©

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent! NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



**SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET**

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P5  
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**WYNNE GIBSON** ("June Moon," Paramount) is counted on for big things on the Paramount lot. Wynne began in the theater as a musical comedy heroine, playing in "The Gingham Girl" and "Little Jesse James," among others. Paramount has discovered dramatic talent in the girl. She's five feet, two, with dark hair, gray eyes and a lot of charm.



**RAY MILLAND** ("The Bachelor Father," M-G-M) was born in Ireland, educated in Wales and calls himself British. His real name is Jack Millane. After juvenile labors on the London stage, he appeared in several British pictures. Coming to America, his test at Metro was successful, and he was at once assigned to the Marion Davies comedy.



**SIDNEY FOX** ("Bad Sister," Universal) scored a personal success on Broadway at eighteen, in the farce "Lost Sheep." Picture scouts found her, and at nineteen she was on the Universal lot, under contract. She weighs only ninety-four pounds, is just five feet tall, and has dark brown hair and eyes. You'll hear from this child!



**HARDIE ALBRIGHT** ("Young Sinners," Fox) is the latest able young actor from the New York stage to crash the talkies. Fox scouts saw him in the juvenile lead in "The Greeks Had a Word For It" on Broadway, and slapped a contract on him. He's twenty-six, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. A good actor.



**LILIAN BOND** ("Stepping Out," M-G-M) is an English girl, now twenty-one, who began her theatrical career in musical shows, like so many others. Coming to New York, she appeared in a few plays and then stepped before the camera in the cast of some short subjects. Her looks and talents got her a nice contract with Metro in Hollywood.



**ALEXANDER KIRKLAND** ("The Tarnished Lady," Paramount) is a young actor who scored a sensational success on Broadway in "Wings Over Europe" a few years ago. Since then he has run his own stock company, and now makes his talkie debut opposite Tallulah Bankhead in her first picture, originally called "New York Lady." Alec is about twenty-three.



**GLENDA FARRELL** ("Little Caesar," First National) shared in the glory of this fine picture of gangland with Edward G. Robinson. It was Glenda's first picture. Following this, she returned to New York and during the current season has been playing in "On the Spot," an Edgar Wallace melodrama, with Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.



**DOUGLAS WALTON** ("Body and Soul," Fox) was born in Canada twenty-one years ago, and educated in the mother country. Made his stage debut in London, returned to Canada and played in stock, and migrated to Hollywood to take a chance on breaking into talkies. He did. Walton is a six-foot blond. Fox has him safely contracted for.





# Baby Teeth are *important*...Mother

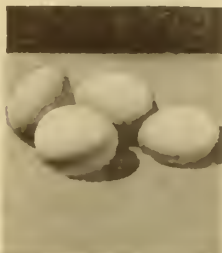
*Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.*



**MILK** is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.



**ORANGE JUICE**, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.



**EGGS**, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.

Do these three things...to have strong, healthy teeth

1. At the left are some suggestions of what is good for you. 2. Use Pepsodent twice a day. 3. See your dentist twice a year (children oftener).



**N**O mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, if neglected, may cause in later years.

To be safe is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months—*immediately* should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning—without fail.

### *Pepsodent—especially for children*

Pepsodent tooth paste is especially recommended for children. The cleansing agent in Pepsodent was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. It is *twice* as soft as the polishing agent commonly used in tooth pastes. *Pepsodent is supremely safe*, as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

TURN TO PAGE 17

Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a tooth paste)



**Film**

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

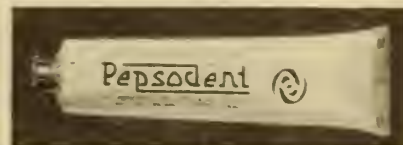
Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. To remove germs you must remove this dangerous germ-laden film.

Film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film makes teeth gleam and sparkle.

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth through life.



Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.



**Pepsodent**—the special film-removing tooth paste



At 9 feet—

**HOW LOVELY!**

At 3 feet—

**WHY DOESN'T  
SOMEONE TELL HER?**

? . . . Is the woman who has armpit odor aware of it?—NO. She can notice it in others. Others can notice it in her. She can seldom notice it in herself.

? . . . Is it safe to use an underarm deodorant? YES, if you use Nonspi. This deodorant contains an ingredient not found in any other which makes it do its work better, more safely. In fact, it is the one deodorant pronounced both safe and effective by competent medical authority.

? . . . How long does one application last? 72 hours (3 days). You need to use Nonspi only twice a week to be always free from armpit odor, always free from the danger of staining costly frocks.

? . . . Can I try Nonspi? YES. Send 10¢ for a generous trial bottle, enough for two or three weeks. Or start today; get a full-sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.

The Nonspi Co.,  
Department 5-E  
113 W. 18th St.,  
NEW YORK.



# Short Subjects of the Month

IT'S the day of the sport subject in shorts. Bobby Jones is beginning his Vitaphone series; Bill Tilden, the great tennis player, is on the Coast for Metro, and Johnny Farrell, famous golf pro, is making a series for Pathe release.

One of Johnny's pictures is reviewed in this department this month.

## IN THE ROUGH

Pathe

This is the third short Johnny Farrell, the golf pro, has made. He goes round a Florida course, keeping up a running fire of talk with his caddie, explaining shots. And Johnny makes some marvelous ones in this, and on the up and up. A swell short.

## THE BRIDE'S MISTAKE

Sennett-Educational

A whirlwind comedy of the old chase school, with peppy Marjorie Beebe doing most of the rough work. The automobile ride she takes with the goofy Dr. Grim is a thrilling affair. Big, gusty sighs of relief when Marj emerges from the gas tank, safe.

## LAUGHING GRAVY

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This time Messrs. Laurel and Hardy carry on their droll idiocies in a rooming-house. The owner doesn't crave dogs—and the boys have one. The resulting complications, including Mr. Hardy in a snow storm and a nightshirt, are howls.

## EX-PLUMBER

Educational

Lloyd Hamilton again, but not so good this time. He just can't help getting involved with a lovely lady, and his wife is no great help to his peace of mind. Mitchell Lewis plays a comedy Russian count, and Addie McPhail is the little wife.

## SHE WENT FOR A TRAMP

Radio Pictures

Don't rush out of the theater when this title flashes on the screen, for you're going to be vastly entertained. The featured comics are Hugh Herbert and Roscoe Ates, the latter famous as the stuttering barber in "Cimarron." Good short.

## DOG-A-LOG

Universal

This is a great one for the kiddies. It's a very pleasant little comedy involving a cute youngster named Bobby Nelson and his pup, *Mutt*. They dream of all kinds of high adventure, and we have a hunch elders will like it, too.

## CHICKENS COME HOME

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Our friend Hardy has gone into politics, and Stan Laurel is his dumb business manager. Just as Hardy is about to be elected Mayor, a tough baby from his past bobs up. Plenty fun follows. Thelma Todd and Mae Busch, in support. Swell and riotous.

## LIME JUICE NIGHTS

Radio Pictures

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur move into a London night club and raise thunder and things. Georgie is a waiter, and Karl is a stewy patron with a pretty wife. Imagine the complications. It's a well-gagged comedy, and makes you laugh.

## MASQUERADE

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

One of the month's two-reel dramas. Vivienne Osborne, well-known stage leading woman, does a lot of emoting in the course of the picture, and our villainous old friend, Roy D'Arcy, reappears in a brief rôle. There are even a couple of songs! Mild.

## A FOWL AFFAIR

Christie

This *must* be the last step in animal comedies. Now chickens and ducks are dressed up in pants and skirts and told to act pretty. It's a rural melodrama, not very new or funny, but the dubbed-in human voices help laughter along somewhat.

## THE FATAL CORD

Paramount

Eugene and Willie Howard, comedians of many a Broadway review, star in a labored, simple sort of comedy about four men adrift on a raft, who play cards to see who wins the last water and biscuit. Willie's dialect is good for some spotty laughter.

## THE DOG DOCTOR

Sennett-Educational

You are advised to see Andy Clyde in this one, surrounded by a yelping, gamboling crowd of mutts. As the lovable old veterinarian, forced to sell out his business to satisfy his wife's social aspirations, he almost forces tears among the laughs.

## CHECK AND RUBBER CHECK

Columbia

Another of the Eddie Buzzell series that Columbia has been putting out—directed and acted in by the split-pint comedian. This short consists of continuous and rapid wise-cracking by Eddie—in fact, he's 99.44 per cent of the picture.

## FEELING FIT

Universal

This comedy stars Lloyd Hamilton, but fails to bring out the best of the big boy's talents. First he is a gardener, and then an accident lands him in a crazy-house instead of a hospital. Complications, plenty. A comic named Bill Franey gets laughs.

Earl Luick, head costume designer for Warner Brothers and First National Studios, creates many of the gowns worn by stars of the screen. His original models are often made of Skinner's Silks.



## Modeling masterpieces



"The flowing beauty of Skinner's Chiffon, and other Skinner weaves, is of material assistance to me in achieving the subtle, graceful lines so essential to distinctive effects.

. . . EARL LUICK

WOMEN everywhere are becoming more and more conscious of the clothes worn by American screen actresses. One reason is the *originality* of famous Hollywood designers in interpreting the mode of the moment. Another is their unusual care in the selection of fabrics. Nothing short of the best will do. Hence, in silks, a preference for those bearing the name *Skinner*.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco  
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

## Skinner's Silks

Crepes  
Creme Satins

Georgettes  
Shantung

Chiffons  
Sport Fabrics

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

For the sheath-like perfection of this evening dress, designed by Earl Luick, Skinner's Chiffon was admirably adapted. The result—a charming adornment for lovely Loretta Young, First National Star.



# Questions & Answers

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Ann Harding and Clive Brook in "East Lynne"—the talkie version of the old melodrama which has caused ecstatic comment this month

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**EAST LYNNE**—the old melodrama of bygone days, lost none of its appeal in the talkie version. The fans acclaimed it as one of the finest pictures yet made, and were strong for Ann Harding—an Ann exquisitely beautiful in the costumes of our grandmothers' day and giving such a sincere and unutterably sad performance as the tragic *Lady Isabel*. Oh, the weeping that was done!

Ann Harding has that same quiet air of sincerity off the screen as she brings to the rôles she plays. Her eyes are gray-blue and she has never bobbed her hair, which is a beautiful ash-blond. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. You're going to see a lot of her in the future; she has signed a new long term contract with RKO-Pathé. Ann is married to Harry Bannister, an actor whom Pathé has also put under contract, and she has one small daughter, whom she adores. While you're reading this, Ann will be working on "What Every Woman Knows"—Barrie's play which Lois Wilson made in the old silent days.

**THELMA WHITTAKER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.:** Marlene Dietrich's picture, "Dishonored," is somewhat reminiscent of the life of Mata Hari, the famous international spy. Garbo is scheduled to play a similar character in the near future.

**MILDRED WILLHOITE, FORT WORTH, TEX.:** The present Mrs. Dick is Jessica Sargent. Mary Hay was the first Mrs. Richard Barthelmess and they have one little daughter. Dick was born May 9, 1897. He has just finished a picture at First National, called "The Finger Points."

**BLANCHIE CURRAN, BALTIMORE, MD.:** Alice White's last picture was "The Widow from Chicago." Yes, sure enough, Charlie Farrell married Virginia Valli and they're honeymooning now in Europe.

**ANGELINA OISEE, KENSINGTON, CONN.:** There's no doubt about that picture you sent in being none other than ZaSu Pitts.

**SARAH F. SNOW, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.:** Douglas Fairbanks divorced Beth Sully in 1918 and married Mary in 1920. Beth Sully married James Evans, Jr., but later divorced him and is now Mrs. Jack Whiting.

**MARY HELEN GRAVES, STATESVILLE, N. C.:** The two songs in "Morocco" sung so entrancingly by Marlene were called "Apples" and "Give Me the Man." Gary Cooper's next picture will be "City Streets."

**MRS. A. W. W., DETROIT, MICH.:** Fredric March was born Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He is married to Florence Eldridge and they have no children as yet. Gladys Walton was born April 13, 1904. She has been married twice and has two daughters by her second marriage.

**PEGGY ANNE BEDILL, TORONTO, CANADA:** Here's the lowdown, Peggy, on Kent Douglass. He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 29, 1908—the same year as Joan Crawford. He is six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. His hair is blond and his eyes are hazel and he is not married. He was on the stage prior to his movie début in "Paid" and we're all hoping, like you, to see a lot more of him. His real name is Robert Douglass Montgomery.

**E. JENSEN, DETROIT, MICH.:** Walter Huston was born in Toronto, Canada, and hasn't changed his name. He is married and has one son.

**PAUL BRYANT, PRINCETON, IND.:** The cute little French girl in "Half Shot at Sunrise" was Dorothy Lee, now under contract to Radio Pictures. Her real name is Marjorie Millsap, and I'm sorry to have to tell you, Paul, that she's married. Way back in 1930 she became Mrs. James Fidler. She is five feet tall and weighs all of 97 pounds. Before going into pictures in 1929, she was on the stage.

**EMILY MIGUEZ, NEW IBERIA, LA.:** June Walker, or Mrs. Geoffrey Kerr, was born in 1904 in New York City.

**VINCENZO LA MONTIA, TORONTO, CANADA:** You're wrong about Olive Borden—she's not hiding, she's rehearsing very hard for a stage play in New York. Richmond, Va., was her birthplace in the year 1907. Rudy Valentino's brother is not making pictures. There are a number of Italian actors appearing in foreign versions in Hollywood.

**JUNE E. POWELL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.:** Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles twenty years ago. He has light brown hair and gray-blue eyes and is five feet, ten inches tall. His name is really Roy Radabaugh.

**R. WIENER, NEWARK, N. J.:** Lew Ayres has impressed a lot of people as he has you. He was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1909, and was educated at the San Diego High School and afterwards at the University of Arizona. He just misses 6 feet by an inch, and weighs 155 pounds. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are dark blue. Before going into movies, he was a banjo player in an orchestra.

**KENNY GILMORE, TORONTO, CANADA:** Don't argue any more, Kenny. Just tell your friend that Rin-Tin-Tin is very much alive and earning \$1,250 for his master in vaudeville. That's a dog for you!

**"DOTING" DOTTY, GREENVILLE, OHIO:** Ronald Colman entered pictures in America in 1922. He was married at that time, but has since separated from his wife, Thelma Raye, who lives in England. She has a child by a former marriage. Ronnie lives in Hollywood and has a beach house also—at Malibu. We wouldn't know about his lady friends.

**ROBERT M. ANDERSON, NEW HAVEN, CONN.:** Well, Bob, it's hard to tell whether Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook will co-star together again. Ruth has only three more pictures to do with Paramount and then she moves her make-up box over to Warner Bros. They certainly were great together.

**DOROTHY HUEN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.:** Norman Foster was the "young man" in "Young Man of Manhattan." Claudette Colbert is his missus.

**J. F. BROMUND, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.:** Marie Dressler's real name is Lelia Koerber. She was born in Coburg, Canada.

**BARBARA PIPES, WASHINGTON, D. C.:** "I'll Bring a Love Song" was the name of the theme song in "Viennese Nights."

**DORA IRELAND, TORONTO, CANADA:** There are two William Boyds—one, the older, is known as William (stage) Boyd. The other, informally known as "Bill," is married to Dorothy Sebastian.

**HANS LEWIS, LURAY, VA.:** Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Va.; Bebe Daniels in Dallas, Tex.

**HOPE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.:** Don't bother about pictures, Hope. Stay at home and look after your two children. There are a great many people without jobs in Hollywood now.

**ANN RONDELLI, CHICAGO, ILL.:** The last news we had of Percy Marmont was from London, where he is appearing in a stage play.

**MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON, DETROIT, MICH.:** Lewis Stone has been married three times. He first married Margaret Langham, then Florence Oakley and just a few months ago he married Hazel Woof. He has two daughters and that's his real name. Buck Jones has had one marriage and one daughter.

# Starry loveliness.. even under the sun



MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY

*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by firming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.
- ★ **THE CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

## INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES... 50c... \$1... \$1.75

By Frances Ingram

IF only every woman in the land would do as these three did! I was with them a year ago—in May—at a Westchester week-end. One is about forty, one in her thirties, the other close to twenty. They were going to have the most delightful summer, at Narragansett. But this thing of coming back in September, with skin dry, coarsened by salt wind and glaring sun! How to prevent *that!*

"You help us. Remember, we don't intend to spend our summer days in a beauty salon!"

Well—they *did* follow my method with Milkweed Cream, all through June and July and August. And in the fall I saw the youngest again. "You're a dear," she said. "Look at my skin. Could you guess I'd had a summer at the shore? And mother and Aunt Carol were as lovely-looking in their evening frocks as in sports clothes—all summer. Skin as soft and radiant as the day they were born! Wait until you see them! You're a wonder!"

Of course I'm *not* a wonder. But I do think that Milkweed Cream is wonderful—if you use it every night as a cleansing cream. And then—all this at home, in just a few minutes!—film your skin afresh with it and follow my starred instructions for keeping the skin young and firm at the six places where time will first leave its fingerprints.

So many, many women tell me—write me—that Milkweed Cream is a marvelous cleansing cream and equally marvelous for toning the skin and erasing the tiny lines which might otherwise deepen into wrinkles. Won't *you* try it?

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-51  
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

At 10:15, each Tuesday, tune in on WJZ or associated N. B. C. stations, to hear "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram." Send for her free booklet "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Flatter  
your eyes  
and don't be afraid  
**LASHES  
STAY SOFT**

JUST A TOUCH of darkening shadow on lashes—what can be more flattering? It brings out the beauty, the luster, the *life* of your eyes.

But—ordinary cosmetiques so often look unnatural—"made-up." So often they make lashes brittle and stiff . . .

Now—a new cosmetique has been created which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*. First, it darkens lashes—with a soft, delicate and absolutely natural touch. Then it *softens* lashes. Of course, "brittle" or coarse lashes are impossible with a cosmetique which actually keeps lashes soft . . .

This utterly different cosmetique is the new Liquid Winx. Now for sale at drug and department stores.



*Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof. It won't smudge or smear. 75 cents. For those who prefer the solid form cosmetique, Winx offers Cake. It is packed in a charming silvery compact which fits into the flattest handbag. \$1..*

For  
Lovely  
Lashes



# Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 52-53

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros. Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all stories submitted as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

## IMPORTANT This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

..... Address

*inconspicuous*



MODESS  
FOR THE SMART  
YOUNG SET

THE smartest young things are using Modess these days—because they don't have to worry about it. Like their mothers, they find Modess has everything necessary to make it the safest sort of sanitary convenience—perfect protection—complete comfort—deodorant—easily disposable. Modess can be worn under the scantiest frocks without being the least bit conspicuous.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best possible sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes—for packing in the week-end bag—for times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

*Johnson & Johnson*  
NEW BRUNSWICK. N. J. U. S. A.



*Modess Compact and Modess Regular are packed in boxes of twelve—and are priced the same.*

*modess*

A minute alone . . . .



... and MUM!  
that's all you need  
for complete protection

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever. And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements. That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or burn!

Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.



SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful to know that Mum on the sanitary napkin gives complete protection.

# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

- Paramount Publix Studios**
- Richard Arlen
  - Jean Arthur
  - George Bancroft
  - Carman Barnes
  - Clara Bow
  - Mary Brian
  - Martin Burton
  - Ruth Chatterton
  - June Collyer
  - Juliette Compton
  - Jackie Coogan
  - Robert Coogan
  - Gary Cooper
  - Frances Dee
  - Marlene Dietrich
  - Leon Errol
  - Stuart Erwin
  - Stanley Fields
  - Kay Francis
  - Skeets Gallagher
  - Mitzi Green
  - Phillips Holmes
  - Carole Lombard
  - Paul Lukas
  - Marcia Manners
  - Cyril Maude
  - Rosita Moreno
  - Jack Oakie
  - Guy Oliver
  - Eugene Pallette
  - Ramon Pereda
  - Charles Rogers
  - Lilyan Tashman
  - Regis Toomey
  - Fay Wray

- Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.**
- Frank Albertson
  - Luana Alcaniz
  - Michael Bartlett
  - Warner Baxter
  - Joan Bennett
  - Humphrey Bogart
  - El Brendel
  - Lucile Browne
  - Robert Burns
  - Joan Castle
  - Virginia Cherrill
  - Marguerite Churchill
  - William Collier, Sr.
  - Joyce Compton
  - Koxanne Curtis
  - Donald Dillaway
  - Fifi Dorsay
  - Charles Farrell
  - John Garrick
  - Janet Gaynor
  - C. Henry Gordon
  - Louise Huntington
  - Warren Hymer
  - Keating Sisters
  - Richard Keene
  - Jane Keith
  - Nancy Kelly
  - J. M. Kerrigan
  - James Kirkwood
  - Elissa Landi
  - Dixie Lee
  - Marion Lessing
  - George Lewis
  - Myrna Loy
  - Edmund Lowe
  - Claire Luce
  - Leslie May
  - Jeanette MacDonald
  - Kenneth MacKenna
  - Frances McCoy
  - Victor McLaglen
  - Una Merkel
  - Don Jose Mojica
  - Goodee Montgomery
  - Lois Moran
  - J. Harold Murray
  - George O'Brien
  - Maureen O'Sullivan
  - Gaylord Pendleton
  - Nat Pendleton
  - Rosalie Rae
  - Will Rogers
  - David Rollins
  - John Swor
  - Lee Tracy
  - Spencer Tracy
  - Ruth Warren
  - John Wayne
  - Marjorie White

- Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.**
- Robert Ames
  - Amos and Andy
  - Henry Armetta
  - Mary Astor
  - Roscoe Ates
  - Joseph Cawthorn
  - Betty Compton
  - Ricardo Cortez
  - John Darrow
  - Claudia Dell
  - Richard Dix
  - Irene Dunne
  - Eddie Foy, Jr.
  - Noel Francis
  - Ralf Harolde
  - Hugh Herbert
  - Rita LaRoy
  - Ivan Lebedeff
  - Dorothy Lee
  - Sharon Lynn
  - Everett Marshall
  - Joel McCrea
  - Jack Mulhall
  - Edna May Oliver
  - Roberta Robinson
  - Lowell Sherman
  - Katya Sorina
  - Ned Sparks
  - Leni Stengel
  - Bert Wheeler
  - Robert Woolsey

- Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.**
- George Arliss
  - John Barrymore
  - Noah Beery
  - Joan Blondell
  - Joe E. Brown
  - Anthony Bushell
  - James Cagney
  - Donald Cook
  - Bebe Daniels
  - Irene Delroy
  - Robert Elliott
  - Frank Fay
  - John Halliday
  - Leon Janney
  - Evelyn Knapp
  - Allan Lane
  - Winnie Lightner
  - Ben Lyon
  - David Manners
  - Marian Marsh
  - Edward Morgan
  - William Powell
  - Barbara Weeks
  - Jack Whiting

- United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.**
- Eddie Cantor
  - Charles Chaplin
  - Ina Claire
  - Ronald Colman
  - Dolores Del Rio
  - Douglas Fairbanks
  - Jean Harlow
  - Al Jolson
  - Evelyn Laye
  - Chester Morris
  - Mary Pickford
  - Gloria Swanson
  - Norma Talmadge

- Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.**
- Richard Cromwell
  - Constance Cummings
  - Ralph Graves
  - Jack Holt
  - Buck Jones
  - Margaret Livingston
  - Bert Lytell
  - Dorothy Revier
  - Dorothy Sebastian
  - Miriam Seegar
  - Barbara Stanwyck

## Culver City, Calif.

- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios**
- William Bakewell
  - Lionel Barrymore
  - Wallace Beery
  - Edwina Booth
  - John Mack Brown
  - Lenore Bussiman
  - Harry Carey
  - Joan Crawford
  - Jose Crespo
  - Marion Davies
  - Reginald Denny
  - Kent Douglass
  - Marie Dressler
  - Cliff Edwards
  - Julia Faye
  - Greta Garbo
  - John Gilbert
  - William Haines
  - Neil Hamilton
  - Hedda Hopper
  - Lottie Howell
  - Leila Hyams
  - Dorothy Jordan
  - Buster Keaton
  - Arnold Korff
  - Andre Luguet
  - Ellen McCarthy
  - Joan Marsh
  - Adolphe Menjou
  - John Miljan
  - Conchita Montenegro
  - Robert Montgomery
  - Grace Moore
  - Polly Moran
  - Catherine Moylan
  - Conrad Nagel
  - Ramon Novarro
  - Edward Nugent
  - Monroe Owsley
  - Anita Page
  - Lucille Powers
  - Marie Prevost
  - Marjorie Rameau
  - Duncan Renaldo
  - Norma Shearer
  - Gus Shy
  - Lewis Stone
  - Lawrence Tibbett
  - Ernest Torrence
  - Raquel Torres
  - Lester Vail

- RKO-Pathé Studios**
- Robert Armstrong
  - Constance Bennett
  - Bill Boyd
  - James and Russell Gleason
  - Ann Harding
  - Eddie Quillan
  - Helen Twelvetrees

- Hal Roach Studios**
- Charley Chase
  - Mickey Daniels
  - Dorothy Granger
  - Oliver Hardy
  - Mary Kornman
  - Harry Langdon
  - Stan Laurel
  - Gertie Messinger
  - Our Gang
  - David Sharpe
  - Grady Sutton
  - Thelma Todd

## Universal City, Calif.

- Universal Studios**
- Margaret Adams
  - Lew Ayres
  - John Boles
  - Hoot Gibson
  - Bela Lugosi
  - Charles Murray
  - George Sidney
  - Slim Summerville
  - Genevieve Tobin
  - John Wray

## Burbank, Calif.

- First National Studios**
- Richard Barthelmess
  - Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
  - Joe Frisco
  - Walter Huston
  - Fred Kohler
  - Dorothy Mackaill
  - Marilyn Miller
  - Ona Munson
  - Dorothy Peterson
  - James Rennie
  - Otis Skinner
  - Loretta Young

## Long Island City, New York

- Paramount New York Studio**
- Tallulah Bankhead
  - Clive Brook
  - Nancy Carroll
  - Maurice Chevalier
  - Claudette Colbert
  - Norman Foster
  - Miriam Hopkins
  - Fredric March
  - Marx Brothers
  - Frank Morgan
  - Ginger Rogers
  - Charles Ruggles
  - Charles Starrett
  - Ed Wynn

## Hollywood, Calif.

- Robert Agnew, 6357 La Miranda Ave.
- Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
- Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
- Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
- Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

- Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
- Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
- Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
- Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

- Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
- William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
- Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
- George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.





Lowell Sherman, star and director of the new Radio Pictures production, "Bachelor Apartment." On the table beside him is No. 326, a square mahogany desk clock, \$11.

## Lowell Sherman tells time by Telechron<sup>★</sup> Clocks in "Bachelor Apartment"

SUAVELY, smoothly, Lowell Sherman stars in the productions he directs for Radio Pictures. Handsomely, truthfully, Telechron Clocks mark the minutes for this versatile star-director. A number of them appear in his sparkling new picture, "Bachelor Apartment." Be sure to see it when it comes to your local theater!

Other Radio Pictures directors depend upon Telechron Clocks too. They're used in the pictures produced on the RKO lot, whenever up-to-date clocks are called for. Because of their modern, well-designed cases. Because of their convenience. Above all, because of their accuracy.

Telechron Clocks plug into ordinary electric outlets. They never need winding, oiling or regulating. Telechron Master Clocks check generator speeds in power-houses and assure Telechron precision. Only clocks marked "Telechron" will bring you true Telechron service!

You can have in your own home Telechron Clocks just like those you see on the screen. There's a dealer near you, listed in the classified telephone directory. He has all manner of models to show you—from stately grandfather's clocks for your hall

to clever little clocks for your dressing-table. Some of them have chimes, alarms, illuminated dials and other special features.

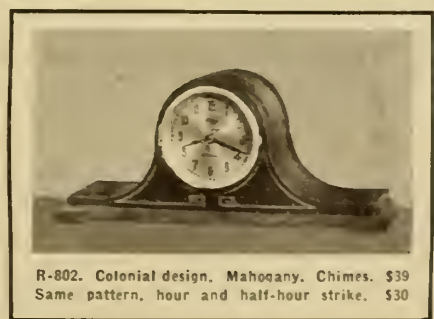
Telechron Clocks range in price from \$9.75 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from \$30 to \$1000.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY  
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS  
THE REVERE CLOCK COMPANY  
CINCINNATI, OHIO



Bullfinch—Mahogany banjo, 20 1/2" high, \$19.75



R-802. Colonial design. Mahogany. Chimes. \$39  
Same pattern, hour and half-hour strike. \$30



Hostess—For the kitchen. Moulded case. \$9.75

# "Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells about

"THE LITTLE  
FELLER  
with the  
BRIGHT  
FACE"



**YOU** take the Tyler boy. Born an' raised right here in this county so naturally nobody ever noticed him.

He took to wearin' loud neckties an' gettin' his suits by mail order, but was utterly ignored. Played the drum in the band, bought a yeller roadster, parted his hair in the middle an' smoked so many cigarettes his hands shook like a leaf, but still he wasn't recognised. Took a mail course on developin' a winnin' personality an' was such a failure even the postman was discouraged.

Talked with a travelin' man one day who fairly sparkled. Upshot of it was he went to town an' got a little box of chocolate tablets. Today you can ask any stranger in any crowd to point out the Tyler boy an' the stranger will say, "There he is—the little feller with the bright face."

## "Chic" Sale

**O**VER 26 million boxes of "those little chocolate tablets"—Ex-Lax—were sold in 1930—that's popularity for you!

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At all druggists—10c, 25c and 50c boxes.

**FREE** Complete set of "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS and sample of Ex Lax

Name.....

Street and Number.....

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

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH-51  
P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
The Chocolated Laxative

# Ten Years Ago in



"The Sheik" himself with Agnes Ayres. Just ten years ago Rudolph Valentino came to fame as *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen"

**F**UNNY how a tornado sneaks up on us! In the issue of PHOTOPLAY for May, 1921, our learned critic, Mr. Burns Mantle, is called upon to write a review of a picture called "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

The piece is mildly appreciative, and ends by saying that "an attractive boy named Rudolph Valentino plays *Julio*."

Attractive boy. Humph! Might as well tell a man that Marlene Dietrich has nice eyes.

Of course, how could anyone know that within a year this Valentino was to stampede 50,000,000 women, set the young men of the republic to greasing their hair and wearing sideburns, re-awaken interest in the tango and start a rage for pseudo-Latin love-making on the screen that was to die only when the screen went vocal? Or that Rudy's death was to be internationally mourned and his funeral be a mixture of a royal pageant and a strike riot in a mill town?

No—Burns couldn't guess these matters. But isn't it funny how a cyclone creeps up?

**WE** announce the marriage of Tom Moore, in 1921 one of our most popular young leading men, and Renee Adoree, a little circus girl from overseas.

They met while playing in a picture called "Made in Heaven," and that, says our writer, is where this marriage was made, too. Well, maybe it was, but it ended elsewhere.

Tom was the dashing star, and Renee had become a sparkling musical comedy child. They met on New Year's Eve, in New York, and were married February 12, in Hollywood, with Mabel Normand attending the bride and Jack Pickford as best man.

The scene shifts to 1931. Renee Adoree is out in the desert, pretty much alone, trying to get over lung trouble. Tom Moore—he plays from time to time. But oh, it was a grand romance ten years ago, and all the girls got a great thrill out of it!

**G**OSSIP as of May, 1921—  
What do you think? Carmel Myers is married. The lucky man is I. N. Kornblum, a childhood friend, and they kept the marriage

secret for nearly two years. In 1931 Carmel's husband is named Ralph Blum.

Jackie Coogan is getting offers of \$1,500 a week since he débuted with Chaplin in "The Kid." He's just finished work in "Peck's Bad Boy."

Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge are reported engaged. The lady coyly has nothing to say at present.

John Barrymore is a daddy. A daughter has just been born to Mrs. Barrymore, who was Mrs. Leonard Thomas, New York society woman who writes poetry under the name of Michael Strange.

It is reported that D. W. Griffith is going to film "Faust," with Lillian Gish as the harassed *Marguerite* and John Barrymore as the unfortunate "hero." (He never made it.)

**I**N the gallery this month, fancy pictures of Agnes Ayres, Dorothy Gish, Betty Blythe, Marguerite Clark, Corinne Griffith and Jacqueline Logan . . . Cecil De Mille resumes his dissertation on marriage, continued from last month. He says, in part, "I have been married eighteen years. In eighteen years I have never passed a Saturday night at home. In eighteen years I have never said where I was on a Saturday night, nor what I was doing, nor with whom I was. And in eighteen years, I have never been asked." Well, can you beat that? And we don't believe that the De Mille of "Don't Change Your Wife" and such things ever made a picture called "Saturday Night Husbands"! . . . Beautiful picture of Alice Joyce—who was then, and still is, Mrs. James Regan. . . . Pearl White is playing in a feature picture called "Know Your Men." Ah!

**S**OME of the month's pictures—  
Charles Ray's "The Old Swimmin' Hole" makes its appearance—probably the high spot of Charlie's career. A charming, simple story—and told on the screen entirely without titles. This was the first titleless picture in film history. And tremendously successful.

"What Every Woman Knows," the famous Barrie play, comes to the screen at the hands of William De Mille, with Lois Wilson as *Maggie* and Conrad Nagel as *John Shand*.

# A PIN-PRICK was an Open Door to Death

WOUNDED MEN filled the Grand Hotel in Paris. The finest medical talent in France was there to treat them. And yet, the deaths were appalling!

It seemed as if the surgeons' knives were deadlier than enemy bullets. For, almost every man operated on died of infection. In despair, the surgeon Velpeau cried, "A pin-prick is a door open to death!"

That was during the Franco-Prussian War, only a brief sixty years ago. Then, the need for disinfection had scarcely been recognized. The theory that germs cause disease and deadly infection was still in dispute!

What a contrast with present conditions! Now, disinfection is almost a religion with the medical profession—and whenever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, doctors and hospitals the world over turn to "Lysol" Disinfectant. They depend on it even at that most critical time of all—childbirth—when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household, on telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

## "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene, by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.



SIXTY YEARS AGO THE NEED FOR DISINFECTION HAD NOT YET BEEN RECOGNIZED

© 1931, L. & F., Inc.



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

# You should use GENUINE MAYBELLINE



says *Natalie Moorhead*

POPULAR ACTRESS FEATURED IN RADIO PICTURES

Every girl and woman can enhance her beauty by bringing out the loveliness in her eyes. For, when she transforms her lashes from scantiness to rich dark fringe with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, her eyes become infinitely more expressive.

And when she blends a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on her upper eyelids, she lends her eyes a note of the exotic, thereby making them more interesting.

The finishing touch to the perfect eye make-up is provided by the new indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Smooth, clean and easy to use.

You'll like genuine, harmless Maybelline preparations. You'll prefer them—just as the many famous stars of the stage and screen do—and just as millions of smart women have preferred them for over fifteen years.

All toilet goods counters have both the solid and waterproof liquid forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener in Black and Brown—the Eye Shadow in Blue, Brown, Black and Green, and the Eyebrow Pencil in Black and Brown. Insist upon the genuine.



**Maybelline**

EYELASH DARKENER  
EYE SHADOW  
EYEBROW PENCIL

All Maybelline preparations are fine excepting the Eyebrow Pencil which is 35c.



Maybelline Co.  
Chicago

## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

"I let all the water run out of the tub," Gloria told me. "Then I fill it again, about half to three-quarters full, with warm water. I pour an ounce or two of sweet almond oil over the top and relax in it for ten or fifteen minutes, stirring the water about. My pores are open from the warmth and enough oil seeps into them to keep my skin soft and supple. As I get out of the tub some of the oil still clings to my body and I pat it gently dry so that none remains on the surface to soil my clothes."

GLORIA finds this bath restful, and beautifying. Yet sweet almond oil is inexpensive, and Gloria's luxury bath is within the means of almost every girl. And there are a number of specially prepared bath oils, delicately scented, that make bathing even more luxurious and very little more costly.

Marion Davies occasionally gives her neck a "honey rub." She pats the honey under her chin down to the base of her neck, and then massages gently with an outward and upward stroke.

Marlene Dietrich likes an ice massage after using soap and water or after removing cleansing cream. She rubs a smooth piece of ice lightly under her eyes and over the lids, always with an outward and upward movement; from the eyebrows toward the scalp; from the base of the neck upward toward the point of the chin and ears; from the chin and around the mouth upward toward the temples, and also over the nose. This keeps her skin firm and closes the pores.

Many of the film stars like the ice rub, but some of them prefer to wrap the ice in a piece of soft cloth instead of applying it directly to the face. Cold water is a less vigorous treatment and I, personally, think it is just as effective.

Marlene likes to follow a shampoo with a "perfume friction." Her maid takes a few drops of perfume in the palm of her hand, and then rubs Marlene's hair briskly between her palms, going all over her head in this way.

Billie Dove, whose hands are as well kept as her lovely face, uses a hand lotion after every washing. The water in Hollywood is rather hard and the air tends to dry the skin, so hand lotions are popular there.

Garbo likes to let the ocean fog seep into her pores, not only because she revels in the feel and smell of sea air but because she thinks it keeps her skin moist and healthy.

Lilyan Tashman gives herself an occasional "egg mask." She pats the yolk of an egg on her face, lets it dry and remain fifteen or twenty minutes, removing it gently with lukewarm water. Evalyn Knapp uses the white of an egg as an astringent in the same manner once a week. This is an old beauty formula.

But don't laugh when the egg begins to dry and you feel as though your face is in a vise. You won't get the best results if you laugh or talk while the egg is drying and doing its work. Most of the stars have a favorite astringent, usually a recognized product prepared by a reliable cosmetician, which they use regularly.

ANOTHER Hollywood stunt (an old, old beauty secret of the harems) is to put figs in a pan, barely cover them with milk and, after the regular facial cleansing, allow the steam from the mixture to penetrate the pores of the face.

Turkish ladies use fresh figs, but most of us would have to be content with dried ones. The girls who use this treatment give it credit for clearing their complexions and leaving them like velvet. I haven't tried it myself, but you might like to experiment with it.

But Sylvia, Hollywood's famous masseuse, is absolutely set against steaming of any sort, even when flavored deliciously with figs! She

descried hot baths, Turkish baths and steamed towel treatments because she believes they drain the tissues of nourishment and cause sagging muscles.

RUTH LOUISE:

Ann Harding doesn't use a hairbrush, but she massages her scalp twice a day. She doesn't think waved hair is becoming to her, and I don't believe she contemplates bobbing her hair. If she has withstood the temptation so far, she is not apt to succumb now. Maybe it never was a temptation to Ann!

PATTY:

When hair is at that in-between stage, there isn't anything you can do but wait for it to grow! Curling the ends would help a great deal, even if the rest of your hair isn't very wavy. Dancing lessons would help your ankles. Tap dancing is great fun and grand exercise. And it's not difficult to learn.

Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for my complexion leaflet. That will help you get rid of blackheads. The colors that should be most becoming to you are soft shades of green, most shades of blue, deep orchid, gray, golden brown, burnt-orange, tomato, pale pink, soft rose, black with color touches, and white.

VIRGINIA M. C.:

Your coloring and type are just about the same as Patty's, so the colors given above will be becoming to you, too. The following squatting exercise is one of the best ones I know to reduce the hips and improve the figure generally. Do it smoothly and rhythmically, and try to avoid any sense of strain. When you begin to feel tired that means it is time to stop for a while.

Squatting exercise: Stand erect with feet close together in parallel lines. Rest your hands on your hips. Rise to tiptoe. Then sit in squatting position, bending knees sharply outward until the thighs and legs are doubled upon each other and the weight of the entire body is supported by the toes. Be sure to keep your upper body erect. Return to standing position. Repeat the exercise twelve times in the beginning, gradually increasing it to twenty or thirty times each day.

HELEN B.:

I think you should stay at school until you have finished your course. Your work there will help you greatly if you do get an opportunity to go on the stage later. Why don't you talk this over with your older sister or your aunt, tell them your ambition, and ask them to help you achieve it after you have finished school? Give yourself a chance!

MARIE:

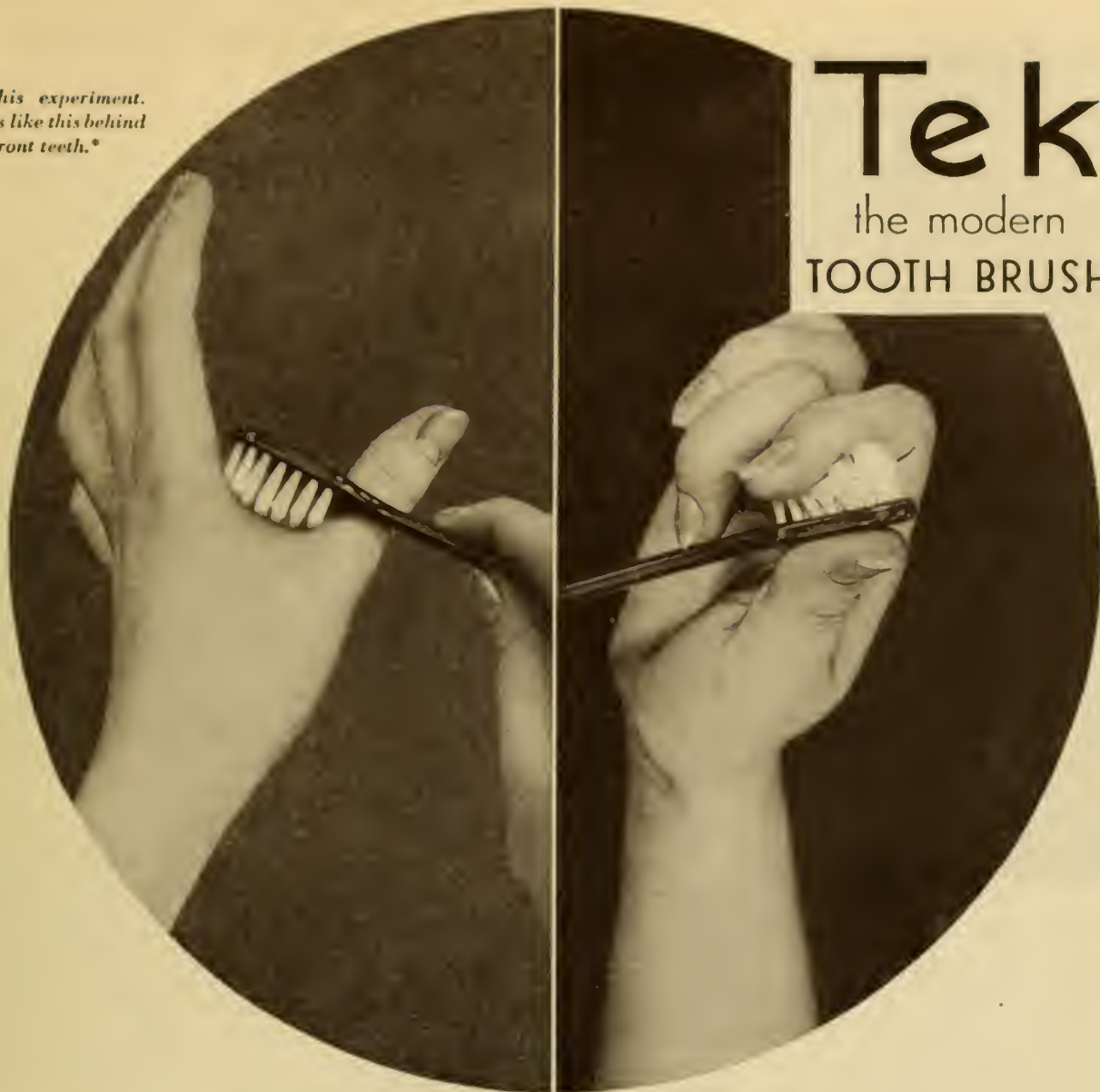
For the large pores in your nose, use an astringent cream at night. That won't be quite as drying as the lotion you have been using. Avoid too many fatty foods, and keep your skin clean with soap and warm water, followed always by a cold water rinse.

These are the colors that will help to make a blonde of your type more lovely: Green, especially the deeper shades, to bring out the green of your eyes; green-blue, henna, golden brown, yellow, orchid, beige, white trimmed with a color. These colors will give more life to your hair and bring out the fairness of your skin.

SCHOOLGIRL:

Take advantage of your opportunity to learn shorthand. It will be valuable to you, even if you don't intend to be a stenographer. If you succeed in getting work on a newspaper you will find many uses for it, especially as a reporter. And you will find it helpful right in the classroom, for taking lecture notes and jotting down information.

Try this experiment.  
Tek fits like this behind  
your front teeth.\*



# Tek

the modern  
TOOTH BRUSH

## + BETTER SHAPE + BETTER BRISTLES +

Tek offers you Better Bristles, lasting resiliency. This prime advantage is multiplied by the scientific shaping of these lively bristles. Tek's brushing head puts each tuft to work at every stroke—a positive cleansing of every tooth surface and crevice—plus

*\*Tek cleans easily where  
clumsy brushes cannot reach.*



automatic gum massage. Even behind your front teeth, in the narrowest curve of your dental arch where old-style brushes can't reach, Tek cleans because it fits. Try the experiment shown in the photograph at the left. Compare Tek to any other brush.

## *Prolonged Life and Guaranteed Value*

When you try it you will say—"Tek is the best tooth brush I have ever used"—for two very good reasons—its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*. This sets a distinctly higher value on Tek—one which is guaranteed. Yet Tek costs no more than an old-style brush. Each Tek brush is sterilized and cellophane-sealed in a sanitary, clear-vision container. Handles in pastel shades of Lucite. Adult size 50¢. Tek Jr., 35¢. Product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

*Johnson & Johnson*  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

ENTRUST YOUR LIPS TO YBRY



Blonde or  
brunette — Gentlemen  
prefer those who prefer  
YBRY. The truly perma-  
nent lipstick. Smooth  
and delicious in taste.  
Exquisite in scent.

Featured at best shops

AMAZINGLY LOW FOR  
A FRENCH CREATION

5 flattering  
shades

PARFUM

**Ybry**  
Pronounced EE-BREE  
PARIS

Ybry, Inc., Dept. P-5, 50 W. 57th St., New York City

Please send trial size Ybry lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

# How Norma Shearer Got What She Wanted

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

understand. Mind you, she had *nothing* to offer the screen. But she had a steel will and directness of vision that would do credit to the gods of industry.

Norma used her head, her wits and this amazing force. I'll give you an example of that. When she got her first call for picture work (she got it by forcing an agent to send her out) she found that twelve girls were needed for a scene, and forty had been sent. She watched the assistant director quickly scan that group of girls and quickly pick out the ones he wanted—prettier, more experienced girls than Norma. She was at the back of the room, unnoticed. She watched him pick eleven girls without once glancing at her. Suddenly she coughed. The sound caught his ear. He looked her way. She flashed him her most engaging smile. "You'll do," he said.

AND, in that way, she got her first job as an extra. But her sister, who had not thought as quickly as Norma, was not chosen, so Norma went back to the assistant later and *persuaded him to use Athole as well as herself!*

Norma gave herself completely to her work. She shut out possible romances and all friends who could not help her. When she got her first bit, she refused to take extra work again. And that is the turning point in the life of every embryonic star. And that takes courage, for bits and small parts are hard to get, extra work comparatively easy. She almost starved during this period, but she held out because she was shrewd enough, even then, to know it was the way to succeed. In order to make enough money to carry her along she found work outside the studios as a model for commercial artists.

In this way, giving her undivided physical and emotional and mental powers to her work, she lifted herself up, *without pull, without friends*, to the place where young Irving Thalberg, who was then a producer for the Louis B. Mayer Studios, was attracted by her work on the screen and sent to New York for her.

Norma has often told the story of her first meeting with Thalberg. She thought, at first, that he was an office boy and then she discovered, almost instantly, that he was a producer. Now, she says, she knows that she fell in love with him at first sight. I'm prone to doubt that. It must have been love at second sight, for if she thought, upon first sight, that he was an office boy she did not fall in love with him. If Norma Shearer fell in love then, she fell in love with the producer.

SHE began playing leading rôles. Shortly after Mayer merged with Goldwyn and Metro she was made a star and, although she achieved a fair amount of popularity, she was never a sensation. She and Thalberg were closely associated in a business way, but there was no romance between them. Irving was in love with, and practically engaged to, another girl. Norma was merely one of his stars and a shrewd one, too.

She obeyed all the star mandates. She gave out marvelous interviews (the only woman I've ever known whose first words are invariably

the lead of your story). She was never connected with any sort of scandal. She indulged in no eccentricities that might have been criticized. She was, like Caesar's wife, beyond reproach. But she was not yet Caesar's wife. That came later. That came, and I'm sure it was coincidence, just as she was beginning to slip as a silent star.

There is no doubt that Norma Shearer loves Irving Thalberg. There is no doubt that she has managed her marriage as successfully as she has managed her career. But I believe that she *learned* to love her husband, as many another woman has done before her. Certainly Irving is head man in his own household.

Once Norma recounted an incident that proves this. Some one admired the clothes she had brought back from her honeymoon in Europe. She smiled and said, "They were almost ruined, every one of them. I had taken them out of the trunk and laid them out in our cabin on the boat just under a port-hole. During the night a terrible storm came up and Irving said, 'Norma, you'd better do something with your clothes.' I got up and put them away only a second before a tremendous amount of water burst through the port-hole."

If you will examine this simple story, you will find that it was Norma who got up and removed the clothes and it was Irving who suggested it. Norma is wise enough to know that men like to be head man in their own households.

WHEN the talkies came, Norma made the shrewdest gesture of her career. While others were crying loudly against the microphone and declaring the whole thing was simply a fad, Norma was quietly, calmly preparing herself for it. What long hours she worked, how she concentrated on her voice, only Norma Shearer knows. What the world knows is that she flowered into a mature, brilliant actress with the poise of Ina Claire or Ruth Chatterton. Norma, who had never been on the stage, who had had no previous training for that difficult technique, has become, without doubt, one of the greatest actresses upon the screen.

"The Divorcée," as you know, broke almost every box-office record. She stands at the top of her profession. She has everything that a woman could possibly want, great artistic achievement, financial success, a perfect marriage and a baby boy. What more is there?

Now, perhaps I'm just an old silly, but I think there is more. There is the warm, alive glow of a perfectly ridiculous action, ridiculously done. There is the fun of abandoning yourself to nonsense. There is the thrill of picking up friends here and there who don't amount to anything and can never do anything for you. There is the remembrance of an unreasonable romance with an impossible, ineligible youth. There's divine madness. There is also the beauty of giving way to an impulsive gesture. And there's a lot more. There's a lot more that Norma Shearer hasn't, as has nobody who has made her sort of success a god.

But Norma, I'm sure, doesn't want any of these silly things. If she had, of course she would have gotten them.

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For further information see pages 52-53 and page 36, this issue.

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## The Perils of Marlene

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

with unwrinkled hosiery—can you imagine her hurled into eternity with one stocking bagging at the ankle?

Not Dietrich! Not if Joe Von Sternberg knows it!

**N**OW, I submit that this is all very pleasant. I'd far rather look at Marlene Dietrich's legs than at the Taj Mahal by moonlight, or even at a fat lady slipping on a banana peel and coming down.

But I further submit that Dr. Von Sternberg—discoverer, director and artistic exploiter of the glamorous Potsdam Peacherino—is definitely threatening the artistic advance of this star by overemphasizing those portions of the lady which lie below the Adam's apple.

In short, she is spending the time draping herself on chairs, divans and four-posters that might be devoted to showing us what a great actress she is.

Von Sternberg is to blame. He saw Marlene Dietrich's legs first and gave them to the American gaze, and we are all in his debt for

it. But he is now in a fair way to show them off until, in her next picture, we are apt to say, "Oh, yes—there are Dietrich's legs again, and very nice, too! Now, baby, let's see some of that swell acting we hope you can do!"

And if we don't see it, we're very apt to gallop down the block to the next tent!

I'm for Dietrich—and Dietrich's legs—till Pike's Peak's a dimple. But, in the name of the American motion picture public, I presume to warn Herr Doktor Von Sternberg that, just as pigs are pigs, legs are only legs, be they ever so magnificent. Be they ever, in short, Dietrich's.

**I** FURTHER announce that when I see Marlene Dietrich play a great drama magnificently, dressed from shoulder to toe in a suit of opaque blue union overalls, then will I get up on my seat and howl that I have seen one of the greatest dramatic actresses on the screen. As it stands today—this early in the game—we can't see the genius for the legs. The trees for the limbs, that is.

## Here Comes Tallulah!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46 ]

from the South—a new personality and artist to her own people?

She's about five feet, three, and can't weigh much over a hundred pounds.

Eyes big and blue, and very well-managed and articulate.

Rather prominent nose, full mouth, determined chin.

Tallulah's hair is blonde, and worn in a long bob that curls up at the ends.

But those are just physical characteristics. Tallulah Bankhead has the glamour, the snap of mind and spirit, the smart and intelligent viewpoint that sets off the personality from the just-another-actress.

She glitters.

**S**HE'S got a temper, and a will of her own, this one. She's been known to raise thunder at times—and it's been taken, if not altogether liked, because she's Tallulah.

She can be as cold as the right eye of a defunct fish—and as hard as the ice it's packed in.

That's part and parcel of the glitter that goes to make up such a one as Bankhead. No complete softy can sway and rule the interest of the thousands.

About that name—she got it from her grandmother, who was named for Tallulah Falls, in the state of Georgia. It's Indian.

Once, before she went to London, Ethel Barrymore advised Tallulah to change the handle.

Barrymore suggested Barbara or Mary, and the Bankhead girl was trying to make a choice.

Joseph Hergesheimer saw her at lunch one day.

"I hear you're thinking of changing your name," the novelist said. Tallulah admitted it.

"If you do," said Hergesheimer, "I'll never write another line, and I'm a poor man who must write to eat. I like to eat."

Tallulah didn't change it!

And now, talking pictures. I asked Tallulah why.

"Let's be frank," she said. "We're all working for money. The legitimate stage is too uncertain. And I can get over to a wider audience in pictures, and a wider success—I hope."

Then, too, she was getting fed up with

giving the same old show every night. Talkies are an ever-changing panorama.

Of course, it's a new medium for her, and she was stumped once or twice. But she's a good, smart trouper. No tricks can stay tricks that Tallulah doesn't know—not for long.

Then, too, she wanted to come home again. Family and friends are here. Her father is a Congressman from an Alabama district.

And she wants to be known and liked in America. Home's home, and you can't get away from it.

I asked her if she had any preference about parts.

"Parts?" she said. "I have played—and will play—anything. Creating a character is pretty much of an accident, anyway. I played *Camille* just because I wanted to do something different.

"Jeanne Eagels made her biggest hit as *Sadie Thompson* in 'Rain,' but that's because it was a great part, and not because she did it better than her other rôles. Chaplin might just as easily have hit first on a palm beach suit and straw hat, and made another character."

Sound trouper's point of view, that. But then, acting's her one great interest. Acting—and talking. She's one of the best conversationalists going—her talk snaps and sparkles and rings.

She's a great mimic, with a leaning toward irony.

**W**ELL, there's a picture of Tallulah Bankhead, Alabama girl who captivated London for eight long, successful years and is now making a dash on the interest and affections of the old home country.

You'll see Tallulah in "The Tarnished Lady." I hope the screen gives off the glamorous, interesting personage that is the girl herself.

If it does, she'll start conversation and arguments that will stretch from here to Michaelmas and back as far as Omaha.

She's that kind of girl! She's somebody! And her native land may yet hear the cries of hundreds of Tallulah-mad flappers—the sort that echoed through London's streets.

"Ooh! Yoo-hoo! There's Tallulah!"



WATER WEAR NOW TAKES ON NEW MODE AND MEANING

NEVER BEFORE — SUCH *Style* IN SWIM SUITS



JOAN CRAWFORD, who rises to new star heights in M-G-M's "The Torch Song," wasn't alone at the beach when the camera clicked. LEILA HYAMS and KATHERINE MOYLAN were drinking their fill of ozone when JOHN MACK BROWN joined these "Flying Fish" enthusiasts; to say nothing of "WHEEZER," lovable little rascal of Hal Roach's "Our Gang," who would rather make mud pies than throw custard pies!

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## As Mary Faces Forty

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

then being photographed before I dismounted to be presented to the King and Queen of a tribe. On that other trip I was really miserable. [I remembered the packing cases of gifts Mary Pickford had opened for me.] For eight weeks we were without green vegetables. I don't like meat and desserts. I lived on tea and wafers. We could have gone to Europe, but Douglas might as well have stayed at Pickfair. He would not have had the obstacles to conquer.

"SEPARATION?" Again she smiled. "Not now, no. Douglas and I are two normal human beings who like each other very much. In six months or six years, how can I say in this peculiar, shifting, weird nightmare of a world what will happen? I cannot deny that there may be a *separation*. I can only say there is none now. Just a vacation.

"I haven't half as much money as people credit to me. But I have enough to live comfortably. Conservatively, I have lost two millions that I might have saved on productions. That is conservative. I am spending more money today. I am buying more expensive clothes. I am taking a pleasure in being smartly dressed. Life is very short. Why shouldn't I spend and enjoy now that I have earned it?"

"Secrets?" Certainly I will tell you why I destroyed 'Secrets' at a loss of \$300,000. Although my talking pictures have actually grossed more than my silents ('Coquette' made \$300,000 more, playing in 3,000 houses, than 'Daddy Long Legs' in 9,000), I presume I am not at the pinnacle of success any longer. I am not a novelty and my pictures must be good. I have come to the conclusion that a good picture is almost an accident.

"Secrets' was not that kind of an accident. It was the most stupid I ever saw—including myself. I looked all right. I really photographed younger and better than I did in 'Kiki.' But it was all talk and no action.

"I believe talkies should not have more dialogue than silents had titles. I am not a gentle Julia type. It is what I hate most. It would be a good story for Ruth Chatterton. She is considered an actress. I am considered a personality.

"Age has little to do with pictures today. Look at George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery. People do not ask the age of Ruth Chatterton or Ann Harding. It is merit that counts now.

"I realize I am not a baby. I don't want to play *Pollyannas*. But I must have pictures where I not only can show merit as an actress but can live up to the public's conception of personality. I must be able to move in them. Which is why I say, if a really good picture comes along, I will probably make it but I will retire rather than make a bad one."

Gladys Smith speaking from the perfectly groomed figure of Mary Pickford. I even dared to say I liked Gladys Smith better; that I had not particularly enjoyed the thought of one of the people building a castle and barricading herself in it, entertaining royalty and royalty only.

Gladys laughed. "You never read about the other parties, do you? One evening a friend came up for the first time. She was dressed beautifully and with dignity. There were twelve very old friends at the table. Tom Geraghty, Marjorie Daw, one of my closest girl friends, Al Parker and his wife. Names you don't often read, perhaps. Suddenly Douglas disappeared under the table. He was tickling the guests' legs. It's a great game. You want to try it. The lady was a bit disappointed at first, but now she loves it."

"Do you know Greta Garbo? How do you like her?"

Gladys leaned forward anxiously. "Frances Marion called me and we are going to lunch with Miss Garbo. I am so thrilled. So nervous. I have been trying to plan what to say. She doesn't like to talk about her work, does she? Or her personal life?—I think I shall talk about Sweden. That will be a safe subject.

"Do you know, I still shake all over when I am in the presence of Gloria Swanson? The other day she was here and I had to change my clothes in front of her. I nearly died. I had on an old combination that was too long. I couldn't understand why I'd hung on to that one—why I hadn't discarded it long ago.

"I was so frightened when I saw Mussolini. I hid my autograph book behind my back. 'What have you there?' he asked finally. I almost stuttered telling him. What if he had refused to sign it?"

THERE was more, much more. My conversation with Gladys Smith was long. You can believe it or not, but I am convinced that Gladys Smith is as awed of celebrities (even when they visit Pickfair) as Mary Jones from Milwaukee is awed by Mary Pickford.

And I am also convinced that the struggle which raged between Gladys and Mary is almost over—the Gladys has almost decided to let Mary enjoy the memories of the past while she prances around in the present. Gladys goes ice-skating every Saturday afternoon with her niece. "I have loads of beaus in the rinks. We put pennies in the slot-machines to see what we can win. We're trying for a penknife but so far we've gotten only jelly-beans."

In fact, just between ourselves, I don't think it will be long before Gladys will have convinced Mary that she'd like to see Joan Crawford have a baby so she can get the joy of being a grandmother, even a step-one, while she is young enough to romp with the baby.

## Heart Throb

I am a poor young man and have been an unfortunate cripple for the past twenty-four years, due to a doctor's mistake in injecting into my spine some medicine to cure me of diphtheria. I haven't walked a step since then. All these years I have been shut in from the rest of the world, deprived of all comfort and pleasure in life. Doctors diagnose my case of muscular paralysis as hopeless. All day long I must sit in a chair

like a prisoner in a cell. I am living a life of misery and if it were not for books and magazines life would be unbearable.

I am proud to say that I have been reading PHOTOPLAY for many years. In all these years your magazine has proved of much enjoyment to me as I like to read about the stars and doings in the movie world, even though I can't see any pictures at all.

H. J. D.

IN THE MODERN SHOW WORLD

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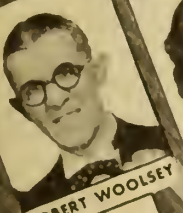
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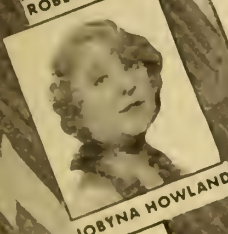
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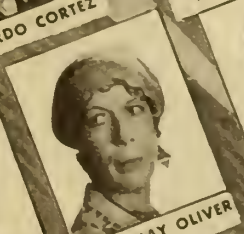
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# RADIO PICTURES



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## A Melancholy Wisecracker

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

of a sudden, he'll get morose and melancholy and be as quiet as a tombstone. We who know him well—or think we do—believe his smart-alecking is largely artificial.

"That smart-aleck character is one he's developed since his first picture appearance. You see, he first started in one of those country-boy rôles. His pictures looked just like Charles Ray. 'Heck,' he said, 'I don't want to be known as the Second Charlie Ray!' So he devised the direct opposite—the wise guy with smart cracks—and he's played that on the screen so much that he's that way off screen."

SO it went. So it went, on and on and on. One told this; the other that . . .

Now, the first thing that strikes people on meeting Bill is his size. Looks much bigger than on the screen. Really stands six feet, and is husky. Clothes worry him, because he doesn't think he wears them well. Has a very small wardrobe, compared with most screen stars. Likes quiet clothes—dark grays and serge blues, but does go in for red-hot-colored sweaters and belted leather coats. Hates garters and won't wear them, whenever he can help it. Never wears a straw hat.

The one big affection in his life is his mother. It's really an affection—not an affectation. She's a white-haired Southern matron. Bill was born in Vuhginiuh, suh!—Staunton, where the military academy is, but he never attended it, although untrue biographies say he did. His dearest possession—among all the lace pillows and pretty pictures and antiques that he likes to sit and look at by the hour—is a miniature of his mother. His sister once gave it to him for a Christmas present.

He drives a five-year-old car, "and I'll be driving it yet five years from now," he says. He never has the top up, and wears a beret because the wind blows his hair out of place. He has a chauffeur, who comes from Bill's home town in Virginia and used to be a Pullman porter. He has black hair, brown eyes and a beard that's so heavy and tough that barbers hate to shave him.

If you see him on the set, you'll always see him (except when cameras are turning) wearing a white silk scarf about his neck, tucked in his

collar. He wears it into the lunchroom, too. Whenever he can, he prefers to wear a scarf instead of a collar and tie.

He's extremely lazy and admits it. Likes to sit by the hour. His idea of a swell afternoon at the beach is not swimming or playing ball or racing, but just sitting. Nights, though, he likes to whoop it up. He is quite abstemious at that. Delights in getting a crowd together and then crashing in on other people's parties.

They don't ever know what he'll do on the set. Many times he has "broken" a scene by laughing at some one else on the set, or working a joke that's not in the story and couldn't be, or almost anything at all. Once he learned that actors on another set were quitting work at four o'clock. When four o'clock rolled around, he stopped in the middle of a scene, bawled "it's four o'clock and I'm going home!" and then sulked the rest of the day and evening because the director made him stay and work to the finish of the sequence they were shooting.

He's not jealous professionally—either of other actors or other clowns. "If somebody can 'steal the picture' from me, it's all right," he says, "because people will still say that the Haines picture is a wow, so I get credit anyway!" As for other buffoons, Bill loves to watch and laugh at their clowning just like other people like to watch and laugh at his.

He can bring tears to his eyes at will, and thinks he can do good sob-stuff scenes.

BILLY keeps his entire family—besides his mother, there are two brothers and two sisters. One brother, George, is his secretary. Once in a while, just for the fun of it, he gets his sisters and brothers work as extras in pictures.

He likes dogs. Innumerable stray mutts hang around that dressing-room-bungalow of his off the lot, because he sees to it that they're fed. He's always kind to dogs. That's more than he is to people. He likes to play practical jokes on people. Or shock them. Interviewers are always fair game, anyway, in his estimation. He usually tells them anything but the truth, or what he really thinks and believes.

"What's the use?" he says; "they never print what you tell them, anyway."



Hurrell

Next to his mother, William Haines loves antiques best—especially Early American pieces. This is the upper sitting room of his home, done in knotted pine in the Georgian period. All the furnishings are authentic pieces of their period. It's one of the most beautiful rooms in Hollywood—or the country, for that matter

**JUST A BEAR**  
A chain bangs **MACK SENNETT** COMEDY that brings together again that great Sennett team, *Andy Clyde* and *Harry Gibbon*.

**EX SWEETIES**  
You've heard of "Ex-thus" and "Ex-that." But this **MACK SENNETT** COMEDY, with *Harry Gibbon* is the funniest of the "exes."

**BRIDE AND GROOM**  
A collar button almost wrecked a wedding. Funny *Andy Clyde* in a new **TEXAPOLO** COMEDY. AN AL CHRISTIE PRODUCTION.

**HOTGUN WEDDING**  
Fun and romancing heavy and above all, *Master West* and *Clyde Cook* in another **COMEDY** sketch.

**THE DOG DOCTOR**  
One of the most whimsical and appealing of *Andy Clyde's* "Top Martin" characterizations is in this new **MACK SENNETT** COMEDY.

**WINDY RIFLE GOES HOLLYWOOD**  
Master **TEXAPOLO** COMEDY. A hilarious and hilarious road studio burlesque with *Andy Clyde* and *Harry Gibbon* in the lead.

**THE SPICY TOON**  
A hilarious and hilarious cartoon sketch.

**CAST:** JOLA D'ARIL, PATS O'LEARY, FRANK EASTMAN, JOHNNY HINES, CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, CHARLES N. LEBEN, ANDY CLYDE, HARRY GIBBON, MARJORIE BELBE, BUSTER WEST, CLYDE COOK.

**CAST:** ELEANOR HUNT, LLOYD HAMILTON, GLENN TRYON, HERT ROACH, WILLIAM J. BLISS, CLAUDE FLEMING.

Foot for foot of film, minute for minute of your time, you'll get more fun and more entertainment from one of Educational's comedy or novelty short subjects than from almost anything else on the program. They're packed with action. They're jammed with laughs, or thrills—or both. So, no matter what feature pictures are showing in your neighborhood, find out what short subjects are

playing, too. It may be time for you to see one of the comedies illustrated above. They're showing now in the country's best theatres. And you can count on any one of them to make a good show better.



# STILL BEAUTIFUL IF NOT STILL NEW

—DEW (which may be used on a moment's notice) has kept it so



WHO doesn't wish that a new frock or gown would keep its fresh daintiness?

Hundreds of thousands of women have found that it can be done with the simple, pleasant help of DEW. This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant keeps frocks and gowns free of perspiration stains and moisture spots.

DEW can be used at any time, even while dressing. It will not irritate a delicate skin or harm the most fragile of fabrics when the simple directions are followed. Use it as often as needed.

At all drug and department stores in spill-proof flasks:— 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

*DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads*

LAMBERT-FESLER, Inc.  
St. Louis, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

# DEW

Crystal-pure Deodorant • Instant Non-perspirant

Can be used at any time. Stops perspiration instantly. Won't irritate the skin.



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Dept. J-19, Del Monte Way, St. Louis  
Inclosed is 10c. Please send DEW sample to:

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

SOONER or later it always happens. Johnny Mack Brown, wife and baby, have been living in a simple little cottage in an obscure part of Hollywood for several years.

Johnny has been saving his money, but that can't last forever. Now he's building an English home in Beverly Hills.

WHEN you saw Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David," you immediately placed Dick as a nice bashful kid.

The truth of the matter is that the lad is pretty doggone sophisticated, but somebody must have told him about preserving the illusion; so whenever he has an interview or goes to see a producer he stands just outside the door and takes off his tie and opens his shirt at the throat. It gives that fresh, boyish effect when he enters the room.

IF you've been wondering about Dolores Del Rio, here's the answer.

Cedric Gibbons, her husband, would rather she retired from the screen, but he knows that Dolores would be unhappy, so he has waived his objections.

However, Dolores' physical condition has

kept her inactive. She was much more seriously ill than the newspapers have led you to believe, and it will be some months before she'll be fit to work.

NEWEST cinemaland yachtster is Marjorie White. She just bought a 34-foot cruiser, and named it "Ali Baba."

Says she's going to give a yachting party for two-score script writers. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

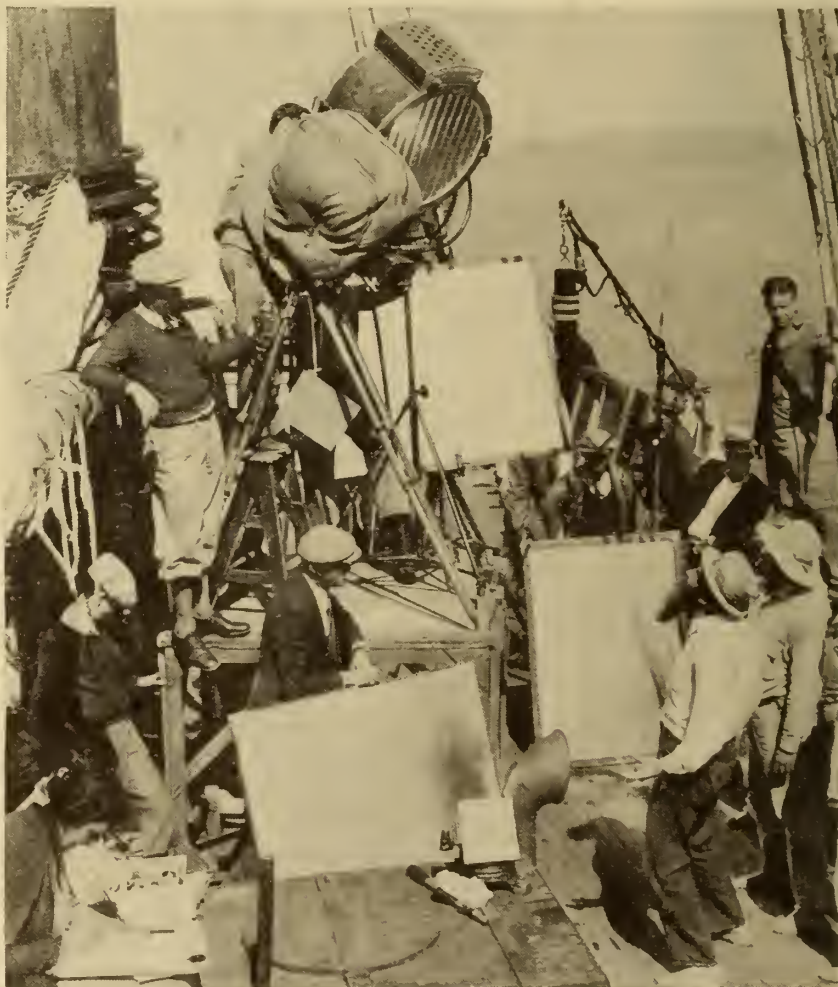
THE *Hollywood Script* revives this story about Chaplin, which will bear repetition.

A society matron asked him if he would attend a charity bazaar and occupy the box of honor. "You needn't stay," she said, "but if we can advertise that you will be there, we can sell more tickets."

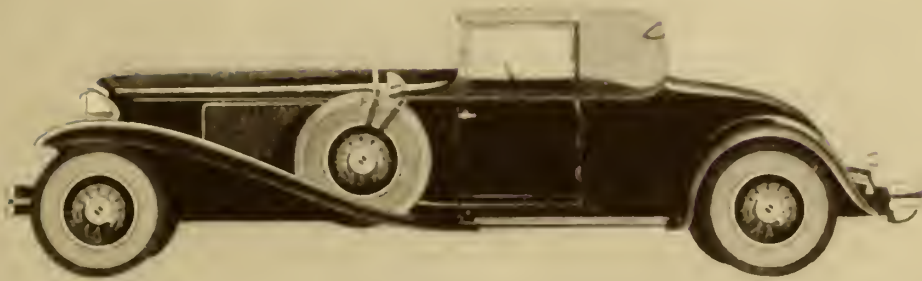
"Don't you think the Goldwyn lion would serve your purpose just as well?" was the comedian's serious retort.

ADRIAN dresses the stars for Metro pictures and he has made some interesting observations about some of them.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



Shooting a ship scene for "Never the Twain Shall Meet" on an old tub in the harbor of San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. Our old friend Mitchell Lewis is yelling a lusty and bewhiskered defiance into the microphone, while the sound-muffled camera grinds at, and the silver reflectors light up his face. Director Van Dyke, who made "Trader Horn," leaning on the platform, is bossing the job, while the script girls, in the lower left hand corner, check up on the dialogue and details of costume. Later on, as the light fails, the big arc will be put into action. It's all in the day's work



## FINE CAR LEADERSHIP

The leadership of the Cord front-drive in the fine car field daily becomes more pronounced. This is traceable to the accumulative experience of Cord owners who enjoy advantages not obtainable in any other automobile. Included among these exclusive advantages are effortless handling, a different roadability, a sense of security, and an absence of fatigue for driver and passengers that obsolete any car less efficient and commodious. And now, an improved Cord car is available at prices comparable with ordinary standard cars—a sensational value in the fine car field.

BROUGHAM \$2395 • SEDAN \$2395 • CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET \$2495 • CONVERTIBLE PHAETON SEDAN \$2795  
Prices f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. Equipment other than standard, extra.  
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

**CORD**  
FRONT DRIVE

# GLAZO creates the smart vogues in fingertips!



**H**AVE you some charming memories of fingertips of a special loveliness that are seen about nowadays? Memories, perhaps, of fingers delicately tipped with flower-like loveliness rising up in greeting . . . or of brilliant fingers dancing a ballet of impatience on the table-top.

Obviously, neither nature nor ordinary polishes can account for nails of such attractiveness. The uninitiated ask *what* and *how* this special charm; and the answer is—Glazo does it!

Glazopolishes, so prized and sought for their exquisite shades, have won wide and

distinguished approval. They brush on easily and smoothly, without piling up, chipping, or turning white at the edges.

And Glazo's new Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a superior method of caring for the cuticle. Try this gentle, white cream, and find for yourself how even and smooth it leaves the cuticle edges. Other Glazo preparations assist in the perfection of the Glazo manicure—Glazo Nicotine Remover, Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream. You will find these Glazo products at your favorite toilet goods counter.



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Polish comes in Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Right)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 50c. Choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 50c.



# GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-51  
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose six cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 ]

"In the old days, Joan Crawford could see herself in nothing but a skin-tight dress and circular skirt. She was like a little girl—frightened to see herself in anything else. Today, Joan is getting something akin to the flair of Gloria Swanson for clothes. It is as though she had found the key to life and the result is finding expression in her clothes. She is even creating new ideas and modes for herself.

"Before 'The Divorcee,' Norma Shearer was smart, but conservatively smart. There is a smartness which is interesting and one which is uninteresting. Norma used to be smartly uninteresting because she was afraid to dare.

It was necessary to sneak daring things upon her. No more. She leads the styles rather than follows.

"Greta Garbo is much interested in clothes for a picture (Adrian emphasized the professional interest) if she likes the story. She didn't believe she could wear the clothes in 'Romance,' so had no interest until they were completed. Then she adored them. What she really likes is smart modern things. If she has a picture where she can wear them, she warms up to the subject of clothes as much as any woman."

**R**OYALTY must never, never be mentioned in connection with ladies of the screen! A couple of European courts are agog over such



Hist! This sinister gent is back in Hollywood again, scattering mystery. It's S. S. Van Dine, creator of *Philo Vance*, the suave detective. Van Dine's newest is "Blue Moon Murder," and Walter Huston will play *Vance*. Others who have done the rôle are William Powell and Basil Rathbone



a coupling, which appeared in a newspaper of Budapest, Hungary.

A Hungarian journalist said the Princess José, daughter of the King of the Belgians, desired a separation from her husband, Crown Prince Humbert of Italy. The paper further said that the Crown Prince had "resumed his relations with an English movie star with whom he was well acquainted several years ago."

This gossipy note threw the courts of Belgium and Italy into a frenzy.

Rome issued no denial. From the Belgian palace came this statement:

"The honor of a family, whether royal, middle or working class, is entitled to protection. The Prince of Piedmont (The Crown Prince) may decide to bring legal action. Up to now His Royal Highness and the Belgian Royal Family have opposed with disdainful silence all such rumors."

Moral, never couple a motion picture actress' name with royalty, or papa-in-law will spank!

**BILLIE DOVE** collects fleas. Lots of them. They're her hobby. Dead ones, all dressed up in tiny clothes, and mounted in nutshells and such-like.

You look at 'em through a magnifying glass. If you're interested.

**JOHN BARRYMORE** has a lot of most eccentric and disconcerting ways, as Harry Lang has already told you. One of them is this: When Bramwell Fletcher came on the "Svengali" set to play the rôle of *Little Billee*, Jack would sit for minutes at a time staring at the boy. Every time Bramwell (what a name!) stepped before the camera, Jack stared and stared.

It was slowly getting the kid's goat, until director Archie Mayo took the young actor by the arm, led him to Barrymore and, guiding Bramwell's finger, touched Barrymore on the chest. "See?" said Archie, "He's human after all. Lookee, he doesn't even bite."

**THEY'RE** telling the story about the guy who was taken to a Hollywood hospital with what looked like facial paralysis.

"What's the matter? Lock-jaw?" asked the nurse.

"No," said the patient, talking out of the corner of his mouth, "I've been working in gangster pictures."

**ONE** of the strangest and most tragic cases in Hollywood is the case of Aileen Pringle, the girl who happened before her time.

When she first came to pictures she had a definite idea what she wanted to do. A sophisticated, charming woman of the world, herself, she wanted to play sophisticated, charming women of the world in films. But at that time such a thing was unheard of. When Aileen explained what she meant, the studio execs put her in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

Aileen did this, but insisted that still wasn't the idea.

They couldn't understand. If you were a woman of the world, you were a naughty vamp in a velvet negligée. She tried to make them see that she wanted to be human as well. So they co-starred her with Lew Cody in a series of farces.

Aileen complained again.

"But we thought this was what you meant!" they said, quite confused about the whole thing.

So Aileen gave it up as a bad job.

The years passed, the microphone began its dirty work and exactly the type of woman that Aileen wanted to play became the vogue.

Norma Shearer does it perfectly. So does Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck. Aileen could do it, too. Her voice is cultured. Her manner exactly the popular manner of the moment.

But they've forgotten about Aileen. She lived, professionally, before her time.



## The Perfect Pair for washing woolens — IVORY SNOW and lukewarm water

Ivory Snow—tiny fairy-thin pearls of pure Ivory Soap—gives extra protection to all fine fabrics. Every tiny pearl is so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

No waiting for hot water. No fussing with suds. No cooling to the safe faintly warm temperature. Now you start with lukewarm water, add Ivory Snow, and you'll have foamy suds in a single swish. No unmelted soap left to cling to woolens and silks.

So quick! So handy! So very, very gentle! A big box for 15¢.

New!

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Pure



Silk  
and woolen  
manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

# TWO TYPICAL Case Histories



**CASE NO. 11** . . . Stenographer, New York City. Age 24. Suffered from dryness and scaliness. Woodbury's Facial Soap brought natural lubrication. On 30th day dryness had entirely disappeared.



**CASE NO. 250** . . . Baltimore, Md. Age 37. Bothered with conspicuous pores and oiliness. Noticeable improvement 4th day. On 30th day oiliness had nearly disappeared and pores were smaller.

TAKEN RIGHT FROM THE DOCTORS' CLINICAL REPORTS

## Particularly Interesting to Women with ENLARGED PORES · BLACKHEADS · BLEMISHES · DRY SKIN · OILY SKIN

In the recent Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic nearly every type and condition of skin was represented.

And in side-by-side comparison on the same faces, Woodbury's demonstrated that it could do more to correct faulty complexions and improve normal ones than any other method of daily skin care.

The test was conclusively simple. Leading dermatologists asked 612 women to use their usual cleansing method on the left side of their faces, and Woodbury's on the right side . . . for 30 days.

113 women began the treatment with enlarged pores, and ended the test with the problem either entirely or largely solved. Acne was helped 106 times . . . blackhead conditions improved on 103 faces. Excessive oiliness was corrected in 115 instances . . . dry, scaly skin for 81 patients.

Make a thorough test of Woodbury's Facial Soap. If it cost a dollar a cake instead of only 25¢, it would still be the most economical and surest way to skin loveliness. Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or mail the coupon.



MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?  
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

805 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

- Oily skin
- Flabby skin
- Sallow skin
- Dry skin
- Coarse pores
- Pimples
- Wrinkles
- Blackheads

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

When I remember the lovely, laughing Joan Crawford of "Dancing Daughters" and compare her with the grotesque, hollow-eyed heroine of "Paid" I feel she should cut out this freak idea of starvation. She is letting her fans down badly!

KAY YARBOROUGH,  
Washington, D. C.

### Doug, Sr.

If "Reaching for the Moon" is a sample of a 1931 vehicle for Douglas Fairbanks and his unusual ability to portray good interesting entertainment, why not go back to classic literature where there is at least some semblance of plot and reason?

BETTY WARD DEFFEBACH,  
Houston, Texas

Doug, Sr., was great in "Reaching for the Moon." This is an up-to-the-minute picture with lots of pep and admirably suited to the talents of the energetic Fairbanks. We hope to see him in more of this type of picture.

FRED CALLAHAN,  
New York City

### Watch Out, Producers!

Am I wrong in believing the song "Little White Lies" was composed in the spring of 1930, or was it in full swing the year after "the boys came home" as pictured in "The Last Parade"? What a slip! What a slip!

VIRGINIA HEMRICK,  
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"Dance Fools, Dance" was a great movie, and Joan Crawford an actress always worth seeing, but who was the dumbbell who had Cliff Edwards murdered at a subway entrance in Chicago, when that city hasn't any subways? M-G-M needs some little girl like me to watch out for these details.

G. S. S.,  
Philadelphia, Penna.



Ever meet Mickey Mouse's daddy? The little cartoon comic, who seems to be about the most popular star in the world, is created by Walt Disney, the smiling gentleman here. And as you see, he has his star well trained in yessing, an old Hollywood custom

### Ex-Buddy Rogers

I wonder why Buddy Rogers rates so many leads. The public admits he makes good scenery but is not crying for actors whose chief "acting" is wearing good-looking clothes—especially when there's Novarro and Montgomery in "them thar hills."

CLOVER ROSS,  
Oswego, Kan.

I preferred Buddy Rogers' singing in "Heads Up" to John Boles in "Kiss Me Again." Let's see more of him and hear more of his singing.

DOLORES GOCHOEL,  
Dayton, Ohio

### "The Easiest Way"

In "The Easiest Way" Constance Bennett was charming and beautifully gowned—but the story! Why do producers go to such extremes? The home of the girl was unbelievably squalid and so did Brockton's apartment was so luxurious as to be in bad taste. Surely her choice of "the easiest way" would have been plausible without this vast difference. And the finish! Why must every fallen woman gaze through a window in a mist of tears at the happy family group? Maudlin sentimentality!

I didn't see enough of Hedda Hopper. She was simply grand.

DIANA HESS,  
New York City

### Ruth Chatterton

All this raving about Ruth Chatterton puzzles me. She has about as much emotion as a wooden Indian—and just about as much animation. She has a beautiful voice—and it is this trick voice that has hypnotised people into thinking she's a great actress. When she's glad, her facial expression is exactly the same as when she's sad! Her emotions don't go beyond her throat.

DIANA HESS,  
New York City

"Unfaithful" is another triumph for Ruth Chatterton. She is by far the greatest dramatic actress in the talkies, and she has never given a bad performance. When I see one of her pictures I suffer all that she is suffering. She has the most expressive face and such a beautiful voice. To me she is the reigning queen of talkie-land.

BESSIE FLINT,  
Montgomery, Ala.

## Heart Throb

I might have been somebody if I had followed the straight path. And, now, thanks to some of the fine talking pictures that I have seen in the past two years I feel that I have a new lease on life and that this time I am going to make a success of my life instead of a mess.

I have done time, and I'm only twenty-one, but during those long months in confinement when some were plotting to pull "big jobs" when they got out, it was the pictures we were allowed to see at intervals that kept my mind away from thoughts of revenge and of tempting offers made by fellow prisoners.

Those who say that motion pictures are not up-lifting don't know as I do. They have been a means of giving me new hope and courage and have set my feet in the straight path.

R. S., Graft, Colo.



# You feel at ease for Kotex is shaped to fit



Then, too, Kotex absorbs  
scientifically, giving more  
secure protection.

WHEN you realize how individual a problem sanitary protection is, you appreciate the fact that Kotex is so made that you can adjust it to your changing needs.

That, of course, is only one of the advantages of Kotex. It is shaped to fit inconspicuously under any frock, no matter how close-fitting. It is treated to deodorize—keeps one feeling dainty at times when that is more than ever necessary. It is soft—not only at first, but during hours of use.

#### Why Kotex stays soft

Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture—is so amazingly efficient that 85% of our great hospitals now use it for all kinds of surgical dressings.

Kotex owes its unique dependability and comfort to the fact that it absorbs laterally, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite its amazing efficiency, leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation.

*Kotex can be worn on either side. It will serve with equal efficiency, with no possibility of embarrassment. Adjust it (you can, you see, because of the layer construction) to meet changing requirements. Dispose of it quickly, easily. Buy it anywhere. Simply specify Kotex.*  
Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

#### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

#### The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

# KOTEX

# Keeps teeth white



**S**MILE and conquer. No one can resist a charming smile.

But remember — your smile is only as charming as the snowy whiteness of your teeth permits.

Every day chew delicious Dentyne—the gum especially made to keep teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Dentyne is the finest chewing gum on sale today.

# Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!



## Moles

**How to banish them**  
A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.



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Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty head (no Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.  
**NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 75, Ft. Worth, Tex.**

## Do You Want a Job in the Studios?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

we must remember it was the left hand. When it comes to learning the picture business there isn't a better method."

Catherine received \$40 as a secretary and she receives the same as a script girl except on shorts where she assists the director—even directs during his absence.

Then she gets \$75. Incidentally, she has sold several magazine stories on her experiences as a script girl and has recently assisted Bryan Foy in writing shorts. Her ambition is scenario writing.

Dorothy Cairns was a script girl at Paramount until she sold "Sin Takes a Holiday" to Pathe. She has been offered several writing contracts but prefers to freelance, in the hope of selling enough originals so that she will not have to tie herself down to one department.

Anne Bauchens has been cutting film for fourteen years. She has cut every Cecil De Mille picture for twelve. "I had hoped to write but I found I couldn't create originals. But I could take the work of somebody else and create with it. Which is the work of cutting. A good director doesn't tell a good cutter what to do. He takes his shots and lets her or him make a picture from it. You are creating the finished story from the other fellow's ideas but you are still creating."

Cutters receive from \$75 to \$200 a week. Miss Bauchens gets \$135.

This work is hard on the eyes, as they are reading film continually. Matching the sound tract to the photographic film has more than doubled their work.

They have small rooms with a sound reproducing apparatus. I have spent hours watching them work.

They must not only be creative but they must be mechanically inclined and extremely accurate.

Peggy O'Day was Miss Bauchens' assistant. Today she is cutting foreign versions only for Metro. She cannot speak a word of Spanish, and yet she cut the Spanish version of "The Big House." She has learned to understand Spanish by listening to her sound tract and matching the words to the action of her picture. She started at \$6 a week cleaning negative, and was formerly an ingénue with her name in the casting directory!

Miss Bauchens' advice to young folk wishing to become cutters is to begin with stenography, go into script work, learn the way pictures are made, and then go into cutting as an assistant. Incidentally, I talked with a dozen cutters and didn't find a discontented one among them. Or a lazy one! You never get to be a cutter if you are lazy. During the making of a picture the hours are often eighteen at a stretch.

**HARRY ALBIEZ** is a "property boy," although he is a middle aged man. Six years ago he was standing leaning on a shovel in his alfalfa patch at Van Nuys, California. He had the urge to travel, but not the money. How could he get excitement, variety? The movies were ten miles away. He dropped his shovel and went to the old Selig lot. "I hit it lucky. I asked for a job and got it. By working fast and not sitting down and paying no attention to hours, I held it. Haven't been out of work since. I saw everyone was trying to duck Westerns. They had longer hours, more work and no more pay. I hit for them. I had wanted travel, I did. Went up into the Indian lands with Tim McCoy. Back a month and then left for the South Seas with 'White Shadows of the South Seas.' Also went there on 'The Pagan.' Been down through Mexico with a jungle picture. Spent a whole year in Africa with 'Trader Horn.' A property boy

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does most everything, anyway, but on these location trips you do everything from wardrobe to seeing that there's plenty of wild animals sticking about.

"JOHN FORD started as a prop boy. So did Johnny Waters. He directs now and assists, too. They've made three assistant directors from prop boys on this lot (M-G-M) in the last three months. You learn about everything there is to know if you keep your eyes open."

Harry started at \$25 a week. He averages \$60 today. He says the way to get started is ask for a job, keep on asking for it until they know you mean business, work like the devil and join the union.

Studio drivers and gatenemen are usually men past fifty.

It's the opportunity for old age. "Pop" Manatt has driven stars at Metro for thirteen years.

"The only difference between the days when I drove Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick and today, when it's Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, is they don't have as many location trips since the talkies. Driving ain't no place for a young man. No future. It's fine for an old man. Keeps life interesting. The stars are awful good to us. For five years Ramon Novarro has come out on the day before Christmas with a \$10 gold piece."

The drivers furnish their own cars and pay the upkeep. They are paid by either the hour or mileage.

"Pop" grosses about \$4,000 a year and nets approximately \$2,500.

Frank Tuttle (not the director) has been gateman at United Artists for eight years. When Douglas Fairbanks discovered he had been a champion bicycle rider in his youth, he took a personal interest in him as Doug does in all athletes, and presented him with a pedigreed dog. The white-haired man and huge dog became landmarks on the lot. Last week the dog died of old age. The man is unconsolable. He makes \$35 a week and his best story is an imitation of the way Gloria Swanson comes to the gate on Christmas day and says, "Will you accept this with a Merry Christmas?" *This is a \$5 gold piece in pretty wrappings.*

**I**F you are a beauty operator or interested in becoming one, your future in pictures lies in the Make-Up Department. The scientific make-up of today is only five years old, but it has become one of the most important parts of the industry.

Radio Pictures recently built a \$120,000 building to hold their department and placed Erne Westmore in charge of it. He personally supervises the make-up of each person playing in a Radio picture. On the first floor, his assistants make-up the stars; on the second the principals; on the third the ponies and show girls; on the fourth the extras. The make-up for "Cimarron" cost \$23,896, of which \$20,640 was paid for salaries of the people applying it.

Make-up men are unionized and the minimum wage is \$100 weekly; by the day, \$15. The heads of departments receive \$500 and \$600 weekly.

Erne Westmore and his brothers and father—all in motion picture work—have been in the beauty business all their lives. "We are in constant need of really good men and women; those who understand bone construction, high lighting, and so on. I have personally induced several to come from the East. But the average beauty operator is not skilled enough for studio work."

Hairdressers also come under this department. They receive from \$50 to \$75 a week depending upon their expertness.

Frequently, they become so efficient in working on one star that they are attached to her staff.

Ruth Chatterton, for example, has her own hairdresser.

Numerous stars have private secretaries.

# DOROTHY GRAY



## LIKE A TOWER OF IVORY... AN UNLINED YOUTHFUL THROAT

Your throat can be as flawless and beautiful as a slim ivory tower. How wickedly careless it is to let a crêpe-like texture give your throat cruel, aging lines! It is a simple matter to keep your throat flawlessly smooth. The Dorothy Gray treatments for preventing crêpy throat and correcting it have for many years proved their success in the Dorothy Gray salons. So that you may readily give yourself these treatments at home, Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops everywhere. Ask or write for the booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." It gives you clear directions for all the Dorothy Gray home treatments.

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## Have Curling Lashes Instantly with KURLASH

ANYBODY can do it. No heat, no cosmetics! Just slip the rubber Kurlash pads over your lashes and press gently. At once you have curling lashes, sparkling eyes, more charm, greater personality. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars! Curl your own lashes today. At toilet counters everywhere, \$1.00.

### Kurlene for growing long lashes

This European discovery promotes growth of long lashes. Keeps them brilliant and free from granulation. Tubes 50c; jars \$1.00.



KURLENE JAR



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SHADETTE

### Shadette intensifies eye color

Just a touch of Shadette on upper lid makes your eyes' natural color richer, deeper. Improves appearance remarkably. Four colors. Compacts, \$1.00. Sold everywhere.

**Lashpac**—Compact with brush and stick mascara.

**Lashint**—perfumed, waterproof liquid mascara.

**Tweezette**—automatic, painless tweezer. Each \$1.00.

Write for booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How To Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures. Mailed free.

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Don't endure the unfairness of age-telling gray, faded, or streaked hair. Tint it instantly to its natural youthful shade and lustre—any desired color from lightest blond to midnight black. Just comb thru clean, harmless, odorless Brownatone. No fuss, no muss. Immediate guaranteed results. All dealers, 50c. Or send the trial bottle.

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Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. have a man, but Mary Pickford, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Sue Carol and many others have women. They receive from \$50 to \$75 a week.

Hazel Gray, working for Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, says: "Being a secretary to a star is not comparable to other secretarial work. Our duties are more intimate, more varied and more exciting. We not only handle the fan mail, the private correspondence and appointments but we do anything in the world which arises to make their lives easier. In my case, I run Miss Chatterton's home, hire the servants, purchase the food, sign the checks, deposit the money and save it. I usually have luncheon with Miss Chatterton at the studio but I never sit on the sets."

LAST Christmas Miss Gray purchased most of the presents her employers gave; as both were working.

She frequently buys Miss Chatterton's clothes. She secured her position through a mutual friend who could vouch for her trustworthiness.

She believes there is opportunity for reliable girls.

One of the most important divisions of any studio is the publicity. It is the diplomatic corps of the entire organization. It sells not only the stars but the pictures to the public and handles relations with newspapers, magazines and theaters. It also acts as the go-between for stars and every medium of publicity.

Contrary to popular opinion, the publicity departments do little writing for other than press-books. A press-book is a collection of stories concerning one production, printed in pamphlet form, and sent to the various theater exhibitors. A "unit" man in the

publicity department remains on the set of a picture, gathers all the items of interest and writes the "press-book" for his picture. When these stories reach the theater owners, they clip and distribute them to the local newspapers as information for local write-ups (usually advance) about the picture.

These unit men receive from \$60 to \$150 a week. They are usually trained newspaper reporters.

THE publicity department does not write magazine stories, and very few newspaper yarns aside from the press-book. They contact the regular writers.

For example, PHOTOPLAY has a large staff of trained writers. It is the duty of the publicity department to furnish them with any information they have about their players but, principally, to act as a go-between for the writer and the player.

Take this story for example.

The publicity department did not give me the information.

They arranged interviews and I talked to each person mentioned, in person.

The salaries for the heads of departments run from \$25,000 a year downward.

John Le Roy Johnston, head of the department at Universal, has been in the newspaper and publicity business since he was thirteen. He started on the St. Paul Daily News and sketched more than 300 famous faces in his first year besides handling the presswork for the Hudson Boxing Club and the St. Paul Symphony orchestra.

His record reads like a list of newspapers from Coast to Coast and all of the studios in existence.

"I decided at thirteen that it was a great game because it brought one in contact with the most famous, and I wanted to know the



Joan Crawford's new studio home on wheels—the portable dressing-room just given her by the doting husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. White, with green shutters, it contains rich antique furnishings—and an electric refrigerator, hot and cold water and what-not. Joan seems mighty proud, but the Scotty doesn't seem to be impressed



***Absorbent ...  
to remove dangerous dirt***  
**That's why Jean Harlow insists on  
Kleenex to remove cold cream**

*She made one of the most rapid climbs to stardom in all Hollywood's amazing history! Read her beauty advice to you.*

"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

***Towels unabsorbent***

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

This is the dirt Miss Harlow refers to. It's the dirt Kleenex absorbs so quickly. Kleenex blots up cleansing cream, and every particle of grime comes, too. Every invisible fleck of powder. Kleenex is so powerfully absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary.

***For handkerchiefs***

Kleenex is rapidly supplanting handkerchiefs for use during colds. It prevents self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in packages at 25c, 50c and \$1. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

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Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

**J**EAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

"Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman's dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often underestimate the importance of strict cleanliness.

"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up . . . methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues.



Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as white.

biggest men and women. You learn to know life and people; you become analytical and philosophical. You must have the tact of a butler, the soul of a dreamer, the front of an executive, the nerve of a salesman. You must be able to create illusions about everything and everybody. And you must take the rap for the entire studio, always. You work any hour and all hours, and you love it or you can't stay in it."

**T**HERE are many successful women in this line. Each studio has a woman in charge of magazine contacts, for example. Two years ago Eleanor Packer arrived in Hollywood from Columbus, Ohio. Her father was a newspaper man, her college degree was in journalism. She knew nothing of studios, so she took the telephone book, called them all and asked for the names of the head of each publicity department. Then she called these men and secured an appointment with Arthur Zellner at United Artists. She was put onto the Douglas Fairbanks unit writing a press-book. Today she has charge of magazine contacts at Metro and receives \$135 a week for it. She says:

"I should say newspaper training is the most valuable for either man or woman in any branch of motion pictures except, possibly acting. It teaches life and pictures deal with life in every angle."

High in a corner office at M-G-M sits Natalie Bucknell, head of the research department. Recently, a German newspaper man tested her knowledge by asking her fourteen questions, off hand. She answered each one without a moment's hesitation. Two were as follows:

"What type of saddle did King Darius use in ancient Russia?"

"What type of toy was used in the time of Pericles?"

It is her business to see that every prop, costume, quotation, etc., is technically correct on each production.

She has been there four years and has collected 50 files of newspaper clippings which are valued at \$500,000.

She started in the reading department but was transferred to her present position in two weeks. Why?—Her father was councilor of state under the Czar. She was educated by four governesses—French, English, German and Russian. She speaks and reads five languages. She has traveled throughout the world.

She knows history. She receives less than \$100 a week. Her ambition is to direct.

She is in a spot where she can learn everything there is to know about directing. When sound came in she studied, and was the first woman to secure a certificate as a sound engineer.

She never heard of regular hours; I doubt if she ever wants to hear of them. She believes any really trained person can find an opportunity in pictures.

**"M**OTIER" Coulter is the way her name is listed in the M-G-M studio directory. She has charge of the wardrobe department where period clothes and costumes are made. She is sixty-five years of age and has been in the wardrobe work of theater and screen for forty years. Originally an actress, she realized she wouldn't make a successful one, and turned her handiness with the needle to advantage.

She has been in her present position twelve years, receives \$125 a week. She starts her seamstresses at \$22.50 a week, pays her head cutter \$60, and has forty women working when the studio is in full swing. She prefers women who have not been in dressmaking shops but have learned to use the needle and scissors in the home!

One of the greatest opportunities for men lies in the camera department. A boy starts, usually, in the laboratory although many studios give their messenger boys, prop boys, etc., opportunities to learn the camera business.

In the laboratory he learns cleaning of film,

# Spring Styles Make Youthforms a Necessity



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## Round Out Your Form Make It Beautiful

Today's styles clearly define the bust. Style artists have doomed the ill-fitting, flattening, pressing, tissue-destroying brassieres, and have given women a new charm and beauty with the bust line. YOUTHFORMS are the one support that serves two purposes—holding your bust in correct position and giving you that infinite charm of youth.

YOUTHFORM'S secret is in the elastic band which goes around the body, and the beautiful first quality pink Van Raalte's Swamee Silk forms which hold the busts in shape, removing all weight from them. Doctors and physical culture experts are indorsing YOUTHFORMS to correct sagging busts. Thousands praise YOUTHFORMS daily for they are comfortable, restful, enjoyable to wear. Not sold in stores because they are made to your individual measure. Order direct.

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 Enclosed find (check, M. O. or cash) \$.....  
 for which send me ..... Youthforms, size around  
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Take measurements accurately next to the skin.



## "Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings outsparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. At all leading drug and department stores.

developing, threading, general handling. First assistant is the next step. Salary \$50 to \$55. Sometimes overtime makes this a little higher, but seldom, taken over a year's average. Second assistant is the next climb. Salary: \$100. The minimum wage for a real cameraman is \$50 a day. Expert cameramen, such as Charley Rosher, formerly with Mary Pickford (for years Mary would allow no one else to photograph her) and Clyde De Vinna, who did "Trader Horn," receive an average of \$800 a week. Many cameramen receive as high as \$500 regularly. These men are on a contract basis the same as stars and get no overtime. Men at \$50 a day may average more from overtime arrangements.

"Still" cameramen are those who take publicity pictures. Like Bill Grimes at M-G-M, they are usually recruited from newspapers or news-reel "still" camera forces. They must know news value in pictures. They average \$85 a week. They often go into the regular camera division.

PORTRAIT artists such as Elmer Fryer at First National and George Hurrell at M-G-M and Otto Dyar at Paramount receive from \$150 to \$200. They must be artists, and are usually trained in photographic work before they come to the movies.

There is little advancement for electricians. An electrician is an electrician. They average \$50 a week. Carpenters average \$51 weekly; assistant directors \$65 to \$85, and for experts who are almost directors as high as \$250. Grips average \$45. Stenographers begin at \$22.50 and reach salaries of \$125 weekly when they become private secretaries to executives, where they are practically executives themselves with private secretaries of their own.

The list is endless; the opportunities likewise. It is strange but those at the top seem to be the least contented and warn the outsider not to try the movies, while those who are still climbing and are in lesser positions adore their work and say, "Come on in, the swimmin's fine."

But one and all, they say: "Hard work is the secret. The movies are no place for a lazy person!"

## Clothes Habits of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

evening creation. Cut beneath the arm on one side and draped to the opposite shoulder. Split skirt. Not according to any Hoyle-of-style but especially appropriate for showing the Compton back, supposed to be one of the finest. A few nights later she appeared at a formal dinner in a gown of the same design, of different material. I understand she is having others created from the same, self-designed pattern.

Of course, the Garbo beret became famous. Only now she features a big vagabond felt, on the same lines as Joan Crawford's, only much larger. Oh, yes, the camel's-hair coat and big, flat shoes still go with it and she still sticks her hands deep into her pockets while walking.

Phillips Holmes joined the Hollywood non-hat fraternity soon after his arrival.

WILLIAM POWELL vies with Clive Brook for male sartorial honors. Only, Bill wears hats, but is stubborn about shirt colors. He wears only white, while Clive goes in for blues and light colors. "And I never wear brown. Never." Bill makes this very emphatic. He doesn't believe that brown high-lights his complexion correctly. Plain ties—I mean solid colors. Never a design or a dot in them. His suits are also pressed after each wearing.

Of course, director Raoul Walsh is our colorless person. A loosely knit scarf for day-times and a collar *only if he must* in the evening.



## Only a handkerchief

BUT it was no joking matter to the bride. Someone had stepped on her "going away" handkerchief. The rare little bit of handed-down lace was crumpled and soiled. And it had to be washed with infinite care. Could we? We could and did.

We rather pride ourselves on our ability to take care of our guests. You'll find it reflected in rooms that have closets big enough to hold *all* your clothes—in *every* appointment which a hotel worthy of the name provides. But what you'll be sure to notice is a spirit of *extra* service, in all the little things which United Hotel employees are taught to take the time to do well!

### Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

- NEW YORK CITY's only United.... The Roosevelt
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- TUCSON, ARIZ. .... El Conquistador
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. .... The St. Francis
- SHREVEPORT, LA. .... The Washington-Youree
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Roosevelt
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. .... The Bienville
- TORONTO, ONT. .... The King Edward
- NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. .... The Clifton
- WINDSOR, ONT. .... The Prince Edward
- KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring





Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have almost succeeded in persuading Bob Montgomery to leave his yellow scarf at home and to wear a collar even for daytime apparel. But every once in a while Bob scoots around town in his own favorite fashion. No collar; no tie, the same old yellow scarf dangling jauntily under his coat collar. The publicity department plead with Bob one day in my hearing, "Now, please Bob, this interview is important. Do put on a collar and tie and leave that scarf at home."

YOU'D have to peep into Estelle Taylor's boudoir at night to get her idiosyncrasy. It's long sleeved nightgowns. She's never worn a short-sleeved one in her life. When some one gives her a beautiful nightie she buys material to match and has her dressmaker put in sleeves. Why? Estelle was raised by Quaker grandparents. They taught her to wear long sleeves at night and she's never gotten away from the habit.

Charlie Bickford wears braided leather sandal-type shoes or sneakers. You will never find him in a pair of normal shoes. A matter of comfort, he tells us.

Adolphe Menjou, another member of our "best dressed" society, has every shoe made in Italy. He often innovates fashions. Right now he boasts a pair of evening patent leathers without laces. "Slip-ins," I suppose you'd call them.

Genevieve Tobin, one of Universal's feminine hopes, spends all her spare pennies on shoes. I met her on the lot the other day in a



Juliette Compton gives you a glimpse of the belted coat that is taking precedence over the straight-line wrap. She'll wear it in "Kick In," the new Clara Bow picture. The coat's of white flannel



**All the aids to skin perfection  
contained in this**

# Balanced Cream

IF BEAUTY is only skin deep—as they say—how very important to keep the skin well-groomed and looking its freshest! A facial a day is the rule for all whose aim is a lovely complexion. And it's easily accomplished—in the shortest space of time—with this simple *balanced* cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream contains all the aids to skin perfection. It cleanses, smooths, beautifies. The pure ingredients are so carefully selected, so accurately balanced in blending, that an all-purpose cream is the result. If your dressing table has heretofore held a host of beauty potions, you'll find it more economical, convenient and doubtless more fruitful in the end to let this one, complete cream replace them all.

Here is a famous treatment which millions of women give themselves daily. Apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally to the

face and work it in gently. Where there's danger of blackheads massage with special care. Use tissues to remove the excretions, then apply more cream and massage lightly, with an upward stroke over the cheeks and forehead and a rotary one for the eyes. Now use tissues again to remove any excess cream. This routine, performed regularly, will soon improve the texture of your skin, stimulate circulation and give you a youthful, well-kept look.

This formula is the same one which has made Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream a favorite of women since the days of the gay nineties. Made from the finest ingredients to be found, and created to agree with the greatest number of skins. There are no better products to be had at any price.

A last-minute whisk of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream makes the powder adhere nicely and gives a lovely, smooth, finished look.

**regular size tube free**

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Please send me FREE one of your regular tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

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# What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

*Is it a good picture?*

*Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?*

*Is it the kind of picture I would like?*

*Which one shall we see tonight?*

*Shall we take the children?*

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

## Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by outstanding authorities who have made pictures their life business.

## Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of *all* the new pictures, with the casts of *all* the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

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by the Foremost Writers

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- Advice on Girls' Problems
- Addresses of the Stars
- Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
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- Questions and Answers

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pair of plain looking pumps—plain to the tune of eighty-five dollars, with dainty little buckles which raised the ante fifteen. One hundred dollars on two tiny feet which traipsed from one set to another. But it's her hobby. A boot-maker in Paris spends the profits.

JOHN BOLES pays little heed to shoes, but his socks—he owns nothing but black silk, if you please. Nary a color—not even a striped clock among 'em.

Marlene Dietrich is another who watches her ankles. So she spends all her extra pennies on hose—the kind that are so thin that you'd think you could get them for nothing, but which come at twenty dollars.

Marlene is temperamental about the rest of her apparel. For weeks she'll wear strictly tailored suits; in fact, downright mannish. So mannish you look to see if there are suspenders. Then she has a streak of dressing ultra-feminine and comes forth with the latest Paris creations. During one of these latter spells you'll always find a nosegay of violets (artificial) pinned, not on her coat lapel but directly beneath it. Violets of various colors—to match the different accessories which go with her different ensembles.

On the other hand, Dorothy Lee hates stockings. So much so, she doesn't own any. She was married to Jimmy Fidler, her new press-agent husband, in bare legs! She hates shoes just as much and is likely to kick them off at the theater or right in the middle of a party.

Fashions, as you have gathered, do not always intrigue picture celebrities. When short dresses were in vogue, Aileen Pringle never wore them. "I dress for my personality, not for fashion," she tells us. Therefore, her gresses have always hung—and always will—at a point just slightly above her ankles.

On the other hand, Alice White detests long clothing. The knee is about her limit. She flatly refused, when being fitted for "The Widow from Chicago," to wear anything longer. The matter was carried from the designer to Hal Wallis, producer. But Alice remained adamant, and short dresses she wore. She makes one exception. Her evening gowns sweep the floor.

Nancy Carroll doesn't care a whoop about clothes. She has no intention of trying to rival Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis for the best-dressed-woman title. She buys fifteen-dollar dresses at the department stores. They satisfy her, and that's all that seems to matter.

GARY COOPER is a fine advertisement for tweeds. He occasionally buys something else, but wears them seldom. No collar or tie; lovely scarfs; soft Stetsons. *Never* a cap. Lupe Velez helps him buy all of his clothes and agrees that six feet, two and a half inches is more impressive in soft tweed mixtures than solid colors.

Dick Barthelmess dotes on top hats. He will wear one on the slightest provocation—even to informal functions. Methinks Dick may feel they make him look taller!

You will always find Fifi Dorsay decked out something like the proverbial Christmas tree, in the evening. She says: "At a party you are supposed to be gay and happy! You should wear, then, gay colors. In a rain coat you feel like rain, don't you? Well, you do not want to feel dull in the evening. My new dress—it cost three hundred seventy-five dollars which is so much money I tremble—eet ees bright red. The top all beads and the bottom all ruffles.

"I haf beeg necklaces and bracelets to go with eet. Eet ees hard to get beeg jewels in Hollywood. They should be so beeg they make a happy noise. I do not mean bad taste—but I mean beeg splashes."—You can always locate Fifi, even though you do not know her, at a Coconut Grove or Roosevelt crush-party.

Raquel Torres is another who wears vivid colors to harmonize with the vividness of her Mexican personality. Reds, lavenders, bright blues and greens. Everything the same. Shoes stockings and purses of exactly the identical shades. She buys all white kid bags and shoes, has them dyed to match each ensemble. Bad

taste on some, but good taste on either Raquel or Fifi.

Lupe Velez detests gloves and seldom wears them. She adores evening pajamas and always wears them when entertaining. She is threatening to appear at the next Hollywood opening in formal pajamas. If she does, Mary Duncan, Mary Nolan and a host of others will probably follow suit as they wear them, even formally, for home dinners.

**R**UTH CHATTERTON really has little interest in clothes although she is, today, one of the smartest dressed women in the city. But she feels that clothes are a bother. A producer told her, however, that she should pay more attention to her appearance. So now she sends her secretary clothes-hunting for her.

She often telephones home in the afternoon and remarks: "I am going so and so tonight and suppose I should have a new dress to wear." Miss Graves, the secretary, and Lois Wilson—the devoted friend—then go to Harry Collins or Greer's and bring home two or three. Miss Chatterton chooses one and wears it. She seldom wears other than black or white or black and gray.

Lew Ayres, likewise, has no interest in clothes and has, thus far, made no effort to develop any. His ragamuffin appearance is the bane of Lola Lane's (the girl friend) existence. I saw the two shopping at one of our fashionable Hollywood Boulevard stores on the day before Christmas. Lola pretty and dainty, Lew in nondescript trousers which looked as though they'd seen service beneath a car, a leather jacket, slouch hat, no tie. Lew positively refuses social invitations, even those of Mary Pickford, because he refuses to dress for them.



## A tuck creates the mode

Snug-fitting underdress, now made possible by the famous little tuck, is accepted by smartly gowned women as the answer to their demand for style with comfort.

Kickernick clings closely to the body in all positions, without binding. The tuck at the thigh, short front and longer expanding back give greatest freedom to the body in action and bring relief from ugly bagginess of the ordinary garment.

New comfort, new beauty in underdress!

Kickernick is made to give long service. And the new Everlastik inserts will retain their life even beyond the long life of this remarkably well made garment.

Made in many styles in modish fabrics and colors for every dress need. At your best store. Or send to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, for booklet.



Gloria Swanson gives you a smart bit of headgear in her new comedy, "Obey That Impulse." This little felt hat, bonnet-like in effect, ringed with white feathers and worn well off the forehead, is as chic a piece of hattery as the spring has turned up. Want to have it copied, girls?

# Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS



## A Clean Hat in a Jiffy

SEND HIM AWAY with a clean hat—spotless, fresh, like new. Takes but a minute or two to remove all spots and soil with Energine.

First brush hat to remove loose dirt. Next remove all spots with a clean Energine-moistened cloth. Then lightly wipe entire surface of hat with same cloth. The hat can be worn immediately because Energine dries instantly. Leaves no odor and no regrets.

Easy directions on the Energine label soon make you expert in removing grease and dirt spots from suits, coats, dresses, gloves, ties, shoes, etc. With Energine, spots vanish like magic, soil gives way quickly to a new immaculate freshness. A little Energine goes a long way. Get the Energine habit and save money. Large can 35c. All druggists.

Millions Of Cans Sold Yearly



LEAVES NO ODOR

# ENERGINE

THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

## Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

**The Madison**  
Overlooking Ocean at Illinois Ave.  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Atmosphere of the old South, faithfully reproduced and transplanted to a position of distinction by the sea... jointly offered with all modern comforts, efficient service and superior cuisine.

The rates are most attractive.

FETTER & HOLLINGER, Inc.  
Eugene C. Fetter, Mng. Dir.

We accidentally discovered that Joan Bennett never wears orchids which cost less than fifteen dollars apiece! It was on the set of "Doctors' Wives," which she recently completed with Warner Baxter. She was in evening gown and demanded a corsage. She spurned artificial flowers. Real orchids were produced. She took one look at them and stormed. In fact, she left the set. They had been five-dollar-apiece orchids. Johnny Considine was supervising the production. Mr. Considine, in private life, was Miss Bennett's almost constant companion. "Send her what she wants; the flowers to which she is accustomed," he ordered. They were fifteen dollar orchids.

From the subtlimity of orchids to the ridiculousness of suspenders! Wallace Beery always wears them, yet all of his pants have a manner of sagging and worrying the on-looker with a definite threat to slip off altogether. Incidentally, he always slips off his suspenders while he is eating. You can see him in shirt sleeves, suspenders flapping around the chair legs, any day in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary.

Undoubtedly, "Hell's Angels" started Jean Harlow in her little clothes habit. Evening gowns cut down to—well, you saw the picture. And she never varies the point. Opening or party—you could tell Jean by that cut even though there wasn't platinum hair.

It is generally supposed that fat ladies cannot wear printed dresses. Yet Marie Dressler is a fat lady and admits it—and she almost invariably wears prints. I was with her on the set the other day when she discovered her elbow peeping forth from a green and white one. Her lips pouted. "I am going to patch that. No one will notice. I love this particular print, so I can't give it up."

One day some years ago, Marie accompanied one of her socially-prominent Santa Barbara friends shopping. It was an ultra-fashionable establishment. The owner asked Marie if she wouldn't like to try on something. "You don't keep clothes for elephants," Marie answered.

The lady brought out the green and white print. It fitted perfectly. Marie wore it from the store and carried away six others, all prints. The first real interest Marie took in clothes.

HOLLYWOOD has never quite recovered from a peep into Constance Bennett's shoe closets. Miss Bennett tops the entire world, I believe, on foot apparel. She orders hundreds at a time. Practically every actress has more than one hundred (they provide their own shoes for pictures, remember) but hundreds upon hundreds leaves us all gasping.

Then, of course, there's Buddy Rogers' penchant for bright colors, and the two sister writers who wear one earring *each*, and, of course, Will Rogers. Broadway boasts of A. H. Woods who has only been in a dress suit once. Well, we have Will who wears a business suit to an opening while his young son, not out of his teens, appears in a diminutive Tuxedo.

I've heard that Broadway thinks its people have more dress idiosyncrasies than any folk in the world. Well, I guess I've proved that Broadwayites aren't a patch on Hollywood's oldest corduroy pants!

# What \$1.25 Will Bring You

In six issues of Photoplay Magazine hundreds of unusual pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

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## NEARLY TIME TO VOTE!

Balloting starts next month to award THE PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL OE HONOR for the best picture released in 1930. It's your privilege to help choose this picture. The whole film world recognizes THE PHOTOPLAY MEDAL as the outstanding popular award of each year for good work well done. The first ballot will appear in the June issue, out May 15.

## \$2,000 For Your Picture Idea

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

characterization usually has the effect of choking off the action. Our hearts are touched but there is little or nothing for our eyes. We say, here, that there is lack of movement.

The ideal screen story is that in which plot and characterization are evenly balanced so that the characters live and grow in terms of visual action.

Action is essential in a motion picture story. Motion picture means pictures in motion, nothing more or less.

This fact should never be lost sight of by the screen writer.

The characters must be compounded of flesh and blood. They must move through the story *naturally*, and not as though they were attached to wires, like puppets. Otherwise the story is not convincing.

**T**HIS isn't easy. The writer must be a judge of character. He must be able to manipulate the personality of his character with the precision of a scientist. At the same time he must hide all the machinery. Nothing should creak. The story should roll along just as though he were telling the story of something that actually happened.

Never for a moment should the disagreeable sensation of artificiality be present.

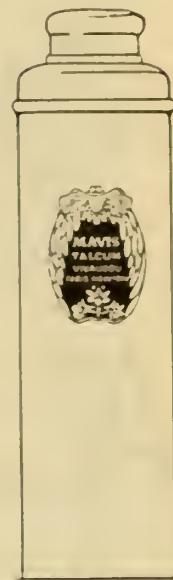
The successful writer is not merely a storyteller. He is a person with keen insight into human nature; he has a strong sense of dramatic value; he knows his subject. Last of all, he has the ability of presenting his story vividly. A literary style is not necessary, but the clear and vivid presentation of alluring ideas in dramatic form is essential.



Dorothy Mackaill wears this beautiful silk negligée in "Party Husband," her next picture, in which James Rennie is her leading man



The fashionable manner of the day is the manner of personal elegance. It is something that goes quite beyond dressing smartly. It is the manner that suggests an exquisitely cared for body underneath the clothes. A body skin of smooth, silky texture, of delicious cool fragrance, of exquisite ease. And to the woman of fashion this cult of the body beautiful is no secret. For she powders, nay, showers herself with that celestial dust milled by the gods to an infinite fineness — known to the initiate in personal elegance as Vivaudou Mavis Talcum.



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# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]



PICTURES THAT SATISFY



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**ALL-WEATHER**  
**FILM**

A Guarantee Bond With Every Roll  
AGFA ANSCO OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

## GUN SMOKE—Paramount

REMEMBER the days when Tom Mix rode madly through wild mountains to capture the mishandled maiden? They're back again. Only the black-whiskered villain is a big-town gangster vacationing (?) in an Idaho village. Dick Arlen proves that cowboys are still the best killers. Mary Brian is the girl; William Boyd the modernized menace. Kids will love it.

## BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National

LIVELY comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Gives you laughs aplenty, some thrills and the satisfaction of having seen a good movie—despite the advertising plugs crammed into the picture. Loretta Young wears pretty clothes, and could stand a few more pounds. Frank Albertson's juvenility is fresh. Ricardo Cortez is the suave old villain who means no good to the girl.

## BAD SISTER—Universal

A FINE little picture, as natural as your next door neighbor. The story is Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt," and it's about a small town girl willing to ruin her father to get what she wanted. This introduces a new personality, Sidney Fox, one of the prettiest, most talented girls you've seen in a long time. There is a grand cast which includes Conrad Nagel. See this.

## LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures

A NEW team of funsters—Edna May Oliver, of "Cimarron" fame, and Hugh Herbert, the clown—make a hilarious debut in the first of a series of comedies. It deals with the misadventures of a boarding-house mistress and her chronically tired hubby. Sounds trite, but you'll be agreeably surprised at the newness of the treatment and gags. Good for plenty of laughs.

## BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Parthe

ONE of those grand ideas that went haywire in the making. This started out to be an epic with all the stars on the Pathe lot. It winds up as a very bad hodge podge of peace propaganda, starring Bill Boyd. Not even Jimmy Gleason, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody can make it anything but a poor war film. Boyd is excellent in his soldier sequences.

## THE LIGHTNING FLYER—Columbia

THE wild son of the railroad president becomes an unknown employee on his father's road. Yes, you guessed it. He makes good. He becomes—who would have thought it?—an engineer. He finds the love of a good woman and everything is not exactly hotsy, but quite totsy. It's a formula film, not too good, not too bad, with Dorothy Sebastian and Jimmy Hall as the Young Couple.

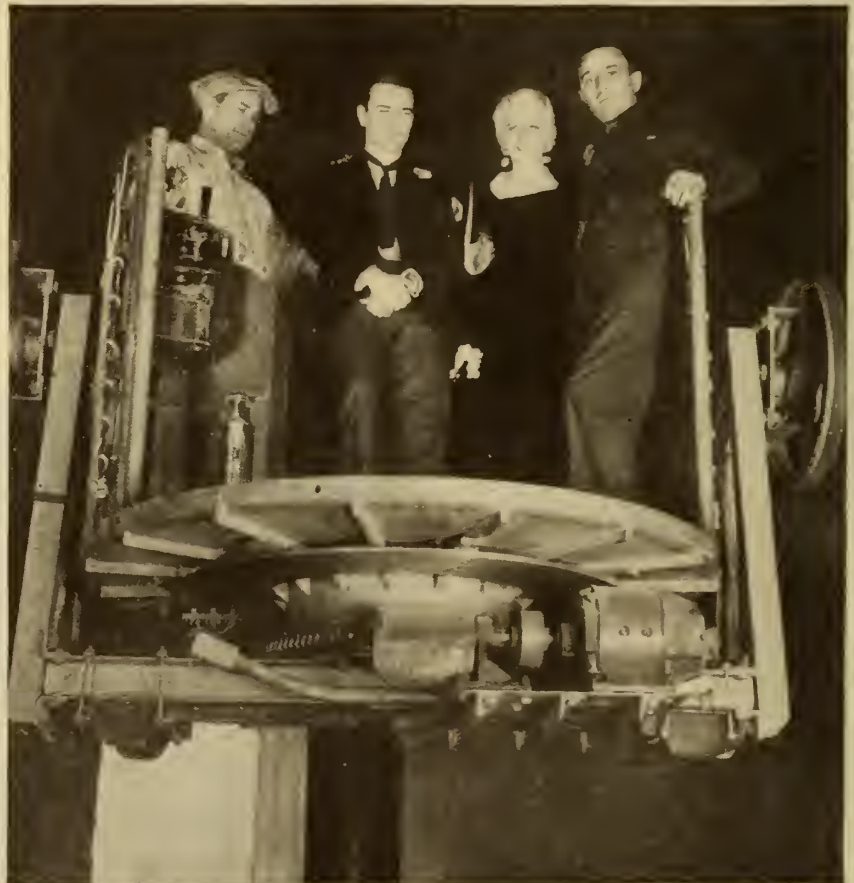
# The Ambassador

The Ambassador Hotel is representative of everything that the finest hostelry can be in location, charm, excellence of menus and service.

There are always celebrities of the screen world at The Ambassador. It is in the social center on one of the world's most famous thoroughfares.

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Sixty-five feet in the air atop the famous steel camera crane invented by Director Paul Fejos. It can swing that number of feet in any direction. Mounted on a special auto truck, it can be used for "location" as well as studio use. The chauffeur is taking Lew Ayres, Jean Harlow and Robert Armstrong for a joy ride between the taking of scenes for "The Iron Man"

**PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema  
Production**

**B**AD grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. The well-worn Leoncavallo song-story of the clown with the breaking heart is sung by members of the San Carlo Grand Opera Co., with Fernando Bertini as *Canio*. This pioneer opera-film is crudely made, and acted in the sticky operatic manner.

**SWANEE RIVER—SonoArt-WorldWide**

**I**T will take more than the attractive appearance of Thelma Todd and Grant Withers to lift this melodrama from the ordinary, but it has everything in it. The ingredients for suspense, beauty and pathos are there and are mixed improperly.

**COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms**

**T**HE Germans have now given the world their talking picture of the terrors and horrors of the late war. This harrowing talkie, in German, follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the struggle. It's a gruesome, dismal piece of work, this, but well directed and acted. Don't bring the children—it's too terrible for the infant mind.

**A RIDER OF THE PLAINS—  
Syndicate**

**T**HIS is a gr-r-r-r-and old Western, with all those things: The hard guy whose heart is purest gold and he loves litt-ul cheeeldren; the beautiful heroine who bulh-lieves in him despite all; the parson who—sh-shshshsh—was oncet a bad man; the post-olice that gets robbed; the unjust accusations—and the happy, happy ending when voitue is rewarded and the dastardly villains get theirs.

**WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo**

**J**ACK PERRIN stars in this conventional Western, the highlight of which is a thrilling rodeo sequence. Jack's handsome steed, *Starlight*, plays a big rôle well, and the riding packs more than one punch. The bee-oo-tiful heroine is Josephine Hill. P. S.—Perrin gets the gal.



## May Birthdays

- May 1—Josephine Dunn
- May 1—Rose Hobart
- May 1—Leila Hyams
- May 2—William Bakewell
- May 3—Mary Astor
- May 5—Amos (Freeman F. Gosden)
- May 7—Gary Cooper
- May 9—Richard Barthelmeuss
- May 10—Clarence Brown
- May 13—Jack Holt
- May 13—Paul Page
- May 14—Billie Dove
- May 17—Maureen O'Sullivan
- May 19—Anthony Bushell
- May 20—Estelle Taylor
- May 21—Lola Lane
- May 21—Robert Montgomery
- May 23—Dorothy Lee
- May 23—James Gleason
- May 23—Douglas Fairbanks
- May 26—Al Jolson
- May 26—Paul Lukas
- May 26—Norma Talmadge
- May 29—Zelma O'Neal

**MAKE**  
*the most of your good looks.*

**YOUR**  
*magnetism depends upon lips.*

**MOUTH**  
*contours need DOUBLE MINT.*

**BEAUTIFUL**  
*results come from chewing.*

**T**HE MORE BEAUTIFUL a woman is, the more thought she gives to her looks—consequently, screen stars spend much time before their mirrors.

- Chewing **DOUBLE MINT** has been discovered as the quickest Beauty Secret to keep their lips attractively shaped. They keep **DOUBLE MINT** on their dressing tables. They chew it while making-up, dressing and undressing.
- It beautifies lips and relaxes tense muscles. Its flavor is marvelously refreshing.

  
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# WRIGLEY'S

# KNOW THESE FAMOUS EYES?



You should for she's one of Universal Pictures' greatest stars. This brown-eyed actress, who wears 14 year size clothes, is now appearing in a dramatic picture of Russian life. See below\*.

## refreshes eyes after motoring

Motoring causes eyes to tire and burn; often makes them blood-shot. Relieve these annoying after-effects by applying a few drops of harmless *Murine*. In a jiffy your eyes will feel fresh and rested; soon the bloodshot condition will disappear. Also use *Murine* after golf and other outdoor sports to offset eye irritation. 60c buys 60 applications at drug and dept. stores.

\*Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

# MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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## YOU are entitled to good health, too . .

MORE valuable than mere beauty is the irresistible personality of good health. Men do prefer women who radiate the charm of good health. Dancing, tennis, golf, swimming—even a bridge game can not be enjoyed with aching heads and nerves on edge. Women who continually feel fidgety . . . nervous . . . irritable . . . usually lack the joyful companionship of both sexes. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will enrich your blood, soothe your nerves and restore the roses to your face. Ask your druggist for

Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery

## Ham Actor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

beamed at her from behind his desk. Davey Cohen gazed idly out the window. Their agent, reduced to silence by Don's raucous warning that he himself would handle this, kept looking from one to the other.

"You see," Abe began, telling it all to Patricia, "we've seen your act, and we think you may go over in the pictures. But we're not sure. You never can tell. Maybe, you'll be a hit. Maybe, you'll die on us. So, if you're willing to gamble, we'll give you a three-month contract. If you make good and everybody's satisfied, we'll sign a longer one at a salary to be decided then. For the three months we'll pay you a weekly salary double the one you're drawing now. Is that satisfactory?"

"NOT quite," Don told him with a sarcastic smile. "We'll go over in the pictures. Don't worry about that. Anybody that can get to the top in vaudeville can make good any place, especially in moving pictures. But the salary isn't enough. Double it, pay our transportation both ways and we'll play with you."

Abe hardly heard him. He was drinking in Patricia's charm, as the representative of six million male movie fans, and hoping she wouldn't develop a temperament with success. He never had a doubt but what she would be a tremendous success. She'd got him and she'd get every man and woman who saw her.

"What's that?" he grunted, startled into attention by a sudden silence. "Why, yes. Of course. That's fine. Davey, arrange for their screen and voice tests. Get the report soon as possible. If it's satisfactory, date the contract three weeks from today and book transportation to Hollywood at Mrs.—and Mr. Halburton's convenience. And I hope you'll like it out there and make a big success."

"Don't lay awake worrying," Don told him. "We will."

Both tests were satisfactory, but the camera and the microphone were especially kind to Patricia. Her shadow took on an elf-like quality on the screen and her voice tugged at the heart strings.

"I told you!" Abe Wagner chortled to Davey Cohen. "The minute I saw her I recognized it. She's a natural!"

"How about Halburton?" asked Davey Cohen.

"Well," Abe said resignedly, "he goes with her, like a burr goes with a chestnut. Give him a fat part and cut most of it out in the cutting room. Maybe he'll get shot or something in the next three months."

"Okay, boss," said Davey Cohen. On the train, Patricia, who in all her travels had never before occupied a drawing room, thought Mr. Wagner was wonderful to get it for them and then fill it with lovely flowers. But Don reminded her of how good they were and told her they rated them.

\* \* \*

HOLLYWOOD is the most romantic spot in the world.

It is the fairyland of a million dreams and the place where thousands of them come true. There the modern *Cinderella* goes to her triumphs, transformed by the magic of opportunity, the camera's eye and the microphone from a model, a waitress, a stenographer, a clerk, a society or an extra girl to a princess of the films who may pick her *Prince Charming* from any part of the world.

It was heaven for a while to Patricia because she went to live in her own house. It was only a six-room furnished bungalow half a mile from the studio, but it was what she had wished for and dreamed of ever since her marriage, a home for Don and her.

But to Don, Hollywood was merely another

## Now see what the weather has done to your face!



Poor lamb! You stayed out in all sorts of weather. And now just look at you! You'll be a fright in all the soft, fluffy, feminine things that call for fair, white skin.

There's just one thing to do—get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—right away. Ten nights—and you'll be a ravishing, fair-skinned creature! All the weather-beaten look gone—all the blotches and blackheads and freckles simply *coaxed* away.

You see, Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is utterly harmless—marvelously gentle and soothing and *safe*! Has the same ingredient they use in baby creams. Soothes and softens, whitens and heals—and invigorates. Ask for it at any toiletry counter—\$1 the jar.

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hick town with a Broadway complex. Hollywood Boulevard was just a village's main stem, even at night when mammoth arc lights threw into ghastly radiance the resplendent fronts of department stores, beauty shops or new hotels for their official openings. Almost immediately on his arrival he learned that the only Big Time vaudeville house in Los Angeles had lately gone into pictures. And how could a town be civilized without a Big Time vaudeville house? "The trouble with this burg," he told the inattentive Patricia, "is that it has no Palace!"

THEY were not, they learned, going to be featured in their first picture. Patricia was cast for the rôle of the ingénue. She would play a dancer in a night club in unrequited love with the hero, a racketeer, and Don was to play her wise-cracking, self-sacrificing partner in love in his turn with her. He was to win her in the end. Their big moment in the picture was to come when they held the habitués of a night club enthralled by their dancing while the racketeer hero, turned suddenly straight, shot it out with the villain, a double-crossing business rival who had the heroine in his power.

The cast was a brilliant one, with Harold Deane, the sleek star playing the lead opposite Raeberta Holmes, the girl who, starting with female "heavy" rôles in the old silent pictures, had revealed a charming, cultured voice to the microphone and was, herself, on the way to stardom. Ross Wells, one of the best in Hollywood, was directing. The story was full of melodrama and dancing girls, catchy tunes and swift action, and both Patricia and Don had fat parts.

Their reactions to them were typical. Patricia was paralyzed with fear.

"I'll never be able to learn all these sides!" she wailed. "And if I do, I'll never put them over. I'm not an actress. I'm a dancer."

"Snap out of it, baby," Don told her. "I made you a dancer and I'll make you an



Sylvia Sidney is one of the newest Paramount finds. A popular young Broadway actress, she'll be seen opposite Gary Cooper in "City Streets"



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A Linit Beauty Bath is sensational in immediate results — delightful — no waiting — and trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub — bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet — as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

## THIS TEST PROVES IT TO YOU!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream — and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced — INSTANTLY!

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THE BATHWAY TO A  
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



casting offices as a "society type." She was slipping into her thirties, a beautiful auburn-haired woman with classic features and malicious eyes. She had been divorced twice, doing very well financially on both her settlements. These would keep her the rest of her life and meanwhile she dabbled as "extra" in the pictures while she waited for her third husband to make his appearance.

Don noticed her the first time in the night club set, his attention being attracted by the sensational amount of beautifully modelled leg she displayed. Later one night he met her in "The Pig'n Whistle," a restaurant into which he had prowled, the victim of one of Patricia's furniture movings.

"Oh, Mr. Halburton!" She called him from a booth in which she sat alone. "You don't know me at all. Probably haven't even noticed me. I'm just an extra girl. But I've been one of the props in your picture and I've wanted so to tell you how much I admire your work, especially your dancing. And Mrs. Halburton's too, of course. Won't you sit down?"

**N**OW, here was an intelligent woman. Sure he'd sit down for a minute. Had to get home and catch some sleep. Big day tomorrow. He and Mrs. Halburton were helping Richards with a new number.

Ordinarily, this would have been a casual encounter that a man has difficulty remembering two weeks after it happened. But she stepped in at the psychological moment, when both Don and Patricia were bewildered as they tried to adapt themselves to a new environment and getting on each other's nerves in the process. She sensed this, with the sure instinct of the born man-hunter, and went to work on him, soothing him with the very rapt attention his wife was now refusing him, looking into his eyes and holding his hand in both of hers as she told him he was the most wonderful man she had ever known in all her short, misunderstood life of nearly twenty-five years.

True to her type, she flaunted her ownership in the studio, calling on him for little services which a woman demands from a man only when she possesses him. And Don leaped to do her bidding, so that the affair became a scandal.

It got to the front offices and Davey Cohen dropped in to see for himself.



And here's Reri, South Sea Island beauty, who, after a brief career of starring in F. W. Murnau's "Tabu," has gone back to nibbling breadfruit and drinking coconut milk again. Just another girl who Used to Be a Movie Star Herself



## To wash dishes faster

Cleaning hours *can* be shortened! Take dishwashing for example. Two secrets are: water that's really hot — and plenty of soap. Having a "system" helps, too — see booklet.



## To remove iodine stains

Our free booklet also explains how to remove 15 different (but common) stains. For instance, iodine: Wash while fresh in warm water and soap; apply concentrated ammonia; wash off in alcohol. A "dry" method is also described.



## To clean woodwork easier

Don't expect "tired suds" to clean woodwork thoroughly. To do better work in less time and with less effort be sure to change the water frequently.



## To finish cleaning *by noon*

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"Hear Halburton's running true to form," he said casually to Wells. "Falling for a tramp and gumming up the works. I told you that ham was no good."

"Yes," admitted Wells pleasantly. "So you did. But this other's news to me. Too busy trying to make a picture to root into my people's affairs. The trouble with you and Wagner and the other big shots around here, Davey, is that you're too damned moral—when it comes to the other fellow. A scavenger thinks everything is rotten. But get this, Davey. I'm here to make pictures, not to snoop. And I'll throw any spy that comes in here snooping right through a skylight. How the—"

**D**AVEY stepped quickly away from there. Wells' bursts of furious temper had been notorious for years.

Patricia noticed it and kept her chin up though her heart was breaking. She wanted to go to Don and fight it out as she had done three times before, but pride and bewilderment, and this new strange barrier, kept her from it. He saved her the trouble by bringing it to her.

"I guess, Patricia, that you and I are washed up," he told her in the course of a spat which developed from an unsuccessful joint search for his favorite necktie. "Now, don't get me wrong. I think you're a swell kid. You know what I've done for you, but the feeling we used to have for each other seems to have gone. You don't understand me. You'll get along all right. You're going to be great in pictures. You won't need me any longer. I've taught you all I know."

"All right, Don," she said, through a set smile. "Sure I'll get along. But don't kid yourself about giving me everything I've got before you fell for a cheap studio tramp. You taught me all you know five minutes after we met and you wasted three minutes at that. Sure I'll make good in pictures, in spite of being married to you. Why, everybody in the studio hates you for the swell-headed ham you are."

"They're jealous," Don said absently. For the love of Mike, what was there to get sore at? Tears had melted her and she fled.

"I'll be a star when you're just a cheap hooper doing the six-a-day and liking it," she wailed. "Now you get out of here. I hate you!"

He went to live at the Hotel Christy. The Christy had a newsstand and he could buy the vaudeville papers the day they came out.

\* \* \*

**T**HEY sat in the projection room watching the completed picture—Abe Wagner, Davey Cohen, Deane, Miss Holmes, Patricia, Don and two stenographers. Wells sat with his arms folded, his chin cupped in his right hand. Beside him sat Jack Denny, his cutter, at a small table under a green-shaded electric light, making notes of the director's comments.

The picture moved swiftly, living up to what the publicity department had already sent out to the trade. It was a tale of love and passion, hurtling with the speed of an express train to wreck your emotions. But the express train was crippled. It had a big hole in the center of it. Its comedy relief was nothing but cheap burlesque comedy, hoary with old jokes.

The performances of Deane and Miss Holmes were things of pure, true artistry that had brought them their place in pictures. The songs and dances were snappy, new, zestful, beautiful. They were different. Patricia stepped out of obscurity to steal the picture. She had charm and beauty. She was youth and innocent love trying to be hard-boiled. She was the find of the last ten years. Everybody recognized it. Even Deane and Miss Holmes felt it with no jealousy.

And as the picture ran on, a great weight of bewilderment settled slowly down on Don's brain. He was a flop. A terrible flop. Not

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ATHOL, MASS.

# SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES... YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

only a terrible flop, but he was ruining the picture. His blatant asinine remarks were not only not funny, they were tragic. He looked like a half-wit, and acted that way.

But that was the way his lines appeared in the script! Where were his own lines? Where were his smart, snappy wise cracks that raised so many giggles while they were shooting that they had to retake several scenes? They weren't there. And the obvious answer banged at his intelligence. He pushed it away but it banged again immediately and harder than ever. They had put him on the spot! Wells had given him the works! Wells, a man he'd bet his life was on the level!

He wanted to jump up and run away. He wanted to pick up something and hurl it at the screen. He wanted to get his fingers in Wells' throat and choke him to death.

**B**UT he was a trouper. Gee, the kid was great! Even he never knew she had it in her. She was wowing them! My God, what an actress she was! And he had taught her a lot of it. They could never take that from him. As for him being a flop that was the breaks in the game. That was show business. As the whirl of the picture stopped with a jerk and the lights went on, he slunk out. Had a date with Joan. As he went, he felt Patricia's eyes on him. They were full of tears. Joan was waiting for him in her car. He'd have to tell her. A flop! Could you beat that! You never knew in this business.

"Hello, Old Thing," she greeted him. "Wonder if you'd mind if I ran along. Got a last minute appointment with the hair dresser."

"Joan," he said. "Listen, sweetheart. I flopped. Can you imagine?"

"Yes," she said. "I heard you did. Well, buck up. Maybe you'll be better next time. So long. Oh, don't bother to call me up tonight. Going out."

Silence held in the projection room, a stunned and fearful silence. The picture wasn't so good. Everybody recovered almost immediately and hurried toward the one bright spot. They crowded around Patricia showering her with congratulations.

"Better go over to my office, little girl," Abe beamed on her. "I got something important to say to you, young lady. Wells, I'm sorry. But you can't be good all the time. I can see you did your best."

Wells had not changed his position. His chin was still cupped in his hand. His disreputable cap was concealing one ear.

"Didn't care for the picture, did you, Abe?" "Well, you got to admit it ain't no 'What Price Glory?' And it cost nearly three hundred thousand. But as I say—"

"I heard something about you wanting to kill this fellow, Halburton. I obeyed orders and slashed him to the bone."

"Me? Orders? Not me, Wells. I should give orders to flop a picture to kill an actor."

"That's what I thought," Wells said gently. "Abe, you get back in this projection room in an hour."

"But I can't. I got a lot of business. And what's the use? I've seen everything."

"You get back here in an hour or you're accepting my resignation."

**W**AGNER stared at him. Wells' eyes were flaming.

"Oh, all right, Ross. I'll be here."

He hurried over to his office and almost embraced Patricia who sat in a little forlorn heap in a big chair.

"My dear little girl!" he boomed. "It's going to cost me and Monarch a lot of money, but I got to tell you. You're great! You're the best bet in pictures today! Now don't worry about that picture. It's only a program. Wells fell down on it. But you stood out like a sore thumb. Here's a contract calling for one thousand a week for the first year, two thousand the second. Sign here, please."

"What about Don, Mr. Halburton, Mr. Wagner?"

"Don? Oh, your husband. Well, I tell

**S**O gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dresses for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"Athlete's Foot."



Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us\* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes

infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

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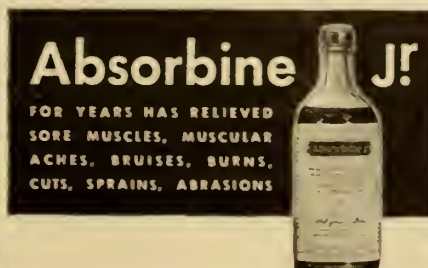
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"Old Town Canoes"

you, little girl. He's a fine dancer but I'm afraid he ain't cut out for pictures. In this business you are or you ain't. And Mr. Halburton ain't."

"I can't sign it, Mr. Wagner. Thanks just the same." She got up from the chair. "I got to find him!" she suddenly wailed. "He's hurt and he needs me." She was running through the doorway.

DON sat on the bed in his hotel room. Well, there it was. He was flat on his back, flatter than he had ever been in his life. What a job Wells had done on him. And why? He thought the guy liked him. Well, this was the end. He'd lost Patricia. He deserved to. What a swell-headed ham he'd been. Well, he had transportation back anyway. He could build up an act.

Maybe the picture publicity would help him. Maybe he'd pick him up some girl. But it would take him months, maybe years, to make her nearly as good as Pat. His face went into his hands and tears seeped through his fingers.

The telephone rang. It was Pat.

"Oh, Don! I'm so sorry. They framed you, dear. I want to talk to you. Come on over." He made a noise. "Well, wait for me. I'll be—"

He hung up on her.

She burst into the room.

"Hello, Pat," he grinned crookedly. "Well, you did great, kid."

"Don, there's been a mistake! Oh, Don."

"Sure. It was me."

"What are you going to do, dear?"

"Me? I'm going back to Broadway. Build up another act."

"I'll go with you—if you want me—if that Mercer woman—"

"She gave me the air."

"She would! Listen, Don, I hate pictures. And where would I be without you? You've got to take me."

"Gee, kid. You're a trouper. But I couldn't do that. Why I'm a flop!"

"If you don't take me, I'll have you arrested for desertion—"

The phone rang and Don picked up the receiver.

"Tell him to go to hell," he said and hung up. "That was Wagner's office. I suppose he offered you a contract and you refused, and now he's trying to sign me too, so you'll stay. But I'm not that kind of a guy!"

The telephone rang again and this time Patricia answered.

"Yes, he's here.—What?—They ran the wrong film by mistake!—He's wonderful?—As big a find as I am? Tell that to him."

"Tell him to go to hell," said Don.

"All right.—A thousand, too?—Sure we'll sign—Oh, Don!"

\* \* \*

"DID you catch that double back shuffle of mine in my solo?" Don was asking Patricia sternly in their bungalow three hours later. "And that wise-crack about woman and trolley cars?"

"Oh, Don, darling, darling! You're wonderful."

"You ain't so bad yourself, Baby. I told you anybody that made good in vaudeville could make good any place, especially in pictures."

## Attar of Roses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

approach. And then, suddenly, like a leaf on a racing stream, the child was caught up by the rush of the swirling crowd and thrown into the thick of it. Thrown into the thick of it with such force that she landed almost directly in front of the tallest man. The one with the curly hair, the one who carried the roses. Panting there, in front of him, she saw that his shoulders were extraordinarily broad, that his chin was cleft, that his eyes were smiling. And then she heard his voice—a rich, deep, resonant actor's voice, speaking.

"Bless my soul!" said the voice, "I'm about to be run down—" And—

"You sure do get 'em—" answered one of his shiny-hatted followers. "Even the little young, thin ones, with freckles!"

Mary was bewildered. She had the sensation of being on exhibition in a goldfish bowl. Once she'd dreamed that she was in an express train, and that she hadn't her clothes on. She felt like that, now. Being bewildered she did something entirely instinctive. She reached up, with a thin, not too clean finger, and touched the velvet petal of a flower.

"Ain't—they—pretty—" said Mary. Just that.

The tallest man bent down. Gallantly, there on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. He'd been put to it, to know how to dispose of the flowers. One can't toss aside, lightly, the gift of a theater manager—and a thousand fans.

"You like them, child?" he asked, and again Mary was conscious of the deep, resonant voice. And though her bewilderment was growing, she answered.

"They're lovelier—than—heaven!" said Mary.

All at once the tallest man was doing a strange thing.

"Then," said the man, "if they're that lovely to you . . ." He was stooping. He was, miracle of miracles, laying the great fragrant

mass in the child's arms. He was patting Mary's white cheek.

And then he was passing on, down the street. And the crowd—calling, cheering, applauding, was closing in about him. And Mary was left, standing, with a hundred dollars worth of blossoms in her gray clad arms.

"Who was that?" she breathed, to the street vender, who had, earlier, sold her the Kewpie. "That big guy with the curly hair and the swell voice?"

The vender looked at her with eyes in which amazement vied with a certain respect.

"Where you bin all your life?" he asked. "That was Roland Roundtree! He makes movies—out in California . . ."

The name—it didn't mean anything to Mary Smithers, then. But the eyes did, and the hair and the voice . . . And the kindness—the first real kindness that she had ever known. The name didn't mean anything. But Mary was still holding the roses—holding them as tenderly as if they were babies—when the superintendent of the asylum found her. She still clutched them when she was led back, unrepentant, through the midnight darkness of the gray gates that led to the gray courtyard of the gray building.

\* \* \*

TEN years—a trifle more than ten years! Ten years can be as long, almost, and as crowded as ten centuries . . . Thrones have fallen, and empires have turned to ashes in far less time than a decade. And especially have thrones fallen—and empires turned to ashes—in an existence that is bounded by the flicker of silver sheets; that is built upon the shifting sands of public favor.

Empires crumble and lesser things take place. For instance, styles change. Styles change—in clothes, in hairdressing, even . . . in heroes. . . .

And it's a long walk from a gray paved courtyard to the drawing-room-like study of a star. It's a far cry from a shapeless gray dress to a sheath like, trailing gown of shimmering satin. From plainness and poverty to beauty—and the luster of dreams that have all come true.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest sensation was talking with her director. She was talking, and in terms of authority, about the casting of her first picture. Her first picture—to be made in California—as a star.

"There was once," she said, and her eyes looked out calmly, from beneath level brows, "there was once a man of the exact type that I mean, in pictures. His name," (was there a curious throb in her voice?) "was Roland Roundtree. He was big and broad—"

The director chuckled.

"This," he said, "is the year of our Lord, 1931. This, Miss Smith-Elliott, is the age of the talkie, of the mike. Roundtree? Yes, there was once such a person. Awfully popular, too, in his time. Handsome, as I remember it, in a big muscled sort of way. But he's been dead—oh, for over ten years—"

Marye Smith-Elliott was leaning forward. "Dead," she questioned. "But—no! I'm sure—"

"Well," the director wasn't chuckling, now—there was something too oddly tense in the star's manner. "Well, not dead—speaking in the regular funeral and buried sense. But dead from the point of view of pictures. His type went out before short skirts came in—and you know how long ago that was! He belonged to the Bushman-Costello-Farnum era. Valentino put the skids under those big heavy boys. Colman, Barthelmess, Novarro, Ben Lyon—they finished the job . . ."

"You mean," said Marye Smith-Elliott, and she spoke sottly, "that he just dropped out?"

"I mean exactly such," said the director. "He couldn't make the grade. And then, finally, there was talk of him losing a lot of money. I guess he went market mad. And at first he was too proud to take character parts—he just wouldn't believe that his public had gone tickle on him. It wasn't till after Valentino made 'The Sheik' that he got wise to himself. And then there was a whole new crop of directors—and there weren't even character parts left. I heard—" the director couldn't, somehow, meet the star's eyes, "that he was down and out. Getting an occasional day's work as an extra . . . You know, that sort of thing."

"Yes, I know," said Marye Smith-Elliott. And then, "I began as an extra, you see," she said quite casually. "Not here in California. In New York. I wanted to be in movies, from the time I was about twelve. I wanted to get out to the Coast—I had a friend working out here. But it took me so long to make it—I was such a homely little brat—"

"I can't imagine that," said the director. He spoke quite honestly. "But I thought," he added, "that you came to California via the London stage?"

MARYE SMITH-ELLIOTT rose from the deep chair in which she had been sitting.

"It's a good line—I encourage people to think it," she said, still casually. "So, actually, I did! But I went to the London stage by way of a Broadway chorus. And the chorus came after a Fort Lee studio. And the studio came after a New York orphan asylum."

Sometime it would be a good story to tell—the director realized that. Just now all of Hollywood was talking of the slim, calm, distinguished woman with the inscrutable eyes and the hyphenated name. All of Hollywood was wondering about her background, her past. This bit about an asylum—well, it would certainly make a cocktail hour sensa-



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tion. It would be a good story to tell, sometime. But at the moment the director was embarrassed.

"You don't say!" he ejaculated. "Well—well . . ." he fidgeted with his watch chain. "But," he said, after a moment in which he fought with the strange embarrassment, "but we were talking business, weren't we? We were trying to decide on your leading man. He must be a big chap, of course—the captain of industry type. Deep voice, and all. How about George—"

The director broke off, for the star wasn't listening. Absently she was walking over to her desk—this informal conference was being held in her charming study. Absently she was bending her head above a huge cluster of deep red roses in a silver vase.

"There was once," she said slowly, "a man in pictures—he was just the type I want. He'd be—" she was talking gently, as if to herself, "he'd be older, now. His hair would be getting a little gray. Perhaps he'd be—very gray. His name," she turned suddenly, eagerly, to the director—it was as if the subject were being mentioned for the first time—"was Roland Roundtree! You'll find him, won't you? Even if you have to hire a detective to comb the studios. Two detectives. *Five detectives!*"

THE director was staring at her.

"But," he stammered, "but Miss Smith-Elliott! I thought you were only kidding . . . when you spoke of him, before. Why, that chap's a has-been. He's been out of the game too long. And this is a big feature. And it's your first as a star—its success means (you mustn't mind my saying so) a lot to you. And then, too," he hesitated, floundering.

"And then, too?" prompted the star. She still spoke gently.

"Why, his voice," cried the director in desperation. "This fellow, Roland Roundtree—how do you know that he'd go over, in talkies? He belongs in the past. He never made a sound picture. How do you know—"

But the star was smiling softly. And her eyes were looking very far away. Distances—oh, I've said it more than once! They can be greater sometimes than miles—the miles from New York to London . . . and back again 'o New York . . . and from New York to Hollywood . . . Distance can reach from a gray stone building, behind a gray wall, to a star's softly shaded, fragrant room. Don't ask how—*such things do happen . . .*

But Marye Smith-Elliott was smiling. "Oh, don't worry about his voice," she said. "I'll vouch for his voice! I heard him speak, once—and I've never forgotten the little chills that ran up and down my spine . . ."

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I most probably would have still been wallowing in the gutter of life had I not by a strange coincidence entered a neighborhood theatre that was running a then current attraction.

I had never before done anything in the way of writing for the public, but my desire was so great and my self-confidence so flattering after seeing a certain photoplay that it was but a short time before I had established myself as a reporter for one of the evening papers of this city.

Life is funny, isn't it?

S. S. Marlin, St. Louis, Mo.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**UNDER SUSPICION**—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

**UP FOR MURDER**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

**VIENNESE NIGHTS**—Warners.—The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Terrific love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

**WAR NURSE**—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Grievous and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Aita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a lie-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

**WESTWARD BOUND**—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

**WHITE THUNDER**—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March.)

**WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE**—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

**WILD MEN OF KALIHARI**—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very melo-drama. (Dec.)

**YELLOW MASK, THE**—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)**—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

# The Hard-Boiled Samaritan

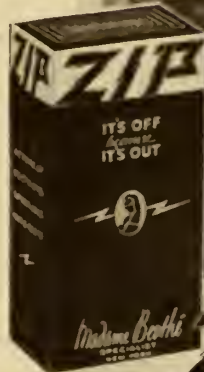
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

are experts in profanity. Wolheim easily became a sensation among them. There was no mule driver who could even approach him as a master of their own language.

A delegation from the "better element" asked him to address the high school youngsters. The mule drivers roared at the thought of his talking to children. He talked. In the simplest manner—in words which are described by those who heard them as "sweet"—he told of picture people. "They are no worse than others. They are an earnest people. It is hard to be a hero on the screen. Be kind in your thoughts of us."

Louis Wolheim: A gentle sheep in a wolf's mantle.

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Superfluous .  
Hair! . . . .*



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**Spring Sun and Winds Bring  
Out Rusty Brown Spots. How  
to Remove Easily**

This is the time to take special care of your complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. Spring sun and wind bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now. What your skin needs is Othine-double strength. A few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to fade out those ugly-brown spots and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

## Those Awful Reporters

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

trying to figure out what it's all about. Didn't Daisy know a reporter who said he could blow the lid off Hollywood with Daisy's stolen letters? Poor Daisy! She'll live and learn but she will probably never tell again.

If Daisy had used a little common sense she wouldn't be in jail today.

**B**ARBARA LA MARR and other stars who were victimized by parasites of this type might have saved themselves a lot of trouble by laughing and saying: "Go ahead; do your worst."

Clara's action in having Daisy arrested complicated the whole matter and gave the newspapers a chance to print intimate stories of Clara's daily routine they otherwise would not have dared print. And, of course, they could then print all the letters and telegrams, too—for the court action made them part of a public record.

Clara might have taken the monetary loss and said nothing. It would have saved her plenty of suffering. And it would have saved additional losses in the matter of attorneys' fees.

The history of Hollywood may be divided into three eras, so far as its newspaper history is concerned.

First there was the "Age of Innocence." Nobody cared what the little band of actors in Hollywood was doing, or not doing. They weren't "class." At that time, more than fifteen years ago, two famous movie stars fought a battle in a hotel room because of a famous director.

One girl went to a hospital where she lay for days in a stupor. The other never survived the horrors of that fight. For years her white hair had to be hennaed.

The story was never printed. The desk sergeant who sent a cop to quiet the two girls merely yawned when reporters asked him "What's new tonight, sarge?" and said, "Nothing, boys, nothing at all—couple of movie actresses scratching each other's eyes out over some director."

**N**OW do you think that story would be played up today? Of course there would be streamers across the front page, pictures of the girls in many poses, pictures of the director and his wife and his ex-wife, and probably a confession story from one of the women, which naturally would be written by a hard-boiled re-write man.

But suddenly movies gained importance—and so did the stars. You were led to believe little Hazel Happy—and most of the girls had

names like that—lived on dew, cream puffs and sunshine. She never went anywhere without her mother, and in her spare time she modeled in clay or painted miniatures. Pictures proved these stories to be true.

And so came the "Age of Bunk."

There was bound to be a reaction from this publicity.

One morning Mr. and Mrs. Public took their paper off the front porch to read that Hollywood was a sink of iniquity, a hot-bed of vice, the Sodom and Hokumorra of America.

Murders kept Hollywood on the front pages for the next two or three years—which brings us to the "Age of Scandal."

A "czar" was appointed to keep good behavior in the ranks of the boys and girls of the films. Producers put morality clauses into all contracts. Press-agents worked over-time to cheat reporters of choice bits of scandal.

I lived in Hollywood during the Age of Scandal. The "Fatty" Arbuckle trial was, in reality, a dreary, sodden, and more or less prosaic court proceeding that proved nothing except that the comedian, an ex-barboy, was at a party where Virginia Rappe received the injury that caused her death.

Incidentally, Arbuckle was the only movie star who was actually ever banned from the screen because of scandal—and that was done by the moving picture organization itself, not by the public. The heads of the picture company figured it would be better to lose the money tied up in "Fatty's" pictures than have him a constant eyesore in the Hollywood scene. If Arbuckle made a picture today his old following would clack with delight.

**O**NE bleak rainy February day the Los Angeles newspapers carried the story that William Desmond Taylor, a moving picture director, had been found dead "from stomach trouble" in his home in Alvarado Street. Later editions revealed that the stomach trouble had been induced by a bullet.

That murder had everything—mystery, glamour, famous names, suspense, romance. It reached into the underworld of dope. It spread into the mansions of great stars. It went back into the strange life of the murdered man whose life was a mosaic of adventure.

Mabel Normand had said goodnight to Taylor an hour before he was shot, and had gone home in her car.

Mary Miles Minter, beautiful young blonde, was brought into the case when her lingerie was found in Taylor's home—and her love letters were taken from the toe of an old boot.

Harry Peavey, Taylor's colored valet,

## USE SOME MONEY?

Of course you can! Some new clothes, or a vacation trip, or that pesky payment on the car.

PHOTOPLAY offers you \$5,000 in seventy cash prizes. The new Cut-Puzzle Contest starts in the June issue. It's your chance to cash in on your knowledge of the stars!

Cut out the various parts of the scrambled faces, reassemble them, name the players correctly. As easy as that—but a fascinating game. Watch for

**The June PHOTOPLAY**

On sale everywhere May 15

blubbered over his dead master and talked of the rice pudding Taylor had loved.

Edward Sands, the director's former valet and friend, had vanished, and to this day he has not been found.

An abandoned wife, Mrs. Ethel Tanner, came out of the past with a grown daughter.

Newspapers in the East sent special correspondents to Hollywood to cover every angle of the story. These men wrote thousands of words. They wrote not only about the Taylor murder, but also about all the scandals of Hollywood. Newspapers all over the country printed cartoons that dealt savagely with movie stars.

**P**RESS-AGENTS, in reprisal, barred some reporters from the studios, and caused stories to be printed which declared that the scandal-writers were liars, hopheads, and paid propagandists.

The war was on in earnest.

The pictures of Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter were banned from the screen in small towns. The Palace or Grand Theater announced that citizens would not be offended by the sight of Mary's blonde curls or Mabel's pert grin. But in Chicago pink permits were granted the Minter pictures—meaning that only adults could go to the theater and search for signs of dissipation in that bland, girlish face.

Shades of Barnum and Bailey!

But let it be said that Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand were not shunted off the screen as a direct result of the Taylor case. Mabel Normand's days were already numbered.

"Imagine anyone being in love with poor Mabel," said Arbuckle at the time Mabel said Taylor was in love with her. "All the old Sennett gang has had a tough break—first me, then Mabel. Sometimes I think our gang is hoodooed."

A movie mamma and twenty pounds kept Mary Miles Minter from collecting her \$8,000 a week from Paramount. Mary was the victim of her mother—she wasn't allowed to eat the things she wanted to, go to the places she wanted to, nor see the people she wanted to.

Result—she followed Taylor about, making a scandal target of herself.

Mary was really a romantic little girl. Standing on her veranda one night, she looked wistfully over the tops of the purple hills and murmured, "The Minter women love but once."

The Minter woman started to eat after a fight with mamma, put on twenty pounds, went to Paris and wrote *finis* to her career.

The Taylor story had taught newspaper owners that movie scandal sold papers as no other news did. Many reporters wrote only the news—the "spot" news—the news of police court hearing or Superior Court trial, such as the episode of Valentino's first marriage to Natacha Rambova—but a few went out of their way to "make" news. These, I may say in passing, didn't last long as reporters.

**H**ERE'S an instance. A number of reporters learned that a certain actress had been rejected by Douglas Fairbanks as his leading lady because she had square hips. They went to see Doug's press-agent, and asked if the story were true.

"Yes," said the press-agent, Mark Larkin. "It's true. I'm sorry. But if you print that story you are going to ruin the girl's screen career, which means her life. You can make a funny story of the 'girl with the square hips'—but what will it get you? A raise? No. Honorable mention? Hardly. Nothing but a bright paragraph."

The story was never printed.

Pola Negri, new to Hollywood, once made a scene when Harry Carr of the *Los Angeles Times* walked on her set. She cried she would not work until "that pig" was off the field.

Harry Carr heard the epithet, and Harry



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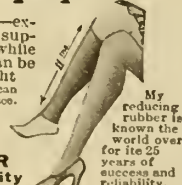


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Carr is mighty in Hollywood and carries a big stick. What would he do to Pola? Every one shuddered. A bright publicity agent, though, thought he knew how to handle Mr. Carr. He called on the newspaper man and explained first that Pola was very temperamental, and, frothed at the mouth whenever a stranger appeared on the lot, that she knew little English and so found it hard to express herself, and that, anyway, she had paid Mr. Carr a big compliment by calling him a pig, for in Poland a pig isn't just a pig but a term of endearment. In fact, a pig in Poland is as sacred as a cow in India.

**C**ARR wasn't fooled, but he liked the press-agent's ingenueness. He let the incident drop and wrote a "rave" about Pola.

I don't mean to say that motion picture people are entirely to blame for the strained relations between the Fourth Estate and the Fourth Industry. Not at all.

It is no secret that some newspaper men and women have grafted money from some of the stars, have forced friends of theirs into fat jobs, and have otherwise misused them.

It's pretty shoddy. Sometimes a reporter is innocently bought by the astute picture people. I knew a naive young writer who sold a story to a big film company. His daily column was lush with the activities of the company that had bought his story.

It was never made into a film and to this day he's probably wondering why!

A newspaper woman threatened to write some stuff about Nancy Carroll that would make her suffer. Nancy had received word from the higher-ups at Paramount that she wasn't to feature the fact that she is the mother of little Patricia Kirkland. Bad publicity, they said. They pointed out that Nancy was supposed to be an ingenue and mustn't be shown as a mother. So Nancy up and said "no" in perfectly good Irish when the writer asked for a picture of herself and Patricia.

The writer wrote a story slyly digging at Nancy's attitude and mentioned the fact that royalty isn't bashful when it comes to showing their offspring. But royalty in Hollywood and Europe is something else again. The kings and queens over there do not get kicked off the throne unless there is a war. In Hollywood any movie queen can be uncrowned by a little adverse publicity.

Hollywood has its newspaper chisellers but it also has newspaper men and women it can trust. Most of these chisellers, by the way, are not hired by real newspapers. They are the fringe of the Fourth Estate, "free lances," or connected with some obscure sheet that is trying to come to life by dishing dirt.

The Age of Scandal is dying. The edge has been taken off the novelty of Hollywood scandal. The Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe trial was important only to a few newspapers. The majority dismissed it with a few paragraphs daily—in the East.

**I**T would take as big a story as the Taylor murder to bring back the old days and such a story happens only once in a decade or two.

One of the never-ceasing battles between newspaper women and movie stars is about beauty.

"Beautiful, but Lord, how dumb!" a star is dismissed by a sob writer.

"She looks a fright," come back the boo'ful stars.

The *it* of movie stars is far more important than their Intelligence Quotient, and editors hire women to write, not pose.

Having said all this it leaves us just where we started. Movie stars will continue to be good news for the papers until newer idols appear.

Maybe we'll have radio artists on the griddle next.

And, as for newspapers—they'll continue to print all the news of Hollywood, good or bad, so that a bright flipper will be added to your morning oatmeal!



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**T**HE way to make sure you are not guilty of bad breath is to always carry a box of May-Breath with you. May-Breath is the name of little tablets that instantly purify and sweeten the breath. Odors from all such causes as drinking, smoking, and eating vanish immediately.

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## LUCKY TIGER



## Connie & Lilyan

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

respective boy friends and husbands filed in. The proud beauties had to give themselves up. After all, you do need men for dancing partners.

Clara Bow has never been one of these beauties of the moment. Poor Clara, even though she prefers the society of her cowboy sweethearts and studio workers to the socially elite, she wouldn't have much of a chance to be smart if she chose.

Occasionally she went to Montmartre for lunch when that historic café was the hub of the social wheel, but almost invariably her father trailed her there and, standing in the doorway in shirt sleeves, tie-less, collar open at the throat and hair uncombed, beckoned to her before all that well-dressed crowd. Clara had to respond.

PERHAPS two of the most beautiful women in Hollywood are Ann Harding and Eleanor Boardman. These girls are, from a standpoint of mold of feature, almost perfect. Yet they've never played the game and never will. Too simple in taste, too frank, too little interested in the spotlight, they're just not the type.

Evelyn Brent always occupied the same table at the Montmartre. At the Embassy she has an especial place. But she does not play the game either. She lunches there because she sees her friends. And she also likes good food.

In a community as small as Hollywood, with so many beautiful, ambitious women, it is inevitable that things get mixed up. One of the catastrophes is for two "best dressed women on the screen" to appear at the same function, wearing gowns exactly alike. When the Embassy Club had its formal opening, five beauties appeared in that many gowns which were identical. And were there dark looks passed among them? Needless to say, the designer who sold the five beauties the five identical dresses bought a one way ticket to Tasmania.

As we have already seen, quarrels are not unknown among these beauties of the moment. There's the case of Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez. Dolores was a reigning beauty. Lupe wasn't, for Lupe can't be dignified enough, so it seems Dolores rather ritzed her fellow country-woman when Lupe first arrived. Lupe retaliated by imitating her in a priceless fashion.

One of the times when Lupe was at the Embassy, she looked across the room and saw Lilyan Tashman wearing long kid gloves. Lupe, who didn't have any, wrapped napkins around her arms. Lilyan, seeing this, obeyed an old Spanish custom and offered Lupe her gloves. Lupe accepted and they're not exactly good pals any more.

SPEAKING of long gloves, Gloria Swanson was the very first beauty to appear in them when they made their fashion reappearance. What's more, she wore them all evening and did not remove them during dinner.

It is difficult to say just which one has the brightest spotlight at present writing, but I believe Constance Bennett is the most glamorous, the most sparkling beauty of the moment. Although there are others with the same peculiar flare, Connie has center stage right now. Who will be next? Here's a nomination—Ina Claire.

She's been the queen of Broadway. When she first arrived, Hollywood couldn't see her for sour apples. Then she went away, made a swell picture in New York and a sensational statement to the press in Chicago. Now, back in Hollywood, she is doing the smart things and being seen at the smart places. But she has a new idea. Whereas Tashman has never worn the same dress twice, Claire has been seen at the Embassy in but one costume, a dark suit trimmed with red fox that she wore in "The Royal Family of Broadway." This does, at least attract attention.

So maybe Ina's next. Who knows?

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*By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.*



*Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.*

**A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.**

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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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It is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

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**"BACHELOR APARTMENT"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by John Howard Lawson. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Wayne Carter*, Lowell Sherman; *Helene Andrews*, Irene Duine; *Agatha Carraway*, Mae Murray; *Lee Carlton*, Norman Kerry; *Lila Andrews*, Claudia Dell; *Henri De Maneau*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Janel*, Noel Francis; *Whoopee Girl*, Roberta Gale; *Whoopee Girl*, Arline Judge; *Henry Carraway*, Purnell Pratt; *Rollins*, Charles Coleman; *Miss Clark*, Kitty Kelly; *Charlotte*, Bess Flowers; *First Drunk*, Arthur Housman; *Mrs. Halloran*, Florence Roberts; *Brown*, Boston Winston.

**"BAD SISTER"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "The Flirt" by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Reed and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Dick Lindley*, Conrad Nagel; *Marianne*, Sidney Fox; *Laura*, Bette Davis; *Minnie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Sam*, Slim Summerville; *Mr. Madison*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Madison*, Emma Dunn; *Valentine Corliss*, Humphrey Bogart; *Wade Trumbull*, Bert Roach; *Hedrick Madison*, David Durand.

**"BEYOND VICTORY"**—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Hope Bennett. Adapted by Horace Jackson and James Gleason. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Bill*, Bill Boyd; *Fritze*, ZaSu Pitts; *Lew*, Lew Cody; *Ina*, Marion Shilling; *Jim*, James Gleason; *Katherine*, Lissi Arna; *Major Sparks*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mother*, Mary Carr; *Russell*, Russell Gleason; *Fred Brandon*, Fred Scott; *Commandant*, Frank Reicher; *Sergeant*, Wade Boteler; *Colonel*, E. H. Calvert; *Reginald*, Charles Coleman; *German Surgeon*, Max Barwin; *Head Nurse*, Hedwiga Reicher.

**"BIG BUSINESS GIRL"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Patricia Reilly and H. N. Swanson. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Claire MacIntyre*, Loretta Young; *John Goodman*, Frank Albertson; *Ralph Clayton*, Ricardo Cortez; *Pearl*, Joan Blondell; *Mrs. Emery*, Dorothy Christy; *Sally Curtis*, Virginia Sale; *Office Boy*, Mickey Bennett; *Messenger Boy*, Bobby Gordon; *Sarah Ellen*, Nancy Dover; *Walter Morley*, Oscar Apfel.

**"COMRADES OF 1918"**—FORENFILMS.—From the novel "The Four from the Infantry" by Ernest Johannsen. Adapted by Ladislav Vajda. Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: *The Bavarian*, Fritz Kemper; *Karl*, Gustav Diessel; *The Student*, Hans Joachim Moebis; *The Lieutenant*, Claus Clausen; *Yvette*, Jackie Monnier; *Hampburg Soldier*, Gustav Puttjer; *Karl's Wife*, Hanna Hoessrich; *Karl's Mother*, Else Heller; *Butcher-Journeyman*, Carl Belhaus.

**"DIRIGIBLE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frank Wilber Wead. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Bradley*, Jack Holt; *Frisky Pierce*, Ralph Graves; *Helene*, Fay Wray; *Rondelle*, Hobart Bosworth; *Sock McGuire*, Roscoe Karns; *Hansen*, Harold Goodwin; *Clarence*, Clarence Muse; *Admiral Martin*, Emmett Corrigan; *Commander of the U. S. S. Lexington*, Al Roscoe; *Lieutenant Rowland*, Selmer Jackson.

**"DISHONORED"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Josef Von Sternberg. Screen play by Daniel N. Rubin. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Lieutenant Kranau*, Victor McLaglen; *X27*, Marlene Dietrich; *Colonel Kovrin*, Lew Cody; *Secret Service Head*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *General von Hindau*, Warner Oland; *Young Lieutenant*, Barry Norton; *Court Martial Officer*, Davison Clark; *General Dymov*, Wilfred Lucas; *Manager*, Bill Powell.

**"FINGER POINTS, THE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by John Monk Saunders and W. B. Burnett. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Breckenridge Lee*, Richard Barthelmess; *Marcia Collins*, Fay Wray; *Charles Russell*, Regis Toomey; *Frank Carter*, Robert Elliott; *Louis Blanco*, Clark Gable; *Managing Ed. Wheeler*, Oscar Apfel; *Larry Hays*, Noel Madison.

**"FRONT PAGE, THE"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Walter Burns*, Adolphe Menjou; *Hildy Johnson*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Mary Brian; *Bensinger*, Edward Everett Horton; *Murphy*, Walter Catlett; *Earl Williams*, George E. Stone; *Molly*, Mae Clarke; *Pincus*, Slim Summerville; *Kruger*, Matt Moore; *McCue*, Frank McHugh; *Sheriff Hartman*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Schwartz*, Fred Howard; *Wilson*, Phil Tead; *Endicott*, Eugene Strong; *Woodenshoes*, Spencer Charters; *Diamond Louie*, Maurice Black; *Mrs. Grant*, Effie Ellsler; *Jonny*, Dorothea Wolbert; *The Mayor*, James Gordon; *Jacobi*, Dick Alexander.

**"GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN"**—WARNERS.—From the play "The Devil Was Sick" by Jane Hinton. Screen play by Joseph Jackson and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Jacques Duryea*, Frank Fay; *Diane Churchill*, Laura La Plante; *Doctor Dumont*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Mr. Churchill*, Charles Winninger; *Florine*, Louise Brooks; *Fifi*, Joan Blondell; *Tania Daniloff*, Margaret Livingston; *The Undertaker*, Charles Judels; *De Goncourt*, Armand Kaliz; *Other Girls*, "G" Sisters; *Nena Quartaro*; *Ethlyn Claire*; *Hazel Howell*.

**"GUN SMOKE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Brad Farley*, Richard Arlen; *Sue Vancey*, Mary Brian; *Stub H'atlock*, Eugene Pallette; *Kedge Darnas*, William Boyd; *Hampsey Dell*, Louise Fazenda; *Tack Gillup*, Charles Winninger; *Posey Meed*, Guy Oliver; *J. H. Horton*, James Durkin; *Spot Shee*, Brooks Benedict; *Mene Gordon*, Carroll Naisih; *Mugs Maranza*, William Arnold; *Jassy Quinn*, Stanley Mack; *Strike Jackson*, William V. Mong; *Taffy Keder*, Jack Richardson; *John*, Willie Pung; *Eddie*, Imboden Parrish; *Isabelle Horton*, Dawn O'Day.

**"HONOR AMONG LOVERS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Austin Parker. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Julia Traynor*, Claudette Colbert; *Jerry Stafford*, Fredric March; *Philip Craig*, Monroe Owsley; *Monty Dunn*, Charlie Ruggles; *Doris Blake*, Ginger Rogers; *Maybelle*, Avonnie Taylor; *Conroy*, Pat O'Brien; *Margaret*, Janet McLeay; *Inspector*, John Kearney; *Riggs*, Ralph Morgan; *Louis*, Jules Epailly; *Butler*, Leonard Carey.



How's this for a rough location? The "Shipmates" company, headed by Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan, took a good lashing from the surf at Laguna, and were thoroughly soaked in the name of Art. These movie actors certainly do have fun!

"IT'S A WISE CHILD"—M.G.M.—From the play by Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Joyce, Marion Davies; Steve, Sidney Blackmer; *Cool Kelly*, James G. Mason; *Bertha*, Polly Moran; *Roger*, Lester Vail; *Annie*, Marie Prevost; *Mrs. Stanton*, Clara Blandick; *G. A. Appleby*, Robert McWade; *Otto*, Johnny Arthur; *Alice*, Hilda Vaughn; *Bill*, Ben Alexander; *Jane Appleby*, Emily Fitzroy.

"LAST PARADE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Casey Robinson. Adapted by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Cookie Leonard*, Jack Holt; *Mike O'Donnell*, Tom Moore; *Molly Pearson*, Constance Cummings; *Larry Pearson*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Mario*, Robert Ellis; *Lefly*, Earle D. Bunn; *Vivi*, Vivi; *Rosenberg*, Jean De Vrieska; *Chief of Police*, Ed Le Saint; *City Editor*, Edmund Breese; *Alabama*, Clarence Muse; *Joe*, Gino Corrado; *Danny Murphy*, Robert Graham.

"LAUGH AND GET RICH"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas MacLean. Screen play by Gregory La Cava. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Joe Austin*, Hugh Herbert; *Sarah Austin*, Edna May Oliver; *Alice Austin*, Dorothy Lee; *Phelps*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Heppburn*, John Harron; *Biddle*, Charles Selton; *Vincenzi*, George Davis; *Miss Teasdale*, Maude Fealy; *Larry*, Russell Gleason.

"LIGHTNING FLYER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jim Nelson*, James Hall; *Rose*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Tom*, Walter Merrill; *Mr. Nelson*, Robert Homans; *Durkin*, Albert J. Smith; *Mr. Rogers*, Ethan Allen; *Slats*, Eddie Boland; *Pudge*, George Meadows.

"MAN OF THE WORLD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Michael Trevor*, William Powell; *Mary Kendall*, Carole Lombard; *Irene*, Wynne Gibson; *Harold Gray*, Guy Kibbee; *Frank Thompson*, Lawrence Taylor; *Victor*, Andre Cheron; *Fred*, George Chandler; *Spade*, Tom Costello.

"MILLIONAIRE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "Idle Hands" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Julian Josephson. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *James Alden*, George Arliss; *Barbara Alden*, Evelyn Knapp; *Bill Merrick*, David Manners; *Mrs. Alden*, Florence Arliss; *Peterson*, Noah Berry; *Oldest Employee*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Andrew*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Schofield*, James Cagney; *Briggs*, Tully Marshall; *Doris*, Ivan Simpson; *Dr. Harvey*, J. C. Nugent; *McCoy*, Sam Hardy.

"MR. LEMON OF ORANGE"—FOX.—From the story by Jack Hayes. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: *Mr. Lemon and McGee*, El Brendel; *Julie La Rue*, Fifi Dorsay; *Mr. Blake*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Blake*, Ruth Warren; *Jane Blake*, Joan Castle; *Jerry*, Donald Dillaway.

"PAGLIACCI"—AUDIO CINEMA PRODUCTION in association with FORTUNE GALLO.—From the opera by Ruggero Leoncavallo. Directed by Joe W. Coffman. The cast: *Nedda*, Alva Novella; *Canio*, Fernando Bertini; *Tonio*, Mario Valle; *Silvio*, Giuseppe Interranti; *Beppo*, Francesco Curci.

"RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A"—SYNDICATE.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: *Blackie*, Tom Tyler; *Sandy*, Andy Shuford; *Betty*, Lillian Bond; *Gaynes*, Al Bridge; *Sheriff*, Gordon DeMain; *Parson*, Ted Adams; *Castro*, Slim Whitaker; *Miss Whipple*, Fern Emmett.

"SKIPPY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the comic strip by Percy Crosby. Adapted by Sam Mintz, Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Norman McLeod. Directed by Norman Taurog and David Burton. The cast: *Skippy*, Jackie Cooper; *Eloise*, Mitzi Green; *Sidney*, Jackie Searl; *Sooky*, Robert Coogan; *Skippy's Ma*, Enid Bennett; *The Heary*, Donald Haines; *Sooky's Mother*, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"STEPPING OUT"—M.G.M.—From the play by Elmer Harris. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Sally*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Eve*, Leila Hyams; *Tom*, Reginald Denny; *Cleo*, Lillian Bond; *Paul*, Cliff Edwards; *Madge*, Merna Kennedy; *Tubby*, Harry Stubbs; *Charley Miller*, Richard Tucker; *Hal*, Kane Richmond; *Parker*, Wilson Bengue.

"STRANGERS MAY KISS"—M.G.M.—From the novel by Ursula Parrott. Adapted by John Meehan. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lisbeth*, Norma Shearer; *Steve*, Robert Montgomery; *Alan*, Neil Hamilton; *Geneva*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Celia*, Irene Rich; *Andrew*, Hale Hamilton; *Spanish Dancer*, Conchita Montenegro; *Harry*, Jed Prouty; *De Bazan*, Albert Conti; *Walter*, Henry Armetta; *Walter*, George Davis.

"SWANEE RIVER"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Barbara Chambers Woods. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Raymond Cannon. The cast: *Garry*, Grant Withers; *Caroline*, Thelma Todd; *Jack Bradford*, Philo McCullough; *Morton*, Walter Miller; *Col. Bradford*, Palmer Morrison; *Esau*, Robert Frazer.

"TABU"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: *Reri*; *Matahi*; *Hitu*.

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"TAILOR MADE MAN, A"—M-G-M.—From the original play by Gabriel Dregely. From the stage play by Harry James Smith. Continuity by Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *John Paul Bart*, William Haines; *Tanya*, Dorothy Jordan; *Huber*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Kitty Dupuy*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Jellicott*, William Austin; *Dr. Von Sonntag*, Ian Keith; *Mrs. Stanlaw*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Stanlaw*, Hale Hamilton; *Peter*, Henry Armetta; *Abraham Nathan*, Walter Walker; *Pomeroy*, Forrester Harvey; *Bessie*, Joan Marsh; *Corrine*, Martha Sleeper.

"UNFAITHFUL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Van Druten. Continuity by Eve Unsell. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Fay*, Ruth Chatterton; *Carl Heiden*, Paul Lukas; *Ronald Kilkerry*, Paul Cavanagh; *Gemma Houston*, Juliette Compton; *Terry Houston*, Donald Cook; *Aunt Janie*, Emily Fitzroy; *Jeffries*, Leslie Palmer; *Buck*, Sid Saylor; *Steve*, Bruce Warren; *Bishop*, Arnold Lucy; *Gerald*, Denis D'Auburn; *Tinker*, Ambrose Barker; *Iris*, Stella Moore; *Count Carini*, Capt. George Jackson; *Frank*, Eric Kalkhurst; *A Drunk*, Douglas Gilmore; *Armstrong*, Jack Richardson; *Inspector*, Donald MacKenzie.

"WILD WEST WHOOPEE"—Cosmo.—From the story by Robert J. Horner. Directed by Robert J. Horner. The cast: *Jack Perrin*; *Josephine Hill*; *Fred Church*; *Horace Carpenter*.

## He Has Two Bosses

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Arliss has his own way in many things. Such as having tea every afternoon on the set, and quitting work at four-thirty sharp each day. But even in this, it's Jenner who sees to things—

Jenner, for instance, is a wizard at producing tea. Come three-thirty, and Jenner appears—be it on the studio lot, or 'way off on location somewhere—with a pot of tea. And production is held up while George Arliss sips his tea. Arliss invariably has at least one guest at tea—someone in the company, perhaps, or a visitor.

Tea done, picture-making is resumed. But at four-thirty sharp, Jenner functions again. He announces it's time to quit. And Arliss quits. You see, it's in his contract—work from nine-thirty to four-thirty daily. Well, there are lots of contracts like that, but studio custom is to go on working after hours to finish a scene or a sequence. Most actors don't object.

THEY tried it just once on Arliss. It was in the midst of a scene when four-thirty came. Instantly, Jenner was on the set. He stalked in front of cameras and right under the microphone and declaimed: "It's time for Mr. Arliss to go 'ome." And although director and others raved, Mr. Arliss went home. Jenner has even, at times, gone so far as to snatch Arliss' wig off, prompt at four-thirty, to forestall directors who might try to talk Arliss into working a bit overtime!

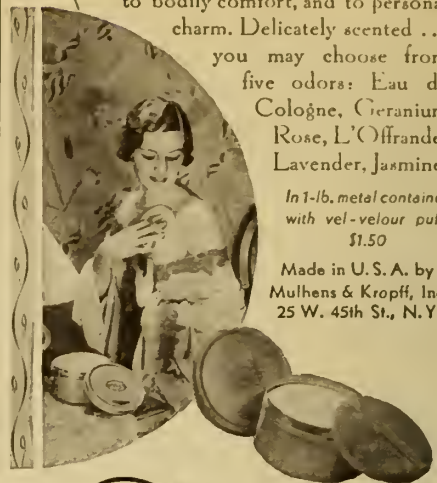
One of the most distinguishing things about Arliss is his strange walk. Off set, he swings along with a most ungainly stride. His arms hang like an ape's. He stoops, round-shouldered, at a startling angle. At a half mile or more, you could recognize him by that walking posture.

Then, there's the monocle. It's hard to think of Arliss without it. He's worn it ever since he was a youth—because his father wore one before him. At first, it was an affectation; now it's a necessity, because he's become near-sighted, and Arliss needs the glass to see clearly. In the years, the monocle has worn two deep grooves in his face—above and below his right eye.

"In twenty-five years," says Jenner, "I've never seen Mr. Arliss break a monocle." But Arliss isn't careless. He always carries a spare. And he rarely twirls the glass on its string, as so many stagy Englishmen do. When he dispenses with using it, he merely opens his eye wide, the monocle drops out, he catches it in his hand and slips it into his vest pocket. He doesn't wear it when reading.

He never works Sundays, not because he's particularly religious, but because he doesn't wish to. He has never driven an automobile in his life, and doesn't know how. Getting

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around Hollywood, he uses a studio car which is placed at his disposal. He owns no home in America, living in hotel apartments instead. But he owns two houses in England.

One of his greatest ambitions is to be knighted. Some day, he hopes, he'll be Sir George. Toward this, on his last visit to England, he made a series of political pictures in which he appears as *Disraeli*, urging English voters to cast their ballots for the conservative party. Stanley Baldwin is one of Arliss' closest friends. If the conservatives win the next election in Britain, Arliss hopes to get his knighthood.

**A**LTHOUGH for the past three decades Arliss has been doing virtually all his stage work in America, he still has his clothes made in England. He wears typical English clothes—fine, but not foppish. He always wears a stiff collar, and high shoes, and rather tight-and-high-cut trousers. He doesn't think much of modern fashions.

He wears his clothes a long time before discarding them.

His salary, surprisingly, is less than is paid many stars of considerably lesser importance and fame. He carries his money in a purse, and is frankly frugal. Some unkind souls pronounce it "tight." Yet he usually buys gifts for everybody in his company at the close of a picture.

He's not handsome, but is rather particular about photographs of himself. They rarely satisfy him. He knows he's not the "hero type," as he terms it, but you always feel that he thinks he's better-looking than his pictures show him. He wears high-heeled shoes, to make him look taller.

He has crossed the ocean many times, yet he invariably gets seasick. He goes out very little; doesn't care much for social activities, and makes comparatively few friends. Hollywood night life is utterly unknown to him, and he has attended only two of Hollywood's famous premieres. At both, he had a miserable time, and fled as early as he could.

He once, years ago, sang the lead in an English musical comedy. He admits it was terrible, and hasn't sung since—in public. Says the other singers used to let him start first, so they could find out what key he was going to sing in.

He is not a teetotaler. He hates buttermilk. He smokes a good deal—anything, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, nargile. He has been married to the same wife more than three decades. He first noticed her in a London cast because her arms were pretty, and was afraid to propose to her until they were marooned in a dark theater together by a rainstorm, and there's never been any other woman to him. She appears with him in most of his plays and pictures, but he never lets her play any rôle but his own wife—and that only when the stage characters are happily wed.

He loves flowers and books. He collects books.

His only exercise is walking, and he does not care for any sport.

He writes so vilely that no one can decipher his signature.

**H**E is extremely particular about the diction and English of those in a cast with him, and rehearses them many times to make sure their speech is perfect.

Yet he likes American slang. He thinks it's colorful and picturesque, but now and then, he gets it mixed up.

In focusing cameras between scenes, a double sits or stands in the place where the star will act.

The star rests while the double does this tedious work.

The double is called a "stand-in." Arliss never could get that straight. One day, they asked him to stand in a certain place while lights and cameras were trained on him.

"Oh," he protested, "I'll leave that to my step-ins."

He never could understand why they laughed so.

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The irrepressible Maurice trying to "break up" Miriam Hopkins in a studio still picture for which they are posing. You can see her working hard not to give in and laugh

# A Studio Ramble

By  
Frances Kish

Fascinated, you watch the same scene rehearsed half a dozen times, the same double acting of girl and director. Then a brief rest. Chevalier autographs a photograph of himself for an admirer. Miriam and Mr. Lubitsch go over part of her scene, smoothing out the action, and giggling like a couple of school children at recess. Hammers pound on the floor above, where sets for "Tarnished Lady," Tallulah Bankhead's talkie bow, are being torn down to make way for the new Nancy Carroll-Fredric March picture.

On the Lubitsch set lights are shifted and cameras adjusted. The "dolly," a rubber-tired truck on which a camera is mounted, is carefully placed and its course marked by white chalk lines to be followed as the camera advances for close-ups.

Make-up is freshened. A prop boy rushes forward to adjust the train of Miriam's lace wedding dress—a lovely, square-necked gown with long, tight sleeves. Her long veil trails behind her like a white cloud.

"Zis is a take," says Mr. Lubitsch. The bells signal silence. It's just like a rehearsal, except for a tenseness that communicates itself to everyone. Suddenly Mr. Lubitsch growls "Cut." His alert ear has caught the sound of a hammer pounding on another set, a sound that would be magnified to the proportions of a thunder storm by the sensitive microphones. Someone has disregarded orders. A messenger is sent to investigate.

THEY start again. All goes well, until Chevalier gets a "frog" in his throat. "Are you not my wife?" he asks the puzzled Princess. "Am I not your—" and try as he will, the word "husband" will not come out of his mouth. Everybody laughs, and the scene starts again. This time it goes well. But Mr. Lubitsch sees a chance for improvement. They do it again. They do it another time, and another time. Mr. Lubitsch says, "Now, Miriam, try that line wiss-out the 'Oh.'"

Finally, he is satisfied. "Cut," he orders. "Zis is okay for me," he says. "How about sound?"

"Okay for sound," comes the report from the monitor room. "Perfect timing in that scene," exults the director.

Another rest, for everyone but Miriam Hopkins. The scene is to be repeated for the French version, and Miriam is feverishly rehearsing her lines, parrot-like. Mr. Lubitsch has wisely selected a cast equally at home in English and French—Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, George Barbier—but Miriam's French appears to be somewhat uncertain.

But, on the first take, it is Chevalier's French that strikes a snag. He mixes it with a little English, with amusing results. What a howl goes up from the others! Maurice joins in the general laugh and says with his funny little rising inflection after each word: "It's a great thing, is eet not, to talk two langua-a-ges. Not ev-ery-body can talk two langua-a-ges so pair-fect, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"And," laments Miriam, "just when I was getting along so swimmingly with my part of it!"

The next time it goes all right. "Hooray!" shouts Chevalier. And, "Da-a-rn good!" is his final comment.

SUCH a pretty blue and silver boudoir. Or it would be, if it had a ceiling and if the walls weren't cut off at the top in a jagged line. But it doesn't matter, because that won't show in the picture.

It's a scene in "The Smiling Lieutenant," the latest Chevalier film. Maurice strides on the set, his step taking its cue from the martial and resplendent uniform he wears. Someone picks up a spur from the floor and wisecracks about "the spur of the moment." Maurice registers the famous Chevalier grin and fastens the spur to his boot.

From his chair next to a camera a short, heavy-set man rises, his dark eyes alive under an untidy lock of black hair which hangs across his forehead. It is Ernst Lubitsch, director of that other Chevalier hit, "The Love Parade."

"All right, Maurice," he says. "Let's do somesing now." He turns to Miriam Hopkins, the Princess of this picture. (You probably remember her in "Fast and Loose.") "All right, Mariam," he says, mispronouncing her name and making her like it. "Rehearsal," he orders. "Everyone quiet."

Three bells ring as the signal for silence all through the big Paramount Eastern Studios. Chevalier opens a door in the torn-off wall and waits on the other side for his cue to come on the set.

"Action, Mariam," instructs Mr. Lubitsch.

Chevalier comes through the door, quietly closes it after him, hesitates a moment and goes to the side of his bride. But an amazing thing has happened. There are, suddenly, two Princesses—the slender Miriam and the short, dark-eyed man on the sidelines.

EVERY expression on Miriam's face is duplicated in Mr. Lubitsch's. That startled look, when she hears the door close behind the man she has just married. Her astonishment when he stands beside her and says, "Good-night, dear." Her uncomprehending shyness. All these are duplicated and intensified on the face of the man who peers from beneath the camera.

"What an actor!" you want to shout.

Delicate shades  
step out this  
season

*Pink and  
are outstanding*

*blue again  
colors*



# PROTECT your pastel frocks from that "wishy...washy" look

*Salespeople in fine shops  
everywhere give this recipe  
"Lukewarm Ivory suds"*

When I visited big stores all over the country to learn about this year's summer clothes, I wasn't a bit disappointed to learn that pinks and blues will be popular once more. Isn't every woman prettier in pink? And blue is cool and charming (and a favorite with men!).

Of course, there are lovely *new* shades—creamy pinks, blush pinks, and many of the blues have a lavender cast. Yellow and green, too, are usually light in shade. In fact, it's a pastel season!

"These colors," said I to the sales-

people who showed me the new delicately tinted silks, "are lovely now. But they'll certainly look washed out if they fade the least bit in laundering."

"They won't fade," I was told, "if you wash them properly. The dyes are good and if you use lukewarm Ivory suds to wash them in, they'll stay fresh through the whole summer."

Everywhere, in all the leading cities, in the nicest shops and largest department stores, salespeople are recommending Ivory for everything washable.

In one of Boston's finest department stores, the clerk who displayed lounging pajamas in delicate pastel shades said, "Ivory is the best soap to use. We have a laboratory here where we make washing experiments and we have found that some other soaps are too strong."

(In this particular store, Ivory in one of its various forms was the only soap which was recommended for silk sport dresses, baby woolens, negligees, sheer silk stockings and sweaters by the clerks to whom I talked.)

In a fine specialty shop in Chicago I was told: "I always recommend Ivory Soap. I believe it is safest to use—it is mild and will not fade delicate shades."

You yourself will hear things like these from salespeople in the fine shops of your own city: "Ivory is pure" . . . "Ivory is safe" . . . "Manufacturers advise Ivory." Of course. Isn't Ivory so pure that it is used to bathe babies? When we use Ivory for our fine things, we all know we need not worry about our soap—we are using as pure and safe a soap as money can buy.

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nounced, we consulted with stylists and artists. It was one of the most brilliant of them all who suggested the "backs and the high waistline of the very loveliest of the new evening gowns!" And New York artists chose the final colors to be used.

But these new "Surf Suits" must not only be smart—they must fit so perfectly

that not a single swimming muscle would be cramped in action.

So swimming experts—including that champion of champions, "Johnny" Weissmuller—gave us points. And every one of them is incorporated in the new "Surf Suits."

At last, after months of designing and redesigning and designing again—the new "Surf Suits" were ready.

Have you seen them—the new "Surf Suits" with the evening-gown backs and the high waistline? Ask to see them—before you choose a new bathing suit for a new season! The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York City.

**B·V·D**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Is "Pink Tooth Brush" really serious?

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you and your Dentist!



**YOU:** Is "pink tooth brush" really serious?

**DENTIST:** It can be. But its seriousness largely depends on how long you have had it.

**YOU:** I've had it quite a long time—for years, I suppose. I remember I was rather worried when I first noticed that my gums were tender and bled easily. Why should I have "pink tooth brush"? I take such awfully good care of my teeth!

**DENTIST:** Anybody may have "pink tooth brush"! Modern diet, you see. Soft foods. The gums need exercise to keep them healthy, just as one's muscles need work. Without exercise—work, if you please—your gums grow lumpy and dull. They get soft—a bit flabby—and in time they begin to bleed.

**YOU:** And after that?

**DENTIST:** Well, "pink tooth brush" makes it easy for any one of an entire group of gum troubles to get a start. Vincent's disease, for instance, gingivitis. Sometimes, even pyorrhea, though that particular one is rather rare.

**YOU:** I haven't any of those terrible things, have I?

**DENTIST:** You'd probably know it if you did! But there's another reason to stop "pink tooth brush" quickly! An unhealthy condition of the gums is likely to spoil the natural polish of your teeth. Neglect it and the roots of some may even become infected. And that may threaten some of your sound teeth.

**YOU:** No, thanks. I'll get rid of the "pink tooth brush" instead of my teeth! What's this about massaging Ipana Tooth Paste into the gums, to stop "pink tooth brush"?

**DENTIST:** Ipana has ziratol in it. Ziratol is what we dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to health. You see, Ipana plus massage speeds up circulation and firms the gum walls. Try it. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then massage some more Ipana lightly into your gums. Once or twice a day. In a month or so your gums should be considerably harder and healthier than they are right at this minute.



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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXX No. 1

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

June, 1931



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

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

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# The Girl on the Cover

**D**OROTHY JORDAN—a little Southern girl from Clarksville, Tenn.—pretty, unaffected—obviously untouched by the more cruel aspects of the world—how does she so strikingly play her dramatic rôles in pictures?

It's one of Hollywood's current brain-cudgelers.

How can this gentle child, who very evidently hasn't "lived," in the modern sense of the word, be the fine dramatic success she's become since her stunning work in "Min and Bill"?

Is she a human sponge who soaks up the power and emotion of her directors? Or has she, beneath her calm surface, a true artistic vision and a well-spring of powerful emotion?

We asked her what was the most dramatic emotion of her life. She tried desperately to think of one. At last she told of a time when she competed in some sort of inter-city scholastic dramatic contest. She was so worn out from worry about her impending graduation, and so weary from class parties and dances, that when the time for her tryout came she fainted on the stage.

**A**ND that was Dorothy Jordan's most dramatic moment before entering pictures!

Dorothy left Clarksville for New York, where she studied dramatics, worked in a chorus without being even slightly touched by the environment, and came to Hollywood. At first she was far from a success. Then, without warning, she blossomed out as a Grade-A dramatic actress!

She's a spritely, amusing girl of whom mothers would approve as a sweetheart for Junior. She dresses simply—and it's a safe bet that not a soul would take her for an actress if they didn't know. She's the type one associates with strolling in moonlit gardens with adoring swains. She's the sort that should be protected from life.

Yet, here we find her cutting loose with some pretty strenuous dramatic rôles in the toughest, most heart-breaking, bitterest racket in the world. What's more, she's beat the game at which many a seasoned trouper has played, and flopped dismally.

It's enough to make even a good guesser give up!

**I**T may even be that this lack of actual life experience does the trick. She saves herself and her emotions for her work and does not scatter them as more avid and more careless people do.

Ramon Novarro helped her in this. When Dorothy came to Hollywood she was more excited than the dizziest fan from Bird Creek. Just being in a studio was enough to send her ga-ga



Very much in the Hollywood swim, this Dorothy Jordan girl, and you can take that two ways. Here she is in her new white bathing suit at the Pacific's edge. She seems to be devoutly hoping for some fine new dramatic rôles at Metro

with thrills. She used to arrive on the lot at seven in the morning so she'd have plenty of time to put on her make-up.

Novarro scolded her, in his nicest way.

**L**OOK here, Dorothy," he told her, "in this business you must save your energy. Don't spend what power you don't have to. Put your make-up on at home and you won't have to leave the house till eight-thirty."

Sound advice, and Dorothy took it. She saw that her constant state of excitement over whatever had to do with her career was sapping her vitality, her emotional power. She decisively and snappily stopped, and began pouring her young energy into her work.

Hear Dorothy herself.

"When the studio wants me to do anything, I want to be able to do it!"

She took singing, dancing and voice-placement instruction. She acquired conversational French. She readied herself for big things—and they came.

It isn't true that she lives a cloistered life. She has plenty of beaux, and goes to parties without her mother. But Dorothy, herself, chooses a quiet life—she needs her strength for the camera.

**S**HE isn't extravagant, though her mother handles her finances.

When she was getting a pretty good salary, she decided that it would be pleasant to move from their furnished duplex apartment into a little nicer place. She found an unfurnished apartment that she loved. It rented for \$100 a month but it meant that the furniture from Clarksville would have to be shipped. "I'll have to wait a while," Dorothy said.

"My contract may not be renewed. I'd rather not go in so deep until I know I can."

Now, of course, she can plunge a bit. She, her mother and sister live in a charming place at the beach.

Although, particularly when she tasted the first drop of success, it thrilled her to be recognized and pointed out by fans as "the girl who's in Ramon Novarro's picture," she is essentially a modest person. During the making of "Min and Bill" an important magazine editor came on the set. Every member of the cast was introduced to him and then Marie Dressler said, "But you haven't met the most charming one of all. Where's Dorothy?"

And there, away from the others, in a remote corner, sat Dorothy who had not come up to the visitor as the rest had. And this is not a pose. It was simply that she considered herself less important than the others. Sweet kid, this Dorothy Jordan, and a skilful actress!

# GEORGE ARLISS



## "THE MILLIONAIRE"

George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss faus is always growing greater.

Based on "Idle Hands" by EARL DERR BIGGERS  
Screen play by J. Josephson & Maude T. Powell  
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington  
Directed by JOHN ADOLFI  
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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

**AFRICA SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Interesting travogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

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

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

**ALONG CAME YOUTH**—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

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

**ATLANTIC**—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

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

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

**BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE**—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

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

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

**CAT CREEPS, THE**—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A woy scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**DERELICT**—Paramount.—Big Boy Baneroff and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

**DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS**—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

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

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]

The Story Entitled  
**Hollywood's Age  
of Fear**  
will not appear in this issue  
as announced last month but  
it will be in next month's  
**PHOTOPLAY**  
and is  
**Worth Waiting For**

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

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi!* Dis arm entertainment! (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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



THOSE TWO COCK EYED MARINES  
VIC and EDDIE

*Always faithful to*

# WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

A RAOUL WALSH PRODUCTION

VICTOR McLAGLEN *with* EDMUND LOWE  
GRETA NISSEN EL BRENDEL

They're off again on a rampage—Flagg and Quirt—the world-popular characters created by Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, and made famous by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, in "WHAT PRICE GLORY" and "THE COCK EYED WORLD".

Flagg and Quirt—leathernecks, fightin', lovin' fools—in a delirious love-loop 'round the world—dallying with damsels of sheer delight—loving a harem of luscious ladies—a gorgeous joyride of laughs exceeding your most fantastic dreams.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

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

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

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

**EAST IS WEST**—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

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

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

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

**EXTRAVAGANCE**—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

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

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

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

**FOLLOW THE LEADER**—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

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

**FOUND**—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**HEADS UP**—Paramount.—Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarettel (Dec.)

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

**HER WEDDING NIGHT**—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

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

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

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

**HOT HEIRESS, THE**—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE**—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

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

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

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

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm warning you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

# RICHARD BARTHELMESS

FAY WRAY  
REGIS TOOMEY  
ROBERT ELLIOTT  
Adaptation by ROBERT LORD  
Dialogue by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS  
A John Francis Dillon Production  
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!



in "The Finger Points"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

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

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

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

**LADY SURRENDERS, A**—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

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

**LASIE, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

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

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

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

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Freddie March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

**LITTLE CAESAR**—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

**LOVE TRADER, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

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

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

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

**MAN TO MAN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

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

- Columbia Pictures . . . . . Page 115
- First National Pictures . . . . . Page 11
- Fox Films . . . . . Page 9
- Paramount Pictures . . . . . Page 4
- Radio Pictures . . . . . Page 111
- Warner Bros. . . . . Page 7

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

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

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

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

**MIN AND BILL**—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rameau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

**MOTHERS CRY**—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

**NOLIMIT**—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

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

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

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

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

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

**OTHER MEN'S WOMEN**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway.") Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]



A Kiss May Spread Disease!



## Discovered! Pepsodent Mouth Wash checks bad breath longer than leading mouth antiseptics!! 3 to 11\* times more powerful in killing germs!!!

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

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

### From Pepsodent laboratories

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

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

### Cleanses—purifies the mouth

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

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

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

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

### Checks bad breath

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

### At your druggist's—today

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

### Consult your Dentist, Physician

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



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

**COSTS MUCH LESS**

# Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

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



## “Touch Not Yon Blonde”

**W**HAM! The warfare Katherine Albert started when she wrote the article in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY called “Exploding the Garbo Myth.” Sky rockets, pin wheels, Roman candles, hand grenades, shrapnel shells and poison gas came popping, banging and hissing into PHOTOPLAY’s office. Through the rockets’ red glare with bombs bursting in air, our neighbors began to wonder if PHOTOPLAY was still there.

The only thing we didn’t get was a time bomb, and this was only because no one thought of it. We even heard from insane asylums, old soldiers’ homes, maternity wards and orphan asylums.

No story ever printed about a screen personality started as many fireworks as Miss Albert’s story that Garbo is tainted with humanity and is not a goddess.

All bulky packages addressed to Katherine Albert were delivered to the Police Bomb Squad to be soaked in water before opening. The editor of another screen magazine received a long article denouncing Miss Albert and proclaiming the divinity of Garbo, with the statement that unless the article was printed in that magazine the writer would publish a magazine of her own.

Miss Albert was denounced in bombastic, flaming epithets that made her cute little pink ears turn a livid purple and crinkle at the edges. She was put in a class with Benedict Arnold, Nero and Judas. Lucrezia Borgia, she discovered, was just an amateur poisoner compared to herself. And all because she had the temerity to suggest that Garbo was less than Divine.

**T**HE fact that she did say many nice things about Garbo didn’t save her from abuse.

“Nobody has ever had such a place in the film firmament,” wrote Miss Albert. “Nobody has ever had such a hold on the imagination of the people.”

And again: “Garbo’s a nice girl.”

And again: “She’s invariably lovely and kind to the new actors and actresses who work with her. She is touched by illness and sadness and expresses herself in flowers and gifts to those who are ill or sad.”

But no matter. Miss Albert thought the Garbo legend of mystery was just a myth—and the war was on!

When the smoke of the Garbo vs. Albert battle cleared we discovered numerous letters in praise of “Skippy.” How the kids loved it! “The Front Page” caused

a sensation; hats were doffed high to Adolphe Meriou for a grand performance. “Dracula” stirred up much excitement, too much for those with jagged nerves. Complaints galore because the music had been removed from “Fifty Million Frenchmen.” There is a decided yearning creeping into the fan mail for more music in the talkies. The pendulum is swinging back.

**G**EORGE ARLISS’ admiring throned thought “The Millionaire” a great picture and they liked to see him playing an American for a change. Evalyn Knapp as his daughter received nothing but bouquets and was nominated as a sure candidate for stardom. Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in “Honor Among Lovers” won the popular vote. Robert Montgomery is dodging brick-bats and picking up bouquets at the same time. Lew Ayres is a boy wonder. Paul Lukas is g-r-r-rand! Better stories are demanded for Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers. He’s still a big favorite.

Insistent cries for more romance in the talkies, less sensationalism, worth while stories with some plot; cut out misleading advertisements.

And always the Garbo Army for the Defense telling us—commanding us—to watch our step and leave the Divine Woman unassailed.

Now for the barrage that landed, some 15,854 strong, on our defenseless heads and left us groggy and hanging on the ropes!

### For and Against

**G**ARBO is all soul in an age where soul is forgotten.

BLANCHE DRISCOLL,  
Philadelphia, Penna.

I’ll never read another story by Katherine Albert as long as I live, unless it is entitled “I Apologize to Garbo.”

ELLEN BROWN,  
New York City

Garbo is the scale by which we measure our stars. No one has ever reached her standard.

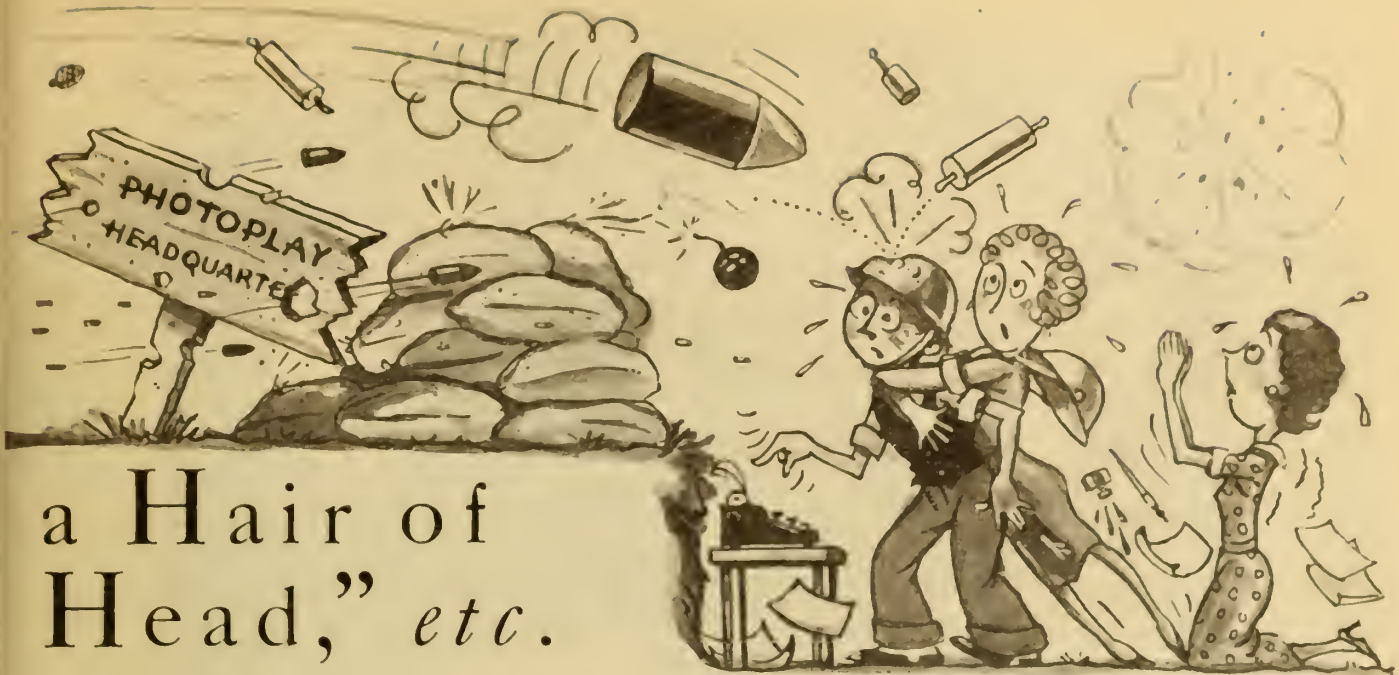
ELIZABETH WALTER,  
Baldwinsville, N. Y.



Weight 98 pounds. Fifteen thousand Garbo-Forever fans pounced on her. She still maintains that Garbo is not divine

Miss Albert has failed in her attempt to discredit the world’s greatest actress.

ROSE LANE,  
Medford, Ore.



# a Hair of Head," etc.

Once in an age a vibrant, magnetic personality is given to the world—such a personality is Garbo's.

MERLE DELANEY,  
Montreal, Can.

I've bought my last copy of PHOTOPLAY.  
J. D. SISSON,  
New York City

We know our Garbo! She is as we want her to be. Don't try to put us "wise" to her.  
NELL LAIZELERE,  
Birmingham, Ala.

That our Divine Garbo is brilliant and talented is too obvious a thing to bicker about.  
GENE CARTWELL,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Give up the hopeless task of trying to destroy our illusions about Garbo. No matter what she is, no matter what she does, we'll go right on worshipping her.

A. M. AMBLER,  
New York City

Get Katherine Albert off your staff quick! Anyone calling the Great Garbo an "emotional machine" will ruin PHOTOPLAY.

MARY JANET BROWN,  
New Orleans, La.

Fifty million people can't be wrong. Katherine Albert's article hasn't convinced me that Garbo's charm is caused by a "facial trick."

MAXINE DIES,  
Denver, Col.

The Public—which after all is the greatest boss—judged Garbo and found her NOT lacking.

ROSE ANDERSON,  
Flag Center, Kan.

Down with this joy-killing debunker who cannot let us worship our Goddess in peace!  
ANNA MCLEAN,  
Enderlin, N. D.

PHOTOPLAY is the most outstanding screen magazine in the world, but if Katherine Albert writes against Garbo, the Immortal, we shall never read PHOTOPLAY again.

MARY LEE,  
Chicago, Ill.

Exploding—that's how I feel after reading Katherine Albert's article on the unsurpassable Garbo. Garbo is the greatest living actress.

A. F. SANDERSON,  
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Don't give us any more articles like "Exploding the Garbo Myth." No one wants to know that her idol has clay feet. Leave us our stars untarnished by the glare of unflattering reality.

SARA MIDDLEMAN,  
Philadelphia, Penna.

"Garbo is no great shakes as an actress," says Katherine Albert. At that rate "Anna Christie," "Romance" and "Inspiration" must have been optical illusions.

ANNA M. BIENEMAN,  
Philadelphia, Penna.

This kind of criticism can hurt no one. When Garbo reads it she'll probably give one of her entrancing smiles and say, "Oh, dot's silly." That's what we think.

HELEN H. ALDRICH,  
Evanston, Ill.

If Garbo is "no great shakes as an actress" and her artistry is "merely a facial trick," then, dear me, what in the world is wrong with the few million of us who sit and twiddle our thumbs waiting for the release of her next picture?

HAZEL BRIGGS,  
Greenville, Mich.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145 ]

## Best Letters of Month

### The \$25 Letter

To the movies I owe a debt of gratitude. During my hardest years they offered me respite and escape. When life is pretty thick, money scarce, clothes shabby, just slip into the grateful darkness of a movie theater for a couple of hours. I remember one occasion in particular. After nursing the kids and their father through a siege of flu, cold packs, hot packs, aspirin, orange juice and the rest, I had them at last safely convalescent and slipped out to a show. It was a romance as picturesque as an old tapestry. And did I enjoy it! I walked home in the rain with new energy to tackle my job.

Time has passed. My children are older, life a little easier, but I still go to

the movies for the pleasure they give me.  
MRS. MARIAN RODGERS,  
Portland, Ore.

### The \$10 Letter

From the beginning of motion pictures to the present time there have been a large number of clergymen who seem to have nothing but destructive criticism for the screen.

They are denouncing something they know nothing about. For an example, on a Sunday evening a few weeks ago, I listened to a minister tell about what a menace the movies were. He wound up his discourse by saying that he and his children had never been in a picture show. I said to myself, "Brother, if you had

gone to see 'The Devil's Holiday' last week, you probably would have had a better text for your sermon this evening."

PEARL ELLINGTON,  
Long Beach, Calif.

### The \$5 Letter

The creed of the box office seems to be to make pictures appear a little off-color or the public will be bored. Many a so-called "bad" picture is in reality a beautiful thing, subtly and delicately handled and not the indecent type one is led to expect from its lurid title. The "badness" of a picture often lies in the way it is advertised.

LAURA BELLE CONNER,  
Battle Creek, Mich.



In "Bachelor Apartment," the employer (Lowell Sherman) might be saying to his secretary (Irene Dunne), "Be hard on yourself, I haven't got time"

# A Tip for Lazy Girls

THERE'S one in every office. In every factory, and shop, and school. And in plenty of homes. The girl who can always find an excuse for herself, a reason why she shouldn't be censured either for small slips or serious mistakes. Who thinks everybody is "hard on her" but never connects it with not being hard enough on herself.

I heard a story recently that illustrates just what I mean. The secretary to a busy and important man made a mistake during the first month of her work for him that cost the company quite a sum of money. Discouraged and conscience-stricken, she went into his office to apologize and receive the discharge she knew she deserved.

Disconcerted by his abrupt, impersonal attitude as she began the set little speech she had composed, her poise left her completely and she found herself mumbling how sorry she was and begging him not to be too hard on her.

"Be hard on yourself," he snapped back. "I haven't time to be hard on the people in my office. If they can't see and correct their own shortcomings, I let them go. Maybe other business men have time to argue. I hav-n't. Now, please get your note-book. I'm going out of town to try to save the pieces on this deal, and there are some important jobs you will have to follow up while I'm gone."

Frightened by the sternness of his code, but grateful for being given another chance, she set herself to making a concentrated attack upon each day's work. She learned to be really hard on herself. It showed in the thoroughness of her work

## They wonder why they don't get along in office, home and social affairs

and the speed with which she developed judgment in business affairs.

Two years later, when her title was changed to "assistant" to cover the increased scope of her duties, she was told that the money her mistake had cost the company had long since been chalked up as an investment. They realized that it had made her develop from an average stenographer to a

wide-awake business woman.

I KNEW a wife who thought her husband was unusually hard to please. He liked his meals hot and on time. He liked his newspaper handy to his easy chair in the evening. He liked everything that made for comfort in his home. He grumbled when he didn't get it. And she resented this, and thought he was demanding a great deal.

One day he said something in anger that stung her, not to immediate action, but to some real thinking. "If I put out as little effort to make good in my job and earn my salary as you do, there wouldn't be any job or any money to run this house," he exploded.

Amazed at his audacity in reminding her, a modern woman who had been self-supporting before marriage, that she was dependent upon him for a living, she was quite speechless. Yes, this is a true incident, and women *are* sometimes left speechless with surprise or indignation, the joke-smiths and comic strip artists to the contrary! Women always deliver their best comebacks in their own imaginary conversations, long after the

## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

ARE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. *There is no charge* and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

# Is Hollywood's Indescribable "IT"

## Hidden in the MAGIC OF MAKE-UP

*Is make-up the secret of the glamorous beauty of the screen stars?*

Can every girl create a beauty that thrills... a personality that attracts... with Hollywood's Make-Up Secret?

*Read the answer... by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius... Max Factor.*

"IT"... that indescribable something about a personality that attracts, that allures, that appeals; that is magnetic and electric. Every famous screen star has it... and holds an audience of millions spellbound. What is the secret?

"What we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics... every woman should know. True! make-up is magic... and in the magic of make-up lies more than new beauty... but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars and studios, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty... gain new personality... new charm... new attraction... listen! In Hollywood, screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for street and social wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony... Max Factor's famous discovery which revolutionized make-up in Hollywood, and caused all stars and studios to adopt his make-up exclusively. A make-up ensemble... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other essentials in perfect color harmonies for every individual type of beauty... in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too... just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual personality... suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

Now you... like a screen star... may share this secret of beauty. Max Factor will create for you... just as he would for a screen star... your own color harmony in make-up, according to your own complexion analysis, and with this priceless gift you will receive a copy of his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Discover this make-up secret of Hollywood's... and you'll discover the one way to new beauty, new fascination, and that indescribable something called "it" which until now has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood. Mail courtesy coupon now.

### MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

*Cosmetics of the Stars* \*\*\* HOLLYWOOD

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

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

©1930 Max Factor



DOROTHY MACKAILL

starring in  
First National's production  
"Party Husbands"  
Make-Up by Max Factor

Dorothy Mackaill, writes: "I use your make-up exclusively, as there is none just as good as Max Factor's Society Make-Up."

\*\*\*

LORETTA YOUNG,  
First National Star and Max Factor,  
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius using  
the correct color harmony tone in Max  
Factor's Face Powder.




Photo study of the color harmony ensemble of Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

#### MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-6-40  
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____	COMPLEXION:	COLOR EYES	LIPS
	Light		Moist
Address _____	Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
	Medium		SKIN
City _____	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
	Dark		Dry
State _____	Sallow	AGE	Normal
	Olive		Answer with Check Mark



*“till* BREATH  
*do us part”*

*S*s the time coming when halitosis (unpleasant breath) will be legal grounds for separation? We hope not. There are too many grounds now.

Yet halitosis has already been listed as an act of “extreme cruelty.” In another case, tried in the Chicago courts, it was set forth as the principal cause of a woman’s unhappiness with her husband.

One thing is certain: There is no greater bar to pleasant business and social relations than unpleasant breath. It is the fault others won’t forgive.

#### *Don’t offend others*

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend won’t tell you. Even when married, a man or woman hesitates to bring up this delicate subject.

One way to make sure that you are always free from halitosis is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine in-

stantly overcomes odors and leaves the breath and the mouth sweet, clean, and wholesome. Its amazing powers as a deodorant have been demonstrated in medical practice the world over.

#### *Causes of halitosis*

Every day, conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise in the mouth. Its common causes are: Fermenting food particles. Decaying teeth. Teeth, natural or artificial, improperly cleaned. Digestive disorders resulting from excesses of eating or drinking. Too much smoking. Infections in the oral tract, such as pyorrhea, trench mouth, catarrh, and colds.

#### *Why Listerine deodorizes*

Because of Listerine’s instant germicidal action, it halts fermentation and decay—each a cause of odors. Since it is, in addi-

tion, a swift, pleasant deodorant, it quickly gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it before any social engagement. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**LISTERINE ends Halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)**



Shalitt

**A** NATURAL, regular fellow—a superb actor of romantic and light comedy rôles—and a star against his will—all these go to make up Fredric March, “Fred” to us since his memorable, mirth-quaking work in “The Royal Family of Broadway”



Clarence Sinclair Bull

**I**T took a ramble in "The Great Meadow," Metro's beautiful story of the pioneers, to bring Eleanor Boardman back to us. Now she's playing in Cecil De Mille's "The Squaw Man." Other times she's Mrs. King Vidor, mother of two small Vidor





Richee

**B**LESS our hearts—do your eagle eyes detect a more mature, a more womanly Nancy Carroll here? The same pretty face and coloring—but Nancy's growing up, and no mistake. Maybe it's the brilliant dramatic parts Paramount has been giving her!



Fryer

CARE for the curls in front of the right ear? It's one of Dorothy Mackaill's new little stunts. Dorothy's talkie success is assured, and getting greater every minute. Her next picture for us is "Party Husband," and she says we'll like it

# Your SEWING PROBLEMS SOLVED

New plan entitles you to  
**FREE** personal help with your summer sewing  
no cost—no obligation—simply use coupon



**W**HAT help do you need right *now* with your summer sewing? What are you planning to make or what would you *like* to make? A dress for yourself, a child's frock, draperies for your home? Or would you like help in altering and adjusting a pattern? Whatever your need or your sewing problem, you can have *free* personal help at once through this special offer.

## Not One Penny of Cost

During June, July and August, every Singer Sewing School in the United States and Canada is giving a series of special free Summer Sewing Courses. They are short, interesting, practical. They bring you the personal help of a competent teacher, the same teacher who conducts the complete Course in Home Sewing given to all purchasers of Singer machines.

For the summer months only, these Special Courses are Free. There is not one penny of cost to you. Not the slightest obligation on your part. Simply choose the Course that meets your needs and enjoy its benefits.

Come now and be among the very first to accept this unusual offer. Tell your friends and invite them to come with you. Do not miss this opportunity to have personal help on your immediate sewing problems.

## Send Coupon for Enrollment Certificate

Fill out the coupon below and take it to the Singer Shop nearest your home (see telephone directory for address). You will receive at once your Enrollment Certificate entitling you to this free help on your sewing problems. Or, send the coupon to us and we will immediately send you by mail your Enrollment Certificate and the address of the Singer Shop where you may enjoy these special Summer Sewing Courses free.

Your Enrollment Certificate also entitles you to your choice, *free*, of any one of these books in the Singer Sewing Library—"How to Make Dresses," "How to Make Children's Clothes," "How to Make Draperies," "Short Cuts to Home Sewing."

## SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

Conducted by **SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY**

Singer Sewing Machine Co., Inc., Dept. F-118, Singer Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Please issue to me an Enrollment Certificate entitling me without cost or obligation, during June, July or August, to special personal instruction at the nearest Singer Sewing School; also to my choice, free, of any one book in the Singer Sewing Library.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street (or R. F. D.) \_\_\_\_\_

City or Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_



Choose COLORS that make your

Hair

gleam with

BEAUTY

says

DOROTHY DIX



Sympathetic advisor of millions of girls, and probably the most widely read writer in the world



SO many letters from girls—all longing for the loveliness that will awaken romance! Dear, eager girls—nowadays no girl needs to be plain!

Any girl who wears the right COLORS can seem so radiantly charming that the men simply flock around her—for men love color.

A Shining Halo

Your hair, for example—is it the shining halo of loveliness your heart desires? The right color in your frock can make your hair gleam with beauty (and men will tell you so!).

Only remember this: once you've chosen your best colors, take care not to risk fading. For two reasons:

1. Fading diminishes the emotional thrill of the color.
2. Fading—even slight fading—may make a color 'off' for you.

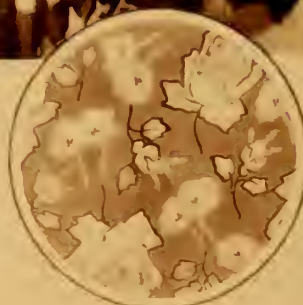
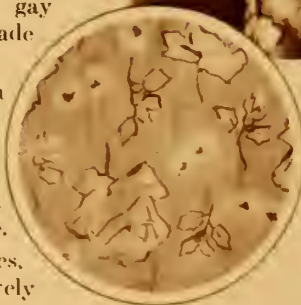
But you need not fear fading if you wash your colorful frocks, gay blouses, in Lux. For Lux is made to preserve color.

Ordinary 'good' soaps often do take away a little color as they cleanse, but Lux is safe. You know their slogan, 'If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux!' That's absolutely true.

Not only in your clothes, but in your HOME. fresh lovely color adds charm and glamour to YOU. Dainty curtains, sofa pillows, tablelinens—keep them all colorful as new with Lux!

Dorothy Dix

The right colors can flatter all your good points and subdue all your bad ones. Make you so radiantly charming that men flock around!"



This very lovely printed chiffon, washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap, has faded and run, lost all charm. The brilliant distinction of the pattern is lost, too, in the change of color tone.

Another piece of the same chiffon Luxed 10 times is unfaded; the colors are absolutely true and the fabric unchanged in any way. All the distinguished beauty it had when new is retained.



If a color is safe in water alone... it's just as safe in

LUX

June, 1931

# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By  
*James R. Quirk*

**H**AVE you seen "Skippy" yet? If not, gather together all the kids you can crowd into your automobile, saving a seat for grandma, and take them along with you. It's a refreshing treat in these cinematic days of gangsters and hot mammas, and is done with infinite *finesse* and insight into child psychology.

In the usual course of screen events, there will follow a deluge of imitations trying to cash in on Paramount's success with this one.

Then, also, in the usual course of screen events, because some of the imitations will be crude, there will ensue a loud howl from the busybodies and joy-killers who eternally concern themselves with our earthly habits and heavenly destination, and who think the motion picture should be submitted to the domination of the same mob of spiritual gangsters who put over prohibition.

**M**ARK you, within a year we will be reading stories like this in the daily press:

Enoch Z. Bluenose, that ardent worker in the cause of child welfare, declared yesterday that the screen is responsible for an unprecedented epidemic of juvenile delinquency which threatens to corrupt the very foundations of American home life.

"I warn every parent in my flock to protect their dear little ones from the contaminating influence of the screen, and particularly from a vicious picture called 'Skippy,'" said Mr. Bluenose.

"At the risk of personal pollution, I visited the Paramount Theater and viewed this abominable production. Imagine my surprise and horror to find the theater filled with children of tender and impressionable age.

"These poor misguided children actually laughed at the rascalities of this reprehensible young character in the act of breaking the fourth commandment. He robs a bank, deceives and disobeys his parents, flaunts the laws, and consorts with low and degrading characters."



**N**O, rather make sweet little hypocrites, rattle-tales and namby-pambies of them—the kind of kids you would like to see the scoundrelly *Skippy* give a sock in the eye just for good luck.

**S**MART little trick, Richard Bennett's daughter, Constance. When that poor inexperienced girl gets busy, the sharp business men of Hollywood are as helpless as babes.

Her old Pathe contract gave her ten weeks' vacation. Did she go to Europe for rest and study, as they call it?

She did not. She negotiated a deal with Warner Bros. for those vacation weeks at nothing less than \$10,000 per.

They wanted her badly but told her the price was too high, and pointed out that anyhow the government would grab a big slice of it for income tax.

"You're right. I see your point," said the timid little bunch of fluffy femininity meekly, "I'll think it over."

**N**EXT day she told the big business men she had an idea, and coyly suggested that they pay the income tax in addition.

Four executives were carried out, but before they collapsed they agreed, lest Connie get another idea while in their weakened condition.

Then she negotiated a new contract with RKO-Pathé. They cut her vacation to four weeks a year, and she only gets a niggardly \$25,000 a week while loafing away her time.

"I had been out late at a dance and was too tired to fight," Connie told a friend with whom she lunched at the Ambassador Hotel that day.

God help the producers if that girl ever catches up with her sleep.

WHEN Robert Edeson died in Hollywood at sixty-three, a unique man and spirit went quietly into the Sunset.

Bob Edeson wasn't unique because he was a fine actor and stout trouper of the old school—the stages and studios still hold a sprinkling of his kind.

No—Edeson was unique because among all men of the theater he most graciously and successfully transferred his flag from the old theater to the new world of the screen, and moved in picture-land a trusted, kindly adviser—a faithful friend to the youngsters—and ever a good actor who trouped until illness closed his make-up box for all time.

When he knew that his end was near, he said to his old friend Edmund Breese, at his bedside, “If it's all right, Ed, have the funeral at noon, so the boys and girls can come without holding up a picture.”

IN all my sixteen years as publisher of PHOTOPLAY I have known of only two personalities with a following so devoted that the idol could do no wrong. One was Valentino. The other is Greta Garbo.

The reaction to a critical article written by Katherine Albert, who dared to question the artistic dimensions and divinity of Garbo, was the most amazing in the history of this publication.

No sooner was the magazine on the newsstands than letters of rebuke, reproach, condemnation, castigation, disgust and contempt for both writer and publication, started coming in—over 15,000 in all. If Garbomaniaes mean what they say we'll have at least that many less readers from now on.

Do not miss reading some of these letters on page 14 of this issue. They offer a curious insight into the reason why producers will never be able to dispense with the star system, and why many picture personalities are literally worth more than their weight in gold in every production in which they appear.

JOHN DRINKWATER, one of the most distinguished of living writers, biographer of Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee and Samuel Pepys, has become the Boswell of Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal Company.

Twenty-five thousand pieces of silver is the reported price that the distinguished English biographer got for his hack job of a book. It lauds Laemmle as the greatest figure in all motion pictures. Edison, Griffith, Zukor, Fox; these chaps are not permitted to mess up Mr. Drinkwater's version of how Carl Laemmle played the rôle of God in the Genesis of picture history.

AS a piece of personal aggrandizement, it deserves any award in sight. As a biography, it is trash.

Laemmle is frank in his eternal quest of publicity. As to Drinkwater—well, when a guy is paid \$25,000 or thereabouts, he has to say something, even if he does stick in an apologetic note here and there.

Now, Mr. Drinkwater, you can go back to work on your biographies of those other great men—Napoleon and Julius Caesar.

And as you go out, close the door.

NO film news of the month carries as much significance to the industry as the untimely death of Lewis Warner, twenty-two-year-old and only son of Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Bros. He was a brilliant and utterly unspoiled young man with all the application and mental balance that make for achievement.

I have rarely seen such an outpouring of genuine sorrow and sympathy as the whole motion picture industry evinced on the occasion of his passing.

WHEN you go into a book store and see a volume called “Stage Struck John Golden,” obey that impulse and walk out with it, even if you have to pay for it!

It's a text book on the stage, motion pictures, radio, selling gold bricks, philosophy, humor, big business, deep sea fishing and golf, although it has little to say about any but the first two. I think it is at one and the same time the best text book for motion picture producers that I have ever read, and one of the most delightful volumes that ever kept me up until three in the morning.

I DON'T want to spoil your illusions by telling you he made his millions (and still has them) by producing clean plays. But it's so.

One of the most fascinating yarns in the book is about the close call from oblivion “7th Heaven” had. Golden had faith in a little manuscript that came to his office. He asked Winchell Smith, William Gillette, Edgar Selwyn, and half a dozen other big-shot writers to work on it. They couldn't see it. So it became one of the most sensational successes in the history of stage or screen, and made millions.

Golden started out as a song writer, but has reformed, and is today a fairly respectable citizen.

A FAMOUS writer from New York had just left the inner office of one of the big moguls of Hollywood.

“That man has the most alert mind I ever knew,” ventured one of the ace directors of the lot.

“Yes, indeed,” said the producer. “It never stops until it reaches the studio.”



**H**ARDLY less merciless than the white glare of publicity is this battery of huge lights which Clara Bow faces daily when she is making a picture. That one at the lower left is a rifle; above, a sun arc; center, a twin or broad, a spotlight and baby spot; right, two "inkies"



# With “Skippy”

## on the Set

“Don’t worry, *Sooky*, we’ll get *Penny* back.” One of the picture’s tear-jerking moments

**A** TOUGH day on the “Skippy” set. . . . It had been the fourth “bum take”! Five-year-old Robert Coogan, dressed in the oversized habiliments of *Sooky*, just couldn’t seem to get the scene right, somehow. Director Norman Taurog, for once, was at his wits’ end. Papa Coogan, always on the stage, took a hand:

“Look, Bobbie,” he said to his five-year-old successor to Jackie, “you don’t have to do all that mugging to make this scene. You can act it with your eyes. Why—don’t you remember how your brother Jackie used to work?”

Young Robert Coogan drew himself up to his full forty-eight inches and looked his father square in the eye.

“Father,” he piped, in that amazing childish treble that squeaks right into your heart, “at my age, I’m a far better actor than my brother *ever* was!”

And the next take was perfect!

Another time, Jackie Cooper, that seven-year-old genius who tears your heart out as *Skippy* himself, just wouldn’t look sad enough when he peeped through a screen door and saw his pal *Sooky* crying his eyeballs out over the death of his dog.

“Come on, Jackie, give us a real cry now,” begged Taurog again and again. But Jackie, swell little actor though he is, is more the boy than the Thespians. He was much more interested in playing with some toys on the sidelines than playing his rôle.

Taurog said: “I’ll fix him!” He called Jackie over. “I’m terribly sorry, Jackie,” he said, and his voice trembled, “but I’m afraid I was wrong. I thought you could do this part—but now I can see you just haven’t got it in you. I’ll have to use Tom over there in your place. . . .”

He raised his voice and yelled across the stage:

“HEY, BILL—GET TOM DRESSED IN *SKIPPY’S* CLOTHES AND MAKE HIM UP RIGHT AWAY. I’M GOING TO FIRE JACKIE COOPER.”

Young Cooper’s eyes bulged. His lips and chin began to tremble. Real tears—not fake ones—welled in his eyes.

“Aw, Mister Taurog. . . .”

“WELL, I’ll give you one more chance. Try the scene again,” said the director.

This time, Jackie Cooper’s weeping was perfect for the camera. It was *real*.

Jackie was crying because he thought he was going to lose the part!

But those two little incidents are just two of thousands that happened during the filming of “Skippy” to show the methods the grown-ups had to use to achieve the heights of drama they did with that cast of five-, six-, and seven-year-olds.

The grown-ups couldn’t work with the youngsters as they’d work with adult actors. Kids don’t think that way—and so the grown-ups had to be kids themselves, playing a big game with the child actors.



Come on, fellers,  
let's get in on  
the making of  
the picture and  
see how these  
kids did it

By

Harry Lang

Every dog has his day and  
here the dog-catcher's boy has  
his before an envious world



Probably the most amazing fact of all the remarkable things about the picture is this:

That outside of Coogan, Senior, not one of the men who had an authoritative part in its making—writers, director, supervisors—are fathers themselves!

There's a squabble of sorts over who is most responsible for the story of "Skippy." The title sheet, officially, says the original story is by Percy Crosby and Sam Mintz.

CROSBY is the cartoonist genius who is *Skippy's* real father. He draws the *Skippy* comic strip you see in so many newspapers. But, to tell the truth, Percy Crosby had no part whatsoever in the writing of the screen story. Sam Mintz, a fattish young non-father on the Paramount writing staff, wrote the original screen story.

"Crosby," Mintz explains, "merely created the character." That's all—just created *Skippy!*

Mintz is very proud of his achievement. He's so proud that he's touchy about it. The other day on the Paramount lot, someone asked him if he'd written the "adaptation."

"Adaptation?" he roared. "I wrote the *original!*"

And he was in such a huff that he wouldn't speak to anybody else about it that day.

"Maybe," said one of the other people on the lot, "that's why he did such a good child story—because he acts so childish himself!" But that—well, let's pass it off as just another Hollywood crack.

The real genius, perhaps, is Norman Taurog, the director. He loves the cartoon strip of Crosby's. When he heard Paramount was thinking of screening a *Skippy* story, he begged for the chance to direct it. They gave it to him.

He's a man who loves children. Loves them so that they love him in return. Three days after little Robert Coogan met him, Robert was calling him "Norm."

Ask Taurog how he did it, and he tells you, modestly, that he merely tried to be a kid with the rest of them. And he adds:

"We tried to make them think the whole thing was real—not just make-believe." And that, perhaps, is the fundamental secret of the success of the film. Some people will argue it was heartless to make the kids believe that the dog was killed—but that's what they did.

ON the screen, the dog is named *Penny*. In his home life, the dog's name is *King Tut*—he's just another of Hollywood's many movie-trained dogs.

But long before the actual shooting of the picture began, *King Tut* was introduced to the child actors as *Penny*. The children were allowed to play with him. He was even allowed to go to their homes with them. Robert Coogan and Jackie Cooper got to love *Penny* as only a kid can love a pooch.

Then, when the big scene in the dog-catcher's office came, every effort was made to convince Robert and Jackie that *Penny* had actually been killed. Really, the children knew it was make-believe. But with that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]

# The Screen Social



Oh, yes indeedy—married couples dance at Mayfair when Hollywood goes out to play, dance and laugh. Particularly when they're as devoted as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery. They married in 1928, when she was Elizabeth Allen and they were playing together in a show called "Dawn." The play flopped—but what a hit the marriage is!

Where they dance with their present, or ex, or going-to-be, and check their studio troubles with their coats and hats



Look! Look! There's Corinne Griffith! Doesn't she look stunning? And who's that tall, good-looking boy she's dancing with—the one who's so tanned? That's Joel McCrea, who gets so many leading-man jobs these days

# Event of the Month

Special Photographs by Stagg



The debonair—not to say dapper—Ivan Lebedeff drinks a Mayfair toast to the lady across the table. It's Mary Pickford—sorry you can't see the back of her head. Ivan is a Mayfair Beau Brummel. He makes the more careless boys feel almost half-dressed



No—sorry! They're not together at *this* Mayfair, even though here they are looking at each other. At the left, the Marquis de la Falaise leans forward to catch a good story. And at the right we see Gloria Swanson smilingly watching the merry dancers

And of course every Hollywood Mayfair has its outpouring of filmland's Younger Set—and here are two of the younger and prettier. Sue Carol and Mary Brian, wearing two of the smartest gowns seen at the party, sit quietly just outside the ballroom and watch the glittering parade of starry folk go by

# Plane LOVE

*A fast moving tale wherein  
the temperamental Charmion  
Clayburn goes up in the air  
and rides out the storm to  
a happy landing*

By  
Charles J. McGuirk

*Illustrated by Frank Godwin*



"SHE'S gonna throw one." Rocky Boles, huge electrician, spoke out of the corner of his mouth as he stared toward the set, his eyes alight with excitement. "Yep. She's gonna throw one and it ought to be a lulu because she ain't had one in so long."

"What's the matter, Rocky?" asked Eddie Caine, the diminutive stage carpenter and Rocky's pal. "You goin' off your nut? Who's gonna throw what?"

"The Clayburn." Rocky jerked his head toward the set. "Charmion, The Great. America's and Germany's and England's and Italy's and Spain's and China's and Japan's sweetheart is gonna throw a fit. They call it temperament when you're drawin' down five grand a week like she is, but if you or I did it, they'd say it was just temper and they'd toss us off the lot."

"Yeah?" said Eddie looking at the sullen young woman lounging on the couch under the lights. "I heard about that dame throwin' them fits but I never saw her doin' it. What's she do it for?"

"Well," asked Rocky, "what would you do if you was poor all your life and came out to Hollywood hitch-hikin' and got grabbed up in the movies and at twenty-two was gettin' five grand a week and five hundred fan letters a day and everything was in your lap?"

"I'd go down to Ti' Juana," Eddie said, "and I'd get cock-eyed and then I'd go three miles further to Agua Caliente and I'd gamble and every time I started to sober up I'd make some beautiful doll pour champagne down my throat till I was unconscious. But I'm askin' you about this Clayburn dame."

"And I'm tellin' you. She's got everything in the world and not a thing to worry her, only her art. Nobody to take care of. Nobody to be responsible to. Every letter she gets tells her she's the Queen of Sheba and everybody around her 'Yesses' her blind. That leaves her with nobody to think of but herself. And if you think yourself is pleasant to be always thinkin' about try it on your own piano for a coupla years. That dame needs somethin' to take her out of herself."

"WHAT she needs," Eddie said judiciously, "is a good sock in the nose."

"Yeah!" Rocky sneered. "You should talk about sockin' a woman when your wife won't hardly let you blow your own nose. No. That ain't the answer. If she wasn't a swell kid, she wouldn't be so bad off. But she's on the up-and-up. So when the pressure gets too heavy, she throws the furniture around and, maybe, swears a little, and then it's all over for a while. Right after one of them blow-offs, she'd give you her shirt. What she needs is opposition."

"No," disagreed Eddie. "What she needs is to get married."  
"Well, for the love of Mike," said Rocky. "What's marriage but opposition? Look at her now. Get a load of her workin'



Lorenz's face still smarted from the sharp slap of her open hand. She kept her eyes on him as she turned disdainfully away, and Dave knew that scene had not been rehearsed even before he heard Lorenz's frantic whimper

up the temperature. Why, you can feel it in the air she's gettin' madder'n madder."

It was true.

The atmosphere was charged with a tension like that which precedes a storm. Charmion Clayburn, star of studio's bigger and better dramas of passion, rested on her side, supported by her right arm on the couch in the set. The set represented an actress' dressing-room in a theater in Algeria.

If the girl on the couch was twenty-two in years, she was ageless in appearance. She might be twenty-two—or ninety. Every line of her voluptuous, shapely body was revealed by her costume of black lingerie, sheer, black silk stockings and extremely high-heeled shoes. She was a tawny woman. Her thick, blonde hair was cut so that it fell upon her shoulders. Her skin was warm, clear ivory. Her forehead was low and

broad, her eyes long and deep blue under their long lashes. Her mouth was firm and thick-lipped, her cheek bones high and her chin square under its roundness. A black negligée was pulled carelessly over the middle of her body.

She was smoking a cigarette, tapping it nervously from time to time with a quick, impatient finger so that the ashes fell into a tiny unheeded heap on the floor. Looking at her, you would say, as the millions who saw her pictures said, that she was made for love.

Save for that impatient finger and her eyes, she was motionless and seemingly calm and deliberate. Yet those who knew her saw in them the signs of the approaching storm and moved warily. The eyes were alive and smouldering. They darted at the three cameras, one set for the full scene, the other two for close-ups at different angles. They slid past the box that was the sound compartment in which the experts were working to synchronize their apparatus with the cameras. They leaped at Forrest, the director, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133 ]

# Beauty At Any Cost

The marble plunge in Esther Ralston's palatial new beauty salon. Here the ladies in search of health, slimness and beauty can swim and dive to their hearts' content. Adjustable hot and ice-cold needle showers can be placed around the edges at will



**E**STHER RALSTON'S gone and done it. She's opened the most lavish beauty shop in Hollywood. For several weeks there's been a rumor that Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels and Mary Pickford were about to open exclusive beauty shops. But before anything definite was done, Esther Ralston surprised Hollywood with the startling "Esther's Beauty Salon."

Each marcel and permanent wave room is furnished in a different color and the whole is completely modernistic. But that isn't all. The main features of the establishment are the reducing baths and gymnasium. Every sort of reducing bath known to womankind is there, and also a big pool of cold water for the final dip. You can have salt rubs, Turkish baths, steam vapor baths, oil rubs, electric cabinets, light baths of suntan, ultra-violet, infra-ray, or a marathon bath (sitting in a tub of water for a few hours).

There is a total of 125 rooms, and it cost Esther something like \$150,000 to start. Husband George Webb will, of course, be manager-in-chief. Nothing like it has ever been seen in Hollywood before.



One of the twelve rest rooms. The ceilings of the rooms are latticed so that the blue sky may be seen. Each room is equipped with a radio set



The three ages of Farina. Left, The Black Spot as he made his "Our Gang" debut at two and a half. Right, at four, he tucks into a Dixie Dewberry. And center, almost eleven and too big to be cute any more. Last stage of all—and exit!

By  
Leonard  
Hall

# Retired *at* Eleven

**N**INE years ago a tiny black dot was tossed to the mercies of that band of young hellions known as "Our Gang." There was practically nothing to this dot but huge, rolling eyes and a mass of kinky woolen hair. It was christened *Farina*, dressed in rags and immediately hit in the face with a cocoanut custard pie.

Thus began the motion picture career of Master Allen Clayton Hoskins, famous as the unapproachable Farina, and now known in song and story as the founder of the realistic school of acting—the-suffer-and-mean-it type—in the film world.

At the age of two and a bit, Master Hoskins was the unquestioned leader of his school.

Today, a spindly colored boy of eleven, Master Hoskins leaves "Our Gang," becoming the second alumnus of his tinting to be graduated because he is no longer little and "cute."

His predecessor was the once-noted "Sunshine Sammy," now in the vaudeville halls.

And so Farina passes definitely out of the picture! In reality, he passed a few years ago—when he began to realize that when he was placed tenderly on the edge of a cliff, it wasn't just to admire the view. He was to be pushed off.

Just the same, Farina's departure from "Our Gang" marks the end of another era in picture history. Few actors can say that at three they were knocking 'em dead all over the United States—that people by the thousands went to picture theaters to see them instead of the feature.

## The famous Black Dot leaves "Our Gang," and marks the end of an epoch

Farina can. And whenever we old grizzled fans gather round the cider (soft) barrel in days to come, always, in the course of the confab, some one will say, "Gaffer, do you remember the time Farina was kicked over the corn-crib by a mule?" And we shall remember and igh, knowing that the movies are graying at the temples.

Farina fascinated us because he (it was *she* at the time) was the perfect incarnation of poor, witless Man's struggles against inscrutable, and very rough and dirty, Fate. What a sucker Farina's pictures made of the silly movie "plots." In the face of Farina's catastrophes, what could interest us about the struggles of two enameled actresses for the favor of a Number Five Company of Rudolph Valentino?

Things happened to Farina that could happen to us, and often did, in other ways. We, too, were Fate's footballs. When Farina was hurt, we were too—though not in the same places.

**F**ARINA, at three, was Trusting Man. He hadn't reached the age of reason, when all the trouble starts. Fate, in the imagination of his brilliant (I mean brilliant) director, Bob McGowan, kissed or killed him according to its dictates. It was like Life—by the sainted Griffith, it *was* life!

And we loved Farina—because Farina, a three-year-old fragment of ebony, was ourselves.

Most of the time Farina rollicked happily around the Hal Roach lot, disguised as a girl by hated skirts and worse hated pigtails. Then came the call of [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]



**A** BEAUTIFUL young trouper comes back to the teeming studio! After two years of retirement, during which she achieved happy motherhood, Dolores Costello Barrymore is shown studying her lines for "Expensive Women," her comeback



# If A Baby Kept a Diary

Miss Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore checks up and reports on a heavy day in Hollywood

By  
Carlisle  
Jones



At the end of a busy day on the Warner lot, the Barrymore family is ready to go home for supper. Mamma Dolores holds Dolores Ethel Mae. Shortly after this was snapped, the infant took a tug at the gent's whiskers. Off they came, and there was Pop Jack himself!

**W**EDNESDAY. Woke up thinking it a long time between bottles. Blew bubbles for half an hour, hoping nurse would wake up. She didn't. Counted my toes. Have ten of them.

The sun dial in the patio said it was six o'clock. Funny old sun dial. Dad bought it from an importer who said it came from an old English garden. Some day I'll climb it and jump into the pool Dad built around it. But I'll have to wait until he takes down that ugly wire fence he built around the pool. "No Barrymore has ever drowned—in water," Dad said.

Decided to wake nurse at all costs. Yelled. Yelled again. I yelled like Dad did that day he got a note from the studio asking him to work on Sunday. That brought results. Nurse showed up, all dressed and smiling.

I knew right then something was wrong. Nurse never smiles before seven o'clock, no matter how hard a Barrymore yells.

Walter went by the window. Walter is Dad's butler. Once he went with us on a trip on that big boat Dad and Mother named for me, the *Infanta*. It was lots of fun, but Walter didn't think so. He was always so busy by the rail up on deck he never had time to buttle. Dad said after that he would leave Walter at home. But Walter being up at six o'clock by the sun dial, which isn't right most of the time anyway, made me certain something was wrong.

I sat up.

Saw myself in the mirror. My profile is better than it was. All the birds in that bird house Dad takes such stock in were squawking. I knew Bob must be feeding them and I thought, if the Barrymore birds are having breakfast it's time the Barrymore baby is fed, too. I yelled louder than ever. I yelled so loud that Scotty scratched on my window from the

patio, and that funny new dog Dad paid so much money for, that "Terry Blue Terrier," started to bark.

Nurse picked me up and did what was necessary to do to get me ready for breakfast. After all, I'm only about a year old.

She sat me in my high chair by the breakfast table and put on that fussy bib my Aunt Ethel sent me. It's lovely but it's full of holes. Mother says it's the most beautiful Italian embroidery, but I think it's just full of holes.

Walter brought me my cereal. I got a gold star two days running for eating all my cereal, but I was too excited this morning to eat. Walter was excited, too. He set places for Dad and Mother near me and the sun dial said it wasn't six-thirty yet. I just knew something was going to happen!

**S**URE enough, Mother came in before I had eaten a single one of my prunes. Nurse tries to make believe prunes are candy but you can't fool a Barrymore with prunes.

Mother was excited, too. I knew right then that Dad would be getting up early, too, and I knew what that meant. He would be going to what they call the studio, and wouldn't have time to play with me until just before I was ready for bed. And nurse would scold because he played with me then. A baby with a full stomach shouldn't be tossed, she says.

But Dad just grins and tosses me anyway. He's a great old tosser.

Then Dad came in.

He kissed Mother and grinned at me. Then he poked his finger toward my tummy and said: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 143]

# Supporting Attractions!



These perfect specimens belong to a former musical comedy star. They marched in a famous talkie "Parade"



These shapely limbs once twinkled in musical revues. They support a famous young emotional star



Are these the most beautiful legs in Hollywood? You'll be surprised when you find whose they are



The property of one who is often affectionately called "The Grand Old Lady of the Talkies"



*Ja wohl!* She might have done very well without them, but they did help put her over!

# Whose Legs *are* These?

A study in anatomy and one phase of talkies that causes no sound problems

*See Answers on Page 119*



These were originally imported from England, and you've seen them many and many a time on the screen



She hated to be known as the possessor of the most beautiful legs on the stage. She can act, too



Now, children, if you cannot guess these you'll simply have to go right to the foot of the class



You see more of these, in her latest picture, than you have ever seen before

Whenever the studio needs to put over a publicity picture, they just take a picture of these



# \$5,000<sup>00</sup> in Prizes

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each..	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

## Read the Rules Carefully Before Using Scissors

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

*Suggestions* Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

# 70 Readers Must Win

Follow the Arrows





**N**ONCHALANT, summery and sportive in attire, Mr. Paul Lukas looks at us with eyes which have the calmness and assurance of success. Since whipping his accent to a frazzle, Paul has gone from hit to hit for Paramount. His newest is "The Vice Squad," with Kay Francis opposite him. And what a team it is!

---

*This Way to Cut Puzzle*



*Turn Over*

# Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair is a lovely perennial bride,  
The eyes as a vamp can't be beat,  
The mouth was demure when she started to star,  
But her roles aren't, now, quite so sweet!

Lower

The hair has made many a fine costume play,  
The eyes are from London, no less,  
The mouth is in love with her husband, a fact  
She's only too glad to confess.

Upper

The hair is the eldest of three of a kind,  
The eyes danced their way to the top,  
The mouth came from Brooklyn, she made a success  
That even poor roles couldn't stop.

Lower

The hair has been married—but now is divorced;  
The eyes knew, at first, stage acclaim—  
The mouth has a great acting father, and she  
Has followed his footsteps to fame

## RESUME

Three of them are blondes, but one girl has red hair,  
Three of them have eyes that are light  
Three of them were married—just one has stayed put!  
And each, as a star, flickers bright  
Three knew stage careers, and two studied abroad—  
And there's nothing in life that the four can't afford



Upper

The hair was a cowboy because of his health,  
A daughter belongs to the eyes,  
The mouth gained his learning at Staunton, M. A.,  
And he's made a remarkable rise.

Lower

The hair is unmarried, though many maids yearn,  
The eyes have portrayed *Philo Vance*  
The mouth is a handsome, decided brunette,  
And he's twice felt the touch of romance.

Upper

The hair was divorced from a dancer of note,  
The eyes as an extra were started  
The mouth for ten years knew the lure of the boards,  
And he from his wife has been parted

Lower

The hair has gone in for sophisticate roles,  
The eyes first saw light New Year's day—  
The mouth has supported a new foreign star  
In a vivid North African play

RESUME

All four have dark hair, but just two have dark eyes,  
And two of them dodged Cupid's darts  
And one was an extra, and one came from stock—  
But all of them, now, have star parts!  
Two hail from the East, and one South and one West,  
And it would be hard to say which we like best



**T**ROUBLES? This smiling and lovely lady who for more than ten years has been one of the most glamorous, admired and popular queens of the immortal cinema? We can't believe it, but the story about Gloria Swanson, just across the way, tells fascinatingly about some of them. And how we're anticipating a look at her new picture, teasingly titled "Indiscreet"!



Remember Ella Wheeler Wilcox's famous lines, "But the man worth while is the one who will smile when everything goes dead wrong"? That goes for Gloria Swanson. Here is a photograph of Gloria and the Marquis taken toward the end of the production of that million-dollar fiasco, the never released "Queen Kelly." At the same time her troubles with the Marquis had started



# The Troubles of Gloria

**G**LORIA SWANSON is the only woman who still produces her own pictures. Day after day she faces problems that would confound the greatest financiers and harass the greatest executives. And she faces these problems alone.

Even Mary Pickford, wise from her many years of experience and surrounded by an excellent staff, has given up producing. Without her mother to shoulder some of the responsibility, Mary felt producing was too great an undertaking.

There are, as a matter of fact, only two stars besides Gloria who continue to produce—Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. Harold makes but one picture a year and Charlie less than this. And both of these men have loyal organizations of years' standing. Gloria, on the other hand, makes several pictures a year. And there is absolutely no one to whom she can turn. She has no shrewd relatives capable of advising her, and no tested and tried staff on which she can depend.

Take the instance of "Queen Kelly." Gloria had about half finished this production when the talkies arrived. She had one million dollars already invested. Was it advisable to go ahead, finish it, risk public favor by releasing a silent picture when the trend favored the new talkie? Or was it wiser to junk "Queen Kelly" and chalk up the one million dollars to loss? Gloria decided to junk it. A momentous decision. And, as usual, one she made alone.

Naturally, a crisis like this will not repeat itself. But there are a hundred other emergencies that could and have occurred. As a matter of fact, dozens of things, more or less unexpected, arise to jeopardize every picture Gloria makes. And she has to deal with these grave matters when she is wearing the grease-paint and should have her mind free for her work.

When "The Love of Sunya," her first independent production, was in the making, Gloria felt the photography was not what it should be. Six times in the middle of production she changed cameramen. No half-way measures for

Read this and ask yourself if you envy this woman who has more responsibilities and worries than any individual in pictures

Gloria. Each change meant re-takes and delays. And as a result of these delays, the overhead increased to such an extent that Gloria was faced with a need to raise more money before she could finish the picture. Therefore, she invited her bankers to lunch with her one day in her suite at the studios. And, facing them across her beautifully appointed table, she explained what had happened and asked for an additional loan.

They protested, those three stern-faced men who would have intimidated most women, that

they could not oblige her. They insisted the anticipated profits on the picture did not warrant them giving her any more money. Undoubtedly, they accused her of bad management and extravagance. The way bankers will.

But Gloria refused to accept their first decision. She couldn't afford to accept it. Before they left that room, she knew she must have their promise of many thousands of dollars. At any cost.

**I**T was hours later that she rejoined her waiting company on the stage. She was wearing that white dress with the pale blue sash which she wore as the young *Sunya* who saw her future in the crystal ball. She looked a care free twenty. But she was far from that. Far from carefree. Even though she had negotiated the desired loan and the deposit was to be made to her account the following morning. Persistent rumor has it that Gloria got that money only by signing a note pledging her share of the profits on the picture as extra collateral.

Had Gloria remained with Paramount, she would have escaped all such responsibility and worry. Paramount offered her twenty thousand dollars a week for a period of two years. They would have bought her stories, engaged her directors and cameramen and casts. They would have shouldered all the financial and production details. All Gloria would have had to do was play the parts [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]

By Ruth Biery



Illustrated by  
H. R. Ballinger

# Pale Hands I Loved

Her coarse sheets became warm silver sands. The ceiling of her meager room was the white roof of an Arab tent. And she seemed to hear the beat of his horse's hoofs, bringing him to her, crowding out all other men

By Margaret E. Sangster

**G**LADYS BROWN had never read O. Henry's story about the girl who was saved, from what might have been called a mistake, by the photograph of Kitchener! Gladys Brown didn't read very much, at that. To her, O. Henry was the name of a candy; to her, a Kitchener might have been something that you used in a kitchen—some new-fangled sort of cabinet, perhaps:

And yet the story of Gladys Brown was like O. Henry's story in the essentials. In more than the essentials!

You all—but of course, you all know the story that O. Henry wrote quite a long while ago. About the girl who worshipped the photograph of that English Lord who was to go down to his heroic death in a sinking ship just off the Orkneys, during the middle of the World War.

The girl was a thin little shop girl—she didn't have a sufficiency of food or clothes; she was submerged in poverty. But she had something which must have been the early twentieth century equivalent of *it*. For she had attracted the roving eye of a certain gentleman known as "Piggy"—who was just like the nickname with which his intimates had labeled him.

The girl in O. Henry's story (her name was Dulcie; not that it matters, here!) didn't like Piggy. Kitchener was her type.

But Piggy was generous, even though he sometimes expected too much in return for his generosity. And the girl was—hungry. And so she consented to dine with Piggy. And she went home to dress.

And as she was dressing in front of her bureau, she saw the photograph of General Kitchener (which decorated that bureau) looking at her with something that she took for reproach in its grave, wonderful eyes.

And so, when Piggy called for her, the girl told him that she couldn't go to dinner with him. Just like that . . .

And the story ends, approximately, there.

\* \* \*

**G**LADYS BROWN was like O. Henry's Dulcie in many respects. She was thin, she was tired, she was underpaid, and she was a shop girl. Also—she had *it!* Not the *it* of thirty years ago; this year's version.

She wore her hair after the manner of Greta Garbo (thank heaven it had a natural wave!). She pulled her eyebrows,

*The story of a girl who took screen romance too seriously*



laboriously, every Sunday, until only a narrow penciled line was left above each eye. She religiously manicured her slender, rather lovely hands.

Her very thinness, though it may have been the result of a meager diet, was charming—even in this year of gracious curves, nobody could find fault with the figure of Gladys Brown. It was as slight and graceful as a willow tree.

Oh, even in occupation, even in physical characteristics, the likeness held. And, to go a step farther, O. Henry's heroine and Gladys had another bond in common. They were both hero worshippers. Only, on her bureau—in very much the same position as that which was once held by Dulcie's Kitchener—Gladys had enthroned the likeness of a slender, dark boy with somber, beautiful, mysterious eyes, and a poetic mouth, and a firm-jawed, sensitively masculine face.

Yes, you've guessed it. Rudolph Valentino! Gladys had adored him since first he tangoed into her vision in "The Four Horsemen." She had followed him through the meteor-like progress of his too short career. There had been times when it had been seeing a Valentino picture, or eating—and at such a time Gladys had never hesitated. She had gone hungry to bed. But, though her tummy had been empty, her heart had been full!

Gladys had loved Valentino at first sight. She—with a million or more other women—had loved him in every picture that he ever made. And now, even after he had been dead for five years—she still loved him. Loved him so truly that his phantom likeness stood between her and the eager advances of the goodly number of men who would have loved her!

I don't mean by this that Gladys Brown was cloistered. I don't mean that she stayed at home, mooning—no, indeed! She wasn't the mooning sort.

She went to her share of the dances of the Anawa Social Club. She went to the theater, every so often, and grudgingly allowed the young man, who escorted her, to hold her hand when the romance, on the other side of the footlights, grew impassioned. She went to dinner—usually a regular Saturday night *table d' hote*. She went dancing—sometimes she dared a blind date. But her affairs never seemed to get beyond the hand-holding stage—not even in taxi-cabs, they didn't!

And so Gladys Brown achieved for herself the reputation of being cold. And her most ardent suitors, after a matter of five or six weeks, moved along to more torrid (and more receptive)



He left her at her door, her hand tingling to the pressure of his. "If he asks me," she told herself, "I'll marry him"

fields. And Gladys Brown, not in the least sorry (well, maybe just a tiny bit lonely, but not sorry!) went up to her small, cheap room, and looked affectionately at the photograph of Rudolph Valentino.

Sometimes she did more than look, too. Sometimes she had long, glorious, throbbing imaginary conversations with him. Sometimes she felt the touch of his fingers—sometimes (rapture of raptures!) she imagined the pressure of his lips.

And sometimes, after the lights were out, and she was in bed, her very coarse sheets were warm silver sands. And the ceiling of her room was the white roof of an Arab tent. And, as she strained her ears, to listen, she could hear the beat of hoofs, as his horse (Rudy's horse—the Sheik's horse!) brought him toward her across the desert . . .

So it went—so it had gone, for years. Every day the same—with life moving like a whirlpool in front of her counter in the department store where she worked. Every evening the same, up to a point. A dinner, a show, a dance. The groping of a masculine hand for her hand. Lips denied, as the farewells were said in front of a rooming house.

And then the small, sparsely furnished room. And Rudy Valentino's picture—and *himself!* Himself, through the long mysterious nights.

So it went. Until Kent Carrington became advertising manager of the department store—and, incidentally, the answer to every maiden clerk's prayer. Every one, that is, except Gladys.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS it was her aloof air—an air that rang actually true—that attracted Kent. For Kent's life had been made up of one easy conquest after another. Perhaps it was a certain glamor—the glamor of mystery—that clung about Gladys.

Perhaps it was only the youth of her, and her appeal, and her prettiness. Perhaps Kent's interest didn't go beyond the birch tree figure, and the Garbo haircomb and the slender, rosy-finger-nailed hands.

But no matter what it was, Kent Carrington was drawn—irresistibly drawn—to Gladys Brown. And, not being a shy soul, he made no secret of his feeling for her.

"Say, Baby," he remarked, blandly, when he first caught sight of her standing behind her counter, "where have you been all my life?"

And it wasn't more than a day or two later that he began to ask her for dinner, for the theater, for—anything!

Kent Carrington—he wasn't like the Piggy of O. Henry's story. He was handsome, he looked not unlike a collar ad. His shiny hair was sleeked back from his forehead, his eyes were large (even if they were set a trifle too close together), his mouth was finely curved. It wasn't his fault that the hair was blond, that the too-close eyes were blue. How was he to have guessed the brunette preferences of a girl like Gladys—guessed them in advance?

In fact, Kent Carrington had more than a trifle of *it*, too. And so Gladys allowed herself, just a shade languidly, to accept his third—or was it his fourth—dinner invitation. She accepted it with no feeling of premonition, with in fact a slight flutter of satisfaction. It gave her an edge on the other girls, being the chosen one of the new boss.

But the satisfaction had begun to turn to a sort of dismay before the dinner was half over. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

# Hollywood's Newest ROMANCE

By  
*Ruth Biery*

IT'S Hollywood's newest romance, this matter of William Powell and Carole Lombard—and seldom in the long and romantic history of the film colony has a love affair had the folks gaping and gabbling as this one has.

It's been on for a year now, and it's still fresh conversational material. If nothing happens to the young folks, the Hollywooders invent something. When they don't spat, lover-like, Hollywood fixes up a nice brawl for them and even prints it in the newspapers. The subject is that live!

And why not? Here was Bill Powell—"hard to get" as any man in town, except, probably, that king of all secretive and eyebrow-raising cusses, Ronnie Colman.

I might add, of course, that neither of the lads is technically a bachelor. Colman has a wife vaguely ensconced somewhere in England—the Powells were divorced eighteen months ago. She was Eileen Wilson, a non-professional.

After his divorce the girls took heart. Bill took them out, dined them, smiled on them a little loftily, but wore his well-known suit of chain armor over his heart. He squired Kay Francis about a bit, but there is no public record to the effect that the magnificent Kay stepped up his cardiac condition to any degree. And there were other pretty ladies, too. Bill gave them a little time, a lot of his courtly attention, plenty of his charming conversation. That was all. Not a sight of heart and hand.

Seemingly his participation in the tennis cabinet—Ronnie Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert and himself—was of first importance.

THEN came the blast that knocked Bill Powell's heart far back in his thorax.

Carole Lombard, blonde and pretty, stepped from a New York train. She had been playing in "Fast and Loose" in Paramount's New York studio, and now she was back on the Western lot. Stepping before the major executive in command, she saluted smartly and awaited orders.

She had had two big, heroic romances in her twenty-two years. They had been exciting and uplifting experiences. Both men were non-professionals, and she had loved both madly—at different times, of course.



Wouldn't you like to know what Bill Powell and Carole Lombard are saying to each other, as they glide around the floor at Hollywood's Mayfair party? Oblivious of the crowd, there are just two people dancing—Bill and Carole!

"I knew I shouldn't marry the second—the one I loved best," she told me. "We were temperamentally unsuited. I knew if I told him goodbye I'd almost die. I did. But I got better—I simply must laugh and clown through life."

The point is that when Carole Lombard faced the Paramount officer, she was heart-whole, fancy-free and very gay.

"I want you to meet your new leading man. This is Bill Powell!"

Bingo—just like that! And they were in love.

A WORRIED publicity man fretted out loud. "Gee, I hope they get on. Powell doesn't like many of his leading women."

He needn't have worried.

That night Bill Powell took Carole Lombard to dinner. It wasn't just an ordinary dinner. It was one of those events roped off with red plush cords in the memories of a man's life and a woman's.

Over the *hors d'oeuvres* they started matching spirits. They talked for seven hours!

What do men and women talk about? Oh—men and women.

"I think marriage is dangerous," Carole told Bill. "It spoils beautiful friendships that might have lasted for years. The idea of two people trying to possess each other is wrong. And I don't think the flare of love lasts. Your mind rather than your emotions must answer for the success of matrimony. It must be a friendship—a calm companionship which can last through the years."

These are some of the things Carole Lombard told Bill Powell during seven hours of intensive talk.

Seven hours of conversation—and love not only survived but flourished.

Remember this—Carole Lombard did not, and does not, want marriage. Not even to Bill Powell, not only one of the catches of Hollywood, but the man she loves.

SHE wants to be what the world scalls a pal—a witty, intelligent companion. At least that's what she says.

And Bill? There's no doubt in his mind—or in the minds of the friends to whom he talks.

"She's marvelous! She's the one girl for me. I want to marry her. I'm going to marry her."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



The Prince of Wales looking for a horse? No, it is our bonnie prince Charlie in the outfit he wore while boar hunting with the Duke of Westminster. He ate off the mantel for two days after that historic event

# CAL YORK

## Announcing-



First picture of Harold and Mildred Lloyd, and young Harold, Jr., who from a three-pound incubator baby at birth has grown to an eight-pounder in three months. "Bud," as the world's most publicized baby is known to his dad, took his first experience before the camera as if born to the studio

**B**LONDE Miriam Hopkins and Brunette Claudette Colbert met in the full glare of the klieg lights and gave each other slap for slap at Paramount's Eastern studio.

It was a scene from Chevalier's "Smiling Lieutenant" megaphoned by Herr Lubitsch.

Miriam's part was more outstanding, more showy, than Claudette's.

Miriam did not attempt to hide her satisfaction.

Came the day for the face-slapping scene—the big scene of the picture when the girls fight over Chevalier.

The cameras cranked. The girls went to it with a will.

On the sidelines Lubitsch chuckled. "All for the good of the picture," quoth he. But as take after take brought bigger and better slaps the "crew" were a little worried. By the time the foreign version takes were reached, things were at their merriest.

"Cut!" commanded Lubitsch. He went over to the girls, congratulated them on their fine work and induced them to shake hands and smile prettily at each other.

**A**VISITOR asked little Robert Coogan, who played *Sooky* in "Skippy," if he wanted to be an actor.

"Not when I grow up. All actors are really crazy," he answered.

**O**UR old friend Pola Negri is in Hollywood on a very sporting chance. She ardently desires to make good in talkies—and whether or not she makes a picture for RKO-Pathé de-

pends on the success of a test she's taking on the Coast.

She traveled 6,000 miles to take that test!

I called on Negri in New York. She looks the same—a little heavier, perhaps, and certainly a little tamer. Since we saw her last, nearly three years ago, she's been divorced, and from an artistic point of view pretty much out of the spotlight.

The Perilous Pole is still a beautiful woman—and still, in her heart, the queen of queens. The death of her popularity in American pictures in 1928, her divorce—nothing has bowed that regal spirit.

**P**OLA'S going to a new Hollywood—where queens are out of fashion. Now it's a place where a lot of hard-working men and women live. She'll work hard, because she's very ambitious. But she probably won't find a loose throne around the place.

Negri's voice is rich and deep. Of course,

there's a notable accent, but accents are pretty much the fashion in pictures now.

Pola talks freely enough about her recent divorce from Serge Mdivani. And about love and marriage in general.

"Happy marriage must begin calmly," she says. "Mental stimulus, not passion, should be the basis. I shall choose an older, understanding man next time, and we shall live happily ever after."

**A** MOVING picture producer is quoted as saying:

"All this talk about Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo being alike is wrong. Garbo is photographed from the hips up. Dietrich is photographed from the hips down."

**H**OWARD HUGHES' offer to Walter Winchell, New York tabloid gossip writer, to play the part of *Whitey*, the reporter with a

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



The be-sweatered Nordic in the center is the closest double for Greta Garbo found in a search of all Sweden. The girls on either side won second and third prizes. Now, you Garbomaniacs, be kind to them. They do not threaten your idol's throne nor declare themselves also of the royal blood

nose for glamorous living as well as news, in "Queer People," is no longer a rumor. It's a definite thing.

It carries such a wad of money with it that no one expects Walter to refuse.

As Winchell's newspaper contract calls for a daily column, his Broadway friends are chuckling over the prospect of the columns he would write during the seven weeks it would be necessary for him to be in Hollywood.

As Walter, himself, likes to be known as Little Boy Peep, the Great Gabbo, Big Ears and Vulture Vinchell, some of the names irate victims of his gossip have called him, Hollywood, as one man, would have to lock itself in during his stay.

**N**OW, let's get down to the love, marriage and divorce news of the month. There's plenty of it.

But don't fail to follow this department through to the back pages or you'll miss some-

thing you can tell at the next meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society.

**A**S this issue goes to press, the matrimonial battle of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey is in high—with shot and shell flying from both camps.

Jack has established a residence near Reno, with the avowed purpose of seeking a divorce under the generous Nevada laws.

According to best reports, Estelle, in Hollywood, has been closeted with her attorneys drawing up a suit which she intends filing—charging mental cruelty.

Estelle, in statements to the press, has said that she didn't care for the ex-champ's pals, and that he was terrifically jealous, and that there was nothing she wanted more than babies.

A few months ago she was quoted as saying, "Babies—never!"

Jack, in the very little talking he has done,



Undaunted by her old box-office toboggan, Pola is back in Hollywood wooing the microphone for a contract. She's off passionate love forever, she says. Ah me, Pola, how can love live without you?

has hinted that Estelle's insistence on a film career, to the exclusion of downright domesticity, has caused him great tribulation.

**A**ND as matters now stand, both are suing. If Estelle wins, it means she will get quite a share of Jack's hard-earned fortune.

Rumors that all was not well at the Dempsey place have been common for several years. In the spring of 1929, for instance, the sure-thing gamblers of Hollywood were willing to wager almost anything that the marriage would not last through the year.

Now the long, sad story is out, with its charges and counter-charges, and another marriage is over.

**PAULINE STARKE** and her husband, Jack White, producer of comedies, are on the outs and bound for the divorce courts. Recently Jack sent word to Pauline that if she insisted on demanding one-half of his worldly possessions, according to the California community property law, he'd start saying things himself.

**THE** "lowdown" on Olive Borden's recent elopement with Theodore Spector, 31-year-old Paterson, N. J., stock broker, is an interesting tid-bit. Olive, it seems, was one of the guests that Ricardo Salcedo, Latin playwright, was entertaining at a farewell party for Anna May Wong in a smart Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The phone rang and a voice asked for Olive, who, upon answering it, relayed the message that her mother was very ill and she would have to leave immediately.

# Tune in, Folks, on Cal York's



Oh girls, look what's happened to that nice Lew Ayres! Horrid black eye, n'everything. Mr. Ayres goes plumb to the dogs in Universal's "Iron Man" in which he plays the rôle of a roistering prize fighter

Her ill mother was the enterprising bridegroom himself, who was waiting downstairs in his car. The guests, who included Ruth Roland, Claire Windsor, Betty Blythe, Mrs. Frank Kiernan, Mrs. Kenneth Harlan, and Mary Lawlor, discovered that in the newspapers the next day.

WE hate to admit it, but old Cal, proud of his ability to sniff orange blossoms months away, must be slowing up.

When we called on Mary Nolan recently a bright-faced young man opened the door for us, took our hat and stick, and respectfully showed us to a chair.

A refreshing thing to see such a polite lad in these times, we thought, and immediately forgot him as the exotic Mary entered and we began talking over rough times in Hollywood.

A couple of days later Mary took the bright-faced young man down town and married him. He's Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.—and 23 years old if he's a day.

MARCH 31. The eleventh wedding anniversary of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. And they celebrate it a world



Not much privacy to those soulful waltzes in the movies, is there? This is how they follow a dancing couple with the camera—a low-wheeled platform is hitched to the camera truck. The beaming gent is Gary Cooper—the sad-faced partner, Sylvia Sidney. A scene from Paramount's "City Streets." Perhaps Gary stepped on her toe

apart—Doug shooting tigers in the Orient; Mary dancing with Johnny Mack Brown and other lads at the Mayfair.

But all the same, when Doug shot a panther in India, he forthwith announced he'd bring the skin home to Mary, for a coat.

PHOTOPLAY'S story about Mary Pickford, in last month's issue, started the newspaper reporters running to "Pickfair."

Her statement that "there might be a separation" set the news agency telegraphs clicking like mad.

Hollywood gossip has persistently linked the name of Douglas with that of Lady Mountbatten.

It is reported that her ladyship, now in Hollywood, is bound for Mexico and the Mexican divorce mills.

Yet Mary and Lady Mountbatten seem the best of friends, and are seen places together.

WE understand that the Marquis de la Falaise and Constance Bennett have definitely parted ways. Yes, you've read it before and it's still true.

Connie likes Joel McCrea. And we've a hunch with some pretty strong facts to back it that Gloria likes the Marquis—yet.

THE Farrells—Charles and Virginia Valli—got back from their ten-week honeymoon happy and filled to the brim with sightseeing—and wild to get back to Hollywood and work.

They spent several happy weeks in Italy—just rambling.

Then to Paris, where Virginia did some shopping, though she insisted she could do better in New York stores!

It was Charlie's turn in London. Never one to go in much for clothes, Farrell went on a regular suit-buying jag in the British capital. No less than ten new suits came back in Charlie's luggage, including a new tail coat and two dinner jackets.

It will be "Charlie, The Well Dressed Man," in Hollywood from now on!

CHARLIE and Virginia sent this message via postcards from their honeymoon in Europe: "Having a grand time—glad you're not here."

THEY tell us that Janet Gaynor had a good cry when she learned Charlie Farrell was actually married.

Poor little Janet, with her personality and acting ability and her zodiac sign which foretells unhappiness in love matters!

JOEL MCCREA is Hollywood's latest Beau Brummell. You should just hear the ladies rave about him.

He is beaung Constance Bennett to openings, and the Marquis is not always among those present, either.

Yet he admits his ideal is Corinne Griffith—and he wishes there was another Corinne in Hollywood who wasn't married!

HEIGHT of Something-Or-Other: Buddy Rogers and Anita Page dancing together at the Mayfair.

HELEN TWELVETREES ran into a little legal trouble lately. She divorced Mr. Twelvetrees and married Mr. Woody, but she did it a few days before her divorce became legal and now they'll have to wait and do it all over again. Her husband is a dead ringer (in his photographs at least) for Maurice Chevalier.

LILLIAN ROTH'S marriage came as a great surprise to the amusement world.

Only two months before the happy event, Lillian's childhood sweetheart died in New York, and she was reported heart-broken and in a state of collapse. Then, while playing in vaudeville in Atlanta, she married a Pittsburgh boy named William C. Scott.



# Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S



Close-up of a charming little lady staging a big come-back. Even though Renee Adoree is still confined to a sanitarium in Arizona, this smiling picture will reassure her many friends that she is really on the road to complete recovery this time. Good luck, Renee, we are waiting to welcome you back



And here, dear readers, is a French nobleman you will see on the screen in "Cheri Bibi." It's our old friend Jack Gilbert behind that beard and monocle. Come on, Jack, show up some of these new stage chaps

Lillian played in Paramount talkies for over a year.

Her biggest rôle was *Huguette* in "The Vagabond King."

**H**ERE'S the way in-laws are fixed up in Hollywood. Wally Beery and Herbert Somborn are great friends.

Somborn calls Beery "brother-in-law." They were—at different times—the husbands of Gloria Swanson.

**H**OLLYWOOD was only mildly interested at the divorce-court woes of Jack Luden and his wife. Luden sued his wife, Elizabeth, for divorce, charging that she was happy only when the house was full of dizzy guests crooking their elbows at the Luden bar.

Jack also charged that many of the bibulous boy friends not only got plastered on his liquor but insisted on enlisting the aid of his pretty spouse in enthusiastic petting parties.

Jack didn't like this, he says, and suggested they spend a quiet evening alone with a good book, or something.

Then, according to Luden, "She threw a soup bone at me and laid down a barrage of ash trays." Home, Sweet Home!

Jack was graduated from the Paramount School, in 1925.

He went to Hollywood, but soon dropped out of the glare, never clicking.

Hollywood can't be annoyed. Those things don't often happen to the hard-working and hence, successful!

**O**N Friday night Lew Ayres told a friend he and Lola Lane had split—definitely and forever. On the following Wednesday, he asked another friend to play tennis with him and Lola.

That love affair has the ear-marks of going on the rocks, but ear-marks are not always true indicators.

**W**ITHIN a few weeks Jeanette MacDonald will be definitely retired from circulation as the bride of Robert Ritchie, her business manager.

It's been on three years—this romance of Jeanette and Bob.

He's a big, good-looking fellow—and will be envied by thousands of admiring young men all over the Republic.

Jeanette has definitely announced the wedding for June.

And "The Love Parade" now turns into "The Bridal Parade" for the blonde singing star! Happy days!

**W**HEN Lilyan Tashman signed her new contract with Paramount, husband Edmund Lowe's comment was: "Just another excuse to postpone a blessed event in our family!"

**H**OLLYWOOD and, I imagine, the rest of the world as well, were all hot and bothered when a radio announcer declared over the air, that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was dead.

We haven't had anything like that for a long time.

Remember when you were always hearing that Theda Bara was dead and that girl you were seeing was a double? Then that Gloria Swanson died in Paris a few years ago?

In the recent excitement a reporter on a Los Angeles paper got the First National publicity department on the phone.

"Is it true that Doug Jr., has been killed?" he demanded.

"No," they said, "he's alive as ever and he's now out on the back lot playing tennis."

"Well, I've got to get a story. Isn't somebody dead out there?"

**A** CERTAIN theater carries this legend on its marquee, "The last word in the talkies."

Some folks wish that advertisement were true.

**M**LE. FIFI DORSAY (Canada) thinks she is seriously in love with Terry Ray, a stage veteran who has just come to the silver screen.

"How I wish," Fifi is quoted as saying recently, "how I wish that I had someone to show me the ropes when I came to Hollywood. I was a wild girl then, but that is all over now." Isn't Fifi coy?

**W**ELL, Cecil De Mille is now like the movies themselves, as cynics see them.

That is, he has a plot!

De Mille, making a talkie version of "The Squaw Man," famous old time play, says it's his favorite piece. He made silent films of the story in 1913 and 1918, his present thus being the third.

Furthermore, he says he's so devoted to the story that he wants to make it every ten years, and have his heirs and assigns continue the tradition.

Heigho and lackaday!  
The only consolation is that some day we'll be too old to either see or hear "The Squaw Man!"

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76 ]



"But, Imogene darling," pled I,  
 "the editor is waiting . . ."  
 "Let the old goof wait," she  
 said, disrespectfully. "Here's  
 mud in your eye, Bogie darling"

# A Writer's Alibi

Dear Editor:

Illustrated by Walter Van Arsdale

THIS is to tell you that the story on Hollywood beauty shops is out—capital O-U-T in twenty-four point italics—as far as I'm concerned. It was a bum idea in the first place, even if it was my own.

Maybe you've forgotten about it. Well, I haven't. I never will. It got me into an awful jam.

Just to refresh your memory—we were sitting in your room at the Ambassador the last time you were here, quaffing, as I recall, a bottle of ginger beer. At least, we pretended it was ginger beer. I mentioned, apropos of something else, I knew a girl named Imogene Fitzfancy—a swell dish, too!—who worked in a palace of pulchritude. Whereupon you put on your glasses, which made you look very learned indeed, and said: "Do you suppose you could induce this Imogene to tell all?"

I said: "All what?"

You said: "All she knows."

I shuddered convulsively and asked you what you'd do with it if she did. You said you'd print it, of course. I said not and continue to send the magazine through the mails. You assumed a Hawkshaw expression and exclaimed: "Aha! Then it's just as bad as I suspected!"

I said to myself: "What the devil's the matter with this guy?" but to you I said: "It's probably worse. What do you suspect?"

"Well, it's this way," you said. "Every time my wife"—and before I forget it I wish you'd give your lovely lady my kindest regards—"appears with a new manicure or shampoo or marcel—the tales that woman brings home from the beauty shop with her! Why honest—I can hardly believe my ears!"

Whereupon you blushed—and anything that can make you blush, warrants investigation.

I asked what you wished to know particularly. You leaned forward like a Sax Rohmer hero and hissed: "About beauty shops—and what goes on within their curtained walls."

I said I thought it was a swell idea—which I really did at the time—and like a big sap said I'd ask Imogene.

"*Necessitas non habet legum*"—which is Latin and means a guy will do almost anything for money.

Well, I went about the thing pretty craftily. You see, when a man's married and has a wife and starts buzzing around beauty shoppes—Ha ha! I should be telling you, Mr. Quirk.

# Bogart Rogers falls down on an assignment to write an article about Hollywood beauty shops. Just to teach him a lesson, we are publishing his alibi

I guess *you* understand. Anyway, I went up one evening and bearded this cookie in her luxurious den.

Right here is a good place to tell you about these Hollywood beauty shop operators and their luxurious dens, as I call them. A good dandruff scratcher or marcel waver—or even a cuticle pusher—in a first class shop in this town makes a lot of dough. They're booked solid for days in advance and the tips are big. They can afford nice automobiles and swell clothes and even husbands, some of them—and pay for them all by themselves. Isn't that fine! Imogene lives in a beautiful flat and flaunts her affluence by riding to work in a taxicab.

"Imogene," quoth I, "may I ask a few questions?"

She said she'd tell me anything but her right name.

I SAID: "Question number one is—could you use a little drink?" Get the idea, Mr. Quirk? In fact, I think it was you who advised me that was the best way to proceed.

Like a flash she said "Yes."

That was encouraging. Obviously she had nothing to conceal.

Well, I asked her the same question several times more.

When she began to get hoarse from saying "yes" I switched to—"Imogene, how's for telling papa the genealogy and history of the town's beauty shops and the beauty secrets of the Hollywood patooties?"

"Why the rush?" she asked. "Can't a girl get a little drink around this joint?"

"But Imogene darling," pled I, "the editor is waiting—"

"Let the old goof wait," she said disrespectfully. "Here's mud in your eye, Bogie darling. He's waited for better stories than you'll ever write"—which is probably true, Mr. Quirk, probably true—"and besides, judging from his picture on the editorial page, I'll bet he's the kind of an egg who would insist

on waiting if he knew a poor girl was dying of thirst. He has such a sympathetic face."

About three drinks later she started to talk. If this doesn't make sense, don't worry about it, Mr. Quirk. You aren't going to print it anyway and just about the time Imogene started to talk I discovered, to my horror, I was fried as a goat. I haven't been quite the same since.

As I remember, she said Sadye Nathan's was the first Hollywood beauty shop to really get a big play from the charming creatures of the films. Her husband—Sadye's and not Imogene's (Imogene had a husband but I think she talked him to death)—was cutting the hair. Sadye's shop became a fad. Business was swell. Then along came Jim. I'd better quote Imogene.

"Sadye needed another barber," she said from behind her glass. "She put an ad in the paper and *what do you think!*"

I beat her to it, Mr. Quirk. I said I thought we needed another drink. Now another drink was the last thing in the world I needed at that moment, Mr. Quirk, but how was I to tell? You know how *that* is.

So we had two drinks and Imogene said: [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126 ]



Imogene says beauty shop attendants never repeat any scandal they hear except to men, women and children between the ages of seven and seventy-nine



★ *THE SECRET SIX*—M-G-M

NO, gangster pictures are not dead—not as long as they produce thrillers like this! A sequel to "The Big House," it is not as gruesome and has more humor. And, of course, not as new and unusual.

If good citizens combine secretly and work as energetically to destroy gangsters and crime as gangsters work to promote themselves and their work, law and order will win—that's the theme. Bootlegging, subsidizing of public officials and gun play are the crimes. You will see exactly how liquor is made; you will witness the most thrilling gangster chase ever pictured. Beautifully produced and directed by George Hill (assisted by Writer Frances Marion), the cast is splendid, including Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable (watch this newcomer), Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow.



★ *QUICK MILLIONS*—Fox

IF you like gangster pictures, you'll like this one for its completely novel treatment. The film is as cold-blooded as the gangsters who are characterized, and this effect is gained by the remarkable use of apparently disjointed scenes that contrive to keep the thread of the story and your interest at the same time. It's a man's picture and is utterly lacking in wild histrionics.

Spencer Tracy is head-man, playing an erstwhile truck driver who becomes—sure, they always do!—leader of the racketeers. Although he tries to crash society, he remains a hoodlum and pays the penalty. He does his job perfectly. Sally Eilers gets first-lady honors, for Marguerite Churchill hasn't much to do. Recommended because it is the highest type, directorially and technically, of this breed of film.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *SEED*—Universal

THIS picture should delight everyone—fans and producers alike.

It follows none of the formulas of present-day pictures; it has nothing sensational to recommend it; it is wholly without obvious sex appeal; it offers no preachment, yet it is one of the finest pictures turned out this year. Charles Norris will certainly rejoice that the lesson in his book is presented so forcefully and yet with such delicacy.

A writer of great promise marries early, quickly has five children, finds himself weighted down with family responsibility, and is forced to abandon his writing.

A former sweetheart returns, as a member of his firm, and she immediately sets about to restore his aspirations to write. His wife has only time for the children and her household duties. You foresee the inevitable triangle.

Lois Wilson, as the wife, has her first good opportunity in months. She gives a beautiful, sympathetic performance. Genevieve Tobin, as the former sweetheart, is lovely and justifies all predictions made for her, but the big surprise is John Boles, who doesn't sing but who walks away with a most difficult rôle. The children are all natural and lovable.

Director John Stahl deserves much credit for this excellent picture. If you miss it, you won't forgive yourself.

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

SEED  
THE SECRET SIX  
FAME

THE MALTESE FALCON  
QUICK MILLIONS  
CITY STREETS

## The Best Performances of the Month

John Boles in "Seed"  
Lois Wilson in "Seed"  
Ricardo Cortez in "The Maltese Falcon"  
Wallace Beery in "The Secret Six"  
Spencer Tracy in "Quick Millions"  
Doris Kenyon in "Fame"  
Sylvia Sidney in "City Streets"  
Gary Cooper in "City Streets"  
John Barrymore in "Svengali"  
Ramon Novarro in "Daybreak"  
John Gilbert in "Cheri Bibi"  
Joan Crawford in "Complete Surrender"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 149*



★ FAME—First National

EVERY once in a while there happens along a picture so splendidly played and directed that it stands out distinctively from the ruck. Such a one is "Fame."

It's an unspectacular story of what happens to the hopes and dreams of people—people like "you and me"—when those hopes and dreams collide with worldly needs. There are no sensational climaxes, no "big" scenes. Instead, there is a story so beautifully and humanly told that it will hold your rapt attention throughout. Director Robert Milton has instilled into this picture that same quality that made "Holiday" a grand job. And Doris Kenyon, in the leading rôle, proves a right to top ranking among today's screen players. A less capable one might easily have overacted the rôle to death. The rest of the cast is nearly perfect.



★ THE MALTESE FALCON—Warners

ARE you one of those who delight in a fast-moving gripping mystery yarn? Does your spine tingle in response to the clever machinations of the screen detective?

Then this picture is your dish, and you'll love it. See if you can untangle the mystery before the last reel. It's a great game.

Ostensibly, this is a starring picture for Bebe Daniels, but her part isn't one, two, four, compared to that handed Mr. Ricardo Cortez, the sleek young gentleman who is now doing the best screen work of his career. What a performance Cortez gives in this picture, playing the demon detective who is also a first-rate Don Juan.

The story, made from the well-known novel of the same name, concerns the desire of several people to possess a jewel-encrusted statuette of an enameled falcon, worth fabulous sums. Cortez is the lad who turns the trick.

Bebe does excellent work in a part that doesn't give her nearly enough elbow-room. Cortez, as we've said, is thoroughly fine, and good helping performances are given by Una Merkel, Dudley Digges and Otto Matiesen.

This is as fine a piece of film mystery—with chills and thrills—as the screens have held in some months. You'll like it, you mystery fans!



★ CITY STREETS—Paramount

SEVERAL things set this timely, fast-moving gang melodrama apart from the general run of such pictures.

First, it introduces to Paramount audiences a grand little actress named Sylvia Sidney, a product of the Broadway stage. She was rushed into the feminine lead of this picture when Clara Bow was taken out to rest after the De Voe trial, and Sylvia justifies the company's faith in her. Gary Cooper, too, does a first-rate job as an unsuspecting youth caught in the activities of a gang of beer-runners. It's a thriller that rings true.

The supporting cast—including Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and William Boyd—is great, and there isn't a dull minute in the picture. Chalk up a hit for Director Rouben Mamoulian.

# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**SVENGALI—**  
Warners



**J**OHN BARRYMORE is the perfect *Svengali*. He might have stepped from the pages of Du Maurier's "Trilby." But there are many faults in the picture itself. With the exception of the superb Barrymore, the Andree Lafayette silent film was better. Little Marian Marsh photographs much too young to be convincing. Much of the Latin Quarter charm has been sacrificed to hypnotic gruesomeness. Not for children!

**DAYBREAK—**  
M-G-M



**R**AMON NOVARRO, as a blithe, but slightly stupid student prince, seduces a girl and learns too late that he loves her. An old story, this rates A-1 because of sensitive acting and dialogue. It moves slowly, but this very fact helps to make it romantic and wistful. And the ending is intelligent! Helen Chandler is the girl you never forget—appealing, charming. "See it!" you'll say to others.

**INDISCREET**  
—United  
Artists



**I**F your requirement of a picture is entertainment—this is a good picture. There are only two songs in the picture, sung beautifully by Gloria Swanson. Not quite as good as "The Trespasser," it is materially better than "What A Widow!" There is comedy good for many laughs. Ben Lyon is delightful; Arthur Lake unusually good. Gloria keeps her come-back lead. Well worth your time.

**IRON MAN—**  
Universal



**I**F Lew Ayres' name drags you in to see this, you'll be disappointed, for it doesn't seem built to give him the big moments. Although Lew is starred the picture is definitely thrown in Robert Armstrong's direction. He makes the most of the toss. Lew plays a prize-fighter who is influenced by his bad, bad wife to give his old pals the go-by. Sex rears its ugly head every time Jean Harlow appears.

**LADIES'**  
**MAN—**  
Paramount



**Y**OU wouldn't believe that William Powell could play a *gigolo* and yet retain the sympathy of his audience. Somehow he does just that. A man who can't help attracting women. The women in this case are Olive Tell, Carole Lombard, and Kay Francis, the last named being the one he really loves. Gilbert Emery gives his usual fine performance as the husband. An entertaining picture.

**CHERI BIBI—**  
M-G-M



**T**HE most entertaining picture Jack Gilbert has done in ages. It's a straight drama, with a happy ending that removes any depressing afterthought. Jack is a poor magician, in love with a girl far above him. He is accused of murdering the girl's father and has four years of suffering before things are righted. Leila Hyams is again the beautiful girl. Plenty of romance and thrills to keep you happy and anxious.

# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE PUBLIC ENEMY—**  
Warners



OR they might have titled it "How to Become a Racketeer, with Special Attention to How to Sell Beer, How to Swipe Hooch, How to Slug Molls, How to Get Bumped Off." James Cagney and Eddie Woods in the lead rôles try hard. But the story's weak, so are many other things, so it's just another not-so-hot contribution to gang-lore on the screen. Hasn't there been about enough?

**NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**  
—M-G-M



SOME beautiful performances save this talkie remake of the silent that made Anita Stewart famous. Leslie Howard, for instance, achieves real heights in spots, but in others, he's still too camera-conscious. Conchita Montenegro makes an interesting and decidedly supple-hipped Polynesian maiden. It's lavishly produced, but after all, the story's old enough to have known better than go talkie.

**BORN TO LOVE—**  
RKO-Pathé



THIS plot died of old age years ago. Now they've exhumed the poor thing, and without so much as dressing it in fresh clothes, they've asked Constance Bennett to make it entertaining. She does her best—but this wheeze about the war nurse, the two officers, and whose-baby-is-it is so defunct that it'd take a greater miracle-worker than Constance to make it live. They can do better than this.

**DUDE RANCH**  
—Paramount



JACK OAKIE was never better than in this madly funny travesty on the modernization of the old West. How a group of itinerant actors are hired to pep up a dude ranch, and how a gang of bank robbers from the city complicate things make hilarious film fare. Gene Pallette is great, while gorgeous June Collyer is so lovely it's no wonder Oakie falls for her! A picture to make you forget your bank has crashed.

**PARTY HUSBAND—**  
First National



THEY'VE got Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie and Dorothy Peterson working hard on this, but all the same, it's just another picture, and you'll probably not jump up and down and clap hands much over it. It tells about a couple of newlyweds. Hubby's work requires him to deal with pretty girls. Wife doesn't like it. She quits him. But they're reconciled. And that's it.

**COMPLETE SURRENDER**  
—M-G-M



JOAN CRAWFORD is emotionally great in a sordid story you probably won't like. This psychologically sound character, a cabaret dancer who turns to the Salvation Army only to find she's human after all, is not the Joan of "Our Blushing Brides," but she's grand. Guy Kibbee, the only comedy relief, is perfect. Neil Hamilton, unsympathetic, gives an excellent performance.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 120]



**A**NITA PAGE, of course. Anita is not making the lightning streak to stardom on the M-G-M lot predicted for her. But please, Mr. Mayer, give our favorite beach flower a good big chance. We promise to go to your movies just to look at her



Seymour says—

# Plot Your Summer Fashions by the Stars!

NOW that we are all being guided by the stars for the latest twist to our futures—why not also consult the stars for future fashions? The stars I would suggest to guide your fashion destiny are no farther away than the silver screen—you won't need a telescope to see them—only a discriminating eye.

What is new for Summer? Look to the screen. How much more interesting it is to note that white is a big fashion because so many stars sponsor it than to merely read about it. And that debate about pyjamas for all hours—are they really being worn? Of course they are. Haven't you seen the smartest stars on the screen wearing them? For beach, for garden—for tea, for dancing—you are assured it is a good fashion.

I have chosen this month's fashions for that vacation wardrobe of yours—bon voyage!

—Seymour



AHOY! Did you ever see anything jauntier than this sea-faring garb that chic Lilyan Tashman wears in her new picture "Up Pops the Devil"? It's the wearable sort of outfit that will be at home on a cat boat or a yacht. I heartily approve the way she wears her blue and white striped sweater over the white flannel trousers—especially when she ties a matching sash about the waist. Even the sandals are blue—true to the sailor-like note of it all.

# Six New Fashions in



— Seymour —

VIVACIOUS Lilian Bond has every reason to flaunt a feather in her hat when she can pick such a smart one. I would recommend at least one hat of this type for every Summer wardrobe. The shiny brown straw is designed with a medium brim that does not hide the face. The pert feathers at the back lend just the right note of contrast. Smart for general wear—very smart for traveling. And note the jaunty tie to the silk striped Ascot scarf.



WHAT type of jewelry is suitable for sports costumes? I would say that Dorothy Mackaill answers that query with the stunning bracelet and necklace ensemble she chooses for a sporting mood in "Party Husband." Both are of gold designed in a scalloped effect. Their simplicity makes a perfect foil for a tweed-like knitted sweater in brown and tan. The beret matches the sweater—the skirt in tan wool crepe is smartly buttoned down the front. Can't you visualize it on that vacation you are taking?

WHITE is the big thing in the fashion firmament this Summer, you know. You can wear it alone—or you can use a color contrast as Bebe Daniels has done here. She has chosen this white tweed suit to wear in a scene from her new picture, "The Maltese Falcon." I would vote it perfect—from her black and white crocheted straw turban to her white pumps trimmed in linen to match her bag. The white silk crepe blouse is belted with the smartest belt of the hour, black alligator trimmed with ivory. Try the collar of your blouse over the jacket like hers—it's very flattering.



# Leading Summer Rôles

**M**ORE pyjamas! And it is Lilyan Tashman who wears them again in "Up Pops the Devil." This time they are for teatime, but I would say you could wear them to luncheon or even a quiet dinner at home. Would you ever guess that all that circular fullness could be trousers? The blouse is chartreuse silk echoing one of the colors of the huge dots in the trousers. The big straw hat is a topping topper!

*- Seymour*



**I**T IS hard to maintain the reputation for being the best dressed person anywhere—but Lilyan Tashman's consistently smart selections make her a worthy claimant to the honor. This boldly printed crepe frock, for instance—simply charming with its flared peplum. The skirt should be ankle length, however. And the very newest evening wrap is just such a monk's cape wrapped casually about the shoulders—in green velvet

## SEYMOUR SELECTS FASHIONS FOR A YOUNG GIRL

IF YOU are one of those busy young things who is planning a perfect whirl of a Summer holiday, I would suggest that you look to pretty Joan Marsh for some fashion pointers. This sports outfit, for instance, just the sort of thing you should have. A short sleeved jacket in those stripes I like so well, tops a white sleeveless frock. As you can see in the smaller picture, the armholes and neck of the dress are bound in stripes. The matching beret, white socks, and low-heeled oxfords are absolutely right.



*— Seymour —*

CERTAINLY little Miss Marsh will not have to wait wistfully for very long in such a frock! It is the sort of lace and chiffon concoction that breaks up the stag line—especially when worn by one so charming. The sash and ruffled neckline are just what they should be—but the skirt should be shorter. Good taste is shown in the softly waved hair so simply knotted at the nape of the neck.





At the left is the Buddy Rogers we knew—a star at twenty-two, adored by the flappers. At the right is the new Charles Rogers, demoted from electric lights and facing a fresh struggle for film fame



# “Am I An Actor?”

**A**M I an actor? Buddy Rogers wants to know. As a boy he became “America’s Boy Friend.” Women of all ages stormed the theaters where his pictures were showing or where he made personal appearances, tore handkerchiefs from his pockets, ripped neckties from his neck, tore his clothing—anything for a souvenir of “America’s Boy Friend.”

At twenty-two he was one of Paramount’s biggest stars, owner of a staggering contract and riding on the crest of a tumultuous wave of public affection.

Like every other boy who ever lived, though, Buddy Rogers grew up, and the man who tried to play those boy rôles became suddenly ludicrous. Those who had laughed *with* him, turned to laugh *at* him.

“One of the Rover boys” was a bit of cutting criticism that stuck to him. Overnight he lost his public—just as he had gained it.

And today, no longer starred, but sharing marquee lights with others, Charles—no longer Buddy—Rogers wants to know, “Am I an actor?”

With all the appealing earnestness of youth, he is trying to answer the question for himself. He wants to play a gangster, a cowboy, a mechanic in grimy overalls—anything that will give him a chance to act.

He’s had all the good things that any movie star could ever ask for: fame, money, affection. He had them all as a boy—and lost them.

Now he wants them all back again—as an actor.

It gives a little tug to the heartstrings to hear with what pathetic determination he asks for the opportunity to act his way back to the lofty pinnacle that was his as just a sweet-faced kid with a gay manner and an appealing voice.

Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers must find out **NOW**, as he stands at the cross-roads to new Stardom, or oblivion!

“I didn’t ask for all this fame in the first place,” he says. “It was more or less thrust on me. I’ve never had to battle for anything. I went to college and was thrust into earning forty dollars a week in an orchestra without even trying. A friend got me the chance to try for the Paramount school. I was chosen without even asking for the opportunity.

“I played the lead in the Paramount picture, ‘Fascinating Youth,’ without any effort to get it. They put me under contract. They gave me ‘Wings.’ Mary Pickford chose me for ‘My Best Girl’; Ann Nichols for ‘Abie’s Irish Rose.’ A year and a half before my old contract was up they offered me a new one. When I went on personal appearances it was like taking a peppermint stick from a baby. “And now this—”

**I**T was a slap he never anticipated. Like the tyro at the racetrack who made his first bet and won, he naively asked: How long has this been going on? In just the same manner he thought it would go on forever. His crime was in not realizing that he had to grow up.

But now that he has grown up he’s taking his wallops like a man. They’ve hurt and he remembers them, a little bitterly, perhaps, because he couldn’t quite understand what it was all about. Lionized one day, laughed at the next, he still can’t get over such devastating cracks as:

Peter Pan.

Should be singing in a choir.

Should go away to the mines and work for ten years.

They’re still deeply imbedded in his memory, but he wants to stick it out. He could go on the stage as an orchestra leader, he says, and, counting income from radio, vaudeville and phonograph records, make as much money as he is making in pictures. George White, the New [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

By Cal York



Looks pretty fit, doesn't he? The Lew Cody of today, brought back to life, after two years of critical illness, by the help of his faithful friends and his own staunch spirit. Plenty of jobs, thank you, and all kinds of pep!

# They Saved His Life With *Laughter!*

By *Jeanne North*

**T**HEY don't usually come back in Hollywood. They either climb into the heavens of fame and shine brilliantly and long, or they make the climb, flicker a bit and die out. There have been few exceptions.

Lew Cody is one. He is Hollywood's man who actually came back.

He left the screen when he completed his M-G-M contract in "A Single Man." He was away from it for two years. He returned in "What a Widow!" with Gloria Swanson. He has since made seven pictures in rapid succession: "Divorce Among Friends"; "Dishonored" (with Marlene Dietrich); "Beyond Victory"; "Three Bad Men"; "Not Exactly Gentlemen"; "3 Girls Lost" and "The Registered Woman."

When he left the screen he was making \$2,500 weekly. Today he receives exactly the same money.

Two years ago they said he couldn't possibly live. He couldn't move a muscle. His valet had to move even his fingers. The bed clothes were tented above him because the touch of a sheet brought such torture that his body could not bear it. Yet he lives!

Recovered, there seemed to be no hope for him on the screen. Friends shook their heads. Companies shook theirs, in the belief that the world had forgotten. Yet he lives on the screen.

How did it happen?

Cody gives the credit for his physical recovery to his friends; he gives the credit for his professional recovery to Gloria Swanson. But the credit for both goes to Lew Cody.

Let's take a look at the man as he was before he was taken ill.

One of Hollywood's best fellows. A play boy.

"Let's call up Lew Cody and have a party!" was one of Hollywood's famous lines. Lew lived up to it.

"It never entered my head not to! 'What will you have—white rock or ginger ale?' was the first question asked me in every room I entered. I answered, 'white rock.'"

His gags were famous. He was the funniest man in Hollywood and could be depended upon to be just that at every social gathering. The gatherings were many.

When he went to New York, following the conclusion of his picture contract and preparatory to sailing for Europe and a vaudeville appearance in London, the good-fellow story was repeated.

The complete collapse I have described came quickly. Lew Cody was on his back from neuritis.

Quiet! No visitors. No excitement. Complete rest. That was what the doctors ordered. He gave in at first. Gave in until he knew he must die if the prescription continued. If he must die, he would die as he had lived.

"Send 'Bugs' Baer to me," he ordered.

"Bugs" Baer came. "Shall I read you tomorrow's column or *ad lib*?" he inquired. "They have given me ten minutes. Take your choice."

That ten minutes began the return trip of Lew Cody.

He did not need to *order* more friends to be sent to him. They came without invitation as soon as they learned he was receiving. O. O. McIntyre, Walter Catlett, Leon Errol, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, a magazine editor with a sense of humor who said: "I've got about seventeen grand in the bank. It's yours, you old skinflint!"

**F**RRIENDS whom he had made with his gift of telling jokes now brought jokes to him. And Lew joked back at them.

When the doctors thought him too weak to talk, he insisted on kidding with the boys with whom he had always kidded. When nurses thought friends should read to him, he answered, "I have never been a reading fellow. I read the headlines and surmise the rest!" As jolly good fellows had furnished his mental stimulus while he was well, so he insisted upon the same stimulus while he was ill.

It was the same way when they carried him back to the Coast. His bed was to be switched from the New York train to the Palm Springs one at six-ten in the morning. Five minutes for switching. Roscoe Arbuckle was then running the "Plantation" in Culver City.

"He was up every morning until the small hours; he was always tired with that kind of job. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142 ]

## The True Story of Lew Cody's Great Comeback

# She Wants to Thrill Us To Tears!

By Harry Lang



She's a beauty, this Louise Fazenda—and for eighteen years she's been a rough and tumble comedienne on the Hollywood lots, beginning as one of the earliest custard pie targets in the brave old days of Sennett. And an artist!

LOUISE FAZENDA has probably made more people laugh with her dizzy drolleries than any other woman on the screen. And yet what she wants most to do is to make them cry—she wants to play one of those teary mother-sacrifices-herself-for-her-daughter rôles! Funny, these comickers—Chaplin wants to play Napoleon, and Fazenda this!

For twelve years, she's been buffooning it without a serious rôle. As this is written, she's doing the first real serious bit in her career—one of the war women in "The Mad Parade." She's so darned afraid people will laugh at it that she prays a moment before going into her scenes before the camera—prays that people will know she's being serious at last, and that they won't guffaw.

When she was a kid, Louise had two pigtailed down her back. She's still got them! She never had her hair bobbed. And once, in the Mack Sennett days, she had her pigtailed insured for \$10,000. Now, because her long hair is such a nuisance to dress, she wears a wig in virtually every one of her screen characterizations, so you're probably not seeing Fazenda's hair at all.

Fazenda's a mighty pretty woman when she's dressed up. But she's very sensitive about her dark skin. It is a heritage of her Portuguese ancestry.

"I wish," she confided to an intimate recently, "that some day, just once, Hal would say that he thinks I'm pretty." Hal is her husband, Hal Wallis, one of the Warner Bros. executives. Hal is just about ninety-nine per cent of Louise's life. The other one per cent is her work and her friends.

She's so crazy about Hal and keeping Hal's love that she'll do almost anything to avoid letting him see her in one of her comedy make-ups. When she comes home from the studio wearing one of the goshawful messes, she sneaks in by a side-door and takes it off before letting him see her.

But the other day she played a part as a cute little French maid. She looked adorable. And she took particular pains to let Hal see her.

She's a domestic-hearted little soul. If she couldn't have both her home and her career, and had to make a choice, she'd instantly jettison the career.

"I'm just an old-fashioned wife with modern ideas," she

explains. "Like an old-fashioned house with modern plumbing—comfortable but convenient." She can cook like nobody's business, and her recipe for lemon pie is one of Hollywood's institutions.

And she writes poetry!

Besides cooking and writing verse, she likes to plan and build and sell houses, and collect antiques. She has built and sold quite a few houses—and she bosses the job herself, hiring the workmen and supervising the job. She even goes so far as to make them tear up a two-inch cement floor when she's specified a six. The house she and her husband live in now was one she designed and built herself. They live simply, in the upper part of the house, which is a duplex. They've only one maid, and they rent the lower floor.

IN the front hall is a lamp from a synagogue in Budapest—in the living room is a pistol Buffalo Bill once used. Scattered all over are all sorts of curios and antiques, particularly early California stuff. And in the cellar is the greatest collection of fan mail in Hollywood. She saves all her fan letters!

"The first ones thrilled me so," she explains, "that I couldn't bear to throw them away, and that started the habit of keeping them all." Among her fan mail writers she has many steady correspondents—exchanging letters constantly.

She remembers her most faithful fans. Last Christmas, she sent thirty of them each a hand-tooled leather brief case, with a big photograph of herself enclosed.

When she gets fan mail, she believes she can tell by rubbing her fingers over the letters which of them she wants to open and read. The rest she files in her cellar.

She's superstitious, and believes in astrology and numerology. For a long time, because she believed so thoroughly that the stars at birth control a person's destiny, she was afraid to have her horoscope read, fearing it might be bad news. But, just recently, she had it done. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

A Comedienne Who'd Like to Play *Ophelia*

# A Very Fowl Affair



Now chickens,  
ducks and  
turks get their  
place in the  
talkies

The Sheriff of "A Fowl Affair."  
He can draw his spurs quicker  
than you can say Greta Garbo

- The tall and handsome gentleman at the right is Elmer. Imagine his embarrassment when Genevieve, his ever-loving wife, presents him with a family—all web-footed! This is one of the tragi-comic moments of "A Fowl Affair," Educational's all-quackie comedy



Did you ever see a dowager to beat—or even tie—this one? It's the turkey-lady in the box seat at the show. She is just ready to level her lorgnette at the girls on the stage

Ah-ha! A villainous pick-up on the streets of Fowl-Town! The Fleet's in, and Jack Ashore is making a mash on the simple country maiden. Is there no one at hand to save her from the goggling gob?





Success hasn't softened the hard knocks that were Barbara Stanwyck's welcome to Hollywood



# She Has Hollywood's Number

By  
*Katherine  
Albert*

**B**ARBARA STANWYCK is a bitter woman and a very wise one, not a temperamental one, as Hollywood would have you believe.

A case hardened trouper, as well as a sensitive, capable actress, she isn't fooled by the homage she finds awaiting her at the very height of her success. Having broken box-office records with "Illicit," and been hailed as a great discovery in "Ladies of Leisure," she hasn't forgotten the time when she was just "that girl Frank Fay married."

Now that she is a success, she remembers vividly those other days and Hollywood's friendly palm can't conceal the back of the hand she once felt. Battling her way through Broadway's hard school, rising from a homeless Brooklyn orphan to a star in the talkies, she has Hollywood's number. And once having been a telephone operator, she knows her numbers. Hollywood's, she'll tell you, is the wrong one.

Her story is more dramatic than "Cinderella." For being a good little actress in the New York production of "Burlesque," Barbara was given the usual reward of merit, a movie contract. She and Frank Fay presented themselves to the moguls of the United Artists Studio. They looked at Barbara to find a not too beautiful woman whose face was, according to their standards, marred by crooked teeth.

"You must have those fixed," they said. "Actresses must be perfect. The job is easily done. That one crooked tooth can be removed and a false one put in."

Barbara answered simply, "Not if you give me the whole studio, I won't."

The teeth remained as they were.

They gave her a part in "The Locked Door." It was an old-fashioned story with such dialogue as, "If there is a God in heaven, He'll protect me." Barbara felt a trifle silly about saying these lines and said so. She felt sillier when she heard herself on the screen. Barbara Stanwyck was a flop. Her contract was not renewed. Well, well, the little lady of "Burlesque" was just a big farce.

But her husband—ah, he was a success. Frank Fay, having left United, proceeded to grab off a big fat contract at Warners.

"Under a Texas Moon," so everybody said, would prove a sensation. Picture Frank and Barbara at a Hollywood party. Frank, important, successful, sought after, surrounded by women, slapped on the back by men, invited to all the best places.

And Barbara? "Oh yes, that Stanwyck girl—hasn't done so well." Barbara merited only

a perfunctory "hello."

If it had not been for Frank, his wife would not have stayed on. One night a producer called her from New York. He had a perfectly swell show for her to do and wanted her to come East immediately. But Frank couldn't go, so she declined. "You see," she said much later, "I sort of love that man and if I went to New York all I'd have would be a good play. If I stayed I'd have Frank."

A few more pictures. Failure again, and by this time "Under a Texas Moon" and "Show of Shows" had been released. Frank Fay had made the grade. Barbara Stanwyck had not.

A test at First National brought a shake of the head from a producer. At Columbia Frank Capra said, "I'd like to use you in 'Ladies of Leisure' but, of course, you'll have to make a test."

"I CAN'T," said Barbara. "I simply can't go through any more of this silly business. No more tests, if I never work in pictures again."

But at last when Capra could not find another girl for the part, he said, "Come on into the cast and try this thing without a test."

And thus, by a stroke of sheer luck, you were introduced to a new and brilliant "discovery," a discovery who had been lying around loose in Hollywood for months, languishing on the sands at Malibu, being merely tolerated by Hollywood's socially elite—"that girl Frank Fay married." Now, of course, Frank Fay has become "Barbara Stanwyck's husband." It takes such a little time for these great changes to occur.

"Ten Cents a Dance" followed "Illicit" and it was during the making of that film that Barbara fell from a parallel and hurt herself badly. She should [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147 ]



You don't have to leave your own native shores to find plenty of fascinating material out of which to write your story of "Beauty and the Boss" or any other modern, romantic theme. The above scene from the Warner picture "My Past," showing Lewis Stone and Bebe Daniels, is one example of the type of gripping stories woven out of modern, native material

# \$2,000.<sup>00</sup> For Your

**T**HE day of the land rush may be over, but the manuscript rush is only about to begin. And it is very likely to prove more lucrative than cutting yourself a piece of Oklahoma prairie, for *your* manuscript might be the very one for which Warner Bros. will pay \$2,000, through the contest being conducted by PHOTOPLAY.

Warner Bros. want your story for their title of "Beauty and the Boss," and, as we have told you before, they'll take up to nine more stories if they are suitable for picture production, and pay \$2,000 for every one of them accepted.

You've had plenty of time to think over your story and put it into form. If you haven't done so already, you still have plenty of time, for the contest does not begin until May 15, and runs until midnight of July 15. That gives everyone a chance at those \$2,000 checks that are waiting for interesting, original, human stories.

In earlier announcements we've told you that you don't have to be an experienced writer, nor possess a literary style. That still goes. You don't. But be original. *Your* story is what is wanted in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest.

Last month Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department of Warner Bros.-First National, wrote a helpful article in which he gave you some friendly hints to aid you in telling your story.

**T**HIS month we're going to give you some more help, some more advice and some additional suggestions from Mr. Wilk. Read them and benefit by them. He says:

"Stick to native subjects of today. You don't have to go to Europe, or Asia or Africa to find life and romance and adventure. Stick to home—and to the present.

"Don't write stories about the Revolution, or tell us who won the War of 1812. That type of stuff, if we want it, can all come from other sources.

"Fighting the French Revolution all over again isn't nearly as exciting as the revolution of modern youth and modern people today.

"Keep away from these period themes.

"Instead, give us romance of the present, the excitement and humanity of every-day life as we live it today. There is

The best story idea for title "Beauty and the Boss" wins \$2,000 in cash. And the same amount will be paid for other short picture stories accepted

enough of this material right around you without delving into histories for laborious tales of the past."

That gives you still a clearer idea of what is wanted—original, human, modern-day stories. You might have lived a story in your own life that would make a gripping picture, or observed such a theme in the life of someone else. This doesn't mean that they have to be true stories. They can be complete fiction. But they must ring true!

So look around you. Think! And then get busy after those two-thousand-dollar checks.

They're waiting for you!

**S**INCE the first announcement of the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest, a great many letters have come to the office of PHOTOPLAY, asking for additional information. Most of these letters were needlessly written, simply because our correspondents didn't read the announcement and the rules carefully.

Another thrilling tale laid in an up-to-date setting and spun out of the every-day incidents of modern life was "Illicit," the Warner picture with Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie. As glorious and as romantic as the past may seem to be, present-day American life is every bit as romantic and as exciting. Plenty of material for your own stories



# Picture Idea

This is essential! Read the rules. They will answer all of your questions and tell you all you want to know, for they are complete and simple and easy to understand.

In a contest of this kind, where there are so many entrants, it must be obvious to the reader that PHOTOPLAY cannot enter into any correspondence, much as it would like to answer all of you personally. Therefore, please do not write in, requesting additional information. Read the rules.

As a result of not having read the rules carefully, several entrants have already submitted their stories. This, of course, is in violation of the rules. Rule 2 clearly states that stories should not be submitted before May 15.

Nobody can beat the barrier and expect consideration that is not accorded others.

After May 15 you can send in your stories as fast and as furiously as you like and PHOTOPLAY will be waiting to receive them.

But under no circumstances are your stories to be submitted before that time.

The stories already submitted have been disqualified, in accordance with the rules of the contest.

Further, don't merely write in suggesting that such and such a book, or such and such a poem might make a good moving picture.

Warner Bros. themselves are fully aware of the excellence of a lot of printed tales, through a department they maintain just to read what others have written and have had printed in book, play and short-story form.

What is wanted is original stories—your stories—and not someone's else.

**I**N submitting your stories, don't neglect to sign and attach the coupon printed on the same page with the rules. This is most important. And if you want to submit more than one

*Read the Rules and  
Conditions of Contest  
Carefully on Page 100*

story and have only one copy of PHOTOPLAY to clip the coupon from, don't write in and ask for more coupons.

Copy it off on your typewriter and sign it.

Each story must have its own coupon signed and attached.

And now about the unsuccessful stories. A lot of readers have been

troubled by the thought that their stories, even if they don't win the \$2,000 prize, would remain the property of Warner Bros. and that they would lose all rights to them.

Read the coupon carefully and you will see that you give your story to Warner Bros. *only* for one of those \$2,000 checks that are waiting.

And *not* for nothing.

Accordingly, as soon as the winners are announced, all of the unsuccessful stories will be automatically released and are yours to do with as you will.

You had better keep a copy of your story, for PHOTOPLAY cannot undertake to return unsuccessful manuscripts to contestants.

**N**OW! That's a lot of advice, isn't it? But now that you've had everything carefully explained, and have been given some additional suggestions about writing your story, hop to it and win that \$2,000.

"Beauty and the Boss" is a title already selected, around which you can write a fascinating story.

And nine others will also be selected if they will make original, modern-day stories of the type that you, yourself, would want to see on the screen.

And \$2,000 for each one of them will make a lot of dreams come true—that long-planned trip to Europe, the payment on that house in the country, or a new car, or, perhaps, the start in your own business.

Read the rules carefully! They'll answer *all* your questions. Now go to it!



# Voting Begins!



## Cast your ballot early for the Eleventh Annual Award of The Photoplay Medal

**B**ALLOTING begins this month to choose the best picture released during the calendar year 1930.

To the producer of the film so chosen goes the eleventh annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor—the most coveted prize in the world of motion pictures.

What the famous Nobel prize is to the world's scientists and literary artists, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is to the people of the films. Moreover, the PHOTOPLAY Medal is truly a popular award—it is the ballots of you, the fans, that crown good work with this high honor.

For your convenience, a ballot is printed on this page. Use it. Below, also, is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released last year. Your choice, however, is by no means limited to this list. Vote for any picture of 1930 that you think worthy of this high honor, for all are eligible.

In 1930 the motion picture world became definitely committed to the talking screen. The tenth annual award, that for the best picture of 1929, went for the first time to an audible screen drama, "Disraeli," felt in all quarters to be a worthy choice.

At a reception and tea given at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, last fall, the Medal was presented to Harry M. Warner, as head of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., who, in turn, presented a solid gold replica to George Arliss, star of the picture.

For ten years the PHOTOPLAY Medal has been awarded for a truly brilliant line of great pictures. To refresh your mem-

ories, a list of the winners is printed on this page. Each, we feel, has been a worthy recipient of this high honor. From the tender "Humoresque" to the rich, romantic drama of "Disraeli," each film has marked a high point in its respective year's photo-dramatic endeavors.

In 1930 the talking pictures reached new high levels in artistic technique and technical advance. With many mechanical problems solved and the artists surer of their ground, it was a memorable year in the film world. A great picture will win the Medal for 1930.

**F**ROM the beginning we have asked that in awarding the PHOTOPLAY Medal, personalities be forgotten and all aspects of a picture be considered. The chosen film drama should be preëminent in story, in direction and in acting; it should be distinguished by the motive and spirit behind its making.

We feel that every reader of PHOTOPLAY should take great pride in helping to make this prized award, so eagerly awaited and highly valued by the motion picture industry. It is the one great gift of motion picture-goers to those who serve them well, and surely it is a privilege to have a voice in the giving.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in

### Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920  
"Humoresque"
- 1921  
"Tol'able David"
- 1922  
"Robin Hood"
- 1923  
"The Covered Wagon"
- 1924  
"Abraham Lincoln"
- 1925  
"The Big Parade"
- 1926  
"Beau Geste"
- 1927  
"7th Heaven"
- 1928  
"Four Sons"
- 1929  
"Disraeli"

### Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

- |                                       |                           |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>                | <i>Free and Easy</i>      | <i>Old English</i>                 |
| <i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i> | <i>General Crack</i>      | <i>Outward Bound</i>               |
| <i>Animal Crackers</i>                | <i>Green Goddess, The</i> | <i>Rogue Song, The</i>             |
| <i>Anna Christie</i>                  | <i>Grumpy</i>             | <i>Romance</i>                     |
| <i>Big House, The</i>                 | <i>Hell's Angels</i>      | <i>Sarah and Son</i>               |
| <i>Big Trail, The</i>                 | <i>Holiday</i>            | <i>Seven Days' Leave</i>           |
| <i>Case of Sergeant Griseha, The</i>  | <i>Journey's End</i>      | <i>Song o' My Heart</i>            |
| <i>Caught Short</i>                   | <i>King of Jazz</i>       | <i>So This Is London</i>           |
| <i>Check and Double Check</i>         | <i>Ladies of Leisure</i>  | <i>Street of Chance</i>            |
| <i>Common Clay</i>                    | <i>Laughter</i>           | <i>Tom Sawyer</i>                  |
| <i>Dawn Patrol, The</i>               | <i>Let Us Be Gay</i>      | <i>Unholy Three, The</i>           |
| <i>Devil May Care</i>                 | <i>Lummo</i>              | <i>Vagabond King, The</i>          |
| <i>Devil's Holiday, The</i>           | <i>Manslaughter</i>       | <i>White Hell of Pit: Palu</i>     |
| <i>Divorcee, The</i>                  | <i>Men Without Women</i>  | <i>Whoopee</i>                     |
| <i>Doorway to Hell, The</i>           | <i>Min and Bill</i>       | <i>With Byrd at the South Pole</i> |
| <i>Feet First</i>                     | <i>Moby Dick</i>          | <i>Young Man of Manhattan</i>      |
|                                       | <i>Monte Carlo</i>        |                                    |
|                                       | <i>Office Wife, The</i>   |                                    |

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# MISS ANNE MORGAN

*Daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan*

*discusses modern women.. their success, the importance of attractive appearance, the wise care of the skin*



MISS MORGAN IN HER BOUDOIR IN HER HOME IN SUTTON PLACE, NEW YORK

WOMEN'S SUCCESS... the very words kindled enthusiasm in Miss Morgan's fine dark eyes, so like her famous father's. "I am deeply interested," she agreed, "in what women have made of themselves—fully developed personalities."

We sat in Miss Morgan's boudoir, she very handsome in her chair of crimson brocade before the open fire. Sunlight fell on her Chéruit gown of golden beige lace, her superb pearls, her wise, kind face, her clear skin and fresh coloring.

Miss Morgan is so famous as president of the American Woman's Association that I had come to ask her opinion about the care of the skin and its importance to women. Unhesitatingly, she answered.

"Modern women desire that their complexions shall be always clear and vigorous," she said. "A high standard of personality demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care.

"I myself have used Pond's for years," she added... I felt a thrill of pride that

these simple beauty aids had, by sheer merit, won the approval of one familiar with every luxury wealth can buy.

"Through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, Pond's helps women achieve an attractive appearance... I am sure they all are grateful," Miss Morgan concluded, with her unforgettablely sincere and charming smile.

Pond's four famous products keep your skin enchantingly fresh and clear by the four simple steps of the Pond's Method:

- 1—For pore-deep cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.
- 2—To wipe away the cream, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent... in white or Parisian peach color.
- 3—To tone and firm, close and reduce pores, pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener. It banishes oiliness, keeps texture smooth as satin, brings roses to your cheeks.
- 4—For powder base, protection and peach-bloom finish, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, on face, neck and arms... wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep your hands soft and white.

3—To tone and firm, close and reduce pores, pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener. It banishes oiliness, keeps texture smooth as satin, brings roses to your cheeks.

4—For powder base, protection and peach-bloom finish, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, on face, neck and arms... wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep your hands soft and white.

Tune in on Pond's Tuesdays 5 P. M., D. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women Speakers, W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network. After May 26, Friday evening, 9:30 P. M.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS  
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"Women are grateful," Miss Morgan says, for Pond's four famous beauty aids

“I don't care how old you are

*warns*

LEW AYRES

Universal Star

*Learn the Complexion Secret  
nine out of ten lovely  
screen stars know*

“WHAT TYPE do I most admire?” asks Lew Ayres, Universal star. “The type doesn't matter much—if she has that radiant charm I can't resist—*youth*.”

“I don't mean the kind that's measured by birthdays! But that glowing, compelling something women nowadays seem to have at almost any age!

“The lovely stars know how vital youth is, and how to keep it! Every woman should learn their complexion secret.”

Indeed the actresses seem to have no birthdays—to be always young, delightful, appealing, no matter how long their list of successes. “A flawless skin is the secret,” they will tell you. *They* use Lux Toilet Soap!

*Guard Complexion Beauty  
the Hollywood Way*

In Hollywood, alone, 605 of the 613 important actresses are devoted to this very white fragrant soap. It is found in theatres everywhere—is official in *all* film studios. Countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars depend on it.

Buy some Lux Toilet Soap—today!



*The caress of dollar-a-cake*

*French soap*

*Youth* LUX

...but you must keep Youth!"



(above) MARY NOLAN, beautiful Universal star, is one of the 605 important Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly!* Mary Nolan says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin smooth and lovely."



(below) HELEN CHANDLER, piquant stage star now in the movies, says: "The many close-ups in the talking pictures demand flawless skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the very smooth skin which is required."



(above) GENEVIEVE TOBIN, charming Universal star, is equally enthusiastic about this white fragrant soap. She says: "I am devoted to Lux Toilet Soap . . . it is marvelous for keeping the skin in excellent condition."

Toilet Soap... 10¢

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]



Hold that pose! Beauteous Carole Lombard has to rehearse this scene from "Up Pops the Devil" for each of these attentive gentlemen—Director Sutherland, the camera man and the sound man. Would you look as calm before such a critical bevy?

started dickering with him. The part would be given to an actor Coe does NOT like. Coe says he thinks he'll sell it.

**A** CERTAIN celebrated actress, infuriated by some of John Barrymore's vagaries, stormed off the set with the sizzling announcement that she would never act with him again.

"Well," tittered Jawn, giving her that certain profile business, "you never have!"

**A** CAMBRIDGE, MASS., woman, in telling it all to the judge in request for divorce, said that during the seven years of their married life, her husband had only taken her to the movies three times. She got her divorce.

**T**HE studio is still receiving hundreds of fan letters addressed to Lon Chaney every week.

And although Louis Wolheim has been dead three months, fan mail is pouring into his old studio.

**T**HE screen gets another distinguished stage actress.

This time it's Frances Starr, for years a Belasco luminary in the theater, and star of such great successes as "The Easiest Way" and "Rose of the Rancho."

She will play the tragic rôle of the mother in "Five Star Final."

**O**NE of Eddie Cantor's young daughters is an autograph fiend. In her little leather book are contained the signatures of Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford and others.

One day Eddie said, "Now don't you want me to sign one of the pages?"

His daughter looked at him in amazement and asked, "What for?"

**W**HEN they threw the reception for Chanel, the élite of Hollywood went in their grandest finery. The famous Parisian costume

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]

**R**IVERS are now flowing up hill, and the sun is rising in the west! A Mary Pickford picture has been censored.

Hard to believe? Almost impossible! But just the same the fact remains that the censorious board of the proud State of Virginia held up release of "Kiki" until certain deletions were made.

At last this has happened to Our Mary, whose pictures have always been synonymous with sweetness, light, the innocent prattle of little children and the tweeting of the birdies! It'll be a Jackie Coogan picture next, if we're not careful!

**A**ND then there's the author who's telling Hollywood that Producer So-and-So turned down his story about an old man's romance.

"My leading character," the author says he told the producer, "is a sex-agenarian, and . . ."

"Don't tell me more," the producer cut in. "I don't want the story. We're making clean pictures only. None of that sex stuff for us!"

**I**T'S not always beauty that gets a girl a part in a big picture. Consider, for example, the cast of Vivian Winston and "An American Tragedy."

Vivian, among other girls, was being interviewed by Director Josef Von Sternberg.

He looked at her rather uninterestedly as she arrived.

"No. You're too pretty. You won't do for the part I have in mind."

"Can I come back in half an hour?" she begged.

"You'll only be wasting our time," said Von Sternberg.

But she came back.

She had used make-up, and added a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

She had changed clothes. She looked utterly UN-beautiful.

P. S.—The girl got the job.

**T**HEY are telling this one about Charles Francis Coe—you read his short stories in PHOTOPLAY.

Some time ago, he wrote a story called "Pennies." Lon Chaney read it and liked it as a picture plot.

M-G-M was about to buy it when Chaney died.

Then the Fox people thought it would be a good story for Milton Sills. While they were negotiating for it, Milton died.

Coe believes there's a jinx on the story, so he refused recently to sell it to a studio for a leading man Coe liked.

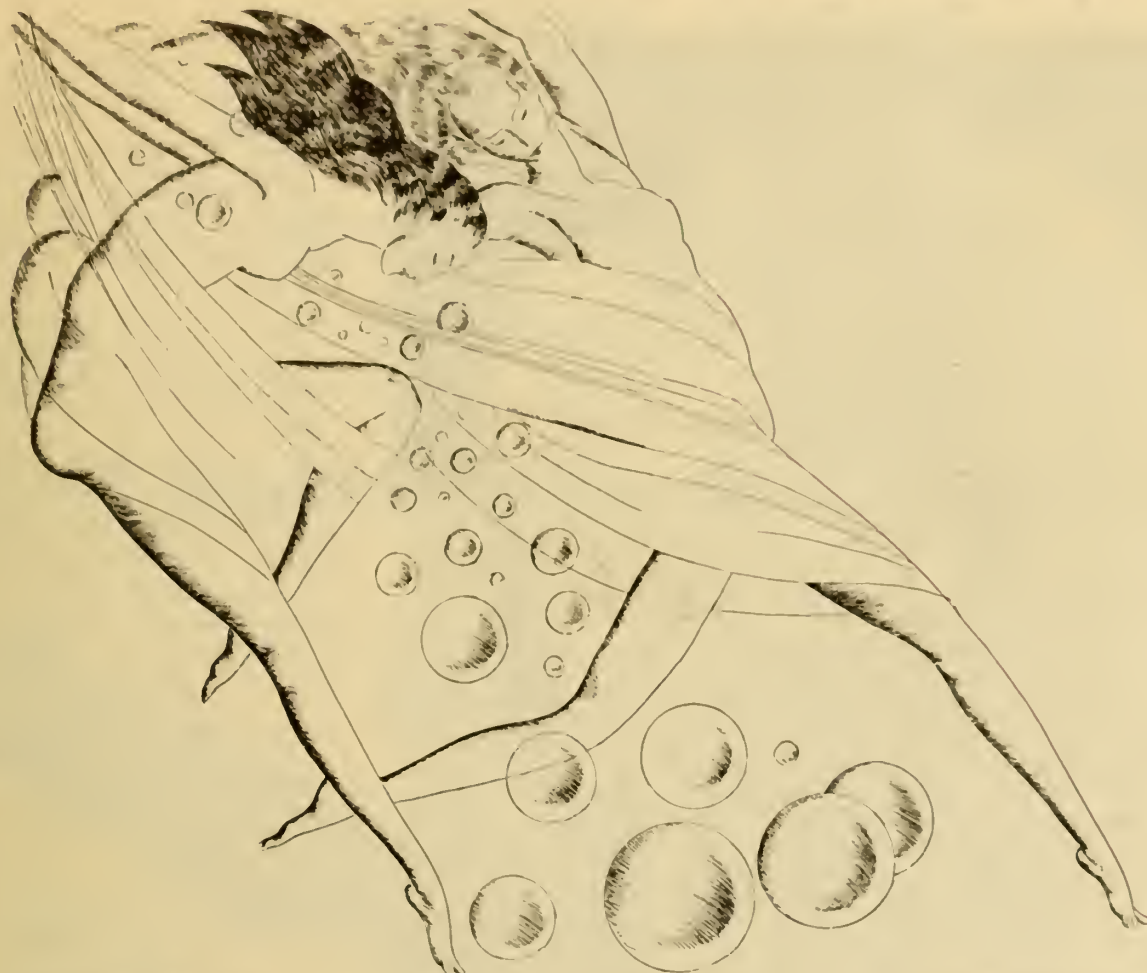
But even more recently, another studio



When you sit tensed over the thrilling court room scene in "An American Tragedy," you won't see Director Joseph Von Sternberg among those present. Here he is though, directing the scene from on high. One of the many specially constructed sets for the filming of Dreiser's great story



# Drink of Beauty at the Saline Springs



*The Saline Way leads to radiant beauty and buoyant charm*

★

BY ALL means give some part of each day to a ritual of beauty with your lotions and your creams. They do give smoothness to your cheek, softness to your skin. But don't cheat them of their power by neglecting the most important beauty secret in the world!

For there is no radiant *natural* beauty except that which comes from within, and Sal Hepatica is the saline way to complete internal cleanliness.

In clearing the system of toxins and wastes, it banishes bodily poisons and brings new clarity, new radiance to the complexion.

Each year thousands of fashionable Europeans follow the saline treatment. To Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix these

lovely continentals regularly go, to "take the cure". And as they drink of the saline waters of the famous springs, health returns to their bodies, and their skin becomes once again clear and young.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent

of the famous European spas. It gets at the source of complexion troubles by eliminating poisons and acidity from the system. For the same reasons it frees you from other digestive ills—from headache and colds, auto-intoxication and rheumatism.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely does it fail to act within thirty minutes. Taken once a week, it is a guard against many of humanity's most common ailments, and keeps the skin always fresh and young.

Get a bottle today. And merely for the asking, by mailing in the coupon below, you may have the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which describes in detail what Sal Hepatica will do for you.

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BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-61, 71 West St., N. Y.  
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.



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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

★ ★ ★

## Sal Hepatica

© 1931

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]



Here are a couple of Hollywood Tildens. None other than Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess "putting it there" after a friendly match. These two old cronies are staging a big reunion over at First National these days

designer showed up in a simple suit of tweed, loaded down with strings and strings of pearls.

The reception was not what you would call a howling success.

**H**ERE'S a hot one. Helen Kane, of Boop-poop-a-doop fame, has been made an honorary colonel at Dallas, Texas. Mary Pickford was the first to get this honor. Boop-a-doop is the fifth.

Halt! as we military fellows say.

**T**HE best of news! Lila Lee is well again, and setting off on a long ocean voyage before during the studio rigors!

Lila was recently discharged from the sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona, where she has been fighting for health since last July. The ravages of tuberculosis have been completely checked, her doctors say.

**L**ITTLE Renee Adoree is still at the same institution, and waging a successful fight.

Renee made a return to Hollywood some time ago, but she wasn't ready yet for the battle of life, and had to return to Prescott.

Our Katherine Albert visited her not long ago and found her game and chipper—and eleven precious pounds heavier than when she went into the desert.

Katherine reports that Renee looks remarkably pretty.

She's let her hair grow, and it now tumbles down about her shoulders.

**B**Y the way, there's bad news from Gary Cooper.

The big boy went from influenza to yellow jaundice, and now there's a report that Cooper may have to give up picture work for a time

and seek some health in Arizona. He doesn't look so well in his latest picture "City Streets."

**C**LIPPED from the same newspaper:

Item 1—Page One headlines: "Nevada Legislature Passes Legalized Gambling Law."

Item 2—From the movie chatter column: "Clara Bow is reported to be considering the purchase of a cattle ranch in Nevada."

**T**HERE wasn't an actor on the M-G-M lot who would take Lon Chaney's dressing room. Superstition. Then Metro signed Jean Hersholt and assigned it to him. He didn't know the difference until some kind "friend" told him.

"That's splendid," was Jean's immediate answer. "Lon and I shared the same dressing room in the early days at Universal. We used to work out different forms of make-up together. We were friends, always, you know."

"But you may see him—there—some day," the friend's voice was awe stricken.

"I hope so. We would give a great deal to have some of our friends come back to see us. I would give much to see Lon Chaney at any moment."

So would many of us.

**Y**OU have probably heard the good news from the newspapers—Mae Marsh is coming back to pictures.

She is going to play the mother in a talkie revival of William Fox's great success "Over the Hill."

**T**HERE is no doubt that while Ina Claire was making "The Awful Truth" a few years ago she was temperamental. She was [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 ]



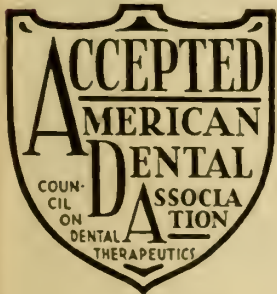
Presenting Mr. Floyd Gibbons. This famous writer and lecturer whom you have heard on the radio, will now be seen and heard on the screen. Mr. Gibbons is scheduled to do a series of shorts for Radio Pictures

**PRICE DOES  
NOT MEASURE  
QUALITY IN THIS  
TOOTHPASTE**

**Council on Dental Therapeutics  
accepts**

**COLGATE'S**

PRICE **25<sup>c</sup>**



See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy

**C**OLGATE'S is the biggest selling toothpaste on the market — and has been for 30 years.

Colgate's is more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

Colgate's now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]



They've reached a big compromise. He'll get \$100,000 and like it. But, then, who wouldn't?

VON STERNBERG discovered Marlene Dietrich, but she has no corner on his professional attentions. His latest choice for future glories is Frances Dee—lead in "An American Tragedy."

He's putting her through his kindergarten training for stars-in-the-making. Taking her to lunch almost daily and explaining his ideas to her. She must be on the set every morning at nine o'clock and not leave until shooting is finished whether she is working or not. So she can hear his every word to other actors.

Well, Frances' legs aren't quite as good as Marlene's but she has her points. Let's see what we see of this Frances Dee when Von Sternberg has finished.

OF course you'll be hearing this one over and over again, but they do say that the only person to stop those quick on the answer Marx brothers is Jackie's little brother, Robert Coogan.

"Well," said Groucho, in a friendly fashion, "did you like 'Animal Crackers'?"

"Yes," said Robert, "with frosting on top."

THE Height of Femininity as manifested by June Collyer: George Arliss has been searching for a girl

Mr. Dreiser to you. The famous author had this somewhat dubious expression on his face upon arrival in Hollywood. His classic, "An American Tragedy," is being filmed. He got \$150,000 for his story and is worried about the Hays code

late to the set; she was unpleasant to those around her.

You read the tales at that time. They were not exaggerated.

Today, she is on the same lot making "Rebound." But she is a different girl. Never late; always pleasant. Walk onto that set anytime and you'll find her joking with Director E. H. Griffith, or even the boys who are photographing her. She can't say enough kind things to those around her. She says:

"All I want of Hollywood this time is to be allowed to work."

Which explains her change of attitude better than we could explain it!

DON'T let this get to John Barrymore, but after seeing a preview of "Svengali" somebody remarked, "That Mr. Barrymore is getting so he acts more and more like Fredric March."

AN unusually large crowd waited until the opening of "Strangers May Kiss" was completed to demand that the stars autograph their books, handkerchiefs, hats, etc.

And the star they wanted the most—there was no mistaking this—was Marie Dressler!

WELL, you don't need to lose any more sleep over the fate of George Bancroft. He's doing right well, thank you, has come home, all's been forgiven and Paramount has received him with open arms.

Well, perhaps, not too open. Originally, the studio offered George \$80,000 a picture if he would return. He was holding out for \$120,000.

to play the colonial vamp in his new picture, "Alexander Hamilton."

The customary "vamp type" was definitely out—the veteran Arliss wanted nobody on that style.

Arliss talked to June Collyer. June, fresh from a sequence of gaga-sweet rôles, was terrified at being selected to play a vamp. Doubly terrified at being questioned by the GREAT Arliss.

June is, to tell the truth, quite unsophisticated and easily awed by "big" names.

Well, Arliss selected her for the rôle.

"But I was so scared—even though he was very nice—that when the interview was over, I just had to go to a shop and buy myself a new dress and hat to restore my self-confidence, even though I couldn't afford it!"

GLENN TRYON tells this one on himself, so it's okay.

With a friend of his he's been making an ultra-modern two-reel film in which he plays the rôle of an idiot.

Before starting he consulted a make-up expert.

"What sort of make-up would you suggest I use for this idiot rôle?" Glenn asked.

The expert looked him over carefully and said, at last, "Oh, just a little number seven powder will be okay."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



Wedding bells for Mary Nolan. The ill-starred beauty who so recently deserted Hollywood for a stage come-back, will now play a leading domestic rôle opposite the good-looking young man here. In other words, meet Mr. and Mrs. Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.

# Beauty experts warn

against this common error in choosing soap

**W**OMEN prize youth. Men are attracted to youth. Youth means radiance, beauty, natural charm. "That schoolgirl complexion" is responsible for more conquests than men will admit.

Palmolive Soap is made for one purpose—and one only—to keep lovely complexions young—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

## Ordinary soaps may harm

Don't be misled. Just ordinary soaps—whatever their claims—will not do for you what Palmolive does.

Until women saw the value of Palmolive as a beauty cleanser, few used soap on the face.

When the cosmetic oils of olive and palm were blended in a complexion soap millions, on expert advice, turned to this new, simple, natural beauty method. Millions of lovely complexions testify to its value.

Today over 20,000 leading beauty experts—recognized specialists—urge the use of Palmolive. Because they know the use of this soap makes their work easier and surer of perfect results. No other soap

—no other beauty aid—has or ever had such a weight of professional authority back of it.

Why will these important beauty specialists with large clienteles stake their reputations on this strong recommendation? It is important for you to know.

## Olive and palm oils

Palmolive—uniquely—is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatever. This is very important to you who would use soap on the face. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care and beauty. More women know that—more believe it today than ever before.

There is nothing in Palmolive to roughen or dry the skin. Only the "deep cleansing," lotion-like lather so peculiar to a soap containing olive oil. No wonder beauty specialists urge it.

They see its results. They note the smooth, soft, clear complexions that result.

If you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion, choose Palmolive Soap—and no other!



*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

# TANGEE



## LONDON, TOO ADVISES THIS NATURAL LIPSTICK



SKETCH, famous London magazine, says: "This season, a vivid artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony. The first essential is to choose a lipstick and rouge that blend perfectly with your own natural coloring."

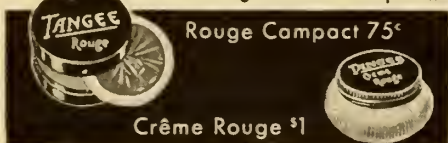
"TANGEE changes color magically on the lips and cheeks to exactly the right tone of the natural coloring of the skin. TANGEE suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or titian-haired."

TATLER, world famous authority, adds: "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Some Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P6  
417 Fifth Avenue New York

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# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**BETTE DAVIS** ("Bad Sister," Universal) is a Lowell, Mass., girl who makes her talkie debut in this picture. Born in 1908, and a pretty blonde, she played on the stage for two years, having rôles in "Broken Dishes" and in "The Solid South," the Richard Bennett play, from which Universal took her for the picture rôle.



**GEORGE BRENT** ("Charlie Chan Carries On," Fox) was born and educated in Dublin, Ireland, and has spent eight of his twenty-six years in the theater. By his own admission, he has played 200 rôles in stock. Some talkie training. He's dark, six feet, one, and single. Fox has George safely under contract, and is glad of it.



**LORETTA SAYERS** (Columbia) is the very newest of Hollywood Cinderellas and, as such, earns mention here. An exceptionally pretty blonde, eighteen years old, Loretta left the younger set of Larchmont, New York, to take a Columbia film test. Out of hundreds of girls tested, she was chosen, and it was heigho, off to Hollywood!



**HUGH O'CONNELL** ("The Smiling Lieutenant," Paramount) isn't a stranger to the camera—he's appeared in some howling Vitaphone shorts. One of the stage's best "dumb" comedians, Hugh is now playing the dumb-producer leading rôle in "Once in a Lifetime," the Hollywood satire, and doubling into the Chevalier film.



**GLADYS FORD** ("Big Business Girl," Warners) has had name trouble. Her real name is Mary Blackford. Warners signed this sixteen-year-old hopeful, and changed it to Janet Ford. This conflicted with the name of an established player, and as Gladys Ford she was cast in "Big Business Girl." She's a Beverly Hills product.



**LORIN RAKER** ("Riding for a Fall," Fox) has been for years one of the best known farce actors in the American theater. Recently he's been a radio player, too. Visiting friends in Hollywood, he was given a rôle in Otis Skinner's talkie, "Kismet." Raker liked the lots, with the result that film jobs are tumbling his way.



**JOAN CASTLE** ("Mr. Lemon of Orange," Fox) is another of the countless Gus Edwards discoveries. As Rosalind Cassell, the sixteen-year-old girl did radio broadcasting for two years, and Gus heard her on the air. Fox signed her, changed her name and nursed her along in small rôles till the Brendel picture. A New York City girl.



**GUY KIBBEE** ("Complete Surrender," M-G-M) played on the stage for thirty years before reaching Broadway. Then, last fall, he scored a sensation in "Torch Song," and played it on the screen under the above title. Now he is in tremendous studio demand. He has appeared in "Man of the World," "Stolen Heaven" and "City Streets."



Buy a bandana with that \$3 you save



*Compared with dentifrices in the 50 cent class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents saves you \$3 a year. Let your fancy dictate what you buy with the money. The bandana is merely a suggestion.*

## Critical women prefer this tooth paste— and for a very definite reason

**W**OMEN who try Listerine Tooth Paste invariably refuse to use any other. They will not run the risk of affecting their teeth with an inferior dentifrice.

This tooth paste, they find, keeps teeth whiter—more sparkling—absolutely free from discoloration. It cleanses gently and smoothly, with a really amazing quickness.

The secret of Listerine Tooth Paste's popularity lies in the cleansing agents. They are hard enough to remove tartar, and dislodge even the tiniest food particles between the teeth. And yet they are too soft to work mischief on the enamel.

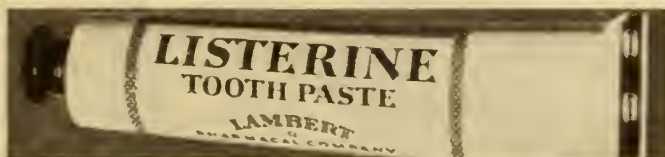
A lifetime of preparation was necessary to produce a dentifrice embodying all the virtues of Listerine Tooth Paste. That's why, once we offered it to the public, it was acclaimed by ever-growing numbers.

Now 4 million people, in all walks of life, have discarded more expensive brands in favor of this new one at about half the price.

Don't take anyone's word for it. Make it a matter strictly between yourself and us. Try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. Then study the improvement in the looks of your teeth. Watch for the added lustre. The purer white color. The new feeling of health and aliveness in your mouth.

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ a tube saves you about \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Buy things you need with that saving.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.



The makers of Listerine  
Tooth Paste recommend  
**Pro-phy-lac-tic**  
Tooth Brushes

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢

LOLA LANE, the youthful Tiffany-James Cruze star, is one of the first to sponsor the new all-white sports costume. On the tennis courts you find her endorsing the fashion of shorts. In the evening, over a deceptively simple gown of chiffon, she wears the season's smartest choice, the "little" wrap of white bunny.



## ABOVE ALL THINGS—THE NEW STYLES REQUIRE A

SMART SPORT TOGS, the blithe new tennis shorts, clinging evening gowns—each is a subtle test of your figure.

Is there, indeed, a single ensemble that doesn't require a figure of alluring rounded slimness? A figure so few have—and so many desire?

Yet it is possible for almost every girl to achieve this rounded slimness—*by diet and exercise.*

Perhaps the most serious fault with most reducing diets is that they are lacking in roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons remain in the body, causing pimples, sallowness, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

What a pity—when the addition of one delightful cereal to an adequate reducing diet will avoid all this danger. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean, regular and healthy. It is not fattening—but it does add iron which brings color to cheeks. Isn't it far better to eat this pleasant cereal, than to take pills and drugs that may be dangerous? Add

# GOOD FIGURE!



two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to your reducing menus.

Serve it as a cereal; in soups and salads; in omelets or cooked into bran muffins or breads. Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET  
"THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY  
Dept. A-6, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet,  
"The Modern Figure."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Served at the Studios

## New Recipes for Sandwiches Salads and Sundaes



Dinner coats at noon! It's in the M-G-M studio restaurant and John Miljan and Adolphe Menjou are due back on the set shortly

**P**ERHAPS it's just a tongue and swiss combination to you, but on the M-G-M restaurant menu it's listed as an ANITA PAGE SANDWICH and served on whole wheat or bran toast. And it does taste better. Or, maybe, admiring Anita, I just imagine it.

All the studio menus are bright with the names of their current stars and leading players. Even the orders take on a movie flavor. When Hugh Herbert and Evelyn Brent were working together on the Radio Pictures lot, making "Traveling Husbands," Hugh ordered a special sandwich. Evelyn, who had already ordered, watched with hungry eyes. Next day she headed for the same waitress and said: "I'll have a *retake* on that sandwich Mr. Herbert had yesterday!"

**O**VER at the Paramount Studio restaurant you can lunch royally on MAURICE CHEVALIER SANDWICHES. This is the way they are made:

Mash  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup canned salmon and add to it 1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg and 1 tablespoon finely chopped cucumber pickle. Season with salt and paprika, and moisten with cream salad dressing. For a second mixture, mash yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs and add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons melted butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons chopped nut meats, and a few drops anchovy essence.

Remove the four crusts from a slightly stale white loaf, and cut five one-third inch slices lengthwise of loaf. Spread three slices, on both sides, with butter worked until creamy, buttering remaining two slices on one side. Spread two mixtures alternately between slices of bread, sprinkling egg yolk mixture with finely chopped green pepper. Wrap in paraffin paper or cheese-cloth, place under a light weight and let stand until serving time. Cut in one-third inch slices crosswise and then cut each slice in half. Arrange, overlapping one another on a plate covered with a lace (or lace paper) doily.

GARY COOPER SANDWICHES are made of whole wheat or bran bread, sliced thin and with the crusts cut off. They are spread with a mushroom mixture, cut in finger-shaped pieces, and sautéed in butter until browned on both sides.

The mushroom mixture is made as follows:

Melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour and stir until well blended. Pour on gradually, stirring constantly, one cup thin cream. Bring to boiling point and add sautéed chopped mushrooms to make right consistency to spread. Season with salt, pepper and paprika.

**T**AKE a generous scoop of pineapple ice and place it on a slice of canned pineapple. Top it with whipped cream, and sprinkle with chopped nuts and cherries.

"That's a double pineapple sundae," you say, your mouth watering. But out at the Warner-First National studio commissary in Burbank, they call it a LORETTA YOUNG SUNDAE.

The extra girls' favorite is a RICHARD BARTHELMESS SUNDAE. A sliced banana is covered with ice cream, half chocolate and half vanilla. A mixture of marshmallow and hot butter-scotch is poured on the ice cream, and the whole is topped with whipped cream and sprinkled with chopped nuts and cherries. Such devotion, at the risk of digestion, must be deserved!

A FRANK FAY SUNDAE is a work of art. Strawberry ice cream is put in a stem goblet, followed by pineapple ice. That's

covered with green mint sirup, which, in turn, is topped with the inevitable whipped cream and sprinkled with the inevitable nuts and cherries.

The salad list is adorned with so many famous names it's difficult to choose.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. SALAD is made of prunes, stoned and stuffed with cream cheese, and served on a bed of shredded lettuce with French dressing.

BEBE DANIELS SALAD consists of sliced avocado and tomato, in alternating slices on shredded lettuce. Usually served with French dressing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



"Dear Mickey Mouse—"

### Our Garbo

This department is making a collection of Garbo poems. We already have over 3,500 of them. When we get a total of 5,000 poems to Greta Garbo we are going to have them printed on fine vellum and bound in royal purple leather. The following beautiful poem, written by Miss J. K., of Ray, Arizona, was chosen because of its lofty sentiments, its sublime imagery, its ineffable nuances and its ephemeral *je ne sais quoi*. Also because it is very short.

*Garbo, Garbo, famous star  
Nothing does your brightness mar.*

*Climbed the rounds of fame so high,  
Wrote your name across the sky.*

*When the evening sun is set  
And our comrades we have met,*

*Then we'll seek our great delight—  
Find a Garbo show tonight!*

### Good Mean Fun

Clara Bow is reported to have a hideaway in the mountains, a hundred miles from Hollywood. Shucks! In six weeks the place will have a tabloid newspaper! . . . "Wild Boar Charges Chaplin," says a story from Saint Saens, France. Chaplin has been charged by wild bores for twenty years, which is one of the reasons his poll is white at forty-two. . . . Everything on the Radio Pictures lot these days is labeled "B. C."—"Before Cimarron." . . . Mary Brian and Jack Oakie are said to be really *throbbing* for each other now. . . . Lupe Velez is doing a stage show in Los Angeles called "La Argentine," thus clear-

# Reeling Around

with  
*Leonard  
Hall*

ing up the mystery of why theaters are forced by law to install asbestos curtains. . . . Jean Harlow, busy every minute since she appeared practically *au naturel* in "Hell's Angels," has been cast for the lead in a picture called "Blondie." They'll have to change the title to "Whitey" for that baby. . . . Kay Francis is a pet-lover. She has two dogs, a cat, a rabbit, two canaries, a parrot and seven goldfish, not to mention the new husband, Ken MacKenna.

### The Gag of the Month Club

Solly Violinsky is a vaudeville boy who has become one of Hollywood's most famous layoffs. You could number his jobs on the thumbs of one foot.

Not long ago the Marx Brothers signed him for ten weeks as gag-man on their new Paramount comedy. The next afternoon Solly ambled into the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel, says *Variety*, and found his wife sitting in a lobby chair, like one of the gilded rich and easeful.

"What?" screamed Solly, the layoff, "has my going to work gone to your head?"

### Getting Personal

Father Carl Laemmle is said to look with disfavor on the current romancing between Junior Laemmle and Sidney Fox, the pretty little girl who made her talkie debut in Universal's "Bad Sister." . . . William (Paramount) Boyd and Addie McPhail, leading woman in many Lloyd Hamilton comedies, are said to be going hither and thither seriously. Boyd was recently divorced from Clara Joel, stage actress. . . . Bobby Jones says that if he ever makes any more golf pictures there's going to be a clause prohibiting studio bosses from asking how to improve their game. . . . Fifi Dorsay's nineteen-year-old brother is in Hollywood and may rate a Fox contract. . . . The Betty Compton-Hugh Trevor romance is said to be cold, with Jack Cabot, a Los Angeles society man, the newer squire. . . . Crane Wilbur, the old-time movie hero-writer-director, and his latest wife, Beatrice Blinn, have separated. Temperament, she says. Crane has been playing in "On the Spot," stage melodrama, this season. Anna May Wong in the cast, too. . . . Nice break for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. They've been making a personal appearance tour—together. . . . "Pat," the police dog who was with Director F. W. Murnau when the German genius was killed, disappeared immediately after the accident and has not been seen since. . . . One of the Gish girls keeps working on the stage. Dorothy has been appearing in New York in the Theater Guild's revival of Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." . . . Voice from the past—Carlyle Blackwell, who used to fascinate the American flapper fifteen years ago, has just signed to make three talkies in England. Older, but still booful. . . . Greta Nissen, slated for big vamp rôles at Fox, has bought a new house in Beverly Hills. . . . Six real newspapermen were hired by Paramount for court-room scenes in "An American Tragedy." The director told them to "act naturally, as though working." All six went to sleep with their feet on the desks.

“How thrilling . . . to find  
the fountain of youth  
in a perfume bottle!”

says

HELEN TWELVETREES

“Goodness knows I’m no explorer! . . . yet I’ve found it . . . the fountain of youth . . . right here at my own dressing table! It came disguised as a perfume, in a *precious* flacon . . . and every droplet smiled and twinkled . . . well, just like an April sunbeam. I lifted the stopper, and knew at once . . . that Seventeen was no *ordinary* perfume. For at once, almost, it caught me up—and held and held me—in its own thrilling mood . . . of Seventeen!”



To impart the skin-tone of *Seventeen* . . .

*Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder* . . . a new and different powder which brings youth to your complexion, as *Seventeen Perfume* brings youth to your mood! *Seventeen* is a two-tone powder . . . in which tones are blended, just as Nature blends them in the youthful skin. Thus, *Seventeen* imparts the true skin-tone of youth to your complexion . . . the combination of tones gives life and radiance, and avoids the flat appearance of ordinary powders. In four fascinating shades. Other *Seventeen* toiletries . . . Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compacts, a solid and liquid *Brillantine*, *Sachet*, *Toilet Water* . . . and the blithe perfume, *Seventeen*.

*Seventeen*





## THE 3-FOOT CIRCLE TEST

Inside the three-foot circle — even a slight trace of armpit odor gives offense. Yet the offender can hardly ever notice that odor herself.

Fortunately, there is one *safe* and *lasting* way to prevent armpit odor—Nonspi.

Nonspi is *one* deodorant pronounced both harmless and effective by competent medical authority.

Why? Because it is perfectly safe, and yet protects you for 3 days (72 hours). You need to use it only twice a week. A special ingredient used *only* in Nonspi makes this possible.

By checking perspiration, Nonspi not only stops armpit odor, but also protects you from staining, perhaps ruining, expensive frocks.

Send 10¢ for generous trial bottle, enough for 2 or 3 weeks. Or start today; get full-sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.



The Nonspi Co.,  
Department 6-E  
113 W. 18th St.,  
NEW YORK.

**NONSPI**  
THE SAFE  
DEODORANT  
prevents perspiration

# Short Subjects of the Month

THE movie-makers are taking courage and going into a new field. At last they are no longer afraid to take a sly comic dig at Hollywood, its people and its ways.

One of the funniest short comedies in months is along this line. It's called "In Conference," and is reviewed below.

### IN CONFERENCE *Sennett—Educational*

This could be taken as a model for two-reel comedies, and proves that the old master, Mack Sennett, keeps well out in front. A Scotch picture producer, played by Andy Clyde, and his Jewish partner are faced by a soprano-voiced male star when the talkies come in. A riot.

### THE RINGLEADER *Educational*

A William J. Burns mystery, made from a case record of one of the mysteries solved by the great detective. These Burns two-reelers are being very well done and are better than some of the big features shown on the same bills.

### CHASING AROUND *Tiffany*

One of the best of the clever chimpanzee series so popular with the youngsters. This one is about the hard-working papa and the shiftless college son who falls hard for a gold-digger. One of the biggest howls in the picture is the monkey son's rich Hahvahd accent.

### SECOND HAND KISS *Darmour*

If you think slapstick comedy is only for kids, you just go down and watch Louise Fazenda and Jimmie Finlayson, trying to adopt a child, each one concealing the fact they already have a child by a former marriage. It's a wow.

### PARTNERS *Vitaphone Variety*

This is a faithfully photographed vaudeville act. Sometimes they are flopperinos, but this one, being a good sketch, makes a fine two-reel comedy. William Gaxton stars in it, playing a young, impoverished business man trying to bluff his way into a big sale. His office boy's the partner.

### HIS PRICE *Paramount*

Remember Johnny Burke, who served quite a spell with Mack Sennett when talking comedies were new? Here he is again, playing in a little laugh-maker in which he plays a worried stockbroker all jammed up with domestic entanglements. Johnny's an able comic, and the skit has roars.

### OUR WIFE *Hal Roach*

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have turned in another winner! This comedy is a laugh from start to finish, thanks to Hardy's frenzied efforts to stage an elopement with Babe London, who is no featherweight herself. And when the runaway does come off, Ben Turpin is the J. P. who ties the knot!

### HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS *Sennett—Educational*

Old Mack Sennett himself, without make-up, takes a part in this. With his comedian, Marjorie Beebe, playing straight, they show a Baron around Hollywood. It's a sort of comedified travelogue of the film capital, and a grand treat for those who'd like to come to cinemaland.

### THE PIP FROM PITTSBURGH *Hal Roach—M-G-M*

Two tried and true troupers on the Roach lot—Charley Chase and Thelma Todd—manage to get a good deal of fun out of a slim script. Charley, faced with a blind date with a girl from Pittsburgh, does everything he can to duck it—until he finds it is the beautiful Todd!

### WAY OF ALL FISH *Radio Pictures*

Don't miss this one. It's the perfect comedy. Ned Sparks—with that dumb pan of his—plays an ardent trout fisherman who goes wild when his best flies won't work and a farmer boy catches a beauty with a bent pin and a worm. Addie McPhail and Roberta Gale are swell. It's a scream.

### SKY HIGH *Vitaphone Variety*

There is a definite place in the short subject field for little musical pieces, and this is a good one. It contains singing, dancing and a little comedy—it features a beautiful Broadway hot-song singer named Janet Reade (she's a platinum blonde) and it pleases the folks.

### THE LONE STARVED RANGER *Radio Pictures*

Roscoe Ates stutters his way to a sure-fit comedy hit again. Just let Roscoe open that staccato mouth of his and the laughs are sure to begin. This time he gets all tangled up with the law as well as his tongue, and almost gets himself lynched for robbing a Western bank.

### AFRICA SHRIEKS *Vitaphone Variety*

As was to be expected, a travesty on the African Travel-and-thrill films has come along, and it's a screecher. Hugh Cameron, a well known comic from musical comedy, is Joe Zilch in Darkest Africa, and the comedian and some funny photographic clips make this an extra enjoyable short.

### THE GOSSIPY PLUMBER *RKO—Pathe*

Well handled slapstick for those who like it, and good dialogue for those who like that, this short will provide plenty of amusement. Arthur Wanzer as the plumber is so real that you'll be disappointed if he doesn't come to fix your pipe next time you call one.

# The three rules for strong, healthy teeth

## Eat Right *to resist Decay*

## Remove Film *to prevent Decay*

## See your Dentist *to check Decay*



1. Include these in your daily diet. One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery.  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

STEP by step science discovers what makes teeth strong and healthy. There are three rules. The first two you already know —“Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.”

The third rule governs the food you eat. Study the panel on this page and let it guide your diet and your children's. It is remarkable what proper diet can accomplish in preventing decay and gum disorders.

*Remove film daily*

But while correcting your diet, don't neglect the equally important safeguard of keeping teeth film free.

Film covers all teeth. It seems to harm some more than others. Film contains germs. It glues them to the teeth—their action, it's believed, destroys enamel.

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. These stains most people mistake for naturally discolored teeth.

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your den-



Don't wait to see your dentist until teeth ache.

### Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

tist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

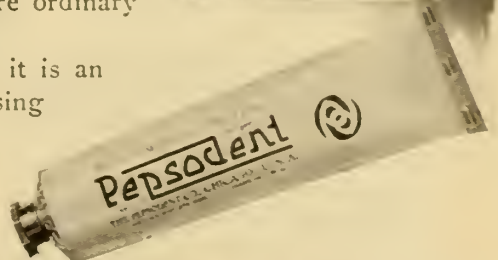
Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today — it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

Newly discovered  
PEPSODENT  
ANTISEPTIC  
MOUTH WASH  
NOW at your  
nearest druggist's

AMOS 'N' ANDY brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

# Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste



# Win Fame and Fortune

## 1,000 Prizes for United States

### SIX PICTURE CLASSES

**YOU** may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

**A. Children.** Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

**B. Scenes.** Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

**C. Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.** Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

**D. Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.** Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

**E. Informal Portraits.** Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

**F. Animals, Pets, Birds.** Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

### \$25,000 in U. S. Prizes

#### GRAND PRIZE

\$2,500 in cash and a Bronze Medal

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class . . . . .	\$500
For the next picture in each class . . . . .	250
For the next picture in each class . . . . .	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class . . .	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class . .	10
<i>(847 prizes, totaling \$16,330)</i>	

#### STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made in May and June and entered from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state . . . . .	\$100
Second Prize, each state . . . . .	50
Third Prize, each state . . . . .	20
<i>(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling \$8,670)</i>	

### International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

**GRAND AWARD:** Silver Trophy and .. \$10,000

**SIX CLASS AWARDS:** Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and \$1,000.

\* \* \*

Total U. S. Prize Money . . . . .	\$25,000
International Awards . . . . .	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world . . . . .	59,000

**NOTE** that one picture may win a \$500 class prize, the \$2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$14,000 for a single snapshot.

### Read these simple rules for U. S. A.

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)
3. An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)



The owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to capture a prize as users of costly cameras. Picture interest is what counts.

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.
5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure more than 8 inches the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed. Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.
6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on opposite page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.
7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.
8. All pictures will be judged solely on general appeal—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

# with a Simple Snapshot

\$25,000 in Cash Prizes for United States alone  
 . . . A Thousand Opportunities to Win!

*Only amateurs may compete. Pictures must be made in May, June, July or August, 1931*

A CAMERA . . . a roll of film . . . some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International \$100,000 Competition!

It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of pictures you take are the kind wanted for this contest!

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling \$25,000, for pictures from the United States alone. In addition, the first-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland . . . where there are six \$1,000 class awards and a grand award of \$10,000 and a handsome silver trophy.

And, as the list of prizes shows, one simple snapshot may win \$14,000!

### State Prizes for Child Pictures

Three Special Prizes will be given in each state for the best child and baby pictures made in May and June. Pictures entered in this "half-way"

contest may also win prizes in the general contest ending August 31.

So get your camera busy. No special skill, no long experience, is required in this contest. Picture interest, not photographic excellence, is what counts.

### Famous People acting as Judges, Patrons

Photography is the universal language that brings nations closer together and makes for international goodwill.

In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

European princes, oriental rulers . . . presidents and premiers, makers of history . . . leading figures in society, science and the arts . . . such celebrities are sponsoring this important event.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler

Christy; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on Kodak Film, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Only Eastman makes these films. Both come in the yellow box.

Get busy! See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots! Send in as many as you please, as often as you wish. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10:00 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.



Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Chairman of Judges

Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress, Judge



Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist, Judge

### Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Town and State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Make of Camera \_\_\_\_\_  
 Make of Film \_\_\_\_\_ Number of pictures accompanying this blank \_\_\_\_\_  
 P. 6

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers

# Questions & Answers

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Adolphe Menjou, Mary Brian and Pat O'Brien glimpsed in a big moment from "The Front Page"—smash newspaper talkie, conceded the best of its kind, to date

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**THE FRONT PAGE,** that dynamic newspaper talkie, has got the fans in a high state of excitement this month. Brilliantly directed by Lewis Milestone, who made a classic of "All Quiet on the Western Front," this picture has all the ingredients to gladden the heart of the most critical fan. Mary Brian was borrowed from Paramount to play the girl, and Pat O'Brien, a newcomer to the screen, plays the young reporter, *Hildy Johnson*—a character drawn from life; incidentally this real Hildy Johnson died in Chicago recently, while still on the job. The real interest, however, centers around Adolphe Menjou in the part of *Walter Burns*, the tough managing editor. Menjou steps out of his routine sophisticated rôles and makes his characterization something that will long be remembered for its realness.

**A. B., NEWARK, N. J.:** Right you are, A. B. Adolphe Menjou is married. He has been married twice. Kathryn Carver is now the lucky girl, and the happy event took place in 1928. Menjou hails from Pittsburgh, Penna.

**EILEEN MERRY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.:** Pat O'Brien's portrayal of *Hildy Johnson* in "The Front Page" was the first part he's played in pictures, with the exception of a few Vitaphone shorts he made in the East while filling a New York stage engagement. He is 31 years old, was born in Milwaukee and married Eloise Taylor last January.

**DIANA FRANKLIN, CHICAGO, ILL.:** George Stone was born in Lodze, Poland, May 25, 1903. He weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet, 3 and has brown hair and eyes. He has been in the movies since 1927.

**KAY, CLEVELAND, OHIO:** Edward Everett Horton was born in Brooklyn, New York. He has never married and has been in pictures for about 10 years; during which time he has produced and played in a number of stage plays in Hollywood and Los Angeles. His last pictures are "Lonely Wives" and "The Front Page."

**LUCIEN VOISARD, PLYMOUTH, OHIO:** Helen Twelvretres is really Helen Jurgen, but Joan Blondell kept her own name. Nancy Carroll changed hers from Nancy LaHiff. Elissa Landi, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were all born that way.

**CHARLOTTE M. SCHAUER, HOLYOKE, MASS.:** Janet Gaynor is a Philadelphia girl, born October 6, 1906. She has lovely naturally curly auburn hair and brown eyes, weighs 96 pounds and is just 5 feet high.

**J. D. CIULLA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.:** Bert Wheeler was born in Paterson, N. J., Robert Woolsey in Oakland, Calif. Yes, Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers.

**MARY SMITH, MEMPHIS, TENN.:** Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, Calif., November 5, 1905. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Before he entered pictures in 1928, he played several parts in amateur theatricals. His most recent pictures are "Kept Husbands" and "Once a Sinner."

**MARION PEARCE, PEORIA, ILL.:** So you're a Kay Johnson fan, Marion. She was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes. Kay is Mrs. John Cromwell. Her husband directs pictures now. He was on the stage directing and acting.

**A FAN, DETROIT, MICH.:** Paul Lukas is from Budapest, Hungary, born on May 26, 1896. He was educated at the Royal Hungarian University and when he came to America in 1927 he couldn't speak a word of English. He was in pictures in Budapest and on the stage abroad for 14 years. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 182 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. His two latest pictures are "Unfaithful" and "The Vice Squad."

**CAROL CANNON, ST. PAUL, MINN.:** Little Mitzi Green is 11 years old. Stanley Smith is on the New York stage in a musical comedy called "You Said It." You'll see Charles Rogers next in "The Lawyer's Secret." He has been in Europe. Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll played together in "Stolen Heaven." Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914, and Robert, his brother, is just 6 years old. Davey Lee was born January 3, 1925.

**A READER, DETROIT, MICH.:** Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, like Paul Lukas, is a native of Hungary. He played in several stage productions, one of which was "Dracula." He is now working at the Fox Studio in "Women of All Nations."

**EARL EDWARD THORNTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.:** Lois Moran did a play in New York this winter, but she's back at the Fox Studio now. She was born in Pittsburgh, Penna., March 11, 1909, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall. She has blonde hair, bobbed, and blue-gray eyes.

**LILLIAN M. DUCK, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.:** Ina Claire (real name Inez Fagan) was born in Washington, D. C.

**LORRAINE BIDDLE, CHICAGO, ILL.:** Monroe Owsley was born in Atlanta, Georgia. He weighs 156 pounds, is 5 feet, 10 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Before appearing on the stage, he was a newspaper man. You'll be seeing a lot more of him. He has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. His last picture was for Paramount—"Honor Among Lovers."

**DORIS B., SAGINAW, MICH.:** So you think Anita Page is awkward. She really isn't. She weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Winnie Lightner is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds.

**ANNA MARGARET KRONTLER, NASHVILLE, TENN.:** Dorothy Janis is not a sister of Elsie. Her real name is Dorothy Penelope Jones. She played opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan." May McAvoy hasn't been in pictures since her marriage to Maurice Cleary.

**B. M. C. DEANE, TORONTO, CANADA:** Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton. He was born in London, England, September 10, 1901. He has blond hair, blue eyes, weighs 168 pounds and is 6 feet tall. His last picture was "The Bachelor Father" with Marion Davies at the M-G-M Studio and if you write there you'll surely get a reply from him. Marion Davies was born on January 3, 1900.

**KATHLEEN BARTHLON, FREDERICK, MD.:** Virginia Valli was married to Demarest Lamson before she married Charlie Farrell. She is of Irish-American birth, born in Chicago, January 19, 1900. She weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Entered the movies when she was 16 years old.

**HELEN C. MORRIS, NEW YORK, N. Y.:** Here's a short biography of Ramon Novarro. Born in Durango, Mexico, of Spanish parents, on February 6, 1899. Entered the movies as an extra in 1917. He has five sisters and four brothers living and none of them are in pictures. He studied singing with Louis Graveure. Ramon has dark brown curly hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. His latest picture is "Daybreak."

**MARGARET ERDMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.:** Constance Bennett was born on October 3, 1904, in New York City. Sharon Lynn was born in the same year but in Weatherford, Texas. Marjorie White hails from Winnipeg, Canada. She was born on July 22, weighs 103 pounds and is 4 feet, 10½ inches tall. Norma Talmadge was born on May 26, 1897, in Niagara Falls, N. Y.



“Your six stars  
are my lucky stars”



By Frances Ingram

I HAD almost forgotten her—the amusing and quite delightful girl who came to see me months ago. And then—this letter from California.

“Remember when I came to consult with you, last September? I told you I was going to find a big hat with a wide floppy brim—and a veil! To hide what a whole summer spent principally on the Sound had done to my poor skin.

“I’m doing the *Pacific* now,” the letter goes on to say. “But every night I spread your Milkweed Cream lavishly over my face and neck, and leave it for several minutes so that the delicate oils can penetrate deeply into the pores.

“Then—I put on a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and pat it in, stroking outward and upward at the six stars shown on your mannequin.

“You have no idea what a difference your cream and your method have made in my skin. It’s soft now—without a single blemish!

“And I can wear an off-the-forehead hat with entire nonchalance!”

Will you try my starred way to a soft, clear skin? You have only to follow the instructions given below.

In my radio programs “Through the Looking Glass With Frances Ingram” (Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E.D.S.T., WJZ and associated stations) I discuss many skin problems. Mail the coupon below for my free booklet, “Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young”.

STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER STARS TO KNOW WHY

“Only a healthy skin can stay young”

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows’ feet, smooth Ingram’s about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES... 50c. . \$1. . \$1.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-61  
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, “Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young,” which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Ten Years Ago

in



## BETTER BRISTLES

More spring in Tek Bristles and therefore more cleansing power. Laboratory tested for lasting resiliency.



## BETTER SHAPE

Tek fits like this behind your front teeth. So it contacts every curve and crevice of your dental arch.

**Tek**  
the modern  
**TOOTH BRUSH**

## BETTER VALUE

Tek offers you higher quality at no extra cost. Sterilized and sealed.. at your dealer's, Tek, 50c. Tek Jr., 35c. Guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Gaston Glass and Vera Gordon in "Humoresque," the picture that won the first PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, back in 1921

TEN years ago this month we announced the foundation of, and the first balloting for, the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal of Honor—destined to become the outstanding award in the motion picture world for good work well done.

That epoch-making announcement outlined the rules for the award as they stand to this day—the expression of your mass opinion on the best motion picture released during the preceding calendar year.

Through the summer of 1921 the balloting continued, and a few months later the first PHOTOPLAY Medal was awarded to the producers of "Humoresque," that remarkably fine sentimental story in which the leading rôles were played by Gaston Glass, Vera Gordon and the late Alma Rubens.

In this issue we announce the start of balloting for the eleventh award of the now historic medal. In a few months another great motion picture will be added to the honored list of past winners. And now, if you haven't already, turn to the Gold Medal page, clip the ballot and vote for the best picture in 1930!

And it was just exactly a decade ago that the learned Burns Mantle attacked his typewriter in behalf of the first film version of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee," calling it the second best comedy of the year—"The Kid" being ranked first by our critic.

Today the country is chuckling at the talkie version of the same great yarn, with Will Rogers as the *Yankee*. The rôle was played ten years ago by Harry C. Myers, recently with Chaplin in "City Lights." Here are some of the other players, then and now—*The King*, Charles Clary and William Farnum; *Alisande*, Pauline Starke and Maureen O'Sullivan; *Queen Morgan La Fay*, Rosemary Theby and Myrna Loy.

It was a swell picture then, and it's a good picture now. If there's another sort of motion picture in another ten years, we can expect "A Connecticut Yankee" again. And why not?

A BEAUTIFUL roto picture of Madge Bellamy, then only seventeen. Hmm—that makes her only twenty-seven now! Where are

you, Madge? . . . Two pages of pictures of Gloria Swanson, too—from a solemn baby of eighteen months, through girlhood and custard-pie days at Sennett, to her 1921 status as DeMille star. Accompanying the photographs, a story about her by Elinor Glyn . . . Then we have an interview with the Gish girls, in which Lillian and Dorothy tell family tales about each other—in a very nice and ladylike way . . . Carolyn Van Wyck makes her bow in our pages.

THE month's gossip says—

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks postponed a Mexican trip for several days because of the alarming illness of Jack Pickford. The boy was very low with double pneumonia.

Pauline Frederick has again returned to the speaking stage.

Richard Bennett, stage star, is in Hollywood learning to direct pictures (this is 1921 speaking, mind you!).

A son has just been born to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner.

SOME memorable and remembered productions among the pictures of the month. How many do you recall with pleasure? . . . Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood" . . . Doug Fairbanks in "The Nut" . . . Marguerite Clark's brief return to the screen in "Scrambled Wives" . . . Wally Reid and Agnes Ayres in "The Love Special" . . . Thomas Meighan in "The City of Silent Men" . . . and Fatty Arbuckle in "The Dollar-a-Year Man," with Lila Cuddles Lee as his leading woman—and a plump little thing she was, too, in those far-off days at Paramount.

THIS month we print the first magazine story about Jackie Coogan, the mighty mite who snared all our hearts in "The Kid."

Miss Joan Jordan, interviewing Master Coogan, was able to get little out of the young man save on the subject of dogs.

When asked how he liked pictures, he summed it all up by remarking that he "liked the Chaplin studio fine because there was a lot of dogs there."

# Only this brilliant Nail Make-up gives finger tips enduring *Charm*

*Costs less, wears longer. Chosen by smart women in 8 capitals of the world . . . "Gives nails exotic brilliance," writes famous Beauty Editor from the Lido.*

. . .

**B**EAUTY-WISE women all over the world enhance the allure of their most graceful gestures with Cutex Liquid Polish.

"The Italian woman . . . adored for her seductive Latin charm . . . quite naturally avails herself of this romantic new nail make-up," says Maria Carelli Mastrogli, of the Roman fashion journal, "Carnet Mondain."

"We brush it on smoothly, quickly . . . and in 30 seconds it has dried. Then for days it keeps our nails sheathed in crystal brilliance, without cracking, peeling or discoloring.

"Smart women of my country are glad to find that Cutex Liquid Polish contains no perfume. For we choose our exquisite perfumes as we select our gowns . . . to suit our personalities. But we choose our polish\* for its lustre. And the brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures long after perfumed polishes are dull and lifeless."

Alluring fingers the world around are groomed by the simple Cutex method:

First scrub the nails. Then remove the old, lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser.

Now brush on your favorite shade of brilliant Cutex Liquid Polish.

End with a touch of Nail White under the nail tips for accent—Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream.

After this quick manicure once a week, a few minutes each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips, and

use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

*Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:*

1. Dries smoothly, quickly, in 30 seconds.
  2. Never cracks, peels, or discolors.
  3. Lasts for one whole week.
  4. Sparkles always with smart lustre.
  5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.
- Cutex Manicure Preparations, 35¢ each.  
Cutex Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.  
NORTHAM WARREN-NEW YORK-LONDON-PARIS



*"On the shimmering sands of the Lido, the slim white fingers of smart Italian women . . . and lovely travelers from all over the world . . . wear the gem-like brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish. It makes finger tips flash like lovely jewels,"*  
says MARIA CARELLI MASTRIGLI, leading Beauty Editor of Rome.

## Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance

ONLY 35¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)  
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1Q-6  
191 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.



## Adds Gloss, Lustre—to lifeless, Dry, Dull Hair

Leaves It Easy to Manage

**I**F your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

Just put a few drops of Glostora in the palm of your hand and pat it on your hair before you wave or comb it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



# Glostora

# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
George Bancroft  
Carman Barnes  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Martin Burton  
Ruth Chatterton  
June Collyer  
Juliette Compton  
Jackie Coogan  
Robert Coogan  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Leon Errol  
Stuart Erwin  
Stanley Fields

Kay Francis  
Skeets Gallagher  
Mitzi Green  
Phillips Holmes  
Carole Lombard  
Paul Lukas  
Marcia Manners  
Cyril Maude  
Rosita Moreno  
Jack Oakie  
Guy Oliver  
Eugene Pallette  
Lilyan Tashman  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson  
Luana Alcaniz  
Michael Bartlett  
Warner Baxter  
Joan Bennett  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Lucile Browne  
Robert Burns  
Joan Castle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Marguerite Churchill  
William Collier, Sr.  
Joyce Compton  
Iroxanne Curtis  
Donald Dillaway  
Fifi Dorsay  
Charles Farrell  
John Garrick  
Janet Gaynor  
C. Henry Gordon  
Louise Huntington  
Warren Hymers  
Keating Sisters  
Richard Keene  
Jane Keith  
Nancy Kelly  
J. M. Kerrigan  
James Kirkwood  
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee  
Marion Lessing  
George Lewis  
Myrna Loy  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Leslie May  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Frances McCoy  
Victor McLaglen  
Una Merkel  
Don Jose Mojica  
Goddee Montgomery  
Lois Moran  
J. Harold Murray  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Gaylord Pendleton  
Nat Pendleton  
Rosalie Rae  
Will Rogers  
David Rollins  
John Swor  
Lee Tracy  
Spencer Tracy  
Ruth Warren  
John Wayne  
Marjorie White

### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames  
Amos and Andy  
Henry Armetta  
Mary Astor  
Roscoe Ates  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Betty Compson  
Ricardo Cortez  
John Darrow  
Claudia Dell  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Eddie Foy, Jr.  
Noel Francis  
Ralf Harolde  
Hugh Herbert

Rita LaRoy  
Ivan Lebedeff  
Dorothy Lee  
Sharon Lynn  
Everett Marshall  
Joel McCrea  
Jack Mulhall  
Edna May Oliver  
Roberta Robinson  
Lowell Sherman  
Katya Sorina  
Ned Sparks  
Leni Stengel  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

### Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss  
John Barrymore  
Noah Beery  
Joan Blondell  
Joe E. Brown  
Anthony Bushell  
James Cagney  
Donald Cook  
Bebe Daniels  
Irene Delroy  
Robert Elliott  
Frank Fay

John Halliday  
Leon Janney  
Evalyn Knapp  
Allan Lane  
Winnie Lightner  
Ben Lyon  
David Manners  
Marian Marsh  
Edward Morgan  
William Powell  
Barbara Weeks  
Jack Whiting

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ina Claire  
Ronald Colman  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson  
Evelyn Laye  
Chester Morris  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell  
Constance Cummings  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones  
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell  
Dorothy Revier  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Miriam Seegar  
Barbara Stanwyck

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lenore Bushman  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Jose Crespo  
Marion Davies  
Reginald Denny  
Kent Douglass  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Julia Faye  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
William Haines  
Neil Hamilton  
Hedda Hopper  
Lottie Howell  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton  
Arnold Korff  
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy  
Joan Marsh  
Adolphe Menjou  
John Miljan  
Conchita Montenegro  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Catherine Moylan  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Monroe Owsley  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Marie Prevost  
Marjorie Rambeau  
Duncan Renaldo  
Norma Shearer  
Gus Shy  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Lester Vail

### RKO-Pathé Studios

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
Bill Boyd  
James and Russell  
Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Helen Twelvetrees

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton  
Thelma Todd

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Margaret Adams  
Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Hoot Gibson  
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray  
George Sidney  
Slim Summerville  
Genevieve Tobin  
John Wray

## Burbank, Calif.

### First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Joe Frisco  
Walter Huston  
Fred Kohler  
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller  
Ona Munson  
Dorothy Peterson  
James Rennie  
Otis Skinner  
Loretta Young

## Long Island City, New York

### Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Claudette Colbert  
Norman Foster  
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March  
Marx Brothers  
Frank Morgan  
Ginger Rogers  
Charlie Ruggles  
Charles Starrett  
Ed Wynn

## Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Bldg.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York  
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



## Love cools when husband or wife grows careless about 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

NEVER was there another husband so wonderful as *mine*, the bride rejoices. Never another wife so lovely, so desirable, he proudly tells himself. So think every happy couple on their wedding day.

Yet too often the bridal glamour fades tragically soon—many times because one or the other grows careless about *little* things. They become a little less particular about their clothes—their persons. Sometimes they even let "B.O."—*body odor*—offend!

### *Don't take chances*

We never notice "B.O." *in ourselves* because we quickly become used to an ever-present

odor. Yet pores constantly give off odor-causing waste. Hotter weather increases the danger of offending. Don't take chances. Lifebuoy will keep you *safe*.

Lifebuoy's creamy, antiseptic lather—so abundant even in hard water—*purifies* pores, removes all odor, leaves you gloriously fresh and clean. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from "B.O."

### *A real complexion soap*

Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough, cleansing. Dull skins glow with fresh, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



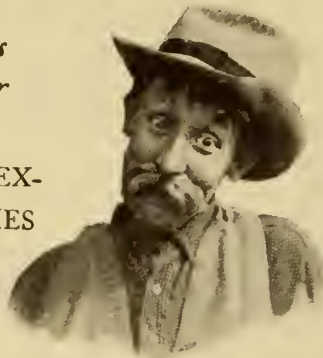
# Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

*stops body odor*

# "Chic" Sale—The Specialist

adds  
another  
EX-  
to the EX-  
STORIES



A MEMBER of the cabinet resigns an' publishes a book under the headin' of "Ex-Member." A woman gits a divorce an' writes a book, callin' it "Ex-Slave." A man of mystery retires on his millions an' writes the story of his life, namin' it "Ex-Hijacker." The library shelves an' the cigar store book counter are piled with books about ex-somebody.

Well sir, Elmer Ridgway was talkin' to the clerk at the drug store. "I've read those ex-books," sez the clerk to Elmer, "till I am jest about ex-hausted. My head aches, an' I'm seein' spots before my eyes, an' I'll have to git myself some glasses I ex-pect."

"Maybe it ain't your eyes," sez Elmer, pointin' to some little blue tin boxes of chocolate tablets behind the counter an' sez, "Try some of your own goods an' maybe you'll feel ex-try good."

*"Chic" Sale*

ISN'T it gratifying to know that the laxative you take has the weight of medical approval behind it?

"Those little chocolate tablets"—called Ex-Lax—are great favorites with doctors. They know that Ex-Lax is simply pure chocolate, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At all druggists—10c, 25c, and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with

## EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE Complete set of  
"CHIC" SALE SAYINGS  
and sample of Ex-Lax

Name.....

Street and Number.....

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

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH-61  
P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.



# Spinster

Two nights a week from her pathetic dole

She takes the coins that buy her sheer romance;

And, with a movie palace for a goal,

Sets out with prim and half-averted glance;

She gains her seat, as noiseless as a mouse,

And waits the current lover of the screen,

Small lot she cares that half the magic house

Is filled with couples blissful and serene.

The picture starts—the lovely heroine

Is cast aside, and she is in her place,

Eyes wide aglow, she drinks the heady wine

Of one beloved—and shares in each embrace.

(The picture ends—the palace sheds its gloom—

She falters out and seeks her tiny room.)

—Don Wahn

(From Walter Winchell's column in the New York Daily Mirror)

# "Git back, Mister— we don't want Yellow Fever in our town!"

*Grim-faced men, armed and ready to shoot, turned the refugees back.*



IT was certain death to go on, and almost as dangerous to turn back. In the rear lay the fever-ridden city. In front were grim-faced, determined men, armed and ready to shoot.

Yellow fever had pounced on Memphis that summer of 1878. Thousands of families sought safety in flight, only to be turned back by the implacable "shotgun quarantines" that guarded every road.

These conditions were not peculiar to Memphis alone. All through the South during the nineteenth century, the first rumor of yellow fever was enough to drive people to panic-stricken flight.

Today, thanks to modern sanitation and disinfection, such scourges are controlled. And one of the chief weapons of medical science in its war on deadly diseases is "Lysol" Disinfectant. For more than forty years, "Lysol" has been a standby with doctors and hospitals

the world over. They use it whenever there is a real job of germ-killing to do—in the operating room, the sickroom, even at childbirth.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household on telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your

druggist today. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Meanwhile, send for "The 'Lysol' Health Library" of three free booklets: "Protecting the Home Against Disease," "Getting Ready for Baby," and "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene." Thousands of women have found them invaluable in the home. We will send them without charge, in a plain envelope, if you will write Dept. 45A Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

### "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

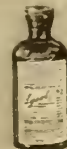
For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene, by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.

© 1931, L. & F., Inc.



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

# Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 70-71

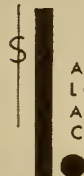


*Entrust  
your lips  
to Ybry*

Spring, Youth,

Love, Going Places and Doing Things—Lips made eternally young with Lipstick Ybry—the very spirit of springtime and youth. Permanent—scented with the “world’s costliest parfum.” A shade for every modern type.

Featured at best shops



AMAZINGLY  
LOW FOR  
A FRENCH  
CREATION



© 1931 YBRY, INC.

PARFUM

*Ybry*  
Pronounced EE - BREE  
PARIS

Ybry, Inc., Dept. P-6, 50 W. 57th St., New York City  
Please send trial size Ybry lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....  
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros.  
Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street,  
New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all winning stories as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any winning story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

## IMPORTANT This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....  
Address



# As Personal as if your name were on the bottle



Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.

With Packer's Scalptone you make your own prescription for your own scalp

"Really? A personal preparation for my hair?" Yes—and it's a new idea that's taken the country by storm; for it's such a practical, simple way to the scalp health which means hair loveliness.

Isn't it only common sense that no one tonic just as it comes from the bottle can be good for all types of scalps and hair? Oily hair needs an astringent tonic, and dry hair needs one which supplies extra oil. To make one tonic equally effective for different kinds of hair—that was a problem.

But now, whether your hair is dry, or oily, you may give it scientifically correct treatment at home; yet you have only to ask for Packer's Scalptone at the druggist's.

Here's the reason. In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone, there's a little tube. This tube contains a pure, vegetable oil. If your hair is dry, you add as much of this oil to the Scalptone as your particular scalp needs—there are directions to guide you. If your hair is oily, you simply massage Scalptone, just as it comes in the bot-

tle, into your scalp. Of course it's sensible! Try it and watch your hair renew its youth!

### A dermatologist's formula

This wonderful new preparation is a dermatologist's formula, a scientific corrective treatment for scalp problems. Regular massage with Scalptone will keep your scalp vigorous, and healthy and young! You'll find your hair becoming glossy, vibrant, alive. Scalptone keeps your hair free from those troublesome little flakes of worn-out skin tissue; and it's antiseptic—which means it helps to check dandruff.

And here's a very feminine reason for liking it, which I discovered myself; hair that's treated with Scalptone regularly is easier to wave, and the wave stays in better.

Your druggist doubtless has Scalptone for you by now—if not, send me his name and address, and I'll try to see that he gets it to you.

JEAN CARROLL

## PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-beauty depends on scalp-health

## Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

### oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Then massage daily with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

### dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks regularly with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing, softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just your hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

### dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate pine tar. After these four sham-

poo, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

### SEND FOR SAMPLES

10¢ for 1; 25¢ for all 3

For 10¢ in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25¢ I will send you samples of all three. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-F, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1.00 with your note.





• no more  
BRITTLE LASHES  
COARSE LASHES

• with this  
double treatment

• Women commanded this new product. "Can't we get an eyelash preparation that *won't* make lashes brittle and stiff—one that *will* give a natural effect?" they asked.

Here is the answer: The NEW Liquid Winx, utterly different from anything you may have tried. Different — because it is an eyelash preparation with a *double treatment*. First, it beautifies lashes by giving them a dark, enticing shadow. And then—it actually *softens* lashes. Amazing—but regular treatment with this new Winx makes your lashes finer and silkier.

This "Double Treatment" idea at last gives smart women what they want. Beautiful eyes—without fear of brittle lashes.

*The new Winx (with the Double Treatment) comes in two forms. Liquid is absolutely waterproof. Cake is now packed in a smart, silvery compact which fits into the flattest bag. Winx is easy to use.*

For  
Lovely  
Lashes



## A Regal Wedding Gown For Any Princess

— Seymour

You don't need to be a princess such as Miriam Hopkins is in "The Smiling Lieutenant" to wear a gown like this. It is the sort of bridal dress that anyone might choose. I particularly like the rather medieval air of it, don't you? The square neckline edged with pearls, the long sleeves so beautifully pointed over the hands, and the gracious sweep of the skirt into a long train are perfect. The fine silk lace has a shimmering quality. Note the pearl rope girdle at the normal waistline—and the arrangement of the tulle veil.



## For ever and ever



At top—Genuine Orange-Blossom wedding ring, hand-chasing on platinum from \$21.50 . . . on gold from \$10. . . Above—Matched set, engagement and wedding rings. In platinum \$425 . . . in gold \$250. . . There is a Traub ring to fit your finger and your pocketbook.

# Traub


• No matter how madly you're dashing about these exciting days . . . remember that the choice of your wedding ring is as important as almost

anything else! The cretonnes and the linoleum can be changed, when you tire of them, but you will wear the ring you buy now for years to come.

• That is why your ring should be a Traub. Traub rings are made to last, for ever and ever. They are seamless . . . flawless unbroken circles . . . perfect in every detail of workmanship. They are made with fine metals . . . of chosen gems.

• Would you like a band of gleaming platinum, or a modest gold circlet? Both are lovely, hand-chased with the Orange Blossom or any one of Traub's beautiful designs. Perhaps you prefer a diamond circlet . . . or a modern squarish ring, bevel-edged? Choosing yours is great fun—and every Traub ring is correct on every count.

• Stop in to see your jeweler about this weighty matter. He will show you Traub engagement and wedding rings. And jewelry stores are delightful places to visit anyway. You'll see many other things you simply must have for the new home. . .

• Are you wondering about your wedding—just how to manage it smoothly? Write for our little book, "Bridal Etiquette"—it will solve all your problems. Traub Mfg. Co., 1933 McGraw Ave., Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. TRADE MARK  ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

"Now...I can stand  
the Public Gaze"  
..CanYou?



CRITICAL eyes...challenging closeups... fateful moments that I once dreaded... but now... with a skin that is smooth and hair-free, I can meet them without the least embarrassment. You can, too, because it is so easy to keep your under-arms\*, fore-arms and legs free of disfiguring hair when you use

# DEL-A-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover

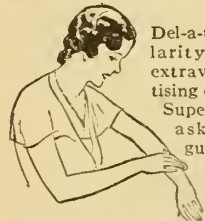
—now comes in two sizes

50c New . . . . . Larger \$1

Here at last is a cream that removes hair, more quickly and more thoroughly than anything you have ever used. Creamy-white, DEL-A-TONE removes hair in three minutes or less . . . Faintly fragrant, it is just as easy to use as cold cream and leaves your skin clean, smooth and white. \*Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

*Mildred Hadley*

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



Del-a-tone has attained wide popularity on real merit alone. No extravagant, exaggerated advertising claims have ever been made. Superior quality is the reason for asking you to try it and to guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied.

Del-a-tone Cream, 50c and \$1 (also Del-a-tone Powder, \$1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, the Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 86, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company  
Dept. 86, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....

**Clip and Mail TODAY**

## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

occasion for them is over, as every woman knows!

When her anger had died down and his apology had been grudgingly accepted, she began to admit to herself that he might be right. After all, she had had to work rather hard and make some effort to please to hold her position before marriage. What had made her think that a home could be run on an entirely different set of principles?

So she started to demand a little more of herself, to look upon housekeeping as a job in which she was expected to give her husband some of the cooperation she had given her employer. And, just as this system had worked out in an office, it brought better results in her home.

I SUPPOSE that the beginning of summer finds us all less than ever in the mood for taking life too seriously. But I find that the lazy, warm days in which I am less active physically give me more time for mental inventory. And that it's no more difficult to think constructively than destructively, and certainly less enervating.

Maybe you're the kind of girl who berates herself soundly for every slip of the tongue, for every small mistake. Then you don't need to be goaded by any outside force. But if you suspect that you are too "easy going," too apt to find excuses for yourself, better find out if that isn't the reason you are not getting the business promotion you want, the coveted place in club or sorority, or even the invitations and interest of the boy you admire.

Maybe you are too easy on yourself in the matter of appearance. Maybe you think it is

too much effort to look well groomed in hot weather, to worry about keeping your blouses unruined and unsoiled and your skirts unwrinkled. Maybe you are careless about keeping engagements on time, about showing gratitude for little favors. Maybe that's why you are losing out.

Wouldn't it be much easier to be hard on yourself?

CLAIRE:

If your face is rather wide through the cheek bones, like Claudette Colbert's, dress your hair to add length, rather than width. Miss Colbert's long bob is trained into flat curls at the ends, and no matter how she changes her style of hairdressing, you will notice she always draws her hair out around her cheeks. Even when, as in "Honor Among Lovers," she tucks her hair behind her ears, she lets a little of it come forward above the ear. It's an easy little trick to follow, and a flattering one to girls of your type.

SUE:

I had to read your letter twice before I could believe it! A girl who wants to broaden her hips is something new under the sun. A good portion of my mail comes from girls, even otherwise thin girls, whose main object in life seems to be the achievement of narrow, flat hips.

If you are sure your hips are out of proportion to the rest of your body, there are some excellent exercises in my free booklet that are designed to normalize the figure. If you will repeat your request, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope I'll send the booklet promptly.



Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, did not adopt a child, as newspapers reported. This is a beautiful picture of the Bannisters and their only child, Jane

Lots of thunder about DOROTHY GRAINGER! Not content with helping Charley Chase warble in the "Thundering Tenor" at the Hal Roach studios, this winsome player slips into a Catalina to listen to the thunder of the waves.



DOROTHY JORDAN, featured M-G-M player, explains in one quick pose why so many of our best young men will feel the urge to join the navy after seeing her in "Shipmates."



# WORN BY THE Stars OF HOLLYWOOD

WERE you, as it by some sudden wave of magic, to find yourself a week-end guest of Hollywood's famous stars... were you to drink your fill of summer sun at Santa Monica, Malibu, Coronado, Catalina, Santa Barbara, Ensenada and other seaside haunts of filmdom's smart set...

You would be struck especially by the character of their swim suits. Suits so daringly styled along voguish, slenderizing lines; suits so free-and-easy yet form-fitting, so cleverly color-crafted, that the stars of the silver screen (the "choosiest" folks on earth!) select them for personal wear.

In a word... CATALINAS! The famous "Flying Fish" swim suits that are worn by the stars of Hollywood! Cut-by-hand! Knit-to-fit! Styled for stars! Priced for everyone!

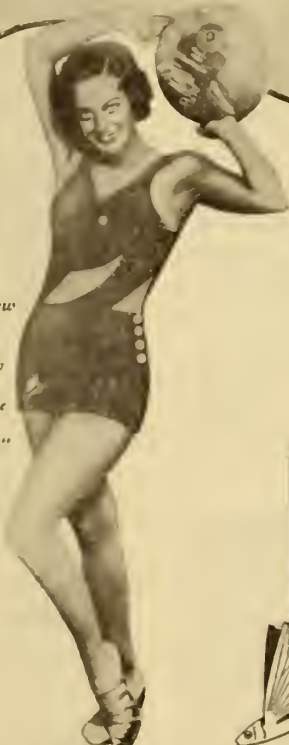
See them at your dealer's... and look for the "Flying Fish" on the label. Should your dealer not have them in stock, please write us direct and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. Address Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

Gangway! Here comes LEILA HYAMS all ready to plunge into her next M-G-M bit, "Cheri Bibi."



ROBERT MONTGOMERY, who does a lot to make M-G-M's "Shipmates" the salty yarn it is, believes in keeping his eye not only on the ball, but on the other fellow.

A fresh-from-the-camera view of JOAN CRAWFORD, M-G-M star, cooling off at the beach in a fetching new Catalina Swim Suit. Joan, by the way, does some of the finest work of her career in "The Torch Song," current M-G-M release.



LOOK FOR THE Flying Fish on the label



# CATALINA SWIM SUITS

# This old, old dilemma of the MARRIED WOMAN



need never bother her any more

WHAT a dilemma it has always been for the young married woman . . . this whole question of feminine hygiene! She desires, she demands, the security which can only be provided by real *surgical cleanliness*. On the other hand, some of her friends advise her to use caustic and poisonous antiseptics for the purpose. She is worried. She is fearful. And nobody can blame her. The truth is that such advice is completely out-of-date. It is no longer necessary to run the risks of these poisons.

### Don't use poisonous antiseptics

Much as doctors approve of feminine hygiene itself, they do *not* approve of the old-fashioned methods which included bichloride of mercury or compounds of carbolic acid. The germicide and antiseptic of *today* is Zonite. For Zonite offers great germ-killing strength combined with perfect safety.

There is no danger that Zonite will harden delicate tissues or leave areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous. *Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

### Send for women's booklet

When a woman reads "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" she stops worrying. She knows the facts—for this little book is full of information. Why don't you send for it? Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles:  
30c, 60c, \$1

Both in U. S. A.  
and Canada



Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION	PH-16
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.	
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.	
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
<input type="checkbox"/>	Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name..... (Please print name)	
Address.....	
City.....	State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)	

# Hollywood's Newest Romance

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

That's what William Powell, the unapproachable bachelor, says.

And Carole loves Bill—make no mistake about that. Even though she doesn't see why marriage should spoil their friendship. They phone each other three times a day. They dine together each evening. He gives Carole magnificent gifts. It was a Cadillac for Christmas. From Agua Caliente come huge bottles of costly perfume. For a valentine he gave her a cigarette case of jade, diamond-studded—on Easter a cigarette case and match-box to match. Since they met, a year ago, they have not been three days apart. Love?

But the lovers did have one quarrel.

IT was Carole's fault. She told Bill—"I want to be alone for two days—not to see you." She didn't—and Hollywood seethed.

It's an uneventful romance, this love story of Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. They are more like a happy married couple than any married couple in Hollywood. They understand each other—they placidly enjoy each other's company, and don't try to conceal it.

But they do love each other, in the fullest and most beautiful sense of the word. Carole says Bill is a darling, and means it—she calls him "Junior," and she says he is the most wonderful man she has ever known. And Bill—oh, he calls his sweetheart what men have called their beloveds since time began.

But in the heart of all love there is a canker of sadness.

There is one in the romance of William Powell and Carole Lombard.

Powell is thirty-eight—his sweetheart is only twenty-two. How often this tragic problem has been faced by lovers! For to them age—mere years—is no respecter of persons!

For instance, when Carole is thirty-two, a grand age for a woman, Bill will be forty-eight. Not old, but well on the way to middle life, when "the heyday of the blood is tame."

Carole Lombard, being no fool and no creature of impulse, knows this. How could she help but be aware of it?

"Life becomes really interesting when you have passed thirty. Young girls are really silly—they have no background for happiness. At thirty, one has understanding—a background to make life interesting.

"Bill wants to travel—he wants an interesting, friendly person to travel with. I'm not ready to travel. I have to concentrate on my career. When I can't go—and he wants to go certain places—he can't seem to understand—now. And if we were married—"

Carole's voice trails off. It's a sad little story—no less sad because it's old. Love which should have come to him when he was younger—love which should have burst upon her heart when she was older—more settled, more satisfied.

BOTH are strong characters. One may conquer at any moment. Who can foretell the outcome?

In the meantime—William Powell and Carole Lombard love each other. And, like all love stories, the issue is on the lap of the gods. Only—let us wish them well, and much happiness.



PHOTOPLAY announced exclusively the secret marriage of Irene Dunne of "Cimarron" fame, and Dr. D. F. Griffin of New York. Here they are vacationing at Miami Beach, Fla.



# Hers to awaken LOVE!

Men found Nan a sympathetic friend . . . they confided in her their love for Vivienne, for Mabel or Lois. *She herself had never had a proposal!*

But tonight there was something intense about Steve, as they sat there lightly chatting.

His voice had lost the usual casual note . . . his arm trembled as he drew her toward him.

"Nan, dear, you've changed so. Your eyes and your hair have such strange, mysterious lights . . . your skin is like a sun-warmed rose . . . your lips are a tropic night!"

Nan felt a warm flood of color mount from her throat to her temples! This was what it was like to awaken love, to change men from friends to poets!

● **It was the same Nan**

The same girl but, to the eye, a miracle might have taken place. The lifeless skin had vanished . . . an opalescent film of Pompeian Beauty Powder (in Rachel tone)—a light veil of Pompeian Bloom, a creamy rouge (in dusky Oriental tone)—the vivid, living color of a new indelible Pompeian Lipstick, all had quickened her to arresting beauty.

● **Your skin may be brought to undreamed of loveliness**

Pompeian toiletries are unlike all others. Of the finest ingredients that can be bought, they are so skillfully blended

that for your skin—for every skin—there is a vital, enhancing color scheme.

You will find that the powder, rouge and lipstick will do for your skin what Pompeian did for Nan. And, because so many millions of women insist each year upon Pompeian, the price is unbelievably low. The use of Pompeian means a substantial saving—a saving which may readily add smart new dancing slippers, an array of silk stockings to your wardrobe.

● **Pompeian is sold everywhere**

Go to your nearest drug or department store today and select Pompeian toiletries for your individual coloring. With the very first trial, you will observe a new, glowing youthfulness in your skin. Charming, generously packaged powder, rouge and lipstick are only 60c each. (10c sizes of Pompeian Powder and Creams are available at 10c stores.)

● **The newest Art Panel—and the loveliest**

The latest Pompeian Art Panel, exquisitely painted and expensively reproduced will add beauty and color to your walls. Sent you upon receipt of the coupon properly filled in.



Mme. Jeannette de Cordet,  
Dept. 16-6,  
Pompeian Laboratories,  
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Canada—10 McCaul St., Toronto)



**Pompeian Toiletries include:**

Beauty Powder    Powder Compact    Dusting Powder  
Bloom (Rouge)    Night Cream    Massage Cream  
Indelible Lipstick    Day Cream    Talc

Each is priced at 60c (Talc, 25c)

# P O M P E I A N

POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

WHY DO

A MILLION

WOMEN USE



1. BECAUSE *it stops odor instantly.*
2. BECAUSE *you can use it any time.*
3. BECAUSE *there's no "drying" delay.*
4. BECAUSE *it does not irritate the skin.*
5. BECAUSE *it does not injure fabrics.*

MODERN women know they must use special weapons against that tricky old enemy, underarm perspiration odor.

Today, they have their choice of a number of safeguards. And more than a million of them choose Mum!

Think of a magic snowy cream which you can use any time when dressing or afterwards. There is nothing in Mum to harm your clothing or irritate your skin!

No difficult directions to follow; no waiting. Just a fingertipful to each underarm—and there's no more need to worry for that day or evening.

Mum doesn't interfere with normal, healthful perspiration. It just destroys that disagreeable odor which every careful person so abhors. It's so soothing you can even use Mum right after shaving!

And here's another way Mum helps. Rubbed on the hands, it kills every lingering trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

You can get Mum at any toilet goods counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum also gives invaluable service to women as a deodorant for the sanitary napkin.



## “A Lovely June Bride” Votes Seymour

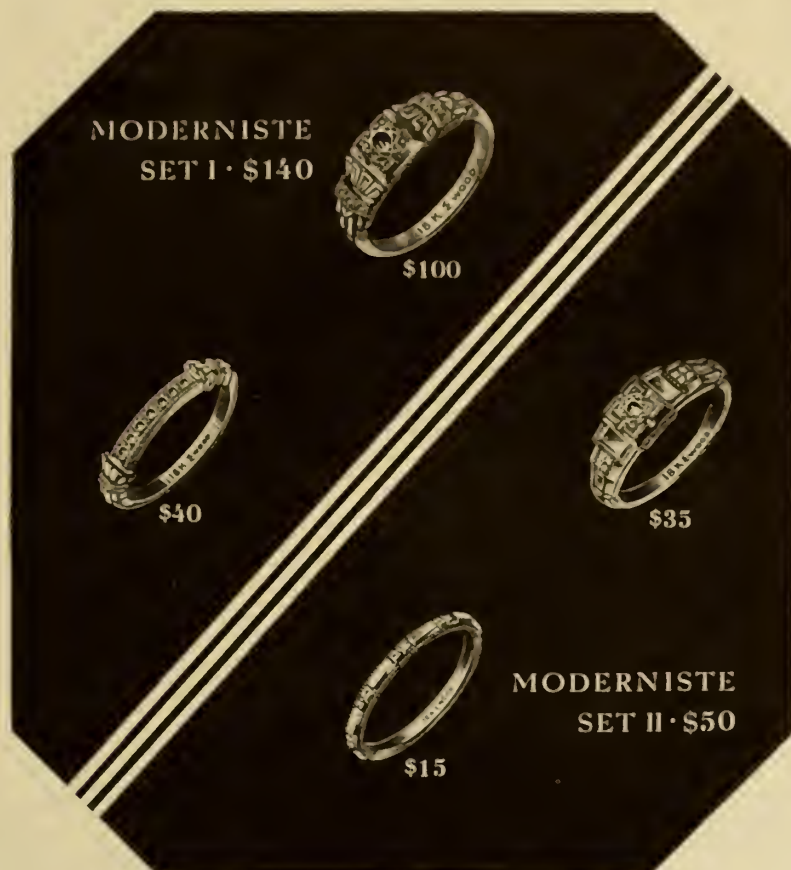
If fashion prizes, like literary ones, were awarded once a month, I would cast my vote for Marguerite Churchill as one of the best. When you see her like this in “Quick Millions”—note these smart details. Her classically simple gown is crepe Roma, a perfect choice for Summer weddings because it is semi-sheer. Her long train is part of the skirt—her sleeves smartly stop just below the elbow. I would have chosen gloves to meet the sleeves. The cap effect of the tulle veil is charming, isn't it?

—Seymour





*Two slender precious bands  
that mean so much*



The rings illustrated are 18-karat white gold. The diamonds are fine blue-white Wesseltons.

Write for a free copy of "The Lover's Lament," and the name of your nearest Wood jeweler.

You've dreamed about these rings, and, now the dream has come true, think well before you choose. You must know beyond the question of a doubt that the rings you choose will be always beautiful—always fine. You will be sure, if you choose Rings by Wood, the House of Rings

for eighty years. You will find style as smart as your bridal gown, exquisite craftsmanship, values that are true. Look at the rings in matched designs shown here. You can see all the newest Wood designs, at reliable jewelers, everywhere. Be sure you ask for Rings by Wood.



RINGS *by* WOOD



J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Creators of Fine Rings for 81 Years  
15 Maiden Lane, New York • Paris • Amsterdam • Chicago • Brooklyn  
Wedding Rings • Diamond Rings • Diamond Circlets • Stone Rings • Signet Rings



# Treat that corn sensibly

Why tolerate a throbbing corn . . . or let feet that are charming turn clumsy with pain . . . when relief is simple, swift, waiting for you at any drug store? Buy and apply Blue-jay, even at the last minute, and know that neither misery nor humiliation will haunt your evening.

Blue-jay stops the pain and starts its gentle, safe, certain treatment instantly. A ring of velvety felt circles the corn and protects it from pressure and friction. The mild Blue-jay medication softens and separates it for easy removal.

On or off in 20 seconds. Bath-proof, invisible in use. Made by a house famous for surgical dressings. At all druggists, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

## BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

**BAUER & BLACK**

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and prevent corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, 2528 So. Federal St., Chicago.

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

IN Hollywood, apparently, they'll do anything for a laugh—or a swim. This is the story being told about a certain writer who went, by invitation given some weeks before, to the home of a friend at Malibu. Imagine his chagrin when he found the house closed and a real estate man outside who said, "You can't go in there. The place is for sale."

"But I was invited down to swim," the writer insisted.

"I say you can't go in. The place is for sale."

"How much?" said the writer, pretty mad by now. The real estate man told him.

"Here," said the writer, handing him a check for the amount, "now open up that house and let me change into my bathing suit!"

**WELL**, Edmund Lowe's prediction, made when Robert Coogan was born, has come true—with five-year-old Bobbie's new contract with Paramount. Eddie said, "The Coogans have brought in a new gusher."

**NOW** here's a nice cry for you some day when everything is going just too doggone well.

Just sit down and contemplate those three perfectly swell actors who made "The Big Parade" the poignant lovely thing it was.

The three were Jack Gilbert, Karl Dane, and Tom O'Brien. Jack—well, you know all about him. Dane has been playing in pretty bad comedies pretty infrequently, and Tom O'Brien, reduced to quickies, still advertises in various casting directories that he was the famous Bull of "The Big Parade."

And Renee Adoree is in a sanitarium.

**BOBBY JONES** is delighted with Bretakes in making pictures.

"All my life," he told a writer the other day, "I've been wishing I could make some of my shots over again."

**NO** matter what way you may look at it, it's still a funny business—this movie-making.

For instance, John Boles was originally put on contract by Universal because of not so much his good looks as his good voice. So they had him sing and sing.

Then musicals "went out," as Hollywood believes, and they put John Boles, the singer, into the leading rôle in "Seed," wherein he doesn't sing a note.

And now they're talking about "bringing musicals back!"

Is there NO reason?

**RICHARD CROMWELL**, who brought "Tol'able David" to the talkies, was sitting next to a motion picture magazine writer at luncheon. "Tell me," he asked wistfully, "how many pictures do you have to make before a writer asks you for your love secrets?"

There's a boy who's going to know when he's arrived, let a writer tell you!

**ANNA MAY WONG**, the Los Angeles Chinese girl who has made stagehits in London and New York, is studying Chinese.

Anna's being signed by Paramount came as a surprise—until we discovered there are three pictures with big Chinese female parts scheduled for this next year.

"Daughter of the Dragon" is the first, and it probably will go into production before you read this.

**FOR** the first time in his half-century on the stage and screen, Veteran Joseph Cawthorn had to play the rôle of an intoxicated man. It was in a picture he did for Radio Pictures. And forthwith, he began to learn the vagaries of censorship.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]



Recognize the three bartending boys who are just about to toss off a couple of fingers of ginger ale? Reading from left to right, they are Owen, Tom and Matt Moore—just as they'll look in the Hollywood Masquers' first film comedy, "Stout Hearts and Willing Hands." The three Moores are among the hundred well-known picture actors who'll appear in the comedy—which is said to be funny enough to melt a traffic cop's heart

**TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!**



RICHARD  
**DIX**

**"BORN TO THE RACKET"**

From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother"... A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: "White Shoulders" with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; "The No Girl", a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.



"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of CIMARRON), in "Bachelor Apartment."

R A D I O P I C T U R E S

# YOU *THRILLED* to



These two girls live, work and love in a skyscraper. The men they associate with supply abundant chances for romance—and heartache. You know how people poured into the talkies to see Faith Baldwin's "Office Wife." Her new Cosmopolitan serial, "Skyscraper," is even more exciting.

*This is*  
**JENNIE LE GRANDE**  
*who learns a lot about men as*  
*clothing model for a French*  
*wholesale house.*

# NOW *THRILL* to

# "SKYSCRAPER"

# "OFFICE WIFE"

by FAITH  
BALDWIN



This is  
LYNN HARDING,  
Business Girl  
who meets Jennie LeGrande  
in the Seacoast skyscraper  
and sees life as her roommate.

The career of vivacious Lynn Harding reflects the lives of countless girls caught by the glamour and adventure of 1931 Manhattan. Her story will be the talk of offices and homes for months to come. It starts for you in *June* Cosmopolitan.

McClelland Barclay

A New Novel by  
the author of  
"Office Wife" in

Hearst's International  
combined with  
**Cosmopolitan**  
June Now on Sale

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 ]

For instance, in one state it is all right to show a man drunk, but the censors will not let him hiccup!

So Cawthorn had to shoot the scene twice—hiccuping in one, and then not hiccuping for the anti-hiccup state.

**L**IFE, as some one once said, is like that. Or rather, like this. Hilding Johnson, the *Chicago Herald-Examiner* reporter, whose counterpart in "The Front Page" is thrilling movie audiences the country over, was getting sixty-five dollars a week when he died recently, still sticking at his post in the pressroom of the Criminal Court.

He died a few days before the picture opened and never saw it.

Yet, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, who fictionized and dramatized Johnson's hard-boiled newspaper exploits, made a fortune out of them on stage and screen.

And Pat O'Brien, who plays the rôle of the super news-getter, earned more for his few weeks' work than the original Hildy made in two years.

**A**ND while we're in the Life's Little Ironies Department there's the case of Joseph Kilgour, veteran stage and screen character actor. In thirty-five years of acting he probably played more millionaire rôles than any other actor in America. Today, broken in health by the death of his wife and his fortune swept away by the Wall Street crash, he is in the Percy G. Williams Home for Aged Actors at East Islip, L. I.

**W**ELL, Chaplin's grand tour of the Old World was like nothing that had ever happened before to a picture star—not even to Doug and Mary, those inveterate grand tourists.

Everywhere it was the same—London, Paris, Berlin, Budapest. Riding on the tops of

automobiles, battling with a smile to get in and out of railway stations and hotels. Probably the climax, for the little grey comic, was a magnificent luncheon in Paris, given by Aristide Briand, famous cabinet member. Then came the presentation of the red rosette of The Legion of Honor—a tribute never before paid a foreign motion picture star.

The whole trip was a succession of mad ovations.

**J**OHAN WAYNE'S free-lancing now. The big, husky and handsome boy who was plucked from obscurity in the property department to play the lead in "The Big Trail," has been dropped from the Fox contract list.

Big John played in two other Fox pictures after his début. But they evidently caused no public singing and dancing in the streets. And now Wayne's on that other big trail—from studio to studio.

**S**OMEBODY asked Robert Benchley, humorist and dramatic critic, what he thought of the talkies. "Well," said Bob, "I don't believe they'll ever replace the horse."

**W**ERE the photographers amazed at the last Mayfair party? The always gracious Hedda Hopper refused to have her picture taken.

And Hedda has never yet refused to have her picture taken. She had a good reason.

Hedda had been to an "exclusive" shop and she had bought an "exclusive" gown.

But when she arrived at the party she found two other prominent stars wearing the same gown.

They were, of course, in different colors, but in a picture they would look the same.

The other two ladies had already been photographed.

And that's why Hedda refused.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 ]

### NEW WONDERFUL FACE POWDER STAYS ON LONGER

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

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MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 52)  
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Kindly write here name of your favorite store:



Is the famous Chevalier smile a little forced here? Yours would be if you were in his spot. It seems that the slaps Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert exchange in "The Smiling Lieutenant" are a bit too lusty! Tut, tut ladies—not jealous?



Hearts  
will throb-  
Blood  
will race-  
Eyes will fill  
with tears!

**THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL..**  
Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough  
For This Mighty Drama!

**DIRIGIBLE!** Gigantic challenge to the elements... forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above the earth... and in the ears of the super-men spinning its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the thunder of heaven defied... a sinister reminder that the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"... or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust... "angel"!

# DIRIGIBLE

COLUMBIA'S  
LEVIATHAN  
OF THE  
AIR!

with  
**JACK HOLT**  
**RALPH GRAVES**  
and **FAY WRAY**

A Frank Capra Production

From the story by  
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, USN.

Adaptation and Dialogue  
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ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN



## IVORY SNOW

gives silks

*A quick trip  
through gentle Ivory suds*

*Dissolves instantly  
in lukewarm water*

When you just look at Ivory Snow, you know it will protect delicate silks, fine woolens. Ivory Snow is snowy-white, of course. Every tiny Snow-pearl is pure Ivory Soap and so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

Now—no waiting for hot water. No “beating up” suds. No cooling of hot suds. (And you know how hard it is to guess at the safe temperature for silks and woolens after you’ve been whisking up hot suds.)

Ivory Snow is quick, handy and very, very kind to fine things. A big box for 15¢.

New!

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Pure



Silk  
and woolen  
manufacturers agree

“A perfect soap for silks,” say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. “The ideal soap for woolens,” say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114 ]

THE “happy ending” seems to have come to an unhappy ending. Maybe the film critics panned it to death—but the fact remains that at one time, they were shooting on the Warner Bros.-First National lot alone, seven pictures whose ending deviated completely from the one-time “must” rule for the happy ending—

In “Svengali,” both Barrymore and the heroine die at the finish.

In “The Maltese Falcon,” the lead—Bebe Daniels—goes to jail—and her lover phones a sweetie for a date.

In “The Public Enemy,” the ending is double death, and gruesome at that.

In “The Finger Points,” Barthelmess is killed.

In “Smart Money,” Edward G. Robinson dies at the finish.

In “The Mad Genius,” Barrymore goes to another unhappy ending.

In “Upper Underworld,” the leading man is killed. Or there's an alternative version—his daughter dies. As this is written they hadn't decided which was unhappier.

IS there a strange and direful jinx on those who played in Cecil De Mille's great and reverent screen drama, “King of Kings”?

Certain of Hollywood's more superstitious souls think there is.

Attention has been called to it again by the recent deaths of Robert Edeson, the *Apostle* Matthew, and James Neill, who played *James*. People point to other tragic happenings that followed in the trail of the big picture.

Shortly after it was finished, De Mille's home was robbed and his yacht burned. Dorothy Cumming, the *Mary* of the picture, went into the divorce courts with a blasted romance. Rudolph Schildkraut, the *Caiphas*, died. Frank Urson, the assistant director, broke his neck diving. Joseph Schildkraut and Jacqueline Logan, both in the picture, got divorces from their respective mates. Leroy Burns and James Carruthers, of the executive staff, passed away, and Peverell Marley, star cameraman, at last became separated from his wife, Lina Basquette.

Of course, these things might have happened in due course of nature. Schildkraut, Edeson and Neill were elderly men—and so on. And yet the jinx story on the “King of Kings” dies hard in Hollywood.

ANOTHER accent has survived the talkies—odd how most of them do stick around in front of the microphone!

This one issues from the handsome throat of Lily Damita. Time was when the wise ones had her condemned to the hulks because of the accent. But she's whipped the situation, like many another gallant trouper, and has a nice new three-year contract in her reticule. Lily's been loaned 'round by United Artists, but will be back on the old home lot in the Fall. Joseph Schenck, big boss of the lot and Norma Talmadge's husband, is showing her the lot.

NORMA SHEARER'S “Strangers May Kiss” was another million-dollar Hollywood opening. Klieg lights, surging throngs and radio announcements. Miss Shearer's car had moved up, according to the radio announcer, from thousandth in line to the point when Miss Shearer stepped from it and said a few words over the microphone.

Next in line was Nicholas Schenck, who expressed nothing but pleasure and satisfaction for being president of a company which produced such fine pictures as “Strangers May Kiss.” Finishing off in a burst of enthusiasm



he eulogized the fine work of the great star of the picture, "Miss Norma Talmadge!"

**H**ERE'S a pretty domestic picture! Now that Dolores Costello Barrymore has made her talkie comeback in "Expensive Women," it comes out that husband John did weeks of voice-coaching with Dolo to prepare her for her return to pictures.

You'll be amazed when you hear her, reports say.

Much lower and more beautiful register, for Dolo's new voice, everyone says.

Chorus of Wives—"Now, George, THERE'S a husband!"

**W**YNNE GIBSON is the latest girl to be touted as a prospective Paramount star. You know how it's done. The publicity boys get busy and whisper. "We think they're going to star Carole Lombard, Helen Johnson and Wynne Gibson."

Then you're supposed to rush off and put it into print.

Well, even though they are hunting for people to take the place of Chatterton, Powell and Kay Francis, Mary Brian's been on the lot a long time and she's still some distance from stardom. They whispered it about her, once, too.

We forgot. The reason for the whisper on Wynne: "City Streets," with Gary Cooper and "Gang Buster," the Oakie comedy.

**A**NOTHER reason why movie-making costs run up:

The bulbs in the huge incandescent lamps which have replaced the old Klieg lights on movie sets cost from \$50 to \$125 apiece.

And they only last about one hundred hours at the most—with luck. The bulbs you use to light your home, by contrast, last one thousand hours or more.

**T**HEY had to remake practically all of Ramon Novarro's "Daybreak."

The reason?—The leading lady: Helen Chandler.

Not that Helen is not a good actress. She is. But she isn't a typical German fraulein and she doesn't fit the Novarro story. Why was she chosen?

We can't be certain, of course, but her husband, Cyril Hume, writes on the M-G-M lot and that may have had something to do with it.

At this writing, Ramon has not signed a new contract with Metro for acting and directing. He is not getting the stories he wants (or the girls) which may have something to do with that.

"My next contract is the most important of all!" he remarks wisely. "Yes, I like directing (he has done his own foreign versions). I am not going to sign unless my interests are pro-

## Heart Throb

There she sat in her wheel chair, drinking in the picture—an active mind held prisoner in a useless body. Some member of her family brings her to the theater every time there is a new picture. She has gotten to know the ushers, who always place her chair in a certain spot. For one hour she is free from disappointment and suffering. Her expression is radiant. If the pictures have not done another thing but bring surcease from suffering for one happy hour to such as she—they have attained much!

Mabel A. Coan,  
Detroit, Mich.



## Kotex stays comfortable —even in warmer weather



Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary.

**A**S vacation-time approaches, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

### Aid to daintiness

Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

Kotex softness, you see, is not merely an apparent softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. It stays soft.

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs.

Our leading hospitals use great quantities of Kotex and the delicate absorbent of which it is made. They buy enough annually for millions of pads. What a rare tribute to its hygienic safety, its efficiency!

Make it a point to specify Kotex.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
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- 3 Kotex is soft. . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 4 Can be worn on either side with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 5 Disposable . . . instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

### The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort? Women to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

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SANITARY NAPKINS

# Anyone Troubled with LARGE PORES • BLACKHEADS OILY SKIN • DRY SKIN



**CASE NO. 92**... Philadelphia, Pa. Business Girl. Age 17. Skin dry and scaled easily at beginning of test. Subject's report: "Skin softer and smoother and less dry on Woodbury side." Doctor reports: "Complexion now good, skin smooth, on right side."

**CASE NO. 466** . . . Hollywood, Calif. Teacher. Age 25. Troubled with blackheads and scaling. Subject reports blackheads practically gone after 30 days on Woodbury side. Doctor reports smoother and finer texture on that side of face.



## will Welcome this THRILLING NEWS

In the office files of Dr. Walter J. Highman . . . one of the country's foremost Dermatologists . . . are 612 case histories, written by 15 of America's leading skin specialists.

Last September, 612 women entered the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic. Every day, for 30 days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively.

In 271 cases, the Woodbury side showed radiant improvement over the other.

Enlarged pores were benefited in 83 cases. Excessively oily conditions in 115 cases . . . Dry, scaly skin in 81 cases . . . Blackhead conditions in 103 cases.

Thus, Science has confirmed what millions of women already know . . . that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap; that it is an incomparable beauty treatment in *cake form*.

For your complexion's sake try Woodbury's! Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, send coupon for generous sample.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?  
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

806 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

- Oily skin
- Flabby skin
- Sallow skin
- Dry skin
- Coarse pores
- Pimples
- Wrinkles
- Blackheads

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



tected. I want to continue as a director when I have finished acting."

THE bitter battle between Theodore Dreiser and Paramount has had the literary and motion picture worlds thoroughly agog.

Dreiser threatens all kinds of dire things if Paramount maltreats his enormous novel, "An American Tragedy," now finished by Director Josef Von Sternberg.

"I'll enjoin Paramount from exhibiting the picture and demand a general equity ruling on the rights of authors!" says the raging writer.

"They paid \$150,000 for the screen and talkie rights to my book. They slept over it since 1926—then they came to life.

"When I read the script I tried to protest. I screamed, I bellowed, I wept. Jesse Lasky had me come to Hollywood to work with Von Sternberg.

"I came, I saw, I was conquered. They laughed at me. They said I was antiquated.

"They tell me I'll be crazy over the picture—and I believe they're telling the truth!"

Meanwhile, "An American Tragedy," after gathering dust on the Paramount shelf for nearly five years, is now a talking picture, directed by Von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes and Frances Dee in the leading rôles. And we shall see what we shall see—and so will the enraged Mr. Dreiser.

THE most unique party in Hollywood occurred on the occasion of Gloria Swanson's birthday not so many weeks ago. It was a luncheon attended by Gloria's mother, her grandmother and her daughter.

Virginia Barker and Lois Wilson, Gloria's two closest friends, were also there. As the meal drew to a close a gentleman was announced. Gloria had not seen him for years, but she rushed into his arms. It was the doctor who brought her into the world!

JIMMY MURRAY'S back again. You know the long, long story of Jimmy's various vicissitudes, brought about by the fact that he looked too long and too often upon the wine when it was red. His last scrape landed him a jail sentence and everybody said it was Jimmy's fade-out. But he's back again.

With a part in a picture and another earnest vow that he's "on the wagon" for two whole years.

THE Paramount Studios have told Director Richard Wallace that he may take as long as he likes over the making of "Kick-In." There's a reason for this. It is Clara Bow's first picture since her big court episode and Clara is nervous.

This is the tell-tale film and this had better be good, for the public is feeling edgy about

## Here's Money for You!

The contest of the year, for which thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY have been waiting, starts in this issue.

**\$5,000.00** Cash Prizes

That have helped hundreds of this Magazine's readers in the past are again to be divided.

Turn to page 40, read the rules and go in and win!

Clara, due to a combination of mediocre pictures and bad publicity.

**TOM SANTSCHI**, one of the great old veterans of the screen, is dead—from a heart attack.

**WE**—and Hollywood—are now faced with a couple of new stars.

What's that? Nothing new, you say? Ah, but these are not the usual semi-obscure aspirants from Broadway, but a couple of genuine, star-spangled, rip-roaring Big Shots, called by many the leading dramatic people of the American stage.

In short, Miss Lynne Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt.

In addition to being married, they star together in plays put on by The Theater Guild, New York's highbrow producers.

In New York, Fontanne and Lunt are almost idols.

This year they played together in "Elizabeth, the Queen."

Their first picture to be made next summer, is "The Guardsman," a romantic comedy by Molnar in which they starred on the stage some years ago.

Metro has them for a picture, this one, with more options. Next winter they'll be on the stage again.

Will Hollywood get out the plush carpets, brass bands, and red fire? I doubt it! I remember what happened when Ina Claire first hit the town.

**WELL**, happy days are here again for Lois Wilson.

Or happier days, anyway, since she got such a big part in Universal's "Seed."

Things had been pretty glum for the past year, for Lois hadn't been able to get a job in that time.

She had become so discouraged that she was on her way to the London stage, and then "Seed" came along to grow into a bright posie for her.

**EVELYN BRENT**, who told us the story, and Stanley Fields to whom it happened, raise their right hands and solemnly swear that the following is a veracious account of an actual incident.

Fields, you know, plays gangster rôles and is one of the toughest looking actors in Hollywood. The other evening, Mrs. Fields was hungry, so Stanley offered to go to the corner restaurant and bring some sandwiches. As he was coming along a side street, somebody stuck a gun in his side and shouted, "Reach for the clouds."

Stanley stuck 'em up, sandwiches still in hand.

The hold-up prepared to search him and just



**"I trust only Kleenex...  
to remove creams  
and cosmetics safely"**

*Says Universal's lovely star, LUPE VELEZ*

**Even such dramatic beauty  
as hers needs the protective  
cleansing of Kleenex!**

**H**OW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in "Resurrection."

She says: "One of the first things we learn in a screen career is the use of Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics."

Why do you suppose screen actresses are so insistent on this matter of Kleenex? It's because they know that you simply *must* get cold cream and dirt out of the pores.

Kleenex does. It is far more absorbent than towels or "cold cream cloths."

As Miss Velez says, "The blemishes that start from embedded dirt or cosmetics just don't have a chance . . . Kleenex is so soft and gentle, and absorbs so quickly."

Kleenex does away entirely with the ugly, germ-filled "cold cream cloths." Kleenex saves towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

*For handkerchiefs*

Doctors and health authorities discovered that Kleenex is a health necessity, to replace handkerchiefs. And now thousands of people will use nothing else. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. It is discarded after a single use. Kleenex comes in packages at 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods or department stores.



*Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as in pure white.*

**Supporting  
Attractions**

*Whose Legs Are These  
on Pages 38 and 39?*

**Here are the answers!**

1. Jeanette MacDonald
2. Joan Crawford
3. John Barrymore
4. Mitzi Green
5. Marlene Dietrich
6. Claudette Colbert
7. Clara Bow
8. Dorothy Mackaill
9. Gwen Lee
10. Mary Pickford

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**UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY**  
900 W. Lake St., Dept. G-131, Chicago, Ill.

as he did so, caught a glimpse of Fields' face. He put down his gun and said:

"Gee, boss, I beg your pardon. If I'd known it was you—well, you'll excuse me, I know. How've you been and how're all the little rackets?"

And he retreated humbly, leaving Fields to walk home saying a little prayer of thanksgiving for looking like a tough mug.

**YOU** know how Bill Haines clowns all over a place—kidding his best friends and the ones he most admires!

Marie Dressler was showing some of her millionaire friends from New York through the M-G-M studio. Word had gone out of their importance with warnings as to observance of P's and Q's.

Bill walked onto the "Complete Surrender" set and began imitating Marie as master of sightseers.

The imitation was merciless. Director Harry Beaumont stepped up to him and whispered:

"I don't want to spoil your afternoon, Bill, but the mike is open and Marie and her guests are in the monitor room."

The blood rushed to Bill's face. He was so frightened he didn't even dare to turn around and look up into the glass-covered sound room. He stepped to the mike and said, "Marie, I don't know whether this is a gag or not. If it is, I've fallen hook, line and sinker. If it isn't I'm terribly sorry."

Then he wheeled and looked. The glass room was empty.

**AS** far as Director Mel Brown is concerned, "White Shoulders," which he is directing for Radio, has been his greatest jinx picture.

He had hardly started shooting when his wife, visiting Canada, was nearly blinded in one eye when a needle pierced it.

Then Kitty Kelly, one of the leading players in the picture, took influenza. Mel Brown

rearranged shooting schedule to "shoot around" Miss Kelly—that is, take scenes wherein she does not appear—until she came back. But Jack Holt, playing the male lead, spiked that by catching flu himself. Production was held up for days.

Then Mel got a wire, saying his wife was on her way home, in care of two nurses, at heavy financial expense.

That same night, stepping out of a projection room, a white cat walked across his path. Not black, but white—but it was bad luck enough, for Brown fell over it and sprained a thumb and wrist.

He says he wouldn't be surprised if the studio burns down before he finishes the film.

**THE** long arm of coincidence reaches out to grab "Grand Hotel," the sensational New York stage hit which M-G-M has acquired for Greta Garbo, for a story titled "Grand Hotel" was done back in 1915 by James W. Horne, a director for the old Kalem company.

Like the present story, it had an amazing number of quickly shifting scenes, Horne writing in the February, 1916, PHOTOPLAY that he made 73 scenes with 100 people in six hours' time. Herman Shumlin, the producer, who is to direct the talkie version, was generally acclaimed for the facility with which he moved the stage play through upwards of a dozen quickly shifting scenes.

Then, Vicki Baum, the Viennese woman who is the author, worked in a hotel as a chambermaid to get the proper atmosphere for her story. Horne worked as a clerk in a hotel, which gave his old "silent" the ring of authenticity.

One way in which the two "Grand Hotels" don't resemble each other, however, is that Vicki Baum's made her internationally famous, her book a best seller, the play a smash hit, and herself wealthy overnight. Horne, maker of the first "Grant Hotel," a good director, is forgotten.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

**TARNISHED LADY—Paramount**

**THIS** is the talkie debut of Tallulah Bankhead, an Alabama girl who for eight years was a sensation on the London stage. It is a heavy love drama, unrelieved by laughter, concerning a society girl who marries for money, although she is in love with a struggling young writer. Clive Brook has the part of leading man. Tallulah, resembling the late Jeanne Eagels, has great ability, but little chance to display it here.

**TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures**

**BERT** WHEELER, separated from his partner Woolsey, does his first solo-starring film. Dorothy Lee adds heart appeal. This is more subtle comedy than you'll expect from Bert, but he does it well. It's about a young couple whose relatives "help" them plan their home. Good old stuttering Roscoe Ates is grand as a country hack driver. Plenty of laughs in this, but also some lumps in the throat.

**SHIPMATES—M-G-M**

**HERE'S** plenty of action!—and how could they help it, with Robert Montgomery, Cliff Edwards, Dorothy Jordan, Ernest Torrence, et al., plus the whole booming United States Navy, all doing their stuff at once? Bob and Cliff as gobs, Dot as the admiral's daughter, and the Navy as itself, pep up a story that switches suddenly from howling successions of laughs into high melodrama for a punch ending. Great entertainment.

**THE WOMAN BETWEEN—Radio Pictures**

**OH,** this one's heavy drama! Father married to woman with whom son falls in love. Lily Damita does some plain and fancy emoting quite in the old-school manner. But the bright spot of the film is the performance of little Miriam Seegar who has just about everything. Lester Vail is an adequate leading man.

**THE VIRTUOUS HUSBAND—Universal**

**ALL** about a young man whose legacy from his mother is a group of letters to be given him during important moments. The situation is howlingly funny until it suddenly turns into an imitation mystery. And from then on it's pretty bad. Although Betty Compson is given top billing, she hasn't much to do. Elliott Nugent and Jean Arthur are swell.

**BROAD MINDED—First National**

**THIS** looks pathetically as though they just had a lot of abandoned old gags and jokes lying around the studio, and decided to try to use them all up in one picture. Joe E. Brown opens his mouth extra wide and makes frequent joebrownish sounds in an effort to make it laughable. Now and then, he succeeds.

**MEET THE WIFE—Columbia**

**A**NOTHER of the good old dependable stage farces makes the jump to the talking screen—and remains funny. It's about one wife and two husbands. There's much running in and

out of doors, being found in amazing places, and that sort of thing. Thanks to the splendid capabilities of such *farceurs* as Laura LaPlante, Lew Cody and Harry Myers, it's a hilarious wow!

**CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied**

OF too many other Westerns it can be said: You'll like it if you like Westerns. But of this Western, it can be truthfully said that you'll like it anyway. It is to an enjoyable extent what the talkies have forgotten to be—*moving* pictures. That, plus many thrills, laughs and likeable Hoot Gibson and adorable Sally Eilers—well, what more must you have?

**TRAPPED—Big Four**

THEY put everything in this one—fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases. The state militia doesn't come thundering on at the last. But what can you expect for your money? The confused plot (but then you can always nap) is relieved only by the excellent work of Nick Stuart, who deserves better stuff, and Priscilla Dean. It was Tom Santschi's last film, before his death.

**HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.**

SO the director said one morning, "We'll just get together and make a Western. The story doesn't matter as long as we have lots of riding and shooting." And that's what they did. The actors are Wally Wales, Virginia Brown Faire, Vivian Rich and some others who don't matter. If you like Westerns, and if an inconsistency or two doesn't seriously bother you, you'll like this.



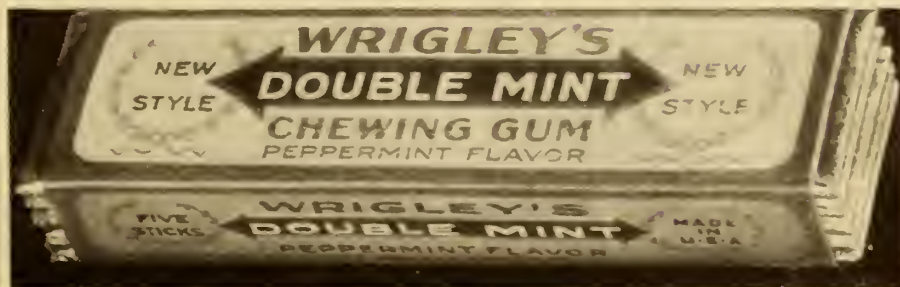
When Robert Edson died, Hollywood not only lost one of its most capable actors, but one of its most lovable citizens. Unlike a lot of other stage players who left Broadway for the movies, he didn't scoff at Hollywood's ways. He liked them and often said: "I run and swim and ride, things I like to do, and am paid for it." It has been truly said of him, "he had an appetite for life"

# CHEW DOUBLE MINT WHILE DRESSING

"I like **DOUBLE MINT** while dressing." That's what so many stars are telling us. Besides the deliciously refreshing quality of this good peppermint chewing gum, it relaxes the nerves which make tense, hard lines around the lips. **MORE CHEWING** is now claimed to be the great cry of Dentists and Beauty Specialists. Modern food is too soft to give the normal amount of chewing exercise to the delicate facial muscles. **DOUBLE MINT**, a fresh stick or two, chewed ten minutes regularly every day, is said to supply this much needed additional amount of chewing. Keep a package of **DOUBLE MINT** always handy on your dressing table. It gives one of the most natural of all Facials, tends to keep the mouth and lips well shaped—and only costs a nickel.

INEXPENSIVE  
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L-224



# How French Women Make Up Lips and Cheeks to Last All Day

*A New Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. Gives the Same Natural Color to Lips and Cheeks. Ends Caking, Drying, Unsightly "Lipstick Line." Lasts All Day*

A way has been found that not only gives a perfect make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that **HOLDS** perfectly all day long. Instead of making up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

You use it on **BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS**. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color.

It gives the **PERFECT PARISIAN** make-up of today. And—it lasts for hours.

## UNLIKE AMERICAN ROUGE

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a permanent make-up yet discovered. It is different from



*You make up once a day instead of every hour with the same Angelus Rouge Incarnat shade for both lips and cheeks, and thus achieve the new natural effect that is so smart in make-up.*

any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

It is the creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up. It banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

## COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Regular Lipstick Form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box. A shade for every type and complexion. Same price as American rouges.

*Angelus*

# Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe, Inc.



*Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking, shown with talented Judith Anderson, one of his famous stage clients.*

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

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

**REDUCING**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

**REMOTE CONTROL**—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

**RENEGADES**—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

**RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A**—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

**RIDIN' FOOL, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

**RIGHT TO LOVE, THE**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

**RIVER'S END**—Warners.—A lusty Curwood story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**ROYAL BED, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

**SCANDAL SHEET**—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

**SEA LEGS**—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

**SECOND HONEYMOON, THE**—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

**SEE AMERICA THIRST**—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

**SHADOW RANCH**—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

**SILVER HORDE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

**SINGLE SIN, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

**SIN SHIP, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

## MAGIC DISC

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Irwin, Alviene University, 66 W. 85th St., New York

**SIT TIGHT**—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Coogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

**SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)**—Tobis.—Skillful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Father Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lillian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

**STOLEN HEAVEN**—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

**SUNRISE TRAIL, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

**SUSPENSE**—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

**SWANEE RIVER**—Sono Art-World' Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

**TAILOR MADE MAN, A**—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)



Our Clara, minus the old Zulu coiffure, as she looks in her latest Paramount release, "Kick In." After a flaming career of wind-tossed tresses, has the Brooklyn Bonfire suddenly gone Goldilocks on us? Anyway, it's becoming, isn't it, and maybe in a year or two there'll be enough for a bun in the back

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**Y**OU'LL find that you can wear Modess under the softest of clinging chiffons, or the thinnest of daytime dresses, with a comforting feeling of perfect safety. And the softly fluffed, evenly absorbent filler material is the coolest sort of protection there is. All the edges and corners are gently rounded; the flexible filler smoothly shapes itself to the figure. So Modess will never be conspicuous. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes and thin summer dresses—for

packing in the week-end bag—for times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times. For a perfect combination, try a box of each.

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Banish Completely the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

*A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.*

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted



Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

### What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You sim-



By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

ply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

### Where To Obtain

It is called **NEET**—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

282

## Neet Cream Hair Remover

**THIRD ALARM, THE**—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

**3 LOST GIRLS**—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

**TODAY**—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March)

**TWO WORLDS**—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

**UNDER MONTANA SKIES**—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

**UNDER SUSPICION**—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

**UNFAITHFUL**—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

**UP FOR MURDER**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

**UP THE RIVER**—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

**VIRTUOUS SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

**WAR NURSE**—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Guesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

**WESTWARD BOUND**—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

**WHITE THUNDER**—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March)

**WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE**—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

★ **WILD MEN OF KALIHARI**—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

**WILD WEST WHOOPEE**—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

**YANKEE DON, THE**—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

**YELLOW MASK, THE**—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

**ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)**—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

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Keeps  
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Hides  
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You cannot be well-dressed if your shoes are unsightly. The Fischer Protector instantly HIDES and RELIEVES bunions and large joints. Wear in any shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stocking. Sold for over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

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## "Old Town Boats"



# Am I An Actor?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

York revue producer, also wants him to play the juvenile lead in the new edition of "George White's Scandals."

But before he thinks of that he wants to answer the question he has put to himself, "Am I an actor?"

At the moment he's taking voice lessons from a Mexican who says he can do things with Buddy's voice. He's also studying Spanish, with foreign picture versions in mind. And he's taking in a picture almost every night, studying other actors, trying to discover how they do it.

It's a bit sad, knowing the joyous, untroubled heights he walked as a boy, and the sudden disillusionment that descended to wound and confuse him. But he's acting like a man now in asking himself, "Am I an actor?" and grimly setting out to prove that the answer is "Yes."

# Retired at Eleven

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

Duty—and Fate struck home before the camera.

Who can forget the comedy wherein Farina was chased across a wide and pitted cornfield by a large and infuriated pig? Farina just didn't look frightened—Farina was so gosh-darned scared that our hearts leaped to the screen for him!

Or the picture that saw Farina hoisted to the turntable of a large phonograph. "Hot dog!" gurgled the child, set for a nice ride.

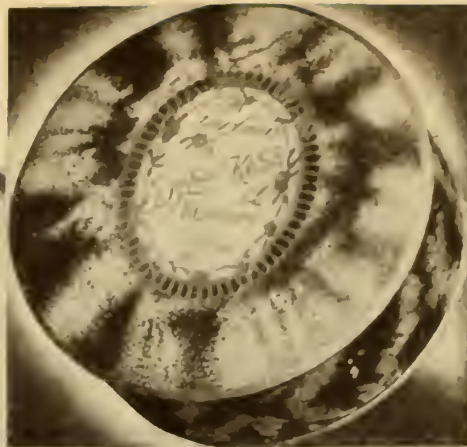
And when, at maximum speed, the turntable hurled Farina to the floor, do you think Farina was just pretending to be hurt?

No, Farina was just ourselves when we are kicked down the porch steps by our best girl's pappy.

Farina hurt, and hurt plenty.



It seems that young Mr. Fairbanks, Jr. wears an eight-year-old felt hat—but young Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford) spends her pocket money for such a dashing bonnet as this. One of those bandeau-and-halo brim affairs in white straw



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Since harmony in toilettries is as necessary as harmony in costume here is the new

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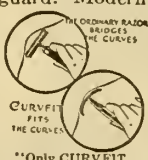
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with blade . . . value \$1.00  
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**Extra Curvfit Blade** . . .10

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**T**HE large 50-cent tube of Curvfit Deluxe Underarm Shaving Cream—exquisitely scented, latherless, requiring no brush, and specially created for delicate armpit use! The 50-cent size of delightful Curvfit Deodorant Toilet Powder! And an extra Curvfit famous super-lasting blade! Enough to keep your underarms, back of neck and limbs, fashionably hair-free, sweet, comfortable and suavely in the mode ALL SUMMER LONG—FREE with the lovely standard \$1 model of the world's finest razor for women!

Unlike any man's razor, the patented, narrow curved head of the Curvfit fits the curves of the feminine figure, and protects the most sensitive tissues with its exclusive blade-guard. Modern women have long since discarded costly, troublesome methods for this easier, daintier, p'asanter and safe, medically approved way. It also saves loads of expense because the razor lasts a lifetime and new blades, obtainable from your druggist or us, costs only 50 cents for five.



Two ways to get this wonderful bargain!

1. Buy the famous dollar Curvfit from any dealer, and send us the COVER OF THE BOX, with the coupon below. We will mail you the shaving cream, powder, and extra blade FREE.
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Please send me your amazing Curvfit Anniversary Special. Enclosed find  
 One Dollar (or)  Box Cover  
(Check Which).

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Address .....  
City ..... State .....

Small wonder that at six, Master Allen Clayton Hoskins was an old man. The facts of life were cold turkey to him. He knew then what it takes most of us thirty years to find out—that Life is cruel, bitter, inscrutable and full of hideous surprises.

**T**HE pony that looked so pretty was just going to run away with him—the minute the wagon went fast, Farina was going to be hurled out on his ear.

Why, even a cream pie was not a toothsome edible—it was something to be hit in the face with!

And so, for several years, we went on loving Farina because he hurt—just as we do. And we, at ten times his age, were just as helpless to duck the blows of life as he!

Now, Farina retires at eleven. For some years he drew down the elegant stipend of \$500 a week, and there is probably a tiny sum in the family teapot. At least, he was well paid for his bruises of body and soul. He must feel seventy.

Life has no surprises left—no rich and golden illusions, no gaudy dreams. To all intents and purposes, Farina is an old man.

True, his mother hopes to send him into vaudeville with his smaller sister, Mango. It may or may not come off.

**B**OB MCGOWAN, still father-confessor and Fate of "Our Gang," has a new scrap of ebony, one *Stymie*, whose real handle is Matthew Beard.

Thus the tradition of small, black Man and larger, blacker Fate, continues on the Roach lot.

But Farina, the first great Original, is gone. His addition to "Our Gang" was a stroke of genius, and the tiny laborer was worthy of his hire.

I fear we shall not look upon his like again. He was the first—and up to now, the last—motion picture actor to show us our own struggles, aches, terrors and pains.

I, an old and war-worn picture fan, mourn his loss.

Hail, Farina, and farewell!

**A Writer's Alibi**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

"The morning the ad appeared a guy named Simonello got temperamental and resigned—or maybe was fired—from the tonsorial parlors of the Christie Hotel. Believe it or not, he was waiting for a street car when he read Sadye's ad, hot-footed up there and got the job."

**I**MOGENE says Jim was just another barber until he gave Pauline Frederick her famous bob. After that he was the whole works. He finally took several of Sadye's girls, opened a shop of his own and knocked 'em bow-legged. You simply were nobody unless Jim cut your hair. Came Spring—and one day some of Jim's girls quit him cold, sneaked their tools out the back door, galloped down the street to the nearest vacant store and opened the Anne Merideth Shop.

Well, when I asked Imogene to tell me about the Hollywood secrets of beauty she just shrieked "Whoops my dear!" and fell in a swoon. I don't think she really fainted, Mr. Quirk.

It was just a gag to get another drink—and it worked. I had to give her one before she'd go on.

"Either you've got good skin or you haven't," Imogene claims. "Look at mine."—Incidentally, Mr. Quirk, Imogene really has lovely skin—soft and smooth and warm and—but to go on.—"God gave it to me in the first place and I keep it that way with lots of

**\$5,000**

**In Cash Prizes**

*By popular demand  
another great*

**Cut Picture Puzzle  
Contest**

*starts in this issue of*

**PHOTOPLAY  
MAGAZINE**

(See page 40 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. Many of our readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Six Months' Contest rate, fill out the coupon below and send \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50; Foreign \$1.75) and we will enter your subscription for 6 months, starting with the July issue.

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to PHOTOPLAY  
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—in six issues of PHOTOPLAY hundreds of pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

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sleep and plenty of gin." She extended an empty glass. "Baby, I said *plenty* of gin."

I NEVER even mentioned personality haircuts, Mr. Quirk. I never heard of one until Imogene brought up the subject.

"They're a racket," she said and started to get sore. "The girls fall for 'em in New York, but not so much out here. You pay fifty bucks for a trick haircut with a bucket of insults and garlic breath thrown in. Say—I know three dames who got personality haircuts from that What's His Name in New York"—she mentioned the name, Mr. Quirk, but I didn't catch it. Ask Mrs. Quirk. She'll know. Incidentally, please remember me to Mrs. Quirk when you see her. He wears a different colored coat for every fleeting mood—"and every one of 'em had to wear a wig or hat or hide in the bathroom 'til their hair grew out again."

When I asked her if long hair was here to stay, Imogene laughed so hard she got the hiccoughs—which we cured with a little sugar and water and gin. It's fine for hiccoughs. Try it some time. She says haircut styles are dictated from Paris—via the U. S. A. She claims the American barbers cabled this Antoine in Paris to lay off that long hair stuff or they'd come over and pour turpentine on his pet Pekinese. They have to eat just like any one else—American barbers, I mean.

Well, we finally got around to what you wanted to know—the inside stuff. I asked Imogene why it was that women, who wouldn't tell you their right name on top of the Woolworth flagpole, would crawl between the sound-proof sheets of a beauty shop booth and try to drown out the noise of a hair drier blower—or a blower hair drier—by bellowing the innermost secrets of their love lives and souls.

Imogene said she'd have to have a little drink before she'd answer that. Believe me, Mr. Quirk, that girl did *not* need a drink and I told her so.

So we had one and she gave me five good reasons and said I could take my pick.

The first one was that a lot of women's character nowadays is only skin deep—is represented by what you see from the outside, including jewelry and clothes. Put 'em in a beauty shop, wash off the paint and powder, muss up the hair and take off part of the clothes and what have you got? They fall out of character, revert to type and start gabbing.

Number two—a woman in a beauty shop has to sit still. She has to be doing something so she talks.

THIRD—a lot of these marked-down mamas delight to demonstrate their superiority in public—and preferably to beauty shop operators who ought to be impressed and don't dare say what's running through their minds. They just have to convince somebody there's something superior about them—if it's only that their husband is the biggest fathead in town.

Fourthly—many women would rather tell you how bad they are than how good they are. In a beauty shop they feel they're among friends. They seem to think the girls are broad-minded, worldly-wise *filles de joie*—which Imogene indignantly denies—who understand.

Then there's just something about a beauty shop. It invites confidences and plain-speaking. It's a place for the girls to unload all the dirt they don't dare dish before friend husband or their lady friends. When a woman goes down to get prettied up she just naturally expects to find out what's going on. She'd feel cheated if she wasn't properly entertained—and couldn't spill a little lowdown of her own.

Take babies for instance, Mr. Quirk. Why Imogene told me there hadn't been an important baby born in Hollywood in years that the fact wasn't known in some beauty shop or other at least six months before the little rascal arrived.

### Parisiennes Dance In Starched Chiffon

PARIS is putting starch in chiffon and wearing it dancing o' evenings.  
Some of the newest dance frocks are designed of filmy chiffon, starched to resemble the resiliency of organdy.  
The skirts of the new frocks have a semi-bouffant line and give an airy effect as the dancer moves across the ballroom floor.

# Startling style news

## for smart women!

ANY DAINTY DRESS that can stand a water can be renewed and restored to its original finish with Linit. This applies to all these fabrics:—chiffon, silk, rayon, all artificial silks, crepe de chine, pongee, tub silks and satins, georgettes, lace, embroidery and net, lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss, batiste, voile, gingham, prints, sateen, cotton brocades, linen, etc.

The charm of any fabric depends largely upon the DRESSING that is in the original fabric. This usually washes out after one laundering. But *whatever the fabric, if you use Linit, you put back that original charm and freshness.*

It means that one's pretty things *continue* to look new and feel smooth and luxurious as long as they last—if they are properly Linited.

Go through your wardrobe and renew your dresses and slips *the Linit way*. Liniting will practically renew every washable dress you now have.

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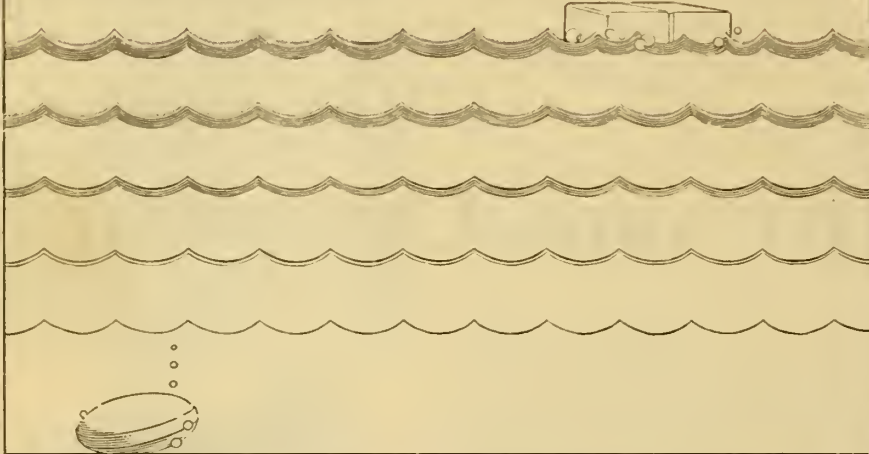


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- 1—Chiffon, Georgette, Crepe de Chine, etc.—Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Linit in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water and add  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups warm water.
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- 4—Gingham, Prints and Mercerized Fabrics—Dissolve 1 tablespoon Linit in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, add  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water and cook clear.

You never lose Ivory  
in your bath —  
*it floats!*

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Imogene swears the beauty shop girls positively are not gossipy or indiscreet. She says not one of them would repeat anything she hears to a soul, except maybe men, women and children between seven and seventy-nine. Besides, how can it be a secret when it's broadcast against the noise of a battery of vibrators in a voice like a steam train?

TO make it a lot more fun you never know who's going to be on the other side of those vertical sheets between the booths. Imogene says it's not at all unusual to have a girl talking about her boy friend with his wife on one side and his former wife on the other—both taking it all in.

Well, anyway—one thing led to another and just about then who should hammer at the front door but some of Imogene's little pals. She let them in and introduced me all around—by my right name—and we had a drink—maybe two drinks. I didn't think anything of it at the time, Mr. Quirk. Well, they left after a while and Imogene and I resumed our discussion about life, love and letters, and when I finally looked at my watch it was—would you believe it!—after four A. M.

Even that was all right. I used a swell alibi on the wife—the one you told me about that time—and it worked like a charm. The next day was okay, too—except for a dreadful rock fight going on inside my skull. I think I got hold of some bad ice at Imogene's. But the following day, a Thursday—

I was walking down the boulevard in the morning when I met Al Cohn. He winked and said: "I hear you've got a crush on Imogene Fitzfancy." I told him to shush—and walked on. Three more guys stopped me and said the same thing. I was slightly disturbed and, as I was soon to learn, not without cause. Because that afternoon, Mr. Quirk, my wife went in for a shampoo—and then she went home! And did I catch Hail Columbia? I'll say I did—through the front door. She wouldn't even let me in—then or now.

So you can see why a story on beauty shops is out as far as I'm concerned. You'd better send one of your women writers to do it—and tell her to watch her step and be sure to give a phony name.

IN the meantime I'd be very grateful if you'd write—or wire—my wife and explain I was really on an assignment for you. Of course you know and I know everything was entirely innocent and aboveboard but she seems to get funny ideas, and a word from you might help. The sooner you do it the better I'll like it. I'd at least like to be able to get in the house long enough to pick up a clean shirt and my other suit of clothes.

Please extend my best wishes to Mrs. Quirk.

Yours very truly,  
BOGART ROGERS

## Pale Hands I Loved

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

For Gladys Brown, who was not a dumb bunny, had begun to realize that here was no callow youth to be turned aside with a gesture, to be laughed away, to—if necessary—be given a purposeful smack in the jaw. Here was a go-getter, who wouldn't take no—or the less gentle equivalents of no—for an answer.

Kent Carrington left Gladys Brown at her door, after their first evening together. And Gladys, her hand tingling to the pressure of his hand, went up to her room.

"If he asks me," she told herself, as she crossed the threshold of her room, "if he asks me, I'll marry him. Such things have happened, lots of executives have married clerks (believe it or not, they have!). I can't ex-

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pect, now, to find my ideal. No girls ever marry their dream men . . . (she wasn't being funny, either). If he asks me . . ."

**B**UT, after their third evening together. Gladys realized that Kent Carrington didn't want to marry her.

"Gee, girlie!" he said over the *demi-tasse*, on that third evening, "I wish to gosh I'd had a break and met you first—"

Idly Gladys sipped her coffee. She would have preferred a large cup, at that.

"What do you mean—first?" she queried, and she tried to make her tone nonchalant.

Kent Carrington sighed, and lighted a cigarette.

"First," he said, "while I was single. Before I met my wife."

"Oh," said Gladys, "so you're married."

Kent blew a perfect smoke ring into the air.

"Yes," he told the girl, "I'm married. In a way. I say 'in a way' because my marriage is such a false alarm. My wife doesn't understand me. She never has."

Gladys arched her penciled brows. She yawned behind the tips of her perfectly manicured fingers.

"Bologna," said Gladys. And then— "That's what they all say."

"In my case," said Kent Carrington, and his voice shook with carefully modulated emotion, "it happens to be true."

"I'd like a cigarette, myself," said Gladys. "I can blow as pretty rings as you can."

"Baby!" breathed Kent Carrington.

"Miss Baby, to you!" answered Gladys. "You little old last year's married man—"

So she spoke, lightly, after the manner of her kind. But when Kent took her home, that evening, and tried to kiss her, Gladys slapped him. And—

"You were right, after all, Rudy," she said to a photograph, as she walked slowly, wearily, across her room.

. . . .

**A**ND then—then it began all over again. With Kent Carrington haunting Gladys Brown's counter, and Gladys Brown coldly ignoring his invitations. And then came a day when the plot thickened. When Kent Carrington fell into step, beside her, as she left the employees' entrance of the store, at night. And, baldly, stated facts.

"I suppose," he said, "that you realize, Gladys, that you're apt to be out of a job—in the near future?"

"Yeah?" said Gladys. "Unless?" she questioned.

"Unless," said Kent Carrington, "you're a little more polite to your superiors."

"I thought," remarked Gladys Brown, "that they only pulled that line in the tent-twenty-third. But," she hesitated, "this is a bad year to be out of work. Suppose I told you I might scare up a free evening, later in the week? What then—"

"Why then," said Kent Carrington, softly, "why then I think that everything might work out all right!"

And so, later in the week, Gladys Brown made an engagement to dine with her—shall we say—superior? Only it was different, this engagement, from the dates of the past. In the vernacular of the department store, Kent Carrington had "something on" Gladys. He'd demonstrated his power by forcing her, almost, to make an engagement. He'd demonstrated it, even further, by giving the engagement a devastating locale.

"We'll have supper," he said, "together, just you and I. Not in some smoky restaurant, not in a hick night club. We'll dine together in my studio . . ."

Gladys Brown didn't blush. Why blush? But when she answered she was fighting for time.

"How about the wife?" she questioned.

"What'll she say—if any?"

"My wife," said Kent shortly, "is at home."

# ARE YOU POWDERED TO YOUR SATISFACTION— and HIS?

Posed by *Cecilia Tobin*, Star of *Universal Films*.



Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you must use powder.

Be assured of this: once you try Princess Pat—with its exclusive base of soft, caressing almond—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without powder, but that you couldn't get along *without Princess Pat powder*.

**Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For.** It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; nor the imported.

**The Exclusive Almond Base is the Chief Difference.** Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticize, but believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using

Princess Pat believe this, too. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.

**Keeps the Skin Healthy—Combats Blemishes.** You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself*. This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin*. Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens*; it benefits the most sensitive skin.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent beauty*. And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Seven shades. Two weights. Sold everywhere.

PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE—a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly *indelible*.



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

# LIPS now stay lovely

## 8 full hours

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



You apply when you go out

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

### Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

other lipstick does or has ever done . . . actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

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-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

### What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size. red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

## The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Newly Discovered Formula

## Stop Pain, Remove CORNS



### ONE DROP DOES IT

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Acts like an anaesthetic. In three seconds pain is deadened. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No cutting—that is dangerous. This

way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers.

Doctors approve it as safe. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Money back if not delighted.

**"GETS-IT"** World's Fastest Way

She never comes to my studio. She doesn't, in fact, know that I have a studio."

Gladys was still fighting for time.

"Well, how do you rate one?" she questioned.

"A studio, I mean? You're not an artist—"

"Ah," said Kent Carrington, "I am, in my own way!"

"Says you—" murmured Gladys. But she allowed herself to be cajoled into writing down the studio's address; into promising to arrive there at a given hour. She didn't want to go—believe it or not, more working girls are ultra conventional than aren't. And Gladys had never dined alone with a man in his apartment.

"But what's the use of telling him?" she asked herself. "What's the use? It'd only make him have ideas—"

What she meant was that it would have added a certain piquancy to what, in Kent Carrington's mind, was an old situation.

\* \* \*

THE engagement was made in the morning, and it was to happen that very evening. So, all through the day, Gladys was fidgety. She made out two incorrect sales slips, she sent one C. O. D. as a charge, she answered one customer sharply, and she was fresh to the department buyer. When questioned by a fellow clerk, she was oddly snappish.

"I got a right to be short with you, haven't I?" she told the questioning clerk. "I got something on my mind."

"Besides your hair?" asked the clerk, eyeing the Garbo coiffure scathingly.

But the day wore on, somehow. And Gladys Brown, as the hours piled up one upon the other, told herself that she had made the only logical decision.

"A girl's got to eat," she argued on the way back to the store, from luncheon, as she saw a long, bedraggled line of supplicants standing hopelessly in front of the office marked "Employment Bureau." "A girl's got to have clothes . . . A girl can't be true," this wistfully, "all of her life to something she's never had."

But the last thought was mother to the decision that she'd not go home to dress for the "just we two" studio supper.

"Carrington can take it or leave it," said Gladys to herself, "if he don't like me in my working clothes, I should care."

What she really meant was (shades of O. Henry's Dulcie!) that she didn't want to face Rudolph Valentino's photograph, on her bureau, as she dressed for the, possibly, decisive date. One doesn't even flaunt one's mental infidelity—not when said infidelity is forced upon one!

But, somehow, the day wore on. Until, with the late afternoon, Gladys was ready to scream with nervousness. Her counter had an hour of little business—she had plenty of time, far too much time, for introspection. So she felt a sense of sudden relief that was almost akin to release, when she saw approaching her, down the aisle, the errand boy from Kent Carrington's office.

THE boy carried a smug smile, and a note in a wide, white envelope. He'd carried the smile, and similar white envelopes, to Gladys, before. Gladys disliked his air of juvenile sophistication, but she felt relief just the same. The note might be breaking the engagement—it had been done. Every once in so often there was an emergency meeting of executives; there might have been such a meeting called, this evening, on the spur of the moment.

The errand boy approached. He smirked. He struck an attitude and extended the letter.

"Here's a valentine, sweetheart," he told Gladys shrilly, "a nice, pretty valentine . . ."

But Gladys took the envelope, forcibly, from his tantalizing fingers.

"Chase yourself, button face," she told him. And tore open the envelope. Tore it open, and read the message inside, and sighed sharply.

For it wasn't presaging a broken engagement, that letter. It was merely delivering an order "Before the store closes," wrote Kent Carrington, on one of his memo sheets, "run up to the music department and get some good waltz records. I have a feeling that we may want to dance."

Kent Carrington was the Beau Brummell, you see, of the advertising profession. He rather fancied his ability to waltz.

"Charge them to my account," ended the note. "Miss Miller will understand."

"And how!" ejaculated Gladys. But just the same, in the last twenty minutes before closing time, she got herself excused. And went draggingly up to the department where sheet music, records and radio accessories were sold, under the able eye of one Miss Bertha Miller, who sometimes ate luncheon with Gladys, and who did understand.

"What you got," Gladys asked of her friend, "in the line of mush music? You know, soft, dreamy stuff. I'm charging them to Carrington."

"One's born every minute," observed Miss Miller. "I didn't think, Gladys, you'd fall for his line. And why don't he have a radio, anyhow?"

Gladys shrugged.



Seymour saw Bebe Daniels wearing this outfit in "The Maltese Falcon" and told us to tell you how smart it is. The white straw turban, gloves, flower and imported white kid boots are perfect complements for the blue and white silk shirting jacket frock. To the head of the fashion class, Bebe

# HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS . . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



**L**IKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,\* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it intrudes. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,\* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker-and dressing-room floors;

in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says the San Francisco Examiner, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And The Scientific American reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, the U. S. Public Health Service says that "at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to everyone.

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.\* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in clinics have confirmed these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms\* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 176 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

### \*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

## Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS



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sure  
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X-Bazin is the simple and reliable way to remove unwanted hair. You spread this creamy depilatory over your legs or under arms . . . and the hair vanishes completely—leaving your skin smooth, white and hairless. No blue, shaved look—and regrowth is discouraged.

Order X-Bazin today from drug or department store—50c a generous tube. Sample tubes 10c at five-and-ten-cent stores.

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Removes HAIR



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**LUCKY TIGER**  
FOR HAIR AND SCALP

A single bottle corrects scalp irritations; a Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed; safe for adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers Beauty Parlors.

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**Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY**

"I guess he has a radio," she said. "And say, don't ask any more foolish questions. 'This,'" she was quoting from a certain notice pasted in the wash rooms of the store, "is the era of unemployment. We demand efficiency and willingness—" Gladys laughed wryly.

Miss Miller shrugged, but the shrug was not unsympathetic.

"Well," she said, "I'll give this month's list the once over. I s'pose it's waltzes you want—" Gladys nodded.

"And by the way," Miss Miller added, "while you're waiting, here's something you'll be interested in." She handed Gladys a round, black disc. "Take that into one of the booths, and play it off—"

Gladys took the record, idly. She didn't bother, at first, to read the name printed on its center.

"What is it?" she asked. "Why do you—"

Miss Miller was already thumbing through a catalogue.

She answered slowly.

"It's your favorite *him*," said she (I told you that the two girls had lunched together, and

lunching inspires a certain amount of confidence!). "It's the Valentino record—"

Gladys stared down, swiftly, at the letters of gold that stood out from the black disc. She tried vainly to make her voice even, as she spoke.

"How come?" she asked. "How'd they get this? He's been dead," her voice broke, "so long—"

Miss Miller had gone to the shelves where the new records were kept. Her answer came as if from a distance.

"He made it for a friend," she said, "at least, I think he did. Ever so long ago, but it's just been brought out, this year. I don't know how, or why. . . . It's one of those Indian Love Lyrics."

But Gladys Brown hadn't waited for Miss Miller to finish the explanation. She was already in one of the booths where prospective purchasers try over records. The door to the booth was already shut. She was already fitting the disc onto a talking machine. Fitting it with fingers that shook.

And then, as she turned on the current, the



Joan Marsh shows you how a good sport should look. Brown and tan tweed suit with matching turban—brown and white low-heeled shoes with socks



voice came. The voice that she had never heard, but the voice of which she had dreamed *His voice.*

"Pale hands," it sang softly, "I loved, beside the Shalimar. . . . Where are you now? . . . Who lies beneath your spell? . . ." So it went, softly. So it went, all through the first verse of the Kashmiri Song.

And then, as the tears stood in the listening girl's eyes, as her hands pressed down over her heart, the second verse began. And then, after a while, the third verse . . .

"Pale hands, pink tipped—" began the third verse.

With a little cry, Gladys raised her hands—as if they didn't belong to her, almost—away from their place over her heart. She raised them until, not very steady, they were spread out before her eyes. They were pretty hands, slim hands, white hands, rosy-tipped with liquid polish—manicured to within an inch of their lives.

Her lips trembled, but did not speak. It was the soul of Gladys Brown that spoke.

"Why," said the soul, "it's me he's singing to—me!"

**T**HE voice carried on. Not a great voice, not even a very good voice. Just a boy's voice with the reediness of youth about it, with the glamour of a certain sincerity. And as it sang, Gladys Brown thought of Kent Carrington's sleek, blond hair, and of his eyes—blue, and set a little too close together. And of the wife who didn't understand, and of the sinister, secret studio.

She thought swiftly—as they say a drowning person, going down for the last time, is wont to think. She thought of the sign posted in the wash room—"In this era of unemployment. . . ." She thought of a long, weary line in front of a certain office. . . . She thought of warm silver sands, and of a white billowing tent top, and of the sound of a horse's hoofs beating across the desert.

The voice from the record reached its highest, most plaintive note. . . . And then, with almost a shock—a shock of loss and of despair—it fell into silence.

Automatically, like some one moving in a dream, Gladys Brown turned off the machine. You thought she'd play it over again? Well, she didn't. Only once in a lifetime should a human heart receive a direct message from—Beyond.

Gladys Brown switched off the machine, and opened the door of the booth, and addressed Miss Miller, who was making a list of the waltz records—for future reference.

"Never mind, Bertha," said Gladys Brown, "never mind wrapping up those records. Mr. Carrington won't be needing them—"

## Plane Love

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

and Haines, his assistant. They took in a little group of extras in make-up and others who weren't. They lit upon Chester Lorenz, her leading man, strutting in his Foreign Legion uniform, and flitted quickly away in a cloud of distaste.

Just another Foreign Legion picture, she thought, though this one was to have an added thrill, her rescue by the hero in an airplane from the Rif lines. But neither she nor Lorenz would really work in that sequence. Too dangerous. Their places would be taken by doubles, a stunt flyer and some daring extra girl who needed the money. She and Lorenz would be cut in in close-ups. Theirs would be the glory with none of the danger. Yet the day wasn't so far past when she would have taken the extra girl's place for enough money to eat on. Now she was too valuable. A star.



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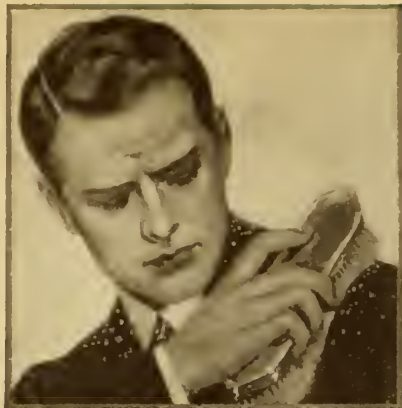
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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Her lips curled. A star vamp. In this picture, as in all her others, she was to be a beautiful, unscrupulous woman who would be cleansed in the fires of her love for the worthless man she was redeeming. She'd like to play in one, just one picture, where she wouldn't be mauled by some actor.

**FUNNY** thing about that. Here she was, seemingly made for love and in all her life she had never felt it. Of course, looking like that, and being able to talk and act as though love was the most wonderful thing in the world, were what had brought her so quickly to stardom. But they had also made the way harder for her. As long as she could remember, as a waitress, a stenographer, an extra woman and a bit actress, she had been forced to repel men's advances so many times that she had come to disbelieve in love and to hate and distrust every man who showed desire in his eyes. And most men she looked at showed it.

Chester Lorenz was showing it now, not only in his eyes but in the way he was mauling her in their scenes. He was telling her he was really in love with her and was not acting as he held her in his arms. But that did not stop him from trying to steal the scenes, cutting in on her dialogue, holding her head in his lap so that her face was almost hidden from the camera.

That was the way with men. They told you they'd sacrifice everything for love of you and then they'd try to steal everything from you, even your bread and butter. Love? The bunk! Chivalry? More bunk! Men? Nuisances, every one of them!

She supposed Forrest had noticed Lorenz stealing the scenes. He must have, because he knew pictures so well and because he had been sitting right beside the camera. But he had never warned her. They were all alike. Well, things would go differently in these retakes. Good thing a catch in the lens of the full-shot camera had ruined three hours' work. What were they waiting for? What was holding them up?

in that first glance, she thought of a hawk, the slight stoop of his shoulders which came from being tall and slender accentuating the impression. But he was impertinent. It was obvious he didn't realize who she was or he wouldn't dare to laugh at her. She stopped and glared at him. And his smile grew wider and his eyes more alive. She walked straight at him.

"**WHAT** are you grinning at?" she demanded furiously.

"Why, at your acting, Miss Clayburn," he drawled. "You're one of the few who are as good 'off' as you are 'on' I bet you."

"I was *not* acting," she corrected him. "I'm mad."

"Oh!" he said. "No foolin'. Why, I thought you were just puttin' on a show. Say, I beg your pardon, Miss Clayburn. But I never thought a girl as pretty and sweet as you are would go up in the air for nothing."

"Look here!" she snapped. "People don't talk that way to me. Who are you?"

"Why, the name's Halloran, Miss Clayburn. Dave Halloran. Pilot. I'm flyin' a bus in this picture. Or I was. I suppose I'm fired now. I suppose a fellow that made such a big mistake as to laugh when the great Charmion Clayburn had a brainstorm has just got to go away from here."

The man was grinning at her! Why, then—but the grin was friendly and it reached down into something in her that made her want to grin, too.

"No," she said, studying him thoughtfully. "Why should you be?" She turned and walked back and took her place on the couch. "I'm sorry, Mr. Forrest," she told the director. "If you'll wait just a minute, I'll be ready. Clara, bring the mirror and my make-up, won't you, please?"

"Gee!" said Eddie Caine, pop-eyed, "that's tamin' a wild woman with a coupla well-chosen words, I'll say. Who is that guy?"

"I don't know, Eddie," Rocky Boles told him. "Never saw him before but from here it looks like he might be that there opposition you and me was talkin' about."

But he wasn't "that there opposition." Rather, he was a phantom, or a memory. Charmion Clayburn, passionless star of passion dramas wasn't sure at times that she had really met a tall, slim flyer named, "Halloran, Miss Clayburn, Dave Halloran. Pilot. Flyin' a bus in this picture." Until she remembered his eyes. They were flyer's eyes because, gazing calmly out at her from under the hood of their heavy brows, they had made her think of a hawk. And they were the only man's eyes that she remembered looking at her without desire. Only amusement.

**SHE** thought a great deal about him in the two weeks that followed, chiefly because she didn't see him again. She and the company were busy with interior scenes. He would not have anything to do until they had arrived at the flying sequence. She wondered about him, why he wasn't impressed with her rage that day, and why he hadn't appreciated her beauty more. He had certainly recognized it. What was it he had said to her?

"I never thought a girl as pretty and as sweet as you are would go up in the air over nothing."

She'd like to explain to him about that. She'd like to tell him that it wasn't the so-called artistic temperament that caused those flare-ups but rather a protest at the price she had to pay for being a star.

Something was influencing Charmion Clayburn to do in this picture the best work of her career. Forrest, who had directed her in two of her previous pictures, was the first to notice the change. Subtly he sensed that she was taking the direction of her acting out of his hands.

"Something," he told Haines and Lorenz, just after they had shot a scene, "has happened to Miss Clayburn. She has grown up emotionally."

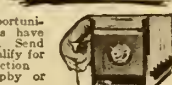
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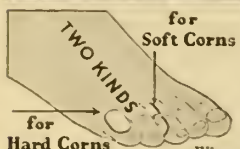
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**SHE** was tired of working in the pictures. Tired of the hours of waiting. Tired of the snooting public that would not give her an instant's privacy. A hot lump of resentment that had been lodging against her heart rose in her throat. She wanted to scream. The cigarette, unnoticed in her hand, burnt to its end and bit into her finger. And a dull, red mist swam over her.

She hurled the burning stub to the floor, swung to her feet and throwing the negligée about her started to stalk off the set.

Forrest rose hurriedly from his chair. "Miss Clayburn," he protested, "please don't go now. We are about ready to start."

"Go ahead," she told him in her slow, deep, contralto drawl, "but you can go on without me. I'm through for the day. I'm tired of waiting. I've wasted a whole morning's effort with you and Mr. Lorenz. He's so anxious to steal those scenes that he can play them by himself."

"But you can't do that!" Forrest pleaded. "These are your most important scenes. They're the pivot of the story!"

"Well, I present them to you. I don't want them. I think they're terrible. I think the whole story is awful." Suddenly she was furious. "And don't you dare to tell me what I can or cannot do! I do as I please. I please to go. I'm going. You're stupid. All of you!"

A chair was directly in her path and she picked it up and slammed it down violently. The chair fell over on its side. Looking up from it, her eyes swept the stage. People were standing as though paralyzed, gawking at her. She shrugged her shoulders and started to go on when her glance fell into a man's eyes.

The eyes were gray and cold and hooded under heavy brows, but now they were alight with amusement. His mouth smiled with them. It was a reckless mouth, slightly crooked. The rest of his face was thin. Even

Lorenz smiled to himself. He had his own interpretation. She was in love, of course. Those little things he whispered were bringing her to life. Well, that was one of the nice things about being a leading man. You learned about women.

THE news of the new Clayburn picture went out of the studio by Hollywood grapevine and spread along the boulevards and among the other studios. The picture was a wow and Charinon Clayburn was burning up the love scenes. It even seeped out to the Wilson flying field in Glendale, where Dave Halloran had parked his plane after flying it from his father's Cincinnati factory.

"Hear your leading woman's knockin' 'em dead in the picture you're doin' your stuff in," Spud Degman, his mechanic, told Dave one morning. "They say that right now the picture's a knock-out. So maybe they won't need the trick airplane stuff."

"Glad to hear it," Dave acknowledged the news. "It wouldn't break my heart if they cut my part. I'm not crazy about the idea of swingin' any girl off the top of the wall to a rope under the plane. I got the scene worked out so that most of the danger's eliminated but there's still too much of it. I don't see why they don't dress up a man in woman's clothes and let him do it."

"Mean to say the Clayburn woman's gonna do it!" Spud exclaimed.

"Be yourself," Dave grinned. "When did you ever hear of a picture company riskin' the life of a star for a thrill? When they throw somebody to the lions, they pick on someone unknown. Not that I don't think that the Clayburn woman wouldn't do it, if she had to. The day I saw her, she showed enough temper to subdue a cage of tigers. All they'd have to do to get her to go up would be to make her mad. Then she'd be liable to do anything."



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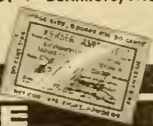
## "Other women seem to manage"

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"Boy!" said Spud. "I saw her in a couple of pictures and temper or no temper, she could have my extra cup of coffee for life any time."

"Well," grinned Dave. "Every man to his taste. Maybe you were cut out to be an animal trainer. But not me. When I marry, I'm goin' to try and pick a wife that's soft and sweet. Maybe she'll be beautiful, too. But I'd hate to think my mother raised me to be a life companion to a buzz saw."

"YOU flyin' the bus this afternoon?" Spud asked him.

"No," Dave said. "I'm goin' over to see Forrest. 'They're shootin' the airplane stuff the day after tomorrow. Down in Tucson, Arizona. The company's leavin' tonight by train. I'm flyin' down tomorrow. We'll finish tunin' her up now so she'll be all ready."

It was unfortunate that the afternoon Dave Halloran had been called in for conference with Forrest, the director, should have been the one on which circumstances should conspire to send Charmion Clayburn into another of her almost historic rages. Up till that time her disposition had been angelic, if a little puzzling to the people who worked with her.

A strange thing had happened to her. She was doing everything with the thought in her mind that it must meet the approval of the young flyer with the clear, amused eyes, whom she had met so suddenly two weeks ago. That was the reason she threw herself into her work. She wanted it to be good. Then she learned that if she imagined Lorenz, her leading man, was the tall, slim youngster who laughed at her when she was angry, she could get a great deal more emotion into her love scenes.

She fondly imagined that she, alone, had the key to the change in her but she was wrong. Rocky Boles, the huge electrician, and his pal, Eddie Caine, the diminutive stage carpenter, shared her secret with her though they did not disclose it to the rest of the world. Instead they went about the studio emitting strange and sundry wisecracks to each other that no one could guess the meaning of.

"Boy!" Rocky would chortle. "What'd I tell you about that there opposition? He comes along and transforms a ragin' demon of a dame into a sweet angel just by whisperin' in her ear."

"I'll say!" Eddie would agree. "Opposition's the life of trade. Wonder what he'll do now he's got her all gentled up?"

"Why," Rocky would explain. "He'll bring his little ol' airplane and fly her away right up to heaven."

AND even in this far-fetched, humorous idea they were right, up to a certain point. For Charmion was already looking forward to the carrying out of her plan for getting to know the young flyer better. She had told Forrest that business would prevent her leaving for location with the rest of the unit that night and had suggested that she fly down "with Mr. Halloran." Forrest thought it was a good idea.

When Dave, late in the afternoon, sent in his name to Forrest, the director was already on the set, getting ready to shoot the final scene of the sequence, the meeting of Charmion and Lorenz. The set represented a crude Algerian vaudeville theater, consisting of a small stage, an orchestra pit, a pit and a balcony. The balcony was gained by climbing three short steps out of the pit. Both the pit and balcony were thickly furnished with tables and chairs where the patrons drank while they enjoyed the show.

The pit was occupied by private soldiers of the Foreign Legion, together with civilians of the humbler sort and more or less bedraggled lights o' love of all nations. In the balcony there sat what constituted the local aristocracy, military officers and successful merchants, their wives and mistresses. These latter were in evening dress.

Lorenz sat among the other private soldiers in the pit.

"All right," Forrest shouted as Dave came in. "Let's try it."

THE crowded set broke into action. Waiters appeared with bottles and glasses on trays. The crowd drank, talked, laughed. The orchestra broke into a lively tune and Charmion sauntered out on the stage.

Dave, standing in the shadows at the side just out of the range of the camera, caught his breath at sight of her sheer beauty. She was dressed in a thin white silk shirt which revealed the lines of her firm breasts, a pair of very tight black velvet shorts which ended at her thighs. Her shapely legs were bare, her feet incased in high-heeled black slippers. A high silk hat perched rakishly on her blonde head and under her arm she carried a short ebony stick with a silver knob.

She strolled down to the center of the stage and stood surveying the audience calmly while it shouted, laughed, clapped its hands and banged bottles and glasses upon the tables. She stood there till the din died down and then she slipped into a plaintive song. Calmly. Slowly. Beautifully.

Dave was one of the few who saw that scene in the making who was not acting. Yet his reactions were the same as were those of the actors. First he listened breathlessly as the clear contralto voice came to him. Then he began to chuckle because the song itself was undeniably naughty and full of a witty double-entendre. At the end of the chorus he was laughing heartily.

Charmion, still singing, stepped down the steps from the stage and passed slowly among the tables, and came at length to a pause in front of Lorenz. And here trouble broke.

For Lorenz, mistaking the reason for the increasing fervor of her emotional acting in the past two weeks, slipped his hand onto her knee and whispered a suggestion. Charmion stopped singing, and stared at him while a slow blush dyed her face and neck. Then suddenly she swung her open hand to his face in a slap that sounded like a shot in the sudden stillness. And Dave knew that scene had not been rehearsed even before he heard Lorenz's frantic whimper.

"All right. All right, Miss Clayburn! I'm sorry! Please don't report me. I'll be black-listed."

SHE kept her eyes on him while she turned disdainfully away. As her eyes tore themselves from the abject actor, they fell again on Dave. She stared incredulously at him an instant and came straight for him.

"Mr. Halloran," she said. "Come with me." And as he hesitated, she stamped her foot. "Come! Do you hear? Oh, please!"

His eyes, which had gone cold with slow anger, softened and a grin dawned on his crooked mouth. He walked behind her to the side of the set where she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Halloran," she asked. "Has Mr. Forrest spoken to you about my flying down with you tomorrow?"

"Why, no," Dave drawled. "I hadn't talked to him when you," he grinned, "got all hot and bothered—again."

"Well, may I?" she pleaded, coloring. "You see, I have some business to finish tonight, which makes it impossible—I wondered if you'd be so kind—" She stood looking anxiously up at him.

"Why not?" he grinned. "If you get mad eight thousand feet up, you'll cool off quick. My bus is a two-seater, open cockpit job. Better dress warm."

"Oh, thank you!" she breathed. "Mr. Halloran, I know you think I'm a murderess at heart. But I'm not. Really. That first time was inexcusable, but today—"

"Today," he told her gravely, a little dizzy from her beauty, "you could have borrowed my left. I heard some of it. We start at six in the mornin'. Wilson Flyin' field, Glendale. So long, Miss Clayburn."

She stood gazing after him as he strode over to Forrest.

STORM signals flying and storm warnings flashing in. The fog of an early California morning with the promise of a smiling sun and a cloudless sky later in the day. But storm warnings hissing, squawking, clattering and grumbling from the Southeast, East and Southwest, coming by radio, by telephone, by telegraph Cloudy. Low ceiling. Electricity. Rain.

Pilots rolled out of their hangars and headed for home again to catch a couple of hours sleep. No planes flying today. At Wilson's airport, Dave Halloran picked up the phone and into it gave Charmion Clayburn's number. A maid answered. Miss Clayburn was on her way to the airport. She would be there any moment. Dave Halloran swore and hung up the receiver to find her at his elbow. She was dressed in a flyer's suit. Her beautiful calm face smiled out at him from beneath a helmet.

"Sorry, Miss Clayburn," he said. "Can't fly you down. Storms."

"Are you flying?"

"Yes. But—"

"Look, Mr. Halloran." She pulled a card case from her coat pocket. "Here's my pilot's license. Doesn't mean much but I've really had 118 solo hours. I'm after a transport license but it takes time. I'm a flyer myself, so why hesitate?"

"I couldn't take any chances cracking up with you—"

"Is that your bus?" she asked and walked out to it. Dave followed her, perforce with the pop-eyed Spud Donovan treading to his heels. "Oh, isn't she a beauty! A Svendalis?"

"No," Dave told her. "Special job. My own. Look here, Miss Clayburn. I wouldn't dare take a chance flyin' you. My own judgment is that the storms aren't bad but—"

"Come on," she coaxed. "You fly her. I'll handle the stick if you get tired."

He grinned at her audacity and climbed in behind her. Spud, grinning, stepped to the propeller. Dave gave her the gun. "Contact!" he yelled. Spud kicked the blocks away. They taxied down the field and rose in the air, their faces toward the morning. Her voice drifted back to him.

"Hold your hat on!" she warned.

AFTER three hours flying.

The ceiling pressed down upon them like a murderer's conscience. Thick, swirling gray bearing down inexorably from invisible heaven as they staggered Southeastward throttled down to seventy miles an hour. Eight thousand feet—seventy-five hundred—seven thousand—and death below them. The jagged teeth of naked mountains snarled up at them. Not a landing in a hundred miles.

The storm hit them suddenly—from behind. It roared upon them, cursing, and a thousand demons threw pails of water all over them. A giant was hurling thunderbolts and lightning sizzled above their heads. Dave turned the plane's nose skyward in a valiant attempt for altitude. And the howling wind laughed against her tail and turned her upside down. As they went over in a maelstrom of darkness, his eyes sought her. She turned her head and waved. She was smiling!

"God forgive me!" Dave cried from his heart to God. "And take my life for hers!"

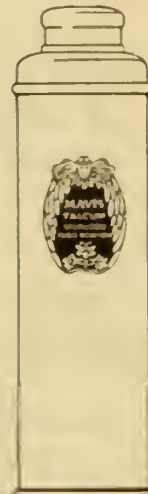
A giant cracked down on the plane. And then slid his hand under her so that she would light easily. It was a perfect three-point landing on a field of yielding sand. They rolled about nineteen feet and stopped with a soft thud. The howl of the storm had fallen to a wild whisper.

Dave Halloran, unnerved, crouched silent in his seat, afraid to move and find her dead.

"Dave!" he heard her clear voice, whispering above the storm's whisper and he crouched lower because he knew that she was dead and that was her soul reproaching him. "Dave! Oh, my Dave! Oh, my lover! I killed him! But I love him so!" The voice fell to a whimper. She was sobbing, great stabbing sobs that hurt him.



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He uncoiled his long length slowly and stood up to see her looking up at him from the ground.

"Oh, David!" she whimpered, like a child waking from a nightmare. "You went and lost your hat!"

\* \* \*

PLANES swept the cleared sky for the hundreds of miles that spread between Glendale and the tiny spot on the desert that is Tucson. Keen-eyed pilots stared down into the chaos of the desert mountains, hoping that they would not see the charred body and twisted metal of what had once been a gallant plane. The radio and the telegraph flashed the news across the world that Charmion Clayburn, famous actress, and Dave Halloran, millionaire inventor and flyer, were down somewhere in Arizona in a storm.

And on the floor of the desert beside the plane, the two lost ones were staring at each other as if they had never seen such wonderful sights

before. As indeed they hadn't. Not with this feeling behind them.

"Get in," Dave was ordering. "You're late."

"Dave, are you sure you love me?"

"Sure I'm sure. I'm—I'm goofy about you. Get in. You're late."

"Dave. Give me another kiss. I never knew kisses could be like this."

"There. Charmion, two more of those and I can't fly the plane."

"Here's both of them."

"Oh, My Maternal Godmother! Oh, Baby! Oh, Charmion! Le' go o' me. Come on. Get in. You're late!"

"Do we get married as soon as we come down?"

"I'll say! Come on. Get—Atta girl!"

"Dave, throw me a kiss. I can't reach you."

"There y'are."

"Ooh! We're going up! Hold your hat on. Oh, you haven't got a hat to hold. You went and lost it!"

**The Troubles of Gloria**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

assigned her. But that was just the trouble. Gloria wasn't sure she always would like the stories Paramount chose, that she always would be artistically *en rapport* with the director they gave her. Gloria feared that at the end of this magnificent contract, her career would be over, snuffed out by pictures turned out rapidly enough to bring Paramount adequate profits in spite of the salary they paid her. And it is not in Gloria to brook such an ignominious end, for any price.

AT the same time, the emissaries of United Artists were eloquent. Perhaps they realized even then that their company would have need of new blood. At any rate, they told Gloria if she was worth twenty thousand dollars a week to Paramount, she was worth more to herself. And that seemed logical. They assured Gloria she had too fine a mind, was too brilliant a person and too great an executive to walk docilely through the golden years of her fame and not prospect a little on her own.

There were a few friends who pointed out that if Gloria accepted the Paramount offer and lived parsimoniously on \$5,000 a week she might have two million dollars in a trust fund at the end of two years. But, alas, their voices were lost in the din and clamor.

The more Gloria thought about joining United Artists, the more the idea intrigued her and the more eager she became to join that Olympian group comprised of D. W. Griffith, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, all topnotchers at the time.

Once before, Gloria had staked everything on a chance. She had quit being a mannequin in the old Cecil B. De Mille productions to strike out as an actress, although she had no guarantee that the public would accept her without her bizarre coiffures and exaggerated gowns. Time had proved the wisdom of this move. She would strike out again. There is a streak of the plucky gambler running through Gloria's complex make-up. All successful people have it more or less, I suppose.

Another thing. I think at this time Gloria was particularly eager for artistic acclaim. I think she wanted to prove that she wasn't merely a little bathing girl who, by a fluke of popular fancy, had become a star. She was newly married to that young man, the Marquis Henri de Falaise de la Coudray. It was with frank pride that she bore his high name. Is it strange then that she should want an affiliation that promised her a dignity and

honor befitting the wife of such a charming Marquis?

Whatever it was that decided Gloria, it certainly must have taken confidence and courage for her to turn down twenty thousand dollars every week for two years. Gloria, however, never has lacked courage. It is her indomitable spirit that kept her from becoming a "yes-man" in spite of many years with De Mille. And it is, today, that same spirit that keeps her producing her own pictures in spite of the strain she has undergone for the past five years.

Had her first production been successful Gloria would have had an easier time of it. "The Love of Sunya," however, made under tremendous handicaps while Gloria learned to be a producer as well as a star and a financier as well as a producer, could not be expected to be any better than it was.

Her second picture, Gloria decided to make in California. On the United Artists lot where she would have at least the backbone of an organization, to depend upon. So with the Marquis, the two children, and her retinue of nurses, cooks, maids, chauffeurs and secretaries, Gloria entrained for Los Angeles. In a private car, as befitted a star-producer extraordinary. It didn't matter that Gloria was broke and could ill afford this extravagance. Never has she dared curtail her scale of living. It would be fatal to her prestige and her credit.

*On borrowed money Gloria hired that private car!*

I WELL remember the picture of Gloria taken before she boarded the train. She was, to all appearances, a woman standing on top of the world. She must have been worried beyond measure. She must have been very anxious, indeed, about her future. But in all of her photographs she managed somehow to look carefree and radiant and confident. There were sables around her slim shoulders and she was smiling. Often in the last few years, no doubt, Gloria has played her greatest rôle with her back to the camera.

"Sadie Thompson," the first picture Gloria produced in California, made money. Even though she again risked everything to have the production all it should be, spending \$200,000 on a change of cameramen and retakes. Gradually, you see, Gloria was mastering the details of production and acquiring a surprising knowledge of finance.

It was at this time that Gloria moved her producing unit over to the Pathe lot. Where rentals were cheaper than at United Artists.

In a manner entirely foreign to her nature, Gloria was schooling herself to watch every penny. But the "Queen Kelly" episode came along and once again, to use the vernacular, Gloria took it on the chin.

Worry once more. Ceaseless, gnawing worry. Sleepless nights. Explanations and promises to bankers. Hollywood to be faced with equanimity. The necessity always, harassed as Gloria must have been standing up to a loss of one million dollars, for her to face photographers and reporters and interviewers as though the pattern of her life was quite serene.

**N**EEDING money to live, there was only one thing Gloria could do, and she did it. She sold the lovely old country house she had hoped would grow with the years into a real home. On this wooded estate she had dreamed of imprinting the history of her family. She had hoped to know the shade of trees they themselves had planted, to drink wine from vines they themselves had trained. She had pictured her far-reaching gardens growing more beautiful with each succeeding year.

I am certain signing the bill of sale for this property was one of the most difficult, heart-breaking things Gloria Swanson ever has had to do. But, through all of it she held her proud head high.

It was at about this time, furthermore, that the Marquis began to grow restless at his anomalous position as the husband of a famous woman. Gloria, I am sure, loved her husband. I know she went out of her way to make him important, too. But there were some circumstances beyond her control. She was famous. He wasn't. She couldn't change that. And men aren't fitted to play second fiddle.

Perhaps it would have helped matters if Gloria and the Marquis had been able to get away for holidays together, intimate holidays in France. But through the years of their marriage, Gloria had no time for anything like this, little enough time to spend with the Marquis in their own home. There were always many claims upon her every hour.

Gloria's career as star-producer seemed to be costing her dearly. To it she had sacrificed herself, her home and now her husband. And you can be sure it was no help to Gloria to realize with that just, clear-thinking brain of hers—the very brain that had led her into such difficulties, almost a man's kind of brain—that it was because of her professional life that her marriage had failed. Always Gloria has admitted the difficulties which beset a star's husband. She never has broken with her husbands in bitterness; rather with understanding, as if she didn't quite blame them.

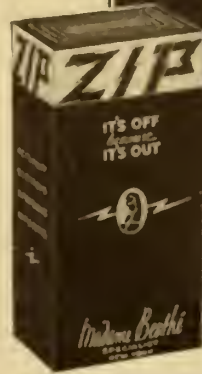
"The Trespasser" and its success must have seemed to Gloria like an oasis in a desert. But since the profits only squared her accounts after "Queen Kelly," it did nothing to alleviate the pressing need for money that she had experienced now for four years. A pressing need for money, when she might have had twenty thousand dollars deposited to her account every week and nothing like the worry and responsibility she has known.

**H**ER bankers now insisted on another picture immediately, so they might profit on the success of "The Trespasser." They telephoned. They telegraphed. Cross-continental wires buzzed.

All of which explains "What a Widow." The idea for this picture was formulated in a single day. Production was rushed. And when it was finished inside of twenty-one days, Gloria realized that it must be cut so the action would be rapid and the audience given no time to think or analyze.

She should have had a holiday at her beach house at Malibu, long warm hours in the sun with her two children. Weeks in which to relax and build up fresh energy. That she has kept her beauty and enthusiasm and charm throughout these years seems a miracle to her friends. But again, the vacation she

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had earned was out of the question. Gloria went into the cutting-room herself. And, often, after her assistants had gone home to hot dinners and good books or happy engagements, she remained working for many hours.

It was, however, at this juncture in her career that Gloria felt she must do something to make money—enough money to insure her children's future. She said, quite frankly, that she had reached the point where she didn't feel she had the right to keep on as she had been doing—that it was all right for her to gamble on the uncertain profits of a producer, but that she must not subject her two children to this risk. Therefore, she decided to sign a contract with a company to star in their pictures, dividing her time between these appearances and making the two additional pictures she still has to produce under her arrangement with United Artists.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER** immediately offered her \$1,600,000 for four pictures to be made within two years.

United Artists, her own organization, offered her \$1,000,000 for four pictures, explaining that although she would be sacrificing \$600,000 by remaining with them, she would be protecting her own interests.

It was with United Artists that Gloria signed. Certainly this seems a very loyal thing for her to have done. Whether or not it was wise, remains to be seen.

The first picture in which United Artists cast Gloria was "Indiscreet." They had the song writers, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, under contract. But musical productions are admittedly out, and United Artists knew that to put this picture across, they must give it a big star.

Gloria went into this production, knowing that there was only one chance in a hundred of its being good. She realized, too, that to appear in a poor picture was to risk her popularity and jeopardize the profits of the two pictures she has yet to produce.

She did everything in her power to make "Indiscreet" a success. She had the dialogue changed. She had five songs cancelled. She influenced all manner of scenes being retaken. However, it must have been a relief to her to know that it wasn't her money being spent. It must have cheered her to realize that, whether the picture was a success or a failure, she would be \$250,000 richer for having appeared in it.

"For the first time in three years," Gloria said, "I am really happy. I know that with the money I will make in these four starring pictures, my children's future will be protected."

Finishing "Indiscreet," Gloria planned to produce one of the two pictures she still has to make. For some time she has owned the rights to "Rockabye." It is, she feels, the best story she ever has had. What is more, it won't be an expensive picture to produce.

Samuel Goldwyn, now head-man at United Artists, asked Gloria to have Chanel, the famous Parisian modiste and now a member of his organization, design and make her two clothes. But Gloria refused. Chanel, she admitted, might be a wizard for drawing-room clothes, but that isn't any guarantee that she knows how to make screen clothes. And Gloria knew if her clothes didn't photograph well, it would mean retakes and delays that might increase her production costs many thousands of dollars. Gloria, you see, has learned to say no. During her last difficult years she has discovered that she must think things out for herself and not be swayed by the advice of others.

Well, United Artists then offered to buy "Rockabye" from Gloria, produce it themselves, and give her the regular salary for starring in it. However, all they offered for the story was \$25,000 and Gloria has spent exactly \$100,000 on "Rockabye." To make up the \$75,000 difference, the company did agree to give Gloria fifty per cent of all profits over \$100,000. Under such an arrangement, there was a chance that Gloria would not get her money back.

**NATURALLY**, she refused the offer. And now United Artists, at logger heads with her for the moment, insist her spirit isn't right. As if without the right spirit and lots of it, Gloria could have survived the last few years!

All of which gives you some idea why the majority of stars prefer to have others produce their pictures while they concentrate on their particular job as a star.

And all of which gives you a picture of another Gloria . . . the Gloria her intimate friends know—and worry about—and admire tremendously . . . a Gloria quite as beautiful . . . brilliant . . . even more fascinating than the Gloria seen on the screen. But, whether or not this Gloria is a woman to be envied is something you must decide.

## She Wants to Thrill Us to Tears!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

She's been happier ever since. It predicts her greatest screen success ten years from now!—in 1940 or 1941. She will be rich and famous throughout the remainder of her life, she's assured.

**S**HE has a chameleon bead which she always carries with her. It was sent her by a British soldier in the World War, just before he went into battle. She never heard from him again. She calls it her "good luck piece."

She's one of the best-loved women in Hollywood, and never forgets a friend—or relative.

She's not rich now for the main reason that she's spent so much for others that she hasn't much of her income left for herself. For years she sent money to more than a half dozen families, more or less closely related. "They're Fazendas," she explains, simply.

Fazenda is her real name. Translated, it means "farmer." She hopes, when she retires, to settle down on a big ranch, and make the name come true.

At Christmas time she sends innumerable

baskets of home-made goodies to her rich friends, because she can't buy them anything they'd rather have. And she gives even more baskets filled with necessities to poor families, delivering them personally. The records of Los Angeles' charitable organizations are full of phrases like "—a poor family, that would have been in desperate need had it not been for help given by Louise Fazenda, a motion picture actress—"

She does her own marketing most of the time in Los Angeles' "Central Market." She studies types while she does.

She prefers to meet people at luncheon, on the theory that people get better acquainted while eating together. And for days she is so moody that she breaks luncheon engagements one after the other. After her mood is over she's very contrite.

**M**UCH of her moodiness is attributable to a terrific arthritis that has only recently been bested. For many pictures she went through her comedy scenes suffering excruciating pain. Specialists could do nothing. Finally she



went to an obscure practitioner who, for a three-dollar fee, did something to her spine. She hasn't suffered since. He said it had come from one of those "funny falls" in her early comedy days.

AND although she played for years in funny parts, fighting this fierce pain, her husband never knew it.

She's a "birthday-rememberer." When she meets people, she somehow worms the date of their birth from them. She files it away. Then, when the date rolls around, she remembers with a gift. Her own birthday is June 17.

She reads a great deal—either "high brow" literature of the non-fiction type or the trashiest kind of detective stories. She likes virtually any kind of food—a little too much, it's said—but particularly loves cheeses. She's crazy about fishing, and swims a lot, but neither golfs nor rides. She saves stamps from her foreign fan mail and sends them to her kid fan mail writers in this country, who are making stamp collections.

She's crazy about green, and most of her dresses are grey-green. Her whole house is carpeted in green.

She hates, above everything else, to have photographs taken.

She's afraid of burglars. She awakened one night and found a man in her room. She screamed. The man fled. Because that was on the ground floor, she has never slept on the ground floor since, if she could avoid it. Her own house is connected with a buzzer-alarm

system with that of her mother, next door.

She goes to very few parties, and belongs to no clubs. "I don't fit in clubs," she explains. She's very quiet at parties, and not at all a funny performer. She shrinks into an obscure corner and stays there. "I've never been funny at a party in my life," she says. "People expect me to be funny, and so I can't. They scare me."

She likes grand perfumes and beautiful underwear. "Because, for many years, I couldn't afford either," she explains. She spent her whole first movie pay-check on a mess of cheap perfume and gaudy underwear.

Her first job was as an Indian girl extra. She never got before the camera all day long, and was surprised when they handed her a two-dollar check at the end of the day, anyway. She decided then that movies were to be her career. Her father objected; said she ought to be a typist or a teacher or something certain, like that. He doesn't remember saying it, now.

SHE is a ventriloquist, and often plays voice tricks on her friends. She attributes her voice ability to the fact that several of her relatives, including her mother, are hard of hearing, and she had to develop voice control. She imitates every strange laugh she hears, practices it, and then uses it in a screen rôle. She can imitate a man's voice to perfection.

She won't work or make engagements for Sundays.

"That day," she explains, "belongs to Hal and me."

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ONE was a dull, dingy blonde. The other had golden hair that sparkled—thanks to *Blonder*. Of course she was the one who got him! *Blonder* is a special blonde hair shampoo that not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden gleam to faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for the scalp. Try it today! At all leading drug and department stores.



"Yes, sir," says Jiggs, the old African trader, "I brung the little varmint down with one shot." An authentic scene from M-G-M's barkie "Trader Hound." Note that this is a heretofore unshot type of hippo. He dies as he sleeps, with his right eye open



## Sometimes WE are surprised

**B**UT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner... and his wife *was* really surprised!

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KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. .... The Constant Spring



## They Saved His Life With Laughter!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

Yet, when they carried me off that train, there stood Fatty. He had left the cafe at four A. M.; he was in San Bernardino at five minutes of six. He handed me four sheets of paper. 'I can't waste time on you, old top. Here's some laughs.

"Got to be back in Los Angeles by ten. When you get into town, give me a ring.' That's what my friends did for me.

"Marion Davies sent two projection machines down there. The gang with whom I'd worked, like Norman Kerry and Mickey Neilan, the Wampas boys, were always running down to see me and bringing me a picture with them. When they noticed I was getting tired—I was always on my back—it would be something like this: 'We must toddle. You're a retired plutocrat now and can stay up all hours, but we're working boys and got to be up early.'

"And they'd go, believing I thought it was because of them—anything not to remind me of my condition.

"They moved me to my cottage at Del Rey. It was the same thing there. No matter how busy Bebe Daniels and her mother were, or Renee Adoree or all the others, they were always bringing me down a bunch of laughs. It was almost worth being sick to know who were your friends and who had forgotten. I found the world was pretty good, though."

**A**ND little Mabel Normand, in her bed, thinking up gags for her husband in his! And *vice versa*. For long months they did not know each other's condition. They had a mutual friend send joke-telegrams with their names signed to them. Each pulling the same pitiful gag on the other! For as Lew Cody had lived on a sense of humor, so had his wife, Mabel Normand.

One day they carried him, still flat on his back, in to see Mrs. Cody flat on hers. The two swapped new stories for two hours. When they carried him out, both collapsed. But not before each other.

He recovered before she passed away. Then it was his turn to spend long hours searching for new jokes to take to the hospital to her. He spent other long hours seeing talking pictures that he might describe them to her.

## June Birthdays

June 1—Clive Brook  
June 1—Ralph Graves  
June 2—Hedda Hopper  
June 5—Bill Boyd  
June 11—Gilbert Emery  
June 12—William Austin  
June 13—Basil Rathbone  
June 14—Cliff Edwards  
June 14—Charles King  
June 16—Norman Kerry  
June 16—Stan Laurel  
June 16—Ona Munson  
June 16—Barry Norton  
June 17—Louise Fazenda  
June 17—Evalyn Knapp  
June 18—Edmund Breese  
June 18—Ivan Lebedeff  
June 18—Jeanette MacDonald  
June 18—Blanche Sweet  
June 22—Jack Whiting  
June 26—Ernest Torrence  
June 27—Robert Ellis  
June 28—Polly Moran  
June 28—Lois Wilson  
June 30—Madge Bellamy

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"It is my one regret," Lew lowered his head into his hands as he talked about it. "Mabel Normand, one of the greatest stars of the screen, never saw a talking picture, yet she lived after they were invented. I tried to tell her. I saw every one I could and described every word to her. She'd try to understand. 'But do the people sound natural?' she'd ask over and over. It was pitiful—but we would always end up wisecracking about them.

"People didn't always understand our marriage. We kept separate houses, you know, and cars and chauffeurs, but we remained friends even though we were married. Mabel wouldn't appreciate a necklace if I'd buy it for her. She'd be grateful, but not excited. But a toy or a new joke. I know what a job it was for my friends to find new ones for me because it was a task getting them for Mabel. We both knew almost every one in the country!"

AFTER the death of his wife, his second long struggle started. The professional one. There were offers of tiny parts in big pictures; there were offers of big parts in tiny, independent ones. But Lew Cody didn't want those. He wanted to come back exactly where he had left off.

"When most people want to come back, they take anything. That's where they make their mistake. 'It may lead to something,' they argue. It usually leads to another of the same. I had never been in a talkie. They forgot I had come from the stage. There were a couple of offers of more money than I had received before from small companies in pictures which might be complete failures. It was hard to refuse the big sums. It is always harder to say 'no' than 'yes' in this business.

"But I just waited until Fate and God and Gloria Swanson came to the rescue. The

reason I say I owe my come back to Gloria is not because she gave me the part, but because of the way she handled me after she gave it. If any one hits you in the jaw a couple of times and knocks you out, you're always a bit afraid when you meet him again, aren't you? I had been hit several times and I was a bit afraid of these talkies.

"Gloria never referred to my part as a come-back. She never referred to it as my *first* talkie. She'd consult me as to what I would do with a scene and then, nine times out of ten, she'd follow that suggestion. She restored my confidence; made me feel I was a good actor—that my opinion amounted to something. My friends joked me into health. Gloria Swanson inspired my come back to my profession."

And the last struggle—the biggest, perhaps, of all? Today, Lew Cody doesn't touch liquor. He laughs off that struggle. "Oh, I got so used to going without it while I was ill that I never think about it."

At least, he never talks about it and never seems to refuse it. He always takes the *first* drink and has it *there* when the next one is offered. "To refuse is to be urged; to accept and then not drink is to get away from being persuaded.

"It's the best gag of all, isn't it?" His eyes twinkled. "I never played a drunk on the screen in the old days. In the seven pictures I've made since my return, I've played a drunk in every one. Just another of life's little jokes!"

LEW CODY smiled with his friends in his success and they smiled back at him. He smiled with his friends in his sorrow and they piled up extra smiles for him. There is a tremendous lesson in the story of Hollywood's man who actually did come back!

## If a Baby Kept a Diary

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

"Squeegy-weegy." I giggled. It's an old trick, but nobody "squeegy-weegys" just like Dad.

I laughed and kicked my cereal into nurse's lap, and she looked at Dad and Mother and then she sighed.

So I pounded on my tray with my spoon and said "Daddy" and "Mamma," and Dad wanted right away to wire Aunt Ethel and to telephone Uncle Lionel that I had said those words, but Mother shook her head and said it was too early to call Uncle Lionel and foolish to wire Aunt Ethel who has children of her own and who wouldn't be at all excited.

THEN Mother told Dad that she thought the nurse could take me to the studio that afternoon because, she said, "both of us will be working on the Warner lot."

And I got so excited that nurse had to take me away for a few minutes and when I came back Dad was saying:

"My call is for nine o'clock and it takes two hours for me to make up, so I'm only a half hour late now. I'll take the roadster and Sam (that's our chauffeur) can take you down later in the Cadillac."

So Dad drank his orange juice and took a powder just like he always takes since he caught jungle fever on that trip we made South when Walter wasn't any good as a butler, and he made an awful face and said something under his breath and mother said, "Why darling!"

And Dad said, "Sorry, dear, but the stuff tastes terrible." Then he got up and came over to me and rubbed my hair all the wrong way and felt my head and said, "She's a Barrymore, all right." And then he went away, but at the door he turned around and raised his left eyebrow way up high and said,

"Squeegy-weegy" and said goodbye to Mother and then he went out.

And Mother moved her place over nearer to me and smiled and said, "You're a Barrymore all right, but you're a Costello, too." And then she smiled her beautiful smile, and I thought how thankful I am that she is my mother and not nurse who never looks pleasant before it's nine o'clock on the sun dial that isn't ever right, according to Walter.

Then I counted my toes, and I have ten.

By and by Mother came along and held me tight a minute and said, "I'm going to the studio, baby darling, and if you are a good girl nurse will bring you down to see me this afternoon. I'm making a picture."

And I didn't see why she had to be gone so long for a picture because Dad or Mother or Uncle Lionel or some funny men from the studio are forever taking pictures of me and it never takes very long, and when it takes very long I start to kick and then they don't take them any more.

So Mother went away, too, in the Cadillac and I was left alone to play with nurse.

Later when nurse was giving me my bath the new maid came by and stopped at the bathroom door and said:

"Be careful of the little princess."

And nurse said, "What do you mean, princess?"

AND the new maid said, "I saw a picture not long ago called 'The Royal Family of Broadway' and it was about this baby's father. And he was the funniest thing."

So I wiggled as hard as I could and nurse was scared for fear I'd get soap in my eyes and she said, "Go on about your business." And the new maid left and pretty soon I heard Walter ordering her out of Dad's library



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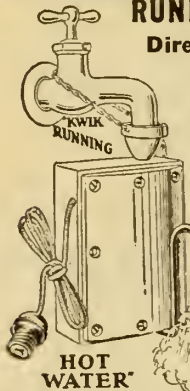
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and telling her not to touch anything in there because "Mr. Barrymore never allowed anybody to touch anything in the library," and I grinned because when I am in the library Dad lets me touch anything, and once I tore a leaf in a book worth ever and ever so much money and Dad just laughed and took the book away from me.

SO that afternoon nurse took me to the studio. First, I had my nap and I was so excited I thought I wouldn't sleep, but nurse put me to bed in my crib that stands out in the patio and the next thing I knew the sun dial said it was almost three o'clock.

Sam drove us down the hill from home very carefully because he said my Mother had said I was the most precious thing in the whole Barrymore house. And when we got to the studio, nurse carried me into a big house and there were a lot of people there and a lot of lights and then my Mother said "Darling!" and everybody looked at me and Mother held me close.

And Mother had her hair all loose down her back, like she has at night when she comes in to see that I haven't kicked out from the covers, and she had on a beautiful dress like she wears on Thursday when nurse goes out for the day and Mother takes care of me all herself.

And Mother said: "I don't have to work any more today, do I, Mr. Henley?"

And Mr. Henley said "No." So Mother gave me back to nurse and we all went to Mother's dressing-room and Mother put her hair up again and rubbed her face hard with towels and then she took me and we went

away to another big place where Mother said we would find Dad.

And sure enough Dad was there, only I didn't know him at first because he had a funny red beard that made him look different.

And everybody who saw me when I was where Mother and Mr. Henley were said I looked just like "Miss Costello," and everybody who saw me where Dad was working said I looked just like a Barrymore.

So I don't know. And then a man with a big camera, I know what a camera is already, came by and asked Dad, "How about a picture?" And Dad swore a little and said to Mother, "Well," and Mother said, "Sure. It's the baby's first visit to the studio."

So Dad and Mother and I went outdoors and had our picture taken.

And just then I thought it would be great fun to see how Dad's beard had grown on his chin so fast, so I reached over and pulled it, hard.

And Dad yelled and the man with the camera yelled, and I held still for just a minute and then I yanked.

And the beard came off and there was Dad behind it, rubbing his chin and saying, "the little rascal" but not meaning it—much.

SO Dad said, "I might as well go home with you now. It takes two hours to put the beard back on and it's too late to do that."

So we all rode back up the hill where I live, only I couldn't stay awake until we got to the top.

And nurse scolded because I was late for my cod liver oil and orange juice.

So I counted my toes. I still have ten.



Quick, Watson, the magnifying glass! Is ziss our naughty Maurice Chevalier turning the full glare of his Parisian molars in Helen Twelvetrees' direction? Or is it Frank Woody, Helen's new husband? It's Woody, all right, but he had us fooled for a moment. Helen and Frank were married in Reno shortly after her divorce from Clark Twelvetrees—so shortly, in fact, that it wasn't legal, and they had to do it over again. Here's hoping that the Twelvetrees-Woody combination never knows what it is to have a knotty problem

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Leave us our dreams! We live two hours of life gloriously in seeing Garbo on the screen. Is it necessary for us to know that she is not mysteriously enigmatic, but merely dumb?

JANE BLAND,  
Louisville, Ky.

On the Garbo article written by Miss Albert to enlighten us, my only comment is, it is all wrong. I'll never buy PHOTOPLAY again.

ANNE MASTERY,  
Long Island City, N. Y.

Garbo is a superb actress and to say she is phlegmatic is an absolute atrocity.

FRANCES WRIGHT,  
Altoona, Pa.

Katherine Albert may circulate all the lies she likes about Garbo, but we refuse to pay for the privilege of reading them. I shall never buy another issue of PHOTOPLAY.

MRS. JOHN RANDALL,  
Auburn, Mass.

Now that Katherine Albert has stripped Garbo of her "mystery" and made of her a human being, we are more than ever Garbo fans.

ALMA I. GARDALE,  
Glasgow, Iowa

My hat is off to you for your article, "Exploding the Garbo Myth." Garbo possesses nothing which entitles her to the title, "The Great Garbo." Of course, it isn't her fault that she has been labeled "the mystery woman." Her rise in this country was meteoric. She wrapped herself in a mantle of silence to avoid blunders and ridicule. She is not a genius. The secret of her acting lies in the control of the muscles of her face, but she is incapable of reaching down deep enough to strike the chord of human emotions.

M. CARMEN COMYN,  
Washington, D. C.

Thank you a thousand times for your article, "Exploding the Garbo Myth." It took courage to tear away all the hokum surrounding her and reveal the truth.

LOUISE KRAMER,  
Peoria, Ill.

A great big bouquet for the explosion of the "Garbo myth." While I believe I enjoy a Garbo picture as well as the next person, she is only another actress to me. Too many people have allowed themselves to become hysterical over her.

PAULINE MORRIS,  
Yamhill, Ore.

Your excellent article in April PHOTOPLAY, "Exploding the Garbo Myth," met with hearty appreciation in our family. I have long been weary of the Garbo adulation. I refuse to be bored with reiterations of her "allure" and "mystery," and can frankly say that I find her merely human, as Miss Albert says.

DOROTHY SAGE WYMAN,  
Embreenville, Tenn.

My sincerest congratulations on your article, "Exploding the Garbo Myth." I am an ardent Garbo fan, nevertheless I am intensely bored at the stories concerning the Glamorous Swede's aloofness and utter indifference to those who worship her.

WINIFRED EVANS,  
New York City

### "Trader Horn"

I've never enjoyed a picture as I did "Trader Horn." Your fine article, "How Trader Horn

Was Made," was much appreciated. This picture had been a mystery to all, but "truth is better than fiction."

LILLIAN READE PERKINS,  
Fayetteville, N. C.

### "Skippy"

"Skippy"—what a picture! Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan and Jackie Searle are wonder kids. They put more feeling and emotion in their acting than many an adult star. That praying scene at the bedside had everyone in tears, including myself.

RITA FURCHT,  
New Haven, Conn.

### "The Front Page"

Three cheers for "The Front Page." Not only because it's the best newspaper play ever written—thrilling, moving, vivid and true, but because they had the uncommon good sense to leave it alone and film it just as it was written for the stage.

And that man Menjou! He gives the best show of his life!

HORACE TWITCHELL,  
Red Oak, Iowa

### Duck Your Head, Bob!

I note with great pleasure that Robert Montgomery is to be starred. I use the word "pleasure" advisedly because now I shall be able to see my favorite feminine stars without seeing Mr. Montgomery. He has ruined more pictures for me than any man in Hollywood.

M. WRIGHT,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

### Now Take a Bow!

Here is my prescription for the perfect movie actor in just two words: Robert Montgomery.

HELEN RODRIGUEZ,  
New Orleans, La.

### Not Much to Ask

Some things I'm waiting for:

Gary Cooper in a decent suit of clothes.  
Constance Bennett looking really interested.

Clara Bow with her hair combed.

Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers in a good picture.

Barbara Stanwyck again and again.

MRS. ROSELLA ADKINS,  
Latonia, Ky.

### Random Opinions

Clara Bow is getting too old to be called the "It" girl. Let her show us some acting ability.

PEARL WILLIAMS,  
Henderson, Ky.

Norma Shearer's clothes are getting too eccentric. She should take lessons from Claudette Colbert.

After seeing "Reaching for the Moon" I am convinced that Doug has it all over Chevalier for personality.

Kay Francis should go back to her boyish bob. She is losing her personality.

BERT McLINDON,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Who says John Gilbert is through? I saw "Gentleman's Fate" and he was GRAND. If he can't talk, I'm tongue-tied.

A FAN,  
Sioux City, Iowa

Marlene Dietrich certainly has the legs to give the perfect "kick" to her audience.

HILDE DUSHINSKI,  
Chatham, Ill.



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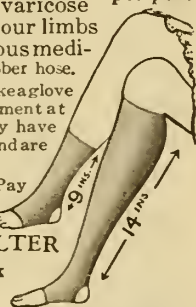
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Nowadays in the movies the villain is always more charming than the hero. And far more handsome. What's to be done about it?

RUTH SPAULDING,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I'd rather see Leila Hyams in her clean, romantic comedies, than overtax my imagination trying to figure out what some big star is trying to say with her eyes.

ORVILLE MINNIAR,  
Dayton, Ohio

Paul Lukas' acting is thrilling in its sincerity. The magnetic tones of his speaking voice linger with me long after the picture is over.

A. K. WOOD,  
Germantown, Penna.

Of course Dolores Del Rio is lovely, but when it comes to the perfect figure no one can compare with Joan Crawford.

MRS. FRED SEEBACK, JR.,  
Charleston, S. C.

Joan Crawford is losing her charm. She's too thin.

BEATRICE LONG,  
Detroit, Mich.

Mickey Mouse is my favorite on the screen and "Rango" the most thrilling picture I've ever seen.

BLAIRE DEAN,  
New York City

I feel grossly insulted at the opinion the producers must have of the fans to inflict upon them the mental agony of Laurel and Hardy's stupid comedies.

RUTH GREENWALD,  
Atlantic City, N. J.

Phillips Holmes is not only handsome, but he has the most pleasant personality on the screen today. His acting should make old troupers hang their heads in shame.

MILDRED THOMPSON,  
Richmond, Calif.

I love Dorothy Mackaill for her unstudied poise and her intelligent interpretation of every rôle. She has all the magnetic vigor of a healthy, wholesome, outdoor girl.

EVA DUNBAR,  
Oakland, Calif.

Ruth Chatterton is the Emily Post of the screen. We go to her pictures and try to grasp poise and culture.

PEARL WILLIAMS,  
Henderson, Ky.

Dietrich and Garbo occupy definite places in different spheres. Dietrich, the joy and love of life. Garbo, the mystery and riddle of life.

KATHRYN V. WEST,  
Chicago, Ill.

All my pet adjectives don't do justice to Claudette Colbert after seeing her in "Honor Among Lovers." I wouldn't dare turn my head for one moment while she's on the screen.

VINCENT BELGARBO,  
Chicago, Ill.

We all realize that Garbo lost much of her mystery and allure by speaking, whereas Norma Shearer, who was colorless in silent pictures, gained a sparkling personality in the talkies. Her laughter is sunshine to our souls. She is exquisite.

BESSE C. BUTLER,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dorothy Lee is all sparkle, dimples and bright-eyed smiles. We all adore her.

PAULINE AUGENSTEIN,  
Zanesville, Ohio

I'd drop any appointment, however important, to go and see a Constance Bennett picture.

LUCILLE AUGENSTEIN,  
Zanesville, Ohio

Now I've seen Lew Ayres, my old idol, Buddy Rogers, has faded from my vision. Lew is the best actor on the screen today.

PAUL HERRING,  
Washington, D. C.

No one can hold a candle to Vilma Banky for talent, charm, and the ability to act—not even the Great Garbo herself.

MARIE JOHNSON,  
Chicago, Ill.

"Fifty Million Frenchmen" was ruined because of no Cole Porter music. What's the matter with the producers?

MARGUERITE HENDERSON,  
Rockville Center, N. Y.

The "romantic age" has returned. When will producers realize the fact and return romance to the screen?

MAY E. HENRY,  
East Cleveland, Ohio

No humdrum future for Elissa Landi. "Body and Soul" gave us promise of truly great things to come from the strength of personality and really exquisite charm of this newcomer to moviedom.

JAMES N. YOHE,  
South Orange, N. J.

## Page Mr. Gilbert

It has been said that John Gilbert cannot make a good picture without Garbo. However, if Garbo makes another "Inspiration" she'd better start hunting up Gilbert.

ANN TOWERS,  
Philadelphia, Penna.

## "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" excels any picture I have seen for some time, and Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood deserve a lot of praise. After the usual run of pie-throwing junk they've been calling "comedies" this picture comes as a welcome relief.

JOHN A. PENNY,  
Yakima, Wash.

## "The Millionaire"

At last George Arliss has given us a characterization close to our own hearts. His portrayal of a real American in "The Millionaire" will have a more universal appeal and win him the enthusiastic following such a great artist deserves. It's a great picture!

NADINE MCCORMICK,  
Hollywood, Calif.

## "Dracula"

Give us more pictures like "Dracula." It is the best murder mystery I've ever seen. Bela Lugosi was magnificent. He almost hypnotized the audience.

LOUIS MOEN,  
Montreal, Can.

Why can't pictures of frenzied horror such as "Dracula" be eliminated entirely from the screen? Life is hectic enough without tormenting us with pictures of this kind.

ETHEL S. COOK,  
Montgomery, Ala.

## A Real Tragedy

This idea of good-looking actors growing moustaches is getting to be a tragedy. First John Gilbert. He started it. And then Ramon Novarro, Chester Morris and Conrad Nagel go and ruin their handsome countenances, and even Buddy Rogers! Now it's Charlie Farrell and Bebe's own Ben Lyon. It's too much. They can't all be William Powells.

E. MERLE ELLIOTT,  
Vincennes, Ind.

## Talkie Technique

In defence of Chester Morris, I'd like to answer the criticism of Miss Gilmor who, in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, deplored the customary cigarette in Chester's mouth. You would hardly expect, Miss Gilmor, the hero of "The Big House" and "Mibi" to come out under machine gun fire with Little Red Riding Hood under his arm and an all-day sucker in his mouth.

S. B. HOWARD,  
Fort Worth, Texas

## Sure-Fire Entertainment

We scarcely get acquainted with the stars already placed in our celluloid firmament before a new one appears on the horizon.

I choose my entertainment from the stars I know and like so I am always sure of getting something worthwhile.

MRS. J. E. BROSK,  
Warren, Ohio

## "All Quiet"

How very true this statement which I read the other day: "For every 'All Quiet on the Western Front' we have to suffer nine hundred and ninety-nine other pictures."

"Suffer" seems to me an apt word. We are fed up with the trite and frivolous talkies that are handed to us in such abundance.

HAROLD H. DOERNER,  
Weehawken, N. J.

To me "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the finest motion picture I have ever seen. But I'll admit that my feeble brain could not stand a steady diet of these terrific dramas. The light and frothy comedy dramas are very necessary to the movie goer's diet, so why all the cries for "bigger and better" pictures?

HARRIET MAY,  
Omaha, Neb.

## Advertising Campaigns

We don't mind paying large admission prices to see a good show, but please do not annoy us with flagrant advertising campaigns. Let grocery clerks and door-to-door canvassers sell us our household luxuries.

WILLIAM L. BRIDGES, JR.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Some of these "advertising" shorts are very interesting. The other night I saw one in which they showed scenes of New York from the beginning of the Twentieth century up to the present time and I got a real thrill out of it. To me these are so much more entertaining than the bad comedies we've been given lately.

ANN WARELY,  
Richmond, Va.

True, you find a clever short subject now and then, but the majority are dull and boring monstrosities, and we could do without them.

L. D. FACKLER,  
Roanoke, Va.

## She Has Hollywood's Number

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

have been in a plaster cast for five days. Instead she went back to work in twenty-four hours, wearing an especially built steel corset. Because of this bit of trouser courage, one leg will always be an inch shorter than the other.

Now Barbara is a success. "This, my dear, is Barbara Stanwyck. Have you seen her lovely picture 'Illicit'?"

Not long ago it was rumored that Frank's option would not be renewed. In this event

Why, oh why, must some really fine pictures be totally ruined by the continuous canned music which accompanies them from beginning to end and drowns out all dialogue and sound?

VIRGINIA SACRE,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Give us, if you must, you producers, poor story, poor dialogue, but, give us, please, in abundance and in perfect appointment—good music.

WINFIELD D. FARLEY,  
Hollywood, Calif.

## Satire in Sound

I have never been a Chaplin fan, but after seeing "City Lights" I bow to a unique individuality. His satire in sound was illuminating.

BESSIE C. BUTLER,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## The Talkies as a Builder-Upper

The thoughts contained in picture dramas have transformed despair into life and hope for many men; they have urged many a drifter to focus his course upon a definite goal; they have ever been the source of consolation in time of need; and they will forever serve us as an endless volume in our quest of knowledge and education. They enliven our finer sensibilities and stimulate them on to higher aims.

FRED ZIMMERMAN,  
Louisville, Ky.

## Exploitation

In the advertising matter displayed to entice movie-goers, is it necessary almost always to portray the heroine practically nude, and a man hanging over her in a kissing scene, suggesting this as the high-spot of the picture?

LOUISE M. CONNELL,  
Lexington, Ky.

Why don't they find a star to fit the story, instead of spoiling a good story to fit the star?

JEANETTE YOUNG,  
Chevy Chase, Md.

## Read Your Reviews!

If the movie audience would stop taking a chance on their movie entertainment and read the reviews there would be a lot fewer malcontents writing to this department.

The stage fan has been discriminating for a good many years, due, perhaps, to the high price of tickets. Now pictures are being made with definite audiences in mind and if you wish to keep from being disappointed you had better take the professional critic's word for the type of picture it is and how good it is. Shop for your pictures. It will save you money.

J. H. FOSS, JR.,  
Stanford Univ., Calif.

# CORNS



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain instantly. Their soothing, healing medication gives you this quick relief. Their cushioning, protective feature removes friction and pressure of shoes, prevents blisters. Corns never come back if Zino-pads are applied at first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.



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Send for sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

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## For Our Readers

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alone. She puts no faith in fleeting fame. Her picture work gives her no thrill at all. Her name in electric lights?—well, what of it? She had that thrill when she first played on Broadway. It won't come again, at least not in Hollywood. She doesn't like Hollywood nor the Hollywood attitude. She realizes she has only a little moment of glory on that silver sheet. She's in the game for the money and, of course, she's glad when she does a good picture.

But there are other things so much more important to her than pictures and she feels sorry

for those poor women who are in the octopus-like grip of the studios. Fame and work are not her gods. For she has Frank Fay and when they've both made enough money they can go to Europe to live as they please and have a couple of children. Occasionally, if Barbara feels like it, she could do a play in London and bring it into New York. She could afford to take a small salary if the play were good.

In this way her life would be rich and full and she doesn't care if she never sees Hollywood again.

## With Skippy on the Set

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

peculiar child psychology—that readiness to slip over into the world of phantasy and believe it real—they were easily convinced that the cruel dog-catcher had actually killed the dog-actor they had grown to love. Naturally, the dog was kept off the stage and set during these scenes, so that his presence would not spoil the childish sad illusion.

Moreover, when the child actors were first introduced to Clifford, the actor who played the dog-catcher, they were told that he was mean to dogs. That he had really killed dogs. The campaign was so successful that Robert came to a publicity man one day and said:

"Say, do you know what I know. Mr. Clifford has killed over a thousand dogs already!"

**I**T was hard for Clifford to take it—because Clifford likes kids. And it was no easy task for him to go about under their reproachful gaze until the picture was ended, and they were told that he loved dogs and, instead of killing them, owned several.

They had a hard time getting the fight scene between Bobbie Coogan and Jackie Searle, who plays the "sissy" boy. Searle is anything but a sissy, actually. He can outrun, outfight, outplay any of the other boys in the whole show at any boys' game! But in "Skippy," he's the meanest, nastiest, tattletaliest sissy that ever breathed.

In one scene, Robert Coogan had to fight him. But they had played together, and Robert, with the obstinacy of five years, wouldn't do it. His fight scenes were very, very artificial.

"You've really got to hit him, Bobbie," ordered Coogan *per se*.

"I can't. I like him," Bobbie answered, simply.

Coogan, Senior got an idea. He recalled that long ago, Jackie Coogan used to call his kid brother "chicken." Robert hated it. So Father Coogan went to young Searle and whispered in his ear.

On the next take of the fight scene, as the cameras started grinding, young Searle—as clever a child actor, by the way, as Mitzi Green, and as good a trouper—yells at young Robert:

"Come on an' fight now, you li' chicken!!!"

Robert's rage rose instantly.

"You call me that again an' I'll bust you!" he defied in that high soprano.

"Yah!—Chicken, chicken, chicken . . .!" teased Searle. And without further ado, tears of rage in his eyes, five-year-old Bobbie sailed into him. It was a swell fight scene. Paramount cutters were only sorry they had to slice out the part where Searle goaded him by yelling "chicken!"

Jackie Coogan, young man now, was on the "Skippy" set only one day. On that day, he tried once to tell his kid brother how to do a scene.

"Say," drawled the young Coogan, "I wish you weren't even here!"

Jackie was kept away after that.

Of course, the business of rewarding the children was also used, at times, besides en-

raging them or making them cry. For one thing, the still cameraman, Gordon Head, is a genius at making toys out of scraps of tin and metal. He was used more than once as a come-on—like this:

"Now, Bobbie, if you do this scene good, I'll have Gordon make you a boat," Taurog would say. And he'd get a swell shot. Another time, Taurog bought two boat models at a fancy price from some Mexican peddlers because the children in the cast liked them. The boats were held up as prizes for the child who did the best work.

Cooper is a strange lad. Seven years old, he has the mentality of a boy of ten. He thinks out his acting more than the others who played in the show. One day his mother was seen whispering into his ear, while they were getting ready for a sad scene. Then young Cooper went into a corner by himself.

A publicity man, curious, went over and talked to him. "What you doing?" he asked.

"Thinkin' sad things," said the boy.

"Why?"

"My mother told me I gotta cry in this next scene, an' I'm trying to make myself feel sorry, so I'm thinkin' of sad things," explained the seven-year-old.

"What sad things?" asked the press-agent.

"Oh, things of my own," said the boy.

By the time he went into the scene, whatever he was thinking of had young Cooper half in tears already.

Searle and Mitzi Green—no need going into much about her because you know her so well already—were the best "actors" among the children. Bobbie Coogan was least actor of all—save for his heritage. This was his first work. It was all new to him. Taurog and the others don't yet know whether that made their task easier or harder.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, Bobbie is unlike Jackie that way. Jackie was old enough while his parents were still on the stage to absorb the atmosphere of play-acting. Bobbie, born after his parents had quit, and after his brother had passed the peak of his fame, never came into close contact with acting.

And his work in "Skippy" is even more remarkable for a fact not so generally known.

He was a premature child. He weighed but five pounds at birth. Of course, he gained quickly—at ten months, he weighed twenty. "He was always a healthy baby," his mother insists. But the fact remains that because of the handicap of his premature birth, his progress was not that of a normal baby.

For instance, he did not begin to utter intelligible words until his fourteenth or fifteenth month. Most children can talk sentences well before then. Bobbie did not walk until he was fifteen months. Most babies walk long before that age.

But in "Skippy"—well, if Bobbie Coogan couldn't walk or talk before his fifteenth month, then many daddies and mothers would be perfectly willing to have the same delay with their progeny if they could become the grand little youngsters that Bobbie is on the screen at five years.



# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"BORN TO LOVE"**—RKO-PALME.—From the screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Doris Kendall, Constance Bennett, Barry Craig, Joel McCrea, Sir Walter Drake, Paul Cavanagh, Lord Ponsonby, Frederick Kerr, Leslie Darrow, Anthony Bushell, Lady Agatha, Louise Clouser Hale, Major General, Claude King, Duchess, Mary Forbes, Evelyn Kent, Elizabeth Forrester, Tom Kent, Edmund Bronn, Foppho Gentleman, Reginald Shatland, Tibbets, Daisy Belmont, Buller, Fred E. Melton; Head Nurse, Martha Mattox.*

**"BROAD MINDED"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Olivia de Havilland, Joe E. Brown, Jack Hackett, Wm. Collier, Jr., Constance Palmer, Ona Munson, Penelope Packer, Marjorie White, Mabel Robinson, Margaret Livingston, Pancho Arango, Bela Lugosi, Gertrude Gardner, Thelma Todd, John Hackett, Sr., Holmes Herbert, Aunt Polly, Grayce Hampton, Casper, George Grandee.*

**"CHERI BIBI"**—M-G-M.—From the novel by Gaston Leroux. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Cheri Bibi, John Gilbert, Cecile, Leila Hyams, Castand, Lewis Stone, Herman, Jean Hersholt, Bourcier, C. Aubrey Smith, Vera, Natalie Moorhead, Margus Du Touchais, Ian Keith, Dr. Gorin, Alfred Hickman.*

**"CITY STREETS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Adapted by Max Marcin. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *The Kid, Gary Cooper, Nan, Sylvia Sydney, Big Fellow Maska, Paul Lukas, McCoy, William Boyd, Pop Cooley, Guy Kibbee, Blackie, Stanley Fields, Agnes, Wynne Gibson, Pansy, Betty Sinclair.*

**"CLEARING THE RANGE"**—ALLIED.—From the story by Jack Cunningham. Adapted by John Nantefford. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Curt Fremont, Hoot Gibson, Mary Lon Moran, Sally Eilers, Lase Kildare, Hooper Atchley, Juan Conares, George Mendoza, Dal Moran, Robert Homans; Senora Conares, Mme. Eva Grippen; George Allen, Maston Williams; Sheriff Jim Burke, Edward Piel; Tom Vache, Jack Byron; Jim Fremont, Edward Hearn.*

**"COMPLETE SURRENDER"**—M-G-M.—From the play "Torch Song" by Kenyon Nicholson. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Ivy, Joan Crawford; Howard, Neil Hamilton; Carl, John Mack Brown; Ruby, Marjorie Rameau; Cass, Wheeler, Guy Kibbee; Fred Geer, Roscoe Karns; Edna, Gertrude Short; Joe, George Cooper; Humpty, George F. Marion; Tink, Bert Woodruff.*

**"DAYBREAK"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Schnitzler. Adapted by Ruth Cummings. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Hilli, Ramon Navarro; Laura, Helen Chandler; Herr Schnabel, Jean Hersholt; General Von Harz, C. Aubrey Smith; Otto, William Bakewell; Emily, Kessner, Karen Morley; Von Lear, Kent Douglas; Franz, Glenn Tryon; Josef, Clyde Cook; Emil, Sumner Getchell; Frau Hoffman, Clara Blandick; Herr Hoffman, Edwin Maxwell; August, Jackie Searle.*

**"DUDE RANCH"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Milton Krims. Screen play by Percy Heath, Grover Jones and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Jenifer, Jack Oakie; Chester*

*Carr, Stuart Erwin; Judd, Eugene Pallette, Thee, Mizi Green; Susan Meadows, June Collyer, Spruce Meadows, Charles Sellon, Mrs. Merridew, Cecil Weston, Burson, George Webb; Simonson, Guy Oliver; Blaze Denton, James Crane.*

**"FAME"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Philip Barry. Adapted by Robert Preston. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Maitland White, Lewis Stone; Leronia, Evelyn Knapp; Geoffrey, Chas. Butterworth; Nancy White, Doris Kenyon; Roderick White, John Darrow; G. T. Warren, Oscar Apfel; Ella, Una Merkel; The patroness, Nella Walker.*

**"INDISCREET"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story "Olney That Impulse" by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Jerry (Geraldine Trent), Gloria Swanson; Tony Blake, Ben Lyon, Jim Woodward, Monroe Owsley; Juan Trent, Barbara Kent; Buster Collins, Arthur Lake; Aunt Kate, Maude Eburne; Mr. Woodward, Henry Kolker; Mrs. Woodward, Nella Walker.*

**"IRON MAN"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Scenario by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Young Mason, Lew Ayres; Regan, Robert Armstrong; Rose, Jean Harlow; Lewis, John Miljan; Jeff, Eddie Dillon; McNeil, Mike Donlin; Railler O'Keefe, Morrie Cohen; The Show Girl, Mary Doran; Gladys DeVere, Mildred Van Dorn; Riley, Ned Sparks; Mandell, Sam Blum; Trainer, Sammy Gerson.*

**"LADIES' MAN"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Scenario by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *James Darricott, William Powell; Norma Page, Kay Francis; Rachel Fendley, Carole Lombard; Horace Fendley, Gilbert Emery; Mrs. Fendley, Olive Tell; Anthony Fendley, Martin Burton; Peyton Weldon, John Holland; Valet, Frank Atkinson; Therese Blanton, Maule Turner Gordon.*

**"MALTESE FALCON, THE"**—WARNERS.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Adapted by Maude Fulton, Lucien Hubbard, and Brown Holmes. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Ruth Wenderly, Bebe Daniels; Sam Spade, Ricardo Cortez; Gutman, Dudley Digges; Effie, Una Merkel; Detective Dundy, Robert Elliott; Pohous, J. Farrell MacDonald; Cairo, Otto Matiesen; District Attorney, Oscar Apfel; Archer, Walter Long; Wilmer, Dwight Frye; Iva Archer, Thelma Todd; Captain Jacobi, Augustino Borgato.*

**"MEET THE WIFE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Lynn Starling. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Walter de Leon. Directed by A. Leslie Pierce. The cast: *Gertrude Lennox, Laura La Plante; Philip Lord, Lew Cody; Doris Bellamy, Joan Marsh; Harry Lennox, Harry Myers; Victor Stanton, Claud Allister; Gregory Brown, William Janney; Alice, Aileen Carlyle; Williams, Edgar Norton; Maggie, Aggie Her-ring.*

**"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Dan, Leslie Howard; Tamea, Conchita Montenegro; Mr. Pritchard, C. Aubrey Smith; Maistr, Karen Morley; Larricau, Mitchell Lewis; Mellenger, Hale Hamilton; Porter, Clyde Cook; Tolonga, Bob Gilbert; Julia, Joan Standing; Mrs. Graves, Eulalie Jensen.*

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State of Illinois, ss,  
County of Cook,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concerns, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) 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 her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,  
(Signature of Business Manager.)

M EVELYN McEVILLY,  
(My commission expires January 20, 1935)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1931.  
[SEAL]

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"PARTY HUSBAND"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Geoffrey Barnes. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Laura*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Jay Hogarth*, James Rennie; *Kate*, Dorothy Peterson; *Henri Renard*, Paul Porcasi; *Mrs. Duell*, Helen Ware; *Horace Parcell*, Don Cook; *Bee Canfield*, Mary Doran; *Pat*, Joe Donahue; *Sally*, Barbara Weeks; *Ben Holliday*, Gilbert Emery.

"PUBLIC ENEMY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Matt*, Edward Woods; *Tom*, James Cagney; *Mike*, Donald Cook; *Mamie*, Joan Blondell; *Gwen Allen*, Jean Harlow; *Tom's mother*, Beryl Mercer; *Bugs Moran*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Paddy Ryan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Nails Nathan*, Leslie Fenton; *Bess*, Louise Brooks; *Pully Nose*, Murray Kinnell; *Kitty*, Mae Clark.

"QUICK MILLIONS"—FOX.—From the story by Courtenay Terrett and Rowland Brown. Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: *Bugs Raymond*, Spencer Tracy; *Dorothy Stone*, Marguerite Churchill; *Daisy De Lisle*, Sally Eilers; *Arkansas Smith*, Robert Burns; *Kenneth Stone*, John Wray; *Nails Markey*, Warner Richmond; *Jimmy Kirk*, George Raft.

"SECRET SIX, THE"—M-G-M.—From the scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Scorpio*, Wallace Beery; *Newton*, Lewis Stone; *Hank*, John Mack Brown; *Anne*, Jean Harlow; *Peaches*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Micoski*, the Gouger; *Paul Hurst*; *Carl*, Clark Gable; *Johnny Franks*, Ralph Bellamy; *Colimo*, John Miljan; *Donlin*, DeWitt Jennings; *Metz*, Murray Kinnell; *Delano*, Fletcher Norton; *Bddie*, Louis Natheaux; *Judge*, Frank McGlynn; *District Attorney*, Theodore Von Eltz.

"SEED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Charles G. Norris. Adapted by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Bari Carter*, John Boles; *Mildred*, Genevieve Tobin; *Peggy Carter*, Lois Wilson; *Jennie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Bliss*, Richard Tucker; *Bob*, Jed Prouty. The Children: *Junior Carter*, Kenneth Seiling; *Dicky Carter*, Don Cox; *Danny Carter*, Terry Cox; *Margaret Carter*, Helen Parrish; *Johnny Carter*, Dickie Moore. Ten years later: *Junior Carter*, Raymond Hackett; *Dicky Carter*, Jack Willis; *Danny Carter*, Bill Willis; *Margaret Carter*, Bette Davis; *Johnny Carter*, Dick Winslow; *Nancy*, Frances Dade.

"SHIPMATES"—M-G-M.—From the story "Maskee" by Ernest Paynter. Adapted by Lou Edelman and Delmer Daves. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jonesy*, Robert Montgomery; *Scotty*, Ernest Torrence; *Kil*, Dorothy Jordan; *Admiral Corbin*, Hobart Bosworth; *Bilge*, Cliff Edwards; *Mike*, Gavin Gordon; *Mary Lou*, Joan Marsh; *What-Ho*, Edward Nugent; *Wong*, E. Allyn Warren; *Captain Beatty*, George Irving; *Auntie*, Hedda Hopper; *Admiral Schuyler*, William Worthington.

"SVENGALI"—WARNERS.—From the novel by George Louis Du Maurier. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Svengali*, John Barrymore; *Trilby*, Marian Marsh; *Little Billee*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Honori*, Carmel Myers; *Taffy*, Lumsden Hare; *The Laird*, Donald Crisp; *Gecko*, Louis Albeni; *Concert Manager*, Paul Porcasi.

"TARNISHED LADY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Nancy Courtney*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Norman Cravath*, Clive Brook; *Germaine Prentiss*, Phoebe Foster; *De Will Taylor*, Alexander Kirkland; *Ben Sterner*, Osgood Perkins; *Mrs. Courtney*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"TOO MANY COOKS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the stage play by Frank Craven. Scenario by Jane Murnin. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Al Bennett*, Bert Wheeler; *Alice Cook*, Dorothy Lee; *Ella Mayer*, Sharon Lynn; *Wilson*, Roscoe Ates; *Uncle George*, Robert McWade; *Frank Andrews*, Hallam Cooley; *Mrs. Cook*, Florence Roberts; *Mr. Cook*, Clifford Dempsey; *Cousin Ned*, George Chandler.

"TRAPPED"—BIG FOUR.—From the story by Jackson Parks and Edith Brown. Adapted by Jackson Parks and Edith Brown. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. The cast: *Jerry Coleman*, Nick Stuart; *Sally Moore*, Nena Quartaro; *Bettina Moore*, Priscilla Dean; *Captain Baxter*, Tom Santschi; *Jim Moore*, George Regas; *Joe Farley*, Tom O'Brien; *Ferguson*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Tiger Callahan*, Reed Howes; *Lena*, Patsy Daly.

"VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Apron Strings" by Dorrance Davis. Scenario by Dale Van Every. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Daniel Curtis*, Elliott Nugent; *Barbara Owell*, Jean Arthur; *Inez Wakefield*, Betty Compson; *Mr. Owell*, J. C. Nugent; *Mrs. Owell*, Allison Skipworth; *Ezra Hunniwell*, Tully Marshall; *Peters* "Sleep and Eat"; *Hester*, Eva McKenzie.

"WOMEN BETWEEN, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Irving Kay Davis. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Madame Julie*, Lily Damita; *John Whitcomb*, O. P. Heggie; *Victor Whitcomb*, Lester Vail; *Doris Whitcomb*, Miriam Seegar; *Helen Weston*, Anita Louise; *Mrs. Black*, Ruth Weston; *Barton*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Buddy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Mrs. Weston*, Blanche Frederici.



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 That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?  
 What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?  
 That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?  
 Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?  
 The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?  
 Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?  
 The real name of Lew Cody?  
 What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?  
 How many times Alma Rubens has been married?  
 How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?  
 Where Bebe Daniels was born?  
 How old is Marie Dressler?  
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# Studio Rambles



IT appears that Nancy Carroll's art may not be so much histrionic as gastro-nomic. In the New York Paramount Studio lunchroom she ordered a glass of water. Nothing else. "Nancy can't eat today," someone at our table informed us. "She's full of bologna."

"You're not only disrespectful, but extremely slangy, young man," mockingly chided an assistant to an assistant director.

"Not at all," young man answered. "It's true. She's been eating it all morning."

Then it was explained. Nancy's rôle in "Night Angel" (first titled "Between Two Worlds," then changed to "The Scarlet Hour," next to be called Heaven Knows What!) calls for a scene in which Nancy diligently chews on good, old-fashioned bologna sausage. They had been rehearsing all morning, and Director Edmund Goulding insisted that Nancy take rehearsals, and the bologna, seriously.

THE scene, laid in "The Duck," a disreputable cafe in a foreign city, called for dozens of extra players who sat at the little tables drinking—what? Well, something that's brown and has lovely white foam on top.

Realism or no realism, they had to be satisfied with one-half of one per cent.

And even then, the extras drank so much that the property men had to pour it all out in a hurry, and let it stand until it was too warm and flat even for an extra man's thirst. Otherwise, there would have been no necessary amber liquid in the huge glasses, no lovely white foam to make the picture look real.

Back on the set we look around, rub

It's a gag! The "Rebound" company got a little tired of hard work and no play, so just for fun they got out the dictionaries, encyclopedias and telephone books in an effort to shed light on a momentous question—"Should 'Rebound' be emphasized on the first or last syllable, and why is the Fourth of July?" Director E. H. Griffith seems to have the right answer, while Ina Claire, Robert Ames, Myrna Loy, Leigh Allen, Robert Williams, and Hedda Hopper exclaim over his wisdom.

Now, get out *your* dictionary, if you care

our eyes and look again, relieved to find it's just doubles we're seeing, not double. In one corner May Slattery and Wesley Stark, stand-ins respectively for Nancy Carroll and Fredric March, chat quietly. May has Nancy's red hair and looks absurdly like her. Wesley is tall, slender and dark like Fred.

On the other side of the set, Nancy and Fredric themselves

are conversing, going over lines and business. The two couples stand in almost the same positions for a moment, and the effect is startling.

WE'RE off to Hollywood, to the Radio Pictures lot, where Richard Dix is starring in "Young Donovan's Kid." The court is trying to take little brother Jackie Cooper from big brother Richard. (You remember Jackie as *Skippy*—who could forget him? You'll find a grand story about the making of that picture right in this issue.) The judge orders the officers to remove Jackie. He throws himself into Dix's arms, kicking and screaming.

"Please don't let them take me," he wails. His tears flow freely.

Sympathetic tears come to the eyes of the watchers.

The scene is finished. "Now, Jackie, we're just going to walk through this one, for the camera. No action." It's Director Fred Niblo speaking.

Jackie does it again—as unconcernedly as though he were reciting his alphabet. No tears, no emotion.

"All right. Action this time," instructs Mr. Niblo.

Jackie's tears pour out, trickle down Dix's coat as Jackie clings to him. He's a Director's Delight, that boy!

By Frances Kish

# A summer away from mirrors . . .

**taught this Colorado girl  
the same complexion secret  
I learned from  
75 eminent dermatologists**

If you spent a summer out on a ranch with no mirrors to tell you what was happening to your sensitive complexion, wouldn't you be happy if you went back to town and your friends all began admiring your lovely skin?

That's exactly what happened to this Colorado girl. But let her tell the story as she told it to me in a letter:

"My best friend, Dot, who does have the loveliest skin, told me she never used anything but Camay. But I wouldn't risk it. I'd always had such a silly skin—hadn't touched my face with soap for years. I always had a slightly greasy look and I never felt really clean, but I thought that was better than blotches."

Last summer this girl went to her brother's ranch. She says that at the end of a day's riding her face used to be covered with dust.

She found that using cold cream was like rubbing sand into her skin. "So," as she writes, "I took courage and made a fine lather of Dot's favorite Camay. It felt so good to be clean that I rubbed it in well and then rinsed and rinsed with clear warm water.

"We spend no time at mirrors on the ranch, so I took little notice of my face.

"When I came back to

town, my friends began to call attention to my lovely skin. I was so puzzled that one day I took a hand-mirror and studied my face carefully." My correspondent writes she was amazed at what she saw. Her skin was clear and creamy. And it seemed to have that *underneath* cleanliness she had admired so much in her friend's complexion.

Of course, there's every good scientific reason why Camay was gentle enough for this Colorado girl's sensitive skin.

The 73 eminent dermatologists who examined an analysis of Camay's formula and made careful tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of skin, gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild complexion soap, gentle enough for *even the most delicate complexions*.

Doesn't that wonderful approval make you realize that Camay is simply the best complexion soap there is?

*Helen Chase*

**Face Your World with Loveliness** is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-6L, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



**Camay has been tested and approved by 75 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.**

### What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who

have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

*Dr. Allen Pusey*  
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)





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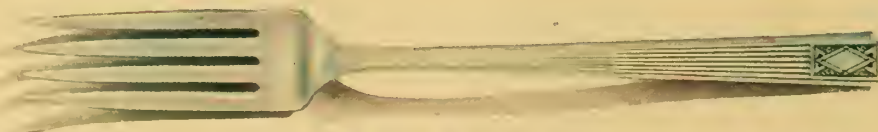
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