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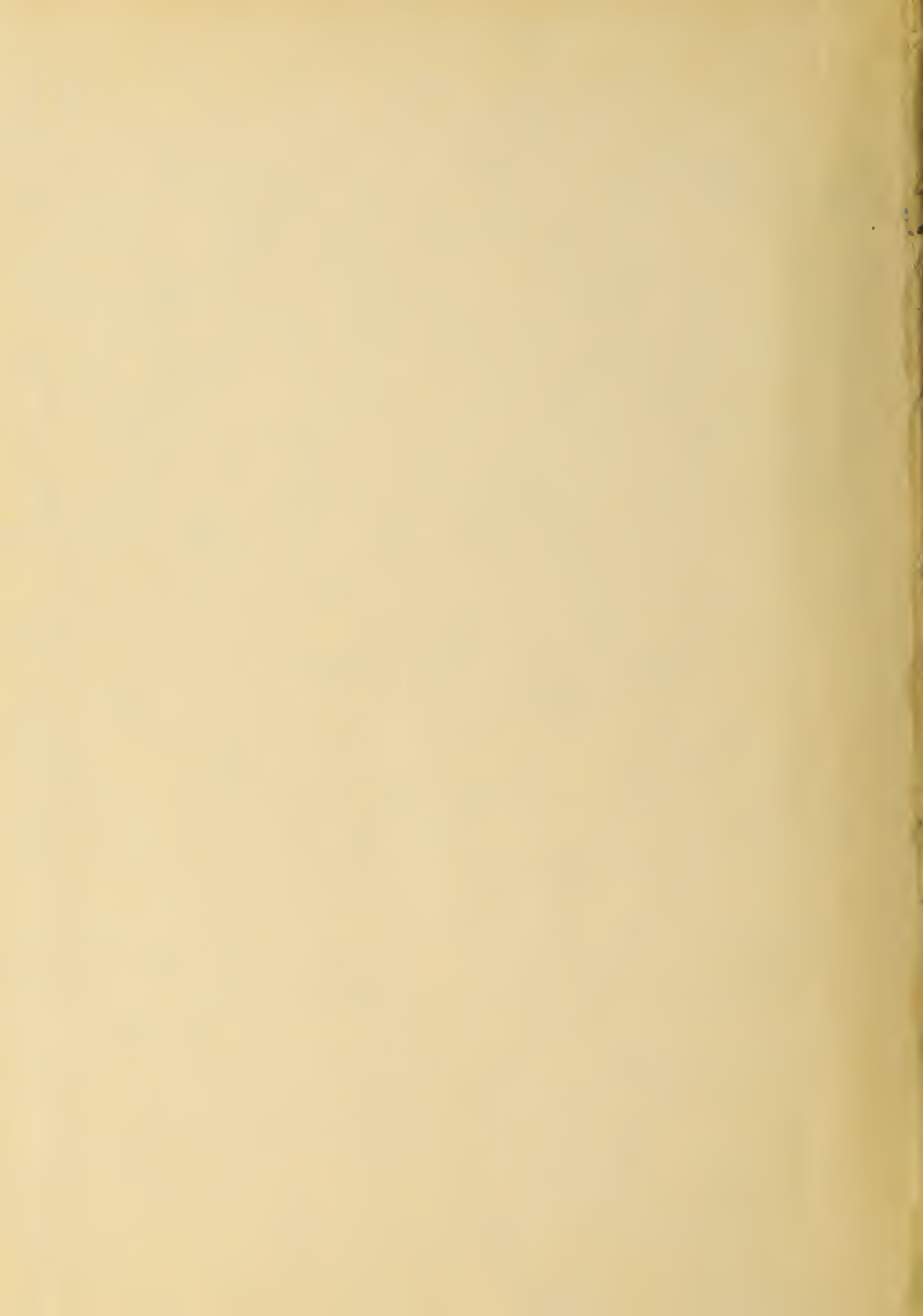
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\$1500⁰⁰ Prize Winners in this Issue

PHOTOPLAY N.S.E.

25 CENTS

30 Cents in Canada

JANUARY



Phantom

Daddies of the Screen

JOAN
CRAWFORD



YOU 5,000,000 WOMEN WHO WANT TO GET MARRIED:

How's Your Breath Today?

5,000,000 young women become of marriageable age this year... How many of them, we wonder, will make the grade?

One thing is certain; they can't expect to attract and hold men if they have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It nullifies every other charm.

Everyone is likely to have halitosis at one time or another. When that time comes, you won't realize it, because halitosis does not announce itself to its victim.

Why risk offending, when Listerine will put you on the safe side?

Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine instantly halts fermentation, the cause of 90% of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. The breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

USE LISTERINE BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

What a **FOOL** She is!



Her FUR COAT COST HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS . . . BUT HER TEETH

LOOK DINGY, HER GUMS ARE TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

Do you suppose that this young woman, so smart in her fur coat and debonair hat, would go to a luncheon in dirty old gloves ripped at the seams? Or in shabby shoes a bit down-at-the-heels?

Yet her dingy teeth are just as conspicuous—and just as disappointing!—as dog-eared gloves or shabby shoes could ever be!

She brushes her teeth just as faithfully as you do. But she has yet to learn that if your gums are soft, with a tendency to

bleed, you could brush your teeth seven times a day without restoring their rightful heritage of *sparkle*.

YOUR GUMS, AS WELL AS YOUR TEETH, NEED IPANA

Today's soft, creamy foods, failing to exercise the gums, fail also to keep the gums hard. And flabby gums soon show signs of tenderness. You find "pink" upon your tooth brush.

It's serious—"pink tooth brush." Not only may it dull your teeth, but it may

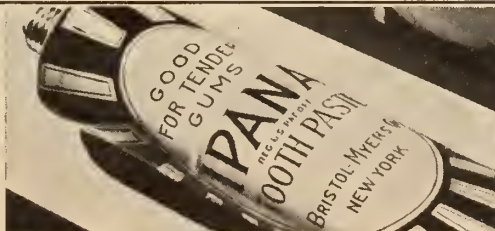
be the first step toward gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or pyorrhea. The soundest among your teeth may be endangered!

Follow the advice of dental authorities: *massage your gums*. Do this by putting a little extra Ipana on your brush after you have cleaned your teeth, and rubbing it into those inert gums.

Brighter—your teeth? You'll see! Soon you'll be pleasantly surprised in the improvement in your gums, too. They'll be harder, healthier. And you can begin to feel safe from "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK!
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, 9.00, E. S. T.
WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-14
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

- ★ MARIE DRESSLER
- ★ JOHN BARRYMORE
- ★ WALLACE BEERY
- ★ JEAN HARLOW
- ★ LIONEL BARRYMORE
- ★ LEE TRACY
- ★ EDMUND LOWE
- ★ BILLIE BURKE
- ★ MADGE EVANS ★ KAREN MORLEY
- ★ JEAN HERSHOLT ★ PHILLIPS HOLMES



DINNER

at



"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama . . . the fallen matinee idol . . . the millionaire's frivolous wife . . . the amorous doctor of the idle rich . . . stolen hours of romance . . . each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!



Screen play by
Frances Marion
and Herman J.
Mankiewicz.
From the Sam H.
Harris stage play
by GEORGE S.
KAUFMAN &
EDNA FERBER

Produced by
David O. Selznick
Directed by
George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 2

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

January, 1934



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

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell".) Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scoring "steady". Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRACTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

When in Doubt— Let Us Answer!

If you want to know some particular about a favorite star, don't wonder and guess—write to us, and let us tell you! Our expert staff will be glad to answer any such questions. See the "Ask the Answer Man" page in this issue for particulars—and use this free service as often as you like!

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as Chuck Connors and George Raft as Steve Brodie battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokuy. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

Naturally... Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first dramatic hit!



The star of the month—in a story from the book-of-the-month—makes *the picture of the month*, as Warner Bros. again team the author and star of "Little Caesar" . . . This roaring, real life drama of a "plunger" of the tracks, wagering body and soul—hazarding love and life, is hailed by a million readers as W. R. Burnett's greatest story...awaited by fifty million theatre-goers as Robinson's greatest picture!



Edw. G. Robinson
in
"DARK HAZARD"

A First National Picture with Genevieve Tobin • Glenda Farrell • Directed by Alfred E. Green



The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

Quite a while ago, there was a little girl, shy, self-conscious, and not particularly pretty, a lonely child with few friends. Wandering into a theater, she sat entranced through "7th Heaven." For weeks, she carried with her the words of the immortal *Diane*, the lesson she learned from *Chico*—"Never look down, always look up—see what you've done for me." From the little Gaynor she learned not to be afraid, to be brave, to have courage and with courage all things are possible.

Taking a touch of burning ambition from the self-made Crawford. Watching the incomparable Shearer, she learned to have poise and self-assurance. Watching the breath-taking beauty of Marlene, the ethereal loveliness of Garbo, the lady-like Harding and the sweet sincerity of Hayes, she kept on learning.

She isn't timid any longer, or lonely. She is popular now. She had, for the asking, the greatest teachers in the world.

That little girl was I.

A. M. JOHNSON, Pittsburgh, Penna.

THE \$10 LETTER

A Western picture was being shown in a small West Virginia town. Near the front of the theater sat a "hill-woman" with her husband. A small child slept on her knee. Her whole being expressed hard work.

Judging from her behavior, she had seen few pictures. Such absolute enjoyment I have never witnessed. The nearest comparison I can think of is the joy a child finds in a new toy, but even that does not describe her pleasure. When she had seen the show once, she refused to leave until she had seen it again. Her eyes sparkled and the blood coursed through her veins with such rapidity that her cheeks were glowing like a young girl's.

When you have given bread to a hungry one you have fed his body, but when you have given a ticket for a movie to one whose life is devoid of beauty and culture, you have fed his soul.

ZENITH W. YOUNG, Clendenin, W. Va.

THE \$5 LETTER

Something simply must be done about Mae West!

Her magnetic personality and that "Midway" dance is burning us up.

Recently, one of Oklahoma City's theaters caught fire while Mae West was playing there in "I'm No Angel." Even the men had to come out!

We can't have Mae burning our perfectly good theaters.

Can't someone persuade her to turn off just a little of that heat?

MADLINE BALL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

THAT GAL MAE

"She done him wrong," and some folks say, "She's no angel, that gal called Mae."

But she has "It" in every curve, And boys—those hips—how they can swerve! Her hair it shimmers, her legs are neat, She's the finest gal that you can meet.

Her eyes are naughty but still quite nice, And does she glitter with all that ice! Her voice is husky, a slow, soft drawl— Its tone entices one and all. Her clothes are stunning. Not quite discreet? Well, neither are her charms effete.

MRS. ELIZABETH J. HILL, Vancouver, B. C.



In the background you see the crowd straining for a look at Mae West as she graciously posed for photographers at the première of "I'm No Angel"

THEN along came "The West"—burning up our theaters, and such like. Whoohie! How Mae did move in on Hollywood! Says she, "I'm No Angel." Says we, "S all right, we're convinced!"

"Three Little Pigs" went to market, and sold us so completely on their product that we're all anxiety over each announcement of a new Walt Disney Silly Symphony.

Music's in the air, and the motion picture public mean to keep it there. Never was there such a deluge of mail on one subject. They go right down the line of recent musical screen productions, quite unable to name any one in particular for top honors. But hoping for more, more, more!

Readers' continual complaint is that "trailers," shown in advance of a picture, ruin the suspense. Producers, don't reveal important plot details!

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

AND A BIG PAIN!

Fan critics, you give me a pain! For the last year you have been crying, "We're sick of those sexy pictures. Give us delightful, wholesome pictures like "Smilin' Through."

Then along comes overstuffed, oversexed Mae West, who thinks all you have to do to become an actress is to swing your hips around, and you fall for it!

ROBERT BRUCE, Syracuse, N. Y.

AND HOLD HIM

Mae West deserves an unholy halo for her work in "I'm No Angel." She proves that she may and can get her man if she so desires.

She flaunts her diabolic plumage in no unmistakable manner, leading willing victims to her shrine. And we are quite surprised to find a tear mingled with our laughter.

LENORE BOLGER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

ALL OVER "THREE LITTLE PIGS"

Three little girls near the front grow starry-eyed and "oh" and "ah" their childish delight, punctuating it with involuntary handclaps.

The wrinkled, weather-beaten face of the old man in the threadbare suit on the aisle loses its bitter expression as though the memory of happier days has been jugged.

High school girl whispers to high school boy friend: "Isn't it just too grand!" He nods an enthusiastic "Yes!"

Madame Club Woman voices her appreciation to her companion.

The firm mouth of a weary spinster school teacher relaxes into a broad grin of genuine approval.

A grimy little newsy says to his plump mama: "Ain't it a wow, Ma!"

All over the theater these expressions of approval echo. Faces take on a happier expression. The picture is ended, and the theater fairly rocks with applause.

Never in my experience as usher have I seen evidence of such universal enjoyment as during the showing of Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs."

HELEN E. MEYER, Detroit, Mich.

A BARGAIN

I believe I would buy PHOTOPLAY every month if it were fifty cents per copy. Because:

There's a certain sense of dignity about the magazine, even to the quality of paper on which it is printed.

While I am able to see very few motion pictures, backed by PHOTOPLAY's reviews, I can offer intelligent criticism on any film.

Seymour tips me off as to what will be worn (as well as what will not be worn!) next season. The beauty aids are aids. And Sylvia—whoohy!

Those interviews: Sara Hamilton's delightfully intimate ones; Cal York's newsy gossip.

And I often clip the coupons from the advertisements.

What more could one want for twenty-five cents?

MARY F. ABEL, Kansas City, Mo.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda)



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN • ROSCO ATEs
GARY COOPER • LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA • W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER • RAYMOND
HATTON • EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON • ROSCOE KARNS • MAE
MARSH • POLLY MORAN • JACK
OAKIE • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAY
ROBSON • CHARLIE RUGGLES • ALISON

SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLead

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).



Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.



If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... It's the Best Show in Town

The Candid Opinion Of



Meet in films Louisa Alcott's "Little Women." Front to rear, Amy (Joan Bennett), Beth (Jean Parker), Jo (Katharine Hepburn), Meg (Frances Dee)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

TRAILERS KILL SUSPENSE

A great deal of enjoyment in viewing pictures, for me, is the fact that I don't know how the picture is going to turn out. I have seen several pictures from which much of the suspense was taken away because I had previously seen the advertising trailer.

In "Storm at Daybreak," for example, all the time I should have been wondering how the triangle was going to end, I knew from having seen the trailer that Walter Huston was going to drive the team into destruction.

In "Mary Stevens, M. D.," all the while I was looking at that perfectly adorable baby, I knew he was going to die, and there have been numerous other instances when the trailer completely relieved a film of its important thrill of suspense.

THERESE CLARK, Los Angeles, Calif.

MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY

I was a "hotel child." Hugging my doll, I sat for hours alone in the lobby. One day I found four charming companions. They lived in a book called "Little Women," but they seemed like the sisters for whom I longed.

They invited me into their friendly home circle and far more real they were than passing strangers with curious glances. I laughed, grieved and had secrets with them, and I am grateful that one lonely child, through them, found a world in which she had a happy place. How lovely the recollection, and now I am to meet again, through the medium of the screen,

these beloved girls who shared my youth.
JAVIA BROMLEY, Oakland, Calif.

DE BOW'RY

Every old timer should see "The Bowery," if for no other reason than Pert Kelton. Go back to the good old days of your youth (I'm only seventy-four years young)—to the good old strains of Ta-Ra-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay.

Producers, take a tip from me. Give the public more Mae Wests and Pert Keltons.

R. B. SIVERTSON, San Francisco, Calif.

LOOKING FOR ROD

Recently I viewed the weird production—"S. O. S. Iceberg"—that interesting tale of the frozen North. I found the picture most entertaining. Important to me was the return of Rod LaRocque to American movies. He makes his small rôle so convincing. I am positive the public would like to see Rod's name in the bright lights again.

W. J. MATHEWS, Chicago, Ill.

THINK WHAT YOU'VE MISSED

For months my boy friend and I quarreled over movies—for you see, that has always been his hobby, but it was not mine. Whenever we had a date he invariably suggested the theater. While I enjoy a good picture, I was not the enthusiast; he was. Naturally, we had arguments.

After attending at least two shows a week for a few months, I am now as much of a movie devotee as he.

Who could help it after seeing such fine pictures as "42nd Street," "The Masquerader," "Tugboat Annie," "The Bowery," "Footlight Parade," and "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"?

BETTY LOESCH, Erie, Penna.

MUSIC'S IN THE AIR

Have just recently seen "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade" and "Too Much Harmony"; and I'll say they are just what we need. Something to cheer and pep you up. Here's hoping we see many more pictures just like these.

RUDY F. BOUTELLER, Louisville, Ky.

See a movie of song and dance and you will have seen as good as the average musical stage production, the only difference being that you will not have to dress up.

ALICE W. NEWELL, Boylston, Mass.

BIG "PARADE"

I have just seen "Footlight Parade." What a picture! What a cast!

James Cagney and Joan Blondell are excellent as always. A grand team.

M. H. THOMPSON, Pittsburgh, Penna.

A COURSE IN ACTING

Perhaps the most rabid movie fan in my acquaintance is my young cousin, aged twelve. Betty is a normal youngster, with an exceptionally precocious mind, far beyond her fellows in school, yet interested in play like any child.

She gains all sorts of ideas from her picture-going.

One day she will slink around and speak gutturally, so we know she's been seeing



Does the movie public want Rod back for keeps? LaRocque as Prince Albert in an early talkie "One Romantic Night"

Movie-goers Everywhere

Garbo. The next day she will be all sweet and lisping, *a la* Gaynor; the next dramatic, like Joan Crawford.

But she has gained a certain poise through watching these screen people. Her manners are improving daily. The effect of the movies on this child is entirely beneficial.

HELEN RAETHER, Albion, Mich.

OUR WEAKNESS

Since seeing Lillian Harvey in "My Weakness," I have been studying the reactions of people who saw the picture. They say, "Wasn't she grand—a real sense of comedy," or "I loved her, so different, and what a relief!"

We had practically no young, clever comedienness—until Lillian came along. She's perfect.

NANA STALEY, Springfield, Ill.

A PRIZE PUMPKIN?

What in the name of this-and-that is all the fuss over Lillian Harvey for? To me she is just a prize pumpkin and I hate pumpkins. As for her being able to take Janet Gaynor's place—why, it just isn't being done. Why? Because it is impossible. Janet is *Our Janet* and always will be. She's mighty catching!

BEVERLY HOOK, Augusta, Ga.

WELL WORTH THE EFFORT

After reading the various criticisms about the talkies, may a mere farm woman speak from the other side of the fence?

I find nothing wrong with the talkies.

I think the stars—every one of them—are fine. Each one contributes something to my craving for beauty, culture and entertainment. Where else in the world could a farm wife get more enjoyment, more zest for work, more pep



Most folks liked the idea of a change in comedy diet. Others couldn't see Lillian Harvey in "My Weakness." Our comedienne as a Spanish seniorita



His first screen work was in Warners "I Loved a Woman." And, already, readers are shouting praises for George Blackwood

to keep on, than at a talkie! The stars have kept me in touch with the right kind of clothes, the proper setting of furniture, correct posture, etiquette. I've often left a talkie humming some gay modern tune.

I've copied their coiffures, their clothes and relived with them romance. I'm never too tired to drive miles to a talkie!

MRS. F. CECRLE, North Judson, Ind.

LULLABY LAND

I have just seen Walt Disney's "Lullaby Land," done in Technicolor, three times, and I could see it many times more and not tire of its lovable baby hero and his adoring pal, the gingham dog.

When the title flashed on the screen, I thought, "Just another dull feature," and settled down in my seat for a possible doze. In two minutes I was sitting upright, enjoying thoroughly the quaint figures, delightful coloring, excellent music, and becoming quite breathless over baby's journey into Forbidden Land.

MRS. W. H. RAGER, JR., Youngstown, Ohio

INNOVATION

While driving through Camden, New Jersey, we came upon something new—a "drive in theater."

We stopped, and together with many other motorists, sat in the car and saw an old talkie. The picture itself was not good. But we experienced the thrill of something different nevertheless.

MRS. H. J. SIMON, New York City

PARADISE "FOUND"

True, the average screen play with its glamour and glitter and romance is apt to form in the mind, especially of the young, a false picture of life, to transform this "cold, cruel world" into a bright, carefree place. But even a Fool's Paradise is better than no Paradise at all!

RALPH GARCIA, Trinidad, B. W. I.

IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

A young juvenile now in Hollywood who seems to be quite definitely a screen find is George Blackwood.

I have seen him on the Broadway stage, and in the Edward G. Robinson picture, "I Loved A Woman," and with his acting ability and charming screen presence think he should go far.

I sincerely hope he will not be ignored as so many other potential stars have been.

Toby Wing and Mary Carlisle have definite possibilities.

Perhaps the producers will one day learn that new faces like the bluebird of happiness are waiting right in their own backyard.

BERT HUGHES, New York City

THE DADDY OF THEM ALL

PHOTOPLAY has given us a "new deal" in reading matter.

We've watched the complete metamorphosis of this magazine from the ordinary garden variety of its type, way back in 1916, into the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.— Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.— Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—News-reel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelme! (Aug.)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and different. (Nov.)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (July)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Munday, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

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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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As the Parisian daughter of
voluptuousness from Zola's
magic pages, she has a role
magnificently matching her
superb artistry. America
awaits, with expectant thrill,
this, her first American picture.



Brickbats & Bouquets



The Three Hacketts, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Jackie Cooper, about to put on their act, in "Broadway to Hollywood," story of backstage life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

smart, scintillating and thoroughly matured product of today. It resembles, to a certain extent, the startling transition of a Crawford or a Swanson from their initial awkwardness and uncertainty to the brilliant, soigné creatures we behold on the screen today.

We find amusing, and not a little pathetic, the agility with which other monthlies hasten to copy each innovation of PHOTOPLAY, as, for example, the beauty department, prize contests, fashion displays, and even the date of publication.

MARION McCLORY, Paterson, N. J.

QUITE SO

We all know that producers try to give the public what it wants, but it is only once in a great while that a picture like "One Man's Journey," with that gifted actor, Lionel Barrymore, makes an appearance.

Here is a story of human nature at its best that will please many and will be long remembered.

HARRY E. MYERS, Hornell, N. Y.



The country doctor (Lionel Barrymore) of "One Man's Journey" has won us all. This happy group (with May Robson) are having a real celebration

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Darkness . . . and then came the dawn. Day after day, week after week, I walk in the shadow of the mine, hemmed in by black walls—covered with earth—and the irritation of dust in my nostrils. With the earth above, the darkness beneath, I am buried alive! Despite the darkness, light creeps upon the deadly shadows of night—then dawn!

Once each month I visit my home town and again I breathe and live. My only spark of life keeps burning to see my world of pleasure—the motion picture theater. The films place me in a cheerful and entertaining life. A life full of contentment.

E. I. U., Harrisburg, Penna.

JUST EVERYTHING

I want everybody to hear my applause for "Broadway to Hollywood." This picture has everything—comedy, drama, music, beauty. Alice Brady is superlative and, incidentally, women can learn much from the rôle she portrays.

Madge Evans, as always, is lovely.

This is a picture that does not leave you cold—you laugh uproariously and cry despite yourself.

MARY H. FURMAN, E. Orange, N. J.

AWE-INSPIRING

There is a strange fascination about the movies. A fascination difficult to analyze. It lies partly, I think, in the continuous darkness where one has the marvelous facility of passing from one place to another. Seeing life in Europe, shopping in London, being gay in Paris, having a peep at Monte Carlo.

There is a breathlessness about it all, a need to crowd every kind of experience into a few short hours. It's with a sigh of contentment I come back to real life leaving behind the fragment of a vanished experience or a future hope, in the charmed atmosphere of the movies.

B. H. SMITH, East Portchester, N. Y.

COME TAKE A JOY RIDE THROUGH THE SKY!



DOLORES DEL RIO

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Music by VINCENT YOUMANS
An RKO Radio Picture directed by Thornton Freeland
MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer
Louis Brock, Associate Producer

Hear these tantalizing songs: . . . "Music Makes Me"
. . . "Orchids in the Moonlight" . . . and the new
dance sensation that will soon be sweeping America
. . . the hypnotising, campromising "Carioka"!



GENE RAYMOND



RAUL ROULIEN



FRED ASTAIRE

GINGER ROGERS

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Apple-woman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from had to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Mc.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE**—RKO-Radio.—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) seek to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled *Archduke Rudolf*, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Palette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

STUDY IN SCARLET—A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed Tarzan tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

TO STOP A COLD QUICK

—Treat it in the First or Dry Stage!

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. A cold is an internal infection—keep that in mind. It is an infection that usually passes thru three stages.

The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third, the Mucous Secretion stage.

The 4 Effects Necessary

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is expressly a cold remedy and it does the four things necessary.

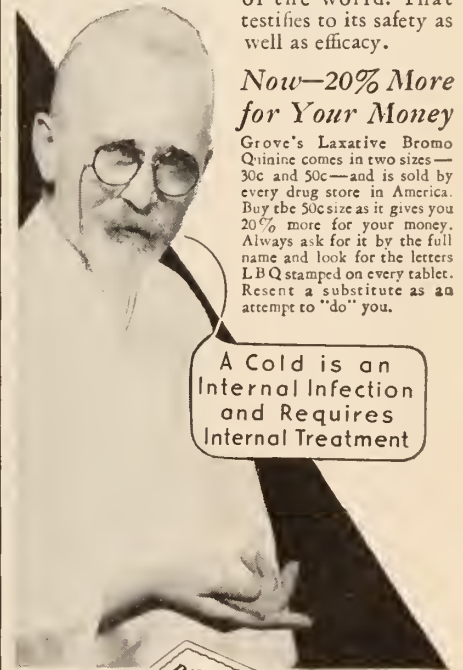
First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

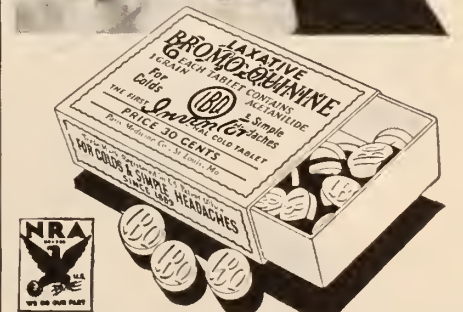
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

Now—20% More for Your Money

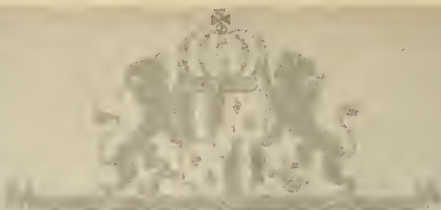
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L.B.Q. stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.



A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE



GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN



The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of our time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA" is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared. Soon it comes, reuniting as screen lovers Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a drama of exquisite passions.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER



Eugene Robert Richee

IF Dorothea Wieck took the country by storm in "Maedchen in Uniform," she has even more touching appeal in her first American film, "Cradle Song." That spiritual quality we all loved seems intensified tenfold by her garb as a novice, in this glimpse of her falling in love with the foundling left in her convent. She fairly radiates motherly tenderness



Ernest A. Bachrach

FRANCES DEE doesn't look very militant here. But that wistful appeal is just what melts the hearts of all sons of Mars. That's what she'll be called on to do in her next, "Rodney," where she has to straighten things out for a man who loves his horse above himself and his career. But after all her fine work heretofore we'd say Frances is just the girl to do it



Clarence Sinclair Bull

DAINTY Elizabeth Allan seems all rested now from the injury which took her out of one film. In fine shape to give us a treat by her work with Robert Montgomery in "The Mystery of the Dead Police." That elusive freshness so few seem to have, unquestionably is at its best here. It should provide welcome relief from the story's thrills and chills



Bert Longworth

A CALL to Duty, might well be the title of this intimate study of Ann Dvorak, looking up from her script as she hears the summons to work in her recent picture, "College Coach." Do you suppose that "stool and chair" perch lends her added inspiration for her work? Anyway, it's all part of the dressing-room's charming informality, so plainly in evidence



WHAT IS IT A

GIRL CAN DO to keep a man's eyes admiringly on

her face? You'll get a hint by studying great portraits—notice how the *face* dominates the canvas, how it *holds* your gaze!

To be an interesting woman, *your face* must dominate your costume—your complexion must have animation—*life*. You have to get away from that dull, flat effect given by so many face powders!

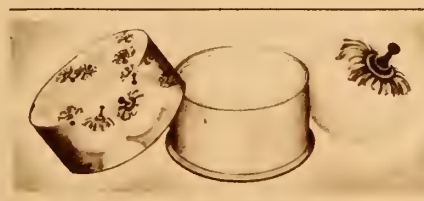
All this sounds difficult—*until* you once try Coty Face Powder! *It is by actual use* that Coty *proves* its remarkable *superiority*—its superlative *smoothness*, its *infinitesimally fine* texture. No powder, at any

price, is finer, *purer*, smoother. None possesses that *lasting*, exquisite *fragrance* which Coty gives your face!

A girl who selects her *own true Coty tone* looks like a glorious masterpiece, when other women—using dullish, blurry powders—seem like faded mono-tints, lifeless and undramatic!

Men abominate, and cosmeticians warn against, that *aging*, "powdered look". Men admire, and cosmeticians endorse, the rich depth—the *Portrait-Tone*—which Coty Face Powder brings its clever users. When next you buy Face Powder, ask for Coty—you can *trust* its flattery!

Coty



FACE POWDER GIVES PRECIOUS VITALITY—*NEW ANIMATION!*

Artists know how tricky skin tones are to duplicate—yet Coty creates an exact powder match for flesh-and-blood complexions! Coty Powder texture is amazing—finer, smoother than fine satin; caressing to the skin.





HERE we have Marguerite Churchill, who doesn't seem much distressed, even though she's a "Girl Without a Room"—and in Paris at that—in a film of the same name. But with Charles Farrell and high-hatted Walter Woolf helping her to find a domicile, perhaps she won't do so badly. Walter's dressy ways come from his Broadway experience

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

JESTING to the last, Texas Guinan died as fearlessly as she had lived. Tex was a kindly, indeed a lovable, personality. In the days before she became famous she was a frequent visitor at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices—then in Chicago—and I learned to know her for the generous, warm-hearted creature she was.

Things were not going so well for her, yet she always burst in like a flood of sunshine, driving away the shadows of others.

SOMETIMES she would rehearse for me her stage song and dance number, and those were golden moments to treasure.

There was never much of a private performance, as you may well guess, for her uplifted voice and the thud of her flying feet brought every member of the PHOTOPLAY staff, down to the lowliest office boy, in a circle about her.

And how her blonde hair would fly and her blue eyes flash!

TEX drifted to New York, where she achieved fame as a night club hostess, the first woman, so far as I know, to take up this calling. The Texas Guinan Club, in New York City, achieved an international reputation. Celebrities from all over the world gathered there.

Her cheery greeting to each guest, "Hello, Sucker," stamped her individuality like a trade-mark.

Many actresses, famous on the screen and on Broadway, got their start on the floor of Tex's night club. Here it was that Ruby Keeler's toes began to twinkle, Barbara Stanwyck came to dancing fame, Peggy Shannon made her début. Just three of the many that Tex started on their careers.

She had much of the showmanship qualities of Barnum and was generous in the exploitations of others as well as of herself.

Tex flourished in the heyday of night club life. Perhaps the type of entertainment she sponsored is now on the wane. Tex, however, was always able to meet life on its own terms. She had the talent to adjust herself to new and changing conditions.

The last picture she made was "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," and it is on Broadway that she will be most missed.

PRINCES visit Hollywood while kings and dukes ponder over it at home. A friend of mine, traveling from Paris to Calais, found himself alone in the compartment of a coach with an Englishman, who was entirely concentrated on the mysteries of a cross-word puzzle.

Finally the Englishman looked up and asked abruptly, "You are an American, aren't you?"

My friend admitting that he was, the Englishman said, "Perhaps you can help me. What American motion picture colony is a four letter word?"

My friend thought for a moment and laughed. "Why, Reno of course," he answered.

Evidently those English don't know the difference between making pictures and divorcing actors.

Incidentally, my friend discovered a little later that the diligent cross-wordist was a duke.

DOUG FAIRBANKS' separation from Mary Pickford was news that rolled 'round the world. Now there is reason to believe that the rift in the lute has been mended and that Doug may resume his position as Lord of Pickfair.

Mary, for the moment, has shut herself off from contact with the press. If a reconciliation is in the air, she is evidently determined to say nothing for publication that might present new obstacles to a reunion. Over-zealous outsiders really caused the separation.

HOLLYWOOD can laugh at itself as boisterously, and certainly as sincerely, as any cynic. You remember "Once in a Lifetime," the picture that burlesqued studio methods.

In "The Blonde Bombshell," Hollywood gives itself another Gargantuan laugh. Hollywood's sacred ballyhoo is kidded unmercifully and every actor plays his rôle with unmistakable relish. In this picture Hollywood says things about itself it might resent coming from an outsider.

Only the mentally undeveloped take themselves too seriously.

The sophisticated believe in a front, not for its own value, but for its effect upon the less informed.

When Hollywood can produce a satirical riot like "The Blonde Bombshell," no further argument need be advanced that pictures have grown up.

REMEMBER the quarter which George Raft flipped so accurately and disconcertingly in "Scarface"—the one which brought him his first real screen fame?

Well, it wasn't a quarter. It was a nickel. Furthermore, George still has it among his keepsakes.

"But," he says, "don't think I won't spend it if things ever get tough."

IT seems only the other day that no movie actor felt safe until he had a studio contract locked up in his safe deposit box. But now the dotted line is something to be avoided.

This is the hour of the free lance, and an actor can often make more money by simply agreeing to make two or three pictures a year for a studio, with the privilege of making pictures for any company he desires in the interim.

EDMUND LOWE is scheduled for a dozen pictures in several studios and Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March do not want their options taken up when their contracts expire. They feel they could do better on a free lance basis.

John and Lionel Barrymore have arrangements to work between M-G-M and RKO-Radio; Ann Harding and Constance Bennett between 20th Century and RKO-Radio. And others enjoy the same status.

WHEN you pause to figure it out, "Alice in Wonderland" has no villain, no hero, no sex and no love-interest!

And to think—that story has been getting by for years!

We dare some intrepid scenario writer to beard a producer in his den and try to sell him an original story lacking all these so-called vital elements.

Three guesses—who will land on whose ear in what alley?

LAST month we told you about the tide of Broadway players to Hollywood. While this tide continues, there is a counter drift. At the present time there are eighty players who have found their way back to the New York stage.

Those returning to Broadway are not, however, necessarily deserting the screen. Some of them are going into winter stage productions. Others will alternate between film and stage.

There is, of course, a certain percentage who, for one reason or another, are through with pictures.

A dozen of those snared by the shrewd New York impresarios practically received their acting training in the talkies. It seems to have become a game between Broadway and Hollywood. Tit for tat.

It all makes for better-rounded, more versatile actors, so the public is the gainer by this interchange.

AUTOGRAPH seekers in Hollywood are going entirely beyond the bounds of decency in their quest for signatures of the stars. At two funerals they forced themselves to the front at a moment when the thoughts of the mourners were turned to the sacred services for the dead.

At the graveside, raucous voices of these intruders were heard demanding the coveted autographs. At times the situation grew entirely out of hand.

UNDoubtedly the autograph hunters who behaved so disgracefully were persons who make a business of gathering and selling signatures of players.

The stars generously and good naturedly respond to requests for their handwriting, but if demonstrations of this sort continue there is likely to be a marked decline in their complaisance.

WHAT a difference just a few pages make! When Warners bought "Anthony Adverse" for filming, the rumor went around the studio that the book had eight big, rich parts in it. Every leading actor and actress on the lot rushed out to buy a copy to see if he or she wasn't just the person to play it.

Imagine their confusion when the volume was unwrapped at home and found to consist of no less than 1250 pages! So far none have definitely applied for rôles.

They haven't been able to read that fast!

THE talkies introduced the theater's unification, both in plot and action. Compare the earlier talkies, such as "The Doctor's Secret" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," with the silents that preceded the sound era. A formula was established which, with few variations, has lasted more than five years.

But now Director Clarence Brown believes a new trend has set in. He cites his "Night Flight" as a picture, which, lacking a well defined plot, has nevertheless received an impressive reception throughout the country.

Pure narrative has always been the literature of the people. Any interesting story, no matter how it may wander, always has arrested and always will arrest attention. Earlier novels of the Spanish, French and English were nothing more than a series of episodes strung together, with one "hero" animating the action.

AFTER several centuries we seem to be coming back to the same point in the fiction cycle. Hervey Allen's recent romance, "Anthony Adverse," is a striking instance of this tendency.

Other recent examples on the screen in accord with Mr. Brown's idea are "The Power and the Glory" and "Alice in Wonderland."

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

BEAUTY CONTEST?" Certainly! Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

Beauty Contest!

Get a Camay Complexion and You'll be Admired Wherever You Go

"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every

day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!



Another Beauty Contest Won! *The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.*

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Co. pr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY

the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

PHANTOM DADDIES



Securely locked in a storage vault, Doris has a print of "The Sea Wolf," the last picture Milton Sills was to make. The film was given to her by the Fox Company shortly after the great actor's death in September, 1930. Kenyon, the son, was then just three years old.

In "The Sea Wolf," Milton played the rôle of *Wolf Larson*, the most famous fictional character created by Jack London—a ruthless, hard-boiled, two-fisted sea captain who enforces his power with brute strength. He beats down his ship's officers, quells uprisings with a club, throws his cook to the sharks. He is seen in the dives of Singapore and the hell-holes East of Suez, drinking rum, associating with women of the waterfront and bullying the beachcombers. In the end, his crew mutinies, his eyes are seared with a hot poker, and his ship, "The Ghost," becomes his funeral pyre.

The wistful little chap above is Kenyon Clarence Sills, who some day may see his famous father in the last rôle Milton Sills played—the ferocious *Wolf Larson* in "The Sea Wolf"

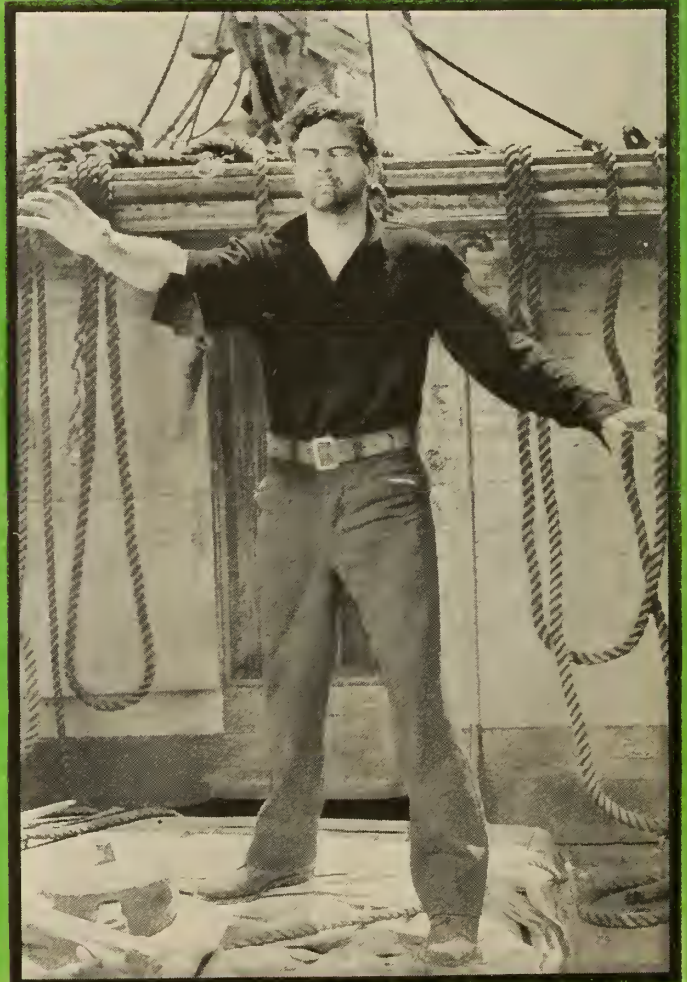
KENYON CLARENCE SILLS, bow and arrows in hand, played in the beautiful gardens which his father, Milton Sills, had planted. Kenyon is six years old.

Like the sons of other movie stars who are deceased, his is a strange predicament. If he attends a picture show, he faces the possibility of suddenly being confronted with a re-issue of some old film in which his father played. There, daddy would be seen very much alive, portraying human emotions. And yet a phantom that at the end of the play would disappear into nowhere. The apparition would, of course, give no heed to the fact that out in the audience was a little chap who used to climb on his knee to "ride a horse to Banbury Cross"; to pillow a tousled head on his broad shoulder while the sandman was coming; or to hear a fairy story.

No, the figure on the screen would take no notice and the little fellow out front would have driven deep into his heart the feeling that he was seeing his father and not being recognized. Not a nod, not a smile, not a sign of recognition, whatsoever. And that would hurt.

It is a situation which has caused hours of anxiety and dread to the widows of deceased stars in Hollywood.

"Up to the present time," Doris Kenyon told me, "our boy has seen but two pictures—Mickey Mouse and one of my own. I fear to have him attend the theaters, for there is no telling what he may see."



of the SCREEN

Their children fear
that they will unex-
pectedly meet them

By A. L. Wooldridge

"It's one of the most terrifying pictures he ever made," Doris says. "At the same time, it's a magnificent piece of artistry."

Will Doris Kenyon ever show this picture to her son? Would you, if you were in her place? Will she chance leaving an impression on her boy's mind that his daddy was that hulking, bullying, snarling "salt" seen driving men about in "The Sea Wolf"?

Kenyon, a manly, courteous little fellow, had drifted back from his archery and was listening.

"Kenyon," I said, "do you remember your father?"

"Indeed I do," he replied. "I remember him well."

"And what do you recall most?" I continued.

Without a moment's hesitation he said:

"His carrying me in his arms through the gardens and telling me about the flowers—and the trees, and the things that grow."

"I purpose keeping remem-
brances of his father about him
always," Doris said.

She arose and brought a book
which, she said, is her son's in-
dividual property. On the first



Wally and Elsie Ferguson
from "Forever." Dorothy
Davenport Reid has a print,
and some day, if Wallace
Jr. wants to, he'll see it



page is a picture of Sills holding
Kenyon in his arms, a baby. It
was the last one taken of the two
together. Then there was a
letter written by Prof. Albert
Einstein, another by George Arliss,
a third by Sir James Jeans, and so
on. A carefully preserved letter
written by Milton who was aboard a
train the night Kenyon was born, said, in
part:

May 6, 1927.

Kenyon Clarence Sills.

Wally Reid, Jr.
has more than a
hint of his noted
father in his looks.
He remembers
Wally, too — but
what a heartache
it gives him to see
his father's films!

Dear Sir: As I have not yet had the pleasure
of meeting you, I address you thus. (There fol-
lows a beautiful tribute to the mother who
suffered so to bring him into the world. The
letter concludes as follows:)

Fred Thomson
was one of the
cleanest men that
ever graced a
screen. But his
son may at some
time see Fred as
the notorious, out-
law Jesse James!

As for my part, we will be rivals for your
mother's affections. You will be the well-spring
of our happiness, whereas I will merely be a tiny
rivulet from which she will occasionally quaff.
May all the blessings attend you from this
moment into a very ripe and mellow old age
when the undersigned will be but a memory—
if that.

Your Father.

A letter from his mother also is in the treasured
book. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]





"What is a house without a baby?" said Mrs. March. "Well," I said, "we have a baby. You remember, don't you?"

Twenty Years After

IT'S really only five years since my advent into the movies, but I wanted to get a lift into the story of those years, so I lifted my title from Alexander Dumas.

Yes, it's five years since I signed my contract. For me, they've been years of quite good health, despite the contention of my enemies that they've seen me looking pale at option time.

Now, half a decade is a long time, anyway you look at it, so I feel it's high time to review my career on what romanticists call "the silver screen," but which is really a square of tightly strung glass beads.

Which only goes to show that things aren't always what they appear to be. Like me, for instance. I got into the movies

"Why, Freddie March hasn't been that long in pictures!" No, no, but read on now

because I once portrayed John Barrymore in a play and people said that I looked just like him.

It used to rankle me (and if you've never been rankled, you don't know what you're missing) when people would say: "I saw you when you played the part on the stage. You looked *just like* Barrymore." Not that I wouldn't rather look like him than

like a lot of other people I could name, but it was much the same as coming to Hollywood after winning a newspaper contest and having people point at you and say: "You know who that is? That's the Hyena Man." I didn't want to be John Barrymore or the Hyena Man.

When I signed my contract, I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

By Fredric March as told to Cromwell MacKechnie

"I'll Be at Doc Law's"

Revealing where Will Rogers spends his evenings, and why

By Kirtley Baskette

"YEP," declared Doc Law, diverting his gaze from the artistic luster he was applying to an ice-cream soda glass for a squint at the door, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Bill happen in any minute now. About time he's showing up."

When Doc Law speaks of "Bill," he means his crony, Will Rogers, who lives a ways up the canyon from Doc's drug-store and refreshment parlor, just off the Coast Highway at the mouth of Santa Monica Canyon, out of Hollywood.

Each day, past the inconspicuous little beach corner where Doc's drug-store, a barbecue counter, souvenir stand and sundry other establishments invite ocean bathers, flash the shining automobiles of Hollywood's stars, en route to Malibu, up the coast. Few, in passing, even notice the sign around the corner which reads, "Burton C. Law, Drugs."

Yet Burton C. Law, erstwhile motion picture character actor, now Doc Law, pharmacist, corner drug-store proprietor and buddy of Will Rogers, was making pictures before most of them had ever seen a camera, when Director Frank Borzage was getting from two to five dollars a day doing stunts, when Robert Leonard and Frank Lloyd were blood-and-thunder flicker heroes, when Harold Lloyd was an ambitious pest of studio lots.

But all that was almost twenty years ago. And Doc Law has been running his drug-store now for about eleven years.

In fact, Doc had sort of forgotten about his days as a screen actor, until Bill Rogers moved into "the neighborhood," up the canyon a stretch, some six years ago, and started dropping in of evenings just to talk over old times, sit a spell and discuss politics, maybe, watching the people who are continually flowing in and out of the store, remarking about this and observing that, while Doc handled the desultory evening trade.

In those six years, it has kind of gotten to be a habit for Will, when he feels "on the loose," to mosey down the canyon to Doc's drug-store, where he doesn't have to dress or put on any airs, where he can sit unnoticed back in the prescription room, among the paregoric and pills, the laudanum and elixirs, and peek through the curtains at a plain world he finds every bit as absorbing as Hollywood's dizzy sphere of which he is somewhat reluctantly a part.

"I guess it must have been about fifteen years ago that I worked with Bill in a picture called 'Honest Hutch,'" reminisced Doc Law. "I recall I played an Italian character, but Bill was the whole show.

"He always has been just naturally funny—still is. Why, it seems like just the way he says things makes them funny. I don't think he ever thinks much about what he says before he says it, either. Just spontaneous. Don't believe he ever particularly planned to be funny in his life. That stuff he writes



These two cronies have a gay time reminiscing. Will Rogers and Doc Law, old-time character actor, now proprietor of a drug-store in Santa Monica Canyon

for the newspapers—he just sits down and writes it right off, you can bet, as easy as he talks.

"How does he talk? Why, just like he does in his pictures. Maybe not so much emphasis on that Oklahoma drawl, but pretty near the same.

"The other night," remembered Doc, "Bill came in with Mrs. Rogers. Wasn't anyone in the store except myself and Mrs. Law.

"'Hello, everybody!' he said. 'Well, we got the kids all put away in their stalls, and me and the wife are on the loose. Can't tell where we'll end up, might end up anywhere—maybe in jail!'

"It's real amusing sometimes the plain way Bill talks to people he meets. I remember not long ago, I was alone here one night when an Irish priest came in. While I was fixing him up, he mentioned that he understood Will Rogers lived around here. Right up the canyon, I told him.

"Well, at that he got excited. It seems that Bill had been in Ireland when they had a bad fire over there somewhere, and he had flown right over to the place, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

The Amazing Story Behind

First exclusive story, told by Laurence Olivier, who lost his rôle to Gilbert

By Virginia Maxwell

ONCE in a lifetime, out of the kaleidoscope which is Hollywood, there comes an epic real-life drama, a quirk of fate so strange that it is almost unbelievable.

This is what really happened to John Gilbert.

A chance remark, tossed lightly by an assistant electrician and intended to be funny, was the turning point in John Gilbert's life. The axle which fate supplied to lift him high on the wheel of good fortune once again—to play opposite Garbo—from the depths of movie oblivion to which he had sunk in the last years.

For the first time, this inside story is now told. By the actor who was brought six thousand miles on contract to play opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina," only to lose the rôle to Gilbert.

Why? And how did it happen?

It's a fascinating story, one of the few real-life dramas of the studio which come from Hollywood, only too infrequently.

To understand the great moment which fate threw to John Gilbert, we'll have to go back a few months.

Garbo's new contract, in which she is permitted complete okay of who shall play as her lover and who shall not, had just been signed on her return from Europe. Garbo looked at many "tests." And could not find the type of lover she demanded in "Queen Christina." Then they brought in films and ran them off for the great Garbo to study.

"Westward Passage," in which Ann Harding was starred, flashed upon the screen of M-G-M's private projection room. In it played a personable young English actor—Laurence Olivier.

Garbo signalled for the film to stop. And in one queenly command, Laurence Olivier was decided as the man to play her screen lover in "Queen Christina."

METRO consulted their files. He wasn't in Hollywood. Olivier had returned to London and was starring in a British stage play. He had always been a stage star and pictures had been merely a fling for him.

London Metro offices contacted Olivier that very night. And before the first light of dawn had pierced London's famous fog, Laurence Olivier was signing his name on the dotted line to one of the most enviable picture contracts ever offered. It meant giving up his rôle on the stage. It meant a six thousand mile jaunt, across sea and land, to Hollywood. He made the trip willingly—eagerly, followed by the trumpet and fanfare of a world-wide publicity campaign. Olivier was Garbo's new screen lover, and the world must know.



There seems to be a magnetic harmony between them which makes their love scenes real



What happened from then on is Olivier's own story—told exclusively for the first time to PHOToplay.

"The day I was introduced to Greta," he said, in his boyish, naïve way, "I realized at once she was going to be difficult to know. She's shy as an antelope. And when I tried to warm her to my own personality with a little conversation, she answered only in monosyllables.

"Garbo is really the mythical person people have imagined," he explained quickly. "She seems to live entirely within herself, unaffected by any of the little things to which most mortals are humanized. A rare,

Garbo's Choice of Gilbert



It was a strange twist of fate that put Gilbert in "Queen Christina." And all on the set admitted that he casts a magic spell over Garbo

exotic person, yet so different from any other woman in the world, that she is a fascinating mixture of shyness and mystery.

"Garbo was wearing loose lounging pajamas, a cigarette hung between her slender fingers, a script of the picture carried constantly under one arm.

"She never rehearses. But for this unusual rôle, the studio executives had persuaded her to do some rehearsing before the actual 'takes.'

"The stage was set for our most important scene—when, as *Don Antonio*, I meet Garbo in her boudoir at the inn and there discover the warm, tender woman beneath the boyish masquerade.

"And this is the part of my story I shall always look back upon with a mixture of amazement and disappointment.

"The director explained that I was to come forward, grasp Garbo's slender body tenderly, look into her eyes and, in the gesture, awaken the passion within her—that passion for which she is later willing to give up the Swedish throne.

"I went into my rôle giving it everything I had. But at the touch of my hand Garbo became frigid. I could feel the sudden tautness of her; her eyes as stony and expressionless as if she were a woman of marble.

"Rouben Mamoulian, ace director who knew exactly what he wanted, came quietly over and spoke to Garbo. He asked her to warm up to me—to try to bring some fire into her eyes—some expression of tenderness into the lovely curves of her rich, warm mouth.

"We tried it again. But Garbo was unmoved. She, the great actress, whom everyone expected to go into this tender scene with convincing abandon, was as frigid to my embrace as if she were a woman of stone.

"Mamoulian came over again. He asked me to talk to Garbo—off the set. To try to break down this intangible barrier which had risen between us; this cross current of magnetism completely out of harmony with each other. We walked away a little; smoked together, tried to talk small talk. Then we came back and went into the scene again.

"Garbo froze up as before. The director, realizing with his keen sense of screen values that Garbo's attitude would register cold, was desperate. Suddenly he flung down the script, called a halt on everything and turned to his assistants.

"In heaven's name, is there any man Garbo *will* warm to?" he cried.

One of the electricians, trying to be funny, shouted that Gilbert was the only man Garbo ever went ga-ga over.

"Get him! Get him here," the director shouted. "Get Gilbert and let's get some emotion into this scene!"

"They sent for Gilbert then. To use his presence merely as a stimulant to Garbo's emotional depth.

"I TOOK off my costume and John Gilbert got into it. As *Don Antonio*, he looked the part. And as I stepped aside, ready for Gilbert to warm Garbo to the rôle, an amazing thing happened, Garbo's face softened; into her eyes came a strange, beautiful light. Something seemed to be happening deep down inside her. A magic spell, this emotion which John Gilbert stirred within her when he took Garbo in his arms and whispered those tender phrases.

"We were watching the real thing, an astonishing reaction—Garbo's thrilling to the man she once had loved.

"The director was delighted. And what was to have been merely a rehearsal between Gilbert and Garbo became a real shot. Gilbert took my place. I relinquished the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Laurence Olivier, who came 6,000 miles to play the part, then willingly relinquished it to Gilbert



QUEEN CHRISTINA pronounces a benediction upon her people before she abdicates the throne of Sweden. With outstretched arms they pleaded with her to reconsider. This is one of the most intensely dramatic moments in the great movie story of the magnificent

Swedish queen. And Garbo, as *Christina*, has the most impressive dramatic rôle of her career. Gowned in pure white, there is a classic beauty in the simplicity of her appearance. On her head she wears no crown. Down from her throne, she faces her despairing subjects.

On the extreme right of the picture stands the handsome Spanish envoy, *Antonio Pimentelli* (John Gilbert), whom the queen loves. Behind *Antonio*, his head bowed with sorrow, is the *Chancellor Oxenstierna* (Lewis Stone), always faithful to *Christina*, and fearful now.



Photo by Charles Rhodes

The only happy face in the entire assembly is that of the scheming *Magnus* (Ian Keith). Standing at the corner of the stone pillar, wearing a richly embroidered coat, he might be taken for the queen's lover, *Antonio*, so closely do they resemble each other.

Queen Christina's abdication is a matter of history. It took place in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. For the movie production, Director Rouben Mamoulian has insisted that the throne room be carefully reproduced and that every detail of Swedish

court life be faithfully followed. The picture is true to its time. No historian could quibble with its authenticity.

It is a glorious rôle in a beautiful production for Garbo—and one that she has cherished for a long, long time.

How Sylvia CHANGED Ruth



A photo of Ruth, made three years before she went to Hollywood, while playing in "The Little Minister" on the New York stage. Her nose was broad and rounded at the tip—quite all right on the stage, but bad in films

ONE morning I went to treat Elsie Janis and found her mother, who was alive then, almost in tears.

"Ruth is sick!" she said before I had time to take off my hat. "You must go right to her.

"It's Ruth Chatterton." And with that she practically shoved me out the door.

Ruth had just come to Hollywood then. I knew she was living in Marie Prevost's house.

I rang the doorbell and a maid opened the door a crack. The house was almost dark. Silently she beckoned me up the stairs, and pointing to a bedroom door she whispered that I might go in. The room was pitch dark. Every shade was drawn.

"How do you do?" I said to the darkness. There was no answer.

I went over and pulled the curtains open a little way. Then I could see someone lying in a big bed, her face entirely covered with gauze.

"Good heavens!" I said. "What's wrong with you? You look like an Egyptian mummy."

Slowly Ruth raised herself up on one elbow and lifted a corner of the gauze to peep out at me. "Sunburn," she murmured. "And there wasn't even any sun. Richard Barthelmess and I were out fishing—five hours on the water. I got this. It's dreadful."

That was my introduction to Ruth Chatterton.

When she was cured of the sunburn I looked her over for real defects.

Her nerves were shot. She had come to Hollywood from the stage. This was just before talkies came in and she had not been able to get a job. Fine actress though she was, her nose and her figure held her back.

THEY told her at the studio that her nose photographed badly and that discouraged her. Also, she had lumps of fat above her hips at the back, large calves and her arms were too thin.

I shall never forget how relieved she was when I told her I could help her—for she knew that her whole future depended upon it.

Now, I have hesitated telling what I did for Ruth Chatterton's nose, because I'm afraid that if you girls try to do it, you won't do it right. But in these articles I have promised to tell everything I know and I'm not going to stop at this stage of the game. I'm going to let you in on the secret of shaping noses. But it is something that has to be carefully done. And if you do it yourself—and you *can* do it yourself—you must promise that you will follow directions. Guard the secret well, girls. I've never told it to anyone before!

Ruth had a little fatty bump on the end of her nose and this is what I did: If you try it, be as careful as if you were modeling something beautiful in marble. Place the forefinger of each hand on either side of the bump. Then press very, very gently.

You must *not* press hard for that will make your nose red and bulbous. Do

not press for more than half a minute at one time. But do it

over and over each day. Then

with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand

work down the nose from the top of the bridge

very gently and lightly massage the bump of fat you want removed.

In other words, model your nose as if it were

clay, but model it with a very slight pressure.

Now work on the rest of the face, for those glands affect the nose.

With the middle finger of either hand gently rub from the side of the

nostrils outwards in a



Chatterton's NOSE AND FIGURE

SYLVIA has beautified many of our most famous stars. Every month, in *PHOTOPLAY Magazine*, she tells you how she did it, and how you can work the same beauty miracles for yourself, at home. She will be glad to write you personally, too, without charge. On page 92 are some of her answers, and directions for getting advice free from this most famous masseuse.

slightly upward movement. When you're doing this do not rub the nostrils but merely around them.

I do not believe in hot and cold application, alternated. It makes the skin flabby. And I know that ice should never be used directly upon the face, for that dries and hardens the skin. However, cold water is excellent and will put plenty of pep into your skin.

So, in the general nose treatment, include this: Wash the face in luke warm water and soap suds. Rinse the suds off with warm water. Have two or three small Turkish towels handy. Soak one in ice cold water and spread it over the face. As soon as the coldness goes out of one towel, use another. Spend about fifteen minutes a day on this treatment. You'll find that it will take away that bulbous look from the nose.

It all takes infinite time and patience—shaping the nose— but anyone can do it.

As for Ruth's figure—it was just fat in spots. She did not need to reduce all over. In fact, her arms needed building up. So I did not put her on a strenuous diet. The way I took off the fat from the back of her hips and the calves of the legs was by stretching. I made her relax and then I stretched her. You can do it for yourselves like this:

LIE on the floor. Relax. Relax every muscle and feel your body becoming heavy, as if it were going to sink right through the floor. Then with your muscles still relaxed begin to stretch slowly, and feel an enormous pull. Stretch the muscles that you want reduced. It's the lazy girl's way of reducing, but it shows results.

It is best to lie on the floor on your back while stretching, with your toes caught under some heavy piece of furniture. Or, you can make your husband or a girl friend hold your feet down. Then, with your feet held, pull and stretch, pull and stretch. Do you feel that getting at the fat? You bet you do!

Now you've got to concentrate on the muscles that need to be stretched off. You can feel the muscles pulling in your shoulder blades. You can feel the pull in the calves of your legs and in the hips. When you feel that, you'll know you're on the right track.

Of course, there will be stubborn places that won't respond. These must be pinched and squeezed off.

But I had to do more than reduce Ruth. I had to try to keep her cheered up. She could not understand why she wasn't able to obtain a job in pictures.

"You're a swell actress," I used to tell her. "You've told me so yourself." I had seen her on the stage in "The Devil's Plum Tree," and I knew she was good. "Don't let Hollywood get you down." I saw her the night she got her first chance—in a silent picture with Emil Jannings. He had seen dozens of tests of other actresses. When he saw Ruth's test he said, "The girl in the picture is supposed to be naughty. This girl looks the part."

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Before Ruth Chatterton got a movie contract, Sylvia was called in to beautify her nose. In this picture, taken after she became a star, you will notice how Ruth's nose became well-shaped, correctly narrow at the tip

Do Screen Stars Act



Joe Mann (lower left-hand corner) is a celebrated maitre d'hotel who sees the screen stars as they are. Above Joe is Richard Dix—the biggest eater Joe knows. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are way up in the corner—because they always ask Joe for a table away from the crowds. And that's Charlie Farrell laughing with Virginia Valli, in the center. The family circle on the upper right is Eddie, Julia and the five little Cantors. And the gentleman watching them is Bill Powell. Down in the lower center is Von Stroheim's profile, with Lilyan Tashman next to him and, right around the circle: Ann Harding, Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton, Frank Woody, Helen Twelvetrees, Mary Pickford, and Mary Brian talking to Dick Powell. The quartet occupying the front limelight are newlyweds Hal Rosson and Jean Harlow, and Franchot with Joan



NO man, they say, is a hero to his valet. And the guy who serves the human race while they eat is pretty well up on the lowdown, too.

So Joe Mann, the celebrated Hollywood *maitre d'hotel*, knows the screen stars pretty much as they are. Joe has presided at their table for years; for eighteen years, to be exact, at Hollywood's famous dine-and-dance resorts. Cur-

rently Joe is host at the Blossom Room in the Roosevelt Hotel, whither, at some time or another, most of the stars wend their hungry way.

Of all the scintillating, captivating personalities of the silver sheet, Jean Harlow is Joe's favorite. In a general sort of way he might be said to have something of a crush on her, and all because she's such a perfect lady with a knife and fork.

"Miss Harlow generally comes here to dinner with her new husband and a party of friends," said Joe. "Never alone. And does she appreciate good service! More than anyone I know! If anyone in her party fails to leave what she considers an adequate tip, she leaves it out of her own purse—and is she the autograph seekers' idea of heaven! It's really a wonder to me how such a gracious lady can portray the sveltely-sinning screen ladies she does. She must be a wonderful actress!"

You will notice that Joe speaks of Jean mostly in exclamation points.

Another of Joe's favorites is Mary Pickford, whom he says is not only queen of Hollywood as a whole but of the Blossom Room in particular. Her table is a regular court, with the lords and ladies of filmdom bending the knee to Mary's courtly, regal little bow. But where Jean loves chicken Mary prefers fish—broiled salmon steak above anything. And eats scarcely enough of that to feed a humming-bird.

"Charlie Farrell is the friendliest person who ever comes here," Joe declares, "while Ann Harding is the ritziest, and

Like Human Beings?

Joe Mann has watched them eat for eighteen years, and he ought to know the right answer



By Henry M. Fine

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Bess Meredyth, screen writer and wife of Director Michael Curtiz, the most lavish hostess. Warner Baxter is by all odds the most democratic—half of the time you find him in the kitchen shaking hands with the help; Greta Garbo is the most dignified, and Mary Brian the sweetest.”

Ann Harding, by the way, goes for the solid foods—steaks and fried chicken—which is scarcely indicative of those

spirituelle rôles of hers. But the biggest eater who patronizes the Blossom Room is Richard Dix. A filet mignon is just an appetizer to him. He eats—and eats—consuming sirloin after sirloin, broiled rare, with copious gobs of corn and baked potatoes. When he's finished, he just gets up and goes.

“See you again, Joe,” he says. But Joe knows it's time to lay in another side of beef. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Tex's last movie—her farewell to us
—was "Broadway Thru A Keyhole"

By Nina Remen

And Now Taps Sound for Tex!

TEX GUINAN'S passing away has shocked Hollywood. They mourn her passing as a great character of Broadway. And a dozen top-notch stars of pictures today are reminiscing, as into their memories creeps the big moment of their early days—that moment when Broadway's big sister gave them a first chance and made audiences respond with her ballyhoo bark of: "Give the little girl a great big hand."

There's Ruby Keeler, for instance. And Barbara Stanwyck; Peggy Shannon, whose red hair dazzled the Guinan night club guests; Claire Luce, blonde and pretty who married a millionaire and went into pictures after the Follies; Pearl Eaton, whom Ziegfeld found at Guinan's club and who graduated from the Follies into the studios, later to marry Richard C. Enderly with one of the most dazzling weddings Hollywood has yet to know; Bee Jackson, the shimmy queen of Tex's own cabaret, who later became nationally famous as a dancer.

All looking back to those first days when, as starry-eyed youngsters, dazzled by their first glimpse of Broadway's inner circle, they thought Fate had showered them with gifts because the great Guinan had singled them out for a try-out.

Yes, there are two other well known Hollywood celebrities

who had their first opportunity under Tex Guinan's guiding hand. Sigmund Romberg. You've heard his delightful, enchanting melodies in pictures and on the stage since those days—an artist in a class by himself. Remember "Viennese Nights" and "The Desert Song"? Only a little while back, a piano player in Guinan's first slummy joint over on the East Side, Romberg was one of many theatrical folk out of work who could eat if they'd give a little free entertainment. Last year Romberg received \$3,000 for a half hour radio broadcast.

And Eric Von Stroheim—the great director whose pictures have been hailed as masterpieces by critics. Von once worked as a waiter at Guinan's first club which she called "Gypsy Land."

Von Stroheim wasn't really a waiter, however. He was a great artist, struggling for recognition. But even great artists get hungry once in a while. And Von found sustenance in Guinan's recognition of genius long before any other person realized Von Stroheim had something real to offer.

He waited on tables. And in between the coming of patrons, he and Tex Guinan engaged in long, fascinating talks about movies and what could be done with this medium of expression if only one might get a chance to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

A host of Hollywood stars owe their start to the Night Club Queen



Elmer Fryer

HIS name is Chief Thunder Horse, of the Sioux tribe. Under the bronze make-up, and in spite of the black braids, you may recognize Dick Barthelmess. Dick was recently inducted into the Sioux tribe and made a tribal leader by the famous chief, Standing Bear. As the Indian hero of "Massacre," Barthelmess should give a convincing performance

Marion Davies' Beach



MARION DAVIES has for many years been queen of Hollywood's society. And, as befits a queen, she lives in a palace and here friends are royally entertained



THE marine room is one of the more informal rooms of the house—where small parties are held and games are played. It is entirely panelled in genuine English walnut and furnished with fine period pieces. Note the massive beauty of the big library desk



THIS is the main dining room, used for formal dinner parties. The paintings are all original old masters. These and the beautiful Oriental rug give the room a rare richness of color. The dazzling array of silver is old English sterling serving pieces

House at Santa Monica



THE lovely lady of the house, Miss Davies, divides her time these days between social life at home and work at the studio. She recently finished work on "Going Hollywood"

Photos by
Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE music room, one of the smaller rooms, is brightly decorated, with patterned draperies, a lovely white mantel piece, and a marble-top table. Ceiling is painted with murals. This room, like the others pictured here, commands a splendid view of the ocean front

THE gold room is the most elaborate room in the house. The walls are decorated in gold-leaf against a gold background. The draperies are gold brocade and the chairs are upholstered in the same material. It is the room used for very formal social functions





Elmer Fryer

SHE'S known as the hard-luck lady of Hollywood, and the pluckiest girl on the screen. Every time things look bright for Mae Clarke, there's an ambulance just around the corner. But in spite of illnesses and tough breaks, Mae retains her beauty and her courage. Here's hoping 1934 is full of happiness for her. Her next feature is "Lady Killer"

Look Out, Jack, for "Ma"!

If she grabbed the Oakie spotlight in her first film what's coming?

By Sara Hamilton

"NOW, Ma, listen." "Now, look here, Jack Oakie, *you* listen. Why can't I be a movie star if I want to? Go on and tell me that. Give me three good reasons."

"Well—" "Just as I thought. You can't think of a thing to say. Not a single reason." Mrs. Evelyn Ofield (she's adopted the name Oakie for her screen name) peered in the mirror.

"When you come right down to it," she observed, "Jean Harlow's hair is no whiter than mine. Is it?"

"Aw, Ma, you—" "Hush. Has Mae West any more curves than I've got? Tell me that, Jack, go on and tell me."

"Well—" "Keep still. And tell me this. Has anyone had more experience at playing your Ma than I have? Your own mother? Now, answer that one."

"Well—" "Stop talking so much. I know I'm sixty-five, Jack. I know that and I'm proud of it. For let me tell you, young man, all the best actresses in this business are over fifty. Look at Marie Dressler. Look at May Robson. Look at Alison Skipworth."

"Ah, now, Ma, *you* look at them, I—"

"And there isn't a young whippersnapper in the movies half as good. Say something. Don't sit there like a bump on a log."

"Well—" "Good. It's all settled then. You need a mother in this new picture 'Too Much Harmony' and, my boy, you've got one. Right here at home. And I'm playing the part in the picture. Always wanted to be a movie star anyhow, so I might as well start now while I'm still young, and get going. Now, don't you think I'm right?"

"No, I—" "That's a good boy. I knew you'd agree. Now, when do we start?"

AND so began the career of one Mrs. Evelyn Oakie. And once begun it kept growing like a snowball rolling down hill. Stealing all her son's thunder and loving it. All Hollywood began chuckling and grinning at the comical and unique situation of having one's own limelight taken away by one's own "ma." Was it fun?

For instance, into the Paramount commissary at noontime,



Right to the center table marches Mrs. Oakie, stopping here and there to sign autographs. Only way Jack gets any attention these days, is by being nice to "Ma"

with its quota of writers, reporters and amazed spectators, would sweep Ma Oakie. Head high. Blue eyes twinkling. Her grand face covered with make-up. Beaming. Right to the very center of the dining-room, to the most conspicuous table marches "Ma." Bowing, smiling. Deliberately creating an entrance. Oh, boy.

And while every eye was focused on "Ma," in would steal Jack. Unobserved and unsung. Usually the center of attraction, he now would sit strangely quiet and subdued. Uncertain as to just what had happened all of a sudden and why. While "Ma" signed dozens of autographs and blew kisses to the balcony.

Was it a riot? Hollywood's famous wisecracker with nothing left to say.

"Now, Ma," Jack observed the first day she reported to the studio, "I don't want you to think anything I do around here is strange or anything. I mean I'm kinda used to being myself, and if I feel like wading in the fish pond—why, I wade. They kinda expect it of me, see? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Cal York *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



MIRIAM HOPKINS and King Vidor were dining in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby of a Sunday Eve—but not together. With backs very pointedly turned. Miriam was in a party with Lubitsch, and King with a non-professional young lady.

Apropos of the Vidors, Eleanor Boardman Vidor is in Europe, much in the company of Harry D'Arrast. There is a strong rumor they will be married.

MARY ANN is one of the largest elephants in captivity and usually takes direction like a veteran. But she felt a trifle stubborn the other morning during a scene in "Jimmy and Sally"—and you know what a lot an elephant has to be stubborn with. . . .

Finally up spoke Jimmy Dunn, with a bright solution.

"Why don't they put her on casters?"

AN argument between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill nipped their marriage plans in the bud.

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland at the preview of their film, "After Tonight," the first photo of them taken together off screen. Gilbert doesn't always attend previews without a necktie. The Marquis was in Paris

NOW that it has been settled that the costumes Ginger Rogers and twenty-four chorus girls will wear in their version of Sally Rand's fan dance will weigh one and one-half ounces, instead of one-half ounce, (each, of course) Paramount has put in an order for forty-seven mirrors, four feet wide and twelve feet high, to be used to the best advantage in the dance.

THE actors wearing masks in "Alice in Wonderland" couldn't hear through them. They had no way of telling when the other characters had stopped talking, so a wig-wag system was invented, using lights. The red light started the *Duchess*; a white light, and the *Cook* went into action.

WHEN Adrienne Ames divorced Stephen and married Bruce Cabot at Carlsbad, New Mexico, she was scheduled to play in Paramount's, "The Trumpet Blows," but has been replaced by Frances Drake, the English stage importation. Coincidence or?—



Acme

Little Maria Sieber, who played the rôle of her mother, Marlene Dietrich, as the child Catherine the Great of Russia. Now the truant officer's after her, but she's finished her part, so what has she to worry about?

Hollywood Goings-On!

MAX BAER is a knockout in that knockout picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady." He's burning up hearts, too, right and left and he's doing a Bill Powell-Carole Lombard, for Max took his ex-wife, Dorothy Dunbar, to a preview of his picture!

PATSY RUTH MILLER is back in Hollywood, after shedding a husband and ten pounds in Europe. The new heart is Abe Lyman, the old maestro.

JIMMY DUNN doesn't seem to have the luck of the Irish. On the way to the marriage bureau Lona Andre thought twice. They returned without it.

ETHEL GREER, the circus fat lady, weighs 637 pounds; her husband only 140.

When Ethel was working in Clara Bow's picture, "Hoopla," the husband visited the set.

Watching Clara do a hula dance in a grass skirt, he said:

"I never could see why some fellows go for these skinny girls."



Wide World

A small fortune has been spent on these youngsters, and yet they remain charmingly unaffected. They are Sydney and Charles Chaplin, Jr. who appear totally unconcerned about court battles between parents Charlie and Lita over them



Thelma Todd found the Three Little Pigs—all stuffed—in a theater lobby, and started to take them home. But the big, bad wolf, in the person of the theater manager, caught Thelma, and the pigs are back in the lobby

WELL, the Marquis evidently meant just that when he said, on the eve of his recent trip to Paris, it was purely for business reasons. He has returned to Hollywood and Constance Bennett. Connie worked with Gilbert Roland in the picture "After Tonight" in his absence.

THE chorus men in "I Am Suzanne!" began by letting Lilian Harvey slip during an adagio rehearsal. This decorated her with lovely black and blue contusions on both legs and hips. Then they pelted her with cotton snow-balls. One must have been loaded because it hit home and made her nose bleed. So they thought it was time to do something constructive—whereupon each contributed fifty cents and bought her a load of roses.

WALKING over to the Paramount commissary past "dressing-room row," one encounters a heavy, sweet exotic fragrance. On investigation, it proves to be the tuberoses in Marlene Dietrich's dressing room—hundreds of 'em. The favorite Dietrich flower.



Art Director Hans Dreier shows Charlotte Henry and Director Norman McLeod the Duchess' house, designed for "Alice in Wonderland." Charlotte won't have trouble getting in that doorway after she nibbles the mushroom

GRETA GARBO undertook a man-size job by breaking in a pair of riding boots she wears in "Queen Christina."

PAINTING her own house, with the assistance of her butler, Lupe Velez said:

"Aw; we just put on the first coat, then let the decorators make it look like art."

CHARLES FARRELL was mentioned to play opposite Janet Gaynor in "Carolina." Robert Young has been assigned for the rôle. Henry Garat, whom Janet wanted and got for "Adorable," is making a picture for Fox in Paris with Lili Damita.

JIMMY DURANTE has patented his name. If anyone wants to name a candy bar after him Jimmy wants a cut. Jimmy didn't think it necessary to patent his schnozzle.

AT last Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's last remaining sphinx, has spoken. The occasion was a national broadcast. Charlie was

plainly fussed at first and muffed a few words. But he finally hit his stride to prove it is not the lack of a recording voice that has made him stick to pantomime.

Will this first sweet taste of audibility result in a Chaplin talkie?

WALLACE FORD offers what he says is a new simile: "As out of luck as a moth in a nudist colony."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER has just set some sort of a record. Working on the "Tarzan" set 'til midnight Saturday, Johnny made a flying leap to join his party in a waiting car and drove the hundred miles to Palm Springs, there to disport himself with his Lupe in the pool—until it was time for him to play three hours of baseball.

Following this came an afternoon in the desert on horseback, dinner, a Palm Springs evening and, at three in the morning, a start back to Culver City and the mines.

Monday morning, promptly at eight, they tell us, Johnny was aboard an elephant, all made up to beguile his jungle love.

THE attitude of Margaret Sullavan, Universal's new found star, toward Hollywood and pictures is becoming classic, although some believe just a little overdone.

In reply to a telegram asking if she cared to put her card in local trade papers with the première of "Only Yesterday," came La Sullavan's answer, that she had "just seen the picture, and her next advertisement would be an obituary."

This, when everyone was agreed that "Only Yesterday" was an excellent picture, and her own work outstanding.

YOU are going to see a new name in "Trigger," a fine character actress, whose name on the cast will read "Nan Sunderland." Her other name is Mrs. Walter Huston. She will play a mountaineer mother in this new Katharine Hepburn picture.

CHICO MARX, they say, called up the Hollywood's Women's Exchange and inquired what they had to offer for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite.

IT sounds like a motion picture comedy gag but those who were there say it actually happened at Buster Keaton's second wedding to Mae Scrivens Hawley. The first, you recall, was at Ensenada, Mexico, last January. The



Wide World

Remember Baby Peggy — one of the popular child stars of silent movies? Fifteen now, she uses her last name, Montgomery. Peggy's in "Eight Girls in a Boat"

second followed when Natalie's California divorce became final.

Buster and Mae wanted to make certain everything was okay.

Filling out the necessary blanks on the application for a license, the clerk asked Buster his occupation.

"Well, some people will argue about it," replied Buster, "but I'm a motion picture actor."

The clerk turned inquiringly toward Mrs. Hawley.

"Nurse," she said.

The clerk took it big.

"Did you say nersts?" he exclaimed.

CAMERAS prefer blondes, according to Bette Davis' mother—and as mother was a photographer, Bette took mother's advice and went blonde.

CLARENCE BROWN'S secretary, Marion Spies, was escorting a visiting group round the M-G-M lot.

"Hey, Charlie," called Miss Spies kiddingly to an assistant director. "Can't we go visiting on the Garbo set?"

Charlie's face took on an expression of acute distress, and he appeared momentarily tongue-tied.

For there, in a big old limousine, stand-



When Jack Woody, Jr. came to the studio to see his mother, Helen Twelvetrees, he wanted to show everybody on the set that he had learned to walk. Work halted while the cast of "King for a Night" stopped to watch him



Just a couple of pals having a quiet smoke. Monko saw Dick Arlen with a pipe, and he insisted on having one, too. Dick, however, didn't demand spectacles!

ing by the stage door, was Garbo herself. She covered her face—and then slid off the seat, right onto the floor of the car.

The party sauntered on, convinced that Garbo did *not* care to be seen!

THE six girls picked by Busby Berkeley, famous New York dance director, have hung up a new Hollywood record.

Six days after arriving in Hollywood, here is what they had accomplished:

Blanche McDonald, who had won the title of "Miss California" in an Atlantic City beauty contest, had undergone an appendicitis operation, with resulting complications.

Marie Marks, "Miss Missouri," developed appendicitis almost immediately after her arrival in Hollywood.

Marjorie Murphy, still another of the "Lucky Six," had tonsillitis and was confined to her bed.

Claire Augerot put in a couple of days work and then joined the invalids via the influenza route.

The remaining two kept right on working in "Hi, Nellie."

WHILE Helen Vinson was on her way to work one morning her car stalled at a busy street intersection.

It didn't flatly refuse to go. It merely made futile gasps and gurgles, occasionally lurching ahead a few feet.

Traffic piled up behind Helen while the signals changed from green to red, from red to green, from green to red, and so on.

Finally, a red-headed cop came up along side and said in a plaintive sort of tone:

"What's the matter, lady? Haven't we got any colors you like?"

STILL confined to his bed at his home near Newhall, Bill Hart gets a terrific kick out of knowing his fans have not forgotten him although he has not made a picture since 1925.

Bill receives about thirty letters a day, which is a lot more than some present day favorites receive.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

MERRY EX-WIVES

THE Society for the Prevention of Divorce in Hollywood was in full swing. The girls, all famous in what are known as pictures, or—even more lightly—movies, were crowded about the small 82 x 125 snowwhite living-room of Lil Tashman. Decorated, of course, by Willie Haines (even to the china hop toads).

All the members were in the room, that is, all except Bennett, the Constance, who, because she was at the moment unfriendly with Lil, refused to enter. And so stood outside the living-room window adding helpful suggestions to the proceedings within. And typically enough, the people within thought it neither odd nor unusual. Except to feel in a vague way that in some way Warner Bros., or even 20th Century, would pay extra for it. With the tax.

An exposé of former husbands to warn the innocent and brighten the happy family circle

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

"Now girls," Lil began, "we're here to lay our cards on the genuine antique Louis Quatorze table. And talk plainly. This divorce business has got to stop. And for more reasons than one. Mainly, however, because all the men have been married and remarried until we're right back with the same weird individuals some of us started with. Take the case of Lita Loma. What happened to Lita? After four delightful divorces, Lita married again only to discover two days after the

wedding, her husband was one she'd had before. She recognized him by the strawberry frappe mark on his shoulder and the way he sang 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town, Tonight, My Baby' in his bath. The song dated him. She recognized him immediately as a 1905 number with a new paint job and slight carburetor adjustments. But you can't fool Lita. And so died another beautiful love in Hollywood.

"As you know, girls, as far as I can remember, I've never been divorced, so I'll just sit back and let the rest of you get to business. It's been proposed that each one step forward, tell as briefly as possible all the faults and drawbacks to her past or present husband, so when it comes time to change husbands all over again, we girls may know ahead of time all their little eccentricities and be prepared to cope with them.

And even understand them. For instance, there would be fewer divorces today in Hollywood if we but knew why certain husbands insisted upon throwing fish to Elsa Maxwell at every party or—"

"Who iss Elsa Maxwell?" drawled Dietrich from her corner, tugging at her mannish collar.

"And so girls, go to it," said Lil. "And between speeches I'll model a few of my newest mid-winter frocks for your jealous disapproval." There was a loud sniff from Bennett's window.

"Ladies," spoke up Chatterton, "I intend to be brief. I can and do honestly say this about 'Rafe' Forbes. You'll find him a delightful dinner companion. A



"Yoo hoo, Gary, wait for us." They rushed out, Connie Bennett leading, with Lil Tashman, ZaSu Pitts and Carole Lombard right behind. Every girl took up the chase

of HOLLYWOOD

marvelous conversationalist. A splendid gentleman. But he will insist that the compelling emotion or lyricism of Brahms' third symphony is not in every way comparable with Beethoven's piano concerto in G major."

"Oh, that's awful," moaned little Mary Carlisle. "My uncle had that once and broke out all over. Why——"

A nudge from Mrs. Fredric March silenced the wide-eyed Mary.

"Girls," said Mrs. March, taking the floor. "I've never lost a husband, but still I think I ought to advise you about Freddie——"

"Go on, go on," the girls urged.

"Well, I hate to say this, but at the most unexpected times he wants to play 'Hyde and go Jekyll.'"

"Goody, goody," clapped little Carlisle. "Can he play 'Heavy, heavy, what hangs

over'? You see, someone sits in a chair and——"

They gently rolled Mary under the davenport and stuffed cushions around the edges. Which only convinced



Mary they were about to play "Hyde and go Jekyll" and she was "it."

"Now, go on," they said to Mrs. March.

"Well, it comes on him at the strangest times, as I said. Recently at a formal dinner at our home, and right after the crepe suzettes (she paused to let this sink in), he fell to twitching." "To what?"

"To twitching. Instantly I knew in another moment he'd either be a *Hyde* or a *Jekyll*——"

"Or a Barrymore," flipped Bennett from her window. Mrs. March sat down in the ermine covered chair (also by Willie Haines) in confusion.

"Junior is okay," began Carole Lombard.

"She means Bill Powell," someone whispered.

"But the trouble with Junior is that he wants to be *Philo Vance* when I'm worn out after a hard day's work. He keeps insisting I'm a clue. I mean after a strenuous day's dieting it's too trying to come home and find Junior going under the davenport or up and down Dick Barthelme's back with a spy glass. Or wanting me to be a clue and hide in the laundry bag so he can track me down. I mean I've spent more nights in the laundry bag [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S



Hepburn knows no fear because the bugaboo has never been planted in her mind. Yet her inferiority complex worked so far toward the "superiority" form, she was misunderstood

"IF Katharine Hepburn had been pretty as a child, I don't believe she would ever have become famous."

The man who spoke was William J. Fielding, eminent psychologist. His opinion sounded wild, and it commanded attention.

"Hepburn was probably the ugly duckling among the children in her neighborhood," Mr. Fielding explained, "she was not a good-looking child. Being sensitive, she was keenly aware of this inferiority.

"She saw prettier children—because of their physical charm—receiving the attention of adults and the admiration of playmates.

"Like all children, she too craved the security of being admired, of getting praise and commendation. But she was intelligent enough to know she could not compete as a 'pretty child.'

"So, it became very important to her to achieve, to 'be somebody.' And all the intense determination of this youngster was bent toward the realization of this ambition—really, I believe, as a compensation for her plainness."

There have been many attempts to explain Hepburn's success. Without beauty, without fame, this girl's name rang 'round the world in less than six months after she had set foot on the sacred territory known as a motion picture lot. With her first picture, she forced hard-boiled Hollywood and a skeptical public to recognize her as a star.

AND now, here was a recognized psychologist saying that her success was indirectly due to the fact that she had been a homely child!

Mr. Fielding's theory sounded logical, and it certainly was an interesting explanation. Neither could it be lightly dismissed, for he is an authority on problems of human behavior, and the author of several books, including "Love and the Sex Emotions."

"You believe then," we tracked him down, "that Hepburn, as a child, had an inferiority complex which made her ambitious to excel and spurred her on to success."

"Exactly," he answered.

"Well, what about all these other homely little girls who have inferiority complexes because they don't have curls? Very few of them turn out to be Hepburns!"

"True," the psychologist admitted. "We have to concede, of course, that Miss Hepburn has talent. But talent very often remains buried and undeveloped. I believe that Miss Hepburn's genius might have remained latent and unobserved if the tremendous urge to achieve had not spurred her on.

"However," he continued, "if you asked me to name the most potent factor that accounts for her spectacular success, I should say it is her great good fortune in the matter of parents."

"You mean she inherited her ability?"



INFERIORITY COMPLEX

This analysis of the eccentric star's emotional make-up, by an eminent psychologist, may surprise you

By Virginia Maxwell

"Oh no. I don't know about that," Mr. Fielding answered. "I am speaking of the way her parents treated her as a child.

"From what I understand of her childhood, she was treated as a personality, an individual. What is even more important, she was never made a victim of the 'you can't do that' bugaboo. Her parents treated her positively instead of negatively. They said 'yes' oftener than 'no.' They said 'do' instead of 'don't.'

"Most of us are trained, by parents, to fear things before they happen. Well-meaning fathers and mothers build obstacles of fear in their children's paths—and often these obstacles are insurmountable."

Many adults can look back on their own childhood and see that Mr. Fielding is right. For most children, there is a constant parade of "can'ts" and "don'ts," checking them, restraining them, making them uncertain and afraid.

After they are grown up, they say to themselves, "Don't do that, you might get hurt," or "Be careful now, that isn't safe," or, "You can't do it, you never were good at that sort of thing!" Echoes from childhood! And while these can'ts and don'ts may



A different *Jo* perhaps from the one visualized in reading "Little Women," Hepburn gives to this rôle some of that hidden fire of determination William J. Fielding sees in her

be imaginary—they are, none the less, very potent obstacles to success.

It is true that Katharine Hepburn's parents did not repress her. She was a sensitive child, and, according to the psychologist, had an inferiority complex. If her parents had thwarted her small ambitions as a child, if they had discouraged her with "can'ts" and made her uncertain by saying "don't" she might have grown up to be quite an ordinary young lady; one who

now, in her middle twenties, might be saying, "Yes, I always loved the theater. Oh no! I never considered going on the stage! I'm

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 100]

In the hills Hepburn's spirit roves free as a bird. Few understand this quality. They call Katharine eccentric



A Pair of Wuppermanns



It is all very confusing. Those Wuppermann boys are always mixed up! But look carefully and get it straight now—once and for all. From left to right: Frank, Mrs. Ralph, Mrs. Frank and Ralph

By Judith Stone

This is the older Wuppermann, when he was very young. He had no trouble at all winning ample attention



"YOU can't disgrace the name of Wuppermann!" said stately Mrs. Wuppermann. Regal as Hamlet's queen mother, she drew herself up to her full height and looked sternly down upon her son.

At the moment her son was engaged in trying on a blond wig for the melodrama to be presented that night by the Dramatic Club of the Holy Trinity Church in Harlem.

The boy looked at himself critically in the mirror.

"Being an actor isn't going to disgrace a name," he answered, carefully adjusting the wig. "Besides, I'll change my name."

"Well, Ralph, you'll *still* be a Wuppermann, and I simply will not—"

"Excuse me, mother, I'll be back in a second." And the boy in the wig ran downstairs to get the grease paint he had left on the kitchen window sill.

Ralph had a little brother. His name was Frankie. They looked very much alike except that Frankie was still somewhat round-cheeked and cherubic looking, and didn't try to slick his curls down. He was the favorite boy



This is the younger Wuppermann—before he had theatrical ambitions. Even then he resembled his brother

soprano at St. Thomas' church. As yet Frankie had no theatrical ambitions. He was far more interested in chasing fire engines. But silently and fervently he hoped that Ralph would win the heated arguments with his parents.

And several years later when Ralph tossed up his job as clerk in a law office to take a small rôle in a stock company, Frank was as pleased as his mother was angry.

Ralph kept his promise to Mrs. Wuppermann. He changed his name. He called himself Ralph Morgan.

The young actor's rise on the New York stage was steady, and his position of prominence in the theater was soon established.

Frank, in the meantime, was working for his father who was American distributor for an imported bitters. Frank's job was monotonous and his salary was seven dollars a week.

But when he had "time off" he could go around to the Lambs Club and other famous haunts, where he was introduced, grandly, as "Ralph Morgan's brother."

Finally, the routine at Mr. Wuppermann's place of business became too deadly for Frank. He ran away. He went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to punch cows. But before he learned to throw a lasso, he was roped into a poker game—and cleaned out.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



NOW you know her and now you don't!" Just to prove that the woman star of 20th Century's new film, "Moulin Rouge," really is Connie Bennett, the lower picture shows how she appears in part of the story. The larger one shows her highly effective "dual rôle" disguise as a brunette French actress, used at several points in the action

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *DESIGN FOR LIVING*—Paramount

THREE artistic souls in Paris, with somewhat "unconventional," shall we say, views of morals, and a triangle that reverses the usual order! That is, it's the girl, Miriam Hopkins, who just can't keep playwright Fredric March and artist Gary Cooper sorted out as lovers! The result promises to be highly sophisticated, and it is.

Starting from the first "gentlemen's agreement"—that they'll just be friends all around—it goes through breakdown after breakdown of this arrangement, with plenty of excitement, excellent acting and sparkle, all the way. Finally in despair Miriam seeks an answer by marrying Edward Everett Horton. But in the fadeout—well, see it!

It's a daring theme, but artistically and sparkingly handled throughout, in Ernst Lubitsch's best style.



★ *HAVANA WIDOWS*—First National

MANY attempts have been made to wring fun from Havana high-jinks on the part of playboy (and play-girl) Americans, but this one really rings the bell.

Ex-burlesque chorines Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell decide to take a short road to fun and wealth by trying their wiles on supposedly rich playboy Guy Kibbee, while under the influence of the Havana spirit. They get away to a good start, with Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins, both in top form, figuring largely. But then how things go wrong—as wrong as they could in a Cuban election!

The final twist adds a grand laugh, and proves that the tale was concocted by people who know their comedy.

For an evening of real fun that will banish troubles, you can't go wrong on this.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *LITTLE WOMEN*—RKO-Radio

IF this is not the finest picture in years, it is certainly among the sweetest, most lovable, and most exquisitely done. The Louisa M. Alcott classic story has actually been improved by its superbly beautiful screen translation, because the rich character and depth possessed by the story have been freed from the somewhat saccharine sentimentality which overlaid them in the book.

Certainly "Little Women" represents sheer genius in its human, intelligent direction by George Cukor, and in its artistic capture of the spirit of its period, the 1860's and 1870's. It is a picture of triumphs—for Katharine Hepburn, who as *Jo* rises to a greatness scarcely rivaled by any other actress in Hollywood; for Frances Dee, Joan Bennett and Jean Parker, who give splendid performances as *Jo's* sisters; for Paul Lukas, Spring Byington, Douglass Montgomery, Edna May Oliver, Henry Stephenson—for every member of its perfectly selected cast. The story could not have been lived out in real life more realistically than we see it portrayed on the screen.

The story forces repeated tears, then deftly brushes each away with a smile, as a family of girls finds life drawing them relentlessly from the girlhood they loved. Whatever your taste in pictures, you will feel its charm, you will sense the joys and sorrows of the family as keenly as they, because this picture is a genuine masterpiece of portraying and kindling emotion.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE WOMEN THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY
DESIGN FOR LIVING HAVANA WIDOWS
ONLY YESTERDAY THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET
DUCK SOUP THE MAD GAME

The Best Performances of the Month

Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women"
Paul Lukas in "Little Women"
Max Baer in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
Otto Kruger in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
Gary Cooper in "Design for Living"
Fredric March in "Design for Living"
Margaret Sullavan in "Only Yesterday"
Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street"
Dorothea Wieck in "Cradle Song"
Chester Morris in "King for a Night"
Richard Arlen in "Hell and High Water"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY—M-G-M

MAX BAER wins! Not only did he make the best prizefight picture ever shown, but he serves unmistakable notice on Hollywood that he's challenging every "male menace" known to screendom for the championship with the ladies!

He isn't on the screen ten minutes before you hear the whispered comparisons running through the house. He backs this up with as smooth an acting job as though he'd been in Hollywood for years. And after his rousing fight with Carnera (in person) there isn't a male sneer anywhere.

The oft-told story shows him starting as a barroom bouncer, being recognized and built up by down-and-out "Professor" Walter Huston, former trainer of champions, until he cuts out Myrna Loy from gangster Otto Kruger and challenges Carnera for the world championship. But success and the ladies turn his head, and he breaks with Myrna and Walter before the big fight. And how that fight wows the men folks!

With Jack Dempsey (also in person) refereeing, Max and Primo sock each other through the ropes, down for the count of nine, and all the rest—and it's real socking, too. Of course, they took care to bring the story out right, but you'd never guess it just by watching.

Finally, the story has real punch, and everyone in it, including Vince Barnett, turns in a gem of acting. So it's an entertainment knockout for everybody.



★ ONLY YESTERDAY—Universal

A REAL star blazes forth in the cinema heavens this time, and no mistake! After seeing this simple, but intensely moving play, you'll always have a place on your movie-going program whenever Margaret Sullavan is billed!

It's the simple story of how Margaret loves John Boles, not wisely, but too well—with the consequences to be expected when he goes to war without knowing what has happened. She won't tell—not even years later when their love is rekindled, in spite of his marriage—until she is dying. Then a letter reveals it, in time to give him new incentive for living after the stock market crash.

That's the story, but the exquisite work turned in by Margaret Sullavan, the superb feeling of John Stahl's direction, give it utter, compelling charm.



★ THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Warners

AN epic quality and Kay Francis' superb performance of a rich rôle, lift this tale—based on the famous old Floradora Sextette—into poignant, compelling drama.

It's a case of chorus girl Kay being too fascinating for her own happiness. After turning down admirer John Halliday, she marries Gene Raymond, only to have Halliday kill himself in her house. Result—twenty years in prison for Kay, while hubby Gene is killed in the World War.

Life means little to Kay after she gets out, except for her daughter, delightfully played by Margaret Lindsay. So it seems easy to drift into association with gambler Ricardo Cortez—until the daughter becomes involved, and Kay must face another and final tragedy. It's grandly done by all, and Kay is superb throughout.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



DUCK SOUP
—Paramount



A GAIN the Four Marx Brothers crash through with a package of hilarious nonsense that is rib-tickling fun for all who don't care whether their fun has reason to it. They're all mixed up this time in a revolution and other troubles in mythical Fredonia—and what a land it must be, judging from what happens! But the action is fast, the dialogue is faster, and the Marxes fastest of all. It's a riot!



THE MAD GAME—Fox



"SET a crook to catch a crook"—so they release beer baron Spencer Tracy from prison to catch his former lieutenant, J. Carroll Naish, who's gone in for kidnapping. Spencer's glad to do it, after what J. Carroll did to him, and he gets his man. Claire Trevor supplies the love interest exceedingly well, and it is a powerful if somber treatment of the theme. Not for children.

CRADLE SONG—
Paramount



A S in "Maedchen in Uniform," beautiful, sensitive Dorothea Wieck infuses ethereal charm throughout this, her first American picture. In it she's a nun who pours out all her wealth of mother love upon a foundling left at the convent. Sir Guy Standing, Evelyn Venable, and Louise Dresser add finely played rôles. Some may not care for the unexciting theme, but if you appreciate charm in acting, here it is.

FEMALE—
First National



B RIGTH chatter and amusing situations prove that a big business girl is just female after all. Ruth Chatterton is head of a large motor company and the boys around the office are mere game for her until she meets young inventor George Brent. He convinces her *he* is different and even makes her like him as boss. An excellent Chatterton portrayal; watch for Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Pettigrew*.

KING FOR A NIGHT—
Universal



C HESTER MORRIS as *Kid Gloves*, minister's son, turns prize-fighter. You become more and more fond of this likable, cocky youngster as the film unreels. Helen Twelvetrees, *Kid's* sister, considers him above all else, and he reciprocates her affection. This picture should make a big hit with fight fans. Chester and Grant Mitchell turn in grand performances.

HOOPLA—
Fox



C LARA BOW should be a natural for the writhing and cwriggling carnival dancer in the favorite stage play, "The Barker," but it doesn't pan out that way. She vamps Richard Cromwell, son of barker Preston Foster, per agreement with Minna Gombell, discarded sweetie of Preston, and there's considerable yardage of Clara that her followers might enjoy looking at it. But as a tale it won't thrill.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

SON OF A SAILOR—
First National



AS a swaggering sailor with an expansive imagination and a glib tongue, Joe E. Brown covers a lot of ground in his rollicking way, sampling everything from a gold braid dinner to Thelma Todd as a brunette siren—including a “pick up” by the admiral’s granddaughter, a ride in a pilot-less plane and an exclusive bomc party. Lots of clean fun and okay for Brown admirers.

TAKE A CHANCE—
Paramount



JAMES DUNN steps out of romance and shows a real talent for comedy in this musical. He and Cliff Edwards are tent-show crooks, who want June Knight built up on Broadway, through Lilian Bond’s influence with producer Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers, constant mix-ups thanks to the boys’ crooked instincts, and good acting, make this a pleasing variation on the usual “back stage” tale.

COLLEGE COACH—
Warners



FOOTBALL is portrayed as unscrupulous, hard-headed business. Coach Pat O’Brien buys up his talent and bribes passing grades for his team, to the disgust of student Dick Powell. Pat’s neglected wife (Ann Dvorak) takes on football hero Lyle Talbot, who does a grand job of being a smarty. Coach and huskies stop at nothing to win the game, but you’ll like O’Brien anyway. Fast.

CHRIS- TOPHER BEAN—
M-G-M



AS *Abby*, lifelong maid in the family, Marie Dressler bosses Doctor Lionel Barrymore, helps his daughter (Helen Mack) elope with Russell Hardie, and quarrels with the doctor’s wife (Beulah Bondi) and spoiled daughter (Helen Shipman). *Abby* alone realizes the genius of the late *Christopher Bean*, whose paintings, unappreciated and long in the doctor’s possession, soar in price. Good entertainment.

WHITE WOMAN—
Paramount



HERE’S strong enough horror for anyone! Charles Laughton as a sort of jungle Nero, rules an African kingdom, where he shelters cast-off Carole Lombard. But when she falls in love with Kent Taylor, Charles’ evil genius flares forth, and ough! What blood-curdling events do follow! A revolt of the jungle tribes ends it; and you’ll have seen a masterpiece of thrills and chills. Not for children.

MY WOMAN—
Columbia



NEVER raise your husband to be a radio star, preaches this picture in which Helen Twelvetrees loyally uses the attraction she has for radio big-shot Victor Jory, to get her hubby, Wally Ford, an ether break. He’s a riot, but can’t stand success. Drink, a society siren, and the swelled head get him the sack and give Victor the victory.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 109]

The Clown Who Juggled Apples

His audiences did
not know whether
to laugh or to cry

By *Jim Tully*

Thus, early the future great pantomimist learned the sad trickeries of necessity.

The hours of work were very long for so small a boy. Now, in affluent and famous manhood, he remembers with bitterness the agony he endured while trying to remain awake. One night, in closing the shop, he was so sleepy that he took hold of the large hot chimney of the kerosene lamp. He carries the scar of the burn today.

As a consequence of what the shopkeeper considered carelessness, the boy was discharged.

THE Fields family moved a great deal during the comedian's boyhood. They partook of the religion most prevalent in the neighborhood. As there were more Quaker churches than those of other denominations, Bill said, "We were Quakers more than anything else."

Bill's next job was that of cash boy in a large clothing store. About ten at the time, there came over him, as so often happens to high spirited boys, a revulsion to the early treadmill of labor. His mother awakened him on the morning of a heavy snow and blizzard in December. He must be at work from a suburb by eight o'clock. The cars could be made to run with difficulty. The snow was above his knees. Insufficiently clothed, with five cents carefare from his mother, he walked a mile in the heavy snow, and finally caught a car that took him to the city.

Once at work, he proceeded to do everything that would get him discharged. All was overlooked on the blizzard morning until at last, in desperation, he walked through a skylight inside the building. Even then the proprietor did not wish to discharge him. Would the boy say he was sorry? He would not. And thus the store parted with the services of its most gifted and irascible cash boy.

When spring came to Philadelphia, Bill sodded the yard for his father. Boylike, he left a rake near the gate, its teeth pointing heavenward. The father walked home, stepped blithely on the rake. The long hickory handle sprang upward even more blithely, and cracked the father of the future Ziegfeld sensation squarely on his troubled forehead.

Few men have poise when cracked in the forehead with a rake, especially if a son and heir happens to be laughing nearby.

The irate father chased his son away.

"When I returned after many [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



With all the odds against him, W. C. Fields clowned himself to success. For he knew that to be a great comedian, a man must first learn to laugh at himself

HIS friend, Henry Clive, the artist, has autographed a painting to him "of infinite variety." The life of W. C. Fields has been just that.

His earliest recollection was of thunder and lightning. He was looking out of the window and across the street—there were horses in a field running around frightened. He was frightened also. This was in a village called Rising Sun, a suburb of Philadelphia.

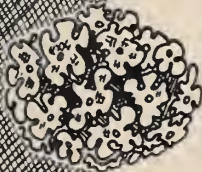
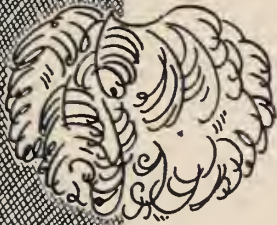
His father was a commission merchant and had a place near the wharf. He seldom made any money, but managed to keep busy riding around in his wagon. Every Friday the hay wagons came loaded to the market. Bill followed the wagons and collected stray bits of hay for his father's horse. "Of course, you must not steal it," said the father, "but if you can grab a few hands full from the wagons it will be all right."

Bill had the misfortune of being the eldest child in a poverty-stricken family. He attended school about four years.

He worked in a cigar store at nine years of age. His salary was one dollar a week. The store carried one brand of cigar, which sold for three cents. If a customer asked for a ten or twenty cent cigar, he was given the three cent brand, and charged the higher price.

As Hollywood Wears It-

Muffs - all Hollywood carries them. Three seen at recent premiere are - Mae West's of foxe, Sally O'Neil's of ostrich, and Mary Pickford's tiny red flower one -



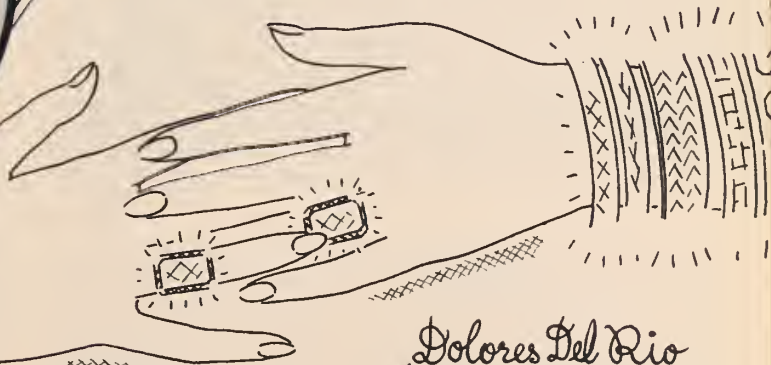
That important touch of metal. Silver stitching on a satin collar with jabot and silver interwoven with satin in Colleen Moore's belt



Exotic Peggy Hopkins Joyce introduces the new "cocktail pipe" from a famous London house. You break up your cigaret in the wooden bowl. Grand Christmas gift!



Colleen Moore wears large round silver mosaic clip on her beret and a matching bracelet on her arm -



Dolores Del Rio at the Embassy Club wears twin square-cut emerald rings, platinum nails and many jeweled bracelets -

EVENING



Otto Dyar

YOU must have a duplicate of this charming lamé gown which Rita Kaufman has designed for Helen Vinson to wear in "As Husbands Go." It is one of those ideal holiday party dresses—formal yet not so much so that you couldn't wear it to dinner and theater. The ruffled collar is of the gold lamé lined with blue taffeta. Fullness at hem

ANOTHER perfect holiday frock is this one, at right, worn by Fay Wray in "Master of Men." The satin bodice is cut low in front but Kalloch has discreetly covered the shoulders with a collar-like effect. The twisted halter about the neck is an amusing idea and can be removed if you prefer. Two clips and a wide bracelet are accents

Irving Lippman



FASHIONS

- Seymour



AND ostrich again. The lovely gown, above, of pale green chiffon is lavishly trimmed with uncurled ostrich feathers of the same shade. Travis Banton designed it for Marguerite Churchill to wear in "Girl Without a Room." The ostrich is massed below the shoulders on the gown, the chiffon cape is trimmed with it, too. A romantic dress

THE tunic for evening! Here it is at its best as worn by Fay Wray in "Master of Men." Fay has included this in her personal wardrobe and recently wore it to a première in Hollywood. The tunic is entirely beaded with a high neckline which is slit to the waist in back. The skirt beneath is of matching satin, rather full with a long train
Irving Lippman

Hollywood Puts Brighter Frocks



J. Van Trees, Sr.

LEST you think that the fox cape is part of Sally Blane's costume above, I must tell you that it is her own, worn for the occasion in her new picture "Advice to the Lovelorn." Bright contrasting vestee and sash give vivid accent to the dark silk. Amusing tubular buttons, don't you think? An unusual skirt detail

IT is Kalloch's waggish idea to put cuffs above the elbows on this costume which June Collyer wears in "Before Midnight." They look like calla lily petals and are lined with the same gold silk that makes the collar and bow on the brown tunic. Don't fear that the cuffs won't tuck in coat sleeves—they will!

Shafer



Under Winter Coats says — Seymour



Kenneth Alexander

ABOVE, Loretta Young wears a formal afternoon dress in "Born to Be Bad." Gwen Wakeling, who designed it, must have known how grand it would be for you because she has made it in burgundy colored dull velvet with naive collar of gold kid. The long peplum flares above the ankle length skirt

HEATHER ANGEL is fast gaining a big fashion following with the younger set—she knows so well how to pick youthful clothes. At right, she wears a Royer design from film "7 Lives Were Changed." Bright dark blue and red contrast here. The top gives a jacket effect though actually it is in one with the skirt
Otto Dvar



Hurrell

IT'S grand to welcome charming Lila Lee back to the screen again. She poses here in a black dinner gown from her personal wardrobe. It's the picture of simplicity with an interesting sailor-like collar and a big bow to save it from too great a severity. The favorite sheath-like silhouette again—very flattering to Lila. In silk bengaline



Otto Dyar

THIS hostess gown which Helen Vinson wears in "As Husbands Go," is so good looking that it has been copied for you as a negligée in velvet. What a perfect Christmas gift! Rhinestone buttons offset a double breasted bodice effect and rhinestone clips trim the belt. Note the high collar closing. Rita Kaufman designed it

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 115

Seymour

ANY way you look at it, this is a grand picture of the handsome Novarro. But Hollywood can't hold Ramon since he got a taste of the concert stage. While singing in Europe Ramon met Jeanette MacDonald and, together with Irving Thalberg, they planned to make "The Cat and the Fiddle" upon their return to the States. Now that the movie is finished, Ramon is turning again to flesh-and-blood audiences. He will open his second concert tour in his home town — Durango, Mexico

Hurrell





FRANCIS LEDERER, young Czecho-Slovakian actor, was a star in the theaters of Europe and the matinee idol of Broadway before he came to Hollywood. His first American movie will be "Man of Two Worlds"—story of an Eskimo who leaves Land of the Midnight Sun to invade civilization. Here he is with Sarah Padden in scene from film

Pinch Hitters That Came Through

By Ruth Rankin

BECAUSE a jack-rabbit jumped in Raoul Walsh's eye, Warner Baxter got a real break in the movies. It was when Walsh was directing and playing the lead in "In Old Arizona." The ghastly accident cost Raoul the sight of his eye, and threw the Fox studio into a panic. They had to get someone to replace Walsh—and get him pronto!

The next day a young actor was on his way out of his humble little house, going to sell automobiles. Hollywood wasn't strong for him. He had stuck it out as long as he could. Now he had been offered a steady job, and he was starting out on his first day's work as a salesman.

The telephone rang, just as he closed the front door. "Let it ring," said Warner. But he paused. The phone rang insistently. "Maybe it might be something," the thought flashed, "something about pictures."

So Warner went back and answered the telephone. In two minutes he had completely erased from his mind the idea of selling cars. Not only did Baxter pinch-hit for Walsh in the lead, but he gave an interpretation that won him the Academy Award for the best performance of the year!

"In Old Arizona" was one of the very best of the first talkies, and Baxter's resonant voice, which had won him success on the stage, made him an important contender for success in the new medium. Fox wasted no time signing him to a long-term contract—and Warner has been there ever since.

HOLLYWOOD is a land of miracles as well as heart-break. And while thousands wait, hoping against hope for a break in pictures, once in a blue moon an actor or actress drops out of a part, another is hurriedly drafted into service—and a star is made.

Sometimes it's an unfortunate accident or illness that gives the pinch hitter his break. And several times the miracle has come about when a star staged a walk-out.

Take Jimmy Cagney's walk-out for example. This sassy, young Irishman smashed his way out of small bits at the Warners Studio, and sky-rocketed overnight into a line-up at the box-office. But, outside of a small boost, his salary remained at the same modest sum.

So Mrs. Cagney's red-headed Jimmy took a walk-out. He landed in New York—and he stayed there. He knew very well



A last minute substitution gave Warner Baxter the movie break he thought he would never get. The rôle was one with Dorothy Burgess in "In Old Arizona"



Ivan Lebedeff's name might have remained obscure if he hadn't been asked to pinch hit for Astor in "The Blonde Bombshell"

that his studio had bought the big stage hit, "Blessed Event," for him—and the part of the fast-speaking columnist was a Cagney natural. They had to come to terms.

There followed a long-distance controversy that burned up the wires. Warners threatened suit—and Jimmy threatened to become a doctor. Then suddenly, there was silence.

Warners had found another "boy." His name was Lee Tracy. He could talk sixteen to the dozen, he could act—and how. Warners had a great bang-up success in "Blessed Event." They had created a new star.

Incidentally, they got the old one back as good as new—and the medical profession lost a doctor with a phenomenal bedside manner! Was everybody happy? Okay, America!

Which brings us, with a bound, to a lad named Winchell—Walter, to start with. Universal had a swell story all polished up, waiting for him. They called it, appropriately, "Okay, America!"

Actors Who Made "Breaks" Good



Carole Lombard was teamed with Clark Gable and scored a success in "No Man of Her Own," because another big star had gone temperamental

Winchell arrived in the midst of ninety per cent of his subject matter—or Hollywood—and immediately developed tax-trouble.

He was making \$2,000 a week in salary and commissions on his column. For \$6,500 every week he did three broadcasts. In addition, various and sundry hundreds a week were paid him for personal appearances. Before vaudeville collapsed, he had rated \$7,500 at the Palace. He was going to get \$75,000 for playing himself in "Okay America!"

When the frenzied finance was straightened out, taxes, etc., paid, Walter figured he would have just \$30,000 left out of the seventy-five. So he called it quits, and decided to be in California for his health only. He had arrived originally to recuperate from a breakdown, and the picture was going to be a part of the "rest."

Over at Universal was Lew Ayres, who hit the top in "All Quiet on the Western Front"—and Lew had been hitting the ceiling for another good part, ever since that memorable performance.

So Lew, as unlike W.W. as herring and whipped cream,



Reluctantly they cast Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event" when Jimmy Cagney walked out. And Tracy, the substitute, crashed through to stardom with a smash

stepped in and played the part. And gave it a whale of a performance, which propelled him right back up in the starry constellation.

Still under the Winchell influence, we proceed to "Broadway Thru A Keyhole," Winchell's story for the new 20th Century Company, over which the Jolson one-sock battle took place.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce was signed to play an important part—and walked out in a huff after discovering a striking similarity between Peggy Hopkins Joyce and the character she was supposed to play. Lilyan Tashman took up the torch—and went to the hospital a few days later with an acute appendix. This left the situation in a very dismal dither indeed.

With a burst of inspiration, casting director Rufus LeMaire recalled an old test he made sometime before of an actress named Blossom Seeley, one of the pioneer coon-shouters, an immensely popular Broadway entertainer. Zanuck looked at the test, and the trick was turned. All Blossom had to do was make the touchdown in the last two minutes of play—and Blossom scored. It was her one big chance, she realized it, played it to the hilt, and

now she's right in line for a Mae West bombshell-success.

BUT here's a double-barreled example of pinch-hitting, in which everybody comes out practically even.

Jack LaRue, then unknown to pictures, was slated to play an important part in "Scarface." He was found to be too tall for Paul Muni. So another lad, with a face also new to pictures, played the part. His name was George Raft.

Two years later George Raft, now in the spot of the privileged to say "yes" or "no," said "no" to the part of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake." It was a good fight while it lasted, and Jack LaRue, hitherto just a "rod-man" in small parts, played the rôle of *Trigger*. It would take some thinking to think up a nastier guy than *Trigger*. But LaRue imbued him with a murky, sinister unholiness that you couldn't shove out of mind in a hurry. It was his Big Moment—and he took it big. So did the audience.

Famous among recent I-don't-like-the-part

walk-outs is that of Nils Asther's departure from "The Blonde Bombshell." Nils was to do the rôle of *the Marquis* in the Jean Harlow picture.

Then suddenly Nils decided the rôle was inadequate. He wouldn't play the part.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



LILIAN HARVEY and Gene Raymond get charmingly confidential. And the puppets in the background won't interfere—not unless somebody pulls a lot of wires! Lilian and Gene are making "I Am Suzanne!" in which the puppets are important, too

Winners of \$1,500

Correct Solutions

July

Helen Twelvetrees
Sylvia Sidney
Gary Cooper
Leslie Howard

August

Joan Bennett
Heather Angel
Cary Grant
Richard Arlen

September

Ruby Keeler
Mary Carlisle
Dorothy Jordan
Marion Davies

THE Movie Muddles have been unscrambled! The judges, after an exceptionally difficult task, have selected the eighty-four cash prize winners in PHOTOPLAY's annual mid-summer contest, which was the first Movie Muddles contest ever conducted by any publication.

And as you read this, letter carriers in various parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico will be delivering checks ranging from \$500 to \$5 to the fortunate participants in one of the most novel and interesting contests ever presented to followers of the screen stars.

In three issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, the July, August and September numbers, appeared the Muddles. The parts of these were so arranged by the contestants that eight strips, when properly selected and properly interwoven, presented the picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight presented the picture of another actor or actress.

It was also possible, by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, with the sixteen strips.

Despite this seeming muddle, contestants wove the strips together presenting the correct pictures with such remarkable skill and neatness, as well as accuracy, that the judges had a muddle of their own in selecting the prize winners from the thousands of solutions entered in the contest—solutions that poured in from every State in the Union, from Canada, Mexico, and even farther away. A glance at the list of prize winners will show how widespread the interest was in this unusual and fascinating contest.

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

This staff was on the lookout for errors. Any entry that was



Just a very small number of the entries in PHOTOPLAY'S Movie Muddle Contest

incorrectly assembled or had any error in naming either a star or a picture in which the star appeared was removed from consideration.

Those which passed this preliminary test were then grouped for further examination, and it was noticeable that a high degree of skill and taste was evident in the way these entries met the requirement that each picture be accompanied, not only by the name of the star, but by the name of a picture in which the star appeared. Some presented the names only of the plays; but many used the review of the picture printed in PHOTOPLAY, and some even added the cast.

for Movie Muddles



You can well appreciate the Judges' task in selecting the eighty-four prize winners

Because one of the rules of the contest specified that, aside from accuracy in solving the Muddles and giving the required names, neatness and simplicity in the contestants' methods of submitting the solutions would count, hours of debate were required before the judges could make the final selection of prize winners.

Elaborate presentations, such as were presented in previous contests, were conspicuous by their absence.

The offering of Mildred Butler, of Shreveport, La., showing exceptional neatness in the assembling of the muddled pictures, was finally selected for the first prize of \$500.

The Prize Winners

First Prize, \$500.00

Mildred Butler
1611 Slattery Bldg.
Shreveport, La.

Second Prize, \$250.00

Howard Radatz
1815 48th Street
Kenosha, Wis.

Third Prize, \$100.00

Peggy Castle
General Delivery
Tampa, Florida

Fourth Prize, \$50.00

Myrtle Lubold
24 W. 69th St., Apt. 7-B
New York, N. Y.

(Additional prize winners on page 96)

Second prize, of \$250, was carried off by Howard Radatz, of Kenosha, Wis.

Peggy Castle, of Tampa, Fla., was awarded the third prize of \$100.

Myrtle Lubold, New York City, captured the fourth prize of \$50.

Mildred Butler, winner of the first prize, in a letter to the contest judges after she was advised her solution was being considered as one of the prize winners, said:

"I'm so excited over the possibility of winning even a small prize in a contest that I'm not able to think very well. The first thing I would do would be to pay some bills. My father has been out of work for two years and my mother has had a very serious operation that resulted in a doctor, nurse and sanitarium bill that simply ran out of all proportions. My salary as a stenographer just wouldn't make ends meet on all the expenses connected with maintaining a home. Well, if I got a prize I'd pay all those bills, and breathe freely once more. If there was enough left, my mother could take a short trip. Then with the \$5.00 left over, I'd go out and buy a hat I saw in the window. I forgot to say, of course, I'd give ten per cent of it to charity."

"It is indeed gratifying to me that my efforts in this contest have been appreciated to such an extent that I can share in the prize money," wrote Howard Radatz, winner of the second prize. "It surprised and thrilled me beyond description to hear such welcome news. Being a factory worker at present unemployed, it can readily be seen how advantageous a money prize will be after the struggles of the last three years. It is, indeed, a godsend, for which I am grateful to PHOTOPLAY. There are bills to pay, clothes to buy and the satisfaction and joy of having money that I may do my part in the 'Buy Now' campaign going on all over the country. In closing, I might add [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



EVEN Hollywood, blasé town that it is, gasped at the outpouring of screen dignitaries that turned up for the opening of "The Bowery," the first picture to be released by the new 20th Century Pictures company, fathered by Joseph M. Schenck and

Darryl Zanuck. This exclusive photograph shows a part of the illustrious crowd that filed into the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles for the occasion. Appropriately enough (counting from the policeman at the left), the parade is headed by Mrs. Zanuck

(Virginia Fox) and Mr. Zanuck. Then comes Joseph M. Schenck, and to his left, Marjorie King, escorted by one of the stars in the picture, George Raft, who plays *Steve Brodie*. Last on the left-hand page is Fay Wray, also in the film, and on the edge of the right-hand



Photo by Charles Rhodes

picture is her husband, John Monk Saunders. Over his shoulder you see Jeanette MacDonald, then Mary Pickford and the picture's soubrette, Pert Kelton (Pert has her hand up-raised). Right behind Pert we see Mrs. Charles Bigelow, mother of Jackie Cooper,

who comes next, with Louis B. Mayer. Jackie is an important player in the film. Over Mr. Mayer's shoulder, we see the famed writer, Rupert Hughes; and next to him is Paulette Goddard, escorted by Charles Chaplin. The next in line is Eddie Cantor, squiring an old

Broadway friend, Blossom Seeley; and behind Blossom, we see Sally O'Neil, back in Hollywood after a considerable absence from pictures. The last two in this parade of film notables are Russ Columbo and Sally Blane. And what a crowd in front!

Star News *from* London

By Kathlyn Hayden
PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent



He yelled at lions
"Shut up" and,
surprised, they did

London, England.

CAN you believe it! The English première of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" — and the picture was made in England — was weeks later than the first public showing in the United States. But maybe it took us English that long to gather the assemblage of notable first nighters that were present.

The list of names of stately duchesses, beautiful actresses, statesmen, playwrights and other celebrities who rubbed shoulders in the foyer would fill a whole page in PHOTOPLAY.

And, miracle of miracles, there were actually searchlights in Leicester Square — an unheard of thing in staid old London! Newspaper photographers were there *en masse* and a motion picture camera was set up. Many ambitious mothers with their enterprising debutante daughters paused and posed before the lenses, not knowing there was no film in the camera.

The young men responsible for this thought it a priceless joke. It never occurred to them that they could have coined money with their motion picture film of these great ones of England.

CONCERNING Doug Fairbanks, Sr., there is a story being whispered in select Mayfair circles. It seems that Doug, according to the rumor, let the manager of the London sales-



Doug air-planed 300 miles every night—



—To see pretty actress Gertrude Lawrence

rooms of one of the highest priced cars in the world know that he might be a prospective purchaser. Immediately, in accordance with long established custom, the manager offered the star the use of a brand-new car, complete with a liveried chauffeur, for a twenty-four hour try-out.

In this car Doug drove Prince George, the younger brother of the Prince of Wales, down to the studios at Elstree and showed him over the lot on which he and Alexander Korda preside.

Doug wasn't quite sure whether or not he liked the car, so the next day he took a little party of notables to the races with the self-same driver at the wheel. When later the manager of the motor salesrooms phoned one of Doug's secretaries, he was told



H. B. Warner re-makes "Sorrell and Son" in England

that the star decided the car wasn't quite what he wanted.

A touch of Scotch thrift?

AS for young Doug, he traveled three hundred miles every night—the round trip from Elstree to Manchester, where Gertrude Lawrence appeared in "Nymph Errant" (a musical show being tried out), now running in London.

To make the journey, young Doug chartered a private airplane, which permitted him to remain on the set of the picture he is making, "Catherine the Great," as late as seven o'clock in the evening and still be in his front row seat in time for the rise of the first act curtain of "Nymph Errant" in Manchester.

He and Gertrude are seen at some one of the smart London night clubs every night in the week. Both deny any truth in the persistent rumor that an engagement is in the offing.

WITH Charles Laughton, at the première of "Henry VIII," were his five "wives"—and they were as lovely in the flesh as they are on the screen. Laughton told me that Korda had succeeded in persuading all of these English women to be adamant in their refusal to accept tempting offers that have already come their way from Hollywood.

The girls are Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Merle Oberon, Everly Gregg and Wendy Barrie—as



She adores London and wants to stay permanently

lovely a quintette as you'd want to see.

According to Laughton, the acting of these women has created something of a sensation in Hollywood where "Henry VIII" has been on view.

They have all promised Korda to keep on saying "No," however alluring the Hollywood offers may be.

SPEAKING of girls who say "No" (sounds like a good title for a picture, what?) I had tea the other day at the Ritz with Dorothy Hyson.

You don't know her? You never heard of her?

Dear, dear!

Well, she only happened to have her name above Karloff's on billboards and in electric lights when the British-made film, "The Ghoul," was released here.

And if you can top Karloff in England you're *some* star.

DOROTHY is the daughter of that other perennially youthful Dorothy—Dickson. And although she has lived almost all of her life on this side of the water she has an American accent you could cut with a knife.

The interesting thing about her is the fact that she is probably the only human being in the world who ever had five separate offers from five different Hollywood studios—and turned them all down flat.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Made exclusively for PHOTOPLAY by Renato Toppo

BUSTER KEATON didn't intend to be a comedian. His first rôle was a serious one. But when Buster was serious, he looked so funny—he got laughs in spite of himself! The dead-pan artist has joined the foreign invasion now and is planning to leave for England to make a movie over there

Helen Twelvetrees has lived four kinds of lives. Now happily married to Jack Woody she is gradually forgetting the bitter sorrows of the past and learning to laugh all over again



Design *for* Acting

I HAVE always been inclined to smile at that line about an actress having to "live" before she can really act.

Probably you have, too. Don't you sometimes wonder just where the necessary "living" leaves off, and dramatic license begins? Hasn't it often seemed like glorified, gilded excuses for "living"?

I had a firm grip on that conviction right up until eleven o'clock this morning, when Helen Twelvetrees proved that, like many other treasured theories, that one won't hold water when you meet it face to face.

In her brief span of twenty-five years, Helen Twelvetrees has lived—both with and without quotes. This ethereal-looking little girl has lived four separate and distinct lives, and each as different as if it had been spent on a separate continent.

And she had no more to say about it, no more control over it, than you would have had.

Girls—even exquisite, poignantly beautiful little cream-and-gold girls—don't just go shopping for Destiny.

Helen explains it this way. "You can't

say 'I'll take one of these experiences, a couple of those over there trimmed in blue, and you might send along that stunning black one on approval.'

"Before you are twenty you choose, blindly, what your impulses and emotions tell you to choose. Then you desperately try to re-shape, re-organize what you have drawn, into what you want it to be. It's a form of self-hypnosis, peculiar to women. They go on fixing over—building the merest suggestion of a good point here into a lasting virtue. Weeding out a bad one there, adroitly as they know how. It works—that is, it works if they have good material to start with." Helen's stricken blue eyes were remote, far away from her spacious, serene living-room, with the cool white flowers.

Perhaps she was looking back at nineteen-year-old Helen Jurgens, just out of school, who married a young actor named Clark Twelvetrees, who was also nineteen. That was her second life—and what a life!

The girl who had lived her sheltered and protected girlhood in the comfortable Brooklyn Heights home, shielded by the

By Ruth Rankin

tender, loving care of a devoted father and mother, stepped blindly into a sea of turbulent emotions she never imagined possible—until it happened to her. A child who had never known bitterness, poverty, or the strange ways of man—a trusting, wide-eyed youngster and a perfect “natural” for cruel disillusionment.

Life moved in on the new Mrs. Twelvetrees with a vengeance. She soon discovered that her young husband, who could be so frantically in love with her, could be equally jealous, negligent, and—shall we say—temperamental?

The two years that followed were as tragic an introduction to life as any young girl has ever had. Helen would just as soon have this part skipped over. In her new happiness she has forgotten it—so far as one can forget. But this second life is an integral and important part of her amazingly complete and separate four lives. It has been erased from her conscious memory. What she cannot erase is the look of one who has seen sorrow and tragedy that lingers in her sapphire-blue eyes.

After Helen's outstanding performance in “An American Tragedy” and other plays on Broadway, she signed a contract with Fox. Helen set out for Hollywood with high hopes—and a difficult young husband.

Their days of housekeeping in a furnished room were over. But plenty of new problems cropped up.

CLARK Twelvetrees had no contract. And he was too young to get the best perspective on things. He adored his wife. She adored him. But his high emotionalism wore away the solid rock of Helen's love for him.

“You can break a lovely vase,” Helen said, thoughtfully, “and put it back together with painstaking care—gluing each separate fragment—until, at a distance, the mended places won't show. But it is never the same again. No matter how delicately you handle it, some day you will forget—and then the insecure, temporary makeshift will shatter in your hands.”

Helen Twelvetrees patched up her marriage until none of the original structure remained. The gentle girl who couldn't bear to hurt any living thing, allowed it to die a lingering, ghastly death for fully a year after a stronger-minded woman would

have severed the tie abruptly, and started over without a backward look.

Helen's next life was the play-girl. Oh yes, she was ripe for that. Where the laughter was loudest, the hour latest, there was Helen—disillusioned, bewildered, hysterically trying to be the life of the party.

Her marriage left her a heritage of debts like an ominous cloud hovering over her head. And then—the climax. Her year's contract was up, and Fox made no offer to renew it.

BAFFLED, frail wisp of a youngster, about twenty-one, alone, broke, faced with debts that would stagger any man—not a remote hope to cling to.

What does a girl do in a spot like that?

She either goes back home, defeated, and is never heard of again, or she props up her chin and sees it through.

Helen bought a ticket home. Then—she decided to stick it out in Hollywood.

Soon she was rewarded with two good parts. The one in “The Grand Parade” led to “Her Man.” Then “Millie.”

And Hollywood discovered it had been harboring, all unaware, an *actress*.

I think Helen's life actually begins here. All that went before was preparation for the very real, full, happy existence that is now hers.

Her five years in Hollywood have been filled with amazing development and experience. Fate exhausted all her whims on Helen—then capriciously turned and showered her with an abundance of the things she had so long been denied. A brilliant career, a splendid *dependable* husband (Jack Woody), a beautiful baby, a lovely home set in the midst of spacious flowering gardens.

Is it any wonder that the new Helen Twelvetrees is a radiantly beautiful young woman, with the haunted look almost gone from her eyes—all gone, when she talks about her baby.

In the spring of 1933, after she finished her first picture at Paramount, “A Bedtime Story,” with Chevalier and Baby LeRoy, Helen said, “I felt right at home, working with a baby, and a man whom my husband [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



There isn't even the *gleam* of a sock in his eye. For James Cagney has gone to the other extreme. He has donned a velour jacket and satin knee breeches, and he wins his ladies now by chucking them fondly under the chin! The recipient of this very gentle caress is Margaret Lindsay. She and Jimmy are playing together in “Lady Killer”

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

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

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck



GLORIA STUART, costumed for the leading feminine rôle in "Beloved," is appropriately pictured with a favorite perfume that is the essence of Parisian loveliness. The top of the box lifts, the front falls forward to reveal a flask of classic design

A PERFUME gift to thrill any feminine heart is this ultra-modern inspiration, used by Carole Lombard. It is an alluring, zestful scent, embodying the spirit of today. In insert, Carole's lovely hands hold the perfume in its outer covering, a chic box bound with metal and seal, after the manner of the French air mail: Observe Carole's lacquered nails

CHRISTMAS NOTES



"IT'S adorable," says Lona Andre in "Take a Chance," of this cunning atomizer, designed for the traveler. The ingenious crystal bottle is enclosed in a smart green, red, blue or black leather case. It is evaporation and spill proof

A KNICKKNACK that many girls will welcome is this protective head covering of perforated cellophane, worn by Judith Allen. It keeps curls and make-up intact when dressing and protects your garments from lipstick



COLLEEN MOORE had an orgy of Christmas shopping recently. Among her purchases is this powder set, for day and night, for every skin, in peachbloom and rachel tones. Boxed in lustrous silver, attractively beribboned in holiday mood. A gift to please everyone



FROM HOLLYWOOD



AS enchanting as the luxurious bath powder which it holds, is this silver crystal glass container. Colleen Moore likes the delicate flesh tone of the powder and the soft lamb's wool puff. When the powder is gone, you will find many uses for the lovely, unusual box



SHIRLEY GREY, whom you will soon see in "Hold the Press," is using a foreign essence, a cross between a perfume and toilet water, that has sophisticates simply raving about it. Pungent, very de luxe, it is a gift divine

"ALMOST too beautiful," comments Colleen Moore of this gorgeously packaged perfume, just off the boat from Paris. The fluted flacon, against a mirror etched with clock hands pointing to twelve, contains a heavenly odeur

Last Minute Ideas For Beauty Gifts



A REMEMBRANCE superb is this clear cut atomizer in crystal, smoke or amethyst, which delights Lona Andre. Lona repeats the importance of perfuming yourself instead of your clothing. Inside neckline, neck, ears, hair, hands are strategic points

THERE is a thrill, an electric spark, in Helen Hayes' perfume choice, attuned to the mystery, beauty and soft magic of night. Both bottle and box are imaginative creations



COLLEEN MOORE likes the delicate, subtle whiff of sophistication classically bottled in crystal column with marbled top. A perfume reflecting the glamour of life and loveliness. In perfect taste; suited to all occasions

BETTY FURNESS prefers a touch of fragrance to her ears. Her favorite is an English garden bouquet, gay, brilliant, as exhilarating as a flower bed in June. New dropper bottle

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 94)

"I FIND CAMELS HAVE
A FINER FLAVOR"

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II
OF BROOKLINE



■ Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd divides her time charmingly between her serenely spacious house in Brookline, Massachusetts and the Coolidge Island in Squam Lake. Her energy and enthusiasm are inexhaustible and besides closely supervising the education of her four children she gardens a great deal, plays badminton and tennis, swims and climbs mountains. She loves dogs and raises dachshunds with great success. She gives charming dinners and her panned oysters in a tomato sauce are celebrated. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

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

"Quality is just as important in cigarettes as in anything else. I prefer Camels because they are mild without being flat," says Mrs. Coolidge sincerely. "And I enjoy their full rich flavor—I never tire of their taste nor do they get on my nerves. Of course, I keep other brands in the house, too, in case some guest might want them, but I notice that Camels

seem to be the general favorite."

Camels keep right on tasting so good because of their costlier tobaccos. They never make your nerves "jumpy," always give you a smoke that never tires.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

*Camel's
costlier tobaccos
are
Milder*



The Smart Gift!

INEXPENSIVE—YET IT HAS
"LUXURY APPEAL"
IN GIVING



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They'll enjoy every issue, for PHOTOPLAY is chock full of those bits of news, life sketches and photos that add to the glamour of moving pictures.

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Ph-1-34



COOKIES



When the spicy, enchanting aromas drift out, Judith Allen, like most of us girls, is lured kitchenward. Here she is mixing batter for Date and Nut Sticks

Now add juice of half a lemon. Mix to smooth dough, and chill several hours. Roll out on floured board, brush over top with unbeaten white of egg, cut in shapes desired. Sprinkle sugar over cookies and add nuts, cocoanut, maraschino cherry or any decoration you like.

Bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven. Shown with cocoanut, upper right hand corner of illustration.

Spice Cookies—Cream $\frac{2}{3}$ cup butter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, add 2 beaten eggs. Then 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and alternately, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour sifted with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and 3 tablespoons sour milk in which 1 teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Chopped nuts may be added. Drop by teaspoons on buttered tins. Bake in hot oven until light brown. Pictured at bottom of illustration.

Date and Nut Sticks—Beat 2 eggs until light, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered sugar, 1 cup each chopped walnuts and dates. Add 3 tablespoons flour gradually, sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder and pinch of salt.

Spread in shallow oblong pans, buttered. Bake in moderate oven. Cut in strips before cold. Shown in upper left hand corner.

THE culinary department may not hold any special charm for you most of the year. But during the holidays, almost every girl or woman has the urge to surprise the family with little delicacies of her own making.

"Cookies," says Judith Allen, "have always been the most irresistible things turned out in a kitchen. You can vary them so much, cut fancy shapes, and really enjoy making them."

One prime favorite, this time of year, is the old-fashioned *New Year's Cake*, with caraway seeds. Here is Judith's recipe:

Beat 2 eggs until light, add 1 cup sugar gradually. Then add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons caraway seeds, 1 cup thick cream and 3 cups flour mixed and sifted with 3 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Place in refrigerator overnight to chill. Now pat out on floured board, and roll quarter of an inch thick. Cut into desired shapes with cutters. Bake on buttered sheet or tin in moderate oven until delicate brown.

Another tempter:

Butter Cookies—Cream one pound butter until smooth, add 1 cup sugar. Beat 2 egg yolks and add. Then rind of half a lemon, grated. Sift 6 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt.



“Don't let _____ warns

“When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!”

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

“DON'T let love grow humdrum!” This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

“When a man begins to take you for granted,” she says, “look out!”

Then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning — and *holding* — adoration. “Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum

HELEN TWELVETREES



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.



She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just "gets by." Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



*Let the Beauty
Soap of the
Stars make
your skin
Glamorous*



Ask The Answer Man



It's too late to run out now, Charlie. The old Answer Man has broken down and here confesses everything to your growing army of admirers

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH gave the tall, dark and handsome heroes a run for honors this month. The readers are just crazy about his line of comedy and his daffy expressions, and call him a first-rate picture stealer. They are so persistent in asking about him, that I'll just have to confess all I know.

Although he has often been taken for an Englishman, Charlie is an Indiana boy, born in South Bend, July 26, 1899. As a lad his one ambition was to be a piano tuner. This idea fell through when he woke up to the fact that he was graduating from Notre Dame University with a law degree. And all the time he thought he was studying medicine. He passed the Indiana State bar exams and hung out his shingle. Two years it hung and then he decided he would try journalism. Wrote the obituary of a prominent South Bend citizen, only to find that the man wasn't even sick. For this he was fired.

Took to doing a single in vaudeville and played every barn that would book his act. Bookings became scarce and he secured a job as secretary to J. P. McEvoy, playwright and humorist. Through J. P. he was cast in "Americana," in which he delivered his famous "Ro-

tery Club" speech and sent the audience into convulsions. Following this he played prominent stage rôles in "Allez Oop," "Good Boy," and "Sweet Adeline." While appearing in the latter, Warners signed him up and he made his movie bow in "The Life of the Party" with Winnie Lightner.

Charlie is 5 feet, 7 inches tall; weighs 135 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. His sole interest in politics is to study the wardrobes of the Congressmen. He gets grand ideas for funny costumes from them. He is very fond of fishing, but always falls asleep on the job. Can't you just hear him say, "Ah, the pity of it?" He is also fond of tennis, swimming and motoring. Has a wire-haired terrier who answers to the name of "Jerry."

In the summer of 1932 Charlie left pictures and returned to Broadway to play in "Flying Colors." It was during the run of this play that he and Ethel Kenyon were married. Later he returned to pictures. His grand work in "Penthouse" with Warner Baxter won him a long term contract with M-G-M.

HELEN LANTZ, CHICAGO, ILL. — William Haines has deserted pictures and is devoting

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

all his time to interior decorating. John Beal has returned to the New York stage.

LENA WORHLET, BLUEFIELD, W. VA. — The following stars appeared in "The Big Parade" — John Gilbert, Renee Adoree, Hobart Bosworth, Claire McDowell, Claire Adams, Robert Ober, Tom O'Brien, Karl Dane and Rosita Marstini.

BONNIE RAY TYLER, MOLINE, ILL. — Bonnie, how did you like the Jack LaRue story in our November issue? Some of the stars who celebrate their birthdays in August are Dolores Del Rio, Sylvia Sidney, Myrna Loy, Buddy Rogers, Ann Dvorak, Ann Harding, Charles Farrell, Norma Shearer and Madge Evans.

HELEN MATTISON, EXETER BORO, PENN. — Helen, when you ask questions, you certainly asks 'em. I'd have to sit down and write a book in order to give the information on the thirty-six stars you ask about. You see, actors and actresses come and go and it is rather a problem to keep track of them once they leave the screen. Lois Moran and Jean Arthur are appearing in plays on Broadway. Dolores Del Rio and Johnny Mack Brown are busy making pictures. Enid Bennett played the part of Jackie Cooper's mother in "Skippy." Send a stamped return envelope for the rest of the information. I haven't space for it here.

SEVERAL LATIN WOMEN, BUENOS AIRES, S. A. — By the looks of the two-toned typing, two of you girls must have played a duet on the keys. Well, your "Prince of Dreams," Gene Raymond, was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 157 and has blond hair and blue eyes. Was educated in private schools. Entered pictures in 1931. Watch for him in "Brief Moment," "Flying Down to Rio" and "The House on 56th Street." His favorite recreation is horseback riding.

JAMES RYAN, MATHMEN, MASS. — In the English version of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing" made in 1923, Lillian Douglas played the rôle of Eileen, Paddy's sister. Darby Foster portrayed *Laurence Blake* which Warner Baxter did in the American talkie version. I have no information on the others you mention.

A FAN, CLIFTON FORGE, VA. — Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler will be seen together again. "Sweethearts Forever" is the picture.

ALICE MURDACH, BREMERTON, WASH. — Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin, Germany, January 22, 1893. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 165 and has brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Has been in pictures since 1917. In 1927 and 1928 he made pictures in America.

Design for Acting

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

resembles strikingly. Of course, the baby's so cute, they probably didn't even know I was in the picture.

"Nothing like a baby to steal scenes—but if a scene has to be stolen, there isn't anyone I'd rather give it to!"

SHE says it is a great relief not to have the responsibility of stardom any longer. And she means it.

"I'm tired of taking the blame if the picture isn't good. Then, too, a star's years on the screen are limited. The featured player has many years. A star has too much footage in the picture."

Helen is the screen's Premiere Mistress of Contradictions.

She looks so exquisitely angelic—and usually plays naughty girls.

"Naturally, I don't want to be typed," she said, "but the fact remains—usually the bad girls are the good parts.

"Seems to me I'm the perpetually pure-at-heart street-walker, always drooping over bars while some director says, 'Now, Helen, you must be very sweet about this naughty line. Remember, you haven't the faintest idea what it means!'"

Helen says she never gets tired of working, and she never intends to stop.

"I don't know what to do when I'm idle, having worked steadily since leaving school. I hope to work always, until I'm a doddering old character woman, even if I have to pay them to let me!"

But Helen admits she *is* going to leave the screen again for a little while (whisper), because sometime she wants her young son, Jack Woody, Jr., to have a little sister.

And then the last and best of Helen Twelvetrees' four lives will be magnificently complete!



MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Stan Laurel has no fat
His partner has no lean,
And so betwixt them both
They make a good screen team

Two ways to wash woolens!



Washed wrong! Wool harsh, shrunken so that buttons won't button—leggings bind Jerry's legs.



Washed right with IVORY SNOW! Just as soft and roomy as new.

Be SAFE with IVORY SNOW

These knitted outfits started out even. Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft wooliness!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

What makes the differences? The *washing*, my dears! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing wools SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them *exactly* to get perfect results.

1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Make a generous lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is *pure*.
3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.
4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.
5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

99 4/100 % Pure · Quickest dissolving in lukewarm water



To make Ivory Snow, a creamy stream of pure Ivory Soap is forced through sprayers. It dries in soft, fluffy bits. No hard flat flakes! No hot water needed to dissolve it! Large-size package only 15¢. Enough Ivory Snow for 40-50 SAFE washings of the suit shown above.

How Sylvia Changed Ruth Chatterton's Nose and Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

That night she was very happy and humble. "I shall never forget Emil Jannings for giving me this part," she said.

In a few months she was a sensation on the screen. She began to realize her importance, and many of the people she worked with did not like her. You see, they didn't understand that a stage actress has a different attitude from picture people.

In Hollywood everybody is called by his first name. Ruth insisted upon being called "Miss Chatterton."

Once when a fresh little office boy said, "Hello, Ruth," she was furious.

ALL of this—her long wait for success, her sudden rise to fame and the fact that she wasn't popular with her set workers—made her nervous and tense. Once Ralph Forbes, who was then her husband, said to me, "Can't you do something to make Ruth's figure more supple?"

"You bet I can," I said. For I knew that she needed grace and ease to put over her rôles on the screen.

You girls, in order to be graceful, must have supple muscles. You must never tighten up.

To get rid of the tension which makes you stiff and awkward, massage your spine well every night and every morning, paying particular attention to the back of the neck. That's where the tenseness is. Then with your hands work under the shoulder muscles, so your arms will be free and graceful. Whenever a muscle is tight, dig into that muscle and massage the nervousness right out of it. Act as if you were a football player or a prize-fighter and that you were your own trainer. Those men are always supple because their muscles are kept limbered up.

Take plenty of stretching exercises. Dance by yourself to a good snappy tune on the radio. Whenever you feel yourself getting tense, relax every muscle in your body. You must think of it constantly, but this continual remembering to relax will give you grace and poise. Take it easy, girls.

Put pep and spring into your walk but keep those muscles supple. Grace will do wonders for your figure and will cover a multitude of sins.

As I've said, Ruth didn't need to go on a strenuous reducing diet. One of her favorite dishes is fish. One night as I was leaving,

Ralph Forbes called me into the kitchen and said, "Here—take these fish. I'm fed up with fish. I never wish to see another one again." There were six lovely mountain trout and I took them gladly, but I've often wondered what Ruth said to Ralph when she found that he had given them away.

As a matter of fact, Ruth needed fish in her diet.

You see, since she was so nervous, she could not have stimulating food.

She loved steaks—which are not good for a nervous person. She liked highly seasoned food which I would not let her have. I would not allow her to use pepper.

WHEN you're suffering from nerves you must stay away from these stimulating foods. You must eat the simplest dishes, cooked simply.

Heavy meats and high seasonings are absolutely out! And don't forget it! I never let Ruth Chatterton forget!

Now get busy! You can completely remodel yourselves if you'll just do everything I tell you. But be careful of that nose massage. Take it easy!

Answers by Sylvia

CORRECTING BAD POSTURE

Dear Madame Sylvia:

You must help me with my posture. I have a horrible walk. My shoulders slope and my lower jaw sticks out. What can I do?

F. G., Fort Smith, Ark.

No one can help you with your posture but yourself! If your shoulders slope—hold them up. If your jaw sticks out—hold it in! You can take back-bending exercises to strengthen the muscles in your back. You can build yourself up generally and acquire some pep and vigor; but the task of holding up your shoulders and holding in your chin is a job that you do simply by having will power and stick-to-it-iveness.

I've told this before but perhaps some of you don't remember it. A grand way to hold your shoulders up is to get a friend of yours to give you a good, hard sock on the back every time you slump.

That will make you remember!

DIET FOR COMPLEXION

Dear Sylvia:

Will you please repeat the complexion diet that you gave Jean Harlow? Thank you.

Mrs. R. H. T., Pueblo, Colo.

Okay—here you are! Once a month for five days, consecutively, do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or cherries and, without rinsing them, put in cold water over a slow fire. Use just enough water to cover them. Boil slowly for about an hour. Spread a double layer of cheesecloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this overnight.

Drink a glass of this juice the first thing in the morning.

Two hours after you've taken the juice drink a glass of skimmed milk. Drink a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses.

Just before going to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice.

When raspberries or cherries aren't in

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

season use tomato juice instead. That will make your skin clear and beautiful.

CORRECTING LINED EYES

Dear Sylvia:

I have lines around my eyes and wish there was something I could do before it is too late.

B. H. T., St. Paul, Minn.

It's a good thing to do something now but don't get the idea that it is ever too late. There's always time to be beautiful. Those lines come from nerves and strain. Every night before you go to sleep, lie in bed and very gently, in a rotating movement, lightly massage at the corner of each eye—the corner nearer the ears.

Then, with the eyes closed, gently tap the eyelids with the cushions of the fingertips. Also work with your two hands at the spine at the nape of the neck. People with lines around their eyes are usually nervous. Relax as much as you can.

FATTY LUMPS

My Dear Madame Sylvia:

I've taken the hip exercises you have given and find them wonderful, but there's one stubborn lump of fat just above the hips that won't come off. Can you tell me something to do for that? Also I want to take this time to tell you that I have enjoyed your recent radio programs immensely.

R. W., New York City

I'm glad you like the programs. I have a lot of fun doing them. Now about those lumps of fat. Certainly, there are lots of stubborn lumps that exercise won't take off. But you can squeeze those lumps off with your own two hands.

Just dig in and squeeze and don't be afraid of hurting yourself. Then put a Turkish towel over the lump and pound on it with the flat of your hand.

Squeeze and pound—that will take bumps down.

WHEN PEP IS LACKING

Dear Sylvia:

I don't know what's wrong with me. I seem to be physically okay, but I just don't have any pep. What should I do?

B. McD., Washington, D. C.

Maybe you're anemic. In that case you should eat plenty of liver and drink as much turnip-top juice as you can. Also liver extract. Maybe you're eating too much rich food and not getting enough exercise. Eat simple foods cooked simply.

Begin the morning with a cool shower and a good rub with a rough towel.

Then exercise for fifteen minutes. You didn't tell me whether you are over or under weight, so it's hard for me to advise.

SMOOTHING A WRINKLED NECK

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My complexion is pretty good but the skin on my neck is coarse and lined. How can I correct this defect?

C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The reason your neck is lined is because you don't treat it as well as you treat your face. Whenever you use cold cream and lotions on your face use them on your neck, too. And when you're massaging your face carry the strokes on to your neck. Lots of girls neglect the tender skin of the neck. Get in the habit of giving it careful attention.

"I'll Be at Doc Law's"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

put on a benefit performance and raised about six hundred dollars for the homeless people. This Catholic father came from there, and he said he'd give anything to meet Will Rogers.

"Right at that minute, believe it or not, in Bill walked! Of course, I introduced the priest, who grabbed him, and I thought he was going to wrestle him right there. He was pumping Bill's arm and telling him what a great fellow he thought he was. That sincere enthusiasm warmed my heart.

"The funny part of it is that before he left, Bill was talking to him just as if he was a cowboy pal of his."

DOC drew a large beaker of foaming three-point-two from the suds-dripping nozzle of his new drug-store department, and raised it above his close-clipped Buffalo Bill goatee.

"The night beer came back," he related, "I had a hunch. Bill would be dropping in. You know he doesn't touch tobacco in any form or any kind of hard liquor, but he does enjoy a good glass of beer every now and then. Of course, I knew that there wasn't any use of having any beer at the store, because you couldn't get enough then to last a minute, so I kept what I could get hold of up at the house.

"Sure enough, Bill wandered in a little later and said he would kind of like to sample the new stuff so he'd know what everybody was talking about.

"Come on up to the house, then," I told him, "and we'll see what it's like."

"Okay, Doc," said Bill.

"So we tried out the brew in the kitchen of my house, which, of course, isn't anything like the place Bill's got up there on the hill. But that never made any difference to him. He's happiest, I think, when he's comfortable in his overalls, boots and an old slouch hat, and when he's in plain surroundings—so I didn't worry about serving the refreshments in the kitchen.

"Speaking about houses, I remember one time I told Bill if I ever got enough money, I was going to build me a house high up on a hill, all by itself.

"I already got one," said Bill, "but that doesn't mean a thing. Why, I never know what I'll meet on that trail leadin' down the hill from my place. You ought to see the critters that gather along that stretch."

THEN Bill grinned and told me about the time not long ago when he was leaving in a hurry for the East. His wife rushed around the house packing his suitcases and getting him ready to leave in double time so he could make the train which left in a few minutes.

"Bill rushed out of the house and on down the driveway to the gate, and there was a whole crowd of people waiting for him. Salesmen, solicitors, autograph hunters and people that had always wanted to meet him, waiting for him to come out. He was in an awful hurry, but he couldn't just pass right on by all those people waiting there to see him. It wouldn't have been nice, he said. So he stopped and talked to all of them.

"When I got through," Bill said, "doggone if I hadn't missed the train!"

"What's that?" queried Doc Law. "Why doesn't he keep his gate locked? Oh, he does. It's locked all the time—tighter 'n a drum. But that doesn't keep anybody out.

"No, because the key is hanging right around the back of the gate-post; it's easy to reach around there and get it. Everybody knows that. How do they know it? Why, he tells them, of course!"

Doc Law grinned and shook his head expressively as he hurried away up the counter to assist a customer.

"That's Bill Rogers," he chuckled over his shoulder.

Ended!—hosiery troubles common to 9 out of 10 women



● Strange that no one ever did anything about them! Until Phoenix decided that never again need any woman wear a stocking top that:

- 1—Gagged the thighs.
- 2—Drifted around on the knees.
- 3—Failed to meet the garters.
- 4—Bunched up clumsily because it was too long. . .

So Phoenix launched Custom-Fit Top, which stretches both ways. It fits you as though it had been made for you and you alone. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top is smart Hollywood's choice. Women like the "long mileage" foot and Certified Silk, too. The pair, \$1 to \$1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.



HER FROCK—a custom made by TRAVIS BANTON, Hollywood's famous designer. HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP. JUNE CLYDE of Universal wears this costume (Above).

PHOENIX HOSIERY

with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**

First Aid For The Gift Shopping List

By Carolyn Van Wyck



a gay lipstick that does wonders for a particular person, a powder that brings forth all the natural beauty of her skin, a perfume that is memorable, you cannot be quickly forgotten.

And here let me add a thought in this matter of perfume giving. To be fine and in perfect taste, perfume need no longer be an expensive consideration, for you can buy costly brands now in small vials, perfect for the purse or dressing-table. Realizing the urgency of these lean years, many manufacturers have been wise enough to bottle their precious fragrances in junior bottles, well within reach of everyone. Coupled with a gay handkerchief, the smallest of perfume remembrances will grace sock, tree or package with delight.

Then there are your more de luxe perfume confections, a number of which are pictured in the front pages of this department, where creative art has inspired nectar and ambrosia in scents as well as containers of great beauty.

Considering gifts from the very practical

aspect, where is the woman who is not grateful for a combination of cleansing cream, night cream and tonic—the basic beauty preparations? You may purchase these separately, or more likely find them combined in attractive sets in all prices and sizes.

Lipsticks usually make a big hit. There are myriad grand ones from which to choose, as well as combination packages of different tones. One box contains three in popular tones suitable for all types, according to whim. A smart affair in black and white comes for the evening bag.

A manicure kit gift often starts the receiver well on the path to lovely fingertips. And what is more important today? You can buy these from practical, modest sets at about fifty cents on upward. This idea is a life-saver for the small sister who bites her nails or is careless about them. Give her a kit and watch the transformation.

IF the Christmas spirit completely overcomes you and you want to do a true human kindness to friend, sister, mother or grandmother, remember the permanent wave certificates that many shops feature at Christmas. A gay certificate, resembling a counterfeit bill, reminds the receiver that a permanent wave awaits her whenever she would like to make an appointment. Here is a gift whose beauty is lasting and uplifting.

Compacts are never superfluous on the gift list. Where is the girl who ever had too many? These are modern day budget suggestions, too. One that caught my eye recently is gold washed in appearance with embellishment of simulated coral or turquoise, guaranteed to add a touch of glamour to any user. The wooden ones are cunning, too, and sometimes permit the addition of metal initials, a very personal idea. For the girl who likes lots of powder, those big, pan-cake affairs are perfect. Formerly, they were models of luxury, but charming ones now come for a dollar or less.

Lovely perfume bottles, atomizers and powder boxes always send me into a dither. I want them all, and, apparently, so do others. A gift of this type is always as welcome as a glorious day. It doesn't matter how many one has; a new arrival always gets first place.

WHEN you come to the male members of your family, remember them in this class, too. There are the usual shaving appurtenances, often topped with an after-shave lotion. This makes a big hit. Don't I know how brothers, husbands and fathers ransack the bath cabinet, often stealing our favorite lotion in lieu of possessing one themselves?

For the person interested in her home, imagination runs riot. There is a fine soap that you can buy literally by the yard. A yard, cut in convenient rectangles, is nicely boxed. There are a dozen and one gadgets that any bathroom will welcome and that can be used by a whole family.

If you go haywire on this job of last-minute gift shopping, I suggest that you walk through the toilet goods department of any good shop. You will not be at loss for long.

With this beauty giving idea in mind, you bring to this season of seasons some of the meaning of that first star over Bethlehem and help make it a Happy and Merry Christmas.



ABOVE, Florine McKinney illustrates a new idea in cream application. That rubber applicator helps cleanse, tone and clear the skin. Below, Dolores Del Rio, between scenes for "Flying Down to Rio," dusts powder from lashes and brows with a small, thin brush.

WHAT in all the world, except an engagement or wedding ring, has that sweet mystery and sentimental appeal of a Christmas gift package? There, safe in its tissue wrappings and gay ribbon, lies a token for just you. You may guess what it is, even shake it, smell it, but you cannot know. And if you are good and really want the full benediction of a Merry Christmas, you will not open it until at least Christmas Eve.

Every year Christmas shopping becomes more of a problem, largely, I think, because human imagination is forever deluging the shops with things to delight and thrill the feminine heart.

Following the example of the Hollywood stars and giving beauty seems to me more in accord with this season than all the other gift notions rolled into one. Giving beauty somehow seems an enduring thought. It makes the giver unforgettable as it sometimes makes the receiver, too. If you have been wise to choose

OUR Christmas list is full of suggestions for gifts and will also tell you of the newest perfumes, powders and other grand things. It is yours on request, as well as hair, skin, manicure and personal daintiness leaflets. Enclose separate stamped, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



A strange discovery...an exciting test

Faded skin blooms again with new life

Women have proved what a scientist believed: that a natural substance in Junis Cream produces remarkable results when applied to skin.

YOUTH at middle age is more alluring than at seventeen. What a pity then that by the time most women reach 40, youth has departed from their skins.

A scientist knew that as skin grows old it loses a certain substance—a substance which makes skin fresh, alluring—glamorous. So he got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves of youth. Skin awakened.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named *sebisol*. *Sebisol* is part of the chemical substance of

your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream, feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Many creams contain large quantities of wax. Junis Cream does not. Wax tends to clog the pores.

We invite you to make this test

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream, we think, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have tried it. Send the coupon at once.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO

NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.

GENEROUS SUPPLY FREE
 We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

J111

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____



free sample

JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

Winners of \$1,500 for Movie Muddles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

that one item which I will now be able to secure with ease is my monthly copy of PHOTOPLAY—my favorite magazine."

PEGGY CASTLE, who was awarded third prize, revealed that her parents are in the interior of revolutionary torn Cuba. She added: "If I should be fortunate enough to win one of the prizes, it would, I think, make me believe in Santa Claus again. There is but one channel into which every cent would be poured—the perusal of literature. My star is a far-fetched one, but my one ambition in life has been to achieve a place in the literary world. Even to think that a stepping stone may be placed in my path seems almost too good to be true."

And Myrtle Lubold, who was awarded fourth prize, wrote:

"Were I to be so fortunate as to be the recipient of a PHOTOPLAY prize, I would consider same as a blessing bestowed in a time of urgent need. I have been upset of late, worrying how I would be in a position to remit for

medical services rendered in a recent operation. Any surplus remaining would be expended toward the purchase of a winter coat for a dear friend who has been out of work for over three years. The latter in itself would be a service deeply appreciated and sorely needed.

"It has been a real pleasure to compete in this PHOTOPLAY contest, as the problems were extremely interesting and enticing. Of course, I must admit that I was assisted greatly by the photographs illustrated in past copies of your wonderful magazine. Being a steady reader, I have learned to know the prominent movie stars by sight and the rest was a matter of careful planning and tireless patience."

It was extremely evident that many readers of PHOTOPLAY look forward with interest to this annual contest. Letters accompanying many of the entries bear out that statement. Also—and this should encourage many who did not win a prize this year—many a prize winner in this contest did not win with previous entries, but by coming back, won this time.

Of course, this was not considered in awarding prizes, for this was done without reference to anything but the entry itself; but later we found this to be true. So we say to all who did not win this time: "There will be another chance next year, and what you learned this time should help you then."

AND above all, PHOTOPLAY is happy to note the high degree of pleasure so many of its contestants took just in working out the Muddles, entirely apart from prizes. Many of them wrote to say how much enjoyment it gave them to test their knowledge and skill in this way, and that should they win a prize, it would be just that much extra enjoyment.

Unquestionably, this year's Movie Muddles were a source of keen enjoyment in themselves—and PHOTOPLAY is happy to have offered a contest so pleasing from its very nature, without regard to the prizes offered.

The prize winners, in addition to the first four named, are as follows:

Additional Prize Winners

\$10 PRIZE WINNERS

MADÉLINE E. BAKER
698 McMillan Ave., Winnipeg, Canada

OTTO RAABE
1103 Douglas, Burlingame, Calif.

MISS CONSUELO ROMERO
138 S. Townsend St., Los Angeles, Calif.

HERBERT W. JARAND
56 Willowdale Ave., Outremont, Montreal, Q.,
Canada

LUIS ZALDIDOR
2-A Industria 56, Tacubaya, Mexico

MRS. CHARLES O. GREENLEE, JR.
523 N. 9th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa

KENNETH D. BURDICK
24 N. 10th St., Kansas City, Kan.

EVELYN L. SVEDEMAN
82 Seaver St., Stoughton, Mass.

CATHERINE QUINN
4th Floor, Watson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

MRS. J. K. DYER
2094 Monroe Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

MARIE E. LEWIS
542 N. E. San Rafael St., Portland, Ore.

R. J. McGRATH
833 University Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

CHARLES WOODHAMS
4430½ N. Seelye Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HELEN C. BARKER
5823 Christian St., Philadelphia, Penna.

MISS LILLIE NEYPHE
2136 N. W. 12th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

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

W. B. MCGREW
2320 E. 9th St., Des Moines, Iowa

MRS. RICHARD B. SMITH
933 Main St., Honesdale, Penna.

CARL O. FROELICH
2125 S. 88th St., West Allis, Wis.

MRS. HELEN SPEARS
817 N. Main St., Mitchell, S. D.

MRS. R. H. HOUGHTON
3605 19th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

CHARLES STEVENSON
P. O. Box 791, Menlo Park, Calif.

MARY ALICE GRAY
1027 8th Ave., New Brighton, Penna.

MARY C. MILLER
866½ N. Jefferson St., Springfield, Mo.

ERICA HANKA GORECKI
c/o Bastable & Co., 15 E. 53rd St., New York,
N. Y.

MRS. PALMER M. HANSON
Scobey, Mont.

MRS. MADÉLINE N. WARD
4716 Lyndale Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

ELEANOR R. DUSBANE
254 S. Cayuga St., Williamsville, N. Y.

MRS. KATHRYN SCHMIDT
780 N. Avalon, Memphis, Tenn.

CLARENCE FROMMADER
R. R. 2, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

DOROTHY GRIMES
420 W. 65th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

DANIEL ROSS
1138 S. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill.

ANNA PSCHAMPKE
4943 W. 8th St., Philadelphia, Penna.

ELIZABETH LAFINE
1509 S. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARTHA M. RIPPPELL
90 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

INGERID ARVESEN
4325 W. 6th St., Duluth, Minn.

LEONA LUTHER
1425 S. 88th St., West Allis, Wis.

ANNA C. GLASS
3815 W. Grenshaw St., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN L. THOMPSON
235 S. Hood St., Lynchburg, Va.

MARGARET T. HOWELL
112 S. Milton Ave., Clarendon, Va.

\$5 PRIZE WINNERS

MARY ELIZABETH JONES
241 Shaubut St., Mankato, Minn.

BORIS BELSKY
2703 Buot St., San Francisco, Calif.

BETTY ALLENWOOD
1635 Lewis Drive, Lake Wood, Ohio

JENNIE BROUDY
440 E. 67th St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. ARTHUR J. ESS
515 Griggs Place, E. Aurora, N. Y.

TOM ALLEN
15 Laird St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

HERMAN H. LEFKOWITZ
1216 Laugham Ave., Camden, N. J.

MRS. E. D. LINTZ
Warrington, Fla.

MISS WYNONA BACON
1630 California St., Denver, Colo.

MISS ELIZABETH FERRIS
Macon, Miss.

MARION L. HARRINGTON
38 Gard Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

ELISE A. MEYER
2836 Lombardy Ct., Augusta, Ga.

MRS. GEORGE FOLEY
1000 16th St., Racine, Wis.

MRS. FRED NAIDEN
408 N. 9th St., Marshalltown, Iowa

MRS. HALLIS WEBSTER
4626 W. Capitol Drive, Milwaukee, Wis.

WM. J. BRAZIER
Box 8, Woodbury Heights, N. J.

MRS. J. R. PERRY
544 E. Main St., New Iberia, La.

MRS. MARY BOOKWALTER
160 E. 11th St., Upland, Calif.

THEODORE TORRISON
4023 Quail Ave., Robbinsdale, Minn.

MISS MAUD PETITHORY
P. O. Box 1228, Jacksonville, Fla.

MRS. ANNA HASENZAHL
63 Rossford Ave., Ft. Thomas, Ky.

MRS. ANNA PALMER
922 S. Kennilworth Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

MILLIE WILLIAMS
116 N. 6th St., Box 795, Livingston, Mont.

MRS. R. M. BENNINGHOFF
North Main St., Columbiana, Ohio

ALMA HERMAN
723 E. 8th St., Little Rock, Ark.

VERNA MARIE JENKS
3800 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, Colo.

JOSEPH KOCIK
3434 Highland Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MISS LILLIAN GRAHAM
309 Arcadian Ave., Waukesha, Wis.

MRS. GAYLORD A. WOOD
4310 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind.

DOROTHY A. WILSON
4330 W. Beach, Gulfport, Miss.

GARRY RICHARDSON
1925 Pine St., Murphysboro, Ill.

MILDRED L. MURPHY
9½ Mill St., Athens, Ohio

MISS CAROL L. GRAHAM
340 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

FRANCES H. MELLOR
70 Maplewood Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

LEON NURNBERG
121 S. 25th St., Omaha, Neb.

H. E. KERR
1102 Shelby St., Seattle, Wash.

DAVID C. MAYFIELD
1629 Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.

MRS. HENRY VEAZEY
R. R. 1, Auburn, Ind.

ALICE PEARSON
5324 Meridian, Los Angeles, Calif.

YVETTE WILCOX
240 N. Larchmont Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Hickory, dickory, dock
Two mice ran up the clock
The clock struck one
"Which one?" Schnoz puns
Hickory, dickory, dock



BRIDGE CARDS ...FREE

Three good reasons KOOLS will become your favorite cigarette: They're mildly mentholated—your throat *stays* cool no matter how often you light up. They're cork-tipped; won't stick to lips. And each package carries a FREE coupon—85 bring a bridge set (2 decks) of initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards....other premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only).

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.,
Louisville, Ky.

CORK-TIPPED...15¢ for TWENTY

Look Out, Jack, for "Ma"!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

You gotta get attention in this game, you know. So try to understand."

"Tsk," was all Ma said as she peered behind the couch in Jack's dressing-room and extracted three socks unmade, an old sweater and some other miscellany.

"YOU see," Jack went on, "a fella's got to live up to his reputation. So don't think it funny no matter what I do. I mean they expect it—see. It's all a part of the game. There's always someone around to pick up that stuff and it's good publicity.

"You gotta do it if you want to get ahead. I don't want you to be embarrassed, or anything, Ma. Course I know you won't understand about the publicity angle or—"

"What's that bicycle doing out there?" Ma interrupted.

"Oh, belongs to one of the messenger boys, I guess. I—" At the look of interest on her face, Jack stopped. And stared. "Ma, listen, you ain't—"

"My, it looks like such a nice bicycle. I haven't ridden a bicycle for years. I was just thinking, Jack, I'll bet I could ride it clear around this parkway three times without falling off more than twice."

"Ma, you wouldn't."

But Ma was off. Zip. Around the bend she tore while Four Marxes coming unexpectedly around the corner, took to the fire escapes. "Yoo hoo, Jack, look," she called at the first lap, "I'm still on."

At the sound of the revelry (and did Ma put it on!) there was a sudden opening of dressing-room doors. Heads, famous heads, were thrust out.

At the second lap there were cheers from the grandstand. Ma was going over big.

"Let go the handle bars," the Marx Brothers urged from the various fire escapes. Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper leaned from their dressing-room windows.

"Give her more rope, Ma," Gary called.

At the third lap there was wild acclaim. "Shucks, I could do better if I had more room," Ma boasted.

"Say, there's a swell place on the back lot," someone suggested, and that was enough. Ma, the bicycle and the former Oakie audience were off for the back lot while, on his dressing-room steps, alone and forsaken, sat Mrs. Offield's little boy, Jack.

"Gee," he muttered to himself, "Gee, does Ma 'ketch on.'"

He was right. Ma's famous ride made seventeen movie columns and twenty-two headlines in three days.

A vivacious, bright-eyed little person is this mother of Jack's, with a never-to-be-downed spirit that catches and spreads to everyone about her. Exactly as a lighted match to a dry forest. And with the same devastating result. She's sure fire.

She spends hours pouring over her scrap book into which every line, every word that has ever been written about Jack, is pasted. But right alongside of it, and *don't you forget it*, is her own publicity. And she's had plenty of it in her amazing life.

The daughter of a minister back in Sedalia, Mo., and the wife of a prominent banker, Ma was a pioneer in this business of getting out of a home and doing things. There never has been any mustiness in the front parlor of her life.

The "Offield School of Expression" was famous in those parts. And those plays that Ma put on and directed! Dear me. Were they something? When her husband died and things went kind of wrong for this little woman, nothing daunted, she came on to New York with two children and seven dollars. And got a job teaching philosophy at Columbia University. Made good, too.

She's written several books of philosophy and some mighty good poetry and can wise-crack Jack out of his suspenders. She knows practically all the answers and it's no use. You can't keep her down. And now that she's launched herself on a movie career—look out. One small bit in "Too Much Harmony," and look where Ma is today. All over the place, as a matter of fact.

"AND I'll just bet," she said, "there isn't another movie actress in the business that has her own fan following before she even begins her career. Look at these. Dozens and dozens of letters from girls all over the country who have been my pupils. Now, show me another beginner with a following like that. Just show me."

She phoned Jack at home one evening from the studio. "I'll be late, honey," she said.

"Thought you finished your part this afternoon," Jack said.

"Oh, I did, son. But there was such a nice little girl here from one of the magazines wanting an interview with you, and two of the nicest gentlemen reporters from the papers

wanting material. So, knowing you must be awfully tired and all, I told them not to bother you, son. I'd take the interviews, if they didn't mind. So I'm getting interviewed now."

There was a gurgling sound at the other end of the phone.

"And oh, Jackie, wait. You'd better just go ahead and eat dinner without me."

"Why, Ma. Where you going?"

"Well, I just thought I'd run over to the Brown Derby tonight and let myself be seen with the other stars. And I suppose I'll be signing autographs 'till all hours of the night, so you better not wait up for me."

There was the sound of a falling body on the other end of the wire.

AT the gala première of "Too Much Harmony," there was Ma. Dressed to kill, and bowing from left to right. "Look, look," the fans said, nudging one another. "There's Mrs. Oakie. Yoo hoo, Mrs. Oakie, could we have your autograph?" And Jack held Ma's purse while Ma signed. And this, mind you, on one small bit in one picture. Heaven help Garbo if Ma ever gets going. You just can't down Ev. What it takes, Ev's got.

"You know," she confided to Jack when the picture was about to be released, "I'd love to see how I'm going over in the big cities."

"Great," roared Jack, "you're practically on your way." And hurried right out to buy Ma a ticket to New York.

Now, he thought, I can get a little publicity for myself. A little for myself wouldn't be so bad for a change.

Next day the headlines screamed the story, "Mrs. Oakie brings her own rocking chair to New York." Pages, columns, were written about Ma's chair. If she'd thought up a giraffe or a pet tiger, she couldn't have done better. And Ma sat blithely on in New York in her rocking chair being interviewed and photographed. And she rocked right on to Washington. Gathering the spotlight as a farmer gathers in the sheaves.

While out in Hollywood a rather droopy young play boy sat forlornly on his dressing-room steps and thought. He didn't want to play anymore. Everyone was too busy watching Ma to notice.

There's one thing he knew. His Ma had given him a spanking. She'd stolen the thunder right out from under his nose.

And even he had to grin about it.

She's that cute.

Do Screen Stars Act Like Human Beings?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Although Dix is the biggest eater, it doesn't follow that he pays the largest checks. For instance, one afternoon, Joe says, young Junior Laemmle came in with Eph Asher and Director Charles Rogers for lunch.

"Bring us a little caviar, Joe," Junior instructed. "The doctor said I should eat caviar today."

Joe did. At the Roosevelt, caviar is served at \$2.50 a portion, but when Joe brought the portion, Junior told him to leave the box. Between the three of them they ate all the caviar it contained.

Consequently, Joe tendered a check for \$38.

"What, Joe—I'm not going to pay \$38 for lunch here, am I?" Junior wanted to know.

"Not if you don't want to, Mr. Laemmle,"

contended Joe. "But that's what you ate."

The gentleman who craves the most service, declares Joe, is David O. Selznick. Also he's the most liberal tipper to pay for it—but he wants what he wants when he wants it, and that's quick. He eats as fast as he talks, and just as soon as he is through, Joe knows he can lead another party to the table, because he will be leaving right on the dot.

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, Joe says, in their days as a family team, ate full course dinners holding hands under the table. They still go places together. They like boneless roast squabs stuffed with apples and pears, finished off with plenty of Camembert cheese. Maurice Chevalier comes in with his eternal secretary, Max Ruppia, and spends quite a lot of money on his dinner, but exhibits something of the French thrift under the plate. Marlene

Dietrich drops in occasionally for a cup of coffee—nothing more.

Ruth Chatterton, Joe says, is one of the most gracious ladies he has ever met. Her broad "A" resounds throughout the room, but once, when a couple from out of town desired to be introduced, she not only acknowledged the introduction but invited them over to her table and insisted upon paying the check—or her husband (at that time Ralph Forbes) did.

Walter Huston always calls up before he comes and tells Joe how many there will be in his party. "Whatever you fix will be fine, Joe," he says. But Walter likes best English mutton chops, veal kidneys with mushrooms, cole slaw and fresh asparagus. His favorite dessert is baked Alaska.

But the Blossom Room really brightens up

to its very brightest when the Eddie Cantors stroll in.

"Mr. Cantor always comes with Mrs. Cantor and his five daughters," says Joe, "and quite often he has a pal or two from Tin Pan Alley with him, too. 'Fix us up a nice dinner, Joe,' he says, 'a la carte'—he really means *table d'hôte*, you know. We never give him a check, because he never carries any money. We always sign his name, tip the waiter the amount he desires, and then send the whole bill to him at his house. He says he doesn't want to have a good dinner spoiled by seeing what it costs."

Another father who takes the family out in a big way is John Boles. John comes to the Blossom Room with Mrs. Boles and his little girl, and his entire evening is spent seeing that his young daughter has a good time. It's "honey" this and "honey" that as long as the evening lasts, according to Joe, and John pays in cash. Doing an exact about-face to Eddie Cantor, he abhors bills.

"Charlie Chaplin comes in here frequently with Paulette Goddard," Joe remarked, "and he is the easiest of our patrons to please. Unlike so many of the others, he does not like to be in the limelight. He doesn't want a table on the dance floor, but prefers to retire to some dark corner. His favorite dish is Chinese chicken with noodles—and if we haven't any on the menu, I run around to the Chinese restaurant nearby, get some, and warm it up for him. Miss Goddard often prefers an avocado salad, but both of them are always charming and very simple to please."

Another salad hound is Lilyan Tashman, who generally arrives at about noon with a lady friend or two—never with hubby Edmund Lowe. And, although she is generally conceded to be the "best dressed woman in Hollywood," Joe has never seen her in anything but very simple, though most becoming, gowns. But she eats enough salad to stock a garden.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone often come to dinner together. Joan likes white chicken meat and salad with a dressing made of olive oil and lemon juice. In the early days, Joe remembers, Joan used to eat anything and everything, but that's all changed now that she rides a bicycle and thinks of her figure.

Joan dotes on children. If she happens to see one at any other table in the room, she gets up and goes over for a visit. And the children always like her.

Greta Garbo used to come frequently to the Roosevelt for lunch, in the summer when the roof-garden was open.

"All she wants," says Joe, "is just to be left alone. I seat her in a corner and take her order myself. She is always reserved and dignified, but never high-hat; and she treats those who wait on her like gentlefolk. Naturally, she is stared at a great deal, but she ignores these curious eyes—quite unlike Charlie Farrell, who will smile back, or like Eric Von Stroheim, who will often stand up and acknowledge the stare with a stiff, military bow."

Jack Warner, the producer, is the exact opposite. He'll greet everybody in sight as "pal," meanwhile eating cheese strudel.

Ernst Lubitsch, the director whose light, whimsical touch has made his naughty-naughties so delightful, also is everybody's friend. He greets bus boys and waiters as well as Joe with a handshake—and eats his beloved German *reinbraten* with the other hand.

Mary Brian always comes in with a coterie of boy friends—different ones each time. She dislikes any fuss or special attention, and selects at random from anything on the menu.

Another great favorite with Joe Mann and his waiters is little Helen Twelvetrees. She is always sweet and charming. She relies largely upon Joe to select a meal for her.

So if you want to know who is Hollywood's greatest hostess, who possesses the friendliest spirit among all the tinsel and glitter, who is the most dignified personage at table, Joe will tell you without even stumbling over a syllable.



500 PEOPLE SHOW HOW TO END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

Average cold lasted 5 days
Pepsodent Antiseptic cut the time in half. New rule for avoiding colds

Recently an interesting experiment was brought to light new... Scientists found that... gle and to spray with... as to how many colds... makes a difference as... These scientists too... and observed them close... Here are some of the... covered.
A cold will last five... Pepsodent Antiseptic... of a cold is cut to two... from a cold were saved... Many of the group... Antiseptic had no... The purp... th...

Make \$1 do the work of \$3

WHEN FIGHTING COLDS

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you much greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

In one of the largest tests of its kind ever made Pepsodent Antiseptic proves itself impressively. This proof lies in results that everyone can understand. Read carefully for these facts are vitally important to your family's health.

Practical yet scientific proof

Last winter 500 people were divided into groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

Think of that! Fewer colds—colds ended in half time. That is what modern science offers you in Pepsodent as compared with ordinary antiseptics.

For your information

You may not know that, when mixed with an equal amount of water, many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. But Pepsodent Antiseptic does kill germs in less than 10 seconds—even when mixed with two parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—and save money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Katharine Hepburn's Inferiority Complex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

not good-looking enough. Besides, I don't believe I can act. I'd be scared to death, up in front of all those people! Anyhow, I don't think my voice is strong enough."

Instead, her parents more or less left her to her own devices.

If she wanted to play theater, as a child, her mother let her ransack the trunks in the attic, for a suitable costume.

If she decided to turn her bedroom into a stage set for the day, nobody scolded her for pulling the furniture around. (But she knew she must put it back before bedtime!)

Let her sing and holler—it's good for her lungs! Let her run, and jump and climb and "skin-the-cat"—it makes her strong and husky.

Of course she can "chin" herself as many times as the boy next door—why not?

Katie has muscles strong as steel. Let her ride on her pony 'cross country—she'll learn to stick on.

Let her skate, learn to shoot, play ball with the boys.

"SHE grew up and developed free from inhibitions in her emotional life and with almost immeasurable vision and imagination," Mr. Fielding commented. "In childhood, the fear of doing something contrary to the wishes of papa or mama, and thus inviting reprimand, was quite an unknown experience for her. As a consequence, she was able to meet life without fearing to displease and unafraid of doing the thing that is not 'proper.'"

This, then, explains the unusual conduct of this new star, the conduct which made even cynical, gay Hollywood sit up and take notice.

When Katie sat on a curb on the studio lot and calmly read her mail, the cynics nodded and shouted, "publicity seeker."

When Katie refused to arrange her hair in the conventional mode, when she preferred to wear denim overalls and a sweat-shirt, again she was branded, "publicity hound."

The opinion never phased her. She ignored it.

"The so-called goofy tactics she resorts to," Mr. Fielding explained, "are simply another evidence of her resourcefulness, her freedom and lack of fear. They reflect, too, her early training. Her mother never made her self-conscious by telling her she looked silly, or scolding her with the phrase, 'Nice little girls don't act that way!'"



She had never been in a movie then! But after the students at Bryn Mawr presented "The Lady of the Moon," Hepburn, as Pandora, posed while a classmate took this picture of Katie

No, Katharine Hepburn certainly isn't self-conscious. Consequently she always feels adequate, or "up to" a situation. Take for ex-

ample, the incident at the opening of her latest picture, "Little Women."

They previewed this picture in a tiny theater in Santa Ana. After it had been running about five minutes, the film broke. Several more minutes elapsed. The operators were unable to fix it properly. The audience was getting impatient. Suddenly Katharine Hepburn jumped on the stage, unsolicited, wearing her slacks and sweater.

She put on an impromptu "personal appearance" show which so thoroughly engaged the attention of the audience that they forgot about the broken film. While they saw no picture that night, they left the theater satisfied and pleased because Hepburn herself had entertained them with gay, informal chatter.

If she had been frightened or uncertain, her impromptu entertainment might have been a flop. No evidence of an inferiority complex there!

"Many people would say," we commented to Mr. Fielding, "that Hepburn traded in her inferiority complex for a superiority complex!"

"THERE is no such thing," he answered. "People are either normal or inferior. People whom we call 'conceited' or believe to have a feeling of superiority are usually struggling with an inferiority complex. They are trying to inflate their ego and make everybody see how smart they are, or how intelligent they are or how strong they are. They don't believe it themselves, but they feel they must try to impress others."

"No, I should say that Hepburn now has a very healthy, normal viewpoint. Her path is not cluttered up with foolish fears and inhibitions. There are no obstacles, for she refuses to recognize them. She cannot conceive of wanting to do something that cannot be done. And when she wants to do a thing, it must be done quickly, without delay."

His comment brought to mind the incident when Hepburn suddenly turned on her heel one day after finishing "Morning Glory," waved goodbye to friends on the lot and was off like a flash in a high-powered airplane for New York. Dressed in overalls, no baggage, no encumbrances. She wanted to go, so she went. There was no fear of being unable to travel without cosmetics, without extra clothes.

She is free as a bird to do as she wishes when the impulse strikes her.

And Now Taps Sound for Tex!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

do it. No one knew then that Von Stroheim would climb to the enviable heights of directorial stardom. None but Tex Guinan whose faith in his talent never faltered.

JOE FRISCO, who stuttered his way to fame with the aid of a long, black cigar on which he chewed feverishly, was one of Tex Guinan's protégés. She saw Joe smoking nervously one evening at a corner table over a twenty-five cent bowl of goulash and a nickel cup of coffee. Tex burst out laughing—he looked so funny.

Frisco told her his troubles.

"Always look like that, honey—you're a scream when you're worried," she advised him. It was those few wise words which carried Frisco to the heights, even to pictures when talkies first came in. A grand comedian whom Tex saw as a living caricature.

Tex told me, only a few months ago, about Ruby Keeler's first job in her big night club when Tex had prospered plenty and all society bargained for ringside seats.

"A swell little kid," Tex described her, "scared to death of Broadway. She thought the big bad wolf was hiding somewhere ready to eat her. Then along came Jolson and took her right out of circulation."

Ruby Keeler learned the intricacies of tap dancing at Guinan's club. She was almost an amateur at it when Tex took her on. But those twinkling feet became a main attraction, as, night after night, Ruby stepped out and went into her routine. That little girl always got a great big hand and Tex Guinan, perched high on her stool, barking raucously at her Park Avenue patrons, never had to beg them to pound on the tables. A din of applause always

followed Ruby's appearance. It was from here Ruby went on the Broadway stage and about the same time became the bride of Al Jolson.

And Stanwyck. Insisting on getting a break.

And seeing Tex Guinan about it personally.

"She didn't have to look coy and sweet," Tex confided to me one afternoon in her little Eighth Street apartment. "That Stanwyck girl always knew what she wanted and how to get it. She's got a good head on her shoulders, a good clear head that she uses for more than a hat rack."

SO Tex—the maker of Hollywood stars—spasses on. And with her passing, myriad memories of other days are stirred, those early struggles for the first chance which every picture star in Hollywood today has had to go through. Goodbye, Tex. And a happy journey.

The Amazing Story Behind Garbo's Choice of Gilbert

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

rôle to him willingly. And today, looking back on this strange twist of events, I have no bitterness in my heart. Only a great respect for Gilbert's accomplishment and a decided realization that there must be spiritual harmony between screen lovers if their scenes are to be truly convincing."

Laurence Olivier was too modest to go on from there with his story. But it is known that Metro called him into their executive offices and offered him any other rôle in any other picture he cared to play. They had no fault to find with his acting. Olivier's is a polished technique, perfected through years of stage training and inherited from a long line of histrionic ancestors. His first love has always been the stage. Jed Harris wired, offering him a star rôle in "The Green Bay Tree," on Broadway. Olivier decided to accept it.

Olivier is making a tremendous hit in the play, starring opposite his wife, Jill Esmond. Jill's been in pictures, too. Remember her as the society girl in "Is My Face Red?" with Ric Cortez? A lovely English voice and exquisite poise and not at all short on good looks. Perhaps that's why Olivier's work in the play is so convincing—he's inspired by his own wife's beauty and charm.

And as this is being written I understand John Gilbert has done so well for himself in "Queen Christina" that he is being talked of as possible star in the new musical version of "The Merry Widow."

Maurice Chevalier was signed for this rôle before he left for his vacation in France. And Maurice is considerably worried that he, too, may be replaced by John Gilbert as was Laurence Olivier. Just what Gilbert's future in talking pictures will be from now on will be an interesting speculation. The strange twist fate gave him when he thought he was really through.



He's made many an Englishman laugh! And now Nigel Bruce, British funnyman, is going to act comical for Americans. Bruce has signed with Fox for a rôle in "I Am Suzanne"

"You, too, can have the Beauty Secret I gave Dolores del Rio"



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Sylvia
of Hollywood

beauty adviser to famous stage and screen stars

Hear Sylvia in person, revealing the beauty secrets she gave famous stage and screen stars... NBC Red Network, Coast to Coast, Tuesdays; 10:30 pm., E. S. T.



DOLORES DEL RIO, exotic RKO star of "FLYING DOWN TO RIO," noted for her lovely figure

"I'VE solved every kind of a beauty problem for the movie stars," says Sylvia. "That's why I know I can help YOU make your figure lovelier. With my Personal Consultation Chart,* which I'll send you free, you'll receive a 32-page booklet which contains the same diets and exercises I used on the movie stars. I promise, if you'll follow both exactly, you can have a graceful, youthful figure. But remember—exercise without diet is wasted energy.

Oh no, you won't starve! Dieting Sylvia's way is no hardship—if you remember one simple thing—eat Ry-Krisp with every meal—breakfast, lunch and dinner!

"That's the beauty secret I gave Dolores del Rio—my one rule for everyone. It's an easy rule to follow, because these crisp, whole rye wafers taste so good. More important— they're

good for you. Easily digested and regulating, they satisfy hunger safely because they're filling but not fattening.

"BEAUTY THE HOLLYWOOD WAY is easy. Simply send for my Personal Consultation Chart* and begin to eat Ry-Krisp today."

Ry-Krisp Wafers are popular at every meal—with everyone. They're delicious and healthful, too. Simply made of flaked whole rye, water and salt—double baked for full flavor and lasting crispness. For a real treat, try Ry-Krisp lightly buttered, heated in a moderate oven (350° F.) and then cooled until full crispness returns. It's marvelous that way.

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages. Why not order some—right now? And save that valuable package top.*



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Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company, 623 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo.

I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart. Also your personally illustrated 32-page booklet of diets and exercises which will give me the information I need to help me solve my own beauty problems. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Can.)

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Address _____

Phantom Daddies of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"Milton had no special plans for Kenyon," Doris said. "He was not particularly ambitious for him. All he asked was that he develop a fine character and become a fine citizen, and the rest would take care of itself. I have him in public school—he's in the second grade, too, at the age of six. He plays with the Barrymore children and, oh, he's such a manly little man!"

Some day Kenyon will see the phantom of his father on the screen and hear his voice. What will his reaction be? Even Doris Kenyon would like to know.

IN a neighborhood theater in Hollywood a year or two ago, a re-issue of an old-time racing thriller featuring Wally Reid was projected on the screen. There he was, the debonair, smiling idol who had been admired by millions the world over. The audience saw him clamber into a low-hung car and send it hurtling around the track, crashing through a fence at a turn, spinning end for end, defying death and destruction and winning readily by the hero's margin, though somewhat worse off for the wear.

The audience applauded wildly, because Wally Reid's thrillers were thrillers you couldn't forget. Each had its punch.

Crumpled low in a theater seat this day was a lad vainly endeavoring to stifle half-audible sobs as the picture unreeled.

His hair was sandy colored and mussed. His eyes were blue—a sort of light hazel-blue and something about his general appearance seemed familiar.

"Who is he?" a number of persons thought. "Don't we know him?"

When the "thriller" was finished, a kindly woman leaned over the boy and asked:

"What's the matter, son? Why are you crying?"

"That," replied the boy, "that was my daddy!"

William Wallace Reid was the boy. Billy Reid, they called him. Billy was slightly more than five years old when his illustrious father died in 1923. Once—and only once—has he run into one of his daddy's pictures unexpectedly. Yet he fears or hesitates to approach a picture theater with a view of buying a ticket because of the possibility that he may again suddenly see before him that happy, sunshine-radiating idol whom the world acclaimed—his father, in phantom figure. To this day—and Billy is sixteen now—he lives in constant dread, or fear, or anticipation. He doesn't know which.

LOCKED in a storage vault, Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, the widow, has prints of two pictures that Wally made—"Forever," a Peter Ibbetson story, and "Across the Continent," a racing production. Ten years they have remained there undisturbed. Ten years more they may be there, undisturbed.

"I haven't had the courage to get them out and run them," Mrs. Reid explained. "In 'Forever,' Wally enacts the rôle of a man who goes mad and dies in prison. It's a terrible thing to see, and yet one of his masterpieces. I couldn't watch it again. Not now. Certainly I couldn't exhibit it to Billy or to Betty, our adopted daughter.

"Betty is fourteen. She was only three when Wally passed on. She remembers him but dimly and has never seen him in motion. Her only conception of how he looked and acted will come from 'still' pictures and the phantom she will see when I get out 'Forever' and 'Across the Continent.'

"I try to impress upon the minds of the two children that their father is still near them, that he is around and about them. I keep the

house vitally alive with his pictures. I have books and books of them, and Billy and Betty sometimes go over them for hours together. Wally took Billy out in a racing car once and Billy has never forgotten it. To this day he has the racing 'bug,' and takes the greatest delight in tinkering with and driving a machine. He has appeared in one motion picture as a race driver and loves it."

Billy was cast for the rôle of *Carruthers* in "Tom Brown of Culver," by Universal, but Mrs. Reid turned thumbs down upon it, because to her it was not truly a Wallace Reid characterization.

Strange, it seems that most of the picture stars are fated to make at least one hard-boiled production just prior to their death or departure from films. Take the case of Fred



Little Fred Thomson, Jr., is the son of Frances Marion, well-known scenario writer. She says she will never consent to the child's seeing his father playing in the rôle of the notorious outlaw, Jesse James

Thomson, one of the cleanest and most idolized of Western stars. Princeton graduate, executive in the Boy Scouts of America, athlete who participated in the Olympic Games in Europe, amateur boxer and friend of Gene Tunney, an ordained minister, chaplain of the 143rd Field Artillery in the World War, Fred was adored by American youth. When he died in 1928, he left a son, Fred Thomson, Jr., two years old, his "little pal." Fifth from the last picture Fred made was based on the life of Jesse James, this country's most notorious outlaw!

Has little Fred, Jr., seen this production? Not on your life! Frances Marion, famous scenarist, his mother, has kept him scrupulously from any possibility of his seeing it. The production was a terrible "flop," and was retired soon after its initial showing. Fred Thomson admires just wouldn't accept him as a bank looter, train robber and night-rider. They wanted him "clean," or not at all.

Nevertheless, the menace existed, and there

was no telling when little Fred would unexpectedly see his daddy as a cold-blooded, ruthless killer. One thing Fred, Jr., does see daily to remind him of his daddy is a beautiful white horse, Silver King, which Fred rode in all his pictures. Silver King is at home, "pensioned," of course, for the balance of his life. He will never again be seen in films, Frances Marion says.

ANOTHER little "shaver," who for years has faced the possibility of seeing his only known parent as a phantom, is Donald Mike Gallery, who was adopted from an Austin, Texas, orphanage by Barbara La Marr. Don knew nothing of his real father and mother when Barbara, "the too-beautiful girl," espied him in a crib and pleaded that she be made his foster-mother. Her own baby had died.

"There's never been one day—not one hour—since they took my own little boy out of my arms," she cried, "that I haven't longed for the feel of a baby against my breast. Lots of nights I've waked up thinking I heard that little voice that has been still so long, calling me. Lots of times, as I opened the door to come in, I forgot and looked to see his little face."

The impassioned plea of the glorious Barbara was heeded and little Don passed into her keeping while he still was in his swaddling clothes. He was three-and-a-half years old when Miss La Marr died at Altadena in 1926, and ZaSu Pitts and Tom Gallery adopted him.

One of the pictures Barbara made, a little more than a year before her collapse, was "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," a Metro production based on the Robert W. Service poem of the same name. Barbara never wanted her little Don to see this picture.

The poem recites a dramatic story of how on a night of incredible cold, a miner stumbled into the "Malamute saloon." The stranger goes to the battered old piano, plays sweet music upon it, then suddenly stops with a crash. And—

"I want to state and my words are straight and I'll bet my poke they're true,
That one of you is a hound of hell . . . and that one is Dan McGrew.
Then I ducked my head and the lights went out and two guns blazed in the dark,
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up and two men lay stiff and stark.
Pitched on his head and pumped full of lead was Dangerous Dan McGrew,
While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the breast of the lady that's known as Lou."

Barbara, of course, was "the lady that's known as Lou." She was insistent that this be a chapter from her picture life which should be kept from Donald. It was too sordid. It carried a wrong impression of her.

THERE are other children—lots of them—in the film colony who see either their dead father or mother moving life-like across the screen, but most of them have reached the age of understanding. There's Creighton Chaney, for example, son of the late Lon Chaney, greatest of all character actors. One of Creighton's most prized possessions is a film showing his father making camp by the side of a stream away up in the Sierra Madre Mountain range. He has films showing his father moving happily about a cabin up there where the fishing was good. Money couldn't buy these possessions.

Finally there is little ten year old Stratton Nomis, son of one of the greatest aerial stunt-daredevils that Hollywood ever had. Leo Nomis was killed in February of 1932 when,

engaged in a dog-fight with two other well-known aviators 1,500 feet up, he put his ship into a falling leaf for the kick of the picture.

But something went wrong and instead of coming out of the falling leaf, the ship went into a tailspin and crashed. The engine buried itself a full eight feet in the ground.

Little Stratton Nomis could look at that terrific air battle and truthfully cry out:

"There—that was my daddy!"

The credit, of course, went to the star of the picture—and audiences applauded him on all the moving picture screens throughout the country. But it was Leo Nomis' body that was taken to a little evergreen plot in one of Hollywood's cemeteries.

For that's life—and death—in Hollywood.

Pinch Hitters That Came Through

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

The studio, all agog, sent out an SOS for a substitute.

In Hollywood was a good actor named Ivan Lebedeff, a cultured Russian. Once upon a time he had played important rôles, but in recent years his talents had been lost in insignificant bits.

Would he play the part of Harlow's foreign lover in her new picture?

He had been waiting for a break like that for a long, long time!

Lebedeff played the part—and he played it well. Once again he is in line for important rôles. But if Asther hadn't walked out—Lebedeff's name might have remained hidden and obscure, listed at the end of casts.

Then there was the time Paramount bent itself double and all the script writers tore their hair trying to keep Miriam Hopkins on the set. The picture was "No Man of Her Own." Miriam was to co-star with Gable, who was borrowed from M-G-M for the picture.

Work began, and Miriam complained. First, the part was too weak, too saccharine. The script writers wrote and rewrote, trying to strengthen it. Then Miriam decided she was being over-shadowed by Gable.

FINALLY, Miriam went to lunch one day, and didn't come back. She flew to Palm Springs. Studio executives phoned and telegraphed. They begged, they pleaded, they threatened.

Then they put Carole Lombard in the rôle. Carole scored a big success. The public liked her teamed with the great screen lover. Carole had played leads before, but the rôle that Miriam high-hatted greatly increased the Lombard lady's screen prestige and was an important addition to her list of successes.

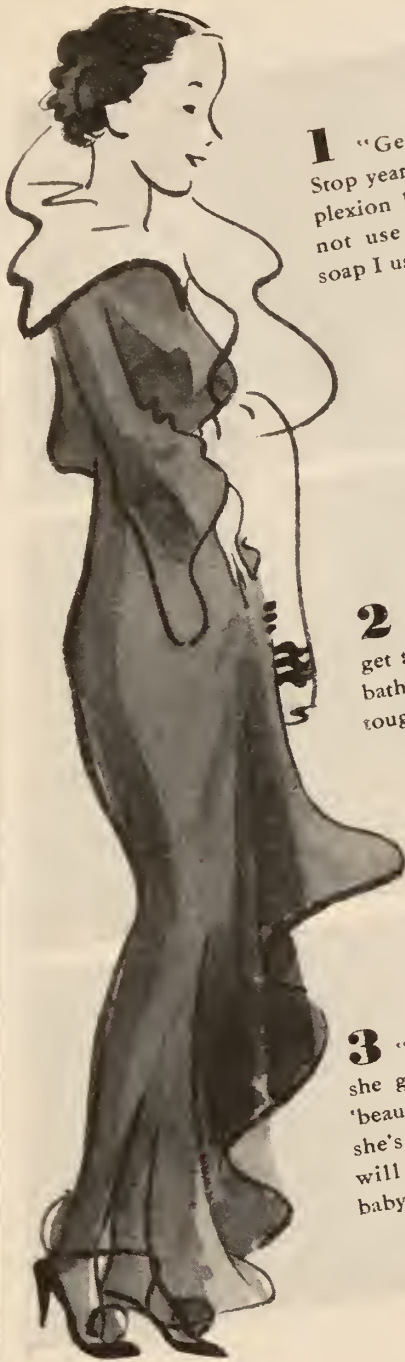
"The Way to Love," with Chevalier and Sylvia Sidney, was well in production, when Sylvia's throat trouble made it inadvisable for her to continue working. Europe seemed the best place to recover—so Sylvia sailed.

The well-known panic was on. Finally difficulties all around were solved happily by borrowing Ann Dvorak from Warners to play the vacated part—and it is the opinion of many critics that she was better suited to the character than Miss Sidney.

John Stahl, out at Universal, wanted Irene Dunne to play the girl in his "Only Yesterday." He wanted her so badly that absolutely no one else would do. This great epic was Stahl's pride and joy. It had been in preparation for months.

Finally Irene was set for the part—and then salary trouble set in. The proceedings were delayed for so long that it was time for Irene to make a much-anticipated visit to New York to see her husband, and she refused to put it off.

Things were in a terrible tangle. Ten leading



1 "Get wise, sister! Stop yearning for a complexion like mine. Why not use the same pure soap I use?"



2 "Yes, and don't forget to use Ivory for your bath, too. Winter's so tough on your skin."



3 "Whew! I'm glad she got rid of her fancy 'beauty' soap. Now that she's using Ivory her skin will stay smooth as a baby's."



Don't dilly-dally another minute, if you yearn for a baby-smooth, baby-clear complexion. These raw wintry winds can make a girl's face like sandpaper, if she's not careful. So start your Ivory beauty treatments today. Ivory won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin silky-smooth.

Ivory, you know, is so pure that doctors recommend it even for tiny babies. Surely the soap that is best for a baby's sensitive skin is safest for your own complexion.

And . . . stay far, far away from "beauty soaps" that may hide impurities behind fancy perfumes and lollipop colorings.

And be a baby about your bath, too! Hot, dry rooms—raw, chilly winds! These days, your skin all over needs Ivory's soothing, gentle care more than ever. Hop into your odorless Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. And thank your lucky stars that fine white Ivory costs you only a few pennies at any grocer's.

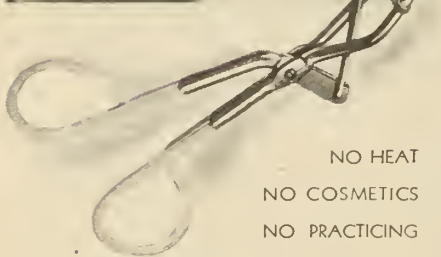
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Lashes

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NO COSMETICS
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NO ONE knows why that long, upward sweep of feminine lashes has always seemed so enchanting to the masculine mind—but it's so. And it used to be that (like curly hair) a girl either was born with the right kind or else—. Now there's a gadget: Kurlash. Slip your lashes in, and press the handles. That's all. Kurlash won't break the lashes or hurt them in any way. In fact, it's used by a great many movie stars. If it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store or beauty shop, send \$1 with the coupon. And after you've curled your lashes, you'll probably want to take other steps too.

KURLENE: keeps your lashes and brows in condition. 50 cents and \$1.

LASHTINT: darkens your lashes; waterproof. \$1.

SHADETTE: gives mystery, depth to the eyes; four shades, brown, blue, green, violet. \$1.

LASHPAC: compact mascara. Three shades. \$1.

TWEEZETTE: to arch your brows painlessly. \$1.

Kurlash

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Rochester, New York
GENTLEMEN: Here's one dollar. Please send Kurlash and a copy of your booklet, "Fascinating Eyes." In Canada, Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

young actresses were tested for the part. Finally, in desperation, Stahl went to New York. There he saw an unknown actress playing a small part in the current Broadway success "Dinner at Eight."

Those "in the know" say Margaret Sullavan has had the most magnificent chance at stardom in the history of Hollywood handed to her on a silver platter.

She is something fresh and new and entirely herself—with a great picture and an unparalleled opportunity to prove it.

But if Irene Dunne had not been a unique Hollywood wife, who preferred going to New York to see her husband to staying in Hollywood and playing the sort of a part every actress prays for—would anyone have heard of Margaret Sullavan?

SALLY EILERS made her debut on the Fox lot, replacing Virginia Cherrill in a George O'Brien Western. Virginia sprained her ankle—Sally was more or less retired from the screen then and spending most of her time out on Hoot Gibson's ranch. But she could ride a

horse—and somebody mentioned her as a candidate for the part.

It didn't seem very important at the time but it led directly to Sally's great opportunity in "Bad Girl," on the same lot.

AND now, what has Sally done but turned down "Jimmy and Sally" which was written for herself and Jimmy Dunn!

Ee—magine! With that title all set and everything! She is newly married to Harry Joe Brown and doesn't care about being "teamed" with any other man—even in a picture. And anyway, she didn't like the story.

So a lady who has been languishing in West-erns—even as Sally was herself, before her big chance—gets the lead opposite Jimmy. Her name is Claire Trevor, and she is one of the loveliest blondes in pictures.

Will this part lead to a "Bad Girl" for Claire?

They'll tell you in Hollywood it's all in the "breaks" you get. But often as not, it's in the breaks and sprains, tonsils and temperaments somebody else gets, too!

Merry Ex-Wives of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

than I can—" Carole broke down and sobbed.

"Haven't you hid yet?" Mary Carlisle called from under the davenport.

A quiet, dignified little blonde arose from her seat in the corner.

"It's Mary Pickford," she whispers ran.

"Who iss Mary Pickford?" asked Dietrich, fingering her necktie.

"Listen," hissed Polly Moran, "if you weren't so darned shorts conscious, you'd know."

GIRLS, said Mary simply, "you all know of my recent grief, so I'll say just this. Never marry a leaper. They leap from chandelier to chandelier. From continent to continent. They even ride bareback on carpets. So please—"

She couldn't go on. Crawford, in her Adrian special number 123, arose and look around pleadingly.

"Dodo and I were like two children at first," she said, giving it a little of scene four from "Possessed."

"But, girls, I warn you, Douglas, as I had to call him when he grew up, won't remain a child. He'll go artistic on you. He'll want to paint. He'll want to sculpt. He'll want to wade knee-deep in Nietzsche. He'll want to write. And even will. He'll want to act—"

"And will, all over the place," interrupted Bennett.

"He'll yearn to write poetry. And give imitations."

"God forbid," moaned the girls, while Joan went on:

"So, I went from 'hey, nonny, nonny' to the poet's corner in six short months. With gardenias, of course. But my soul is crushed. Our souls are no longer kindred. He went his way and I went to the Coconut Grove with Franchot Tone."

"What did you wear?" the eager audience thundered.

"It was a little blue number I had my designer send out. It had the new Mae West shoulderline in—"

"Who iss Mae West?" hissed Dietrich.

The company ignored her.

"Well, gub-irls," wavered ZaSu Pitts, lifting her prostrate hands and turning her large, sad eyes on the gathering, "we'll—I—oh, dear—" in a flurry of embarrassment she started slowly back to her chair.

"Oh, ZaSu!" the girls objected. "Come on!"

ZaSu began again, "Well, Tom and I—er,

Tom Gallery his name was—and still is, I guess— Well, Tom and I were very happy—but I want to warn you girls that Tom always wants to go to prize-fights.

"I used to say to Tom, I'd say, 'Tom, why do you always have to go tearing out to prize-fights? Why couldn't we have a nice private prize-fight here at home?' But no," ZaSu sighed, "he always wanted to see two complete *strangers* punch each other in the—well, punch each other. He wouldn't pick a prize-fight at home, and I—well, that's his only fault girls—"

And, lifting her hands in a futile little gesture, ZaSu sank into her chair.

Sally Eilers stepped to the front of the room. "I'm here to say this. Hoot Gibson is a square shooter."

"Ride 'em, cowboy," chorused the girls.

"Oh, are we playing cowboy and Indian?" came from little Carlisle under the davenport.

"But the trouble was," continued Sally, "I wanted to throw parties, and Hoot wanted to throw bulls. So girls, I warn you, you'll ride horseback when you want to ride in a limousine. Why, it got so, every time I started an emotional scene in a picture with Jimmie Dunn, I broke into a canter. I grew canter-minded. I even cantered when the horse trotted. I—" Sally wept and dropped into her saddle.

THERE was a sudden commotion in the doorway. Gracie Allen, breathless and flurried, rode in on her bicycle.

"Oh, girls, I'm late but I got into the wrong meeting. And, mind you, I never knew it for hours. Isn't that silly? I mean I kept telling them all about George's funny little habits. They liked the one about George riding up and down in elevators when there are no elevators," Gracie giggled. "I told that one about twenty times. Even in our living-room, I mean, George keeps going up in elevators all evening. He says he does it to keep from mayhem."

"And the funny part of it is there's never been anyone in our family called Mayhem. He only imagines it. It's silly, don't you think so?"

"Yes, we think so, Gracie," they said. "But what meeting was it?"

"Well, after two hours they came and patted me on the head and said they were convinced I was in the right place, only George should be there instead of me. Silly. They said they were The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Wait," Bennett peered intently down the boulevard. "Girls," she screamed, "here comes Gary Cooper."

There was a mad dash for the door. Three stars were trampled unconscious in the rush as the entire meeting tore down the boulevard after Gary. Screaming and yelling, "Yoo hoo, Gary, wait for us."

"Gee, are we playing 'Run, sheep, run?'" came from little Mary Carlisle under the davenport. But no one answered. The pack was in full chase.

A Pair of Wuppermanns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

So he found his way back to New York and, having nothing to do, began to look for a job on the stage. After all, wasn't Ralph on the stage?

And finding the job, he too—in order not to disgrace the name of Wuppermann—called himself Morgan.

Frank's pride smarted now when the introductions at the Lambs Club continued to be, "I want you to meet Ralph Morgan's brother." He would add crossly, "The name is *Frank*, if you please." But nobody paid much attention.

Then, before long, Frank went to Hollywood to make a name for himself.

For awhile, everything was all right. Frank was *Frank* in Hollywood. He wasn't anybody's brother. And Ralph continued to be an important identity with a name of his own on Broadway.

And everything would have continued smoothly—without any confusion or embarrassing mix-ups—if Ralph had stayed in New York. But his stage reputation made him highly desirable to movie producers, and eventually he, too, answered the call of the screen. When Ralph got to Hollywood, the Morgan trouble began.

FRANK was called Ralph, and Ralph was called Frank and the confusion was, and still is, exceedingly disconcerting. It is possible that the younger Wuppermann even yearned for the good old days when he was definitely introduced and recognized as "Ralph's brother." At least, people knew he wasn't *Ralph!*

Take, for example, the day Frank met a Fox studio executive at Agua Caliente. Frank's contract is with M-G-M; Ralph is with Fox. But when Frank went back to his table, the Fox executive said to his companion:

"What is his name?"
 "Frank Morgan," was the answer.
 "Oh yes, of course, he's working with us." the executive dismissed the matter—and probably ever after had the two actors confused.

Recently a picture of Claudia Morgan and her father, Ralph Morgan, appeared in a magazine. But caption beneath the picture read, "*Frank Morgan and Daughter.*" Frank has a seventeen-year-old son. No daughter.

Another magazine—referring to the lawyer in "The Kiss Before the Mirror"—called him Ralph Morgan. But *he* was Frank!

More recently still, the following paragraph was printed in the "low-down" column of a film paper: "Brotherly love moved Ralph Morgan to call this here newspaper yesterday and tell us that it was he, and *not* frere Frank, who did the acting in 'Walls of Gold.' We were already chagrined by the mistake in the review of the film, in mentioning the wrong Morgan as having appeared in it. *Or is there a wrong Morgan?* We don't think so!"

Incidentally, it was probably not the fact that Ralph felt himself being slighted which prompted him to telephone that paper and make the correction. More than likely he

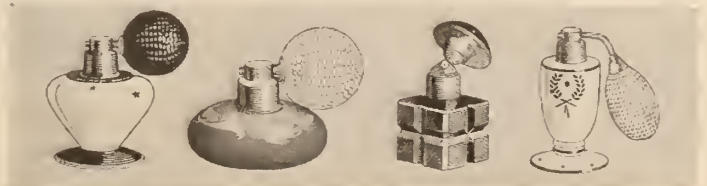


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TURN TO PAGE 16

sensed what brother Frank's reaction would be at having *his* name linked with a second-rate picture.

For, oddly and ironically, in Hollywood the tables have been turned for the Wuppermann boys. Frank, who played small bits on the stage while his brother was matinee idol of Broadway, has been getting the fat, juicy rôles on the screen. And Ralph, the stage success, has had many ineffectual and rather unimportant parts.

Frank, you will remember, was handed one conspicuously plump rôle after another: With Lupe Velez in "The Half-Naked Truth." With Alice Brady in "Broadway to Hollywood." With Jean Harlow in "The Blonde Bombshell." The rôle of the philandering publisher, with Ann Harding and Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet."

ON the other hand, Ralph's parts have not been strong—even when the film was important. Take, for example, the sad-faced ineffectual *Cear* in "Rasputin and the Empress," and the pathetic *Uncle Charlie* in "Strange Interlude." Fortunately, Ralph's Hollywood breaks are getting better—with his stronger rôles in "The Power and the Glory" and "7 Lives Were Changed."

But what are the two brothers' attitudes toward their movie careers and the confusing mix-ups which have embarrassed them since Ralph's arrival in Hollywood?

Not so long ago it was rumored that Frank asked a writer not to mention Ralph in the same story with him. He intimated that there was so much confusion already about their identity, that linking their names together would just mess matters up a little more.

When Ralph suggested that the best way to combat the "mistaken identity" difficulty was for both of them to appear in the same picture sometime, Frank was silent. Again, when the brothers were advised to hire the same agent to handle their business affairs, Frank was not interested.

People who know the men well do not confuse them.

For one thing, they move in very different social groups. The Frank Morgans go with a gayer crowd. The Ralph Morgans have made their Hollywood friendships among more quiet people.

But while scandal-mongers might like to establish a rift between the families and say the two brothers are not compatible, it is probably pure gossip.

For Frank still remembers that it was his older brother who bore the brunt of family wrath and paved the way for his entrance into the theater.

And Ralph is too sincere an artist, too secure in his Broadway reputation, to be jealous of his brother who, so far, has picked up fatter movie plums.

IF you ask their sister, Mrs. Langdon, what *she* thinks, she will champion Ralph.

"Frank may be the showier actor," she says. "I believe there's no doubt about that. He was gifted by the gods with a natural versatility.

"Perhaps Ralph, though, in his quieter, more thoughtful way, gives greater study to each rôle he plays.

"I always remember what one of his dramatic professors said to me: 'Ralph studies his rôles more thoroughly and plays them more perfectly than any student I've ever had. He puts all of himself into every gesture, into every word. Consequently, his interpretations have delicate nuances and surprising expressions that are never to be found in the playing of an actor who might be a more natural showman.' That's the difference I believe, between Ralph's and Frank's work. But each is splendid in his own way.

"And," she added, "I think it would be very difficult for a critic to say which is the better actor."

Twenty Years After

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

told B. P. Schulberg, the producer, that. "I want to be Fredric March," I said.

"B.P." sneaked a puzzled glance at the contract.

"It's down here in black and white that you are Fredric March," he said.

"What I mean," I explained, "is that I don't want to play Barrymore. I want to play myself."

"Of course you want to play yourself," B.P. soothed. "Your first picture will be 'The Dummy.'"

I was pretty sore, until I discovered that I wasn't playing the title rôle.

After I'd been around awhile, people got tired of telling each other of whom I reminded them, and by and by some gagman said didn't John Barrymore look like Fredric March. But by that time I'd already resigned myself to the fact that a person sometimes does look like someone else, and that as long as an actor can keep from looking like the wrath of God he has an even break.

MY first few years didn't bring me any parts over which I could get excited. I was getting pretty much of a routine build-up. But the parts I got I threw my heart and soul into. I remember throwing them into "Night Angel" and, for a while, thinking I'd never get them back. I grew a beard for my part—a young Central European lawyer. And what did I get for it?

In the first place, I got insults. The picture was to be made in New York, and I had a short vacation before it was to start, so Mrs. March and I went on a cruise to the West Indies and I started the whiskers.

By the time we got to Bermuda, people were looking at the stubble and wagging their heads and saying, "That's the tropics for you—a man soon loses his morale. I'll bet he doesn't even wash."

Then, after I'd braved their calumny and arrived back in New York with a really magni-

ficent growth, Eddie Goulding, the director, didn't like it.

But I was stubborn about shaving it off. Each day I'd trim off a little here and a little there, and ask him how he liked it now. When I got down to just a dot on the chin, he gave in and said I could wear that if Walter Wanger, the producer, liked it. But Walter took one look at it and said I looked more like a doctor than a lawyer. I slunk out of his office swearing that I was through suffering for my art.

That's all I knew about it!

Shortly after, I met Mr. Jesse Lasky at a conference in New York and casually suggested that I'd like to do either "Peter Ibbetson" or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," both of which Paramount owned. I wanted particularly to do "Jekyll and Hyde" because I thought it would give me a swell chance to make faces.

Well, we did it. But I didn't get my chance to make faces. Instead, I just supplied the head, and the make-up man made the faces on it. For about a month, I got to the studio at six in the morning and Wally Westmore spent three or four hours building additions to my cheek-bones and ears and putting fangs into my mouth and stuffing things up my nose.

These early morning frivolities almost killed me, but the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded me a gold statuette for the best male performance of the year 1932 because of "Jekyll and Hyde," and I was willing to call it square.

My trophy was the turning point of my life. "What," I asked Mrs. March—whom I very often call "Florence" or "Darling"—"what is a gold statuette without a marble fawn to go with it?"

"And what," countered Darling, or Florence, or Mrs. March, "is a marble fawn without a lawn to put it on; and a lawn without a house; and a house without a baby?"

I didn't attempt to answer the obvious.



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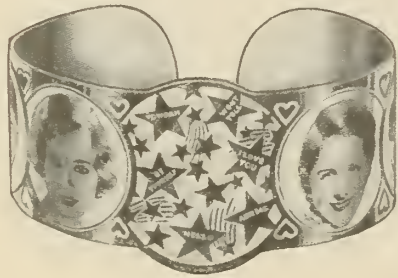
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She smiled for the camera, but wouldn't speak to reporters who asked if she and Director Mervyn LeRoy were already married. Whatever their status, Doris, daughter of Harry Warner, and Mervyn look happy

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"Well," I said, "We have a baby. You remember, don't you?"

"I remember perfectly," she groaned, "on account of it's the nurse's day out, and at the moment it looks as if I'd have to give Penny her orange juice as a hypodermic."

"Orange juice or no orange juice," I said, getting back to our original discussion, "that leaves us a house and a marble fawn to go. We'll draw some plans for a house. Tonight—I have to go to the studio now. We're making 'The Sign of the Cross.'"

"I'm the one who should be making the sign of the cross," sighed Mrs. March, starting upstairs with the orange juice.

We never got around to drawing our house plans ourselves. Not that we hadn't the talent, but we only had one pencil and we needed that for contract scoring. Rather than buy another, we hired an architect.

"We're going to build out here," we told people.

At first they only raised their eyebrows, as

much as to say that we were chumps to build in Beverly Hills when everyone knew that Westport, Connecticut, was the place where all good little actors go when they retire, and it was only a question of time now. But when they saw we couldn't be swayed, they were very nice about it and would always ask: "How's the house coming?" And we'd have to admit that it wasn't even started yet, because we couldn't decide whether we wanted a fireplace in the bedroom and didn't know where we could put the bath if we did.

BUT we Marches always get what we go after and we finally figured out that if we put a shower in the bedroom fireplace, our problem would be solved. So now we're ready to start. By next spring we'll have the house. And by next summer our house will have a lawn. And I've already taken an option on a marble fawn.

So, after all, I guess I'll have something to show for my first five years in the movies.

The Clown Who Juggled Apples

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

hours, I found my father sitting in the kitchen, as all people who lived in suburbs sat in kitchens in those days. Only highbrows ever used the front door of a house."

Bill overlooked one thing. His father was like Tam O'Shanter's wife, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. He chased Bill again, and the boy decided it was best to remain away.

He slept in a cave that night, used by children of the neighborhood for daytime play.

Now began a weird experience for the boy. He did not return home for several years, but lived as best he could in the city. For many months he lived in the cave, his playmates bringing him food.

Before he was out of his teens he worked for two summers as a helper on an ice wagon. "It was a nice easy job," said Bill, with a touch of remembered bitterness. "I only had to get up at three in the morning and lug heavy cakes of ice on my back till five in the afternoon."

When out of work, which was often, he slept where he could—"Where the wind could not reach me. The wind was my greatest menace."

Strange are the furbelows of destiny. Once, the vagabond boy picked up several apples in front of a grocery store. He had been wandering along the street, wondering what his future was to be, and where he would eat that night.

He had seen jugglers in a cheap theater. He tried to juggle the apples, and found, to his surprise, that he kept the three moving successfully for several minutes.

Exalted, he went juggling down the street with the grocer's apples. Surely if the merchant but knew of the destiny to which the young alley boy juggled, he would forgive the loss of the apples.

He practiced juggling for three years, with whatever came to hand. As an indifferent young juggler he earned a meager living for a few years. He had a strong mind, and knew, a rare thing among youths, exactly what he wanted to do.

SINCE time immemorial such people as Bill Fields, with gypsy hearts, have won high laurels from the starving beginnings of wandering players—Deburau, the French clown, greater than Chaplin; Rachel, born of gypsy Jews at a roadside inn; Nell Gwynne, and many others.

By some peculiar alchemy of the senses, they absorb suffering in youth and turn it later to sad and ironical humor. Never is a clown a fool. Early they discover without knowing anything of Nietzsche, that men should learn to laugh at themselves.

Bill Fields is no exception. Beneath his ex-

cellent drollery, he laughs as often at people as with them.

When it came time for him to travel beyond Philadelphia, he gave a benefit performance at, of all places, Batly Hall. All the performers worked for nothing, except the young juggler, Fields. The benefit was for him. With the ninety-three dollars obtained, he bought some new clothes, and went to Plymouth Park, Penna., at a salary of five dollars per week—one week. The people were kind, however, and recommended him for an engagement at Atlantic City.

"Fired again," thought Bill often and long. On the way to Atlantic City a great buffoon was born.

HE was paid ten dollars per week as long as he could draw. He did everything about the place. One stunt which came from his active brain was to swim far out in the ocean. Once there, he would flounder and yell for help. The life guards, who worked in shows nearby, would rescue him. They would rush him to a pavilion, where a crowd would gather. Then the waiters would start yelling their wares for sale.

The apple juggler was soon on his way to a burlesque show at eighteen dollars per week, which he received—some weeks. When Bill would ask for a dollar the manager would shriek, "Do you think I'm made of money? If I had a dollar I'd start a No. 2 Company."

Stranded at last for keeps in Kent, Ohio, Bill had twelve dollars. The fare to New York was eighteen dollars.

The ancient ticket agent—and may the wind blow gently over his grave—trusted him for the other six dollars. The son of the gentleman who stepped on the rake had no money for food or other such details. But New York, the magical, was at the other end of the line, and the woe-begone juggler of stolen apples was on a warm train in the dead of winter.

Fields later played in Akron, Ohio, twelve miles from Kent. The agent was given one hundred dollars for the badly needed six dollars.

The kindly clown asked me not to write about this. I would not, except—there are those who say that stage people never remember.

Fields arrived in New York, and sold his overcoat for food. An actor, poor as himself, gave him a raincoat. There were only two difficulties: it was three below zero and the raincoat was many sizes too small for him. The proud buffoon carried the coat over his arm.

Next, the hardly believable happened. He got a job with a burlesque show at thirty-five

dollars a week. And the money was *paid every week!* By the time he was twenty, he had toured the country in vaudeville, and shortly afterward had been booked in Berlin, Germany, at one hundred and fifty dollars per week.

THE vagabond boy went from there to all the capitals of Europe in the next two years. Another stroke of bad early fortune was to help him. He had no money in the days of his hunger to buy that which he wanted—an expensive juggling outfit, tassels, tights and spangles. Instead, he contrived a tramp make-up. Who that has seen him, will ever forget his inept groping about the stage, his capacity, born of fear, to do everything wrong. Here was the great clown—blending laughter and tears, until the audience, confused, as in real life, knew not whether to pity or to laugh at him.

Another shrewd observation was made by the former cash boy.

Pantomime could be understood in any country. He never deviated therefrom.

For the next thirteen years his time was divided between Europe and America, with intervening journeys to Australia, the Orient, and around the world.

While on his way to India, the German raider, Emden, chased his ship to Australia. There he found a cablegram from Charles Dillingham offering him work in New York in "Watch Your Step," with Frank Tinney. The trip home required thirty-nine days. Next we find him with Ziegfeld's Follies, where he remained nine years.

Then he was engaged for a film called "Janice Meredith."

After a year with Paramount, he returned to the stage. But the lure of the films and California had touched him.

He had saved his money for years. It was a large sum with which to face the evening of life. His stage earnings had been many thousands a week.

He placed the money in a large New York bank and decided to "play with films."

The bank failed. Fields had lost everything but courage and tenacity. He *wanted to enter films*, and begin life over again. Alas, the producers did not seem to want him. He offered to write, direct and act in a comedy for nothing—to get a chance. There were no ears to hear.

He finally got two unimportant rôles. Then Mack Sennett at last took him on. He wrote, directed and acted in four comedies. All were successful. One paid for itself in three days.

Fields has always believed that a comedian should do that which he is impelled to do on stage or screen, and trust that the audience would be impelled to like that which he had done.

His faith in himself has been justified. He is now at work in his seventeenth film, and under contract to Paramount; the company is building him for stardom.

LIKE the apples which he juggled from the grocer's, he has long since grown mellow.

Not only is Bill Fields a great clown, but a gentle, tolerant man, who laughs to keep from crying.

And may it be said in conclusion, that he was the solace in the old age of the gentleman who stepped upon the rake.

JEAN HARLOW, co-starring with LEE TRACY in M-G-M's "Bombshell"



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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE VINEGAR TREE—M-G-M

ALICE BRADY as a fluttery "Mrs. Malaprop" and Lionel Barrymore as her crusty husband, try to keep daughter Mary Carlisle from marrying suave, middle-aged Conway Tearle. The chatter is bright and amusing, and Mary proves herself well able to carry a rôle in company with the veteran cast.

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio

THIS one will really give you goose-flesh and cold chills. Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist medium, tries to help Stuart Erwin, a young police detective, solve a murder by going into trances. The scene of the action is an old haunted house, and no detail which might give you another shiver-up-the-spine is omitted. Too scary for children.

THE INVISIBLE MAN—Universal

NOW you see him, now you don't—which is good for some shivers in this pseudo-scientific H. G. Wells tale, hardly as effective on the screen as in print. Claude Rains (a screen newcomer) makes himself invisible, but in the process loses his reason. Imagine what an invisible maniac could do and then multiply by ten. Result—some strong horror. But not up to "Frankenstein."

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists

GEORGE BANCROFT'S followers will welcome his screen return in this unpretentious but hearty tale of a big shot bail bondsman who turns on the underworld which made him, when society girl Frances Dee lures him in order to gratify her criminality complex. Lots of suspense and good characterizations by Bancroft, Judith Anderson and Frances Dee.

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox

ADD matchmaking and the care of an intoxicated suicidal bridegroom to being a janitor and that's El Brendel's amusing plight. Walter Catlett as Robert Brewster, III, fiancé of Barbara Weeks, gets involved with a gunman's sister, and faces a sawed-off-shotgun wedding at four o'clock and a society ditto at five. Catlett is riotous.

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount

DICK ARLEN gives a starring performance in this picture, which unfortunately fails to justify it. He plays Cap'n Jericho, the gruff but lovable owner of an old garbage scow, who falls heir to a baby—also a girl, Judith Allen, when she tries suicide and lands in his nets. It could have clicked but didn't.

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox

LILIAN HARVEY in a musical comedy Kingdom, is a poor, would-be cafe singer who wins the attention and later the love of the romantic young king (John Boles) through an escapade of his chauffeur (El Brendel). John is smooth and Lilian is charming; but she works too hard to save a comedy which was badly handled. Only mildly pleasing.

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible

EVALYN KNAPP splits with her worthless vaudeville partner-husband, Edward Nugent, becomes a star in Alan Dinehart's night club, then cold-shoulders Dinehart and returns to Nugent. Evalyn has a hard time with her song numbers, leaving musical honors to Ada May. Unpretentious, but entertaining.



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BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

RIDER OF JUSTICE—Universal

THE same old story—they didn't even change the horses, this trip. Ken Maynard is the disappearing nephew who shows up with a badge in time to save the pretty girl's ranch. So implausible that even the kids objected. The scenery will save you the fare to Arizona, if you like scenery.

QUATORZE JUILLET ("July 14")— Protex Pictures

ROMANCE grows from the depths of Paris when a taxi driver and a neighbor girl celebrate the French national holiday. Those knowing French will appreciate the humor of the lines and Rene Clair's subtle direction; for the rest of us, it's slow, mild entertainment, although some of the fun can be understood in any language.

LONE COWBOY—Paramount

JACKIE COOPER is all this one can offer, for Will James' Western emerges from its screen wash wrung pretty dry. Not even the usual action and scenery aid the very evident story about orphan Jackie sent West to his dead father's pal, who is embittered by Lila Lee's faithlessness. Of course, Jackie regenerates the grouch.

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR— Universal

THE trouble with this mystery story is that it's too mystifying to make much sense to the audience. A number of suspects are rounded up after a murder, among them Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson. Things look bad for Onslow until Wynne has a brainstorm and saves the day. A good cast, including Alan Dinehart and Warren Hymer.

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film

A GERMAN-MADE film with Luis Trenker as the skiing hero, who upholds community honor despite complications arising from love and a false murder charge. Trenker and the cast do well; but the majestic beauty of the Alps steals the picture.

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia

STOCK melodrama, woodenly acted, with Tim McCoy and Evalyn Knapp presiding. She's the daughter of a police lieutenant, injured in capturing a notorious criminal; Tim McCoy is on a radio squad car. The criminal escapes prison, gets after papa; noble Tim gets a hunch that puts him on the trail; and so on.

Star News from London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

When I asked her why she had done such an unbelievable thing, she grinned.

"Because I want experience," she replied. "I want to be a big hit over here first. I don't want to be 'Made in Hollywood.' I'm going out there only after I've really made good here!"

It really begins to look as if the yessing of the Hollywood big shots has ceased being universal.

DON ALVARADO and Raquel Torres are lovers again—screen, of course. The last time it happened was when they played opposite one another in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Now Alvarado is Raquel's gypsy lover in "The Red Wagon," a British International film starring Charles Bickford.

When Alvarado arrived at Plymouth the immigration authorities wouldn't let him land—his passport lacking a British visa. Anyhow, they remembered when last year he appeared at Southampton with Marilyn Miller—both of them without even a passport. On that occasion, as you doubtless recall, they had boarded the *Bremen* in New York to bid Mrs. Man Dwan *bon voyage*—only to be carried away in the ship.

The British International people got busy and within a few days obtained the necessary permit for Alvarado to come on from Paris and go to work.

AT luncheon with H. B. Warner at the Berkeley another day, we had a grand time talking about Hollywood.

He's been making a talkie version of "Sorrell and Son."

You'll recall he did a silent of this several years ago.

Warner told me the thing that impressed him most upon his return to this, his native land, was the marvelous memory with which all English servants are blessed. Waiters and doormen who haven't seen him for countless years all address him by name—and tickle him pink by doing it.

Also the tiny size of this little isle affects him

strangely—after the vast distances of the United States.

"It reminds me," he said, "of the Englishman who set out from New York to go to San Francisco.

"When, after four days in the train, he arrived he found the town all decorated and illuminated. It was evident some celebration was in progress.

"What's the occasion?" he inquired.
"It's Columbus Day," somebody told him. "Columbus is the guy that discovered America, you know."

"Discovered it?" echoed the Englishman. "I don't see how he could possibly have missed it!"

Warner will soon be back in Hollywood. He's keen as mustard to find out how his fellow English actors are getting on with their cricket.

ANNA MAY WONG tells me she adores London and says she hopes to be able to settle down here permanently.

She has made not a few films at Elstree where they think the world of her. So far as engagements are concerned there is no question about her being able to stay in London from now on.

AND here's the latest Charlie Bickford crack:

"The Red Wagon," being a circus story, has a sequence in which two lions are used. The day they were shooting this sequence the beasts were evidently out of sorts.

In spite of everything their trainer could do to quiet them they persisted in growling and snarling. Of course, it was out of the question to try to record dialogue against such an uproar.

When, finally, the director decided there was nothing left to do but call off work for the day—Bickford took command of the situation.

"I'll fix 'em," he announced.
Then scowling savagely, he strode up to the cage and—arms akimbo and eyes blazing—he faced the growling animals.

"Shut up!" he yelled. "SHUT UP!"
And, believe it or not, those beasts shut up!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot. Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-I laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORLD GONEMAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

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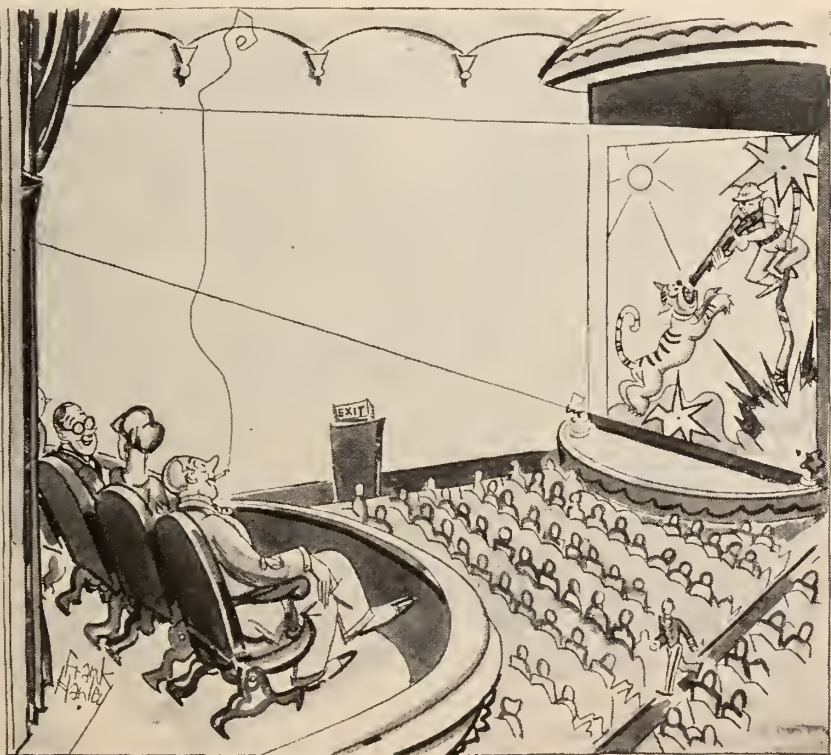
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News of the Fan Clubs

REPORTS to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs from the Chicago group of fan clubs reveal plans for the production of three one act plays. All clubs in the Chicago area are discussing this event, and each play is to be an original written by club members. The first play is scheduled for showing shortly after the holidays. This marks the beginning of the first serious work by the Chicago clubs as a group.

THE Billie Dove Fan Club, of which Lenore A. Heidorn, 5737 South Artesian Ave., Chicago, is president, celebrated its fifth anniversary with a big party at Miss Heidorn's home.

The Ruth Roland Club, Lillian Conrad, President, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, and the Johnny Downs Fan Club, Ruth E. Keast, President, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, recently celebrated their third successful year of operation.

Anna Glance, 7953 Merrill Ave., Chicago, president of the Jackie Cooper Club, probably has the honor of having the youngest member. Miss Barbara Woods, two weeks old niece of Miss Glance, has been signed up for membership.

Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 South Artesian Ave., Chicago, president of the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, announces that Miss Stanwyck recently passed through Chicago on her way West after having completed a personal appearance tour in the East.

Ethel Musgrove, secretary of the Ramon Novarro Fan Club (Canada), 6384 Elgin St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, announces that the name of the organization has been changed to the Ramon Novarro Service League.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Ave., North, Minneapolis, Minn., president of the John Boles Music Club, just sent in the first bulletin issued by the club. It is nicely arranged and goes to show that a club can issue an interesting paper.

The Bodil Rosing Fan Club has been sending in some interesting bulletins entitled "Bodil and Her Fans." Mrs. Millie Wist, editor, edits the paper in Hollywood so that

the club members really get first hand information about the news of the studios.

A note from J. H. Bloss, 514 Scott Avenue, Syracuse, New York, president of the Herald Cinema Critics Club, states that the club put on a half-hour broadcast of a tabloid version of "Footlight Parade" over WSYR.

Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., president of the Movie Fans Friendship Club, announces that he has organized a Dick Powell Club. The M. F. F. C. has been growing according to Chaw and he has bright hopes for the future of his newest club.

THE association has a number of club applications pending, including:

Dick Powell Club, Chaw Mank, President, 226 East Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

Tom Brown Club, Donato R. Cedrone, President, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

Bodil Rosing Fan Club, Mrs. Millie Wist, Editor, 177 South Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, and Mrs. Martin Boyer, President, 1121 East Ferry Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Maureen O'Sullivan Club, Marianne Oppenheim, Secretary, 242 East 94th St., New York, N. Y.

Gloria Stuart Fan Club, Estelle Nowark, President, 3223 North Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Screen Guild Fan Club, James J. Earle, President, 104 West River St., Elyria, Ohio.

IMPORTANT

THE question of a 1934 Fan Club Convention has been brought up for discussion in several clubs. Last year the first, and a very successful gathering, was held in Chicago in June. Several clubs failed to receive notice of the convention and therefore did not attend.

In view of the many important questions that such a meeting involves we would like to have you begin discussing the convention now with your various members. Any suggestions which you may have will be welcomed. It is desired to make the second annual convention an outstanding success.



Keystone

If you're an "old-timer" you will recognize most of them. They're stars of the past. Standing, left to right, are Lionel Belmore, Maurice Costello, Paul Panzer, Mrs. Panzer, Bryant Washburn, Anita Stewart, J. Stuart Blackton, Mrs. Blackton, Marion Constance Blackton. Seated: Florence Turner, Kate Price, Bud Duncan, Mary Anderson, Flora Finch, Ben Turpin. They're planning a movie "comeback" in "The Film Parade"

Addresses of the Stars



Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne	Jack La Rue
Judith Allan	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	Baby LeRoy
Richard Arlen	John Davis Lodge
George Barbier	Carole Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Grace Bradley	Herbert Marshall
Kathleen Burke	Four Marx Brothers
Burns and Allen	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Lyda Roberti
Bing Crosby	Lanny Ross
Dorothy Dell	Charlie Ruggles
Marlene Dietrich	Randolph Scott
Frances Drake	Sylvia Sydney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
William Frawley	Sir Guy Standing
Frances Fuller	Kent Taylor
Cary Grant	Evelyn Venable
Shirley Grey	Mae West
Verna Hillie	Dorothea Wieck
Miriam Hopkins	Toby Wing
Roscoe Karns	Elizabeth Young
Percy Kilbride	

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Lillian Moore
Billy Gilbert	Billy Nelson
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Patsy Kelly	Nena Quartaro
Stan Laurel	Thelma Todd
Dorothy Layton	Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Elizabeth Allan	Otto Kruger
Agnes Anderson	Myrna Loy
Max Baer	Ben Lyon
Lanny Ross	Jeanette MacDonald
Lionel Barrymore	Mala
Wallace Beery	Margaret McConnell
Alice Brady	Florine McKinney
Alison Skipworth	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Ruth Channing	Polly Moran
Mae Clarke	Frank Morgan
Jackie Cooper	Karen Morley
Joan Crawford	Ramon Novarro
Marion Davies	Maureen O'Sullivan
Marie Dressler	Earl Oxford
Jimmy Durante	Jean Parker
Nelson Eddy	Jack Pearl
Stuart Erwin	Nat Pendleton
Madge Evans	Esther Ralston
Muriel Evans	May Robson
Clark Gable	Ruth Selwyn
Creta Garbo	Norma Shearer
C. Henry Gordon	Martha Sleeper
Russell Hardie	Mona Smith
Jean Harlow	Lewis Stone
Helen Hayes	Franchot Tone
Ted Healy	Lee Tracy
Jean Hersholt	Lupe Velez
Irene Hervey	Johnny Weissmuller
Phillips Holmes	Ed Wynn
Jean Howard	Diana Wynyard
Walter Huston	Robert Young
Isabel Jewell	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames	Rochelle Hudson
Heather Angel	G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lew Ayres	Roger Imhof
Jane Barnes	Suzanne Kaaren
Mona Barrie	Miriam Jordan
Warner Baxter	Victor Jory
Irene Bentley	Howard Lally
John Boles	William Lawrence
Clara Bow	Eleanor Lynn
Nigel Bruce	Philip Merivale
Henrietta Crosman	Ralph Morgan
Frances Dee	Herbert Mundin
Florence Desmond	George O'Brien
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulicn
Stepin Fetchit	Wini Shaw
Norman Foster	Sid Silvers
Preston Foster	Spencer Tracy
Dixie Frances	Claire Trevor
Henry Garat	Helen Vinson
Janet Gaynor	Blanca Vischer
Lilian Harvey	June Vladek
Alfred Hesse	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Robert Allen	Ken Maynard
Vilma Banky	Chester Morris
Vince Barnett	Charlie Murray
Andy Devine	ZaSu Pitts
Louise Fazenda	Roger Pryor
Sterling Holloway	Claude Rains
Leila Hyams	George Sidney
Buck Jones	Onslow Stevens
Boris Karloff	Gloria Stuart
Jan Kiepura	Margaret Sullivan
Evalyn Knapp	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Luis Trenker
Paul Lukas	Alice White
Mabel Marden	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

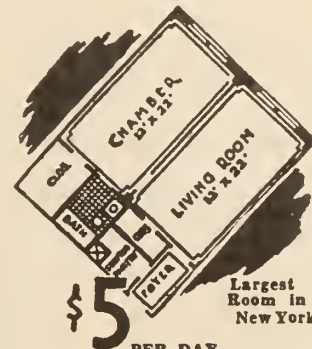
Loretta Andrews	Ruby Keeler
Mary Astor	Guy Kibbee
Robert Barrat	Lorena Layson
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
George Blackwood	Marjorie Lytell
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
Lynn Browning	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Adolphe Menjou
Hobart Cavanaugh	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Dorothy Coonan	Theodore Newton
Ricardo Cortez	Pat O'Brien
Bette Davis	Henry O'Neill
Claire Dodd	Edwin Phillips
Ruth Donnelly	Dick Powell
Ann Dvorak	William Powell
Patricia Ellis	Phillip Reed
Glenda Farrell	Edward G. Robinson
Philip Faversham	Barbara Rogers
Helen Foster	Kathryn Sergava
Kay Francis	Barbara Stanwyck
Geraine Grear	Lyle Talbot
Hugh Herbert	Sheila Terry
Arthur Hohl	Genevieve Tobin
Ann Hovey	Juliette Ware
Leslie Howard	Gordon Westcott
Alice Jans	Renee Whitney
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
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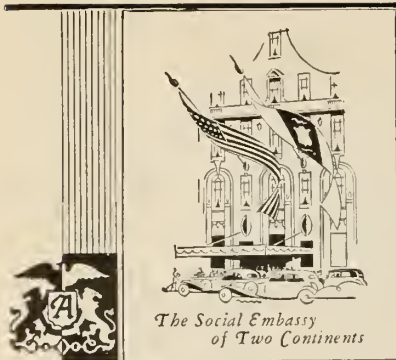
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New York City



Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly	Grace Moore
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Gene Raymond
Elissa Landi	Joseph Schildkraut
Edmund Lowe	Iris Sothert
Tim McCoy	Dorothy Tree

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Madge Kennedy

IN our issue of January, 1919, the "post-war" epoch of films was fairly under way—with some curiously prophetic comments! We remarked that America was the nation best fitted to heal war wounds, and that movies would be a great "good will" force, to promote understanding among nations. How true that proved, in view of the world-wide clamor later that movies were "Americanizing" the youth of every land!

Madge Kennedy told—and how odd this sounds now—about coming from California to New York to get her start in movies! She did it at just about the time the movies were migrating from New York to California. Another "sign of the times"—air mail had been started, and one of the first "letters" mailed was Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. This was done to help speed him about the country in his war work.

Up to this time, actresses had been rather generally afraid of confessing to having children. In this issue a great reigning favorite of previous years—Kitty Gordon, of the beautiful back—proudly presented her daughter.

A sad note in this issue was announcement that Harold Lockwood, one of the greatest favorites of the day, had died. Another favorite, Montagu Love, explained in this issue that he wouldn't give details about himself, because he believed this shifted interest too much from the film to the actor. Little chance he was to have, of turning away the fast-kindling publicity spotlight!

Of the month's films, Caruso's first screen effort was most interesting. We said, though, that directors must have been too awed to direct, for it didn't turn out so well. Theda Bara's much heralded "Salome" we called a mess. On the cover—Marie Doro.

10 Years Ago



Aileen Pringle

BY January, 1924, the "golden year" of 1923, with all its reckless "million dollar" extravagances, had brought dire punishment to the movies. So many "super specials" had been created that theaters couldn't absorb them; so studios were shutting down, salaries were being cut, and all Hollywood was "broke." Relief was promised, however, as soon as films on hand got into circulation.

Everyone seemed agog those days about who was to play in that sensational film, Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." So it was decidedly the news of the month, when we announced that Aileen Pringle would do the emoting on the tiger skin. Of the newer stars, we hailed Malcolm McGregor and Fred Thomson, the Princeton and Olympics athlete who became a minister, a war chaplain, and now was seeking to convey inspiration to right living by his spectacular work in "stunt"

stories involving airplanes and motorcycles.

Both Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix explained at length, "Why I Have Never Married." Richard wanted to find the right woman to be both wife and mother; Bebe wanted to be sure the marriage would last, once made, even though she continued her career.

D. W. Griffith was blocking roads near New York City and Boston, and otherwise upsetting the countryside, screening "America."

The six best pictures of the month were topped by Barbara La Marr's "The Eternal City," with Jackie Coogan next in "Long Live the King." The rest: "The Acquittal" (Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry, Barbara Bedford), "Anna Christie" (Blanche Sweet), "Ponjola" (Anna Q. Nilsson), "Flaming Youth" (Colleen Moore). On the cover—Barbara La Marr.

5 Years Ago



Paul Muni

IN our issue of January, 1929, we reviewed the previous year and awarded top honors in best performances to Jack Gilbert, with four, and Emil Jannings, with three. But alas! Sound had come, and each of these stars was even now in eclipse, though no one knew it.

Joan Crawford was named the outstanding new star, although Janet Gaynor's "7th Heaven" had placed her well up. In her autobiography, running at the time, Janet told of getting her start as a Hal Roach extra. Aileen Pringle, who became famous five years ago in "Three Weeks," now was annoyed at being called "high-brow," while her partner in that film, Conrad Nagel, was astonishing the world with the richness and appeal of his voice in talkies.

One studio was worrying about what to call a new character actor it had acquired. His name was Muni Weisenfreund, which wouldn't

do. One idea was to call him Muni Wise, but there was fear people would change that to Money Wise. So they decided to call him Paul Muni.

Talkies were really hitting their stride now. Ruth Chatterton was to do Barrie's "Half an Hour" under title "The Doctor's Secret." Eric Von Stroheim was standing Hollywood on its ear, and had Gloria Swanson living at the studio, doing "Queen Kelly," the film that made much studio history before it was abandoned.

Emil Jannings' "Sins of the Fathers" led the best films; Garbo's and Gilbert's "A Woman of Affairs" came next. The other four: "Outcast" (Corinne Griffith, Eddie Lowe), "Romance of the Underworld" (Corinne Griffith, Robert Elliott), "Scarlet Seas" (Richard Barthelme), "Red Wine" (Conrad Nagel). Cover honors went to Madge Bellamy.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEFORE DAWN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edgar Wallace. Screen play by Garrett Fort, Marion Dix and Ralph Block. Directed by Irving Pichel. The cast: *Dwight Wilson*, Stuart Erwin; *Patricia Merrick*, Dorothy Wilson; *Dr. Cornelius*, Warner Oland; *Merrick*, Dudley Digges; *Mattie*, Gertrude Hoffman; *O'Hara*, Oscar Apfel; *Mrs. Marble*, Jane Darwell; *Joe Valerie*, Frank Reicher.

"BLOOD MONEY"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the screen play by Rowland Brown and Hal Long. Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: *Bill Bailey*, George Bancroft; *Elaine Talbert*, Frances Dee; *Drury Darling*, Chick Chandler; *Ruby Darling*, Judith Anderson. Also: Blossom Seeley, Etienne Girardot, George Rigas, Theresa Harris, Kathryn Williams, John Bleifer, Ann Brody, Henry Lewis, Jr., Sandra Shaw, Henry Kolker, Bradley Page.

"CHRISTOPHER BEAN"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Late Christopher Bean" adapted by Sidney Howard from the play "Prenez Garde a la Peinture" by Rene Fauchois. Screen play by Sylvia Thalberg and Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Abby*, Marie Dressler; *Dr. Haggell*, Lionel Barrymore; *Susan*, Helen Mack; *Mrs. Haggell*, Beulah Bondi; *Warren*, Russell Hardie; *Rosen*, Jean Hersholt; *Davenport*, H. B. Warner; *Ada*, Helen Shipman; *Tallent*, George Coulouris; *Maid*, Ellen Lowe.

"COLLEGE COACH"—WARNERS.—From the story by Niven Busch and Manuel Seff. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Phil Sargent*, Dick Powell; *Claire Gore*, Ann Dvorak; *Coach Gore*, Pat O'Brien; *Dr. Philip Sargent*, Arthur Byron; *Buck Weaver*, Lyle Talbot; *Barnell*, Hugh Herbert; *Matthews*, Guinn Williams; *Petrowski*, Nat Pendleton; *Editor*, Philip Faversham; *Hanser*, Charles Wilson; *Spencer Trask*, Donald Meek; *Otis*, Berton Churchill; *Seymour Young*, Arthur Hohl; *Professor*, Harry Beresford; *Glanz*, Herman Bing; *Holcomb*, Joseph Sauer; *Westerman*, Phillip Reed.

"CRADLE SONG"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Gregorio Martinez Sierra. Screen play by Marc Connelly and Frank Partos. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: *Joanna*, Dorothea Wieck; *Teresa*, Evelyn Venable; *The Doctor*, Sir Guy Standing; *Prioresse*, Louise Dresser; *Antonio*, Kent Taylor; *Marcella*, Gertrude Michael; *Icarus*, Georgia Caine; *Alberto*, Dickie Moore; *Sagario*, Nydia Westman; *Ines*, Marion Ballou; *Mistress of Novices*, Eleonor Wesselhoft; *Christina*, Diane Sinclair; *Pepila*, Yvonne Pelletier; *Tomas*, David Durand; *Carmen*, Bonita Granville; *Sabina*, Rosita Butler; *Priest*, Mischa Auer; *Maria Luccia*, Gail Patrick; *Tornera*, Gertrude Norman; *Mayor*, Howard Lang.

"DANCE, GIRL, DANCE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Robert Ellis. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Sally*, Evalyn Knapp; *Valentine*, Alan Dinehart; *Claudette*, Ada May; *Joe*, Eddie Nugent; *Lou Kendall*, Mae Busch; *Cleo*, Gloria Shea; *Mozart*, George Grandee.

"DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE" ("The Son of the White Mountains")—ITALA FILM.—From the story by Luis Trenker. Directed by Mario Bonnard. The cast: *Turri*, Luis Trenker; *Coste*, Carl Steiner; *Morel*, Emmerich Albert; *Mary*, Renate Muller; *Annie*, Maria Solveg.

"DESIGN FOR LIVING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Noel Coward. Screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Tom Chambaz*, Fredric March; *George Curtis*, Gary Cooper; *Gilda Farrell*, Miriam Hopkins; *Max Plunkett*, Edward Everett Horton; *Mr. Douglas*, Franklin Pangborn; *Conductor*, Emile Chautard; *Lisping Stenographer*, Isabel Jewell; *Tom's Secretary*, Nora Cecil; *Cafe Proprietress*, Adrienne D'Ambriouret; *Art Commissioner*, Armand Kaliz.

"DUCK SOUP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Rufus T. Firefly*, Groucho Marx; *Chicolini*, Chico Marx; *Brownie*, Harpo Marx; *Bob Rolland*, Zeppo Marx; *Vera Marcal*, Raquel Torres; *Ambassador Trentino*, Louis Calhern; *Mrs. Teasdale*, Margaret Dumont; *Secretary*, Verna Hillie; *Agitator*, Leonid Kinsky; *Zander*, Edmund Breese; *Secretary of War*, Edwin Maxwell.

"FEMALE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Donald Henderson Clarke. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Alison Drake*, Ruth Chatterton; *Jim Thorne*, George Brent; *Claybourne*, Philip Faversham; *Miss Frothingham*, Ruth Donnelly; *Cooper*, John Mack Brown; *Harriet*, Lois Wilson; *Briggs*, Gavin Gordon; *Puggy*, Huey White; *Della*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Jarral*, Walter Walker; *Detective*, Charles Wilson; *Buller*, Edward Cooper; *Footman*, Eric Wilton; *Usay O'Davern*; *Bradley*, Samuel Hinds; *Drunk boy*, Sterling Holloway; *Pettigrew*, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

"HAVANA WIDOWS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Mae Knight*, Joan Blondell; *Sadie Appleby*, Glenda Farrell; *Deacon Jones*, Guy Kibbee; *Bob Jones*, Lyle Talbot; *Herman Brody*, Allen Jenkins; *Duffy*, Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Jones*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mr. Otis*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Butch O'Neill*, Ralph Ince; *Mullins*, George Cooper; *Mrs. Ryan*, Maude Eburne; *Timberg*, Charles Wilson; *Wheelman*, Garry Owen.

"HELL AND HIGH WATER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Captain Jericho" by Max Miller. Adapted by Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. The cast: *Captain Jericho*, Richard Arlen; *Sally Driggs*, Judith Allen; *Peck I Wealin*, Charles Grapewin; *Rear Admiral*, Sir Guy Standing; *Barney*, Robert Kettles; *Mom Wealin*, Gertrude Hoffman; *Joe Satsanuki*, S. Matsui; *Milton J. Bunsey*, William Frawley; *Barney's mother*, Esther Muir; *Japanese Girl*, Iris Yamaoka; *Bradley*, the Pilot, John Marston; *Dance Hall Manager*, Barton MacLane; *Interpreter*, Mike Morita; *Harbor Master's Clerk*, Franklin Parker; *Lieutenant Saunders*, Selmer Jackson.

"HOOPLA"—FOX.—From the play "The Barker" by John Kenyon Nicholson. Screen play by Bradley King and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Lou*, Clara Bow; *Nifty*, Preston Foster; *Chris*, Richard Cromwell; *Hap*, Herbert Mundin; *Jerry*, James Gleason; *Carrie*, Minna Gombell; *Colonel Gowdy*, Roger Imhof; *Ma Benson*, Florence Roberts.

"HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Austin Parker and Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Peggy Martin*, Kay Francis; *Blaine*, Ricardo Cortez; *Monty Van Tyle*, Gene Raymond; *Eleanor*, Margaret Lindsay; *Fiske*, John Halliday; *Hunt*, Frank McHugh; *Dolly*, Sheila Terry; *Dr. Wyman*, Henry O'Neill; *Freddie*, Theodore Newton; *Mrs. Van Tyle*, Nella Walker; *Curtis*, Samuel Hinds; *Girls in sextette*, Renee Whitney, Pat Wing, Helen Barclay, Lorena Layson; *Henry*, Hardie Albright; *Bonelli*, William Boyd.

"INVISIBLE MAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by H. G. Wells. Screen play by R. C. Sherriff. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *The Invisible One*, Claude Rains; *Flora Cranley*, Gloria Stuart; *Doctor Kemp*, William Harrigan; *Doctor Cranley*, Henry Travers; *Mrs. Hall*, Una O'Connor; *Mr. Hall*, Forrester Harvey; *Chief of Police*, Holmes Herbert; *Jaffers*, E. E. Clive; *Chief of Detectives*, Dudley Digges; *Inspector Bird*, Harry Stubbs; *Inspector Lane*, Donald Stuart; *Milly*, Merle Tottenham.

"KING FOR A NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire and Jack O'Dou-



Blondes, beware! You'd better watch out — here's competition for you! Shirley Temple is already queen of Educational's Baby Burlesk troupe, and she's breaking lots of hearts

nell. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Bud (Kid) Gloves*, Chester Morris; *Lillian*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Evelyn*, Alice White; *Douglas*, John Miljan; *Reverend Gloves*, Grant Mitchell; *Hymie*, George E. Stone; *John Gloves*, George Meeker; *Dick*, Frank Albertson; *Goofy*, Warren Hymers; *Merkle*, Harland Tucker; *The Champ*, Harry Galfund; *Whistler*, Clarence Wilson; *Dora*, Dorothy Granger; *Boy*, George Billings; *Manny*, John Sheehan; *McCue*, Wade Boteler; *Heartyweight*, Maxie Rosenbloom.

"LITTLE WOMEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louisa May Alcott. Screen play by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Jo*, Katharine Hepburn; *Amy*, Joan Bennett; *Fritz Baer*, Paul Lukas; *Meg*, Frances Dee; *Beth*, Jean Parker; *Aunt March*, Edna May Oliver; *Laurie*, Douglass Montgomery; *Mr. Laurence*, Henry Stephenson; *Marmee*, Spring Byington; *Mr. March*, Samuel Hinds; *Hannah*, Mabel Colcord; *Brooke*, John Davis Lodge; *Mamie*, Nydia Westman.

"LONE COWBOY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Paul Sloane. Adapted by Agnes Brand Leahy and Bobby Vernon. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Scotter O'Neal*, Jackie Cooper; *Eleanor Jones*, Lila Lee; *Bill O'Neal*, John Wray; *Dobe Jones*, Addison Richards; *Jim Weston*, Gavin Gordon; *J. J. Baxter*, Barton MacLane; *Mr. Curran*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mr. Burton*, Dell Henderson; *Junkman*, Joe Barton; *Buck*, William LeMaire; *Zeke*, Irving Bacon; *Marshall*, Charles Middleton; *Boarding House Keeper*, Lillian Harmer; *Postman*, William Robbins.

"MAD GAME, THE"—FOX.—From the story by William Conselman. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Edward Carson*, Spencer Tracy; *Jane Lee*, Claire Trevor; *Judge Penfield*, Ralph Morgan; *Thomas Penfield*, Howard Lally; *Chopper Allen*, J. Carrol Naish; *William Bennett*, John Miljan; *Bulls McGee*, Matt McHugh; *Marilyn Kirk*, Kathleen Burke; *Lila Penfield*, Mary Mason; *Warden*, Willard Robertson; *Doctor*, John Davidson; *Lou*, Paul Fix; *Mike*, Jerry Devine.

"MY LIPS BETRAY"—FOX.—From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok. Screen play by Hans Kraly and Jane Storm. Directed by John Huston. The cast: *Lili*, Lillian Harvey; *King Rupert*, John Boles; *Sigmund*, El Brendel; *Queen Mother*, Irene Browne; *Mama Watcheck*, Maude Eburne; *De Conti*, Henry Stephenson; *Weininger*, Herman Bing.

"MY WOMAN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Brian Marlow. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Connie*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Bradley*, Victor Jory; *Chick*, Wallace Ford; *Muriel*, Claire Dodd; *Buller*, Warren Hymers; *Pop Riley*, Raymond Brown; *Miller*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Agent*, Charles Levison; *McCluskey*, Ralph Freud; *Cargle*, William Jeffrey; *Treech*, Lester Crawford; *Webster*, Boothe Howard; *Studio Manager*, Edwin Stanley; *Asst. Manager*, Lorin Raker; *Agent*, Harry Holman.

"OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT"—FOX.—From the story by George Marshall. Screen play by Henry Johnson and James Tynan. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Knute Olsen*, El Brendel; *Robert Brewster III*, Walter Catlett; *Jane Van Allen*, Barbara Weeks; *Virginia West*, Susan Fleming; *Harry Smith*, John Arledge; *Mrs. Van Allen*, Maidel Turner; *Joe "Monk" West*, Edward Pawley; *Danny Reynolds*, Joseph Sauer.

"ONLY YESTERDAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Frederick Lewis Allen. Screen play by Arthur Richman and George O'Neill. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Mary Lane*, Margaret Sullavan; *Jim Emerson*, John Boles; *Julia Warren*, Billie Burke; *Bob*, Reginald Denny; *Jim, Jr.*, Jimmy Butler; *Leona*, Edna May Oliver; *Phyllis Emerson*, Benita Hume; *Dave Reynolds*, George Meeker; *Deborah*, June Clyde; *Amy*, Marie Prevost; *Mr. Lane*, Oscar Apfel; *Mrs. Lane*, Jane Darwell; *Bob Lane*, Tom Conlon; *Goodheart*, Berton Churchill; *Barnard*, Onslow Stevens; *Tom*, Franklin Pangborn; *Barnes*, Walter Catlett; *Leitia*, Noel Francis; *Scott Hayes*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Jerry*, Barry Norton; *Burton*, Arthur Hoyt; *Lucy*, Natalie Moorhead; *Margot*, Joyce Compton; *Mrs. Vincent*, Betty Blythe; *Charlie Smith*, Grady Sutton; *Eleanor*, Ruth Clifford; *Sally*, Dorothy Granger; *Patty*, Geneva Mitchell; *Rena*, Dorothy Christy; *A Lesbian*, Jean Sorel; *Ailes*, Robert McWade; *Ruth*, Lucille Powers; *Graves*, Crauford Kent; *Harper*, Ferdinand Munier; *Toodie*, Gay Seabrook; *Grace*, Marion Byron; *Betty*, Jean Hart; *Lee*, Leon Woycuff; *Billy*, James Flavin; *McIntyre*, Warren Stokes; *Hugh*, Hugh Enfield; *Helen*, Mabel Marden; *Moy*, Sheila Mannors; *Buller*, Edgar Norton; *Second Buller*, Sidney Bracy; *Preston*, Herbert Corthell; *Eitel*, Vivian Oakland; *Rex*, Bert Roach; *Porter*, Deacon McDaniels; *Abby*, Louise Beavers.

"POLICE CAR 17"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Tim Conlon*, Tim McCoy; *Helen Regan*, Evalyn Knapp; *Dan Regan*, Wallis Clark;

Bumps O'Neill, Ward Bond; Johnny Davis, Harold Huber; "Big Bill" Standish, Edwin Maxwell; Harry, Charles West; Ace Boyle, Jack Long; Captain Harl, DeWitt Jennings.

"PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by John Lee Mahin, Jr. and John Meelian. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Belle, Myrna Loy; Steve, Max Baer; Carnera, Primo Carnera; Promoter, Jack Dempsey; Professor, Walter Huston; Willie Ryan, Otto Kruger; Bugsie, Vince Barnett; Adopted Son, Robert McWade; Linda, Muriel Evans; Cabaret Girl, Jean Howard.*

"QUATORZE JUILLET" ("July 14")—PROTEX PICTURES.—From the story by Rene Clair. Directed by Rene Clair. The cast: *Anna, Annabella; Pola, Pola Illery; Jean, Georges Rigaud; Charles, Raymond Amos; M. Imaque, Paul Olivier; Fernand, Thomy Bourdelle; Raymond, Raymond Corday.*

"RIDER OF JUSTICE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Robert Quigley. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Lance, Ken Maynard; Ray Marsh, Cecilia Parker; Sam Burkett, Hooper Atchley; Chris Hogan, Walter Rockwell; Hank Rivers, Jack Rockwell; Denver, Ed Brady; Imposter, Fred MacKaye; Red Hogan, Bill Dyer; Sheriff, Jack Richardson; Jim Lance, Ed Coxen; Jones, William Gould; Lawyer, Francis Ford; Postmaster, Lafe McKee; Tarzan, Tarzan.*

"SON OF A SAILOR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Al Cohn and Paul Gerrard Smith. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Handsome Callahan, Joe E. Brown; Helen, Jean Muir; The Baroness, Thelma Todd; Duke, Johnny Mack Brown; Gaga, Frank McHugh; Armstrong, George Blackwood; Kramer, Walter Kramer; Williams, Kenneth Thomson; Farnsworth, Samuel Hinds; Vincent, Arthur Vinton; Lee, George Irving; Liend, Reed, John Marston; Sailor Johnson, Garry Owen; Slug, Joe Sauers; Blanding, Clay Clement; Capt. Briggs, Purnell Pratt; Genevieve, Sheila Terry.*

"SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Warren B. Duff and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Scotly Graham, Onslow Stevens; Lynn Aston, Wynne Gibson; Inspector Thomas, Alan Dinehart; Sergeant Melody, William Collier, Sr.; Sam Collins, Warren Hymer; Lubeck, Cliff Edwards; Toni, June Knight; Wanda, Lillian Roth; Kenneth Raleigh, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; Thelma, Lillian Bond; Andrew Raleigh, Charles Richmond; Consuelo Raleigh, Dorothy Lee; Mike Caruso, Robert Gleckler; Miss Jersey City, Lona Andre.*

"TAKE A CHANCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story and screen play by Lawrence Schwab, Buddy De Sylva and Monte Brice. Directed by Lawrence Schwab and Monte Brice. The cast: *Duke, James Dunn; Louie, Cliff Edwards; Toni, June Knight; Wanda, Lillian Roth; Kenneth Raleigh, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; Thelma, Lillian Bond; Andrew Raleigh, Charles Richmond; Consuelo Raleigh, Dorothy Lee; Mike Caruso, Robert Gleckler; Miss Jersey City, Lona Andre.*

"VINEGAR TREE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Paul Osborn. Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Augustus, Lionel Barrymore; Laura, Alice Brady; Max, Conway Tearle; Winifred, Katherine Alexander; Leone, Mary Carlisle; Geoffry, William Janney; Buller, Halliwell Hobbes.*

"WHITE WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Norman Reilly Raine and Frank Butler. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Judith Denning, Carole Lombard; Horace Prin, Charles Lughton; Ballister, Charles Bickford; David von Eltz, Kent Taylor; Jakey, Percy Kilbride; Hambley, James Bell; Fenton, James B. Middleton; Chisholm, Claude King; Mrs. Chisholm, Ethel Griffies; Vaegi, Jimmie Dime; Connors, Marc Lawrence; Native Chief No. 1, Noble Johnson; Native Chief No. 2, Greg Whitespear.*

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see page 86

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The newcomer cries a good deal the first week we take her to our hearts and soon, with tender sympathy, we have her smiling. How their faces light when we say, "Really, the time flies. We have movies three nights weekly."

But won't you give us more "happy endings"? In reality we see much sorrow and tears, when movie night comes we want to live and be happy in the golden hours of make believe!

Our only joy is the movies, for we are patients in a tuberculosis sanatorium.

Mrs. I. G., State Sanatorium, Md.

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You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 1-A, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Bride and groom: Mr. and Mrs. Marty Malone. You know her better as Polly Moran. The photographer caught them sitting in a corner at the cocktail party that Nelson Eddy gave in honor of the happy newlyweds

IN the September issue of PHOTOPLAY we reported that Mr. George Arliss had been treated by physicians with insulin. Mr. Arliss advises us that there is no foundation for this statement as he has never used insulin and has never been treated for any disease for which insulin might be prescribed.

We regret having published this statement and herewith tender Mr. Arliss our apologies.

ALTHOUGH the rumor that Greta Garbo would marry her director, Rouben Mamoulian, when "Queen Christina" was finished has been quiescent for a while, Mamoulian would not sign the lease for his new house in Beverly Hills until he had taken Greta to see it.

THE ex-wife of a very successful ex-athlete who lately has been doing all right in pictures says:
"Aw, he was all right until his body went to his head."

VINCE BARNETT will have to look to his ribbing laurels in Hollywood with Florence Desmond in town.

Florence is the imitress who created a sensation with her phonograph record, "The Hollywood Party" and came right out to Hollywood to do her stuff for the microphones.

She's been the sensation of more actual Hollywood parties, and, not content with that, has started calling up on the phone, pretending to be Garbo, or Crawford, or ZaSu Pitts,

making engagements or dishing out veiled insults until there has been much confusion created and many friendships threatened.

Well, the female is always more deadly than the male!

CLAREMORE, Okla., which boasts that Rochelle Hudson also was born there, now has a confectionery called the "Rochelle Hudson Shoppe." And how about a "Ye Olde Will Rogers Horse Corral and Chewing Gum Shoppe"?

IT must be the Max Baer influence—heaven forbid—but Clark Gable, Jack Conway, Seymour Felix, Douglas Shearer and Stuart Erwin have joined a boxing class at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Mike Cantwell, Baer's trainer, as their mentor.

HAROLD LLOYD, JR., going on three years old and called Bud by everyone, was on his way to a party and, as usual, the car was stopped at the main gate of the estate to permit Bud to salute Bob Lewis, the guardian.

"Well, Bud," said Bob, "you're going to have a lot of ice cream and candy?"

"Yes," declared Bud, firmly, "and cake, too."

BEING up on your "Alice in Wonderland," you will remember they used live flamingoes for croquet mallets and guinea pigs for balls.

So Paramount provided a flamingo and guinea pigs for Charlotte Henry's game before the cameras.

The flamingo, not caring at all to join in the fun, bit Charlotte, whose hands and arms soon became covered with a rash.

IT'S been a busy year for Mae West.

Since last spring Mae has written her two screen plays, "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel," acted in them and practically supervised them both, wrote "The Constant Sinner," a novelization of her famous "Diamond Lil," and practically completed her humorous book, "How To Misbehave."

And in all this time she has given out two hundred interviews, most of which were made unique by the West flashing wit.

Not bad, really.

"THEY call my voice a low baritone with a husky quaver," explains Bing Crosby.

"The doctors have told me that my particular brand of singing is due to a little unobtrusive growth between my vocal cords.

"If I ever lose it I'll probably become a hog-caller."

Maybe the hogs wouldn't mind!

THE day Carole Lombard moved into her new house, she came down with a relapse of the flu.

The painters hadn't entirely moved out of the place, and Carole says the odor was so intense she had painter's colic added to her other troubles.



Don English

Three guesses! And we'll give you odds you're wrong! It's Claudette Colbert, make-up-less and plainly gowned for her rôle of the schoolmarm in "Four Frightened People"

In Baltimore...



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS *Are sold exclusively by Hochschild, Kohn & Co.*

AT THE RIGHT: *After the making of the new Columbia picture, "Master of Men," popular Fay Wray became so attached to this exquisite dinner frock that she purchased it for her personal wardrobe! The gown, charming because of its slim, fitted tunic, is only one of the "Hollywood Fashions" selected by Seymour, stylist for Photoplay Magazine...now on display!*



In Baltimore . . . as in Boston . . . as in Cleveland . . . as in Detroit . . . "Hollywood Fashions" are sold in stores known as "smart" (Page 115). Only in stores of fashion leadership will you find faithful copies of the authentic motion picture costumes pictured in PHOTOPLAY. (See pages 61-66).

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

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If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your community, send Photoplay Magazine your name and address and mention department store from which you buy ready-to-wear

If your home is in Baltimore, visit the interesting store of Hochschild, Kohn & Co. in December! For in the "Hollywood Fashions Corner," a modernistic setting recently added to the the Third Floor Apparel Shops, are exact copies of Fay Wray's fascinating tunic gown . . . as well as other "Hollywood Fashions," for January . . . no less lovely!



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I enjoy them a lot*



*...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER*

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Christy

UNDRAPING HOLLYWOOD

YOUTH

ROMANCE

Jesse L.
LASKY'S

I am Suzanne!



Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance... While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes... and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.





*Even his best
friend wouldn't*
SAVE HIM!

(Mostly boys in this picture, but the moral is for girls)

Not for love or gold would anybody "cut in" and take little Enid off his hands. They were "on to her." Even his best friend, broke as only a college boy can be, had scorned his secret proffer of five dollars. Enid was his—all his—until the band played "Home, Sweet Home." The whole thing was pretty awful. But it was worse for Enid . . . For by the cruel grapevine, everyone in the room knew what her trouble was . . . knew why no one wanted to dance with her . . . why no one would ever want to dance with her . . .

How's your breath today?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. Yet anybody, you included, is likely to have it. Ninety per cent of cases, say dental authorities, are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush.

Don't guess about your breath. Don't risk offending others needlessly. Use Listerine and your breath will be pure, wholesome, and beyond reproach. Simply rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and be-



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tween times before social or business engagements.

Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It immediately halts fermentation, the cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. When you want quick action and lasting deodorant effect, use only Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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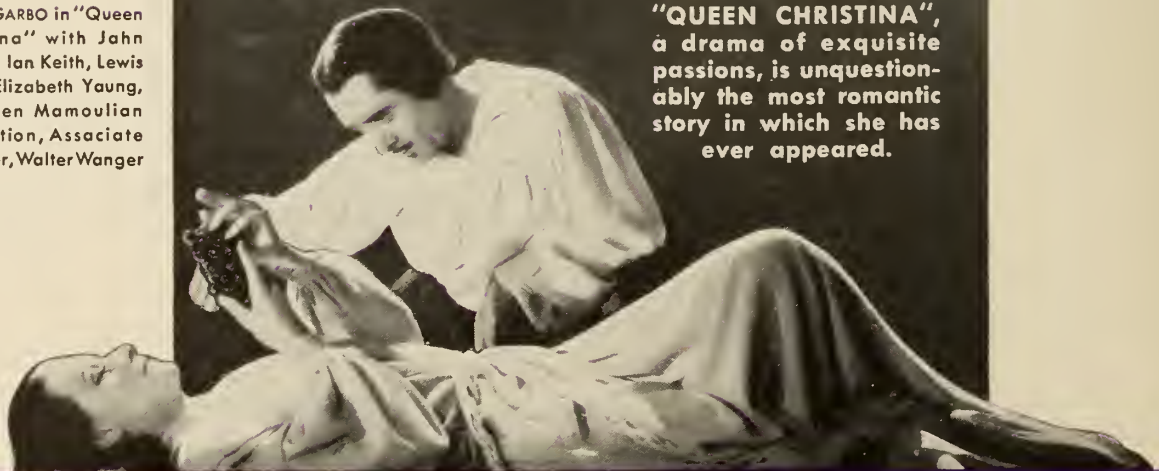


GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN



The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with Jahn Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stane, Elizabeth Young, A Rauben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger



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Vol. XLV No. 3

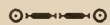
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

February, 1934



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

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Kay Francis—Painted by Earl Christy

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army, Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the sickers. (Sept.)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

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

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

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

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CHANGE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder, Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

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

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

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

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

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

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

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

FASHIONS

No man can escape them and no woman wants to. You'll find this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

full of news about forthcoming styles and fashions.

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie* battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....



AL JOLSON KAY FRANCIS
 DICK POWELL DOLORES DEL RIO
 FIFI D'ORSAY RICARDO CORTEZ
 GUY KIBBEE HUGH HERBERT
 RUTH DONNELLY ROBERT BARRAT
 MERNA KENNEDY HENRY KOLKER

in
"WONDER BAR"

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

From the Directors of "Footlight Parade"—**LLOYD BACON** and dance numbers created and directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

5 Brilliant New Songs by "42nd Street's" Famous Composers—**AL DUBIN** and **HARRY WARREN**
 A First Nat'l Picture

The Audience Talks Back



Those "Wild Boys of the Road" have touched the hearts of many readers. "How can these young children be re-claimed? How will America solve *this* problem?"

THE \$25 LETTER

I think that moving pictures have been responsible for the good behavior of thousands of children. There is no greater incentive to a child than to be told that he may go to "the movies," if he is good.

How often I have heard mothers say, "Jimmie, if you'll take care of the baby after school every day, I'll take you to the movies Friday night." Or by way of stepping up a child's rating in school, the father will remark with a knowing wink, "If your report card is good this month you may go and see that picture you were talking about."

And they do learn how to behave! What a lesson in the observance of society manners. The only chance some children have to learn how to act properly.

MARY BELLE WALLEY, Butler, N. J.

LEE TRACY, old boy, you are the big news of the month! And popular! Scores of letters have poured into PHOTOPLAY, demanding that you be reinstated, forthwith, into your stellar standing.

It takes a kick like that to test the loyalty of your screen followers. And they are loyal, down to the last man—and the last woman, too.

We haven't room for all the letters defending you, Lee, but three typical ones tell the story.

Nominations for Hollywood's "Ideal Couple" are coming fast. Movie-goers certainly know marital happiness when they see it. The hunt is on for others besides those named in this month's Brickbats and Bouquets. What's your nomination?

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

THE \$10 LETTER

Recent newsreels have seemed to be exceptionally good, certainly far better from the standpoint of photography and imagination than the average regular run feature film. Yet while actors and actresses are spread all over the newspapers and theater lobbies, one seldom sees an advertisement for a movie talk by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Litvinov. And as for action, the Pennsylvania coal strikes, the Cuban revolutions, the recent lynchings and National Guard maneuvers are far more exciting than the speediest Western or the hottest passion film.

My point is simply this: More and better advertising of newsreels would bring money to the box-office.

HOWARD LEONARD, Asheville, N. C.

THE \$5 LETTER

We hear much talk about "reality." But *do* we really want reality on the screen—the reality eighty per cent of us know? I love every inch of my home, but I have so much reality in my daily life that when I "step out" of an evening, I want to step into the land of make-believe.

I want to live in dreamland for a while. I want to be made love to by Gary Cooper and Fredric March, and imagine I have the winsomeness of Shearer, the sophistication of Dietrich, the lure of Loy, the appeal of Crawford—that I'm marrying a prince, that I live in just such a beautiful house.

Don't we all?

ANNA ROBINSON, Tucson, Ariz.

THE CASE OF LEE TRACY

Hollywood fair-weather friendship reached a new high when Lee Tracy was fired.

I am sure there are thousands of Tracy devotees who feel as I do—that his off-screen behavior has no effect whatsoever on the excellence of his pictures or on the enjoyment of them.

His is the most exhilarating personality we have ever had; to see his pictures is the best tonic in the world. We just *can't* lose him from the screen! PHOTOPLAY, why not "Shoulder Arms" in his behalf?

And to M-G-M I say: "If you didn't have Garbo and Gable, I'd never see another of your pictures, so 'clp me."

A. C. MILLER, Philadelphia, Penna.

I have just read of Lee Tracy's dismissal from M-G-M due to a certain unfortunate incident that happened recently in Mexico. I am not sure how much truth can be attached to the story, as facts concerning the film world are often distorted in European newspapers.

Lee has gained his vast army of followers by portraying characters that are anything but angelic, so his admirers are hardly inclined to worry if he proves himself not quite a saint off-screen. Tracy is unique, for sheer entertainment value he is unsurpassed, and while he continues to give us those dynamic,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT



"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.



"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover—Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

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

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

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka, Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

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

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

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

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of tramping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

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

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

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—Newsreel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

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

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Anna Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelme! (Aug.)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, but go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

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

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

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

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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58	Dark Hazard—First National.	59	Lady Killer—Warners.		
106	East of Fifth Avenue—Columbia.				
106	Easy Millions—Freuler Film.				

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

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

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.— Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

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

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as Jo is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)



Combats TWO winter foes

ENEMY NO. 1—cold, biting winds that roughen and irritate the skin. Lifebuoy lather soothes—cleanses, gently!
 ENEMY NO. 2—close, stuffy rooms that make it easy for "B.O." (body odor) to offend. Lifebuoy lather purifies—deodorizes pores. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you this rich lather stops "B.O."



News and Views from



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

clever performances, we who have learned to appreciate his superb artistry can easily overlook this unfortunate occurrence.

M-G-M, hadn't you better reconsider your decision and grab Lee back before another studio takes advantage of your mistake? We cannot do without him. He is our favorite depression chaser.

Vive la Tracy!

LILIAN WARREN, London, England

The Lee Tracy episode is regrettable.

Mr. Tracy has repeatedly and vehemently denied imbibing too freely of the "cup that cheers," but the implication becomes a self-evident fact, since only one in an extremely befuddled state could so far forget himself. A newspaper paragrapher, waxing a bit facetious on the subject, says, "Mr. Tracy undoubtedly holds the world record for 'personal' appearance!"

Mr. Mayer, in justice to the industry and himself, could do no less than he has done toward disciplining the recalcitrant Tracy; but it is to be hoped that his dismissal from films will not be permanent, for the screen would thus lose one of its most capable and popular stars.

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

ANNA "ON THE SPOT"?

If ever a star was put "on the spot" that star is Anna Sten. The public has been informed, through advance publicity on her first American picture, "Nana," that the Russian importation will push Garbo, Dietrich and the other exotics off the screen.

Will Anna Sten prove to be the star find of 1934? Another Hepburn springing into fame overnight? Let's hope she is.

F. JAMES ROSS, Rutland, Vt.

"WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD"

On the screen before me was pictured daringly, dramatically, realistically, the actual lives of the half million boys who wander over America—living in tramp "jungles," sewer-pipe "cities," and subway "hotels," stealing to live. "How long before they live to steal?" I asked myself. "How can these young children be reclaimed? How will America solve *this* problem?"

The picture brought a tear to the eye and a tug to the heart! History already made! Not far-fetched, not feverish, not Hollywoodian—just plain, unadulterated history!

Based as it is on authentic facts obtained from a reporter who actually lived among these children, it is the *duty* of every public-spirited father and mother, or brother and sister, whose interest in the welfare of children goes beyond their own hearthstones, to see "Wild Boys of the Road," and reflect long and seriously.

M. C. JONES, New York, N. Y.

A PEACH OF A PAIR

"Only Yesterday" can be understood and appreciated by all. It was a relief to see such a film.

Margaret Sullavan is a real and genuine actress. Mr. Boles' performance is superb.

Here's to another Sullavan and Boles picture real soon!

BERNADETH NELSON, Beverly Hills, Calif.

AGAIN IT'S SULLAVAN

Margaret Sullavan is a star of genuine brilliance. Her work in "Only Yesterday" proved that.

Yesterday only a name. Yesterday only a face in the crowd, but today the darling of

"Only Yesterday," with Margaret Sullavan, from the New York stage, and the personable John Boles, has brought in a perfect raft of reader commendation. They recognize Margaret's ability



"We loved Jean Harlow as 'The Blonde Bombshell,' but oh, you Tracy!" That lad's mail is going to break the postman's back. It grows daily

All Parts of the Globe

the screen. Yesterday only a voice, but today a thrilling personality.

This beautiful, sensitive love story is played by one of the finest casts ever assembled for a single film.

MRS. WILLIAM FIGY, New Glarus, Wis.

WE CHEER, TOO!

I have just seen "The Blonde Bombshell," and what a knockout!

It is about the fastest-moving picture that I ever expect to see.

Here's three cheers for Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy for entertaining performances.

ELCY OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kansas

"THE PERFECT LOVE PAIR"

Who was it that said, "Let's choose a permanent perfect love pair for Hollywood, and make it one with a child?" Immediately Bebe and Ben Lyon pop into my mind! Why not trust them to that honorable position?

DORTHA V. BUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.

IT'S THE HAROLD LLOYDS

In the December issue of PHOTOPLAY I noticed a letter entitled "Cast Your Vote," and I am taking advantage of that.

I believe the Harold Lloyds are Hollywood's ideal couple.

MARTHA A. SINGLETON, Hope, Ark.

NO, IT'S JOHN AND DOLORES

I say that John and Dolores Barrymore are the ideal couple. One never hears of John tripping about "alone."

MARIAN MARTIN, Chicago, Ill.

HOW ABOUT HERBERT AND EDNA?

As to the "Ideal Couple of Hollywood"—my vote goes to Herbert Marshall and Edna Best.

M. K., San Antonio, Texas



Here she is! Jeanette MacDonald. One reader's choice for the title rôle in M-G-M's "The Merry Widow." A coveted part, worthy of the acknowledged musical talent of this fine actress

MY MERRY WIDOW

M-G-M is searching for someone to play the feminine lead in "The Merry Widow," when all the time they have the Merry Widow on their own lot. It's Jeanette MacDonald, of course. There could be no better choice for the part. Who but Miss MacDonald could play that gay, charming woman?

GERTRUDE KLEIN, New York, N. Y.

A GLOBE TROTTER

"Better than a college education" is my slogan for the movies.

By diligence, the movie devotee may become an accomplished linguist, traveler, explorer or *messieur de affaires*.

With "Trader Horn," I stalked big game in Africa; "Rasputin" saw me with the Russian Cossacks; I was "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang" with Paul Muni. I was a gallant Romeo in a hundred others. But I need not go on.

Like a bee on a flower, I extract the nectar from the motion picture—which is truly the flower of American entertainment!

FRANK R. MOORE, Detroit, Mich.

"THE WAY TO LOVE"

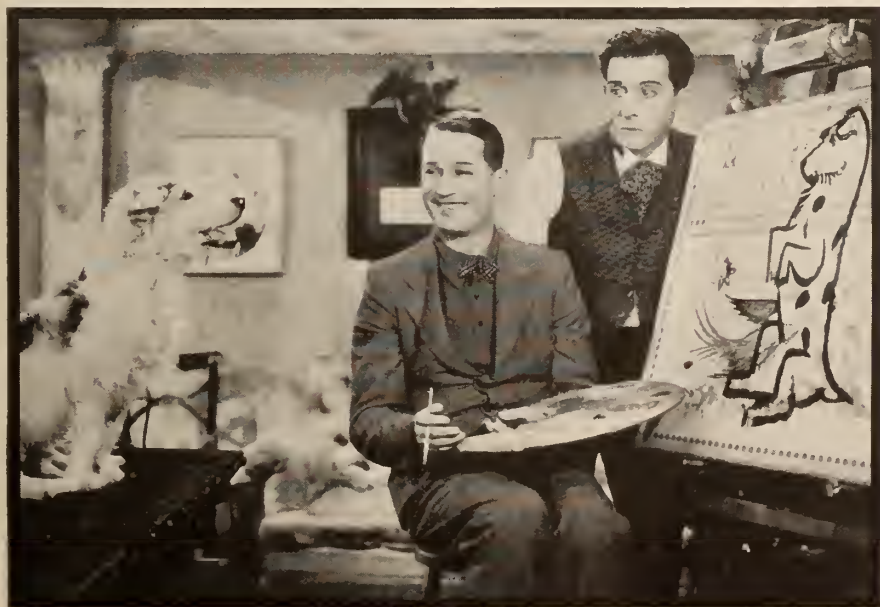
Chevalier sings! And acts! It's a picture with a thrill, and with plenty of pep, too.

That happy-go-lucky air of Chevalier's just seems to "get" people.

There is but one Chevalier—and there'll never be another!

RUTH KOHNMANN, Memphis, Tenn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



Maurice has added painting to his arts. In "The Way to Love," M. Chevalier does a study of *Casanova*, the dog, while Edward Everett Horton looks on

The Audience Talks Back



As royal subjects eagerly await their queen, so do Garbo's devotees anticipate the coming of her film, "Queen Christina," to the nation's screens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

THANK YOU

PHOTOPLAY stands alone as a reliable and unprejudiced guide for any family that cannot afford to spend time or money on pictures that do not interest them.

In our home we rely confidently on its good judgment.

B. WARWICK, Chatham, Ont., Canada

ALL HAIL!

Hail to the Queen! A royal rôle for the reigning monarch of filmdom. In anticipation of a glorious array of regal splendor, do I await the coming of "Queen Christina." Garbo has won our hearts by the magnificence of her performances in the past. But the near future promises the climax.

As the magnanimous Christina of Sweden, she should be superb. It is a natural, and Greta will not fail.

JOY REYNOLDS, Chicago, Ill.

A SIGNAL HONOR

Few there are in all Hollywood as deserving of the birthday reception tendered Marie Dressler. In an age when youth is very much in the ascendancy, it is gratifying that one who is mellowed by sixty-two years of life should be toasted and acclaimed as Marie was on her natal day. Time cannot dim her enthusiasm nor age destroy her vigor and personality.

JOSEPH B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

BORN ACTORS?

Seeing Paul Robeson in "Emperor Jones" has confirmed a pet theory I have long held—namely, that the Negro is a natural-born actor. His innate feeling for the dramatic, his strong exhibitionist tendency and his facile, easily-played-upon surface emotions make him ideally suited for acting. The capacity for quickly aroused, superficial laughter or tears make him equally competent to portray a character that is hilariously funny or appealingly pathetic.

IRENE M. WOODRUFF, Charlestown, Mass.

ABOUT OUR "ANGEL"

I think Mae West is the greatest thing on the screen—but please don't every actress start wiggling her hips, wearing Mae West gowns, and carrying a parasol. We like you for your own charming characteristics, and not something adopted from someone else.

Besides, by the time you all acquire Mae's characteristics she will have started something new—and there you will be (holding the bag, so to speak), wiggling your hips and saying "Come up sometime."

HULDA HÖGLUND, Oakland, Calif.

SOUP AND "NUTS"

Whoops! Bang! Wow! And why not? Yes, you've guessed it. The Marx Brothers are in town.

Put down your knitting, Grandma, and help find Junior's mittens, because we're all going to town and have "Duck Soup."

DOROTHY BARRETT, Staples, Minn.



Every kind of question is coming in about Harpo of "Duck Soup." Tell us the secret of your charm, Mr. Marx. The ladies certainly seem to love you

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

WHO'D BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!



Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful!

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep and untiring energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 52, Atlanta, Ga.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lyden splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE**—RKO-Radio.—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Palette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

MOVIE NEWS!

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PHOTOPLAY

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SING SINFR SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure drift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY** — Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

W AFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME — Gaumont-British. — Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE — Columbia. — So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)



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THE test of any antiseptic is: *will it work?* How effectively Pepsodent Antiseptic "works" is now on official record. Tests on 500 people give science convincing proof of what Pepsodent offers you in fighting winter colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. In fighting colds some gargled with plain salt and water—some with leading antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic.

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What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence—what re-

markable testimony. Here is a clear-cut example of the extra protection that Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

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For example, as a patron of the hotel, you are extended full privileges in the Florida Year Round Clubs . . . three magnificent sports centers—the Miami Biltmore Country Club, the Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club at Miami Beach and the Key Largo Anglers Club down on the Florida "keys".

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ing grounds — an exhilarating journey along the quiet inland waters and colorful tropic shores of southern Florida. Your saving in local transportation costs alone will offset a major portion of your hotel bill. Moreover, this service brings the Miami Biltmore closer to all resort interests than any other hotel.

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C O R A L G A B L E S M I A M I F L O R I D A



Kenneth Alexander

THE Crane Twins are in Hollywood to give the proper Down-in-the-Latin Quarter *rez-de-chaussee* touch to Constance Bennett's new picture, "Moulin Rouge." The Crane girls, one of the most famous dancing teams in the country, are garbed as Apache dancers. And the dance they do would be cheered by the most exacting Parisian audience



Elmer Fryer

RUTH CHATTERTON has a far-away look in her eye, and it's a bet that she is going to make good her threat to leave camera cares behind and take a jaunt into foreign lands with Hubby George Brent. Ruth recently finished "Journal of a Crime." And she won't look at a single script. Too busy studying maps and poring over travel books



Robert W. Coburn

WHEN a star radically changes her type of rôles, the studio is usually in a dither of fear. But nobody seems worried about the new Dolores Del Rio's chances at the box-office! Tired of being a "native girl," she bobbed her hair, had a permanent and put on some swanky clothes before facing the camera for RKO's "Dance of Desire"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO as *Queen Christina* is impressively beautiful. And throughout the picture no detail of setting or costume to make the rôle more dramatically effective has been overlooked. The three lighted tapers, the rich background of wood, the graceful folds of *Christina's* gown, lend this portrait elegance and beautiful simplicity

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Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too... by the same makers. De
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Will Walling, Jr.

WHEN a feller needs a friend, he's likely to find his dog a most encouraging buddy. That's why Herbert Marshall was happy to greet his sad-eyed setter on returning from Hawaii where he worked in Cecil B. De Mille's "Four Frightened People." Marshall brought his dog all the way from England, but studio rules forbade taking him on location

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

DEVELOPMENTS in the Fairbanks-Pickford drama are split three ways. First, Mary's divorce suit has definitely been filed. Second, both Doug and Mary are out of United Artists, which was founded in connection with Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. Third, the report comes from London that, despite the severing of his domestic and business ties in Hollywood, Douglas is going to return to California. With the announcement that she was filing suit for divorce, Mary stated she would retain Pickfair, the home she and Douglas built over ten years ago.

The combined interests of the two in United Artists have been bought by 20th Century Pictures. Joseph Schenck and Samuel Goldwyn are the purchasers of their large holdings.

THAT Doug, under these circumstances, should consider returning to California may come as a surprise to many. His two thousand acre citrus ranch will, it is said, be his future home and he will build a house there consistent with the fortune he has accumulated as motion picture star and producer.

This report, though in variance with Doug, Jr.'s, statement that neither of them would ever return permanently to California, is, nevertheless, compatible with his father's restless spirit. The quiet peace of the English country-side and too constant association with the formalities of Britain's upper classes may possibly be getting just a little bit on Doug's nerves. He has spent more time on the continent than in England. He took shots in Spain for his forthcoming picture, "Exit Don Juan," and found diversion in the lofty peaks of the Swiss Alps. The elbow room to be found in Southern California may look very inviting to Doug.

MEANTIME, Mary has kept herself busy with social and other activities. It is her ambition to add to her laurels by presenting a stage play on Broadway.

Observers say that the rift between her and Doug began with the making of "Taming of the Shrew" in 1929. Shortly after Doug took his first trip alone and then the whispering began that all was not well at Pickfair.

And Hollywood is now busily conjecturing what the next chapters may be in this tangled life drama.

IT is unthinkable that Lee Tracy's little Mexican escapade may go down in history as another Fatty Arbuckle tragedy. It seems fantastic that a professional career, built after years of endeavor, should summarily be tossed on the ash heap for so trivial an offense.

If the Tracy incident had occurred in the United States, the whole matter would have blown over in a week. Undoubtedly Mexican newspaper enterprise was largely, if not altogether, responsible for the attitude taken by the Mexican government. The parading cadets, whom Tracy is alleged to have insulted, appeared to have taken the matter lightly but when the press of the capital found good copy in the incident, the hue and cry for the *Americano's* scalp arose.

THE episode seems to have more significance than is apparent on the surface. The conjecture that the Mexicans object to the filming of the story of Pancho Villa may not be far from the mark. It is true that a press report states the Mexican government authorized the making of this picture, but it may be that this authorization was later regretted. Tracy's prank offered a splendid opportunity to revoke the official sanction.

It is a well-known fact that Mexicans have always resented the portrayal of Mexican villains on the screen. Nearly five years ago in "In Old Arizona" Warner Baxter, though cast as a typical stage Mexican "bad-man," remarked he was of Portuguese extraction. A fortunate coincidence with respect to film markets across the Rio Grande.

JUST after the trouble broke and the public was uncertain as to the facts in the case, a "trailer" of the picture "Advice to the Lovelorn" featuring Lee, was shown in a Los Angeles theater. Some of the audience hissed.

However, a day or two later, when there was a greater knowledge of the facts in the case, Lee's appearance on the screen was enthusiastically applauded.

I believe that Lee Tracy is too good an actor and too popular a one to remain long in seclusion.

On page eight of this issue are a few of the many letters received, in which Tracy devotees ask that he be reinstated in his proper position.

AL COHN, scenarist of a host of films, several of them markedly outstanding, is the new Collector of U. S. Customs at Los Angeles. You remember the early "Cohens and Kellys," "The Cat and the Canary," "Cisco Kid," and the first feature length sound picture, "The Jazz Singer." They were just a few of Al's screen output.

His new job as Customs Collector is no sinecure. It is a position demanding an unusual knowledge of human nature and the breadth and diplomacy of a statesman.

Keep your eye on Al. From now on you'll hear a lot more about him in public affairs.

REMEMBER Stepin Fetchit, the tired colored boy?

Step is back in Hollywood, working with Janet Gaynor in "Carolina." But he had an awful time getting there.

At the peak of his success, Step had three limousines and three uniformed chauffeurs. But that was *then*. Recently, he found himself broke, in Tampa, Florida. A wealthy insurance man gave Stepin a four-year-old limousine, and enough money to get back to Hollywood.

MOTION pictures have stepped officially into Education. More than 17,000 high school teachers are united under the banner of the National Council of English Teachers to use the talkies as a medium of English education. Those with an historical basis are preferred, such films as "Cavalcade" and "Little Women," rich in historical background or depicting manners and customs of a past age.

Says Carl E. Milliken, secretary of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America:

"First, there has been a definite desire on the part of teachers to link up education more closely with life than it has been—and the film is certainly the logical answer to that.

"Second, there has come about a realization that the children of today are capable of taking the equivalent of literature out of films instead of books.

"Third, the experimental work which has been conducted over a period of two and one-half years on teaching with films has set the educators to thinking how best to utilize the motion picture, and because in a majority of instances they have not been able to obtain the necessary equipment, they will turn to the theaters for their instruction.

"Fourth, and possibly the most important of all, is the fact that the motion picture offers the most uniformly interesting educational material for students of all types and mentality. The children prefer it and the teachers do not have to stimulate their interest because it is there already. All the teacher has to do is utilize that interest motive power.

"Finally, teachers have become conscious of their responsibility in helping to steer children's use of their leisure time."

But what has become of the superstition that movies are subversive of intellectual taste?

SHAKESPEARE may ask, "What's in a name?" But Hollywood will tell you there's plenty. Especially the names of pictures. Many a good picture has been utterly ruined at the box-office with titles that simply didn't appeal to the public, or with names that misled the theater patron into believing the picture dealt with subject matter that didn't seem attractive to him.

FOR instance, M-G-M executives experienced the greatest shock of their lives recently when "Bombshell" failed to click in the manner that had been expected. A check-up revealed that over half the public thought it was a war story, and war stories are not in popular favor. The studio hurriedly changed the title to "The Blonde Bombshell," but too late to reap much of a harvest from this really outstanding film.

Paramount experienced the same thing with its "Mama Loves Papa." A grand little comedy, such as the public loves and it was a box-office disappointment simply because the title conveyed the idea it was just another bedroom slap-stick comedy.

Yes, a good picture name means plenty—of jack.

WESTERNS used to be the backbone of practically every studio in Hollywood. Independent companies depended solely on them for their existence. But they will soon be a memory of the past, like the cowboy they so dramatically depicted.

Hoot Gibson is out, George O'Brien on his last picture at Fox, Tom Keene left Radio several months ago for stage training to fit him for dramatic rôles.

There is many a man who will regret the passing of the old.

EVERY time a producer goes abroad he signs up some foreign actor. "Winnie" Sheehan, holding to this rule, has returned with Ketti Gallian, young French actress, under contract for "Marie Gallante." He has also signed Pat Patterson and Hugh Williams, both of whom are English. Lilian Harvey has been no knockout in her first two American pictures. Dorothea Wieck was highly praised for her work in "Maedchen In Uniform," but has been damned with faint praise for "Cradle Song." Wera Engels and Tala Birell didn't cause a ripple in Hollywood. It remains to be seen what Anna Sten will do in "Nana." Kathryn Sergava, who was kept under contract to M-G-M to take Garbo's place in case she didn't come back, has been signed by Warner Brothers.

With the small percentage that ever make good, what is it that brings the actors to this country? With the present rate of exchange, the money is not what it was at one time.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



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with the special caution: "Wash lingerie
with IVORY FLAKES"**

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions which are shown above! You can look elegant in a satin nightie (1st girl) or romantic in the "Song of Songs" (2nd girl). You can frou-frou in a "Lady Lou" slip with a lacy jacket (4th girl). Or lounge in negligees of satin or crepe that satisfy your love of lace (3rd and 5th girls)!

But don't let your attention wander when Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors



**Today's safest and
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go—silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

In case you haven't sharpened your eyes, let us remind you that Ivory Flakes are curly flakes of pure Ivory. They don't take their sweet time about dissolving—like ordinary flat flakes. Ivory Flakes do not mat onto silk, like those "other" soap flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!

UNDRAPING



By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

NO. Hollywood isn't a nudist colony.

It still clings to three sequins and half an ounce of chiffon. Every screen musical is loaded with slightly clad beauty.

And it's not only the chorus girls who have been revealing their charms.

The stars are doing it, too!

Never before in the history of pictures have stars holding a position comparable with that of Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Lilian Harvey, Mae West, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting or Ginger Rogers, consented to appear before the camera in such scanty attire. And thereby they have started a revolution—a revolution in fashions for women—which will be felt and seen—particularly seen—'round the world.

We have beheld a lot of Joan Crawford in a number of pictures. But in "Dancing Lady," we saw her in the briefest

panties and a mere whisper of brassiere—and a gardenia. The gardenia was removed when the shot was taken. It was just there to stimulate her morale. Joan wanted no visitors on the set at the time. The whole world was going to see the picture—and a full orchestra, plus a crew of twenty, was quite enough

With stars wearing three-ounce costumes.

HOLLYWOOD



Never before have famous stars appeared before the movie cameras in such scant attire

clothed in long flowing golden locks, *a la* Lady Godiva. Without the horse.

Clara Bow revealed her new low of 118 pounds almost in its entirety in "Hoopla."

And in the fan dance number in "Sitting Pretty," Ginger Rogers wore a two and a half ounce costume (plus fan), which was so frank that she refused to allow any still pictures to be taken.

Claudette Colbert wore lots of skirt, but no top worth mentioning, in "Torch Singer."

And every schoolgirl knows what Mae West is doing.

What will be the effect of this wholesale undraping on the new fashion trend?

It is an axiom, scarcely needful of repetition, that pictures and stars make styles. Look what "Letty Lynton" did to our shoulders—and regard the effect [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

In "Roman Scandals" two regal and dignified ladies named Mree Teasdale and Ruth Etting wear a costume that has its own local Hollywood name. There is considerable hiatus between where the top ends and the skirt begins. The chorus in the number in that same picture is not very substantially

fashions for women are going to change!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

ESTHER RALSTON, who left pictures to troupe in vaudeville, is making her screen comeback. Good work she did in Universal's "By Candlelight," and she has a contract with M-G-M tucked away. Esther went on the stage at the age of two. She's bound for the front!

The Power Behind *the* HEPBURN *Throne*

Here's the real secret of
all that weird ballyhooing

By Wilbur Morse, Jr.

THERE have been many tales told of Hollywood celebrities who have turned social climbers and skinned their noses.

This is the story of a girl who reversed the plot, an attractive young heiress from Manhattan who snatched at the brass ring in the mad merry-go-round of the movies and caught it.

It was not fame for herself she sought. It was to learn if she could outsmart the ballyhoo artists in their own field of bluster-



Katharine's every eccentric move is just so much play acting and Laura Harding is her competent scenarist and director



The smile of achievement. Her job done, Laura says goodbye, as Hepburn leaves Hollywood

ing showmanship, put on a better act than anyone else in the versatile vaudeville revue they call Hollywood, that this imaginative young lady invaded the film capital. She backed a likely young racer in the Hollywood handicap and brought her charge past the judges' stand—a winner.

Today, back in her big Fifth Avenue house, this girl is sitting, content with the knowledge that hers was the guiding hand in one of the most spectacular screen careers the movies have ever known.

* * *

It was just as Katharine Hepburn was deserting the top rung of the movie ladder to return to the New York stage for several months that Hollywood realized that—behind the sudden [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

"Can A MAN LOVE Two



"The woman a man loves represents the acme of perfection," says Gary. And Mr. Cooper smiles at his own "acme of perfection"

Gary Cooper, Hollywood's greatest and most gallant lover, answers this question

By Virginia Maxwell

THE tall, handsome, he-man Gary sat back in a huge chair in his New York hotel and let one of his long legs dangle over the other. I suppose I ought to give the girls a treat and tell them that their favorite screen lover was in his pajamas—orchid silk with a white stripe, beneath a very good-looking white flannel lounging robe. Well, I will tell them, for he was. It was 10 A.M. and Gary was ready for breakfast.

What with Gary declaring he had earned the right to make his own decisions; arrange his life and his love to suit himself, and that no influence could change his mind about anything touching his personal life, we were prepared to find him in a very independent state of mind.

His engagement to Sandra Shaw had just been announced by her parents.

"We've come to ask you a lot of very personal questions," was the opening volley. Gary Cooper blushed a little, picked up a menu and hastily ordered breakfast. A man's sized breakfast with oatmeal and cream and crumpets and ham and eggs and—well, you know Gary hails from the wide open spaces and he eats breakfasts like rough-ridin' cowboys.

Over these homey vittles, we chatted about love and life and the things most of Gary Cooper's admirers might like to know. Gary is not easy to talk with; he seems fearful that he will be misinterpreted, a little bashful when trapped into a direct answer touching any of the personal things in his life—such as Sandra Shaw.

"YES, I'm engaged," Gary admitted, "but just when the marriage will take place is uncertain. Maybe three months, perhaps not before six months. We have set no definite date, for various reasons."

Just at this moment Gary was lifting a spoonful of his oatmeal and I noticed a slender platinum band on his small finger.

"Does that ring explain the mysterious trip to Yuma; the trip the newspapers wrote down as your wedding trip?"

Gary seemed a little embarrassed; he studied the menu card.

"Gosh, every time anybody goes to Yuma the press immediately conclude they've gone to get married. What I'd really like to know is why every Yuma wedding report says they had to get the sheriff out of bed. Sheriffs must sleep all the time down there," he laughed.

"But the ring, Gary. How about that?"

"Oh, that. It's merely a ring-guard. I wear it to keep this Indian ring from slipping off. That's all."

"Well, now that that's settled, let's find out what you think about this business of being in love with two people at the same time. We mean, of course, the sort of theme worked out in 'Design for Living.'"

Women at the Same Time?"

"I believe two men could love the same woman, but not for a very long time," he explained. "Life is too drab a proposition to continue the gay, light manner such a situation would require. It could go on just so long as neither of the men took their love seriously.

"Men," said Gary, "have always shared a fine fraternal spirit with each other and this, very often, is more precious to them than the love of the woman which might split up their friendship. But if that love were to become an all-consuming passion, a man's primitive instinct for possession and protection would surmount everything else. And the other man, who also loved this woman, would become his bitterest enemy. They'd detest each other, I think. That's the way instinct would have it."

"But how about a man being in love with two women at the same time? Do you suppose the reverse order of 'Design for Living' would be possible?"

Gary looked straight at us, a little suspiciously, then his good-looking face broke into a smile.

"You mean the reverse order of the 'Design for Living' situation?" he made certain.

"Yes—or any similar real life situation."

"No, I don't believe a man can really love two women at the same time," he said, after thinking it over a while. "Not if it's really love. As I see it, the woman a man loves represents the acme of perfection. He sees her as a combination of all



As this issue goes to press, word is received that Gary and the lovely Sandra Shaw have been married in New York

the desirable qualities he's ever found in anyone else. It may be an illusion, of course. But while he's in love, he sees only one woman's perfection. And to her, he would compare any other woman he might meet.

"You know," Gary went on, "I get all mixed up about things sometimes. I try to figure out life's little ways, and when I get so baffled I don't know quite what to do, I pick up 'Alice in Wonderland' and skim through it. Then I conclude that life really is just about as cock-eyed as Alice found it, too."

About this time the telephone rang and Gary went to answer it, taking long strides across the room as though he were very eager for that call.

AND if you've ever heard Gary's voice soften in his talkies when he speaks to the girl of his heart, you should have heard the well-known Cooper cadence that morning. No one tried to listen, of course. But it just couldn't be avoided overhearing the tender little things Gary said to a lucky girl on the other end. Obviously, that girl was Sandra Shaw.

Gary's tender solicitude toward Sandra formed the first real doubt we had that he would remain a bachelor as long as he had predicted. Maybe by the time this story reaches print Gary will be honeymooning somewhere in the South Sea Islands. For he confessed an overwhelming desire to live there for a while, "far out away from everything and everyone, where a man can be close to the elemental things of life . . ." was what Gary really said about that anticipated trip.

"I want to travel everywhere, to taste life in the raw as well as in this ultra civilization," Gary nodded toward Park Avenue below. "Frankly, I like both [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]





G. Maillard Kesslere

Sylvia, modern miracle worker, has helped keep many of the stars on their pedestals

Sylvia Gives Clara Bow Some Timely Advice

fore. I've done this trick to the opera singers, Mary Lewis and Jeritza, and to lots of society women. But I've never told anyone about it. I'm telling you, Clara, for your own good.

This is the way to take that fat off your cheeks. This is the way you, or any other woman, can do it.

With the thumb and forefinger of both hands, lift the muscles just above the jaw-bone away from the bone. Don't stretch the skin, just gently lift up the fat as if you were going

to pinch your own face. Get the idea? The muscle is lifted away from the jaw and there is a ridge of skin on top. Now slowly work in a progressive movement with your four fingers—the thumb and forefinger of both hands—working from the chin to the ear, gently squeezing the muscles. Don't touch the bone, and leave the ridge of skin alone. Just squeeze, gently, into the muscles.

If you'll do this every day for ten or fifteen minutes—but go slowly at first, because your face will be sore—you won't know yourself in a couple of months. I know you can do it! I've done it many, many times.

So I'm telling you the trick, and the rest is up to you.

I KNOW what I'm talking about, because thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY have told me that my suggestions work, and if these girls and women—and they're your fans, Clara—if they can do it, so can you! I'm sincere, and I'm trusting you to heed my advice.

Start working on that jaw the minute you read this, Clara. But wait! I'm not through with your face.

Your nose is grand,



A slumping posture like Clara used in "Hoopla" causes a hump at the top of the spine

DEAR Clara: I've just seen you in "Hoopla," and I think you're great! You're that regular hot-cha Bow again with just enough dramatic scenes to show how good an actress you are. But I'll let your reviewers and dramatic critics tell you about *that*. I've got another message for you, and although I'm talking to you exactly as I'd talk face to face, I want all the other girls and women to listen in, too, because what I've got to say will also help them.

Are you all set? Can you take it? Well, here goes!

You have glorious eyes, Clara, but I'm going to tell you how to make them ten times more glorious. Remember in your picture "Hoopla" when Minna Gombell says, "With your eyes you can draw the ducks off the pond"? If you'll do what I say, you can lure the swans off the lake and the battleships off the ocean. Because, right now, Clara, your face is too fat. And you've got to do something about it. That's why I'm writing to you. I know exactly *how* you can take off the excess plumpness on your face and make your eyes a million times more lovely.

Look at yourself in the mirror, darling. Look at your heavy cheeks. Now listen to me while I tell you something I've never told anyone be-

Don't touch it, but on either side of your nose, right up close to your eyes, is a slight plumpness that should be taken off, and it can be done so easily. Use the forefinger and middle finger of each hand and—with just a little cold cream on the fingers—pressing very gently and with a rotary movement, work away from the nose and up towards the outer corners of the eyes. Don't stretch the skin and don't start this until the jaw-line is well under way. Honestly, Clara, when you've done these things you're going to be so lovely and so beautiful, because you've got everything to work with.

I've always admired you, Clara, for your spunk and for the way you wouldn't let anything get you down. You've shown courage all through your life. And you're still showing it. The way you've given up all that Hollywood nonsense for a fine outdoor life on the ranch. And your adopting those two kids. I think it's great! But you can't stop there. You've got to work on your figure now, because you *can't let your admirers down*.

DON'T forget that you're an idol to millions of women. They think you're beautiful—and you are—and you can't disappoint them by appearing in your pictures any way but perfect. How long do you think they'll idolize your appearance if they, themselves, have a better figure than you have? This is common sense talk, Clara, and you know it! And your devotees, who have been reading my articles, have pitched right in and taken fat off their bodies. You've just got to do the same. You can't let *them* get ahead of *you*.

Besides, most of the girls in Hollywood have "weight clauses" in their contracts. The producers know that the stars must be slender. The studio execs tear their hair when they see you girls putting on weight. And that's pretty tough on the thin-haired executives!



Above: Clara's eyes would be even more beautiful if her face were thinner—and that's an easy job, says Sylvia. Left: the slump hump can't be hidden, but Sylvia tells how to lose it



Another thing you've got to watch is that "old woman's bump" on the last vertebra at the top of your spine. You're just a kid. You're not old enough to have that, and you've got to get rid of it. Now, I know that in "Hoopla" you were slumping because that was part of the characterization, but slumping is an easy habit to form, so be careful that you don't do it in real life. Slumping makes an "old woman's bump." Now you've got to get rid of it. And it can be done, too. I know! Because I had one once myself and I got rid of it. And here's the way.

Lie on the floor on your back with your arms above your head, backs of the hands lightly touching the floor. Relax. The trouble with most people when they do a lying down exercise is that they stiffen up. Well, don't do it. You're not going to break. Use your brain and remember that even while you're stretching and even while you're doing this exercise you *must* be relaxed.

Now stretch your arms and you can feel those shoulder-blades coming together. You can feel that "old woman's bump" moving. Atta girl! That's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 112!

I MEET

By Frazier Hunt

Who has interviewed kings and presidents but never before a motion picture star



The indefatigable star who is not content to be just a famous movie actress. Most ambitious, Joan trains herself for greater rôles

I CAME away feeling, as Chic Sale would say, "Jes' good—jes' good all over."

In this mad, swirling world of today I had found a person utterly happy. Her name is Joan Crawford.

It was a strange and exciting interview. For almost twenty years it's been my business to talk to people, big and little—to try to find out what's behind their fronts, what they're really thinking. I've interviewed kings and presidents, generals and revolutionary leaders, bandits and bankers—but never before had I interviewed a motion picture star.

As a matter of fact, I felt just a little bewildered when I pushed the bell of her New York suite. But a half-minute after she'd stepped into the sitting-room in a chic black and white

street costume, I saw how unnecessary my fears had been; we both spoke the same language.

It was a language that had to do with people and their hearts—their dreams and their longings. It had to do with mutual friends and the hidden qualities that made them lovable and remembered. And it had much to do with happiness and tomorrow's work.

At the very first I wasn't sure we were going to get along. During those initial thirty seconds she was very much the grand screen star. She had just faced a crowd of admirers on Fifth Avenue who had surrounded her, and there had been a little shoving and pressure. With her great, wide-set blue eyes flashing, she told me that she suffered terribly from claustrophobia. I believe that was the word. I know I thought to myself that it was a very big word for such a little person to use.

"I'VE had it ever since my brother locked me in a dark closet when I was a child," she explained. "And it always frightens me now to be hemmed in—whether by walls or by a crowd."

She settled back in the corner of the great divan and pulled her skirt well down over a pair of very lovely ankles. "Hope you won't mind my wearing mules," she said with a quick smile. "My poor feet are worn out from shopping."

"I don't mind at all," I hurriedly answered.

I wanted to tell her the story about Mark Twain—but I passed up the chance. Remember it? Someone was complaining to the great Missourian that Lillian Russell was appearing in a current show in tights. "My dear friend," the incomparable Mark answered, "I'd rather see Lillian Russell without any clothes on at all than General Grant in full uniform."

I wish now that I had told it to her. I know that she would have chuckled over it. But instead I made some inane remark about how hard it was to get around New York these days. And then out of the blue sky—or rather down from the golden ceiling—dropped the name of Odd

McIntyre. We both pounced on it at the same time.

"There may be greater O. O. McIntyre admirers than I am, but if there are I've never met them," Joan said eagerly. "For four years I've saved every single column of Mr. McIntyre's 'New York Day by Day.' I've had a special scrap-book made for them and I paste every one of them in myself. And let me tell you that until I get my coffee in the morning I'm a fit companion only for a sore-toothed tiger, but I have to read O. O.'s kindly philosophies even before I touch my coffee."

Then I told one. † This past summer out in Great Falls, Montana, a little priest rushed up to me and pumped my hand. "I never thought I'd really get to meet you," he exclaimed breathlessly.

MISS CRAWFORD



"I want to go on and on with my work. My next picture is to be 'Pretty Sadie McKee'—and I'm all ready for my big chance. I'd like to do 'The Merry Widow' with Maurice Chevalier, and with Irving Thalberg to supervise it"

I could feel my chest swelling. Here at last was my loyal reader-admirer I'd been looking for all these years. Then he popped me over the head: "Of course," he explained, "I've never actually read any of your pieces or heard you on the radio, but for years I've followed you in O. O. McIntyre's column."

Joan was sympathetic. "How lucky you are to know him so well," she said rather wistfully. "It's strange, but I've only met him once, and then at a large party. But to me he's a very fine writer and a great soul."

"Wonder what it is that gives him his tremendous following?" I queried.

She hesitated, then answered: "I think it's because he is always so gentle about everything."

That second I knew I was going to like her immensely. She had said a wise and beautiful thing about a friend.

"Tell me about your pictures," I pleaded. "Honestly, I don't know the first thing about them. For instance, what do you want to do?"

"I want to go on and on with this wonderful art. Then some day I want to go on the stage. I want really to be a very great actress. I'm willing to work hard to do it. I'm ready to give years of my life."

"But the stage is old-fashioned," I insisted.

"Yes, but it will always be a great magnet that will keep pulling at us all. I want to feel the thrill of a real audience. I work for weeks and weeks on a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

LAST



Once the highest paid Hollywood star and a world-wide favorite, Tom Mix has also deserted the screen because Westerns don't pay

hoisted their silver-mounted saddles up to the rack of Western retirement alongside the dusty bridles of Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix and Bill Hart. They've coiled their lariats over



"Bronco Billy" Anderson, as the very first daredevil cowboy, supplied the movies with some of its earliest thrills. But Anderson retired



William S. Hart made over a million dollars as a movie cowboy. He is now resting and dreaming of past screen adventure

THE jingle of Chihuahua spurs and the rustle of chapparajos is unfamiliar music to Hollywood Boulevard today. And fewer and fewer ten-gallon sombreros shed from lean, wind-tanned faces the dying rays of the Western sun, whose every setting seems to signal the eclipse of the most colorful, the most typical and at one time the most important of all screen figures—the Hollywood cowboy.

It looks like Hollywood is heading for the last round-up.

For only within the past few weeks two of the three remaining rough riding stars have forsaken "Westerns." George O'Brien and Col. Tim McCoy have

ROUND-UP

The day of the colorful Western drama is past, and only one lone cowboy is left

By Kirtley Baskette

the same peg where hang the neglect-stiffened ropes of Jack Hoxie, Art Acord and "Bronco Billy" Anderson.

And today in the town where fifteen years ago one studio, alone—Universal—had forty two-reel Westerns in production at once; where ten years ago a Western picture, "The Covered Wagon," was acclaimed one of the three greatest films ever produced; where at the same time a purely Western star, Tom Mix, signed the most fabulous contract of all time—today, one lone cowboy star, Ken Maynard, is riding, shooting, roping and rescuing in genuine Western action plots for the camera.

The Western, which for the past two decades and more, ever since "Bronco Billy" Anderson glorified the range rider for the old



Ken Maynard rides alone—the last Hollywood cowboy. Will he be able to keep alive on the screen the colorful legends of the old West?



Hoot Gibson, whose deeds of daring thrilled thousands and made him a national figure, recently filed a plea of bankruptcy

Essanay company back in Chicago, has supplied the backbone of the movies; has kept the gates of more than one studio open with its sure-fire revenue, and provided the training school for many of the screen's leading lights, both male and female—the Western "horse opera," which was the first type of picture Hollywood ever produced prolifically; which first spread its fame to the four corners of the globe; which made all foreigners believe that every American wore a sombrero and toted a six-gun—this "cowboy thriller," the only purely native type of drama Hollywood ever produced, seems definitely destined for early extinction.

Headed for the last round-up!

Time was when you couldn't walk through the old "Water-Hole" district on Cahuenga Avenue, off Hollywood Boulevard, without snagging your trousers on the silver spurs of one of the milling cowpokes hanging around. For, only a few years ago, from five-hundred to a thousand bronc-busters were working steadily. Now if twenty work one day a week, it's a boom season.

And the "Water-Hole," with its score or more of leather workers, silversmiths and saddle-makers, who used to stay up nights fashioning the decorative boots and belts and silver buckles, dear to every cowboy's heart, has dwindled to one lone boot shop

where English riding boots and polo equipment now constitute the major business.

The cowboys themselves, many of them, have returned to the range to their forty-a-month and grub; others still wander around town, unable to forget the golden days, hanging on with other kinds of extra bits, working in riding academies, and on "dude" ranches. A few work in Westerns—only a few.

And the stars—

"Bronco Billy" Anderson, never a real cowboy, but a screen daredevil who dressed in Western garb, is retired and living in San Francisco. "Wild Art" Acord, who used to fight all comers in the old corrals at Universal City, just for the fun of it, was killed a few years ago in a knife scrape in Mexico. Bill Hart, the Eastern stage actor who never did learn how to ride a bucking horse, but who made over a million dollars as a two-gun avenger, battles ill health on his Newhall ranch, near Hollywood, and dreams of his glorious screen career which reached its apex in "Tumbleweeds."

Tom Mix, the greatest of them all, who made his first "flicker" in 1911, and who signed one of the most amazing contracts ever made with Fox—for \$10,000 a week and percentages totaling another \$5,000—retired from his Universal contract last year and embarked on a personal appearance tour of one-night stands.

Mix, the first genuine cowboy to become a screen star, epitomized the glory of the Western by becoming not only the highest paid and at one time the most independently wealthy of all Hollywood's luminaries, but by his unerring showmanship, making the whole world cowboy-conscious. A former frontier marshal, soldier of fortune and ranger, he was toasted by royalty abroad, kept his horse, Tony, in the swankiest of European hotels and enjoyed an international opulence known to few of the cinema's past or present great.

NO less than sixty-nine of his leading women, he ushered first into acting importance. The long list includes such names as Barbara LaMarr, Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, Clara Bow, Laura LaPlante and (believe it or not) Ann Pennington!

And today, at somewhere between forty and fifty, Tom Mix

is practically as good a man as he ever was, still fit for his remarkable riding stunts—but his last pictures didn't make money. This last year has seen him approaching financial straits.

Hoot Gibson, another dyed-in-the-coral-dip steer wrangler, and one-time winner of the coveted Pendleton championship, has been practically out of pictures for two years. Recently he entered a bankrupt plea in a Los Angeles court.

Buck Jones, who came from the "101 Ranch" to the screen via the big top, was forced to do "straight" parts last year. During his palmy days, Buck built up an organized following of over three million members in his "Buck Jones Rangers" club. It is still active, but the members are having a hard time seeing Buck on the screen in his old ranger rôles. He doesn't do them any more.

EVEN the fledglings, Tom Keene and Randolph Scott, have headed their horses over the hill with the setting sun. Tom, who made horse operas for two years for RKO-Radio has now taken back his former name of George Duryea, and trimmed down his sombrero for straight romantic rôles. Randy Scott's run of Zane Grey stories is finished and Paramount has given him no more Western assignments.

Now, you ask, why is all this?

Is it because the kids refuse to be kidded by out-dated Western gunmen? Is the horse passe? Is the young American, and old American as well, too sophisticated, too modern to get a "kick" out of a plunging mustang or a six-gun duel, any longer?

Possibly. Yet, the fiction magazines are full of Western stories. Western books are still popular. True, the West, the wild West is gone—it was gone before a moving picture camera was ever invented—but its legend and romance are not; its hardy, interesting characters are not.

Ken Maynard, who came to pictures as a trick riding champion from a wild West show and stayed to make and keep more money than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and who remains as the sole active and exclusively Western star in Hollywood today, has some ideas on the subject.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable are ready to go—baggage and all. But they don't seem to be in a great hurry. Director Frank Capra is giving them advice on the side. The trio are working on "Night Bus"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

PRETTY Polly—and pretty Lupe—finish off their swim with a little conversation. The parrot is only one of Lupe's many pets. She has two dogs, a cat, several birds and a whole school of gold fish. The combination makes some of Lupe's guests nervous. They expect the dogs to chase the cat, and the cat to eat the birds

Romance, Music and a Bright New Star



THOUSANDS were tested, and Ann Sothorn was chosen. It will be her first movie, too—the lead in Columbia's musical, "Let's Fall in Love." Ann comes from Broadway. Her name there was Harriette Lake. Studio officials said the name was too cold and formal to bring her movie fame, and so advised her. So she chose Sothorn because of her esteem for the late E. H. Sothorn, Shakespearean actor

MR. EDMUND LOWE is using all his powers of persuasion, but Ann can't quite make up her mind. In "Let's Fall in Love," Ann is a young girl, working in a circus concession. Eddie, as a motion picture director, sees her there, and begs her to place herself in his hands and let him train her for stardom. But the proposition sounds a bit suspicious to Ann, and she won't give him an answer in a hurry



"Let's Fall in Love!"
It's the name of the
show—not an invita-
tion. But it lured a
Broadway blonde!

Photographs by
William A. Fraker



EDDIE points out to Ann all the excitement of life in Hollywood—handsome heroes, dancing feet, the grinding of cameras, the flare of Klieg lights, the joy of fame. The impressionistic study of Hollywood in the background was designed by William A. Fraker, Columbia camera artist. It expresses the rhythm, the glamour, the swift tempo which make up the scintillating, varied pattern of the movie city

SO Ann is convinced. But it isn't the exciting promises of Hollywood that lure her from the circus. Nor is it the assurance of fame. Oh, no! At least, not in *this* movie. Ann goes because she falls in love with Eddie! Of course, incidentally, a star's salary will come in handy, and it's fun to be famous. But "Let's Fall in Love" is gay and delightfully romantic, and not to be bothered with high finance



Anthony Ugrin

IRENE BENTLEY got into the movies without trying. She went over to Fox to watch a screen test and when a girl was needed for a bit of action, jokingly offered her services. Fox officials noticing her in the test, wired her to come to Hollywood. She left two days later for a part in "My Weakness," and is now playing the lead in "Smoky"

John, *the* Great

What a show-
man and what a
wit Barrymore
proves himself

*By Charles
Darnton*



YOU have to call your shots with John Barrymore. Usually, I do. But this time, when he wasn't looking, I just banged away and left myself right behind the eight ball, with:

"Do you plan to end your career on the stage?"

Of course, I knew he'd catch me at it. But I choked on my beer in his dressing-room as he raised a baleful eye from his Irish stew—race will tell!—and bitingly observed:

"Up to this aging moment I had felt comparatively young. But your question has a distinct, not to say disturbing, mortuary sound. I am surprised at you, particularly after giving you a glass of beer."

Silence fell on the scene and the stew alike



It was a swordfish that, according to John Barrymore, took him into pictures. At left, the inimitable John is shown with lovely Helen Chandler in "Long Lost Father," for which he was borrowed from M-G-M by RKO-Radio

as, with sudden loss of appetite, Mr. Barrymore stabbed a jaundiced carrot, rolled a pallid onion over on its back, then morbidly studied an anemic potato.

"It's the appalling finality of that phrase, 'end your career'," he muttered. "Did you, if I may ask, remember to bring the cyanide?"

In the desperate circumstances there was only one thing to do, turn my unhappy question in another direction. And a lucky turn it was, for it brought forth unexpected and momentous news.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

CAL YORK *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



You have to be a director to get in on a job like this! There are strings to it! Rowland V. Lee assisted Lilian Harvey with lacing her boots for a rope-walking scene in Fox's "I Am Suzanne." That's why the leather toes are forked

UP rushed the usual mob of autograph seekers when Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone stepped out of a New York theater. Joan was near to getting writer's cramp from scribbling her name on the slips of paper thrust before her.

Suddenly she paused. The slip she was about to sign was an I. O. U.

"I can't sign this," she said.

"Why not?" the man demanded impudently.

Joan was still courteous. "I got into an awful jam once for autographing a blank check by mistake."

The fellow went away muttering about Joan being high-hat.

WHEN Evelyn Venable was touring with Walter Hampden in Shakespearean repertory, this happened in Baltimore. Evelyn came to the famous line, "Hey, Nonnie, Nonnie—"

And the gallery, as a man, chanted back—"and a Hot, Cha, Cha!"

GARBO may be the world to her public, but she sometimes makes it tough on those who follow her around. The great Greta visited a dude ranch near Victorville, California, not long ago, insisting on absolute privacy until the manager had to ask her to move on when the rest of the guests complained about being shooed out of the way every time she took a walk.

"**H**OW was the opening?" a friend asked Jimmy Gleason, agent a certain picture.

"Colossal!" declared Jimmy. "Better than that—it was mediocre!"

HOLLYWOOD'S heart went out to Isabel Jewell during Lee Tracy's troubles in Mexico.

"If only he'd been good 'till I got there," Isabel moaned.

In fact, she was all ready to leave for Mexico when the news of Lee's arrest flashed through to Hollywood.

Some friends, thinking to cheer her up, took Isabel to a night club.

"Will you please play Lee's favorite?" she begged the orchestra leader.

"Of course," he said, "what is it?"

"It's 'Melancholy Baby,'" she said and wept through the whole number.



The old gentleman getting his beard trimmed is John Boles. Jack Pierce, studio cosmetician, has just finished aging Boles with a little make-up. The beard was for a scene in Universal's recent release, "Beloved"

Hollywood Goings-On!

THERE was no more beautiful girl at the Mayfair Ball, Hollywood's greatest social event, than Virginia Gilbert, Jack's wife. She wore a gown of pink and silver lame with a long train, and her blonde hair wound in braids about her head.

A cape-wrap of silver fox completed the costume. In their party were the Countess di Frasso and Lyle Talbot.

THE very first couple to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore, a very handsome pair but who looked as if they wished these things would get started earlier, so they could go home.

Dolores was radiantly beautiful in a white gown with a long train which she looped gracefully over her arm as she danced with her husband—all alone on the floor, at first.

John was dressed in his soup and fish and accoutered in bedroom slippers and dark glasses.

THE most fashionably late arrivals were George Raft and Carole Lombard, who showed up around one A. M. and put on a tango that stopped everything.

TWO stunning examples of masculine physical perfection stood side by side at the Mayfair, the same height and about the same build. When they turned around, the im-



Fresh from his Mexican adventure, Lee Tracy arrived in Hollywood looking happy. He's reassuring Isabel Jewell, who was waiting at the train gate, that all will be well. Isabel and Lee are seen very frequently together

And twenty minutes later he was yelling, "Help! I've been robbed!" Oh, yes. It's good exercise that Mr. William Gargan takes. And it keeps him physically fit. But it does sort of strew his valuables all over the lawn

pressed bystander discovered them to be Johnny Weissmuller and Tommy Meighan. Lupe wore black velvet with quarts of rubies.

WHILE in New York, Joan Crawford, unwittingly upset, very, very much, another famous star.

Marilyn Miller was doing those cute impersonations in the Broadway success "As Thousands Cheer," and one of Marilyn's specialties is her imitations of Crawford.

But Marilyn didn't know the famous "Dancing Lady" was in the house, though the audience did. And Joan was the cynosure of all eyes, eager to see just how Joan was taking it. Marilyn was getting no laughs and little attention. It wasn't until afterwards she learned the audience was too busy looking at the real stuff.

NO lover's spat was the breaking up of the long Donald Cook-Evalyn Knapp engagement. Neither has spoken to the other since they stopped going together, although they have frequently been thrown together.

Starry futures ahead, but—



Shirley Mason, once a favorite star, gave up her career and fame to take care of her tiny daughter, Sheila Mary Lanfield. When urged to go back on the screen, Shirley laughs and says, "No, thank you. I like this job better!"

CORA SUE COLLINS, little six-year-old actress working in "As The Earth Turns," paid a great deal of attention when she heard that Sarah Padden, who plays in the same picture, wore pads to make her appear fat. Cora Sue stole over to her mother and whispered, "Do you think her name is really Padden, or do they just call her that because she has to wear all those pads?"

THE conversation at a certain dinner party the other night drifted around to Joan Crawford's frank statement that Franchot Tone was teaching her how to act for the stage. "And did Lenore Ulric teach you how to act?" a young woman across the table asked Lenore's former husband, Sidney Blackmer.

"Oh no," Sidney said with a smile, "she just taught me how to behave."

"WHAT in the world is all the fun about?" Visitors at the First National Studio asked when they saw the very quiet Ricardo

Cortez doing the minuet with the rotund Archie Mayo. That afternoon they found out, for the announcement of Ricardo's engagement to Mrs. Christine Lee appeared in the papers.

They will probably be married by the time you read this.

SURPRISING their friends in Hollywood, Alice White and Sidney Bartlett were married at the old Pronto Ranch in Mexico. In the ancient town hall, where many famous weddings have taken place, and with the governor of Mexico attending, little blonde Alice became Mrs. Bartlett.

AND Fifi Dorsay finally did it, too. Maurice Hill, son of a Chicago manufacturer, was (and is) the lucky bridegroom.

MAE WEST has a new "chimp" to take the place of the pet monkey that died recently. "Chimp" learned to push elevator buttons and life has become miserable for the elevator boys in Mae's apartment. The monkey will hop up and down stairs ringing for elevators on every floor and running before the boys get there. "Let the kid have his fun," smiles Mae.

LOUISE FAZENDA and her baby have been resting at Palm Springs. "I happened to glance out of my window the first morning," Louise said, "and who was going by but a Marx brother."

"What did you do?" she was asked.

"Do?" ejaculated Louise. "Why, I grabbed the baby and hid with it."

RALPH MORGAN went to see his daughter, Claudia, in the Broadway play, "Thoroughbred." But, how he wanted to get out! It



Boris Karloff, director of the Screen Actors' Guild, greets its youngest member—Sunny Waterman. Karloff can't make the baby actor laugh, or even smile, so he thinks Sunny has a future as a dead-pan comedian

What do the grown-ups think?

wasn't professional jealousy. Ralph was feeling faint, the effect of a close steam-heated theater after that balmy California air. Ralph began to grow panicky, fearful he would have to walk out on his daughter's performance.

He gritted his teeth, dug his nails into the plush chair cushion and swore, "I will not faint. I will not leave." The stage was a blur. Ralph went up the aisle on wobbly legs.

"Charming—lovely—very interesting," he smiled weakly as his friends eagerly asked him how he liked the play.

LA**T**E**S**T thing in souvenir-collecting: A woman rushed up to Jean Harlow at a recent theater opening in Los Angeles and asked, "May I have that cigarette when you're through with it, please?" Rather disconcerting for Jean to think of the exhibits neatly tagged that it must be destined to join. But the print of those perfect lips is worth the trouble, collectors will tell you.

CE**C**I**L**I**A** **P**A**R**K**E**R, that pretty little blonde who used to be out at Universal, is now Andy Clyde's leading lady, in Educational comedies. And being in comedies, she has to keep in training. So the other day she entered a Hollywood store and asked the clerk for a pair of shorts for her gymnasium.

"Yes, miss," answered the clerk, "and what size is your gymnasium?"

WA**L**L**E****B**E**E**R**Y** was much too busy on that eventful trip with the "Viva Villa" company to get into trouble or know much about those who did. Wally was busy buying dolls and toys in the Mexican shops. His little daughter, Carol Ann, is Wally's pride and



Little Marianne and her mother, Lucille Edwards, are filmdom's newest screen team. They are playing together in "Orient Express." Thus, Marianne's screen training begins early—literally, at her mother's knee



The Harold Lloyds apparently have no cinematic dreams for their children. They carefully keep them away from movie cameras. But the photographer caught Harold in the act of showing Harold, Jr., how to shoot marbles

joy and his every idle moment was spent in hunting gifts for her.

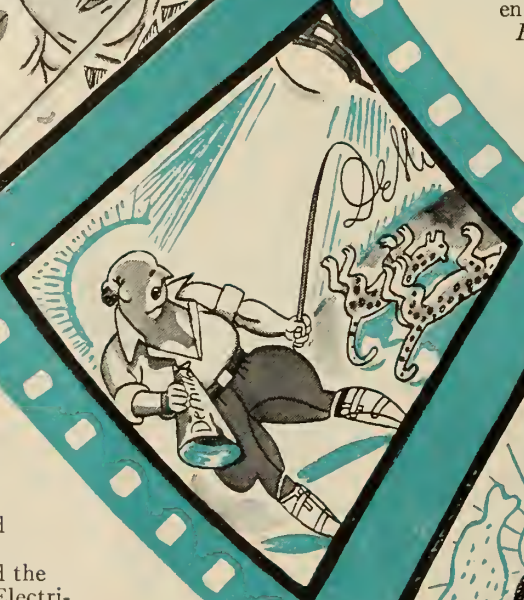
WHILE Gary Cooper was in New York, he was invited by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers to one of their Thursday luncheons.

Gary, nervous as an extra at a try-out, was called upon to speak. He got up, struggled for a start and just as he was about to emit his first word, a waiter tripped with a huge tray of dishes which caused a reverberating clatter throughout the room. That completely finished Gary's equilibrium. But he was actor enough to turn the accident into an alibi. He made a low bow in the direction of the waiter and said, "Gentlemen, I give the floor to my good friend here." Then he sat down. And the waiter isn't over the thrill of it yet.

FI**G**U**R**E it out any way you like—but the Paramount Westerns and Mae West made more money for that lot than any other productions last year.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

The Passing



Fat, or skinny, they all wear pants like Marlene's—cluttered with diamonds, Mae okays curves—Oakie swoons when Peggy Joyce chisels two orchids—DeMille cracks his whip, and the leopards fall dead—and it's hello and goodbye with Constance and her Marquis

ONCE again the stage is set! Another year rolls around and Hollywood puts on its big Revue of 1933. New names flicker brightly on the theater marquee. The red carpet is unrolled and the plush seats are dusted.

Slowly the orchestra files into the pit. Behind the curtain there's the usual flutter and hubbub. Electricians, actors, directors and their assistants, producers fly madly about.

An air of hushed excitement fills the place. Behind the scenes the white blur of an actor's face, ill with the despair of a departed year, contrasts strangely with the clinking jewelry of a triumphant Mae West.

Another year! 1933 with all its joys, sorrows, surprises, disappointments, heartaches and great triumphs, is about to be enacted for the eager spectators. The great white light of Publicity is once more turned on, the orchestra finishes the overture, and Mr. and Mrs. Public sit tensely in their plush chairs—

And the magnificent, varicolored curtain very slowly rises on "Hollywood's Revue of 1933."

Dietrich, the Marlene, leads the show wearing the famous trousers, coat and tie. A chorus of trousers-clad girls trot on from all directions. Some are fat and some are lean and nobody's pants fit. But Marlene's. They go into a quick "Off to Buffalo" that rips the seat in practically every pair of trousers and the audience groans in memory of the pants-wearing episode.

The producers, wearing bright red hunting coats (for no reason), go into their famous yearly shuffle with Sammy Katz trying to find his place in the line-up. He never does. The boys join hands and skip coyly around singing, "Who's afraid of the big, bad banker; big, bad banker; big, bad banker?" Sammy Goldwyn accompanies them on the flute. Three notes off key.

The audience rises and screams as Mae West hip-slunks on. Mae is the diamond-studded star of the year, bringing an epidemic of "Come up and see me sometime!" that swept the country like wildfire. People, who have never been invited anywhere, are suddenly urged to "Come up sometime!" Anytime! An entire world goes about insisting that people come up sometime.

There's a sudden hush as the black-hooded figure of bad luck, wearing Harpo Marx's red wig, still pursues the same little blonde. The hoodoo is again after Mae Clarke who, this time, flies through the windshield of Phil Holmes' car, breaking her jaw. "Bon voyage," cries the town as Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer sail for Europe.

The ship's whistle sounds, strong hands are at the gang-plank, when suddenly a tiny figure in a "White Sister's" robe comes tearing across the stage. "Wait! Wait for me!" she cries.

Helen Hayes makes a last minute leap from the set to the boat and accompanies Norma and Irving.

A sudden lurch. What's that? A tearing, haunting sound. Actors scream.

The theater sways. Chandeliers swing perilously above. The audience gasps in terror.

Earthquake!

The whole stage is a seething mass of confusion. Actors, wrapped in sheets and clutching babies upside down, go tearing about in circles.

Gary Cooper

Show of '33

Hearty laughs, bitter tears—Hollywood shared both during 1933

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

protrudes five feet from beneath a davenport upon which Kay Francis sleeps peacefully on. Through it all.

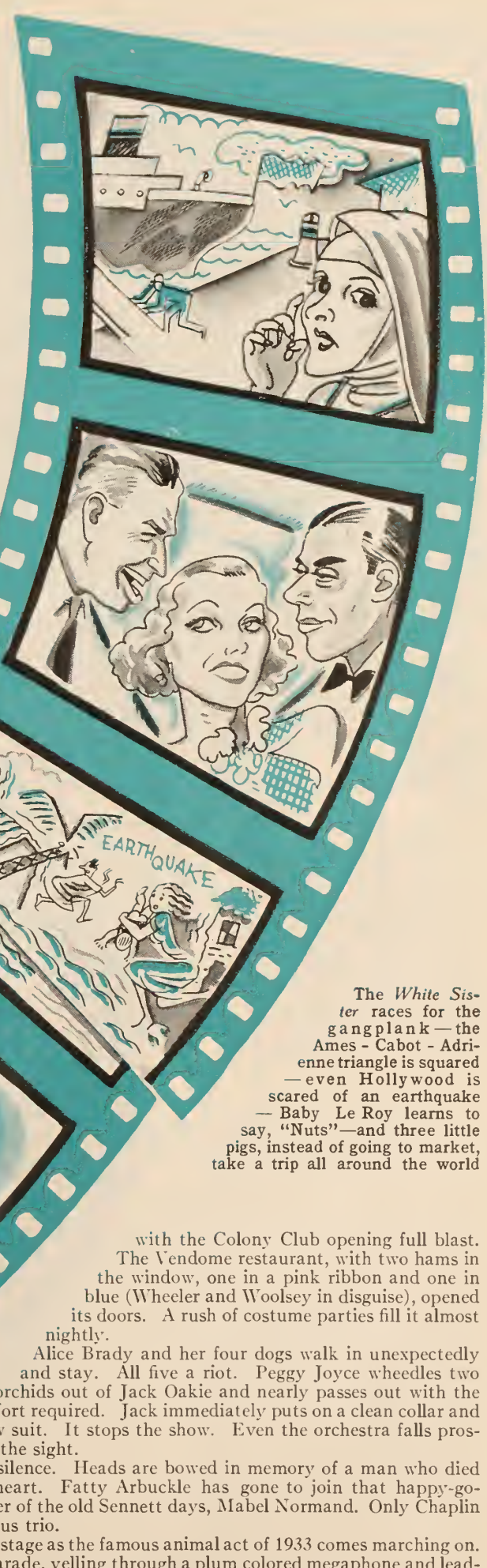
Gradually the hubbub subsides when a bevy of newsboys come screaming on. "Joan Crawford divorces Doug Fairbanks!" they call. "Doug and Joan part forever!" Joan takes to her bed and Doug takes to his papa. In Europe.

With a loud resounding bang, the doors of the banks close. The bank holiday is on. Valets, butlers, maids come to the rescue of empty pocketed stars, handing out hundred dollar bills. I. O. U.'s (none good) flood the town. Famous stars who haven't shaved themselves in years give "shave yourself" parties and invite everyone up. To the slaughter of the profiles.

Cracking whips and wearing *Simon Legree* mustaches, the producers leap on in a little salary cut number. "You'll take a cut and like it, hah! hah! hah!" they snarl, while actors dressed as *Uncle Toms* sit about the fields of the Cotton Club and weep. The four Marx Brothers, as bloodhounds, come baying and leaping across chorus girls, undressed as ice-cakes, while Eddie Cantor, as a little *Kosher Eva* in a blonde wig, goes up to heaven. To see Mae sometime.

Lionel Barrymore burps through practically every M-G-M production of the year. 1933 will go down in history as the year of the Barrymore burps.

There's a sudden spurt of night life



The *White Sister* races for the gangplank—the Ames - Cabot - Adrienne triangle is squared—even Hollywood is scared of an earthquake—Baby Le Roy learns to say, "Nuts"—and three little pigs, instead of going to market, take a trip all around the world

with the Colony Club opening full blast. The Vendome restaurant, with two hams in the window, one in a pink ribbon and one in blue (Wheeler and Woolsey in disguise), opened its doors. A rush of costume parties fill it almost nightly.

Alice Brady and her four dogs walk in unexpectedly and stay. All five a riot. Peggy Joyce wheelies two orchids out of Jack Oakie and nearly passes out with the effort required. Jack immediately puts on a clean collar and a new suit. It stops the show. Even the orchestra falls prostrate at the sight.

A hushed silence. Heads are bowed in memory of a man who died of a broken heart. Fatty Arbuckle has gone to join that happy-go-lucky little trouper of the old Sennett days, Mabel Normand. Only Chaplin remains of that famous trio.

The actors now clear the stage as the famous animal act of 1933 comes marching on. Cecil B. De Mille leads the parade, yelling through a plum colored megaphone and leading four passionate leopards (to be used for love scenes only) [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



Jimmy Donnelly has been Al Jolson's stooge for fifteen years. His duties include giving Jolson advice and playing a card game with him every evening

Everybody's Stooging Now

Sometimes they're yes-men; sometimes they're no-men. But many a stooge is making many a star toe the mark in Hollywood

By Kirtley Baskette

CHARLIE RUGGLES, reaching for a tempting tray of French pastries, found his arm gently but firmly arrested in its eager post-prandial movement.

"No," reproved Lester.

"But I *want* that éclair, I tell you. I—"

"No," repeated Lester with quiet finality, "our diet strictly forbids pastries. We must regain our health." A brief struggle of wills; two glaring eyes, and the tray wafted away with its fluffy dainties untouched. Lester had said "No."

Lester is Charlie Ruggles' stooge.

And though stooge may be a horrid word, it's also getting to be a household word in Hollywood. A star without his own particular stooge is like—well, pretzels minus beer, or movies without sound. You simply must have a stooge to rate at all today.

What is a stooge? You ask with good reason, for certainly nowhere else in this world will you run across the word as you do in Hollywood.

If Hollywood possessed its own private dictionary, its definition of the term would probably run something like this:

"Stooge: A person whose life revolves in the orbit of a screen



Jack Oakie gives his stooge, "Cracker" Henderson, the hot foot

star. A shadow, an echo. A self-appointed critic, one-man audience and praise agent. A sometimes yes-man, and at other times no-man. Any person varying in big-shotness from

a studio errand boy to a five figure salaried manager, who has received a star's confidence and trust, and the glories therein."

Clear? No? Well, let's proceed anyway.

Ted Healy, glorifier of the professional stooge, applied the word to his many accomplices who are "fall guys," "feeders" and butts for his gags. In theatrical parlance, the term has long denoted a "plant" or cursory accomplice—the kind of crazy looking gent who heckles from the audience, or feigns a fight for a laugh.

But Hollywood, just to be original, has distorted the term to include persons of various and vicarious virtues. In fact, almost any catalogued or mysterious person hanging around a star becomes his or her stooge to the rest of the town.

The Lester noted above for his dietary restrictions, has been Charlie Ruggles' stooge for the past ten years. It is very doubtful if Charlie could tool along without Lester, he's so used to him. They were on the stage together many years ago before the Ruggles rocket flared, and today—well, he is practically Charlie's other self. Even speaks of Charlie as "we." When Paramount employees hear a helpless, petulant "Where's Lester?" they know that Charlie is completely *hors de combat* until his stooge can be located.

Just as they know that nothing is okay with Oakie unless "Cracker" Henderson is stooging around. "Cracker," a sour visaged, gangling Southerner,



George Raft is one of the stoogiest stars in Hollywood. On the left is stooge Sammy Finn, ladies' wear magnate, known in Hollywood as "The Killer." At right is stooge Mack Gray



Ted Healy's stooges are among the most famous professional ones. Here is Ted with his three "feeders" as they appear in "Dancing Lady"

news-hawked on a Florida newspaper until he impulsively decided to hit for Hollywood.

A job on the Paramount labor gang led to work on the set with Jack Oakie, and there his molasses-mouthed, heavy, Georgia Cracker drawl earned him the sectional sobriquet, in addition to capturing Jack's attention.

The story of their meeting is classic.

Jack, always on the lookout for a gag, danced up to the sad-looking swamp angel, as the set crowd, sensing fun, gathered round.

"Where you from, son?" he asked cockily.

"Maine," replied "Cracker" in sepulchral tones.

Oakie blinked—and bit.

"Maine? With that accent?"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



"Sex rules Hollywood," says Doug Fairbanks, Jr. It seems to rule this scene with Diana Napier in "Catherine the Great"

Why I Quit Hollywood

By Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In an interview with Kathlyn Hayden

"IF there were no other reason—and there are plenty of others—'Morning Glory' would be enough by itself."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made this answer to my request for an explanation of his having decided never again to appear in a Hollywood-made picture.

"My part in 'Morning Glory,'" Fairbanks went on, "wasn't even a fair leading man's. Like all the others in the cast I was only a stooge for Katharine Hepburn. Menjou hated what he had to do quite as much as I did. He knew what it was doing

to him—how it was damaging him with his followers.

"It was only because Katharine Hepburn is the swellest person in Hollywood that Men-

jou and I didn't walk off the set the first day. But she was so marvelous in the fattest star rôle a girl ever sank her teeth into that we simply couldn't let her down.

"It would be silly for me to suggest I didn't know what I was doing when I accepted the rôle. The fact that Katharine and I were co-starred didn't fool me. It had to be all Hepburn from start to finish. The story [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



CLARA BOW smiles right past the movie camera, and doesn't even give it a tumble! After she finished "Hoopla," Clara settled down for a nice, long rest. Now she can loaf on a movie set and watch other players hard at work. That's a *real* vacation for a star

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ DANCING LADY—M-G-M

TOP-NOTCH entertainment that should please the majority of movie-goers. A musical production with the usual backstage atmosphere—which differs only in that it has an interesting story woven through it.

As *Janie*, a young dancer who makes her way (through the kindnesses of Franchot Tone, wealthy playboy) from burlesque to lead in a Broadway musical directed by *Patch Gallagher*, Joan Crawford gives an admirable performance.

Clark Gable, as the hard-boiled director, is well cast. May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Sterling Holloway, Ted Healy and his stooges all do fine work. Art Jarrett and Nelson Eddy lend effective vocal accompaniment.

The dance scenes are dazzling in extravagant splendor. Fred Astaire and Joan are a perfect complement.



☆ ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Paramount

TO lovers of Lewis Carroll's story of "Alice," this picture will be a source of great amusement with each familiar character coming into being. All the charm, all the whimsical nonsense has been caught by the camera. Children will be delighted.

Gary Cooper, as the *White Knight*, Jack Oakie and Roscoe Karns as *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*, May Robson, Louise Fazenda, Edna May Oliver as the *Queens*, and a host of other movie favorites flit in and out of *Alice's* dream.

In this fantasy of the most highly imaginative quality, Charlotte Henry makes a believable and charming *Alice*.

Settings and costumes are perfect.

A technical achievement, skillfully directed by Norman McLeod.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Universal

A TRULY superb picture, from every angle—story, cast, direction and production.

John Barrymore plays *George Simon*, a part really worthy of the performance he gives it. He is magnificent as the man who climbed from the Ghetto to the position of greatest lawyer in New York, with luxuriously beautiful offices.

And things happen in those offices—fascinating, human, dramatic things. Never a dull moment, up to and through the time *Simon* is threatened with disbarment—and is on the brink of suicide. From the gabby telephone operator, done to a turn by Isabel Jewell, to the inner sanctum where Barrymore holds forth, things go on.

Bebe Daniels is a real, efficient and understanding secretary, secretly in love with her employer. Doris Kenyon is the selfish society wife. These are not rubber-stamp portrayals or parts. They seem fresh and new. Onslow Stevens, as *Simon's* partner; Melvyn Douglas, his wife's special friend; Thelma Todd, a client, and Vincent Sherman, as the Communist boy who does a forceful bit of lecturing, are all excellent in their rôles.

Down to the merest bit-player, each performance is a gem of perfection. Every member should be mentioned—but the cast is much too long. The direction is capably handled by William Wyler.

If you want a thrilling, emotion-stirring evening, don't miss this picture!

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW	ROMAN SCANDALS
DANCING LADY	ALICE IN WONDERLAND
BELOVED	GALLANT LADY
CONVENTION CITY	THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Counsellor-at-Law"
 Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"
 Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"
 Clark Gable in "Dancing Lady"
 John Boles in "Beloved"
 Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady"
 Clive Brook in "Gallant Lady"
 Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
 Genevieve Tobin in "Dark Hazard"
 Paul Lukas in "By Candlelight"
 Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch"
 Jimmy Cagney in "Lady Killer"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124



★ *BELOVED—Universal*

A TENDER epic of a musician's life and soul. Vienna-born John Boles flees revolution to America's South, fights for the Confederacy and carries his Southern love, Gloria Stuart, with him on a life of frustrated musical ambition. Plagued by poverty, forced to debase his art for a living, and weathering the disappointment of a worthless son, he lives to scorn his grandson's modern musical triumphs, but reaps his belated reward at the success of his life's work, the "American Symphony."

Victor Schertzinger's deft direction and beautiful musical score vie with Boles' outstanding performance and Gloria's loveliness, to make this film unforgettable.

Dorothy Peterson, Eddie Woods and Morgan Farley. Sets and scenery are as lovely as the haunting music.



★ *ROMAN SCANDALS—
Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists*

A NOTHER Eddie Cantor triumph. With a bevy of the most beautiful girls ever assembled in a musical extravaganza on stage or screen.

In producing "Roman Scandals," Samuel Goldwyn attempted something "different" from the customary type of musical, and succeeded.

Ruth Etting, of radio fame, sings only one song, "No More Love," but it's the biggest number in the show and she does her job grandly. Ruth takes the part of *Olga*, the *Emperor's* discarded favorite.

Nothing has been spared to make this production striking in every detail. You will see some of the most lavishly dressed sets and undoubtedly the most *undressed* beauties yet shown.

It is chuck full of Cantor laughs. Even though the tunes are few, you will thoroughly enjoy each one.

A pleasant change is that the comedy depends entirely on situations.

Better than "The Kid from Spain," it seems to be over in a great hurry. That is because it holds you every minute to the grand finish.

Gloria Stuart, in a long blonde wig, David Manners, Verree Teasdale, Edward Arnold, Alan Mowbray are excellent. The dances are effectively staged by Busby Berkeley.

The big punch is saved for the end—a chariot race that will put any audience on the edge of its seats!



★ *GALLANT LADY—
20th Century-United Artists*

C LIVE BROOK'S excellent characterization of a social outcast might have stolen the picture, had not Ann Harding, as the gallant lady in distress, turned in a performance that simply could not be over-shadowed.

The experiences of Ann, as the girl who faces disgrace through the death of her aviator fiancé, supply a convincing background for the excellent work of Otto Kruger who adopts Ann's child (Dickie Moore) and thus becomes an important link in the complicated chain of Ann's existence.

Tullio Carminati lives up to all expectations, as a young Italian with whom Ann falls in love while in France. Betty Lawford handles a difficult rôle with finesse. Decidedly worth seeing.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



CONVENTION CITY—
First National



YOU wanted a laugh, did you? Try this. A very down-to-earth convention in Atlantic City, with some of the boys whooping it up; Joan Blondell as a gold-digger, and Guy Kibbee having wife-trouble. Mary Astor does a grand traveling sales-woman rôle. Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Adolphe Menjou and Patricia Ellis turn in splendid performances. It's so funny you'll scream.



THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE—
RKO-Radio



THE story of a woman plastic surgeon (Ann Harding) weary of success and hungry for love. She experiments with romance, and marriage, which fails, as you might well guess. Robert Young is the husband. Doctor Nils Asther, as the patient admirer, and Sari Maritza, as hubby's hey-hey play-mate, are well-cast. Harding in top form. Sophisticated; clever dialogue.

SITTING PRETTY—
Paramount



THIS just-so musical about two song writers who hitch-hike from New York to Hollywood (Jack Oakie and Jack Haley) is redeemed by five popular song numbers, an elaborate fandance chorus with novel mirror effects and a very good cast, including Ginger Rogers, Thelma Todd, the Pickens Sisters, Gregory Ratoff, Lew Cody, Art Jarrett and several others. Fair entertainment.

DARK HAZARD—
First National



THE story of a gambler who loved a dog too much and who thereby lost a woman. Genevieve Tobin marries Edward G. Robinson to "reform" him. She fails, but gives a grand performance trying. A greyhound, *Dark Hazard*, gets into his blood, to mingle with the "Dark Hazard," the racing fever. Genevieve helps herself to hubby's winnings and returns to an old suitor. Fine cast.

JIMMY AND SALLY—
Fox



YOU will be entertained and amused by Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor, as *Jimmy*, an egotistical publicity manager whose ideas invariably go haywire, and *Sally*, his secretary who loves him. Lya Lys sings "You're My Thrill." Claire is a grand actress who makes her character lovable and human. Many complications arise, but they're all ironed out in the end. Harvey Stephens.

BY CANDLE-LIGHT—
Universal



A SUAVE Viennese comedy of manners, in which Nils Asther, a philandering prince, is a great success with the ladies, and gives ideas to his incomparable butler, Paul Lukas. Paul yearns for an affair with a "lady," and thinks he has found one in Elissa Landi. He pretends to be a prince, then discovers she is a ladies' maid, also masquerading. Done deftly and with great charm.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

MR. SKITCH
—Fox



THE *Skitch* family (Will Rogers, ZaSu Pitts) are dispossessed. So they start out for California in the old family rattler. Daughter Rochelle Hudson saves the day with a wealthy suitor. Florence Desmond's impersonations of well-known movie stars are nigh perfect, and are the high spots of the picture. The whole family will enjoy the Rogers' humor. A good supporting cast.



**YOU MADE
ME LOVE
YOU—**
Majestic
Pictures

MERRY England lives up to its name by sending us one of the most swift-paced, ridiculously funny musical farces seen in months. It is "The Taming of the Shrew" idea with Stanley Lupino marrying erratic Thelma Todd and trying to reform her on the honeymoon. You'll like the catchy tunes that punctuate the crazy, side-splitting situations. Worth anyone's time.

**MASTER
OF MEN—**
Columbia



JACK HOLT'S too-rapid rise from mill hand to a big power in Wall Street goes to his head. Whereupon, wife Fay Wray brings about his financial ruin. And he returns once more to a humble beginning and happiness. Nothing new about the plot or the dialogue. Walter Connolly as *Parker*, a clever financier, does good work. Theodore Von Eltz and Berton Churchill complete the cast.



**IF I WERE
FREE—**
RKO-Radio

A SERIOUS drama of two people (Irene Dunne and Clive Brook) who find themselves embroiled in unhappy marriages, and turn to each other, hoping to find happiness. While the theme is not new, the acting is splendid, the lines clever. There are excellent moments with Nils Asther, the villainous husband, and Laura Hope Crews, Brook's mother. Not for children.

**BOMBAY
MAIL—**
Universal



A BAFFLING murder mystery aboard the Bombay Mail train, with Shirley Grey, Onslow Stevens, Ralph Forbes, Hedda Hopper and others under suspicion. *Inspector Dyke* (Edmund Lowe) outsmarts the culprit and, after many puzzling experiences, gets his man. A strong cast including John Davidson, Tom Moore, Ferdinand Gottschalk and John Wray. If you like mysteries, here's your meat.



**LADY
KILLER—**
Warners

IF you're a Cagney follower, you'll probably like this film, in which James, trying a new technique, drags Mae Clarke across the room by her hair. The story is unconvincing, but there's lots of action and fast comedy. It's Cagney's film, but Mae, Margaret Lindsay, as a famous movie star, and Leslie Fenton do good work.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 106]



Mae West with Lyons Wickland in her stage success, "Sex." When Mae went to jail for this play, it was for the cast, not herself, that she was worried

I'VE got something on the motion picture public! You have taken Mae West into your circle of favorite stars only in the last two years while I've been a Mae West admirer—well, for more years than perhaps the "Queen of Sex" would like to have me tell—and for more years than it may be wise for me to admit. But if you promise not to go mathematical and begin guessing ages—the date was 1912.

I was 'steen years old and after school would drop into the

call it histrionic ability—not only before the Klieg lights, but behind the fountain pen or portable typewriter, whichever medium is used to turn out her dramas. For Mae West not only can act. She can write! Her talent in each amounts to a God-given genius, for neither has been developed along the usual lines.

The author of "Sex," "Diamond Lil," and the latter's movie version, "She Done Him Wrong," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

BACK of the WEST Front

Anecdotes of the great Mae of bygone days prove she has always been herself

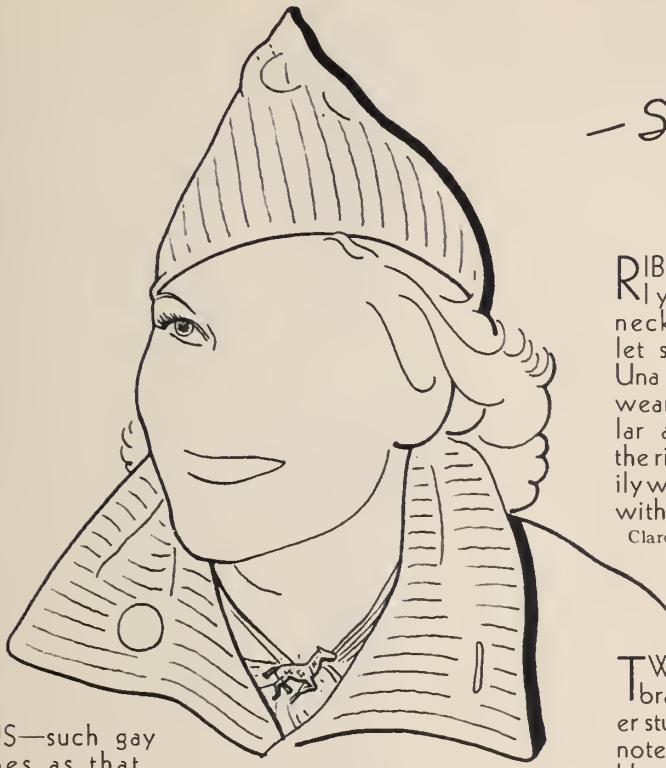
By Dana Rush

Family Theater of Pittsburgh, a vaudeville house which admitted me without charge because its manager, Clarence W. Morgenstern and his wife, were next door neighbors, but to those less fortunate, charged the huge sum of twenty-five cents. No, not a big time house, but a very much small time house which demanded five performances a day from its actors.

In those days May (that's the way she spelled her name at that time) was one of the best ragtime singers that ever hit the Family Theater. And even though I was only 'steen years old, I knew she possessed "that something." The present hysteria for Mae West (for that's what the phenomenal popularity of the new film star amounts to) has been attributed to many things: SEX, spelled with capital letters; curves, with much emphasis on the roundness thereof; the revival of the gay nineties period. All have been set forth as an explanation for the big way in which the public has taken to the box-office which advertises the "Queen of Sex." But I suspect the cause is a more profound one. I would

Seen About Hollywood—

— Seymour —



PINS—such gay ones as that worn by Katharine Hepburn in the form of a galloping rhinestone horse. Kate's hat and coat are made of waterproof corduroy velvet

RIBBON—cleverly used for a necklace-bracelet set chosen by Una Merkel. You wear them like collar and cuffs and the ribbon, so trickily woven, is edged with silver balls
Clarence Sinclair Bull



TWIN pearl bracelets—another stunning jewelry note sponsored by Una Merkel. These, too, look like cuffs and are composed entirely of pearls strung on wire to give them that flare



FEATHERS—like this jaunty one which was seen waving from Norma Shearer's little velvet hat at a recent evening party. Norma's costume was a smart affair of metal cloth



MATCHING bracelet and ring—this is a smart combination which Florine McKinney is wearing about town. The wide bracelet and big plaque ring are both in jade green



FLORINE—also wearing one huge bracelet of silver. These bracelets are increasingly popular with the stars and are often worn one on each arm or several of them together on one arm



STOCKING protectors—these are a boon to sheer silk. Saves wear and tear. These footlets come in suntan shade and are completely concealed by the shoe you wear



Will Walling, Jr.

SMART Hollywood is looking forward to a new season—and so are the costumes Sworn in pictures to be released soon. Travis Banton has designed a lovely dress for Evelyn Venable to wear in "Death Takes a Holiday." It is perfect for resort wear now and for first spring parties later on. Of mousseline de soie with tiers of ruffles edged with lace forming the sleeves and skirt. That front panel is tucked to the hem

Forecasting the New Season from Screen Fashions

— Seymour —



JOT printed sheer fabrics down in your spring notes—and this dress in particular which Marian Marsh wears in "I Like It That Way." Vera has designed it in organza printed in a floral pattern of orange, green and yellow on a cream background. The short sleeves are covered with a ruffle and the neckline is edged with a smaller one as a collar

Roman Freulich

COTTONS will be at a peak this spring, especially in mesh or lacy weaves. Anticipating this, Travis Banton has designed this smart dress for Miriam Hopkins to wear in "All of Me." Gray mesh shot with a metal thread is fashioned into a slim daytime dress with long sleeves and high collar. Suede trimmed with silver bars makes the tie and trick belt

Eugene Robert Richee



"GALLANT LADY" brings a very chic Ann Harding to the screen. Gwen Wakeling has done a grand job in designing the clothes. The ensemble above, is one of the many costumes Ann wears. It is in redingote style with a simple black wool coat worn over a striped silk dress. The coat is held by a wide crushed leather belt in black



NEED a suit to wear under your coat now and later without one? Here is the perfect one as worn by Claire Trevor in "Woman and the Law." Trim lines as Royer does them so well—in blue woolen, widely double-breasted effect and a candy striped satin scarf in red and white which ties at the throat then pulls through slots of jacket opening

Two Ensembles and A Suit for Spring

— Seymour —

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

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



AND here is a smart ensemble also worn by Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady"—this, too, was designed by Gwen Wakeling. It is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon arranged in rows and cartridge pleated. The coat is seven-eighths length ending at a wide band of the ribbon which circles the skirt of the dress about four inches above the hem. This is a loose coat with small standing collar and wide bands of the ribbon on the sleeves. The dress has a yoke formed by alternating rows of the ribbon, as shown in the sketch



Checks Make New Pattern In Fashions This Spring

- Seymour



DOROTHEA WIECK is a new fashion personality on the screen. In "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" she wears a checked black and white swagger topcoat that will be ideal for your spring wardrobe. The wide collar is matched with revers and the fullness of the sleeves are gathered into straps which fasten just above the wrists. An inverted pleat gives back fullness

If it's checked this spring, your costume will be smart, for such a sound authority as Travis Banton is using checked costumes in two new films. Gail Patrick in "Death Takes a Holiday" wears the checked silk ensemble above. Cape buttons onto the bodice of the simple dress. Blue and white is the color

Eugene Robert Richee



Don English

HISTORY tells us that Catherine the Great shocked Russia by wearing men's attire. But this picture of Marlene Dietrich as *Queen Catherine* is very feminine. She looks lovely in ruffles. If the real Catherine wore a gown like this, we'll bet the toughest subject forgave the queen her occasional penchant for trousers



Russell Ball

JACKIE COOPER looks as if he wanted to go out to play—and the director wouldn't let him. But Jackie had fun making his latest picture. After playing more or less ordinary boy parts for a time, Jackie was cast in a Western—on a big ranch with real cowboys, and a buckin' broncho for himself! The film was "Lone Cowboy"

Two "TOUGHS" from the CHORUS

Jimmy and Allen
hot-footed it in
"Pitter Patter."
That's where Jimmy
met the "missus"

By Ben Maddox

IN all the world there is nothing so quaint as a movie actor's past. But, until now, one James Cagney and one Allen Jenkins, who are hard-boiled—see?—hombres *on the screen*, have made no reference to a certain chapter in their pre-fame days.

To the very first chapter, to be explicit.

They began—together—as chorus boys!

You know how Jimmy and Allen wade through talkie plots. They approach their victims with the gala attitude of the two carefree members of the Three Little Pigs trio.

Can't you just imagine Jimmy rubbing his hands with glee and singing under his breath, "We'll put him on the spot!" And Allen chortling, "We'll pull him by the tail!"

Yet, these two ten-minute eggs, who advise many a quaking fillum opponent where to head and aren't afraid of any big, bad man, got their theatrical impetus in—of all places—the chorus!

The name of the show was "Pitter Patter," and try to fancy them in a spot like that!

Today, pals of a dozen years' standing, and often professional partners, Cagney is a front-row Hollywood star, with a Beverly Hills mansion which is complete from swimming pool to play-room. Jenkins is a popular featured actor, a dignified resident of exclusive Brentwood Heights. Little did either of them suspect they'd ever be sitting so prettily when they first met back in 1921.

"The show was playing Boston," Jimmy



Pals of a dozen years standing, the only argument Cagney and Allen ever had was over a clean shirt. Each of them swears that the other is entirely unspoiled by Hollywood and film success

recalls with that Irish twinkle in his eyes. "There were eight fellows in our routine and one boy had to drop out because his father died suddenly.

"Allen had finished in another musical in Boston—I think he walked out on it! He came to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Working Girl



Exotic Myrna Loy keeps a sane head on those pretty shoulders

Undoubtedly she is a person unique in the annals of Hollywood history.

Myrna Loy is Hollywood's working girl.

Since she set out at seventeen to earn her own living in a town where it is at the same time the easiest and the hardest thing to do, she has faced and solved the same problems which are faced and solved by a thousand other working girls throughout the country every year.

NOT that Myrna is a dull person obsessed with the idea of success via the plugging, plodding route. On the contrary, she is a very lively lady to whom life holds out many diverting and amusing promises. Let us instead call her "canny" by nature. Let us merely brand her a good business girl, who has gone about her Hollywood career from a business standpoint—a standpoint, by the way, which would ordinarily be termed madness, in a town where most rules are reversed.

CERTAINLY Myrna herself would be the last person in the world to point to her procedure as a pattern for success in the most baffling

"game" in the world. Yet a glance back into her career might very well disclose a few hints which a girl of similar makeup might very well grasp to guide her in a Hollywood campaign.

"I have always looked ahead—"

Inadvertently Myrna Loy sounded the keynote of her career when she said this.

"I am naturally serious," she further admitted. "I like fun, but I don't mix it with work. Work, to me, has always been a terribly serious matter, not to be trifled with."

When she studied dancing as a girl, she studied it seriously, because she realized it must contribute something to her future. She learned it so well, that she started teaching, at one time presiding over a class of thirty pupils.

"Work, to me, has always been a terribly serious matter, not to be trifled with"

FUNNY, isn't it? That you've never heard much about Myrna Loy. That you don't hear much to this day. That you probably never will, even if she becomes a star of the first magnitude, which is not at all impossible. For she is about to start her starring career for M-G-M, in "Stamboul Quest."

Check back over the past eight years, the eight years during which Myrna Loy has been a definite screen personality. Remember any time when her name or her fame rocketed skyward, suddenly? Anytime when the word "sensational" could have possibly branded either her professional or her private life? Yet, undoubtedly, she is a great favorite with millions of theater-goers. Undoubtedly she holds a very secure place in the front rank of screen actresses.

By *Kenneth Baker*

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



Elmer Fryer

AL JOLSON is giving the cameraman a pretty mean look—interrupting him right in the middle of a masterpiece! Al said that “Wonder Bar” would be his last movie, positively. But after seeing the rushes, he changed his mind. Signed to make three more pictures

WHO'S *in the* DOG



Lee Tracy is in a "pooch hut," and Harlow just got out of one. Jean wanted money; Tracy was naughty

YOU never saw such a dog house.

It has hot and cold running swimming pools, plain and fancy bars with the latest thing in gadgets, the service is superb, the capacity unlimited.

Also, it covers a lot of territory. One week, the dog house may be a palatial estate in Beverly Hills. The next it moves into a luxurious apartment in the heart of Hollywood.

In fact, the expression is purely figurative. The dog house is wherever the in-bad actor happens to park with his pet peeve.

The head pup in the dog house at the moment is Lee Tracy.

It seems that Mexico was inimical to the idea of an American picture company making a movie called



Twice Mr. Beery served time in a canine kennel. But he came back

"Viva Villa," with Villa's army dressed in rags. That started low, ominous rumblings of disapproval. Then, so the story has it, the whole company regarded the location trip as one grand lark, with that feeling of being in a "foreign country" stimulating them, and did some cutting-up.

The climax was Tracy's balcony episode, during which he gave a performance that had Shakespeare's *Juliet* backed off the boards.

Lee, having reduced the alcoholic content of the country a trifle more than two and a half per cent, was feeling high. And what more logical place for a lad feeling high, thought Lee, than a balcony? Swathing his manly form in a handy blanket, he strode out and entered into a conversation with the Mexican army cadets, who happened to be marching by. The army objected, and Lee landed in the local bastille.

As it turns out now, the country below the border regards it as a

HOUSE NOW?

By Ruth Rankin

Rent comes high. But some of our finest stars are numbered among the tenants!

minor escapade, merely a climax to other real or imagined indignities suffered at the hands of the invading Americans.

At any rate, Lee is in the dog house, with his contract cancelled, and his fevered brow cooled by the soothing hand of a grand girl named Isabel Jewell, in whose eyes Lee can do no wrong. Isabel is in the equivocal position of having just signed a contract with the same company that tore up Lee's.

The entire personnel of "Viva Villa" has been recast, with the exception of Wallace Beery—and even the director, Howard Hawks, is no longer with the studio.

So Lee has a lot of company in his particular dog house.

The dog house has a ladies' entrance, too.

Jean Harlow has recently occupied one of the loveliest in Brentwood—a Colonial model. Jean decided to strike for more salary, and according to the very latest reports, she got what she wanted. For several days she refused to show up in the wardrobe fitting-room to try on clothes to be worn in "Living in a Big Way." The result of the fuss is that Jean is now drawing double the salary she had been getting.

Clara Bow kept the hinges hot for several years. Poor little Clara was the "fall-guy" in more than one escapade! The old headlines got her. And once a name looks



Sylvia Sidney went in through the ladies' entrance when she walked off the lot. But she's out now



Oakie is always "backing up"—right into the kennel, so far as his fellow actors are concerned

well on the front page of a newspaper, it's hard to rub it out. Clara moved from one commodious dog house to another, with the echoes following after.

They are fading away on the breezes that sigh around the Rancho Clarita, over in Nevada. Clara's dog cottage has turned into a large, substantial ranch-house where she makes pancakes for Rex Bell's breakfast—which is one of the best sure-fire formulas yet devised for keeping out of headlines. Very few good pancake makers, who tend to their knitting, find time to get scandalously involved.

When Clara moved out, the vacancy was promptly filled by

Alice White.

Alice broke her leash lately with a loud resounding bang, the detonations reverberating throughout the countryside. And with them, little Alice moved right into the dog house.

Alice had boy-friend trouble. She phfft with Cy Bartlett, her "steady" for several years, and John Warburton was elected. The story goes that John behaved as no gentleman should—unless it's in the script—and smacked Alice in the best Jimmy Cagney tradition.

This wound up in a debacle of accusations, retractions—and additions. The two hold-up men who said they were hired by Cy to get even with John, turned out to be wrong. Cy was re-added as Alice's heart-attack. John was subtracted.

Over at Paramount, Jack Oakie is always on his way in—or out—of the dog house. He gets in because of a consistent failure to show up for work on schedule— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



Alice White's boy-friend trouble landed her in the dog house. How long will Alice have to stay there?

And Here We See the

The intimate story of four personalities made famous through a novel

By Virginia Maxwell

OUT on the main road in the village of Concord, Massachusetts, there lives the last surviving member of the famous Alcott family generation; a woman who knew Louisa Alcott as "Aunt Louisa," who sewed and baked and preserved jellies with "Meg" and who helped "Amy" to curl her hair and frame those precious sketches she was always penciling.

This woman is Mrs. Frederick Alcott Pratt, widow of one of the twins in "Little Women." She lives in the proud old mansion once occupied by the Alcott family. And although she is now seventy-four years old, her recollections of those other bygone days of the late "sixties," when the Alcott girls were her closest relatives, have not dimmed through the years.

The ghosts of a thousand family memories hovered over the little old-fashioned parlor where we sat. The same faded blue chintz draperies at the Colonial windows; brass oil lamps above the crumbling brick fireplace. On the same old mahogany settee with its deep plush cushions, where the little women once gathered to discuss those ever-vexing family problems, Mrs. Pratt sat back. She was going to relate some of her precious memories of the real "Jo" and "Meg" and "Beth" and "Amy," as she knew them.

These girls were Louisa Alcott's own sisters. But their real names were Anna (Meg), Elizabeth (Beth), and May (Amy). Louisa herself was Jo.

"Anna was the eldest of the four girls, but it was to Louisa they always looked for encouragement," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Louisa was never a hoyden; she typified the modern, spirited girl of this generation, except that she was in an old-fashioned setting. Vitally alive to the independence women were about to achieve; fearless, courageous, the one member of the family who always saw better times ahead and eventually pulled them out of their struggle with poverty."

"And did Louisa really yell 'Christopher Columbus' as Katharine Hepburn did in the picture?" I asked. She nodded and smiled.

"Yes, Louisa was always emphatic about things. She was as likely to say that as anything else. But she always knew how to bring home her point to her sisters. They adored her



Orchard House, of "Little Women" fame, as it looks today. Here the real Amy, Jo, Beth and Meg lived, and the famous book was written



Louisa M. Alcott, the Jo of "Little Women," who made her family immortal with her famous story

for it and looked up to her judgment in almost everything they did.

"All those Alcott girls had a spirit of independence, you know. But there was a simplicity and a healthy flavor to their independent spirits. No high-speed cars, none of the extreme luxury which girls today find so necessary. They loved books and music and outdoor life and the simple duties of their home."

Mrs. Pratt's blue eyes wandered to the New England winter landscape just outside the old windows as she stopped speaking for a moment to hark back to a picture memory of long ago.

"Why, I recall Louisa sitting in the crook of that lovely old tree just outside their Orchard house, reading a book, many a summer afternoon. She considered that having a fine time. And indeed it was.

"I recall, too, little May scribbling pictures on the back of

Real "LITTLE WOMEN"



"there were disadvantages for a girl to cope with in our generation, too. The stigma of being a spinster, for example. I believe they call them 'bachelor girls' today.

"In my girlhood, it was considered a great humiliation never to have been honored by a man's proposal of marriage. A spinster became an object of pity among her friends. They tried to make up to her, in little kindnesses, the great loss of marriage.

"Louisa never married, you recall. But it wasn't because she didn't have a proposal.

"She almost married a nice Polish young man she met while abroad. He was really the 'Laurie' of her story. But Louisa lived with only one purpose in mind—to pull her family out of the poverty they knew during their childhood.

"**W**HEN 'Little Women' was published in 1868, it brought them the first bit of real money they were able to enjoy in many years, and it proved the turning point in their fortunes."

What Mrs. Pratt then revealed about this famous book of American family life should be balm to the hopes of struggling writers today. She told me, quite frankly, that the publishers didn't care for the story when Louisa first brought it to them.

They pronounced the first twelve chapters dull and Louisa struggled re-writing it during the entire summer of 1868 after which she took it to them again under the new title of "Little Women." Formerly she had titled it "The Pathetic Family."

Roberts Brothers accepted it then. And Louisa always believed it was the psychological effect of the new title rather than the re-written material that influenced the publishers. That title,

"The Pathetic Family," brought up the subject of the Alcotts' poverty. Mrs. Pratt explained it thus: "It was genteel poverty, the sort of thing their mother always said was responsible for developing their fine characters. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

an old wooden egg-box. She loved to draw. Some of her best work was done on the doors of that house.

"They lived in this old house and these are the pieces of furniture they used. They were handed down to me as each of the girls passed on."

We walked through the old-fashioned kitchen where "Meg" used to bake spiced cookies and one could almost feel the presence of these quiet-mannered Alcott girls going about their homey duties. An old iron coal range where the Alcott family dinners were baked and stained glass panels in the high, old oak dish closets.

In the antiquated dining-room beyond, a curly maple table and chairs could be glimpsed—the same table, Mrs. Pratt explained, on which that Christmas morning breakfast of "Little Women" was once set out, the breakfast the girls so willingly shared with their impoverished neighbor.

The simple charm of this old-fashioned atmosphere made one regret that the era had passed. Mrs. Pratt doesn't believe, however, girls will ever go back to that sort of simple living.

"I don't believe they can," she commented. "Poor dears are caught in the whirlwind spirit of this generation. It's as inevitable as the march of progress. Maybe it's best they can't go back," she added, with a little twinkle in her eyes;



Meg, who was Anna Alcott, was a quiet-mannered, home-loving body



May Alcott (Amy) preferred art to home duties, and played the grand lady



Hurrell

PICTURE by picture, Madge Evans grows up. Now she's changed her ingénue curls for a simple hair arrangement that's very sophisticated. After "Fugitive Lovers," Madge is going to get her first big chance with higher dramatics, as the lead in "Forgotten Girl"

The Lady

Who
Laughed
at

Hollywood

Cynical, too, about
romance is this
new cinema blaze

By Wilbur Morse, Jr.



Before she ever spoke a line on a movie set, Margaret Sullavan listened to her fellow players in "Only Yesterday." Lucky John Boles played the lover to Miss Sullavan in that now famous production



thought it would be sweet to photograph her waving it.

And now, to continue our imaginary album, that's the graduating class at the Chatham Episcopal Institute. The girl in the center, the one with brown curls and gray eyes, is Peggy.

She was still at Sullins College in Bristol, Virginia, when the next one was taken. That was the year she won her argument with her father and mother and persuaded them to let her enroll at the Copley Theatrical School up in Boston.

E. E. Clive, the actor-manager who is now running the Hollywood Playhouse, was directing there. Here is what he said about her:

"She had an instinctive grace, a voice that promised depths yet to be explored, and an earnestness rather surprising to find in a little Southern girl whom the Harvard boys were only too eager to make a belle of their balls."

As a matter of fact, it was one of her Harvard admirers who gave Peggy Sullavan her first opportunity on the stage.

Charles Leatherbee, scion of the wealthy Crane family, was then gathering a group of college boys and girls to take to Falmouth, a Cape Cod resort, where [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

DRUMS *in the* JUNGLE

A strange story—all truth—of picture-making and voodooism in the West Indian Islands

By *Henry A. Phillips*

heartedly informing us how they intended, in a few brief weeks, to penetrate the dread secrets of voodoo and to strip black magic bare of its superstitions in this picture they were going to make, "Drums of the Night."

That was before things began to "happen"—weird, fearful things unbelievable in a white man's world of substantial architecture and hard facts. That was before they were scarred by weeks of wallowing in West Indian jungles through unending nights, stung and maddened by monster insects, haunted by strange cries, ever surrounded by hun-

dreds of black faces and rolling eyes, their souls harassed by mystic phenomena of the ghosts and black magic they had come to explode.

We had a happy landing at Port au Prince and all rode in a party to the cozy little Hotel Sans Souci up the hill. We threaded our way through a continuous procession of black people padding along barefoot, jabbering in French, carrying broad baskets of exotic fruits on their heads. Three million pure African black population with a bare handful of whites among them; a friendly people until crossed in their superstitions!

"I think you're going to have trouble," Ralph Barnes, the proprietor of the Sans Souci, told them that night as they sat talking over their planters' punch.

They laughed and went off to bed. Next morning, the preliminaries of "Drums of the Night" began with a search for types and dancers.



Into the terrors of the jungle a small group of players went to make a movie of black magic. Above, Fredi Washington and Sheldon Leonard, two of the company, in a dramatic scene. Right, Miss Washington as a native

IHAPPENED to be a fellow-passenger on board the Colombian liner, "Haiti," with the plucky little band when it set out on location in the black republic of Haiti. They were the life of our ship's party, playing games, dancing and laughing all the way down to the Spanish Main.

Sooner or later, every passenger going to Haiti and Jamaica begins to talk about voodoo. "Rubbish and nonsense!" we all agreed.

"Oh, is it?" asked a middle-aged man who had been a Colonial officer in the British West Indies. Most of the time he sat drinking in a dark corner of the bar. Alone, no doubt because of the hideous scar where one side of his face had been slashed. "I could tell you a bit about what you call voodoo, if I chose." But he did not choose.

And the movie people went right along, light-



Nightfall found George Terwiliger, the director, and Carl Burger, the cameraman, far back in the hills with a native guide, in search of a voodoo dance. The dark was not far advanced before they heard the first drums. They left the car and walked in the direction of the sound.

They were admitted into the circle of dancers, but the moment it was learned that they wanted to hire the drummers, the dancers and maybe the *papaloi* (a witch doctor) for money, a sinister note crept in. It seemed advisable to leave. On the seat of the car they found a curious chaplet of crossed twigs. It was an *ouanga*. Already they were under a "curse." The tire had been punctured with a poisonous thorn, and down the road they found a royal palm tree felled across their path.

UNDAUNTED, they spent the following three days trying to engage native drummers and supers in the town, and managed finally to gather a rag-tag company together. The several truck-loads of equipment were made ready to set out on location in the morning. At breakfast next day they were served with a notice to pack up and get out of the country on the first out-going steamer!

Within twenty-four hours it was quite evident that they were taboo in Haiti—"untouchables." There were a score of little "accidents" that happened to members of the company, that no one could account for or actually put his finger on. That night Terwiliger rushed agitatedly up to Barnes. "We're getting out tomorrow on the 'Colombia,' thank God! I'm taking the Haitian drummers and the dancers with us—I've got to have them."

But morning found the drummers in the Government jail. The dancers had vanished completely! The company left Haiti at noon for Kingston, no farther advanced than when they had arrived a week before. And a strange foreboding replaced the high spirits of their happy landing.

Now Haiti is not that sort of a place at all for ordinary, pleasure-seeking tourists such as you and I. In fact, it is a little undiscovered paradise with all the charm of the tropics among a friendly hospitable people.



In the movie, Fredi Washington, as a native sorceress, exercises a power over the natives, compelling them to help her kill the white woman

I parted company with my movie friends at Kingston.

ABOUT a month later, I returned to Kingston. I did not get 'round to the Myrtlebank where the company was stopping until that night. The moving picture people had disappeared. From the manager and others I picked up details of their activities. They had tried to work beneath the frizzling tropical sun, and found the heat too extreme. So they had conceived the audacious idea of working entirely at night. They were now completing a picture made, from beginning to end, after dark. This was possible because of the monster new-type floodlights which they had brought with them, and generating plants which they had managed to transport into the heart of a jungle recently devastated and flooded by hurricanes and cloudbursts—an American feat too prodigious for the Jamaicans to understand. They gasped over the whole undertaking, "and amidst such ominous conditions!" they hinted with lowered voices that set me to wondering. The company set out for the jungle at eight o'clock each evening and returned about seven in the morning. A special car carrying hot coffee and sandwiches was dispatched to them at midnight. I was in that food car when it set out, accompanied by two half-frightened black boys.



A native drummer, under a voodoo spell, pounds the drum in the jungle throughout the night

It was a reeking hot night and all the blacks of Kingston seemed to be loitering along the open road. Out past Gallows Point, still held in awe by the Negroes because there the last buccaners hung on the island walk-about with their gibbets under their arms, a dark velvety calm hung ominously over the Caribbean. The lights of distant Kingston trembled ghostly in the sea's depths. On past Spanish Town, colonial houses



On the white hero's servants, the superstitious natives place a curse, or *ouanga*, to frighten them into sacrificing the white heroine to voodooism



Above, the young sorceress is cornered in the voodoo tree, and shortly thereafter, meets her end. Right, what a real voodoo dancer does during the daytime. A charmer at night, she is doing the family wash on the river's bank

gradually turned into huts, and in each hut a dusky group hovered over a smoking oil torch, like dark witches gazing into blazing cauldrons. Little by little the people and the landscape merged into Africa. Gradually this alien night gave color and terror to my inflamed imagination. The exotic trees silhouetted in grim shadows; the pungent odors; the sounds of the jungle—night birds sobbing, owls hooting in a minor key, human cries and wails, and singing in primitive, jazz-like rhythms.

Then my ear caught it—the throb of drums, of tom-toms. My two darkies had sensed it and a strange, yearning fear took possession of them. They drove like mad to our mutual peril. Suddenly, we turned off the road into a dense banana plantation, and in another five minutes were sunk up to our hubs in mud. Walking was the only alternative, along a pathway paved with banana and palm leaves. In the darkness I kept slipping off into the mud. Then I lost the boys and went astray in the endless banana forest, beyond which was the jungle.

The terrifying sound of those drums was ever beating in my ears, and my heart tried in vain not to keep time with their maddening unearthly rhythm as I plunged along in the mud.

Then I caught sight of the most eerie spectacle I have ever seen in my life. And I feared that my imagination had been driven by those reverberating drums into a web of hallucina-

tions. A slice of blinding West Indian daylight caught in the meshes of a dense jungle. A brilliant patch of noonday brightness set in the darkest fold of the black robe of night! Subconsciously I knew what it was, of course. Before me was a huge generator truck whirring and snorting like a maddened beast caught in a jungle trap. How they ever got it there through the mire and wreckage of jungle trees, the Lord only knows! I had reached the sharp edge of the circle of light that seemed to cut through actuality like a knifeblade.

STANDING at the far end of that cleared space of unearthly light was a huge figure of painted wood with fiery eyes, a writhing snake coiled 'round its neck and striking venomously. On either side stood an ugly half-naked black man, upholding a flaring torch. Directly in front of it, a tall cadaverous *papaloi* was bending to receive a blessing. The drums kept dinning in my ears, but I felt that I now understood a rhythm and rune that flowed from the black heart of the monster, through the ritual of the witch doctor, and into the souls of the dusky figures that encircled the space. Their gaze was fixed, their eyes rolling. From time to time they raised their hands above their heads. Africa had closed in on them and they

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

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



"THERE are three important points to remember in perfect powdering," says June Vlassek. "Powder to the hairline. Very necessary with off-the-face hats and coiffures that expose the forehead and ears"

"DON'T neglect mouth corners," warns June. Press powder on right to lipline. Generous powdering enlarges and accents a feature; light powdering detracts attention. Remember when powdering your nose

FOR soft, youthful effect, powder must be artfully applied about eyes. Do this after your lash make-up. Press on powder to soften laughter lines, then dust with brush or puff. Powder beneath eyes disguises dark shadows. June Vlassek is using a new powder beautifully boxed in shiny black and peach with square puff

Our "Alice in Wonderland"



CAROLE LOMBARD creates an exquisite, cameo contour by reversing the accepted mode of her comb. The tortoise shell band is placed at the nape of her neck, just above her ears, to hold curls close to her neckline. Chic!

FOR evening, Judith Allen prefers a coil of brilliants, in the "Alice in Wonderland" manner. Very sweet and ingenuer. Notice how charmingly the diadems adorn both the suave, smoothly coiffured head as well as the informal



EVELYN VENABLE'S tiara is very regal and very decorative with its tiny globes of brilliants. Evelyn wears her long hair parted and coiled low on her neck, the bandeau lending just the festive touch for evening

Has Inspired These Diadems



JUDITH ALLEN is using a new waterless shampoo. The solution is applied to the scalp, combed through the hair, allowed to dry and is then brushed out. Leaves your hair beautifully clean and does not injure your wave



LONA ANDRE looks very cunning and schoolgirlish with her "Alice in Wonderland" ribbon slipped under her waves so that only the top shows. The young find this ribbon arrangement lovely for evening or day

A COMB of brilliant and onyx coils crowns Dorothea Wieck's dark locks with royal charm. These newest hair decorations are versatile adornments because you may wear them with almost any type of coiffure or gown

Ideas From the Screen's Younger Set



THIS is Betty Furness' favorite talcum, featuring a new container and leak-proof top. Aside from general uses, a little on the palms makes gloves go on like magic



"EVEN if she is very young," says Betty Furness, "every girl should use an eye or tissue cream over her lids and beneath her eyes at night." Sun, exposure, eye strain, tension, begin early to etch fine lines, and the use of cream is your only safeguard



LONA ANDRE is all agog over her new fire engine red nail lacquer and remover in a cunning red or white leather holder, which later makes a perfect cigarette case. Fire engine red is suggested for warm toned skin and is smart with many of the newest colors

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 87)

"I LIKE THE MILDNESS
AND FLAVOR OF CAMELS"

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

■ Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. deserts New York to spend her winters on Cumberland Island off the coast of Georgia. In the summer she is at Newport in her lovely house. She loves animals and her favorite fox terrier, Bozo, goes everywhere with her. She is a deft and delightful hostess and her shrimp Newburgh, southern style, is excelled only by her Georgian wild turkey with wild rice. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"I NEVER TIRE OF
THEIR FLAVOR"

"They always taste so *good*. They are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Carnegie. "Camels never make my nerves jumpy or ragged, either. And they're so popular that keeping enough in the house over week-ends is a problem."

That is because steady smokers turn to Camels knowing that they never get on the nerves. People do appreciate this. You will like the smooth flavor of the costlier tobaccos in Camels. For a cool and mild cigarette that you enjoy no matter how many you smoke, try Camels.

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



Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

What must a young girl know **BEFORE MARRIAGE?**

A Budapest bookseller, faced with hard times, advertised that he had for sale a volume of information indispensable to a young girl contemplating matrimony. He said that in this book would be found—not what every young girl is told before marriage — but what she will find it indispensable to know.

Thousands sent their mail-orders. Then — complaints began to pour in. Finally an outraged man brought the bookseller into court. He stated that he had sent for one of these compendia of indispensable information . . . and that he had received by mail a 19th Century Cook-book — “Lazy Little Lulu Learns Cookery.” He wanted the bookseller found guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses. . . .

But the judge acquitted him, saying that he was in thorough accord with the bookseller’s view that a knowledge of cooking was of primary importance to the prospective bride.

Your favorite magazine could be advertised truthfully in very much the same way. The most indispensable knowledge to a young wife is knowing where and what to buy . . . how to get the most for her money . . . how — on a limited budget — to keep her home fresh, new, attractive . . . how to dress herself and her children, inexpensively yet in the very latest styles . . . how to serve on her table foods of dependable quality.

In other words — the advertising that appears in this magazine contains information of real value . . . NEWS! Announcements of the latest and best in the shopping world. This is indispensable information to every woman, especially to those with families. It helps them run their homes happily. Surely that is what every woman must know.

Make-Up Trends from Hollywood

By Carolyn Van Wyck



BETTE DAVIS, soon to appear in "Fashions of 1934," has found a new perfume that suits her moods and that has the fashion world agog at the moment. Suit your moods, too, when choosing perfume

A WHILE ago, a visitor to Hollywood might have been struck by the fact that the stars did not seem to use face rouge. On my first visit, too, that was my impression. "Well," I thought, "most of them have on heavy screen make-up all day and it is probably a relief to have a natural face when not working."

Now it seems that Hollywood is using much more face rouge, or, at least, is appearing with a glow of fresh color on its cheeks. And a good thing, I think.

I remember that Loretta Young told me she was glad when screen make-up developed to the point where an actress might use rouge before the camera. Formerly, this might have caused a shadow or hollow on the cheeks. Loretta explained that this touch of color encouraged and inspired her, kept her from "feeling pale."

While "feeling pale" is nothing but a mood, I think it is a dangerous one. It lets you down, makes you feel about half of what you really are. I do not think it should be encouraged today. A touch of color to the cheeks seems to eliminate this mood entirely.

But that touch is the all-important thing. In all phases of make-up, there is hardly one that requires more expert application than cheek rouge. Except in very few cases, a little is all that is needed. And this little should be applied so that only a very gentle color seems to arise from beneath the skin. Where you place this color, depends entirely upon the contour of your face. As a rule, rouge always belongs fairly high on the face. Lona Andre applies it beneath the eyes on the full part of



HARMONIZING lipstick and nail lacquer is one of the newest Hollywood vogues, as sponsored by Muriel Evans. These smart touches give you chic and add a glow of well-being

the cheek, blending outward to the temples. Charming on young, soft faces.

The long, thin face may be made to appear fuller by applying rouge slightly away from the nose, fairly high and blending outward in fan shape toward the ears. The round face may be slenderized by the application of rouge at the center of the cheekbone and high, blending outward also in fan shape. By keeping rouge higher on the face, the impression of length is created. The squarish face should apply rouge a little closer to the nose and let it fade outward on the cheeks, not carrying it to the temples. The oval face, like the long, should start at the middle of the cheek and blend the rouge upward and outward. While these general principles apply, I think everyone should experiment personally to decide just where the rouge is most becoming.

If your eyes are darkly shadowed beneath, as some naturally are, your rouge carried fairly high and powder carried to the lashline will soften these shadows and make them less noticeable.

A paste or cream rouge is suggested for your first application because this type gives a very natural effect and is very lasting. Every girl, however, needs a compact rouge to touch up the effect now and then.

Hollywood's style of rouging the lips is to make them pleasantly full—but not overdone. Do you remember the comments that Joan Crawford's lips caused in "Rain"? That was character make-up, of course. However, moderate fullness is infinitely preferable to the very thin lip. To avoid the latter, concentrate color at the center, rouging well to the edges. If your lips are extremely full, rouge them lightly. Perc Westmore, Hollywood studio authority on make-up, advises us all to avoid what he calls the "depression" mouth—the mouth that droops at the corners. You can correct this by a slight upward flourish of your stick at the outer corners of the upper lip. This will give you a happy mouth.

Above, Muriel Evans illustrates the latest lipstick-nail lacquer tip from Hollywood, and a grand one if you want flattering comments. Even a pale polish can match in tone.

"**N**EWEST MAKE-UP AIDS" is our latest leaflet. It will introduce you to some new lipsticks, rouges, powders and other accents, and tell you how to apply them. Or if you are more concerned with hair, nails, perfumes, or skin, we have special material. Enclose separate stamped, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

**"I can help you win
and hold them,"**



GIRLS, HERE'S A SECRET I LEARNED MY VERY FIRST YEAR IN THE CHORUS. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARM OF REALLY EXQUISITE SKIN MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST ...



I HAVE THE SENSITIVE SKIN THAT GOES WITH RED HAIR, YET FOR YEARS MY SIMPLE BEAUTY CARE — LUX TOILET SOAP — HAS KEPT IT ALWAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH ...

Precious Elements in this Soap— Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually* contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type
of Skin... *dry...*
oily... "in-between"



hearts —

says **BARBARA STANWYCK**



DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SKIN THAT JUST "GETS BY"! WITH A TEMPTING, TENDER-SMOOTH SKIN YOU CAN WIN HEARTS.. AND HOLD THEM. JUST TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP — YOU'LL SEE!

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

This fascinating screen star tells you her secret of loveliness . . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her here as she looks in her own boudoir in Hollywood. Notice how temptingly soft and smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice—make *yours* as lovely!

All over the country girls are turning to the complexion care Barbara Stanwyck uses—proving that it really does bring a thrilling new beauty to the skin.

Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this same wonderful aid to loveliness—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don't you try this famous Hollywood complexion care? Get Lux Toilet Soap today . . . use it regularly. Notice how soft and smooth your skin looks . . . and *feels* . . . even from the first.

Begin *now* to win new loveliness.



Men can't resist alluring skin
—you can have this charm

Ask The Answer Man



Cora Sue Collins, chosen by Garbo to portray her as a child in "Queen Christina." Since she got the part, Cora Sue has autographed over two hundred photographs of herself for admiring friends

"BABY GARBO"—that's what they are calling Cora Sue Collins. Since M-G-M announced that Cora Sue was to play Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina," this old Dean of Wisdom has been swamped with letters asking about the petite curly-head.

Cora Sue, just six years old, is as enthusiastic about her career in pictures, and has as much ambition as any of our reigning stars. She says she wants to be a "champeen actress," and means it, too.

She was born in Beckley, W. Va., although Clarksburg and Huntington both claim her. She lived in both places during her babyhood. At the age of three she won a contest for the title of "Champion Baby of Clarksburg." That's where her "champeen" idea originated. When she was four her mother took her to Hollywood to try to get her into pictures. Their meager funds ran low and Mrs. Collins had to sell hosiery from door to door. Then one day she took Cora Sue to Universal City where they were casting the ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville picture "The Unexpected Father." There were lots of little children there, most of them beautiful and daintily dressed. Cora Sue's face, dirty from the long trolley ride out to the studio, seemed to stand out. She was given a screen test, and the picture was hers.

From Universal she went to Paramount to play in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." Then M-G-M gave her the prized rôle of Norma Shearer as a baby in "Smilin' Through." This was followed by parts in "Jennie Gerhardt," with Sylvia Sydney, and "Torch Singer," with Claudette Colbert.

Cora Sue was one of two hundred little girls who were tested for the coveted rôle of portraying the child queen in "Queen Christina." She was personally chosen by Garbo because she so closely resembled the Swedish star in her childhood.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOToplay MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

If her part in a picture calls for crying, Cora Sue just has to think of something sad and big tears come right out of those pretty brown eyes. At home she never cries at all. She likes to dry dishes and make ice-box cookies. She can sing, too, and play the piano with two hands. After having been chosen by Garbo to play in "Queen Christina," she received over two hundred requests for her photograph. She autographed them herself. She has one pet, a cute kitten whose name is "Cuddles."

VIRGINIA GEIS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Sally Rand, the fan dancer, was in pictures way back in 1925. She appeared in Sennett, Roach and Christie comedies before graduating to feature length pictures. Was a Wampas Baby Star in 1927 and left the screen in 1928 for the stage. Sally's real name is Hazel Beck. She was born in Winchester, Ky., April 3, 1905. She is 5 feet, $\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall; weighs 115 pounds, has ash blonde hair and gray eyes. You will be seeing her on the screen again soon in "Bolero" and other productions. Lois Wilson and Marion

Davies are each 5 feet, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall. Lois weighs 120, Marion three pounds more. Anna Sten is 5 feet, 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Dorothea Wieck is two inches taller than Anna and weighs eight pounds more.

JOE TRIPI, WORCESTER, MASS.—I'm a baseball fan too, Joe. William Haines played the rôle of *Jim Kelly* in "Slide, Kelly, Slide." Sally O'Neil appeared with him.

B. A. LEE, FIJI ISLANDS.—Thanks for that perfectly grand snapshot you sent me. How do those boys like our movies down your way? Dorothy Mackaill is still in pictures. Her latest is "The Chief," in which she appears with Ed Wynn.

RICHARD KANTSKY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Esther Ralston is now under contract to M-G-M, so you will be seeing her more frequently. She recently made "By Candlelight" for Universal.

R. SCHONBERGER, NEW YORK CITY.—Beautiful Billie Dove was born in New York City on May 14, 1903. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 114 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Was married to Robert Kenaston last May. She is not working in pictures just now.

ALMA, BUENOS AIRES, S. A.—You certainly admire Paul Muni, if you really mean all you write about him. You will see him next in "Hi, Nellie," a newspaper story.

RUTH SELFRIDGE, TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Diana Wynyard was born in London, England, January 16, 1908. She is 5 feet, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall; weighs 127 pounds and has golden brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her latest picture was "Reunion In Vienna."

ALICE CARLEY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Alan Dinehart had a long and successful stage career before he started making pictures. He is a native of Missoula, Mont., born there in 1889. He is married to Mozelle Brittonne.

J. R., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Frank Lawton played the rôle of the younger son in "Cavalcade." Margaret Lindsay was the girl the older boy married. The four children who appeared in the early part of the picture were, Dick Henderson, Jr., Douglas Scott, Sheila MacGill and Bonita Granville. *Margaret Harris* was played by Irene Browne.

ALICE SERIN, ADRIAN, MICH.—Robert Young is 26 years old. His latest pictures are "Hell Below," "Today We Live," "Tugboat Annie," "Saturday's Millions," and "Carolina."

ANITA CRAWFORD, ADRIAN, MICH.—So you and Alice like the same boy, eh? Bob Young was the lad who played the rôle of *Ricardo* in "The Kid From Spain." You just didn't recognize him with the little mustache. Edmund Lowe's latest picture is "Her Bodyguard." Joan Blondell was 24 years old on August 30; Lew Ayres the same in December.

A. G., ALEXANDRIA, LA.—Colin Clive was born in St. Malo, France, about 33 years ago. He entered pictures in 1929. Elizabeth Allan, newcomer to the American screen, was born in Skegness, Lincolnshire, Eng., in April, 1910. She started making pictures in Europe in 1930. Early last year Metro brought her to Hollywood. In private life she is Mrs. William J. O'Bryen.

HERSCH, LAKE PLACID, N. Y.—Johnny Weissmuller's new picture is "Tarzan and His Mate." Joan Bennett, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis are each 5 feet, 5 inches tall. They weigh 108, 119, 120 and 112 respectively. Joan Crawford is one inch shorter than these girls and weighs 115.

SHIRLEY, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.—Lots of other girls are crazy about Onslow Stevens, too. He is a Los Angeles lad, born there on March 29, 1906. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and brown eyes. He was on the stage before going into pictures.



Another good Broadwayite, gone Hollywood. Hal Le Roy, dancer, has been signed by Warners to star in the talkie-version of "Harold Teen"

Best news in years for lovely fingertips . . . GLAZO now only 25c!



The new Glazo is getting hearty cheers from girls who formerly paid lots more than a quarter for nail polish. But they're much less excited about the money they save than about Glazo's superior virtues.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre . . . so fingertips are lovelier, more gloriously beautiful, than ever before. What's more, actual tests show Glazo wears 50% longer.

And colors? Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by leading beauty and fashion authorities . . . and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows just how

they'll look on your nails—solves the whole problem of selecting the exact shades you want.

Glazo's new metal shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, assures perfect application on every nail. And the brush just can't come loose.

Ever run out of Polish Remover at the most exasperating moment? Glazo Remover now comes in an extra-size bottle . . . enough to last as long as your polish.

If you've been paying two or three times as much, you'll just appreciate the new Glazo all the more.



GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-24
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

John, the Great

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

When I inquired whether he hoped to bring "Hamlet" to the screen, he thoughtfully replied:

"I not only hope but fully expect to do so. I believe the time is approaching when it will be done in a talking picture. One reason for this conviction is that I have the greatest respect for the intelligence of the movie audience, another that I feel certain film producers will shortly realize that 'Hamlet' is not merely a Shakespearean play but a vital melodrama that will make them a lot of money."

Throwing down his napkin as though it were a gauntlet, he took up the question of Shakespeare and the masses.

"IT may be that movie producers don't, as yet, fully realize what a good, fast-moving melodrama 'Hamlet' really is, but they will," he declared. "Just as one man in New York did when we were giving the play there. A Tammany politician called up Sam Harris, at whose theater the production was running, and was sorry to say:

"I don't know how she got that way, but my wife's crazy to see that play you've got at your place—'Hamlet,' ain't it?—an' nothin'll do but what I go with her tonight. If you've got 'em, I wish you'd save me a coupla seats on the aisle so I can make a quiet sneak as soon as the house is dark and beat it over to Dinty Moore's."

"That night Dinty lost, and Shakespeare won a customer. The Tammany gentleman left his seat only long enough to tear out between acts and tell Harris the play was 'the works.'

"Say, Sam," he wanted to know, 'you don't mean to tell me that Shakespeare wrote it? Why, it's swell! Even Owen Davis never turned out anything better. Gee, that tough mug with the big beard—yeah, the guy that married the kid's mother after bumping off his old man—is sure gettin' away with murder. He's puttin' it all over the poor little fella. But the kid's there with the wallop, an' I hope he gets even with that dirty double-crosser.'

"Shakespeare sees to that," Sam assured him.

"Good!" cried the Tammany man. "I'm goin' right back for the knockout!"

Mr. Barrymore squared the shoulders he got from his father, Maurice Barrymore, amateur champion middleweight of England in his day, and added this punch:

"Then remember what happened when the late E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe went down to Fourteenth Street in New York for the first time and played Shakespeare for months at the vast Academy of Music to gigantic audiences. Their experiment proved what I'm getting at.

"They discovered it was the masses that supported Shakespeare, particularly 'Hamlet.' They found, too, it was the poorer people who largely made up their audiences.

"The same thing was true when they made a tour of the country, also at popular prices. It is only reasonable to believe there would be the same response from movie audiences at even lower prices."

FAITH glowed in the imperishable Barrymore profile, made to order for the *Prince of Denmark*. Back of it burned the determination to give talking pictures the greatest play ever written, with its greatest character played by not only the greatest actor on the screen, in my none too humble opinion, but the greatest actor in the English-speaking world. Should you, by any chance, be inclined to differ with this high estimate, you may consider yourself duly challenged to name another who can match John Barrymore, comedian and tragedi-

an alike, in skill, intelligence, variety and brilliance

Often I had wondered why he left the theater, and now I asked him.

"What caused you to give up the stage?"

"A swordfish," was his solemn reply.

"A swordfish?"

"A swordfish. Once, when I was new to Hollywood and swordfish were brand-new to me, I caught one in the waters off Catalina, to my great surprise, intense delight and extreme embarrassment. The swordfish evidently felt the same way about it, except for the delight. He—I speak advisedly—was reserved, rather than cordial. Obviously, he was not glad to meet me. Indeed, there was about him a certain aloofness, a seeming reluctance, even to meet me halfway. In fact, he was disposed to cut me dead. For my part, I was ready to fall upon his neck, but not being able to make connections, I fell on everything else—the capstan, the deck, a barrel of new-laid tar, and my own resources. At last, the social amenities over, I pulled my chest out of my back and let it swell with pride. Later there was swelling elsewhere, but no matter.

"That swordfish had changed my whole life. I wanted to live forever after where I could meet other members of his family, be in touch with his brothers and sisters, ask them up any time. To this end, I straightway became a life member of the Tuna Fishing Club, with the proud degree of S. C. (Swordfish Catcher).

"Anything else?"

"Yes," he hastened to say. "Shortly after meeting the swordfish I met Louis B. Mayer."

"And New York was forgotten?"

"By no means," protested Mr. Barrymore. "I have a terrific feeling of gratitude toward the New York public, for, as the saying goes, it made me what I am today. I have much the same feeling toward Arthur Hopkins. The reason Hopkins is particularly interesting to



Loretta Young has been promoted to stardom! This dramatic scene with Etienne Girardot is from her first starring vehicle, "Born to Be Bad"—story of the "customers' girl racket"

me as a stage producer is that all the plays in which I appeared under his management—"Redemption," "The Jest," "Richard III," and "Hamlet"—were taken off when we were selling out. It means a lot for a producer to do that against the good of his own pocketbook. But it is immensely for the good of the actor. He should not be kept in a part until it becomes mechanical to him."

"What does the screen offer to the stage actor?" I inquired.

"Primarily, lack of repetition," said Mr. Barrymore. "There is nothing so deadly to the actor as repetitious work. During the New York run of 'Hamlet,' when we were giving eight performances a week, Stanislasky, director of the Moscow Art Theater company, the finest organization of actors in the world, came back to see me one afternoon. 'When are you going to play this again?' he asked. 'Tonight,' I told him. He nearly fell into the bass drum. Partially recovering from his astonishment, he said that in Russia a play was never given more than two or three times a week.

"STRANGELY enough," pursued Mr. Barrymore, "it is only in our country and England that plays are put on for long runs. Of course, no matter how long he plays it, there always is something new for an actor to learn in a part like *Hamlet*. Yet, two years later, when I played it in London, I found a tremendous gain from the rest."

"Do you find much the same rest in pictures?"

"Yes, because of the change they offer. I like it. You can do five pictures a year, but you can't do five plays a year. Sometimes it is difficult to get a producer sufficiently interested to do even one play for you. I felt this when 'Peter Ibbetson' came into my hands. After pondering the matter, I decided to take the play to Al Woods, who, though wondrous wise in the theater, had not been given to the production of the mystic, nostalgic drama. But I thought of a way to approach him on the delicate subject.

"Al," I began, "I've got a fine play, and I'd like you to do it."

"What's it about, sweetheart?" he wanted to know.

"Well," I informed him, "there's a scene in which Lionel calls me a dirty name and I hit him over the head with a club."

"I'll take it!" he promptly declared."

Then Mr. Barrymore recalled:

"THAT was an interesting question of yours as to what the screen offers the stage actor. For one thing, I think it's just as well for an actor to have had some stage training before going into talking pictures, though I wouldn't say it is absolutely necessary. There have been miraculous exceptions. After all, there's nothing new or mysterious about human speech. The only thing an actor needs to do is speak naturally. And it's not so much how he acts as how he behaves. Above all, he must be careful in front of the camera, which enlarges the face five times. If he acts there as he had acted on the stage he will find he is giving a remarkably good imitation of St. Vitus."

"You suffered from that trouble?" I sympathetically inquired.

"I nearly died of it," he groaned. "Worse, my early parts in silent pictures involved serious complications. I was in tights so often that I felt like Frankie Bailey glorifying Weber and Fields. Then, too, those dark green romantic rôles, with hair closely resembling clinging ivy, made me look as though I had lived for centuries in ruined castles. I used to

feel deeply grateful that I was spared, at least, the ordeal of coming before the curtain in that bizarre get-up, as might have been the case on the stage.

"The screen actor may well be thankful that he is saved the terrifying experience of making a curtain speech. When his picture has its première—I believe that is the accepted term—he can run home, lock himself in, and feel a certain sense of protection. That's why I keep a dog."

When I remarked that he seemed to be working very hard these days, Mr. Barrymore made the surprising confession:

"I've got to work to keep from being afraid of the 'big bad wolf.'"

"Why—have you ever been broke?"

"Have I ever been broke!" he yelled.

"During my earlier years that was my normal condition. In New York I knew the entire free lunch route from Third Avenue to Tenth. What's more, I knew the special days on which my good friends, the bartenders, set out hot dishes. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's as a free lunch authority."

ALL the Barrymores have, in their time, been on short rations. Ethel Barrymore once told me that while tramping the streets looking for a job in London she lived for two weeks on a bag of dates.

"Which would you say is worse," I now asked her younger brother, "being broke in New York or in Hollywood?"

"That's a fine distinction I hesitate to make," he faltered. "But sometime ago I read an amazing article in a Los Angeles newspaper telling of a fellow who lived for two years on ten cents a day. He squatted in the Hollywood hills. But where in New York are you going to find a place to squat for a week, let alone two years? My best record was two nights, under a bench in a New York park, when the cops routed me out. I sank into sweet slumber both nights gazing raptly at a weather-beaten statue of Farragut. Indeed, I am but qualified for membership in the Farragut Club."

"You never heard of it? Let me say, then, that it was a most exclusive club, founded by Oliver Herford, who was inspired by the same statue, seen from under the same bench in exactly the same circumstances as my own. Whether his rest was disturbed in the same way I do not know, but I do know that, in the interests of the Farragut Club, he went to great lengths. He went, no less, to Saranac. There, in the Adirondacks, for the good of his health, was Robert Louis Stevenson. Night had fallen when Herford rapped at his cabin door.

"I have come," he announced to his astounded friend, 'to notify you of your unanimous election to the Farragut Club.'

"And what," inquired the puzzled recipient of this signal honor, 'is the Farragut Club?'

"I am," was the proud answer. 'As its sole member I elected you.'

"But why have a second member?" wondered Stevenson.

"For this reason," whispered Herford. 'I want to blackball Ambrose Bierce, and I don't want him to find out who did it.'

"WHAT a night that must have been," enviously imagined Barrymore, "with those two wits in full play! Herford, who had tramped all the way there, was dead broke, but he didn't give a hoot. When you're young you don't mind—you regard it as an adventure.

"But when you're older it's different. Just now it's certainly tough on a lot of poor devils. You can't help thinking of that 'big bad wolf.'"

At this moment his business manager—a born wolf tamer—brought him several checks to sign. As John Barrymore busily scratched his name, he glanced up with a quizzical smile, and admitted:

"This is a form of calisthenics I loathe." Who doesn't?



Dear Marjory,

I could love you if you'd stop eating...or start using Colgate's

You are almost a very beautiful girl, Marjory.

Your hair . . . gorgeous. Your eyes, your lips—divine. Your figure—umpty-um-tum!

But darling, your teeth are dingy. And I dislike, I hate, I abhor, I positively loathe dingy teeth in women. Most men do.

You're old enough to know that everything you eat and drink stains your teeth. Not just one kind of stain, either—but SEVEN KINDS.

And don't be silly. I'm not seriously suggesting that you stop eating. But you might try Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Colgate's?

Because, the stains on your teeth are not only hard to get off, but they differ in kind. No *one* cleansing action will remove them all. And most toothpastes have only one cleansing action.

But Colgate's, my love, has *two* actions. An emulsive action that washes away the less tenacious stains. And a polishing action that *safely* removes the others. Together, these two actions will make your teeth as dazzlingly beautiful as the rest of you.

And now, "Au Revoir." You will never get this letter, Marjory, I am going to make an advertisement of it instead. But I hope you will see the ad. And I hope you buy a tube of Colgate's.

If you do . . . we'll be going places together.

P. S. Colgate's only costs 20¢ for a large tube.

FREDRIC MARCH and



1 FLORENCE: "Where can Freddie be? Why, it's half past eight, and we're due at Times Square to see the preview of 'Design for Living' in twenty minutes!"



2 FREDDIE: "Tonight of all nights to be stuck with a car that won't start! Guess I'll call up a garage."

Get quick starting
and save money too!

Both are "double-range"—Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control! "Double-range" because no matter how cold the weather, you *always get a quick start*. And when your engine warms up, full gas mileage . . . full oil protection.

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION



4 FREDDIE: "Sorry to be late, dear. I couldn't get the car started but it's fixed now for good."

FLORENCE: "Never mind, we can still make it."

Mobiloil and

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE



*in a
Mobiloil Movie*

“SMOOTH PERFORMANCE”

Fredric March co-starring
with Miriam Hopkins and
Gary Cooper in “Design for
Living,” a Paramount picture.

3 DEALER: “Your car’ll be all right in a few minutes, Mr. March. We’re putting in Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas now. She’ll be winter-proof then!”



5 FLORENCE: “My, it’s a grand picture. And isn’t she attractive—such a good little actress!”
FREDDIE: “You can thank another couple of smooth performers* for our being here on time!”
(*Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas.)

Mobilgas



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

MAYBE there aren't some nervous people in Hollywood these days since Mexico has declared that those convenient and quick divorces secured in the states of Chihuahua, Morelos, Yucatan and Campeche are invalid.

And now Jack Holt, Zita Johann, Sidney Blackmer, Sally Eilers, Hoot Gibson, Lenore Ulrich, Max Baer, Dorothy Dunbar, Richard Dix and many others who got Mexican divorces, are wondering to whom they are married and why.

Sally Eilers married Harry Joe Brown, the director, since her divorce from Hoot Gibson. Hoot has become seriously interested in June Gale and Sidney Blackmer is completely lost to Mae Clarke. So what's the answer?

However, attorneys are trying to find the inevitable loop-hole that will make things right for their clients. So we shall see just who is married to whom in the next few weeks.

ALISON SKIPWORTH in haste to get somewhere, took a bus. The assembled crowd was slow in climbing on. When Skippy had her foot on the lower step, her six inches of skirt that trails on the ground well in hand, the bus-driver saw fit to admonish, "Step lively, please."

Skippy impaled the fresh driver with one of the best Skipworth glances—"Young man," she informed him, "I never step lively!"

THAT big new iceberg palace of Jean Harlow's, with its white furnishings and white rugs, has meant very little to Jean, it seems. For all the elaborate white bed upholstered in ermine. Jean never slept in it. Instead, she slept on a couch in her mother's and father's room. And after her marriage to Hal Rosson, Jean made a present of the house to her mother.

'Tis said in Hollywood the home reflected her mother's tastes entirely and not Jean's. Which may account for Jean's lack of interest in it.

JANET GAYNOR noticed Stepin Fetchit, the colored comic, munching on a carrot, and asked if he were a vegetarian.

"Yas'm, I is," drawled Stepin.

"Don't you ever eat meat?" pursued Janet.

"No'm. Only pork chops, thass all," assured Step.

HOLLYWOOD gains another place in the "Blue Book," or New York Social Register, by the inclusion of Dorothy Jordan's name this



Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale are very shy of cameras when they are together. But a crafty photographer caught them at the opening of "Roman Scandals." Did they deny romantic rumors? They did not!

year. The reason Dorothy is so honored in this criterion of social recognition, no doubt, is her marriage, during the past year, to Merian C. Cooper, the RKO-Radio head who, in addition to having made himself actually important by his achievements, is of a socially prominent family.

TALK as you please, it pays to know the right people in Hollywood. For instance, one short year ago, Lyle Talbot was practically

an unknown young man in Hollywood, socially. Today, his parents, visiting him in Hollywood, are entertained royally by none other than Mary Pickford herself. The reason? Well, it seems Lyle set out to cultivate the socially prominent Countess di Frasso and the Countess did the rest for Lyle. His name, these days, appears on all the exclusive guests lists in town. And maybe you think Lyle's studio isn't impressed.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

Working Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Dancing to her was her job, and she saw nothing frivolous or gayly exciting about it. Neither did she see anything of which to be ashamed. She took jobs dancing in Grauman's prologues and with Fanchon-Marco revues, while attending the fashionable Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. In the

daytime she mingled with society debutantes and frequently in the evenings danced before the footlights.

She could never understand why her snobbish little schoolmates admired her when she danced at school festivals and benefits, but arched their eyebrows when they saw her on

the stage doing the same thing professionally. She resented it, because she was doing her job and doing it well. She was glad when she left school and with it the "snobs" who didn't approve of her stage dancing. Strangely enough, she was later to portray "society types" to achieve her greatest screen triumphs

in "Animal Kingdom" and "When Ladies Meet." Since those two films she played "moll rôles" in "Penthouse" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

Possibly these early resentments caused Myrna to cling to a few proved friends; caused her later to shy from Hollywood "sets" where gossip and unfairness run riot.

"I have never felt that parties or social 'politics' of any kind have ever helped an actress to success. At least, to lasting success. Just as screen rôles are definitely apart from real life, so studio work can be and should be definitely apart from social entanglements.

"After all, the really important thing in this business is to deliver a performance, to make yourself valuable—professionally. Everything else is incidental, and entirely up to one's idea of a good time. The old rule of 'Know thyself' is the most reliable rule a girl could choose to follow in Hollywood. 'Know thyself and Be thyself.'"

FROM her very first "bit" rôle, Myrna Loy has studied her every part thoroughly before facing the camera. She has had to, because even every bit was a character bit, and from the first, a character with which she was entirely unfamiliar.

Imagine a girl of nineteen undertaking the portrayal of a temperamental Russian mistress, or Lucrezia Borgia's chief poisoner as she did in "Don Juan."

It was in this picture that John Barrymore taught her the importance of correct costume. She was amazed to see the star go down to the wardrobe every day and carefully inspect all the costumes to be used in the scenes. It impressed her tremendously, as such meticulous interest was rare in those days.

Ever since then she has been extra careful about every costume she has worn, and frequently makes them herself to be sure they're right. It's good business.

During the days, or rather, the years in which she was the perennial dark feminine menace of the screen, and was playing everything from Oriental houris to depraved maniacs, she made a point of going deep into the psychology, and even the religion, of her distasteful screen characters.

"I never quite believed in them," she admits today, "but I had to attribute some sort of phobia to them to make them real. I had to understand how anyone could be like that, in order to make it convincing on the screen."

All the time, she wanted desperately to get away from the sinister run of parts, because she realized she was being hopelessly relegated to that unsympathetic type, but at the same time, she deliberately set about being adequate, even perfect in them—because it was good business to give a good performance!

She is frank in stating that she intends to "make hay while the sun shines."

"One's life in this profession is not long. You have to make your money while you can so you will have enough for the future," she observes wisely.

Up until recently Myrna has lived with her mother and brother, quite modestly. She still lives modestly, although by herself in a rented house in Santa Monica. It is quiet out there, and remote. She can rest and read, keep physically and mentally fit.

THERE'S only one thing which will make her stop being essentially a working girl—marriage. She admits it has almost happened several times.

"But I don't think I would ever give up my screen career entirely for marriage," Myrna Loy states frankly.

Of course, there's an obvious answer to that.

She could marry someone who also has a screen career to think about.

But when I mentioned it, there was dead silence.

For Hollywood's working girl is nothing if not discreet.

And Ramon Novarro is one person she just won't talk about!



...In San Francisco
At The EMPORIUM

MisSimplicity*

Gossard foundations are favored everywhere you find fastidious women. Easy fitting clothes are not just a matter of luck . . . but of what goes beneath the smooth exterior. The MisSimplicity* shown in the sketch from The Emporium, is of Skinner's satin in peach . . . or exciting black . . . combined with fine elastic and matching lace . . . typical of the many MisSimplicity* foundations to be found wherever smart fashions are sold. The diagonal pull of the cross-back straps raises the bust and flattens the diaphragm and abdomen.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—Pat. No. 1,859,198

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Atlanta • London • Toronto • Sydney • Buenos Aires

Last Round-Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

"Westerns have been badly hurt," says Ken, "by cheap pictures—quickies. A billboard for a bad Western can be just as exciting and attractive as one for a real picture of merit. But the public has been fooled often, and a lot of people don't like it."

MAYNARD protects his reputation by putting money, often his own private funds, into his pictures. He won't allow them to be rushed out, regardless of quality, for quick returns.

"Another thing," continues Ken, "I have stuck to the old West, its authentic characters, action and thrills. I keep in the plains and the mountains; I use stage coaches, Indians, bad men. I'll stick to the true Western to the last ditch. Cowboy stars turning aviators and mixing Western with modern thrills have dug their own graves as cowboy stars."

"But the most serious menace to the continued life of the Western picture is that today there are no training schools. No new stars are coming on who can ride and rope and shoot and do the spectacular Western action stunts that make a rough riding picture popular. There aren't any more Wild West shows like those of Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, where all of us cowpokes learned the fancy riding and colorful show stuff which a regular ranch hand never had time to learn, and never will. It threatens soon to be a lost art—and a Western has to have it."

But Col. Tim McCoy disagrees with Maynard on the story question. Says the Colonel: "Westerns have been 'rubber-stamped' out of popularity. I quit making them, because as a real Westerner myself I resented the far-

etched, ridiculous stories that were given me. A good story is a good story, whether it's laid in the North, South, East or West—and the same is true of a bad one. Most of the Westerns have been bad ones."

And George O'Brien, who has been one of the most successful Western stars, although never rode the range in his life, advocated the "sophisticated Western," paying more attention to the subtleties of characterization and drama, and less to the stock catalogue of Western thrills.

"The difficulty is in getting new angles for Western pictures," he believes. "I'd still like to make about two Westerns a year, but that's about all the actually good stories I would be able to find."

NOW the funny thing about it all is that apparently people still do *want* badly to see Westerns—not only the kids but the grown-ups. Since the news was scattered about George O'Brien's decision to quit, letters have poured in asking him "please not to stop." Tom Mix's retirement drew a similar flood of protests. Ken Maynard receives, almost daily, letters from parents praising him for supplying the "only moral type of picture fit for our children to see."

Westerns are still tremendously popular abroad. George O'Brien, on a recent trip, was entertained by the Sultan of Jolo in his bamboo theater with his thirteen wives, he was going to show him a real American cowboy film, "Whispering Smith Rides"—a film George had seen as a boy!

Ken Maynard even owes his life to his Western screen exploits. Not long ago, on a

flight from Campeche to Merida, Ken was forced down in the wilds of Yucatan and surrounded by savages, who suddenly bowed to him and helped him take off again. They knew Ken. Somehow, they had seen his pictures and liked him!

And recently, during the Olympic Games, the athletes from abroad were surprisingly blasé when the currently important screen stars visited the training village—but Tom Mix's arrival almost caused a riot!

But while Westerns may eventually come back, surely the grand old days of cowboy pictures are gone forever.

The days when even the clothes the cowboy stars wore set styles in Hollywood; when horses went to banquets; when the cowboy influence pervaded every phase of Hollywood life have passed into memory.

ONE former school teacher from "way down East" once came to Hollywood to direct pictures and, a week after he had arrived, showed up at the old Montmartre café weighted down with six-guns and proceeded to flip bowie knives into the expensive woodwork.

Eddie Brandstatter, the proprietor, rushed to him, only to be rudely shoved aside, and to hear a strange hybrid Eastern Yankee twang mixed with a Texas drawl advise him:

"Lope on, thar, stranger, I'm a-practicin' agin' my neighbor. He kicked my dawg, an' I aim to settle it in the good old Western way!"

He had gone completely Western in a week! That was when Hollywood was a *real* cowtown!

Drums in the Jungle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

had gone savage, back across the continents and ages!

The beat of the drums pulsed faster and I looked round to see a solid circle of hundreds of black faces peering through the spaces between the trees, the same wrapt expression and hideously rolling eyes, the weird rhythm of the drums of the night sunk deep into their superstitious souls.

I was afraid. I felt them closing in on me, nearer; nearer.

THEN I saw a tall and beautiful dark-skinned girl (Freda Washington), clothed only in a short beaded skirt, brassiere and barbaric silver bracelets.

She began to dance exquisitely, passionately, before the idol. Suddenly she paused, and lighting a fagot fire, she drew the body of a white woman within the circle of light. She was about to cast her into the heart of the flames.

A negro appeared and laughed. He held up a necklace and then threw it into the fire. "There! I've thrown your charm into the fire. Your power over the white woman is destroyed!" The unconscious girl opened her eyes. The heroine was saved!

"Terrible!" rasps an American voice across the frail tissue of my vision. The scene crumples.

The magic daylight wanes. The beat of the tom-toms dies away.

I knew all along, subconsciously, that it was only a movie scene. But there was something horribly *real* about all this. There was a mystic

drama going on within the drama into which that little "white company" had been drawn despite themselves.

Even under the ordinary electrics, I hardly recognized my old friends—ghostly, haggard, drawn and nervous.

"Lights!" The movie had to go on—and on—and on.

Under that unearthly glare they looked like the cadavers of that sprightly galaxy that had boarded the "Haiti" on a bright noonday, seven weeks before.

"On the job there you!" snapped Terwilliger irritably. "We want to get out of here alive!" Out there he looked ludicrously Hollywood in his sleeveless sweater and riding boots.

The blacks sullenly took their places, squatting again on cocoanut shells that looked more like skulls.

It was quite obvious that they were fearful of this tampering with black magic.

I WAS impressed by the service revolver the assistant director carried in a holster on his belt.

I saw many rolling eyes fixed on it, too. "Silence! I don't want to tell you fellows out there not to talk or walk about again!"

"Roll 'em over!" bawls the assistant into the darkness to the distant sound wagon.

"Okay!" comes back.

"Action!" shouts the director.

"One of those women is out of line again!" yells the look-out from his crow's nest in the lighting scaffolding.

"Hold it!"

"Fifty feet lost," records the fellow with his eye at the sight of the traveling camera that Carl Burger is riding like a farm tractor.

"Action!"

"Camera okay?"

"It never was—the snake went dead on us!" The pickaninny who was supposed to keep the trick snake wriggling 'round the idol's neck had gone sound asleep.

"Another scene gone to blazes!" groans Terwilliger. "Shoot her over again."

BANG! Total darkness. The power plant out of commission again. Two hundred feet more of film N.G. Take and retake. Everybody sweating and fuming; fanning themselves, swatting or jabbing at vicious poisonous insects.

"Lay off everybody! Chow! Grub!"

My appearance caused a sensation, not of surprise, but because they were hungry for something, anyone, from the sweet white world. The blacks had slunk out in outer darkness. All my movie friends were there but one. I asked about him.

"He passed away," was all they would say.

A great winged insect, the size of a small sparrow, lighted on Freda Washington's body and her maid began to anoint her and wrap her in towels.

"If I weren't sprayed with disinfectant from head to foot every hour of the day and night, I wouldn't be here to tell the tale," she said sitting up and smiling.

We were all sitting around on cocoanut shells,

tom-toms and banana tree trunks, pretending to eat supper at 2:30 A.M. Anything to keep away from the ground where the ants would gnaw you to the bone in a few minutes. But there was no way of escaping the ticks that festered under your skin. And the over-sized jungle grasshoppers and crickets nosed into everything, including your ears. The mosquitoes never let up.

"IT'S this mist from the swamp the cloudburst left," explained Terwiliger. "Two of our black men living in the cooley were drowned in that downpour—and that didn't set so well on our voodoo violation either. Why, we had to burn up hundreds of gallons of gasoline trying to dry up the mud, and I don't know how many loads of sand we dumped in to make passage possible. Twenty-four inches of rain in twenty-four hours!"

"And you should have seen the big cyclone that hit us—put in two little ones," put in Burger. "Ripped out our whole outfit that it took a week to build! Certainly, we're working against a jinx!"

"If you want to get a turn, just look at the Big Dipper turned upside down in the heavens," observed Winnie Harris. "Things are all wrong out here, I tell you. That old woman witch doctor who says she is two hundred years old has been giving me dirty looks all evening."

"There's another rooster crowing!" wailed the director. "They bring them here and park them nearby on a string—against my orders. Game cocks, you know, and they live and sleep with them and have all sorts of superstitions about them. People back home will think we're near a barnyard, if they hear a rooster crow!"

THEN the call back to work. "On the job. Come on now, let's cut down this penal servitude!" The tom-toms begin their ceaseless beat, the jungle closes in. And so, all through the night, to the tune of flying, whizzing, biting creatures, and the occasional yelp of a beast in the jungle.

The pitiless white glare, endless cigarettes, the distant rumble of the power plant—till the crack of dawn. Then we all make our way more dead than alive back to the Myrtlebank Hotel. Marie Paxton, the heroine, moans, "Oh, I can't sleep! I can't sleep in these glaring, burning days!"

And some day when millions of people thrill to this magnificent spectacle of jungle panorama and shudder over the revelation of black magic, some will say, "What a life! These movie people! Haven't they got it soft? Big salaries, going on a picnic to the West Indies and living on milk and honey! Sure, maybe they do put in a few hours a day making a picture like that. But what of it?"

Yes, indeed, what of it? If you can take it.

Heart Throb

Two years ago I was a "live wire" enjoying life. Then, a serious accident, in which my ankle and knee were broken.

I had no books to study, no talkies to choose from, no "stars" to watch, but I recovered only to find my eyes were affected and an operation took one eye from me. The other I feel will follow.

I've a hard battle to fight. Perhaps some day I will have only memories to help me on my way. But the "stars" still glisten and, if I can see them no more, I know someone will talk to me of the happenings in movieland.

Mrs. Charlotte H. Twombly,
Laconia, N. H.

Science Now Knows Why Our Teeth Ache

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque."



Contrast the attitude of the savage below who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.



Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.

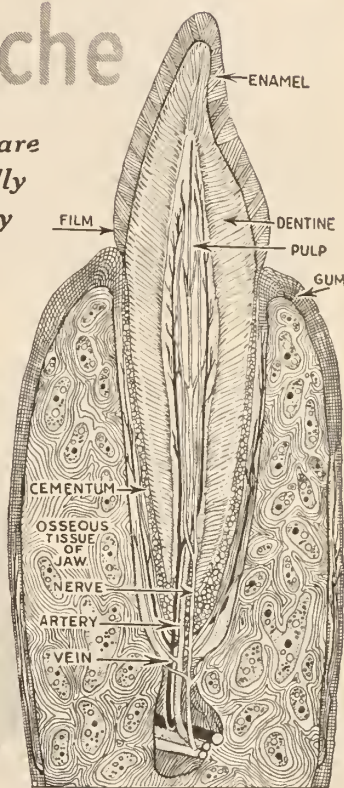
THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the tooth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to tooth decay by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain and spoil between the teeth and under the gums. Germs formed in and by this decaying food make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve it.

●When enough of the tooth material has decayed away, there is left only a thin covering for the nerve of the tooth—pain or toothache result.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing shelter and food for germs.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the

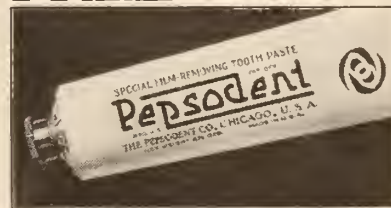


Cross-section of a tooth showing structure beneath the enamel.

best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years and the assistance of the ablest scientific minds in the country.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth.

FREE—10-Day Tube



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Dept. 112, 919 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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This coupon is not good after July 31, 1934.
Only one tube to a family



And Here We See The Real "Little Women"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

"Amos Bronson Alcott, their father, was a dreamer. A most impractical man who never seemed to be able to reconcile his high ethical standards to the business of living. He was a spiritual sort of person, far ahead of his time. And eventually, when his lifetime dream of a little school of philosophy came to realization, he was so very happy.

BUT even that little school didn't last. And at the time he closed it, the family were in dire circumstances. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson who came to their rescue with five hundred dollars.

"Strange," Mrs. Pratt mused, "how family traits are handed down from one generation to another.

"Meg' was just like her father. She was my husband's mother and I can notice very often the same 'dreamer' qualities in my own daughter.

"High thought and low diet' we used to call it in the old days. But that's the tendency which has done so much for world development, isn't it? Where would we be if it were not for the dreamers?" Mrs. Pratt smiled indulgently.

"Little 'Amy' was so typical of May Alcott." Mrs. Pratt said, after a moment. "May was forever dressing up and playing grand lady. She always wanted her curly hair to be in perfect order and she took great pains to get those curls up in papers every night.

"May had a talent for painting and sketching, too. And once, when she decided to be very, very independent, she went so far as to join a Boston stock company and act in plays.

"See," Mrs. Pratt pointed to some water colors in wide, old-fashioned frames on that parlor wall, "those are some of May's pictures. They're considered good by critics.

MAY never could make up her mind whether she wanted to follow a career like her sister Louisa did, or whether she wanted marriage. It was a very modern point of view for a girl in our generation.

"But when she was thirty-eight, she met a man in London with whom she fell in love. His name was Ernest Nieriker, a Swiss gentleman. May married him. Two years later little May died in Paris where they had gone

to live so she could continue with her art study. May left an infant daughter.

"Louisa sent for the child and found much of her happiness rearing the little girl. The child had been named Louisa May Nieriker. And she and Louisa were almost like mother and daughter until the girl grew up. Then her father returned from Europe, claimed his daughter, and took her to his home in Zurich. She is now the wife of Emil Rasim and lives in Vienna.

"But the loss of the girl was a great blow to Louisa. She missed more and more having someone to love and care for as her fortunes increased and she grew older.

THE old Orchard house was sold then. The girls had married and Louisa had lost possession of her niece. The old house had been their family home for a good many years. Louisa came to live with us in this house which the Alcotts had once occupied. And it was here, in closest family contact, we learned to really appreciate 'Aunt Louisa' for the fine person she was. She represented the clear-thinking, independent, new kind of woman this generation was to develop. Her advanced ideas about life were fascinating. Later on, Louisa adopted her nephew, John Alcott Pratt, who was my husband's brother. The longing for the old family atmosphere was always with her and she tried for years to recapture the spirit which had prevailed when they were all together.

"Louisa bought a house in Boston and set up her own housekeeping. And while the place was more spacious and much more luxurious than she had ever enjoyed during her girlhood, she still clung to the homey atmosphere of quiet simplicity.

"Poor little 'Beth' never was very well-known by anyone. She passed away too young to have had romance touch her life. One by one, in later years, the girls followed. First it was Mrs. Alcott, their fine, strong-minded, practical mother, who slipped quietly out of this world to be with 'Beth'. Mrs. Alcott had pulled her family of little women through many a tight place by her practical sense and good sound judgment.

"Then, early in March of 1888, Mr. Alcott, who had been ill for some time, failed rapidly.

Louisa drove in from Dunreath Place, Roxbury, where she, too, was under treatment. She came in to her town house to see her father, conscious that it was for the last time.

"Early next morning she was in a serious condition herself. And on March 6th, Louisa passed quietly on to the rest which she so much needed. She never knew that her father had already preceded her by two days.

LOUISA had done a good job all her life for the little women who comprised her family."

Mrs. Pratt stopped speaking. It was the end of her memories.

She had been taken by her daughter to see the picture production of Aunt Louisa Alcott's immortal novel. It was the first talking picture Mrs. Pratt had ever witnessed.

"I liked Katharine Hepburn's fine work," she said, when we asked her if it was true to the old atmosphere and spirit of the girls as she knew them.

"Miss Hepburn was a perfect choice for Louisa (Jo). She typified her fine spirit throughout the entire picture. Little Amy (played by Joan Bennett) was very much like May Alcott, even to the curls and the scribbling and her grand lady mannerisms. Meg (played by Frances Dee) was so very much the woman I knew as Anna Alcott, my own mother-in-law, that her presence on the screen brought back a thousand memories to me."

MRS. PRATT never knew little 'Beth'. The girl had passed away before she had married into their family. But from what the sisters had related of Beth, Jean Parker had caught her character to perfection. And Jean looked as Beth did, too—a little wistful always, with wide, innocent eyes and a round face. To Mr. Harold Hendee, who had duplicated in the studio sets, the atmosphere of the Alcott family life, Mrs. Pratt sent her sincere appreciation.

As I was leaving this lovely old room, my eye caught a framed motto, painted by May Alcott long ago. It was suspended against the faded old wall paper of that little parlor and it proclaimed to all the world that: "A good name is more to be envied than great riches." The spiritual guide which those little women have radiated through all the years.

Why I Quit Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

made that inevitable. So far as any chance for acting is concerned my part wouldn't have taxed the ability of an extra man.

"With all due shame I have to admit that the money they offered me to play the rôle tempted me into making a chump of myself. It was a ridiculously huge salary they dangled in front of me—and I fell."

DOUG, JR. had about finished saying this when a sudden offer came for him to go back to Hollywood. It was an enticing contract offered by RKO-Radio. He turned it down flat.

Then came a copy of the play, "Success Story," they wanted him to do. Fairbanks, Jr. read it over. It was exactly the sort of thing he liked doing. A one-man starring vehicle peculiarly fitted to his talents. And for that reason alone he cabled that he would return.

It might have been a little embarrassing after this diatribe on Hollywood. But the explanation of his sudden change of plans sounded logical. Yet Doug insists he will never return to Hollywood picture-making permanently. He's well established with London Films, Ltd., and his trips to Hollywood from now on will be flyers, for special assignments only.

"For the first time in years I'm utterly happy. I've never had so much fun in my life as I've had making 'Catherine the Great.' Naturally I've no idea what John Public is going to say when he sees the picture. It may be a box-office flop. But whatever its fate, it's the most worth while thing I've ever done.

"And so with the other pictures that are lined up for me. I believe in every one of them. They are all the kind of thing I want most to do. And the men with whom I'm working—from Alexander Korda down—are

all inspired with an ambition to prove that commercialism doesn't necessarily have to enter into successful picture-making.

"Creativeness—in Hollywood—is as little appreciated as it is suspected.

"Think of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that have been spent on boosting me as a star! And what I have to say about myself goes for dozens of other men upon whose starring careers tremendous sums of money have been squandered.

SQUANDERED is the right word. For what inevitably happens to every one of those male stars? In every case, sooner or later, they find themselves cast in a rôle like mine in 'Morning Glory.' And that is the beginning of the end. For you can't play fast and loose with your public.

"When they pay their good money to see a star they expect to get their money's worth

out or seeing him do his stuff. If they discover he is actually of about as much importance in the cast as any of the other bit players, they not unreasonably feel cheated. And it is the star who has to shoulder the blame. Those admirers of his who now decide he has forfeited all right to their admiration are off him for life!

"Hollywood hasn't destroyed Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. But they're their own bosses.

"Nobody can do them any damage. The picture may be good or bad—but at least it will be a star vehicle.

"But this cannot be truthfully said of any other male star in Hollywood. I haven't the slightest doubt that the biggest (male) star would be sacrificed—if his bosses thought that by so doing they could add to the box-office value of some new girl.

"THE proved popularity of a George Arliss or a Charles Laughton means nothing to those who run the Hollywood show. Where, they will ask you, is their sex appeal? Box-office magnets they'll admit they are—but they don't know the reason why this is so.

"Unaware of the public's appreciation of great acting, they are mystified when a Marie Dressler or a Katharine Hepburn packs 'em in. Such as these truly great artists—in the language of the film factory chieftains—are 'freaks.'

"And so with every male star in Hollywood! The best that any of them can look forward to is the ignominy of finding himself cast opposite the woman star who is momentarily in the ascendant.

"And to submit to that sort of thing is too stultifying for most men.

"Imagine a Coquelin consenting to appear as Bernhardt's leading man!

"Picture what Henry Irving would have had to say to the suggestion that he 'feed' a woman star of his day, however great she might have been.

"Why, even such an incurably romantic lover as Nat Goodwin—at the height of his infatuation for the beautiful Maxine Elliott—was the star of the plays in which they appeared together!

"When they talk 'sex' in Hollywood—and it takes an earthquake of the first order to interrupt that talk—they think in terms of beaded eyelashes and lipstick-smears mouths. To listen to them you'd think the female of the species is not only more deadly than the male—you'd discover the only excuse for the existence of mere males is to serve as unworthy recipients of beautiful sirens' favors.

"So long as Hollywood has the money to spend, she will continue to be able to lure male actors of ability to come in support of some woman star of no particular importance. But sooner or later, unless I am very much mistaken, more and more of the worth while males of Hollywood will reach the conclusion at which I arrived a long time ago.

"When they do, they will follow my example and bid Hollywood a permanent farewell.

"And then they will hie themselves to this tight little isle where there is no mawkish sentimentality about the fair sex, where men still rule the roost, where 'sex' (in the Hollywood sense) is called by its right name and appraised at its true, unimportant value.

"I MAY not make so much money out of these British-made films as I have made in the past in Hollywood—but at least I'll go on having a grand, glorious time. And I'll make only pictures which I honestly believe are worth while. And I'll be the star of those pictures.

"Not one of those three statements can be truthfully made by any male star on the payroll of any Hollywood film factory today. For at the moment any such star may find himself elected to do a stooge act—precisely as happened to me in 'Morning Glory.'"

And that would seem to be that!



"It's funny, Molly—Peggy's always loved the ride before. But she's been acting just this way for a whole week!"



"She's not hungry, either. I've found, Nan, that these symptoms mean it's time for a laxative. Give Peggy Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"We want to report that Peggy's fine today—a perfect lamb! We both can't thank you enough for suggesting Fletcher's Castoria."

"A good laxative was all the child needed, Nan. And Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's easy to take—tastes good, and hasn't any of the strong drugs in it that make most grown-up laxatives so harsh. But one word of caution—make sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is *always* on your carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher. **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for the relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



Casseroles Supreme

IF you are having guests for Sunday night supper and want to be sure of the success of your meal, casseroles will do the trick.

It is the ideal time of year for this sort of dish. "Most housewives have their kitchen ovens turned on anyway. So," says Margaret Lindsay, "why not just pop in an appetizing casserole or two?"

They may be prepared in advance, leaving but a few minutes work before serving.

And, remember, casserole dishes should come to the table sizzling hot.

One of Margaret's favorite cold-weather dishes is plain, old-fashioned beans.

Get the Lady Washington variety, and for a small casserole, soak 1 cup of beans in water overnight. Next morning, bring them to a boil with a little baking soda. Pour this water off, and rinse in a colander with cold water. Then place beans in a casserole with about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of salt pork buried in the center. Pour over a mixture of $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, mixed in a cup of water. Add enough boiling water to just cover beans. Cover casserole tightly, and bake in slow oven for four hours.

A variation may be achieved by adding several onions, celery and green peppers, cut up.

Here is a macaroni au gratin recipe which Margaret says is the best she has ever used.

Break macaroni in small pieces (or use the elbow variety) and cook until tender in rapidly boiling salted water. Drain. Place a layer of macaroni in casserole, then a layer of sliced hard-boiled egg and grated American cheese. Alternate macaroni, egg, and cheese, seasoning each layer with pepper and paprika.

When casserole is filled, pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream over contents and cover with a final layer of cheese, and buttered bread crumbs. Bake fifteen minutes, or until top layer is nicely browned.

Chicken en casserole—Cut two small chickens in pieces for serving. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with melted butter. Bake in casserole dish in hot oven for fifteen minutes. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of carrots that have been parboiled and fried in butter with a little onion, and 1 cup of potato balls. Pour over $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of brown sauce, and again season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover tightly and bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes longer, or until chicken is tender.

Apple Custard—Scald 1 cup of milk and pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wafer-thin slices of apple. Beat 1 egg, add 2 tablespoons sugar and stir into cooled milk and apple mixture. Add pinch of salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla. Sprinkle top with grapecuts and nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Bake in slow oven about forty minutes. Use a casserole, of course, but do not cover.

Another delicious apple dessert is made in the following manner: Peel and slice four apples. Place in buttered casserole and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Add 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Work together 1 cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, until it is crumbly. Spread these crumbs over the apples. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven for half an hour.



Her casseroles in oven, Margaret Lindsay, pretty Warners player, is ready to return for a chat with her guests

Fan Club Happenings

CHICAGO movie fan clubs have planned a "Penny Social" to be held at the Hotel Sherman, January 25th. They expect a number of gifts from stars they sponsor.

These will be sold along with other gifts donated by club members.

The funds derived will be used to further this work.

A note received by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs from the Buddy Rogers Club, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, New York, of which Jacqueline Lee is president, states that a one year membership will be given free to the first fan who writes to her from a foreign country.

Prospective fan club members may write to any of the following clubs and receive a copy of their latest bulletin:

Buddy Rogers Club, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, New York.

Ruth Roland Club, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Billie Dove Club, 5737 South Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Johnny Downs Club, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, Ill.

Screen's Fan Club, 66 Milwaukee Ave., Bethel, Conn.

Movie Fan Friendship Club, 226 East Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, 973 Fox St., Bronx, New York.

Bing Crosby Club, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

Norma Shearer Club, 1947 Broadway, New York.

Along with the "Rambles," official publication of the Norma Shearer Club, came a beautiful photograph of Jean Harlow. Hans Faxdahl, president, always includes one or two photographs with each issue.

Some dandy snapshots of Ruth Roland and Lillian Conrad have been received. Miss Conrad is president of the Roland Club.

She also sent a list of snaps that she has for sale of many prominent stars taken in various cities.

A note from the Tri-C Club of Syracuse states that Buddy Rogers was their guest at a recent dinner-dance.

Fay E. Zinn, president of the Bing Crosby Club, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J., advises that the club plans a big reception for Bing when he makes his contemplated personal appearance in New York.

The PHOTOPLAY Association received many bulletins last month, including Crosby Comments, The Rogers Review, Bodil and Her Fans, Rambles (Shearer Club), Among the Stars (Screen Fan's Club), Peggy Shannon News, Ruth's Rambles (Ruth Roland Club), The Crawford Chatter, Nils News (Nils Asther Club).

The Association will appreciate word from any clubs that have obtained members through the publicity received in PHOTOPLAY. Many inquiries are received each day and we furnish these prospects with the name and address of the club they desire.



Gloria Stuart, piquant *Universal Pictures* star, has a perfect figure for the season's slim-hipped silhouette, as this delightful town tisseur clearly shows.



There's a BARGAIN IN BEAUTY at your grocer's

WHAT a thrill it is to slip into these modern clothes—so flattering to delicately moulded curves. To know, as you wear them, that your face is as lovely as your figure, your eyes bright with health and happiness!

To look well in the new styles, many of us must reduce. In dieting, be sure your menu contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. This condition may endanger both health and complexions. It may be corrected by eating a delicious cereal.

Just ask your grocer for a package of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—rich in "bulk" and vitamin B to aid regular habits. ALL-BRAN is also a good source of iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that in leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much pleasanter than taking patent medicines!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

The Lady Who Laughed at Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]



Why Suffer?

**KALMS RELIEVE
"FUNCTIONAL" PAINS
QUICKLY**

● It's needless to suffer physically and endure mental anguish caused by the functional pains of the period. For Kalms can relieve those pains quickly. Headaches, neuralgia, pains of neuritis, and muscular aches and pains are promptly relieved by a small dosage. Kalms were developed in the Johnson & Johnson laboratories and contain nothing a physician could not endorse for the condition indicated. One tablet is enough for most cases. Buy Kalms at your druggist's in convenient purse-size boxes of 12 tablets. Mail coupon below for free sample.



Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me a FREE Sample of Kalms. P-3

Name _____

Address _____

each summer the University Players served dramatic fare for vacationers.

Look, Priscilla. Standing next to Charles Leatherbee is his best friend, Henry Fonda. Hank had just come on from Omaha where he'd run a night club, and Charlie cast Peggy and him as the leads in the season's first show.

There they are in costume for "The Devil in the Cheese."

IT was during the run of the play that Peggy began to loosen up a little.

She had been sort of stiff at first, a little clanish, moody and not disposed to mingle much with the gay crowd of Harvard and Princeton boys and Vassar and Smith girls who comprised the company.

"Then she fell madly in love with Hank and her whole character changed. She was like a flower in bloom.

She'd never been particularly beautiful, but she glowed that summer with something more lovely than mere beauty.

"She used to tell us she'd never fallen in love before. She'd never had a real affair. Didn't think she'd ever have another. That first

ecstasy was too marvelous to ever try to recapture with anyone else. She was going to marry Hank and together they would soar to stardom."

Yes, that's Peggy all right. She was a little stouter physically, a little more stolid mentally. The same rough clothes she made famous in Hollywood, too.

Cape Cod laughed at those dirty corduroy slacks and plain pongee shirts long before bejeweled movie stars raised their mascara over a colleague's costume.

Turn the page, Priscilla, the New York pictures come next.

A boy who was in the cast of "The Modern Virgin," her first big Broadway hit, pasted this one in our imaginary album.

"She was still in love with Hank the winter the critics gave her columns and the audiences adulation.

"I used to see them walking around New York, hatless, hand in hand, courting like two kids in their 'teens, fresh and unspoiled.

"They didn't have much money, but to look at them you'd think they owned the old island."



FRED NEHER.

"He's the worst hen-pecked man in Hollywood—he's a yes-man all day and a yes-ma'm all night"

They dined in pocket handkerchief gardens behind Greenwich Village restaurants and the viands seemed more savory than any on Park Avenue.

They danced amid Don Dickerman's frolicsome decorations in funny little cellars and enjoyed it more than the Ritz.

They subways to Brooklyn at night to view the panorama of New York's bizarre fairyland of lights.

They took the ferry to Staten Island, relishing it more than a Mediterranean cruise.

They rode on bus-tops up Riverside Drive with keener thrills than many who race imported motors along the Corniche.

They sat on park benches in the Square watching the pigeons with more pleasure than richer romantics find in grandstand boxes at the Derby.

THEY adopted as their theme song that lilting tune from the Garrick Gaieties about the "girl and boy who turned Manhattan into an isle of joy."

They teased each other playfully, laughing over ridiculous jokes and phrases that had meaning only for them.

They play-acted in the park, assuming characters for hours—Hank a country hick and Peggy a temptress from the Great White Way; Hank a gangster and Peggy his faithful moll.

They had a limerick competition, devising absurd doggerel with which they regaled their friends.

They ignored the past and the future and were light-hearted and gay, living in the ecstasy of the moment. Their eyes sparkled. Their lips were merry. And people turned for a second look at them and said:

"How lovely to see a couple so radiantly happy!"

So they were married.

And then, as Peggy was pushing toward success so intensely while Hank met with only disinterested mumbles from managers, something happened.

No one knew just when the break came, for few of their friends had been told of that early morning elopement.

Only a handful of intimates even knew the young couple were living together.

Then one night Hank came back to Charlie Leatherbee's apartment, which he had shared, and said:

"Peggy's going to get a divorce. Quietly, of course, since so few people knew we were married anyway."

And since then, Margaret has been laughing cynically.

Laughing at love. Laughing at Hollywood.

SHE doesn't believe much in either one of them now.

She found that the one didn't last in spite of all her dreams and plans and hopes. She doubts if the adoration which Hollywood has heaped on her will prove even as durable as the sentiment which led her in and out of a divorce court.

Yes, Priscilla, that's her most recent photograph.

It was taken the day she left for New York. She'd just seen "Only Yesterday," which the press and the populace acclaimed so wholeheartedly.

But to Peggy it was all so much bushwa, all this ballyhoo, all this bother about trying to make her a screen star.

"I don't think I'll be back," she said to Johnny Johnston, Universal's publicity director who had been one of her few confidants during her Hollywood hegira.

And it was Johnny who snapped this last picture in our album to date.

Across the empty page which follows he has scribbled:

"She'll be back, all right. That girl has something Hollywood wants!"

And sure enough she is back now, playing the rôle of *Bunny* in "Little Man, What Now?"

Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS



**She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness
without risking that painted look**

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl."

So meet the girl men *want* to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to *you*. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today—39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

Cheeks must not look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives you the same natural color as the Lipstick. Now in new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee Refills and save money.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.



PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.



TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Don't be switched!
Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, Inc. P-24
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade FLESH RACHEL LIGHT RACHEL

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes
use genuine, harmless

Maybelline



NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT* a DYE, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale seanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect



Mascara

**SOLD BY REPUTABLE
TOILET GOODS DEALERS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD**

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox

HERE is an unusual Western. Perhaps that's why it's so good. George O'Brien is great as the "dude" marshal who cleans up the wild and woolly town of Tombstone. The thrills, suspense and action are logical and convincing. You'll also like Ruth Gillette's "Western Mae West," and Alan Edwards' polished bad man. Don't let the "Western" tag stop you. See it.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM— Paramount

AN amusing concoction for your lighter mood, which kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Charles Farrell, a backward Tennessee artist, wins a scholarship, which takes him to Paris to study. After a quarrel with Marguerite Churchill, the real heart interest, he gets involved with a Russian "baby" (Grace Bradley). But it all comes out right in the end when Charlie Ruggles brings the lovers together again. Comedy honors go to Ruggles.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN— 20th Century-United Artists

AS a "Miss Lonelyhearts" column conductor against his will, Lee Tracy wriggles in and out of more mischief! But he manages to win Sally Blane, who disapproves of his work, in the end. Although Lee gives his usual spirited performance, he overacts a bit, which keeps the film beneath his standard. Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway and C. Henry Gordon handle their rôles ably.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE—M-G-M

WHEN a famous lawyer, preparing to defend a man for murder, discovers that the victim was the woman he loved, the situation becomes very complicated. However, in spite of being a little too melodramatic, it makes an exciting story that holds your interest throughout. Otto Kruger, as the lawyer, does a splendid job in a difficult rôle. Una Merkel and Roscoe Karns are excellent comedy relief, and Ben Lyon provides young-love interest.

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia

A FAIR melodrama depicting life in a cheap New York rooming house, where ten people, living under the same roof, find themselves hating, loving, cheating and depending upon each other. The entire cast is good, including Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford.

SMOKY—Fox

THE best equine epic made so far. The absorbingly interesting saga of Will James' wild colt, "Smoky," the glory and the tragedy of his life from colthood to a pathetic junk-wagon nag. The gorgeous Arizona scenery rates second to the marvelous performance by Smoky himself. Victor Jery is great as the tender-hearted bronco-buster. Will appeal to children and adults alike.

THE THUNDERING HERD— Paramount

AN exciting Zane Grey Western, with such old-time actors as Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton lending a note of reality to a well-directed tale.

About the historic rush for buffalo hides, and the Indian trading posts. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen give the film a romantic touch.

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram

A COMEDY which presents the extremely personable Ray Walker as a ready-fisted process-server. He and pal George E. Stone mix up with gangsters for a series of embarrassing complications, but Ray manages to rescue his sweetheart (Virginia Cherrill) from the toils of her oily attorney-employer. Some very good humor and sufficient story interest.

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox

IF you're in love with your wife, don't let her go to Paris without you. And if the man follows her home, take him out fishing and wind up with a good binge. That's what Warner Baxter did, and it all worked out fine. Helen Vinson is lovely as the deluded wife. The unsober scene between Warner and G. P. Huntley, Jr. is convincing. Mediocre entertainment.

HORSE PLAY—Universal

IF you like Slim Summerville, you'll probably go for this. As cowboys, he and Andy Devine romp through several amusing situations while pursuing pretty Leila Hyams. With a million dollars paid for his ranch because of ore deposits, Slim and Andy go to England just in time to save Leila from jewel thieves. Fine supporting cast.

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia

TIM McCOY deserts Westerns for this film and becomes a newspaper man. As a crack reporter, he sets out to expose the city's corrupt parole board. He runs into a nest of racketeers who try to bump him off. But after a series of narrow escapes and exciting chases, right prevails and Tim gets his men. Shirley Grey plays Tim's girl friend. Good suspense.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED— Wm. Berke Prod.

CLAUDIA DELL, as president of a textile plant, defies racketeers who threaten bombing. She falls for newspaper reporter Monroe Owsley, assigned to cover the story. Together they outwit the gangsters. Story is just fair. Entire cast good.

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film

ONE little white lie and "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself wading far out in deep and troubled waters that get deeper by the minute. Engaged to three girls at one time, broke and despondent, he finally emerges from his sea of trouble and all is well. Johnny Arthur, as the professorish roommate, is fun. Bert Roach, Noah Beery and Dorothy Burgess add to the mix-up. Amusing and sophisticated.

HER SPLENDID FOLLY— Hollywood Pictures

A FAIRLY good idea gone wrong and produced shabbily must relegate this to the stay-away list. Lilian Bond plays a perfect double for a movie star whose accidental death forces her to play star to protect producer Alexander Carr's film investment. This results in trouble for everybody, but you really won't care. Poor photography and general amateurish treatment.

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.

REGIS TOOMEY, as the small time husband with the big time wife, and Walter Byron, as the insidious millionaire whose designs are well under control, do the best they can in a story with a well-worn plot. However, there's a singing voice in the film that will make you forget the annoying manner in which the menace fails to materialize.

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures

PLENTY of grim thrills in this nature drama which is mostly about snakes and gila monsters in mortal combat, with the white pelicans of Death Valley providing comedy relief. Although elevating in the particular subject, it may prove too strong for women and children. Excellent photography.

**THE BIG SHAKEDOWN—
First National**

GLORIFYING the corner drug store seems to be the mission of this uninteresting picture. Ex-beer baron Ricardo Cortez forces pill-roller Charlie Farrell into faking drugs for his new cut-rate racket. But the fake dope kills Charlie's baby, and he retaliates by dropping Ricardo into a vat of acid. Everybody tries hard, but the story doesn't ring true. Bette Davis is Charlie's wife.

**WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—
Monogram**

WHICH tells, with no new slants, of the love of a mother, Lilyan Tashman, for her daughter, Marjorie Moore. Lilyan, a burlesque queen, initiates her daughter, fresh from a convent, into the show business. The girl falls in love with Matty Kemp, dance director, at the same time becoming prey to Lew Cody, powerful operator. Lilyan finally poisons herself and Lew to insure Marjorie's happiness.

**FAREWELL TO LOVE—
Associated Sound Film**

THIS picture has but two things to recommend it: the excellent singing of the Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura, and the pictorial beauty of the scenes in Italy. Heather Angel, as an Italian peasant, does her best with a colorless rôle. The film will please only music lovers who enjoy hearing Italian opera airs.

**The Power Behind the
Hepburn Throne**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

success of the exotic actress, in back of the madcap, prankish personality she had presented to the film colony—had stood a shrewd show-woman, counselling the red-headed eccentric at every turn, inventing fresh ways of drawing attention to her, advising her at each step along the treacherous road to stardom.

Laura Harding is the name of the mild-mannered miss who has acted as the secret stage manager of Katharine Hepburn's triumphs, and if Hollywood has come to regard the actress as a woman of mystery, even less is generally known about this Manhattan socialite who, it now transpires, has played such an important part in guiding her friend's career.

Daughter of J. Horace Harding, chairman of the board of the American Railway Express Company and the senior partner in the banking firm of Charles D. Barney and Company, Laura Harding became interested in the theater soon after her debut. She understudied Lynn Fontanne for six months in "Elizabeth the Queen," had a small part in "Thunder in

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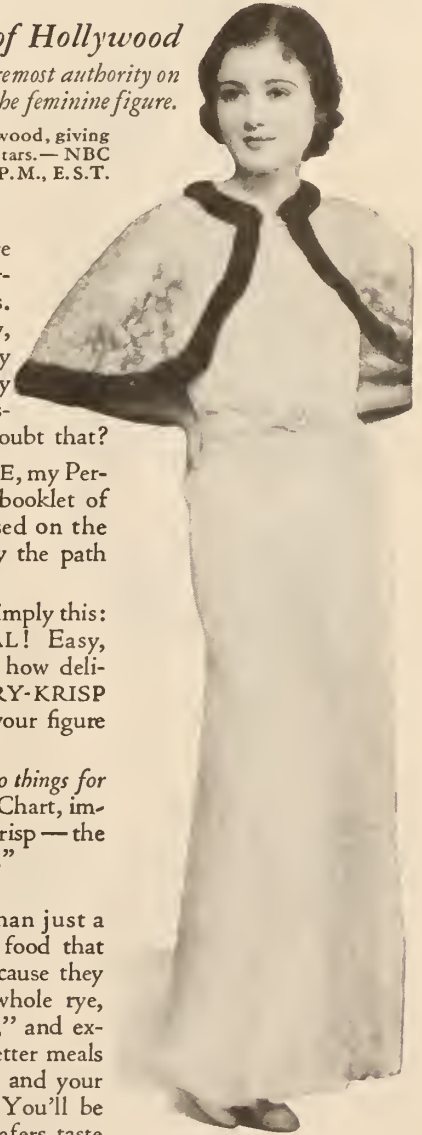
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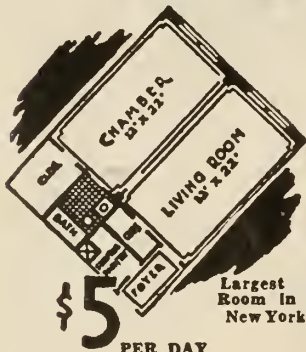


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the Air," and then left the stage for a season to coach with Frances Robinson-Duff, New York's best known dramatic and voice tutor.

It was in this teacher's studio that Laura met Katharine Hepburn, then struggling rather vainly for Broadway recognition, and a bright friendship was begun which carried Laura to Hollywood as mentor and manager.

For it is now believed by those who know them best that Katharine Hepburn's chief reason for accepting a movie bid was to achieve an acclaim that would rebound to Broadway and insure a theatrical triumph. Fascinated as she may be by pictures, it is the stage which is the chief interest in Hepburn's life, and it was Laura Harding's vision which suggested that fame in Hollywood would bring fortune on Broadway.

IT was during the run of "The Warrior's Husband," in which Katharine Hepburn first won favor on the stage, that Laura Harding definitely abandoned her own stage ambitions to devote her attention to skyrocketing Kate. And in the offer of an RKO-Radio contract, which followed Hepburn's hit in "The Warrior's Husband," the two girls saw their chance to campaign for glory.

For it has been a campaign.

From the first day the pair stepped off the train in Hollywood, hired a swanky Hispano-Suiza and started the town talking about their costumes and customs, Laura Harding has been in a large measure responsible for the breath-taking build-up Katharine Hepburn has enjoyed.

She has passed on the proofs of all publicity pictures.

She has suggested the stunts which have made Hepburn "copy."

She has helped design the costumes which have given the actress such glamour in her pictures.

She has sat in on story conferences, studio bickers and been a constant companion and coach in the long hours of rehearsals before each production.

Best of all, Laura Harding has served to bring Katharine's own well-bred background into the superficial atmosphere of the movie town.

Katharine Hepburn would never have "gone Hollywood" in any event, but the sane balance of Laura Harding's friendship has helped her maintain the stunning individuality she brought West.

Particularly has Laura Harding's inherent business sense aided her friend.

The writer spent the afternoon with them the day Kate signed two contracts that were extremely important to her picture career. One was with the studio, the other with her agent.

In both cases, Laura supplied the business acumen and Kate the fiery eloquence which combined to win for the budding star every disputed point.

As a matter of fact, Katharine Hepburn's contract with RKO-Radio was almost cut short at the conclusion of her very first film, "A Bill of Divorcement," in which she skyrocketed so suddenly to screen fame.

KATE was leaving that night for a quick trip to Vienna. In a few hours she would be flying back to New York and at the moment she was waiting for the studio to make out her final check.

There had been some argument as to the exact amount, and Katharine and Laura retired from the treasurer's office for a cigarette and a confab in the sun.

Their sleek Hispano-Suiza was parked just under the window of David O. Selznick, then production boss of RKO-Radio Pictures. I saw Laura glance up at the open window and nudge Kate.

The actress' eye followed her companion's and she gave an understanding chuckle.

Suddenly, the quiet of the summer afternoon was rent with a shriek.

"I don't give a good so-and-so. I'm not going to let them get away with it. I worked

an extra quarter of a day and I want that quarter day's check.

"I don't care what fifteen lawyers or seventeen accountants say. I'm not so crazy to stay in pictures anyway."

With a wink at Laura, answered by an encouraging smile, Kate climbed up on the tonneau of the car, edging nearer to the open window.

"And if I don't get that quarter day's check they can tear up their piffing contract and let the bits blow straight to the devil!"

The girl's throaty voice, pitched to an eager excited note, could be heard all over the quadrangle of the front lot. There was a stir behind Selznick's window curtains and a moment later the telephone in the treasurer's office rang.

Kate and Laura exchanged knowing looks, finished their cigarettes and reentered the building.

When they came out a few minutes later, they were beaming.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

"Don't be silly," cried Hepburn. "Of course we did!"

Just as she had given moral support to the star in her wrangles with studio executives over stories, costumes, casts and contractual differences, so Laura has shared with Kate her two most thrilling experiences in Hollywood.

BOTH adventures came dangerously near being tragic. The first was a wild midnight cruise in a coast fog in which they were lost for eight hours. The second was a narrow escape from attack at the hands of hoodlums.

It was their first winter in California that Kate and Laura accepted an invitation from Christian Rub, then touring with the road company of "Grand Hotel," to join a yachting party.

With Rub and another man, the girls motored down to Long Beach and boarded a small boat. The four amateur sailors had crossed to Catalina and were on their way home when a terrific gale came up and blew them off their course and out to sea.

"Night fell before we could get straight on our course," Laura recalls, "and shortly afterwards a dense fog added to our predicament.

"Soon we had completely lost our bearings. None of us knew much about sailing and for eight hours we drifted in the darkness, soaking wet, chilled to the bone and all of us fearful that we would never come out of it alive.

"Finally about four o'clock in the morning we saw a necklace of lights ahead of us, shining faintly through the mist. We pulled down the sail and slowly sculled our way toward the lights, wondering where we were, what port we were nearing.

"When we finally reached shore we found we were at the very dock in Long Beach from which we had set sail!"

It was Katharine's tomboy zest for the adventurous which nearly proved disastrous again a few weeks before she left for New York this last time. With Laura, Katharine decided one afternoon to explore a particularly wild canyon in back of their home at Beverly Hills.

THE girls, dressed in short walking skirts, were climbing one of the ridges of the canyon when two shots were fired in the gully below them and two bullets cut the underbrush a few feet away from them.

"Watch where you're firing!" shouted Katharine and turned to see three men running up the side of the hill toward the girls.

"That was just to show you we were here, to stop you so we could get acquainted," guffawed one of the men.

The girls took to their heels, but for several hundred yards were in plain sight of the tramps, who kept firing after them.

"The bullets kept coming within a few feet of us and I thought we'd be hit any moment," recounted Laura, "but I have never seen anyone so courageous as Kate. Finally after reaching the top of the ridge we circled a mile or two and got back home safely."

A single policeman, sent out to investigate when the girls reported the incident, was routed by the vagrants and when he returned with aid they had gone.

When Katharine Hepburn left for New York and rehearsals in the new Jed Harris stage production, "The Lake," Laura remained in

Hollywood to oversee the closing of their house, pack up odds and ends and attend to a dozen last minute matters.

But Laura followed almost immediately, and there is little doubt that while Katharine Hepburn works to perfect her lines, Laura Harding is near at hand—coaching, suggesting, helping.

Back of the West Front

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

and the recent "I'm No Angel," has no degree from a college. In fact, she never even saw a high school diploma. But she has a highly developed instinct for the theater. She has something more valuable to the artist than a university education—real knowledge of life and human understanding.

These are the attributes which will keep the Mae West hysteria at a high pitch long after the public has forgotten that curves are desirable and long after her title, "Queen of Sex," has been shelved for one of greater dignity. I can see Miss West playing *Madame Sans Gene* and *Nell Gwyn*. Both of these historically famous ladies have been portrayed in the theater by actresses of the highest rank, but under the West banner I believe they would receive an individual touch which would stamp Mae as an artist of standing.

HOWEVER, during all these years that I've been following the West career, I've learned other things than what one observes before the footlights. A great deal of the lady's character make-up. And that is comprised of a very complex, puzzling group of traits.

Her press-agents have been presenting the star with a "Diamond Lil" frontage and a lily-white background. Which is—and is not—quite true.

Born in Greenpoint, the Bowery section of Brooklyn, of a father who earned his living from the prize-fighter's ring, she was cast on her own at an age when most girls are still sheltered by their parents' wings. And what she saw of life she has interpreted on stage and screen.

Before that 1912 engagement as a single in vaudeville, Mae West had been a child actress, then a chorus girl in a burlesque show, the heavy in an acrobatic act, and a featured player in a Ziegfeld show. Quite a while before Gilda Gray claimed the shimmy as a dance of her origination, Mae West had introduced it into her vaudeville act as the "she-waddler."

Mae West is like the Royal Mounted Police—she always gets her man. In her pictures I believe we find her so amusing because she does the things we women would like to do—but do not dare! Just as in every man there is a bit of the feminine, so in every woman there is a bit of the masculine. Man is supposed to be the hunter—the one who does the chasing, but every woman at times would like to have a hand in running game to cover. Tradition, conventions of polite society, demand that woman sit back and wait for the man to make the approach. And every woman sitting in her audience also would like to say to the man who appeals to her, "You can be had," and then go after him. And despite all the philosophy to the contrary, and because of the physical evidence from the real stag draw which Mae West's pictures win, the men are not altogether averse to a little coöperation from the female in courtship.

IN an interview, before her name was well-known even along the Broadway Rialto and long before Hollywood embraced her, she said to me, "I think I'll go to Paris and get myself a king—they can be had." Of course, Mae was only joking when she said that. But I believe that if Mae really did want a king, he wouldn't have a chance.

It is characteristic of Mae to wisecrack a

tragic or sentimental situation. In explaining how she gets some of her unmoral characters of the screen past the censors, she said to me, "I always use gags and wisecracks to get away from the sentimental. You get a laugh out of the audience and they forget to be sympathetic. For instance," she exemplified, "I'm a damc tryin' to steal another woman's husband, and she comes to me weepin' and remonstratin' and I says to her, 'Aw, go on! You've had him long enough!'"

I LAUGHED and she turned triumphantly. "You see, I get a laugh and then where's all the tragedy? It's just a gag."

Another highlight of the star's personality is her generosity and loyalty. The Clarence Morgenstern who booked her in the Family Theater in her obscure days was the man she sought to produce her play, "Sex," which ran for ten months on upper Broadway. After, the play was banned by the censors, and for the production Miss West and her business associates found themselves in the toils of the law. Morgenstern deserted the West productions for plays less likely to stir the ire of the law, but, alas, they proved to be less lucrative.

When the glittering marquee over the Paramount Theater on Broadway announced in electric letters four feet high: "Mae West on Stage and Screen," the pedestrian traffic before that theater became a tangled snarl of West admirers. You might have thought that the theater was giving away gold bricks to alleviate the depression—but it was only a city gone mad over a new face in the cinema.

In the midst of this adulation, physically weary from the strain of four personal appearances a day, Mae did not forget that friend of her early career. "What's become of Morgy?" she asked. No one knew where he could be found. He no longer had an office in the theatrical belt. The depression had eliminated him as a Broadway producer. But Mae knew where he lived. The humble home in City Island, a suburb of New York, had no telephone. So one night after her last performance, she pressed through the waiting throng of admirers, denying eager reporters an audience, and stepping into her car directed the chauffeur to drive to City Island.

IT was through Mae's generosity that Morgenstern made a comeback to his old haunts.

Mr. Morgenstern, in speaking of this episode, told me that no matter how much Mae earns—she passes it out to those less fortunate. Her Broadway production of "Diamond Lil" netted her almost half a million dollars in royalties and in salary, but due to her large gifts and loans to friends, at the end of the run she was broke. So much so, that she accepted a comparatively small sum for her rôle in "Night After Night."

Clarence Morgenstern related to me another incident which is indicative of the actress's loyalty. During the run of "Sex," he found it necessary to discharge an electrician of the play's crew. Mae, on hearing of the man's dismissal, would not go on unless the man was reinstated. And she held the curtain fifteen minutes until her demands were met.

Harold Spielberg, the lawyer who defended her during her trial for participation in the censored play, "Sex," said that her chief con-

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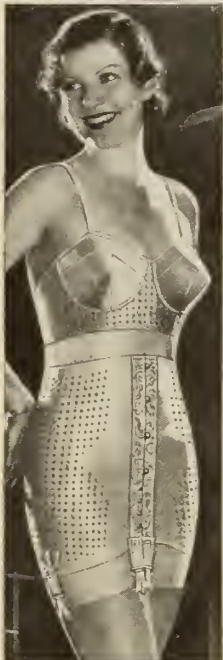


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cern during the ordeal of the trial was not for
 herself but for her cast. Barry O'Neill, the
 leading man of the play, is an Englishman of
 good family background. Spielberg, in speak-
 ing of this, said Miss West pleaded with him,
 "Get Barry out of this—I don't care what
 happens to me."

O'Neill and the other members of the cast
 who were on trial escaped a jail sentence
 through Mae's efforts. And even when she
 was behind prison bars—for a brief time—she
 did not spend her time in self-pity, but was
 solicitous of the welfare of her fellow prisoners.
 The only time she sent for her lawyer during
 the serving of this unjust sentence was when
 she paid him to defend a young mother who

was waiting trial on a petty larceny charge.
 Not only did she pay attorney's fees for the
 woman, but she saw that her family were
 provided for during her imprisonment.

Someone has said that no charm is lasting
 unless one is considerate and kind to other
 people—for charm is a spiritual quality that
 radiates itself through a physical medium.
 "Spiritual and charming" may seem strange
 adjectives to apply to the *Diamond Lil* of
 stage and screen, but when you analyze Mae
 West's character, they fit the "Queen of Sex"
 like the proverbial glove—for she is kind and
 considerate, even though she attempts to wise-
 crack you out of thinking she is sentimental
 and sympathetic.

Two "Toughs" from the Chorus

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

our theater and got the job vacant in our
 company. I taught him the dance steps we
 were doing.

"Would you believe it that he's a limber
 son-of-a-gun? He doesn't unbend much in
 pictures, but how he can stretch those long
 legs of his! Has slack ligaments, or something.
 He could do splits at the crack of a drum-
 stick."

Jimmy says he envied this double-jointed-
 ness of Allen because he was muscle-bound
 himself. They got an apartment with two
 other men in the chorus for the remaining two
 weeks of the Boston run.

"We were financially sad," Jimmy explains.
 Their salary was thirty dollars a week, but
 they had to send practically all of that back
 to New York to cover debts. One day the
 now-noted pair were down to fifteen cents.
 They flung it down at a one-arm lunch stand
 for coffee and a doughnut.

"That was the day Jimmy saw a beautiful
 girl, who was also in the 'Pitter Patter'
 chorus, pass by," Allen tattle-tales. "He said
 to me, 'Gee, I'm crazy about that kid!'"
 Her name was Billie Vernon and she became
 Jimmy's missus.

"Well," snorts Mr. Cagney, "I recollect
 a stunning gal in that show whom Allen kind
 of craved. One night she stopped him back-
 stage, and gave him to understand that he
 could come up any time. He was so scared
 at her audacity that he ran whenever he
 thought she was about to speak to him!"

When the theater was deserted, in the day-

time, Jimmy used to go in and practice
 dancing by himself. The intricate effects were
 a natural for Allen, but not for the red-head.
 Eventually, however, Jimmy turned into the
 better prancer of the two. When the show
 closed in New York, where they went after
 Boston, he was rewarded with a specialty
 dance solo on the lengthy road tour.

Both of them express amazement at finding
 themselves actors.

Jenkins' parents were well-known theatrical
 people, having headlined in musicals, but the
 senior Cagneys were total strangers to the
 smell of grease-paint. Jimmy's papa ran a
 saloon on the East Side.

"I trouped as a kid with my folks," Allen
 said to me, "and I loathed the stage. I
 wanted to be a marine engineer. Studied
 along that line for two years, and worked in a
 ship yard for a year and a half for practical
 experience.

"Then, like lightning, at nineteen I got the
 acting bug. The quickest way onto a stage
 seemed to be the chorus. My folks didn't
 think much of me for debuting that way.
 Two years of it convinced me I wasn't pro-
 gressing, so I went to the American Academy
 of Dramatic Arts in New York, where my
 father had once been an instructor."

Graduating from the school which has
 trained many of our finest performers, his
 first regular job was a bit in the Broadway
 production of "Secrets." A succession of
 good parts in outstanding dramas followed.
 When Warners decided to film "Blessed



And don't drop any stitches! There's nothing like a crochet needle for
 keeping girls contented on the set. These four, who worked with Paul Muni
 in his latest, "Hi, Nellie," made good use of their time between scenes

Event," they imported Allen to recreate his original rôle in it.

Jimmy's luck was slower in arriving. When "Pitter Patter" ended, he and Billie Vernon, who'd murmured "I do," tackled vaudeville. They made precarious sums varying from \$12.50 a week up, during the five years they toured the tank towns. Jimmy finally scored as a roughneck in a New York play, and thus found his forte. Three years ago Warners bought "Penny Arcade," in which Jimmy and Joan Blondell were playing, and brought them to Hollywood to do it on celluloid.

The only argument these two regulars have ever had was over a shirt. That was when the chorus wardrobe chief sang out, "There's one size fifteen left!" Both made a dive for the clean shirt. A knock-down, drag-out scrap, friendly-like, ensued, ending by Cagney tossing Jenkins into the farthest corner of their dressing-room. "I guess that was due to his constant smoking," Jimmy expounds. "I never puffed."

ASIDE from performing, Jimmy was "dresser" to the star. It was his duty to be completely responsible for that gentleman's attire and he came to feel like a one-man cleaning establishment.

Cagney and Jenkins remained friends, although they never worked together again until Warners cast them in the same pictures. And each swears that the other has been unaffected by Hollywood.

"Jimmy's still a great guy," Allen professes. "Maybe he's mellowed a trifle, but he hasn't acquired the usual stellar swell-head. He always enjoyed fine music and loved to read. Now he can go to all the concerts he wants and buy books by the dozens." Not being addicted to Beverly society, Jimmy and his Billie have plenty of time for these quiet forms of recreation.

"The chances are a hundred-to-one against a successful Hollywood marriage," Allen contended with the cynical expression on his face of the show-me bachelor. "The trouble is that people who've never had big money are showered with it. They go wild. Or meet a third party who's anxious to chisel in."

And yet shortly after making this statement, Allen stepped happily to the altar with Mary Landee. So, after all, he followed the example of the Cagneys happy union.

The Cagney-Jenkins' mutual hobby is boating. Every summer when Jimmy came into New York from a season on the road, they used to hang around the shipyards, examining the latest models. They frequently chugged up the Hudson in Allen's outboard motorboat, taking a tent along and camping overnight.

In disposition these two toughs from the chorus are very different. Jimmy, in spite of his red hair, is ready to make friends with everybody and is generally easy-going. Allen is aloof and has few intimates.

"My likes and dislikes are so extreme," he analyzes, "whereas Jimmy is tactful and can be 'middling.' He is studious, and a little light fiction is the extent of my reading."

Nevertheless, of the two, Allen's preparation for drama was much more thorough, thanks to his training at the dramatic academy. Hard knocks taught Jimmy.

AND they're silly," Jimmy insists, "to keep Jenkins in mug parts. Why, I saw him do a dressed-up rôle on the stage. He wore a tailor-made suit, sported a mustache, and he was as dapper as could be!" Loyal, Cagney argues with the studio executives not to push his pal into a rut.

It's a long way from that tiny dressing-room four flights up in the back-stage loft, which they shared in Boston, to their present fame and fortune. Jimmy cashed in on his memories when he was called upon to portray the dance director in "Footlight Parade." As for Jenkins, the only thing which might be a tip-off to his chorus past is a sartorial habit. He prefers berets to hats.



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Sylvia Gives Clara Bow Some Timely Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

grand! Now stiffen the knees and pull yourself forward—with your arms still straight out—until your head is touching your knees. If you're stiff you've got to work and work hard until you can do it. But all the time keep your body relaxed. And all the time keep thinking about that bump. While your head is on your knees make your shoulder-blades squeeze the bump. Now roll back, rolling all the way along the spine and touch your toes over your head with almost the entire weight of the body resting on the bump. Why, you can just feel that bump smashing off! My, it's great. Start out by doing this roll back and forth ten times a day and then work up to twenty! You've got to do it, Clara, and, incidentally, it's good for the entire figure. It's a good exercise for the diaphragm, for the hips, the legs, for the upper arms and round shoulders. It will also strengthen the spine and help you to hold yourself straight.

To tell you the truth, Clara, I was amazed that you were so plump when I saw you do that zippy hip-swinging dance in "Hoopla." Darling, that was hot. But while the audience was admiring it for its hotness, I was thinking what a great reducing exercise it was. So keep it up even when there aren't any cameras around. Swing the fat off, Clara, and I don't think Rex Bell will mind being an audience of one when you take *that* exercise.

And that brings me to a point I've been wanting to make to all you picture girls. I know what you do. You absolutely forget about your figures between pictures. And don't begin your exercises and diets until just a couple of days before you start a picture. You know how college students "cram" for an examination? Well, that's what you girls do before you start work. You "cram" your reducing. What you've got to do is to take the proper exercises and diets whether you're working or not. Get the habit of exercise.

Do it *every day*. Then it will come easy. Just you see!

Clara, you're a serious artiste now. Out in Hollywood when you're working you don't let people come on your set to stare at you. You take yourself seriously. And I'm for you, darling. I'm serious, too, and I want to see your figure and your face measure up to your acting. I want you to take this advice in the spirit in which it is written—a very sincere spirit.

I could have written this to you and sent it to you through the mail marked "strictly personal," but I want other girls who have your problems to have the benefit of it, too. And if you don't believe I'm giving you the right dope just ask those other girls who read my articles. They know it can be done. They face their figure problems just as you must. It's important, Clara. Now hop to it. First take off the excess plumpness on your face. While you're doing that, get to work on that bump on the back of your spine, and the exercise I've given you for that will take down your figure generally.

Oh yes, and just one more thing. I know you love to ride horseback. I know that it's grand to go galloping all over the country with Rex when you're on the ranch. But don't do too much horseback riding. It spreads the hips, darling.

Okay, Clara, I'm signing off now. And I hope the next time I see you on the screen you'll look as beautiful as I *know* you can look. Remember, I'll have my eagle eye on you. You're a great kid.

I like you, and I know you've got sense enough to realize that everything I've told you is for your own good.

Love and good luck, and goodbye to those extra pounds.

Your friend,
SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I do admire a long, narrow face so much but my face is round and I hate it. Is there anything I can do for it? I know you've often said that you can't change the bone formation, but maybe there is something else I could do?
G. H., Fort Worth, Texas

Well, can you beat it? I'm glad your letter came this month. Because my article in this issue is advice to Clara Bow about just that very thing. Read it and take it to heart. I knew I was right in telling Clara what to do publicly instead of privately. When you are reading this article, Clara will be reading it, too. Both of you must do what I say. You'll both be rewarded.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I have been afraid to squeeze off the flesh as you recommend because my husband tells me it will make my flesh flabby. Is that true?
Mrs. F. F. W., New Orleans, La.

How can the flesh be flabby when there isn't any flesh there, darling? Seriously, you mustn't fear anything like that. If you squeeze off the fat as I tell you, you won't be flabby because you work on the muscles. You do not stretch the skin. You work from underneath, dipping *under* the skin to get at those fat cells and the muscles. I've never had any complaints about flabbiness—and I've been handing out advice for a long, long time.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I am nervous and someone told me that it would make me sleep better and feel better if I took very hot baths before I went to bed at night. I've been doing that for months, but I seem to feel so peppy.

B. D., Jacksonville, Fla.

Well, if you want to kill yourself, keep on taking hot baths. And I wish people who give out advice when they don't know what they're talking about would take a jump in the lake! Stop the hot baths at once! Take a cool shower in the morning. Rub your spine briskly with a Turkish towel for twenty minutes. To sleep well work at the back of your neck with your hands until the muscles there are all relaxed. Then work on your spine. Then, with two fingers, work in a small circle in a rotary movement just at the corner of each eye. That will put you to sleep. Hot baths sap all your energy. No wonder you don't have any pep.

Undrapping Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"She Done Him Wrong" has had on hips, bosoms, and millinery. Remember Garbo's pill-box hat. We thought it was hideous. But we wore it—and liked it!

The various fashion creators and designers in Hollywood studios all agree on one point: that the effect of seeing so many undressed girls on the screen will be psychological. The eye gradually becomes accustomed to the undraped feminine body, and there is no shock left.

THE immediate result, according to Travis Banton, designer for Paramount stars, has been a desire for contrast.

"This winter, women have been covered up as never before. Muffled about the neck, draped in long, intricate sleeves and trailing skirts. The only area left exposed has been the back. This has been due to a conclusion that a woman does not have to show all her anatomy to be alluring.

"But fashions will swing around, this spring and summer, to the *very* low front, exposing the swelling bosom—due to the Mae West influence. (Banton designed the West costumes.) The extreme uncovering they have seen so frequently on the screen has made all women body—and leg—conscious. They will take better care of their bodies, as more and more of them are exposed. We will have transparencies at the hem and above returning, and the long *Directoire* split up the side of the sheath skirt, as far as the knee, or farther.

"Women of fashion will never copy chorus girls—but the influence of the theatrical costume will be felt more than ever, but modified. Already we have glitter in the daytime, which has heretofore been regarded as extreme, and we have the feeling of ornament.

"The new Dietrich costumes in 'Catherine the Great,' in which she is incredibly beautiful, will emphasize more than ever the importance of shoulders and bust. Her gowns are brought way down in the front to the lowest possible degree, clearly showing the deep line between the breasts. The back is also very low. Women in the audience, seeing how exquisitely beautiful and feminine she looks, cannot help being influenced in their own clothes."

Adrian, at M-G-M, sees it this way: "Musicals with undressed girls will certainly bring about a terrific reaction toward dressing up. They will vie with the nudist colonies in making clothes important, because the more one sees of the dancing girls, the more one realizes the *value of clothes* in enhancing feminine charm.

"**T**HE effect on fashion will be certain, but indirect. The swathed neckline will change. The new spring clothes will show radical and unusual collar treatment, and *extremely* low *décolletage* for evening.

"Already, the thrill of near-nudity in the chorus girl is beginning to diminish. We are becoming satiated. The most beautiful and expensive chorus number we have in 'Going Hollywood' is one in which the girls wear gorgeous medieval costumes—and on each one was lavished the same amount of care, time and expense that we ordinarily spend on a star's creation. We felt that after the deluge of flesh, the girls looked more alluring in these feminine costumes than when practically naked.

"Nudity, to my mind, robs the figure of all imagination and real beauty."

Orry-Kelly, at Warners, has an interesting theory. "No matter how far we may stray away," he says, "eventually we always return to the Greek simplicity. The Greeks loved their bodies and dared to show them. They were a race of body-worshippers. We are approximately the same, here in Hollywood.

"Fashion is fickle. All winter, women have been bundled to the chin. In three months' time, the pendulum will swing around to ex-



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treme exposure of the breast, and more luxurious materials than ever. The newest invention of fashion is the five-o'clock-dress, and the most sensible. In it, a woman of fashion may dress for a cocktail party, dinner, and the theater or any event after—and be suitably gowned throughout the evening. Many of these dresses are made very *décolleté* with a little formal jacket that can be removed. Many with no jacket will be ingeniously devised to unfasten about the neck, front and back, as the evening grows later. This dress has captured feminine fancy and will stay in for a long time."

KALLOCH, at Columbia, designed costumes for the famous Ziegfeld. He says, "Clothes are the first indication of the reaction of a country.

"We are experiencing a great relaxation from worry—the same thing that occurred immediately after the war, when people said, 'Let's be gay, let's be naughty, in spite of everything. Look what we have been through!'

"The *instant* response in pictures was the cycle of bright, happy musicals, with the laughing, half-naked chorus girls.

"The identical thing happened during the *Directoire* period, which is having such a pronounced effect on current fashions. The ladies then not only stripped themselves to the most diaphanous costumes—they moistened their gowns with scented oil and perfume so they would cling voluptuously to the body! Then they went out with them on, wet, and that accounts for the terrible epidemic of pneumonia that year.

"We are doing the same—in a modern, modified way. The move toward undressing on the screen will keep moving, and the fashion results will be felt very soon. Musical is a symptom and a stimulation toward what women *want* to do—reveal more and more of the lovely bodies on which they are lavishing more care than ever before.

"We are making a bride's dress for Claudette Colbert, which has dignity—but is still a little on the gay side. Maybe the gaiety of the nation is yet a little forced—for the moment everyone is acting, which is fun to watch. The repeal of prohibition has had a definite influence on clothes, jewels and manners. On the depression, which we now speak of positively in the past tense. All these things show startlingly in pictures and fashions.

"Just as the Sennett bathing beauties had their effect on revolutionizing the bathing-suit right down to the present wisp it has turned

out to be—so musicals and all other pictures have their lasting 'say' in all types of clothes.

"We recently designed a fur evening coat for Elissa Landi—with the whole back cut out to the waist! And Elissa, one of the more conservative stars, wore diaphanous draperies that covered her exquisite body—but certainly revealed it at the same time.

"The idea of suggesting undress has always been more seductive than stark nakedness. The naughtiest lady in pictures or any place else is more sex-alluring when slightly covered and *suggesting* her possibilities, than entirely *sans* raiment. There is always that piquant idea of wondering 'What has she?' Much more intriguing than 'That's all there is—there isn't any more!'

"The *Directoire* split up the skirt and the stock-collar look are returning fast. The small hips, long lines, general pushing-forward of clothes—that 'I'm-going-to-be-there' look—the Winged Victory, with the wind blowing the other way.

"Because the motivating idea in clothes now is 'We must get out, get away, let's go forward into something better.' Witness the airplane dresses and that general flying-hither-and-yon appearance.

"These trends will have more impetus from pictures than from any other medium. Everything concerns movement, the whole silhouette—and this is a direct result of pictures. Shine, color and glitter—well-dressed women are even wearing spangles to luncheon—very subdued spangles, done awfully well, of course. The only difference between late afternoon and midnight gowns is in the addition of jewels.

"The whole idea is sheer delight—abandon—forced or not, it doesn't matter. It gets people in a light mood, lifts them out of the heavy, tired fog in which they have been lost.

"PICTURES, especially musicals, have been the first to promote this cheer-leader attitude. What could be more merry and carefree than a group of half-clad chorus girls, prancing nimbly across the screen, full of the joy of living? That is the mood all women want to approximate, these days. They can't prance or go half-clad—but they can convey the *impression* with clothes.

"In my opinion, those who appreciate the value of contrast will realize that they can do it with a flash at an ankle, a rounded breast, or a hip-bone, more than they can by stripping."

So—there you have the elaborations of four of the leading stylists of the world, who have all draped—and undraped—Hollywood.

I Meet Miss Crawford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

picture, with only hard-boiled directors and cameramen to look on. Then the picture goes out into the world—and I am left behind, never to hear a single round of any warm, cheering applause it may bring. It is as if we could never get closer to those we love than through letters. But, of course, the stage is small and limited, while the whole world—all of life and history—is within the range of the pictures."

I asked her how far they could go—what heights they could reach.

SHE threw back her lovely head and her voice was charged with the passion of a prophetic vision. "Oh, we've just started! We've only now stumbled on the road that finally will lead to perfection. There is constant improvement in the mechanics of camera and sound equipment. Our screen plays are becoming finer and vastly more beautiful. Men of great imagination and talent, such as Thalberg, are more and more approaching pictures as a very great art. It is no longer only a place and way to make fabulous, fantastic sums of money—it is a way to create beauty and express the secrets of the heart. I believe that Irving Thalberg

alone will carry far ahead the torch that will light the trail to a whole new conception of the vast possibilities of the motion picture. It is unlimited, inconceivable in its promises."

These cold, black words on white paper fail completely to paint the fire of sincerity and enthusiasm that flamed in her eyes and voice. "I want to be part of this great development," she said slowly. "I repeat, pictures are only beginning to show their potential greatness."

I wanted to cheer. I believed thoroughly in what she was saying and I told her so. Then I asked her about her own future pictures.

"My next picture is to be 'Pretty Sadie McKee'—and I'm ready for my big chance. I'd like to do 'The Merry Widow' with Maurice Chevalier, with Irving Thalberg to supervise it."

"But I had no idea you could sing." She smiled. "Neither did anyone else. You see, I've been taking vocal lessons, just for some such chance."

That, I imagine, is what many people would call a "break." But I don't call it that at all. I call it *fishing for*, rather than *waiting for*, an opportunity. This slender, talented young person was not content to be merely a very suc-

cessful motion picture star who could play glamorous parts: she insisted on preparing herself so that she could do immortal parts.

It is a restless, boundless ambition that fairly consumes her.

She is eager and determined to plumb the depths of knowledge—to learn anything and everything.

"Oh, I'd like to have time to read all the dictionaries and encyclopedias in the world," she went on breathlessly. "I'm never so happy as when I'm sitting on the floor with a dozen big volumes piled around me. You see, I start to look up one thing and before I finish a paragraph I find a reference to something else I don't understand, and then I have to look that up—and so it goes until I'm buried alive in books. And I love it."

THEN it was that she spoke of young Doug and their shattered romance. I don't know this attractive lad, but I wish that he might have heard just what she said about him. I fancy that I'm fairly case-hardened, but it was brave and beautiful.

"You see, he was wonderfully educated," she explained, "and he'd use big words, and I'd embarrass him terribly when I'd stop him even when there were a lot of people around and ask him what so-and-so meant. I wouldn't know how to spell it even if I could have remembered it, so I couldn't just wait and look it up in the dictionary when I'd get home. So I'd just ask him straight out. Poor Doug! He is a fine person, and we had many happy hours together.

"But, you see, he could never quite get over his two heroes—his distinguished father and Jack Barrymore. He thought he was himself, but for a long time he really was the shadow of those two great actors.

"I suppose it just wasn't in the cards for us to make it go. At first I could not help but be bitter and resentful, but I'm not any more. We learn a lot from the blows that life gives us. In a way, they're infinitely more important to us than the gestures of success that may fall our way."

It was strange to hear such ripe words of philosophy from this extraordinary young woman.

"They made me want to know more about her, so I asked her quite bluntly to tell of herself, what she wanted, how she viewed life.

"I want to read a great deal," she began. "You see, I had such a pitifully little education and now I have to work hard to make up for it. Why, do you know I had never read 'Alice in Wonderland' until the other day on the train coming East.

"And there are thousands of books that I want to catch up with.

"What a sweet and wonderful thing life is," she said excitedly. "I remember a line I saw in a newspaper the other day—'Some people are so afraid to die that they never begin to live.'

"And I want to live—I want to know everything and see everything. I want to travel and be happy all my life. I want to touch the stars."

A TELEPHONE rang. I had overstayed my time. I rose to go.

"I'd like to talk hours with you," she was kind enough to say. "Won't you come back before I start for the West?"

But I was on my way to Washington. I would not be back until after she had left. I said goodbye—and it was like saying goodbye and *bon voyage* to an old friend.

And as I walked down the hall toward the elevator, and in fact the whole evening through, I felt as I said at the beginning of this little piece, "jes' good." I had been with a completely happy person. Life to her was full and beautiful. She had risen out of the ashes and dust; she had found a new world that was fair and lovely.

I don't know much about motion pictures, but I know a little about human beings—and Joan Crawford is a swell human being.

Only 25 —
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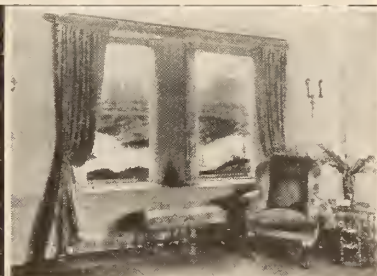
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The Passing Show of '33

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



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and twenty-two man-eating lions. He cracks a tomato-colored whip and the animals roll over—dead. They just had a glimpse of Cecil's riding breeches with puttees. Will Rogers drags on a huge hog called "Blue Boy." Clyde Beatty gets intimate with a couple dozen lions and tigers for Universal's "The Big Cage," Paramount gets hysterical with "King of the Jungle," and Fox shoots the works in "Zoo in Budapest." Starving actors in stolen bearskin rugs get work for the first time in years.

The spotlight is suddenly swung to a tweed-clad figure who waves a gloved hand at reporters, who are too stunned to wave back.

GARBO, she come back, by yumpin yimminy, just as Georgie Raft, with his three hundred and sixty-five suits, seventy dozen handkerchiefs, six jars of hair slickem and two bodyguards, walks out of Paramount's life. Georgie won't be naughty in "The Story of Temple Drake," but Jack LaRue, with five sisters, one mother, two dogs and a pot of spaghetti, will.

Constance Bennett waves a fond farewell to the Marquis, who sets sail for the South Seas to make a picture, while Cecil De Mille starts his famous hunt for "The Perfect Virgin."

The whole world becomes curve conscious as the Mae West vogue grows. People curve in places they haven't curved in for years. Bicycles come and go, and so does Charlie Laughton. With a goatee.

Warner Brothers paste tin-foil on a fast train and the "42nd Street Special" shuffles off to Buffalo.

And now the whole company, from electricians to star, is frozen into a silence that reaches throughout the land as Mary Pickford announces her separation from Douglas Fairbanks. There is grief in Mary's eyes, and all Hollywood bows its head at the passing of this great romance.

Douglas remains in England. And Mary files suit for divorce.

Lionel Barrymore comes screaming in, wearing his usual knickers and waving a dilapidated object. He has just found his *Rasputin* whiskers, maid in 1932.

A baby epidemic sweeps the land. Actors go about tiptoeing so as not to wake up baby. The Dick Arlens get themselves a baby boy, but the strain proves too much for their friend, Bing Crosby, who takes to his bed. Then the Crosbys get one, and Bing takes to two beds somewhere down "The Old Ox Road."

DE MILLE finds his "Perfect Virgin," who proves to be only the wife of a famous wrestler. Al Jolson pokes Walter Winchell in the neck at the prize-fights, and Walter promptly sues Al for a pain in the neck.

Sammy Goldwyn makes "Nana" twice. (The first time Pert Kelton stole the show from Anna Sten.) And Connie Bennett greets hubby, back from the South Seas.

De Mille sets sail for Hawaii with "Four Frightened People," and returns leaving one thousand natives not only frightened, but scared stiff.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill both deny their engagement.

Wine cards suddenly pop up all over town. When you hear the sound of the gong, it's cocktail time in Hollywood. The gong rings constantly.

More divorces crowd the center of the stage as the baby epidemic act goes off in ermine-lined perambulators. Carole Lombard flies off to Reno, leaving Bill Powell flat, but suave. The Adolphe Menjous and the Richard Dixes sever knots, while the eternal triangle is enacted by such capable artists as Adrienne Ames, her husband and Bruce Cabot. It's a touching little drama. "Just a friend,"

screams Cabot. Then comes the pay-off. "Just a husband," screams Bruce as Adrienne walks him from the altar to Honolulu.

Connie Bennett again waves bye-bye to Hank, on his way to Europe. Virginia Cherrill bounces a glass off Cary Grant's head and both deny their engagement.

Sylvia Sidney walks off "The Way to Love" set and goes to Europe. Paramount froths at the mouth. But Georgie Raft sees the light in the window and returns to the old mortgaged homestead.

Zanuck walks out of Warner Brothers' life and gives birth to 20th Century Productions. Papa and baby doing fine, with Warners and Zanuck racing neck and neck to see who makes the same picture first. Score—2 up for Zanuck.

CLARK GABLE loses, 1. tonsils, 2. appendix, 3. ten pounds, 4. a lot of popularity to Lee Tracy.

A new menace creeps on. *Strikes*. Electricians and cameramen strike, causing themselves grief and the companies delay.

Dietrich goes to Europe and comes home. To Joey Von Sternberg and the same old pants. Baby LeRoy learns one word in the year 1933. It's "Nuts."

Cheers greet Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer on their return home.

With a rat-a-tat-tat and a do-deo-do-do, the stage is cleared, making way for the big musical acts.

Song writers, dance directors, chorus girls, prancing up and down staircases, playing lighted violins or jumping in and out of pools, held the stage. Hollywood breaks out with an Albertina Rasch.

Radio stars barge in and barge out. Crosby, Ed Wynn, Kate Smith, Jack Pearl all hit town, with Crosby the only "hold-over."

Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant both leave town and deny their engagement. Lupe becomes Mrs. Weissmuller, and with the tall and stately Sandra Shaw, Gary Cooper headed for "The Last Roundup."

At the sound of a little flute, the audience rises to its feet and goes mad.

"The Three Little Pigs" sweep the country with the whole world wanting to know—"Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" Zulus ask it. Hindus ask it. Eskimos ask it.

Harpo Marx rushes off to Russia and United States immediately recognizes Russia. To avoid disaster when the Russian blondes get chased silly.

Max Baer comes to town and becomes the hero of the hour. Once again Connie Bennett greets her little rover, home from Europe. And Jean Harlow throws a bombshell into the third act by eloping with her cameraman.

Sylvia Sidney comes home to mama Paramount, and Crawford goes bye-bye with Franchot Tone. Just friends, they say.

APPLAUSE, deafening applause, greets the old tried and true stars who now come marching triumphantly on. May Robson, Marie Dressler, Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth. It's their year. "God bless 'em," cries all Hollywood, and pauses a moment to bow its head in memory of a dear departed one, Louise Closser Hale.

Again the audience rises and cheers as climax after climax breaks through to the finale.

Garbo chooses Gilbert for her picture and the world approves. And then, out on a Mexican balcony for a final farewell, trips Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee, wrapped in a sheet. "Whoopee," yells Lee at a passing parade and the sheet slips, and so does Lee. Into a Mexican hoosegow.

And the audience files out in shrieks of laughter as the final curtain descends on Hollywood's Revue of the Year 1933.



Bert Wheeler can't do any work unless his stooge, Johnny Kelly, is around to help him. Bert first noticed Johnny opening and closing doors for movie stars at the Brown Derby restaurant. Bert liked his grin and hired him. Now Wheeler's favorite expression is, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

Everybody's Stooging Now

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"Sho'," explained the Southerner, "main part of Gaw-gah!"

When "Cracker" started getting more laughs on the sets than Oakie himself, Jack took him into a stooge partnership in self-defense, although to this day it is usually "Cracker" who makes a stooge out of Jack with his unsuspected and devastating wit-cracks. He is a sort of court jester, although to justify his being on the Oakie pay-roll, "Cracker" manages a number of Jack's personal affairs—and if you saw "Too Much Harmony," you'll remember the mush-mouthed results of "Cracker's" linguistic tutelage. When Jack Oakie goes completely Dixie in the funniest scene of the picture, "Cracker" Henderson, his stooge, is indirectly making his screen debut.

Perhaps the best stooge-supplied star in Hollywood is George Raft with his former stooge, Sammy Finn, whom Hollywood dubbed "The Killer," and his present satellite, Mack Gray.

Sammy, an old friend and former roommate of George's in New York, came to California for his health. When George came out, they met and pooled living expenses. Then came Raft's screen "arrival" and Sammy, who had plied the prosaic trade of a dealer in women's wear, was immediately surrounded by an aura of sinister rumor. It was bruited about that he was a bad, bad gunman and really George's bodyguard. Hence, "The Killer." However, Mr. Finn recently abandoned active stooging to revert to trade, opening a dress shop on Hollywood Boulevard. And Mack Gray, now Gray, stepped into the heroic spot.

MACK, whose vocation is training fighters, knew George in the old lightweight ring days, and having a run of bad luck out on the Coast when the depression kayoed gate receipts, followed his former client into the studios. He has worked in every Raft picture. Maybe you've seen him—a tall, Ichabod Crane person. There isn't a more adhesive shadow in Hollywood. Wherever George goes, Mack is sure to be close around.

Recently they took a cross-country auto-

mobile trip together, and when they returned to Hollywood, Mack Green was Mack Gray.

George didn't care for Green—it is his pet-peeve color!

Stooges, however, are not necessarily satellites. Sometimes Hollywood endows a stooge with mysterious powers.

AFFORDING the best example of the big shot Hollywood stooge is John Barrymore's manager and perennial censor, Henry Hochener, a former school teacher, who has been Barrymore's professional protector for some years. Studios find him the formidable gate through which, and only through which, Barrymore can be reached, quoted or even observed. That's his job, and he does right well by it. His stipend is rumored to be well up in the five figure columns yearly. On occasion, he has been known to even countermand John's orders, rescind his promises and give him advice.

Advice, as a matter of fact, is one thing generally conceded to be the prerogative of a Hollywood stooge. Al Jolson says he is always asking his driver, Jimmy Donnelly, for advice, and then, like a darn fool, not taking it!

Donnelly has been Jolson's perfect stooge for almost fifteen years. On the face of things, he's Al's chauffeur, but actually he's more like a member of the family. Often Al seeks his advice on financial matters. Donnelly, by the way, has himself become a man of means, although he still prefers to be Al Jolson's stooge.

Recently, when Al was called to New York, and wife Ruby Keeler was forced to stay in Hollywood for a picture, Donnelly remained behind to look after Ruby.

When Al finally came out again for "Wonder Bar," (the screen version of "Wonder Bar") the nightly game of "hearts" was resumed. That's one duty Al requires of his stooge—to buck him in his favorite card game.

Often Hollywood stooges are picked up in the oddest places! Victor McLaglen's exotic stooge, Abdullah, hails from Mesopotamia. McLaglen found the stooge when he was the

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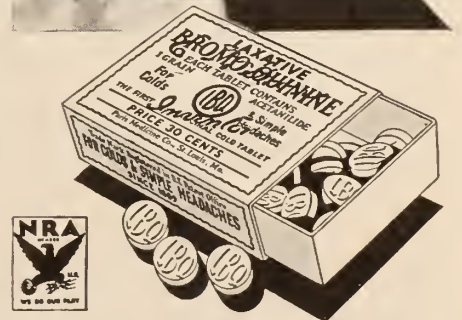
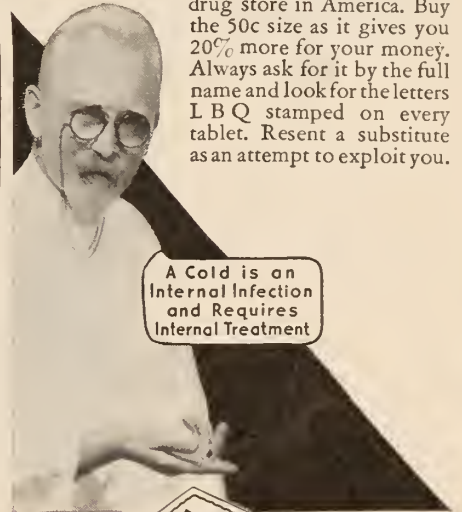
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ruler of fabulous Bagdad during the war. (McLaglen ruled the city of the Arabian Knights during five years of service for the British, you know.) Abdullah still performs the same primary duties he did in Bagdad, supplying boxing and wrestling opposition to keep Vic in trim. Besides, he's a one-man audience and severe critic of every film rôle.

Bert Wheeler found his stooge, however, much nearer home—at the entrance to the Hollywood Brown Derby where Johnny Kelly's business was opening and closing the door for movie stars, accompanying his actions with a spread-eagle grin. The grin struck Bert, who offered him a job, and now "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" is the first question Bert asks when he makes a move. For Johnny is a stand-in, valet, chauffeur, fan-mail secretary and social counsel, with a two year record of stand-out stooging to his credit.

SOMETIMES, stooges even get to look like their own particular stars. If you have been one of those embarrassed persons who has upped to John Woodward and said, "Oh, Mr. March—why—uh, I beg your pardon!" you will also remember stumbling away groping for your lost nonchalance and muttering, "But he certainly looked like Freddie!" And right you are. For a handsomer young fellow you never saw than Mr. Woodward, who came from Columbia University during one of Paramount's college talent searches, didn't click as an actor, settled down instead as secretary, stand-in and wardrobe supervisor to the star he resembles.

Richard Barthelmess' Dutch Petit is another stooge who is a dead ringer for his star.

The usual proprietary attitude of a Hollywood stooge is something which those not stooge-conscious simply are unable to fathom. It enhances the law that "only editors, kings with tapeworm—and stooges—can use 'we' and get by with it."

Marie Dressler's Mamie, her colored retainer of nineteen years' service, plans her meals and even buys Marie's clothes on occasion. She knows Marie better, as Marie has admitted, than herself. Recently, anticipating the star's return from a voyage to Honolulu, Mamie took it upon herself to plan and execute a surprise party for the homecoming Marie, who found six of her most intimate friends assembled at dinner to greet her!

Myrna Loy signs blank checks for her Mexican maid and companion, Carol, to fill out as she needs for household expenses.

And Slim Summerville inadvertently offended his faithful studio stooge, Dave, when he turned up at Slim's Laguna Beach home one evening a little the worse for wear. Slim, who was entertaining, came out to meet him and pressed some bills into his hand. But that wasn't enough. Back at Universal studios, Dave bared his wounded feelings. Slim hadn't asked him in to join the party!

THE parade of Hollywood's best known stooges winds on endlessly—Ramon Novarro's nephew and godson, Jorge Gavilan; Jack Pearl's Cliff Hall (*Sharley*), a professional stooge in its original meaning as well as personal; Tom Mix's John Agee, who is said to have owned the famous Mix string of horses, excepting Tony; Junior Laemmle's protector, Joe Torillo; Schnozzle Durante's Jack Harvey.

But of them all there is one—nameless here—who qualifies as the master stooge of Hollywood's history. Stooging for a single star was mere child's play for this artist. He multiplied his talents until it seemed that he was stooging for everyone in Hollywood. Ten or twelve stars at least proudly claimed him as stooge. But he had even greater ambitions. He wanted to serve his country in his own peculiar way.

He wanted—well, it was only discovered when this patriot tangled with the late Noble Experiment in a little business deal, and was quickly hailed before a Los Angeles night court. He was released, for the frisking of his person had revealed a photograph showing him

walking down a Los Angeles street with his arm affectionately around—of all people—a president of the United States!

Somehow, during a visit of the late Calvin Coolidge to Los Angeles, the stooge had managed to frame a freak picture of himself in a pally pose with Coolidge.

He was the president's stooge, he claimed, and the picture seemed to prove it.

Anyway, the puzzled police let him go. You don't pinch a presidential stooge.

Can a Man Love Two Women at the Same Time?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

kind's of life. I couldn't forever exchange the niceties of living for the primitive customs and be contented. But I like a little of each, in balanced proportion.

"SOME day," Gary said, a little wistfully, "before I am too old to enjoy the adventure of the thing, I want to go to India, to the jungles of South America, to Alaska. I'll always remember my trip to the African jungle a few years back. It made me realize what a marvelous place this old world really is and how much it has to offer in the way of surprises."

Gary admits that it's this ambition which keeps him going in his work. For he toes a rigid mark in the studio schedule when he's working. Up at six o'clock every morning. Into the studio by eight at the latest. Before his make-up table and into his costumes, ready for work, by nine o'clock every morning. And that, friends, is no mean task especially when you're supposed to laugh and scowl and make love and everything at that early hour.

And all the while Gary Cooper was talking, I kept thinking of the vast number of girls who have elected him their ideal screen romanticist. To phrase it in their own words, "the most wonderful lover in pictures."

I think I found one of the clues to Gary's enormous popularity, aside from the fact that he's terribly good-looking and has the build of a Greek God.

GARY has a very disarming way of looking at one. He looks directly at the person to whom he is speaking, and his clear, blue eyes never flicker for even the fraction of a moment while you are talking. Like the candor of an innocent child who is wondering what life is all about.

He has fine, strong hands, too. Artistic fingers which taper gracefully to rounded nails. The sort of hands which a palmist might say combined a fine sensitivity with a masculine, rugged practicability.

When you have just a flash of Gary's tender attitude with the one girl of his heart as I glimpsed it that morning during his telephone conversation with Sandra, I no longer doubt why Gary Cooper is the favorite screen lover of thousands of girls. And the happy part of it is that Gary seems blissfully unaware of his appeal. He'd laugh it off if you tried to convince him. And I think he'd blush like a school-boy if he knew all the complimentary things women everywhere say about him. Ask any ten girls, in any walk of life, who their favorite screen romanticist is, and nine out of ten will tell you: "Gary Cooper."

Marion Davies chose him especially to play opposite her in her latest picture "Operator 13." And Anna Sten, imported from Russia by Sam Goldwyn to be starred in future productions, was asked what screen personality she might like for "Barbary Coast," in which she is to star.

She, too, chose Gary Cooper. And that, ladies, seemed to make it unanimous.



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| Kitty Carlisle | Gail Patrick |
| Claudette Colbert | George Raft |
| Gary Cooper | Lyda Roberti |
| Buster Crabbe | Lanny Ross |
| Bing Crosby | Charlie Ruggles |
| Dorothy Dell | Randolph Scott |
| Marlene Dietrich | Sylvia Sidney |
| Frances Drake | Alison Skipworth |
| W. C. Fields | Sir Guy Standing |
| William Frawley | Kent Taylor |
| Frances Fuller | Evelyn Venable |
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| Heather Angel | Lilian Harvey |
| Low Ayres | Rochelle Hudson |
| Jane Barnes | Roger Imhof |
| Mona Barrie | Miriam Jordan |
| Warner Baxter | Victor Jory |
| Irene Bentley | Suzanne Kaaren |
| John Boles | Howard Lally |
| Clara Bow | Ralph Morgan |
| Nigel Bruce | Herbert Mudd |
| Joe Cook | George O'Brien |
| Henrietta Crosman | Pat Paterson |
| Florence Desmond | Will Rogers |
| James Dunn | Kaul Roullin |
| Sally Eilers | Wini Shaw |
| Stepin Fetchit | Sid Silvers |
| Norman Foster | Spencer Tracy |
| Preston Foster | Claire Trevor |
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| Henry Garat | Hugh Williams |

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| June Brewster | Francis Lederer |
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| Ada Cavell | Joel McCrea |
| Chick Chandler | Colleen Moore |
| Alden Chase | Ginger Rogers |
| Jean Connors | Robert Shayne |
| Frances Dee | Adele Thomas |
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| Richard Dix | Nydia Westman |
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| Sally Blane | Fay Wray |
| Constance Cummings | Loretta Young |
| Arline Judge | |

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Walter Connolly | Grace Moore |
| Donald Cook | Toshia Mori |
| Richard Cromwell | Jessie Ralph |
| Jack Holt | Gene Raymond |
| Elissa Landi | Joseph Schildkraut |
| Edmund Lowe | Ann Sothorn |
| Tim McCoy | Dorothy Tree |

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Charley Chase | Lillian Moore |
| Billy Gilbert | Billy Nelson |
| Oliver Hardy | Our Gang |
| Patsy Kelly | Nena Quartaro |
| Stan Laurel | Oliver Wakefield |
| Dorothy Layton | |

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Katherine Alexander | Isabel Jewell |
| Elizabeth Allan | Otto Kruger |
| Agnes Anderson | Myrna Loy |
| Max Baer | Ben Lyon |
| John Barrymore | Jeanette MacDonald |
| Lionel Barrymore | Mala |
| Wallace Beery | Margaret McConnell |
| Alice Brady | Florine McKinney |
| Charles Butterworth | Una Merkel |
| Mary Carlisle | Robert Montgomery |
| Ruth Channing | Polly Moran |
| Mae Clarke | Frank Morgan |
| Jackie Cooper | Karen Morley |
| Joan Crawford | Ramon Novarro |
| Marion Davies | Laurence Olivier |
| Marie Dressler | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Nelson Eddy | Earl O'Ford |
| Stuart Erwin | Jean Parker |
| Madge Evans | Jack Pearl |
| Muriel Evans | Nat Pendleton |
| Clark Gable | Esther Ralston |
| Greta Garbo | May Robson |
| C. Henry Gordon | Ruth Selwyn |
| Russell Hardie | Norma Shearer |
| Jean Harlow | Martlia Sleeper |
| Helen Hayes | Mona Smith |
| Ted Healy | Lewis Stone |
| Jean Hersholt | Franchot Tone |
| Irene Hervey | Lupe Velez |
| Phillips Holmes | Johnny Weissmuller |
| Jean Howard | Ed Wynn |
| Art Jarrett | Diana Wynyard |
| | Robert Young |

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Robert Allen | Ken Maynard |
| Vilma Banky | Chester Morris |
| Vince Barnett | Charlie Murray |
| Andy Devine | ZaSu Pitts |
| Louise Fazenda | Roger Pryor |
| Sterling Holloway | Claude Rains |
| Leila Hyams | George Sidney |
| Buck Jones | Onslow Stevens |
| Boris Karloff | Gloria Stuart |
| Jan Kiepura | Margaret Sullivan |
| Evelyn Knapp | Slim Summerville |
| June Knight | Luis Trenker |
| Paul Lukas | Alice White |
| Mabel Marden | |

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Loretta Andrews | Guy Kibbee |
| Mary Astor | Lorena Layton |
| Robert Barrat | Hal LeRoy |
| Richard Barthelmess | Margaret Lindsay |
| George Blackwood | Marjorie Lytell |
| Joan Blondell | Aline MacMahon |
| Joe E. Brown | Helen Mann |
| Lynn Browning | Frank McHugh |
| James Cagney | Adolphe Menjou |
| Hobart Cavanaugh | Jean Muir |
| Ruth Chatterton | Paul Muni |
| Ricardo Cortez | Theodore Newton |
| Bette Davis | Pat O'Brien |
| Claire Dodd | Henry O'Neill |
| Ruth Donnelly | Edwin Phillips |
| Ann Dvorak | Dick Powell |
| Patricia Ellis | William Powell |
| Glenda Farrell | Phillip Reed |
| Philip Faversham | Edward G. Robinson |
| Helen Foster | Barbara Rogers |
| Kay Francis | Kathryn Segava |
| Geraine Grear | Barbara Stanwyck |
| Hugh Herbert | Leila Talbot |
| Arthur Hohl | Lyle Terry |
| Ann Hovey | Genevieve Tobin |
| Leslie Howard | Gordon Westcott |
| Alice Jans | Renee Whitney |
| Allen Jenkins | Warren William |
| Al Jolson | Pat Wing |
| Paul Kaye | Donald Woods |
| Ruby Keeler | |

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

GEORGE M. COHAN, theatrical genius, approached PHOTOPLAY's interviewer (in mid-winter, mind you) bedecked in heavy overcoat and straw bonnet. And, of all things, made this statement: "It's up to you! Write what you think I ought to say and I'll stand for it—every word!" And he really meant it.

About Colleen Moore, then Kathleen Morrison, we said that if there's any superstition concerning different colored eyes (one of Colleen's appeared blue, the other brown), it's that the person possessing them is sure to succeed.

In an interview with John Barrymore, we described him as "the most commonplace son of fortune who ever lived. One of the few members of his profession who would never be taken for an actor." We marveled at his utter absence of affectation.

We were convinced that the third cycle of



John Barrymore

motion picture history had closed and that we stood on the threshold of the fourth.

The first period was the pioneer age. The second, the period of achievement—of world-wide recognition that the motion picture is not a "hoodlum toy," but a colossal scientific triumph of human expression. The third period was the film's wild golden age—the age of limitless expense and stupendous salaries. We were happy indeed to be living in the fourth cycle, when the motion picture must triumph as the most human of the arts.

An especially popular lady of the day was Geraldine Farrar, whose life story began in this issue. Such a favorite was she, that we also used her portrait on the cover.

The outstanding films of the month were D. W. Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life," with Lillian Gish, and Lois Weber's "Borrowed Clothes," with Mildred Harris.

10 Years Ago

"WHAT Kind of Women Attract Men Most?" That question was propounded thoroughly in our February, 1924, issue. The answer seemed unmistakably to be, "Women who possess a marked degree of personal magnetism, the quality that makes one woman stand out in a crowd. That is what stimulates an unconscious interest in men."

We advised "very man, woman and child" to see Cecil B. DeMille's latest production, "The Ten Commandments." In our review of the film, we called it "The best photoplay ever made. The greatest theatrical spectacle in history—the work of genius."

Part I of Pola Negri's autobiography appeared in this issue. Her real name is Appolonia Chalupec. When she went on the stage in 1913, she used the surname of Ada Negri, Italian poetess, and the diminutive of Appolonia, Pola.



Pola Negri

In an absorbing chapter of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," Terry Ramsaye recorded many startling events hitherto unknown to the movie public.

Our gossip columns revealed that the lovely Gloria Swanson was suffering from a case of "Klieg eyes." She was stricken while filming "The Humming Bird."

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., aboard when the Twentieth Century Limited was wrecked, helped doctors with bandages, dressings, and was of great assistance generally. They didn't know who the lad was until it was all over. We said Doug, Jr., just fourteen, was the sort we liked to think of as the "typical" American boy.

Of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," PHOTOPLAY commented: "Camera work done, the film is being edited and cut. Then—the censors!"

On the cover—Corinne Griffith.

5 Years Ago

IN OUR issue of February, 1929, we told of the meeting of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. And described in detail their wedding, which had just taken place.

We said of Nils Asther, "Because he is one of the coming young men of the screen, PHOTOPLAY presents his story. Asther studied with a great actor named Hertel, in Copenhagen. When sixteen, Nils met Mauritz Stiller, who gave him the leading rôle in his current screen production."

There was an article aptly titled, "The Hot Baby of Hollywood, otherwise Lupe Velez." When this fiery Mexican miss was most interested in giving theatricals for her sisters and the servants, she was shipped off to a convent. Later, family finances were low, and Lupe, deciding to do something about it, made her way to Hollywood and film fame.

A photo of Mary Pickford showed her hair cut quite closely at the back—a new fashion



Nils Asther

of the day. The shingle bob, as we saw it in Mary's first talkie, "Coquette."

Weddings we reported were: Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards, film director. "Bubbles" Steiffel (Betsy Lee) and Reginald Denny.

All was changed then. B. T. (before talkies) it was customary to see a group of bridge enthusiasts in one corner, someone snoring in another, and someone else reading the latest thriller, between scenes. But when talkies came in, everyone was constantly on the hop.

Eddie Nugent reported "a terrible murder afoot." He'd heard talk about making "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

Of "In Old Arizona," the first outdoor talkie to be made, we said, "The Fox Motioners have learned how to blend sound, conversation, laughter and music to produce dramatic effects."



LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

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Who's in the Dog House Now?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

and then he wisecracks his way out. Jack also manages to remain pretty steadily in a sub-rosa dog house, so far as his fellow actors are concerned, by the highly unpopular device of stealing scenes from them.

As one sufferer remarked, "Oakie would 'back up' on his own mother." And backing-up, or covering the other players in a scene, is an unforgivable offense—to another actor. All the audience sees in the situation is a lot more of Oakie!

SALLY Eilers married herself a new husband, and moved in the dog house almost simultaneously. She was scheduled to make "Jimmy and Sally" for Fox, with Jimmy Dunn. Sally didn't like the story, so out she walked. Maybe the fact that she wanted to make a picture under the supervision of her new husband, Harry Joe Brown, at Paramount, influenced her a trifle. Anyway, that is exactly what she is doing.

Amicable relations, however, have been resumed with Fox, and all is sweetness and light.

Sometimes, the dog house is a portable establishment. Wally Beery once took it with him up to the middle of June Lake in the High Sierras, and a charming spot it was for a dog house.

Wally's option came up and he wanted the advance of \$500 a week, that it called for.

The depression was on, and M-G-M said no!

They'd renew at the old figure. Then Wally happened to see an Eskimo umyak, a little canoe. W. S. Van Dyke had brought it back with him from Alaska.

It looked as if things were going to remain at loggerheads, and Wally was about ready to give in—but not for *nothing*.

He apparently forgot to be the business man in his boyish enthusiasm over the funny little boat. For he agreed to settle the dispute and come back at his old salary—if they would give him the umyak!

The umyak was worth about five dollars.

So Wally forthwith moved out of the dog house—into an Eskimo canoe.

But Wally's most spectacular sojourn in the dog house occurred around Christmas time in 1931. He flatly refused to play the German manufacturer in "Grand Hotel." For three weeks, he remained incommunicado at his home. Telegrams three pages long were dispatched to him—since he refused to answer the telephone.

Finally a telegram arrived telling him that M-G-M would take immediate action in the courts. Wally ignored that, too.

THEN Irving Thalberg, that master of diplomacy, sent him a wire. It was a warm, friendly message, in which Thalberg recounted the number of years he and Wally had been pals—he mentioned the holiday spirit, and in the friendliest fashion, asked Wally to please come to the studio and talk it over.

That turned the trick. Wally was touched, for he is genuinely fond of Thalberg. So Mr. Beery came out of the dog house—and played the part.

Margaret Sullavan, the girl who has been projected to stardom on the strength of one performance in "Only Yesterday," has built her own dog house and is trying her darndest to stay in it, with Universal attempting desperately to keep her out.

The girl, who had an unparalleled opportunity handed her on a silver platter, has pulled at cross purposes with the studio ever since her arrival in Hollywood. She was given a salary of \$1,250 a week, and an opportunity seldom equalled. But with the picture half completed, she had a run in with John Stahl,

the director, stalked off the lot, and the studio caught her just on the verge of boarding a plane for New York.

This girl is hard to figure, except that she suffers from a strange inferiority complex. In New York, she flatly turned down interviewers, and refused to admit that she was good in "Only Yesterday." But she's back in Hollywood now, hard at work—and keeping one eye on the dog house.

George Brent, according to many, is suffering with wife-advice, which has kept him in the pooch-kennel pretty consistently. He had his contract with Warners suspended, when he refused to play two rôles—one in "Mandalay" and one in "Heat Lightning." Also, he demands more salary.

KAY FRANCIS begged off "Wonder Bar." And the studio gave in because they thought she would be tied up in another production.

Then it developed that she would be finished in time—so the argument began all over again. But Kay doesn't care much for the dog house, so she came back, reluctantly.

Sylvia Sidney shook off the shackles of the dog house at Paramount a while back, when she walked out of the Chevalier picture, "The Way to Love," and went to Europe. A throat affliction endangered her health, according to Sylvia.

The studio maintained they had asked nothing unreasonable of her. Besides they couldn't see how it would benefit the sore throat to take it to Europe.

Ann Dvorak played the vacated part, Syl-



June Gale and her "steady," Hoot Gibson, were photographed at the opening of "Roman Scandals." Isn't that metallic costume June is wearing sophisticated and Oriental-looking?

via came home in due time, and an armistice was declared by all concerned.

Charles Farrell had a long-term lease on his own private canine kennel, for declining to re-sign with Fox. He wanted to be starred in his own right. For almost a year after, Charlie was given a nice, long vacation, during which he had a grand time playing polo, and almost forgot there was such a business as moving pictures. He has broken the jinx recently with "Aggie Appleby" and "Girl Without a Room."

And he's now scheduled to do another picture with Janet Gaynor.

Jack Gilbert is another who recently obtained release from a long incarceration in the durance vile colloquially known as the dog house.

We have called him "poor Jack" for the last time, however. When you see "Queen Christina," you'll know why.

Conway Tearle is practically the original dog house-keeper. He will confess with engaging frankness that he deserved it. In the days when he was "tops," Conway grew too big for his hat—and found himself ostracized from all studios in Hollywood.

AFTER that, he hit the bumps—hard ones. A year or so ago, he staged his remarkable comeback on the New York stage in "Dinner at Eight," playing the broken-down actor fighting to keep up a front.

His lesson dearly bought, Conway has returned to the scene of his former triumphs and defeats—to be signed by M-G-M.

Tearle is out of the kennel for good—and glad of it.

Bling Crosby fights for good stories and finds himself frequently occupying a small dog house for a short time. Dick Arlen likewise put up an argument for bigger and better characterizations—he was tired of playing dull people.

But Dick has really been in the dog house in a big way, with only one official on his home lot.

Dick took Joby Ralston Arlen's old dressing-room, when he went to work regularly at Paramount, several years ago. It is number thirteen, and Dick is very fond of it—and very superstitious about it.

Later on, when more dressing rooms were added, Fred Datig wanted to change the number.

The usually tractable Richard fought like a panther. Change his good-luck number? Over his dead body!

But, reasoned Datig, it doesn't make sense to have number seven, and then thirteen, and then go on to eight.

THE situation reached fever-heat—finally both contestants gave in. Datig got the number he wanted on the *outside* door—but every inside door of the three-room suite has a large *thirteen* painted on it.

Jimmy Cagney, George Raft, Dietrich and Von Sternberg, Constance Bennett, are among the many others who have languished for one reason or another in the rarified atmosphere of the pooch-pen.

Stories and salaries are the most frequent reasons for talking back and being excused from the room for a while—until everybody cools off.

Of course, Garbo is the exception. She nearly always is.

The great Greta turned the tables—and put the whole picture business in her own private dog house.

But they always come back—because dog houses are lonely, the publicity service isn't so good. And what is most unendurable of all—in most cases, dog house inhabitants don't get paid!

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown this month can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Nathaniel West. Adapted by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Toby Prentiss*, Lee Tracy; *Louise Boley*, Sally Blane; *Benny*, Sterling Holloway; *Mrs. Prentiss*, Jean Adair; *Gaskell*, Paul Harvey; *Richards*, Advertising Manager; *Matt Briggs*; *Circulation Manager*, Charles Levinson; *Miss Curtis*, Adalyn Doyle; *Kranz*, C. Henry Gordon; *Rose*, Isabel Jewell; *Cora*, Judith Wood; *Horace*, Etienne Girardot; *Miss Howell*, Ruth Fallows; *Miss Loneyhearts*, May Boley.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lewis Carroll. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Alice*, Charlotte Henry; *The Cheshire Cat*, Richard Arlen; *The Fish*, Rosco Ates; *The Gryphon*, William Austin; *White Pawn*, Billy Barty; *The Baby*, Billy Barty; *Two of Spades*, Billy Bevan; *Garden Frog*, Colin Campbell; *Father William*, Harvey Clark; *The White Knight*, Gary Cooper; *Leg of Mutton*, Jack Duffy; *1st Executioner*, Harry Ekeziar; *Uncle Gilbert*, Leon Errol; *The White Queen*, Louise Fazenda; *Humphly Dumpty*, W. C. Fields; *The King of Hearts*, Alec B. Francis; *The White Rabbit*, "Skeets" Gallagher; *3rd Executioner*, Meyer Grace; *The Mock Turtle*, Cary Grant; *Governess*, Ethel Griffies; *The Cook*, Lillian Harmer; *The Mouse*, Raymond Hatton; *The Frog*, Sterling Holloway; *The Mad Hatter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Tweedledee*, Roscoe Karns; *The Clock*, Colin Kenny; *Joker*, Baby LeRoy; *Father William's Son*, Lucien Littlefield; *The Sheep*, Mae Marsh; *Five of Spades*, Charles McNaughton; *The Dodo Bird*, Polly Moran; *Tweedledum*, Jack Oakie; *The Aunt*, Patsy O'Byrne; *The Red Queen*, Edna May Oliver; *Plum Pudding*, George Ovey; *The Queen of Hearts*, May Robson; *The March Hare*, Charlie Ruggles; *Dormouse*, Jackie Searl; *The Duchess*, Alison Skipworth; *The Caterpillar*, Ned Sparks; *Seven of Spades*, Will Stanton; *The White King*, Ford Sterling; *2nd Executioner*, Joe Torrillo; *Alice's Sister*, Jacqueline Wells.

"AS HUSBANDS GO"—FOX.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Screen play by Sonya Levien. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charles Lingard*, Warner Baxter; *Hippolitus Lomi*, Warner Oland; *Lucille Lingard*, Helen Vinson; *Eminie Sykes*, Catherine Doucet; *Ronald Derbyshire*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Jake Canon*, Frank O'Connor; *Peggy Sykes*, Eleanor Lynn; *Wilbur*, Jay Ward.

"BELOVED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Paul Gangelin. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Carl Hausmann*, John Boles; *Lucy Hausmann*, Gloria Stuart; *Baron Von Hausmann*, Albert Conti; *Baroness Von Hausmann*, Dorothy Peterson; *Eric*, Morgan Farley; *Patricia*, Ruth Hall; *Rountree*, Anderson Lawlor; *Major Tarrant* (age 10), Lester Lee; *Mrs. Tarrant*, Louise Carter; *Lord Landslake*, Holmes Herbert; *Judge Belden*, Richard Carl; *The Duchess*, Lucille Gleason; *Marie*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Briggs*, Lucille La Verne; *Mrs. O'Leary*, Mary Gordon; *Charles*, Eddie Woods; *Henry Barrows*, Oscar Apfel; *Helen Barrows*, Jane Mercer; *Yates*, Wallis Clark; *Revolutionist Leader*, Josef Swickard; *Wilcox*, James Flavin; *Mrs. Watkins*, Bessie Barriscale; *The Dancer*, Bobbe Arnst; *Charles (as a boy)*, Jimmy Butler; *Mulvaney*, Fred Kelsey; *Mr. Dietrich*, Otto Hoffman; *Eric (as a boy)*, George Ernest; *Doctor*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *Second Doctor*, King Baggot; *Tom (as a boy)*, Sherwood Bailey; *Jewish Father*, William Straus; *Laurette*, Neysa Nourse; *Alice*, Peggy Terry; *Miss Marfee*, Clara Blandick; *Countess von Brandenburg*, Margaret Mann.

"BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Sam Engles. Screen play by Rian James. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Jimmy Morrell*, Charles Farrell; *Norma*, Bette Davis; *Barnes*, Ricardo Cortez; *Lil*, Glenda Farrell; *Lefly*, Allen Jenkins; *John*, Philip Faversham; *Trigger*, Adrian Morris; *Sheffner*, Frank Reicher; *Gyp*, George Pat Collins; *Stim*, Dewey Robinson; *Spike*, Ben Hendricks; *Short*, George Cooper; *Kegan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Gardnelli*, Harold Huber.

"BIG TIME OR BUST"—TOWER PROD.—From the stage play "Excess Baggage." Dialogue by George Wallace Sayre. Directed by Sam Neufeld. The cast: *Jimmy Kane*, Regis Toomey; *Betty Roberts*, Gloria Shea; *John Hammond*, Walter Byron; *Winthrop Allen*, Edwin Maxwell; *Paddy Melon*, Charles Delaney; *Louie*, Paul Porcasi; *Lew Feld*, Nat Carr.

"BOMBAY MAIL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by L. G. Blochman. Screen play by L. G. Blochman. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Inspector Dyke*, Edmund Lowe; *Beatrice Jones*, Shirley Grey; *John Hawley*, Onslow Stevens; *William Luke-Paton*, Ralph Forbes; *Xavier*, John Davidson; *Lady Daniels*, Hedda Hopper; *Civil Surgeon*, Tom Moore; *Maritini*, John Wray; *Pundit Chundra*, Brandon Hurst; *Capt. Gerald Worthing*, Jameson Thomas; *Sir Anthony Daniels*, Ferdinand Gott-

schalk; *Dr. Maurice Lenoir*, George Renavent; *Cuthbert Neal*, Garry Owen; *Burgess*, Huntly Gordon; *Edward Breeze*, Herbert Corthell; *Maharajah of Zungore*, Walter Armitage; *Anderson*, Douglas Gerard; *Collins*, Harry Allen.

"BY CANDLELIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Seigfried Geyer. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Marie*, Elissa Landi; *Josef*, Paul Lukas; *Count Von Rommer*, Nils Asther; *Countess Von Rischenheim*, Dorothy Revier; *Count Von Rischenheim*, Lawrence Grant; *Baroness Von Ballin (Louise)*, Esther Ralston; *Baron Von Ballin*, Warburton Gamble; *Ann*, Lois January.

"CONVENTION CITY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Peter Milne. Screen play by Robert Lord. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Nancy Lorraine*, Joan Blondell; *Kent*, Adolphe Menjou; *Jerry Ford*, Dick Powell; *Arlene Dale*, Mary Astor; *George Ellerbe*, Guy Kibbee; *Will Goodwin*, Frank McHugh; *Claire Honeywell*, Patricia Ellis; *Mrs. Ellerbe*, Rutl Donnelly; *Hotstetter*, Hugh Herbert; *J. B. Honeywell*, Grant Mitchell; *Orchard*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mrs. Kent*, Sheila Terry; *Phil Lorraine*, Gordon Westcott; *Lulu*, Barbara Rogers; *Graham*, Harry C. Bradley; *Hadley*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Clerk*, Lorin Raker; *McAllister*, Samuel Hinds; *Customer*, William Burress; *Mrs. Orchard*, Virginia Howell; *Zorb*, Egon Brecher; *Travis*, Johnny Arthur; *Bootleger*, Huey White.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Elmer Rice. Screen play by Elmer Rice. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *George Simon*, John Barrymore; *Regina Gordon*, Bebe Daniels; *Cora Simon*, Doris Kenyon; *John P. Tedesco*, Onslow Stevens; *Bessie Green*, Isabel Jewell; *Roy Darwin*, Melvyn Douglas; *Lillian LaRue*, Thelma Todd; *Zedorah Chapman*, Mayo Methot; *Herbert Howard Weinberg*, Marvin Kline; *Arthur Sandler*, Conway Washburn; *Breitstein*, John Qualen; *Henry Susskind*, Bobby Gordon; *McFadden*, John Hammond Dailey; *Sarah Becker*, Malka Kornstein; *Goldie Rindskopf*, Angela Jacobs; *Lena Simon*, Clara Langsner; *Peter J. Malone*, T. H. Manning; *Francis Clark Baird*, Elmer Brown; *Dorothy*, Barbara Perry; *Richard*, Richard Quine; *David Simon*, Victor Adams; *Grayfield*, Frederick Burton; *Harry Becker*, Vincent Sherman.

"DANCING LADY"—M-G-N.—From the story by James Warner Bellah. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jarvie*, Joan Crawford; *Patch Gallagher*, Clark Gable; *Tod Newton*, Franchot Tone; *Mrs. Newton*, May Robson; *Rosette*, Winnie Lightner; *Fred Astaire*, Fred Astaire; *Ward King*, Robert Benchley; *Steve*, Ted Healy; *Vivian Warner*, Gloria Foy; *Art*, Art Jarrett; *Bradley*, Sr., Grant Mitchell; *Bradley, Jr.*, Maynard Holmes; *Nelson Eddy*, Nelson Eddy; *Stooges*, Moe Howard, Jerry Howard, Larry Fine; *Author*, Sterling Holloway.

"DARK HAZARD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by W. R. Burnett. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Ralph Block. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Jim Turner*, Edward G. Robinson; *Marge*, Genevieve Tobin; *Valerie*, Glenda Farrell; *Tex*, Robert Barrat; *Joe*, Gordon Westcott; *George*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Bright*, Sidney Toler; *Pres Barrow*, George Meeker; *Mrs. Mayhew*, Emma Dunn; *Fallen*, Willard Robertson; *Schutz*, Henry B. Walthall; *Miss Dolby*, Barbara Rogers; *Plumber*, William V. Mong; *"Soapy"* Sam Lambert, George Chandler.

"EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lew Levenson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Vic*, Wallace Ford; *Kitty*, Dorothy Tree; *Edna*, Mary Carlisle; *Lawton*, Walter Connolly; *Baxter*, Walter Byron; *Gardner*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dr. Morgan*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Lawton*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Conway*, Maude Eburne; *Cronin*, Harry Holman; *Lizzie*, Fern Emmett; *Rosie*, Bradley Page; *Miss Smythe*, Kate Campbell.

"EASY MILLIONS"—FRELIER FILM.—From the story by Edgar Franklin. Adapted by Jack Jevne. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *John Harley*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Harry Wolcott*, Johnny Arthur; *Helen Stephens*, Merna Kennedy; *Althea Wicks*, Dorothy Burgess; *John D. Wicks*, Noah Beery; *Mildred Ames*, Gay Seabrook; *Betty Kenningham*, Pauline Garon; *Aunt Faith Harley*, Ethel Wales; *Dr. Fosdyck*, Arthur Hoyt; *Wilbur Alderston*, Bert Roach; *William Potter*, Walter Long; *Simon Braisted*, Henry Roquemore; *Link*, Theodore Adams.

"EAT 'EM ALIVE"—REAL LIFE PICTURES.—Directed by Harold Austin. Photographed by Jay Turner.

"FAREWELL TO LOVE"—ASSOCIATED SOUND FILM.—From the German film "Die Singende Stadt." Directed by Carmine Gallone. The cast: *Giovanni Gavalloni*, Jan Kiepura; *Claire Winter*, Betty Stockfield; *Hon. Roddy Fielding*, Hugh Wakefield; *Car-*

mela, Heather Angel; *John Barlow*, Philip Easton; *Chi*, Francesco Maldacca.

"FRONTIER MARSHAL"—FOX.—From the novel by Stuart N. Lake. Screen play by William Conselman and Stuart Anthony. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Michael Wyatt*, George O'Brien; *Mary Reid*, Irene Bentley; *Abe Ruskin*, George E. Stone; *"Doc" Warren*, Alan Edwards; *Queenie LaFere*, Ruth Gillette; *Hiram Melton*, Berton Churchill; *Oscar Reid*, Frank Conroy; *Ben Mirchison*, Ward Bond; *Judge Walters*, Edward LeSaint; *Editor Pickett*, Russell Simpson; *Jerome*, Jerry Foster.

"GALLANT LADY"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Gilbert Emery and Douglas Doty. Screen play by Sam Mintz. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Sally*, Ann Harding; *Dan*, Clive Brook; *Phillip Lawrence*, Otto Kruger; *Mario*, Tullio Carminati; *Deedy*, Dickie Moore; *Maria*, Janet Beecher; *Cynthia*, Betty Lawford; *Mrs. Lawrence*, Ivy Merton; *Aunt*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Nurse*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Buller*, Charles Coleman.

"GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jack Lait. Screen play by Frank Butler and Claude Binyon. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Tom Duncan*, Charles Farrell; *Fergil Crook*, Charlie Ruggles; *Kay Loring*, Marguerite Churchill; *Nada*, Grace Bradley; *General*, Gregory Ratoff; *Arthur Copeland*, Walter Woolf; *Trotsky*, Leonid Snegoff; *Walksky*, Mischa Auer; *Galsky*, Leonid Kinsky; *Sitsky*, Alex Melesh; *Pierre*, August Tolaire; *Henri*, Adrian Rosley; *De Bergerac*, Perry Ivans; *Art Judge*, William P. Colvin; *Street Singer*, Sam Ash.

"HE COULDN'T TAKE IT"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Dore Scharly. Screen play by Dore Scharly and George Wagner. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jimmy Case*, Ray Walker; *Eleanor Rogers*, Virginia Cherrill; *Sammy Kohn*, George E. Stone; *Sweet Sue*, Stanley Fields; *Grace Clarice*, Dorothy Granger; *Mrs. Case*, Jane Darwell; *Nick*, Paul Porcasi; *Oakley*, Donald Douglas; *Blonde*, Astrid Allwyn; *Radio Announcer*, Franklin Parker; *Driscoll*, Jack Kennedy.

"HER SPLENDID FOLLY"—HOLLYWOOD PICTURES.—From the story by Beulah Poynter. Directed by William O'Connor. The cast: *Joan McAllister*, Lilian Bond; *Laura Gerard*, Lilian Bond; *Solomon Ginsberg*, Alexander Carr; *Wallace Morley*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Paul de Silva*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Mrs. McAllister*, Beryl Mercer; *Charlie Hemingway*, Frank Glendon; *Sally Lee*, Roberta Gale; *Anastasia*, Frances Lee.

"HOLD THE PRESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Horace McCoy. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Tim Collins*, Tim McCoy; *Edith White*, Shirley Grey; *Abbot*, Wheeler Oakman; *Frankie White*, Henry Wadsworth; *Bishop*, Oscar Apfel; *Sereno*, Bradley Page; *Abbot's Secretary*, Jack Long; *Taylor*, Samuel Hinds.

"HORSE PLAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edward Sedgwick and Ebba Havez. Screen play by H. M. Walker and Clarence Marks. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Slim Perkins*, Slim Summerville; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Angelica Wayne*, Leila Hyams; *The Duchess*, May Beatty; *Clementia*, Una O'Connor; *Uncle Percy*, David Torrence; *Philip Marley*, Cornelius Keefe; *Oswald*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Emily*, Ethel Griffies.

"IF I WERE FREE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Behold, We Live" by John Van Druten. Screen play by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Sarah Cazenove*, Irene Dunne; *Gordon Evers*, Clive Brook; *Tono Cazenove*, Nils Asther; *Hector Stribling*, Henry Stephenson; *Jewel Stribling*, Vivian Tobin; *Dame Evers*, Laura Hope Crews; *Mrs. Gill*, Tempe Pigott; *Mrs. Evers*, Lorraine MacLean.

"JIMMY AND SALLY"—FOX.—From the screen play by Paul Schofield and Marguerite Roberts. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Jimmy*, James Dunn; *Sally*, Claire Trevor; *Ralph Andrews*, Harvey Stephens; *Pola Wenski*, Lya Loy; *E. W. Marlowe*, Jed Prouty; *Shirley*, Gloria Roy; *Mary*, Alma Lloyd; *Joe*, John Arledge.

"LADY KILLER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Rosalind Shafer. Screen play by Ben Markson and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Dan*, James Cagney; *Moya*, Mae Clarke; *Duke*, Leslie Fenton; *Lois*, Margaret Lindsay; *Ramick*, Henry O'Neill; *Cowroy*, Willard Robertson; *Jones*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Pete*, Raymond Hatton; *Smiley*, Russell Hopton; *The Escort*, George Blackwood; *Williams*, William Davidson; *Mrs. Marley*, Marjorie Gateson; *Brannigan*, Robert Elliott; *Kendall*, John Marston; *Spade*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Thompson*, George Chandler.

"MASTER OF MEN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Chester Erskin and Eugene Solow. Screen

play by E. E. Paramore, Jr. and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Buck Garrett*, Jack Holt; *Kay Walling*, Fay Wray; *Grenaker*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Parker*, Walter Connolly; *Mr. Walling*, Berton Churchill.

"MR. SKITCH"—Fox.—From the story "Green Dice" by Anne Cameron. Screen play by Ralph Spence and Sonya Levien. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Mr. Skitch*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Skitch*, ZaSu Pitts; *Emily Skitch*, Rochelle Hudson; *Cohen*, Harry Green; *Harvey Denby*, Charles Starrett; *Flo*, Florence Desmond; *Cliff Merrivether*, Eugene Palette.

"RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Myles Connolly. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Henry McCarty. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Peggy*, Ann Harding; *Bob Preble*, Robert Young; *Dr. Heppling*, Nils Asther; *Lee Joyce*, Sari Maritza; *Dr. Beck*, Irving Pichel; *Mrs. Preble*, Helen Freeman; *Bunny*, Alden Chase; *Bill*, Delmar Watson; *The Dowager*, Louise Carter; *The Boy*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Eve Lane*, Patricia O'Brien; *Mr. Macy*, Howard Hickman; *Sister Elizabeth*, Thelma Hardwick.

"ROMAN SCANDALS"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by George S. Kaufman and Robert Sherwood. Adapted by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Cantor; *Olga*, Ruth Etting; *The Princess Sylvia*, Gloria Stuart; *Josephus*, David Manners; *The Empress Agrippa*, Verree Teasdale; *The Emperor Valerius*, Edward Arnold; *Majordomo*, Alan Mowbray; *Manius*, Jack Rutherford; *A Slave Girl*, Grace Poggi; *Chief of Police*, Charles C. Wilson; *Mayor*, Harry Holman; *Cooper*, Willard Robertson; *Kief*, Lee Kohlmar.

"SITTING PRETTY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Jack McGowan, S. J. Perelman and Lou Breslow. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Chick Parker*, Jack Oakie; *Pete Pendleton*, Jack Haley; *Dorothy*, Ginger Rogers; *Gloria DuVal*, Thelma Todd; *Tannenbaum*, Gregory Ratoff; *Jules Clark*, Lew Cody; *Pianist*, Harry Revel; *Buzz*, Jerry Tucker; *Song Publisher*, Mack Gordon; *Finlon*, Hale Hamilton; *George Wilson*, Walter Walker; *Norman Lubin*, Kenneth Thomson; *Director*, William Davidson; *Assistant Director*, Lee Moran. Also: Pickens Sisters, Beverly Hill Billies, Art Jarrett, Virginia Sale.

"SMOKY"—Fox.—From the story by Will James. Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Paul

Perez. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Clint*, Victor Jory; *Betty Jarvis*, Irene Bentley; *Jeff Nicks*, Frank Campeau; *Buck*, Hank Mann; *Lefty*, Leroy Mason; *Junk Man*, Leonid Snegoff; *Smoky*, Smoky; *Narrator*, Will James.

"THUNDERING HERD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham and Mary Flannery. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Tom Doane*, Randolph Scott; *Milly Fayre*, Judith Allen; *Bill Hatch*, Larry (Buster) Crabbe; *Randall Jett*, Noah Beery; *Jude Pilchuck*, Raymond Hatton; *Clark Sprague*, Harry Carey; *Joe Billings*, Monte Blue; *Mrs. Jett*, Blanche Frederici; *Pruitt*, Barton MacLane; *Andrews*, Charles McMurphy; *Old Buffalo Hunter*, Buck Connors; *Callec*, Al Bridge; *Blacksmith*, Frank Rice; *Middle West*, Dick Rush.

"WINE, WOMEN AND SONG"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Leon D'Usseau. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Frankie Arnette*, Lilyan Tashman; *Morgan Andrews*, Lew Cody; *Ray Joyce*, Matty Kemp; *Marylin Arnette*, Marjorie Moore; *Jenny Tilson*, Bobbe Arnst; *Lolly*, Esther Muir; *Photographer*, Bobby Watson; *Don*, Paul Gregory.

"WOMAN WHO DARED, THE"—WM. BERKE PROD.—From the story by C. Edward Roberts, King Glidice, Robert Webb. Adapted by Curtis Kenyon. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Mickey Martin*, Claudia Dell; *Jack Goodwin*, Monroe Owsley; *Kay Wilson*, Lola Lane; *Charlie*, Douglas Fowley; *Maywood*, Robert Elliott; *Montgomery*, Herbert Evans; *Sciato*, Matty Fain; *Jackson*, Bryant Washburn; *King*, Eddie Kane; *Mae Compton*, Esther Muir; *Phil*, Mathew Betz; *Louie*, Paul Fix; *Tom*, Sidney Bracy; *Police Captain*, Joseph Girard.

"WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Bar-ringer*, Otto Kruger; *Simmons*, Una Merkel; *Roger*, Ben Lyon; *Catherine*, Isabel Jewell; *Lester*, Roscoe Karns; *Doris*, Irene Hervey; *Tony*, C. Henry Gordon; *Worthing*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Steele*, Irene Franklin; *Molly*, Muriel Evans; *Curly*, Raymond Hatton; *Information Girl*, Jean Howard; *Paul*, Paul Hurst.

"YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the adaptation of a modernized version suggested by "The Taming of the Shrew" by Stanley Lupino. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: *Pamela Berne*, Thelma Todd; *Tom Daley*, Stanley Lupino; *Harry Berne*, John Loder; *Oliver Berne*, James Carew.



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Raquel Torres is back on home ground after a sojourn into British pictures. She played the lead in "The Red Wagon." Since her return Raquel is being seen very frequently on the arm of Stephen Ames, Adrienne's ex

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

WHEN Marion Davies wants anything, she gets it. Marion thought it would be nice if she had her own private projection room at M-G-M. So there's one being built in her dressing bungalow. It's the only one of its kind in Hollywood.

CLARK GABLE is quite a California booster. During a misplaced warm spell, someone remarked, "This is earthquake weather."

"Oh no," defended Clark, politely, "it isn't the weather that causes the earthquakes—it's the earthquakes that cause the weather!"

Now all he has to do is alibi the earthquakes!

WELL, sir, you just can't beat the philosophy of Stepin Fetchit, the colored boy who created such a stir in Hollywood a few years ago and is now back on the Fox lot for more work.

"Naw, sir," Stepin says with that slow drawl of his, "when I was heah in Hollywood b-foh you-all white people was insistin' I save muh money and puts it away in the bank like you all done done. 'Stead I bought muhself some big cars and had a swell time. Oh, I had a grand time, no mistakin'. And now I comes back and you-all who puts your money in the bank done lost it all in the panic and ain't got none anymore while I had that wonderful time to remembers. Why you-all ain't even got that good time to remember. I'm spending this time, too," he grins.

And there's no argument here. Stepin, alas, is right!

DIETRICH was first to appear in feathers, you may remember, when she wore a coque feather boa in "Shanghai Express." She is pointed to with pride by Hollywood when anyone mentions the vogue for feather trimming that has lately swept the country's cocktail bars and dance floors.

Now it's plumes, no less, curled ostrich plumes in decorative bunches on white satin, that ornament one of her most beauteous gowns in "Catherine the Great."

Designer Travis Banton admits no Dietrich picture would be complete without at least one feather-trimmed gown.

A WRITER was discussing Mae Clarke's bad luck with her the other day. "This year you broke your jaw," the writer said, "and wasn't it last year you broke your neck?"

"Oh no," said plucky little Mae, "that'll be next year."

FUNNY that little, wistful, seventeen-year-old Jean Parker should have been chosen by the very exclusive Katharine Hepburn as one of her intimates.

The friendship started during the making of "Little Women."

Jean, by the way, is regarded in Hollywood as probably the most promising of all the younger actresses, and no one will even admit that she is not destined for important triumphs. RKO-Radio evidenced their faith in her by putting

her in Dorothy Jordan's former rôle in "Wild Birds."

LITTLE Isabel Jewell, Lee Tracy's girl friend, had a heartbreaking time even getting a toehold in the movies. Nobody, it seems, wanted little Isabel. And then M-G-M signed her, after several successful bits, and now just lookee! About every studio in Hollywood is fighting for her services.

Don't ask me why, but that's just the way it is. Motto: If no one wants you, get yourself signed up somewhere and the whole world will fight to get you.

ACCORDING to her cameraman, Katharine Hepburn can change her expression more times to the minute than any other actress on

the screen. Here is the surprising explanation Katie gives for her gymnastic features: Her hair is very fine, snarly and curly. Since she was a little girl, she has always made faces in the mirror while her hair was being combed! She still does, and some of 'em are plenty weird.

THE days of Garbo's supremacy are numbered.

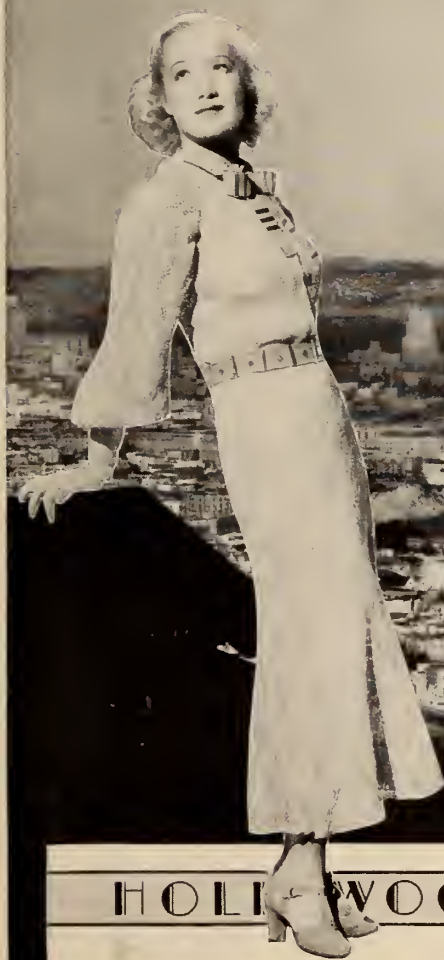
No longer may Queen Greta stand unchallenged.

Jean Muir, Warners' new find, who will play her first lead in "As the Earth Turns," and whom experts say is very, very beautiful, takes a number nine to accommodate her oversized gunboats.



The whole movie world has waited for months on end for the first screen appearance of this lady. She is Anna Sten, the Russian actress, brought to America to play the lead in "Nana." Rumor says she's a good bet

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FOX

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HER CLOUDY TEETH . . . HER TENDER GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

Can you imagine a girl's taking the trouble to find just the right hat and to give it just the right tilt—and then strolling off to a luncheon engagement in a sports coat all wrinkled from a ride in the rain?

Yet this girl's dingy teeth are just as conspicuous—and just as disappointing—as a wrinkled coat would be! They don't fit in!

Of course she brushes her teeth. As often and as carefully as you do! But she hasn't yet learned that if your gums are weak

and flabby and have a tendency to bleed, no amount of brushing your teeth will make them look their brightest!

YOUR GUMS NEED IPANA, TOO!

Those soft foods which you eat day after day can't give proper stimulation to your gums. And inactive gums soon become soft and tender. You are likely to develop "pink tooth brush."

Follow the advice of dental science: *Massage your gums.* After cleaning your

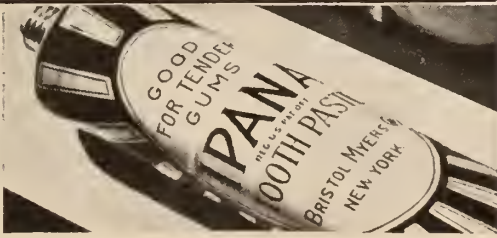
teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and rub it lightly into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana aids in toning and hardening your gums.

In avoiding "pink tooth brush," you avoid not only dull teeth—but the possibility of gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease, and other threatening gum troubles. You avoid, too, the possibility of endangering perfectly sound teeth.

Use Ipana with massage—and your teeth will be as attractive as the rest of you!

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Scotty Welbourne

JEAN MUIR looks most attractive in her black and white ensemble, with a galyac turban and gloves to match. The elbow length fur gauntlets are an interesting fashion note, but rather a warm fad, it seems, for sunny California! Jean recently finished making "As the Earth Turns," a Warner film in which she played the feminine lead

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

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Starring

AL JOLSON	KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO	DICK POWELL
RICARDO CORTEZ	HAL LEROY
FIFI D'ORSAY	GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT	KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY	ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY	HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture



The Audience Talks Back



Max Baer has become King of Hearts since movie-goers have thrilled to his performance in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Here Max is shown in a scene from the picture, with Myrna Loy and Otto Kruger (left)

THE \$25 LETTER

My day as secretary in the office of two busy doctors goes something like this—a continual rushing from one telephone to another, answering frantic calls: "No, sir, this is not the morgue." "No, madam, I wouldn't advise you to feed your two months' old baby pork and beans." Etc., etc.

Comes six o'clock. Faint buzzing in my ears. Furniture seems to be moving of its own accord. *Diagnosis*—on-coming hysteria. *Cure*—no, not pills. Quickly grabbing the evening newspaper, I turn frantically to theatrical news. Glad tidings of great joy! Now playing at my favorite theater is a movie I've been waiting long to see. What luck!

Zip! off comes my uniform. Click! out go the office lights. Bang goes the door. I'm on my way to a sure cure for the blues.

HELEN M. ANNAND, Vancouver, B. C.

THE \$10 LETTER

Pish! Then a couple of pishes! Will the human lemon drops, crab apples, and vinegar jugs of this old world transform their "contract hearts" into "concrete hearts" and stop muttering that youth is going to the bow-wows? In fact, youth is making an exit from the kennels.

Don't think the two hundred "teen types" who daily come to my classes are saving their pennies to see pictures filled with blood and thunder, sex and machine guns. No indeed, they save for such films as "Little Women" and "Alice in Wonderland."

This era of clean movies is having its effect

This month has brought a veritable avalanche of mail commending those two fine photoplays, "Little Women" and "Only Yesterday." Limited space permits our publishing but a few of these complimentary messages.

There are many new nominations for "Hollywood's Ideal Couple," as well as dozens of votes for those already named. Who are your candidates?

Several readers have expressed a desire to see the Gaynor-Farrell team together again on the screen. These folks will be pleased to know that Janet and Charlie are now at work on the film, "Sun Shines Bright."

From others come the suggestion that producers film popular operettas.

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

upon youth's taste for good literature and, if it continues, will have a marked effect upon the upward trend of American literature.

KARLA VANCE, Newark, Ohio

THE \$5 LETTER

The high school which I now attend
Is full of movie stars!
New brilliant finds, like Anna Sten.
No Barbara La Marrs!

Lee Tracy throws his arms about,
The campus knows his vim.
Mae West? She wiggles in and out
From study hall to gym.

The Barrymores? You'll find them down
In classroom *one O one*,
The way they pop their eyes and frown
Would make Schenck say, "Well done!"

Our Laughton's getting rather slim
For old King Henry's clothes.
Clark Gable? Well, we've three of him,
And eight or ten Garbos.

JIM BOOTHE, Sweetwater, Texas

MAXIE SCORES A KNOCKOUT

In "The Prizefighter and the Lady," Max Baer gave one of the best screen performances I have ever seen, and considering the fact that he is an amateur, that's saying a lot.

Otto Kruger also deserves much credit. In fact, the whole thing was superbly written, directed and acted.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

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

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

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

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

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

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

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

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

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

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

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

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

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

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie* battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

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

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CHIANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

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

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

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

STYLES
that are new!
Turn to Seymour's
famous fashions
on page 61 of this
issue for latest
designs and
accessories

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

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

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS . . .

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! . . . the Connie you've always loved—blonde and enticing . . . And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! . . . teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

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CENTURY
PICTURE

TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production...Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Brickbats & Bouquets



"She's a testimony to the triumph of Real Worth," is what one reader says about petite little Mary Pickford, Sweetheart of all America

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

If one could get a story, direction and acting as good as this in more pictures, it would be worth while visiting the movies more often.

KERMIT LASCH, Elkhorn, Wis.

AND SO DOES OTTO

Ladies and gentlemen! Did you see "The Prizefighter and the Lady," and *Otto Kruger*? What an actor! Star material of the first caliber.

J. WASSO, JR., Pen Argyl, Penna.

HEAR YE, PRODUCERS!

As the tide of time sweeps by taking romance, youth and possessions, we old folks experience much poignance and loneliness. Friends are scattered and memories dimmed.

At the movies I sit and watch the few Gay Nineties pictures there are. They seem to bring back memories of childhood. Please let's have more Gay Nineties pictures.

H. B., Los Angeles, Calif.

LEAD ON, PHOTOPLAY

The candid comments of PHOTOPLAY's capable reviewers steer me away from the "lemons" and lead me to the best that Hollywood produces.

Keep up the good work!
CLAYTON H. CHARLES JR., Milwaukee, Wis.

TO MARY PICKFORD

Though the roses are faded and falling
And the candles have guttered and died,
Though the silver is nothing but tinsel
And the tears on your cheek are scarce dried;

Though the beautiful home is in darkness
And its inmates are scattered and gone,
Though love folded his arms, like the Arabs
And fled, like the mist in the dawn;

We love you, we beg you'll believe it
We have faith that after a while
You'll come as of yore and still give us
The sweetness and charm of your smile.

FRANCES G. QUINN, Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH THE YEARS

Each day, as I drive my husband down the imposing thoroughfare that winds from the Parliament Buildings to the heart of the city's business section, I salute a tiny house.

It has known happiness. It has known sorrow. It has seen the middle-class, pleasant street change to the widest, busiest motor-driveway in town. It has just missed the wreckers many times but still it stands, dauntless, dignified, boarded-up, empty but serene—seeing changes, experiencing changes, but never cheapened by them.

It is on University Avenue, Toronto, Canada, the house where the little Canadian girl, Gladys Smith, lived before she became Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart.

The little house stands, as the magnificent Mary does, a silent testimony to the triumph of Real Worth.

RICA M. FARQUHARSON, Toronto, Canada

A PERFECT OUTLET

All of us, at one time or another, feel that everything is wrong, and we want to scream loudly, swear violently, kick doors or throw things.

It was just such a day for me when I went to see "Only Yesterday." Result—I cried quite freely throughout most of the picture. I know of no saner, safer way as an outlet for tense nerves. It soothes and calms. One's own troubles seem small in comparison.

Most women enjoy a good cry scattered along between "Footlight Parades" and "I'm No Angels."

PATRICIA ROGERS, Santa Barbara, Calif.

TRULY AN ARTIST

After having seen the marvelous drama, "Only Yesterday," starring Margaret Sul-lavan, one cannot help but love her. She is an artist; she is graceful and alluring. The story digs down deep into one's heart.

One feels like shouting to her: "Tell him who you are. Tell him how you have suffered—how you have loved him," but our better self says: "She was right; he *should* have known her."

W. M. HUNT, Montebello, Calif.

MAIN ST. ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Let's take a look at the long line of cars on Main Street on Saturday night.

Those cars are waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Farmer who are enjoying two magic hours of travel in strange lands, of laughter and of tears.

Is it any wonder that the farmer's wife, thus brought in touch with the lives and problems of the rest of the world, feels not quite so lonely now?

FRANCES GALWEY, Pasadena, Calif.

A NEW NOMINATION

I wish to cast my vote for Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg as "Hollywood's Ideal Couple."

They lead a simple, quiet life, and are fond of their home and child.

In spite of great success, they are unaffected. I believe they have found everlasting happiness.

BETTY SEAY, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE LLOYDS ARE ON TOP

Our bridge club meets once a month and, as is customary with a modern group of girls, at some time during the evening conversation turns to movie folk and Hollywood news.

At our last meeting, we decided to take time out to cast our votes for "Hollywood's Ideal Couple."

Here is the result:

- 3 for Joan Bennett and Gene Markey
- 1 for Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson
- 4 for the Fredric Marches
- 1 for the Warner Baxters
- 6 for the Harold Lloyds
- 1 for the Richard Barthelmesses

RUTH MAYER, Indianapolis, Ind.

DELICATELY BEAUTIFUL

Paramount deserves high praise for its beautiful and artistic production, "Cradle Song."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

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

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

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

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

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

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

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

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka. Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

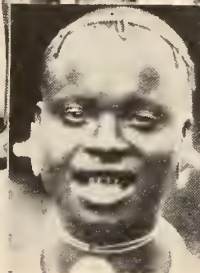
DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

How the White Man Gave the Eskimo Tooth Decay

Before the white man came, tooth decay was unknown. Now the Eskimo eats the wrong foods, doesn't clean his teeth, has civilized habits, and pays the penalty with poor teeth



An uncivilized African who files her teeth to pin points for beauty's sake.



A 17th century artist's conception of pain which might have been caused by an abscessed tooth.

(Left) The modern Eskimo after a half century of civilization's luxuries.

BEFORE he ate the soft, starchy foods of civilization, toothache was unknown to the oldest Eskimo, unless perhaps he had broken off a tooth by accident. Then the toothache of civilized races began to appear. It was found to result from common tooth decay.

Now dental science explains the cause of tooth decay in this way: Modern diet consists largely of soft, sticky foods. After eating, particles of food cling between the teeth and under the gums. Germs cause this food to spoil or decay. As food decays, acids are given off which decay or dissolve the tooth enamel. Once through enamel decay progresses rapidly until the nerve is reached and the entire tooth is undermined.

Not one person in ten thousand has teeth hard enough to resist the acids which cause decay. These acids are produced by germs. The germs live and multiply in a coating of film or *mucin plaque*, which forms on teeth. Film is tough and clings stubbornly to teeth. It catches the acid-producing germs and glues them to the tooth surfaces.

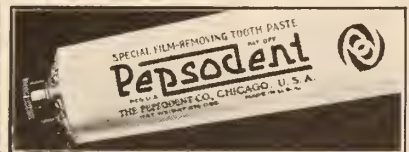
Removing film is, therefore, the

most important problem in saving teeth. Recently a notable discovery was made in the Pepsodent laboratories. It is a revolutionary cleansing material. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the New

Pepsodent and ordinary brands.

Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. Pepsodent's new material is twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes, yet it is also remarkably effective in removing film.

FREE—10-Day Tube



THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 113, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Address _____

City _____ 4364

This coupon is not good after August 31, 1934
Only one tube to a family



Send In Your Reactions



husband, beautiful siren and neglected wife parts are almost passe? Let's have more fresh, sparkling films with the vivacious Janet and heroic Charlie.

ED KESNER, Cleveland, Ohio

STAGGERING—STUPENDOUS

"Dancing Lady" towers to new heights in screen musical entertainment. A smashing parade of song hits.

Here is the Joan Crawford of old—the Crawford who stampedes the box-office. Teamed once more with Gable, Joan plays her chorus rôle with all she's got. When she dances—with Fred Astaire—well, she dances!

MRS. CHARLES TOLES,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

DANCING OFF THE POUNDS

After seeing a grand picture like "Dancing Lady," I catch myself tap dancing about my work and making the firmest resolutions to become as slender and graceful as Joan Crawford. DOROTHY CARMACK, No. Little Rock, Ark.

OPERETTAS

The lilting tunes of "Blossom Time," "Naughty Marietta," "The Chocolate Soldier," "My Maryland" and "Mademoiselle Modiste" still linger in my mind as pleasant memories. Why not bring these to the screen? Surely their oft-repeated renditions on the air attest to their eternal popularity!

May I nominate John Boles as the outstanding choice for these musicals. He proved his ability for this type of rôle by his success in the popular "Desert Song."

CATHERINE WEYANT, Philadelphia, Penna.

YES, WHO?

If you were to select *one* star from all of Hollywood's brilliant assemblage, one person

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Followers of the legitimate theater, and students of the drama viewed with considerable apprehension the prospect of seeing Martinez Sierra's exquisite play transformed into a motion picture.

"Cradle Song" was directed with a sensitiveness that is all too rare in the art of motion pictures.

As *Sister Joanna*, Dorothea Wieck more than fulfills all expectations.

F. E. BRENON, Brentwood Heights, Calif.

I had the supreme pleasure of attending Dorothea Wieck's "Cradle Song." It is the loveliest thing I have ever seen portrayed on the screen. Miss Wieck is an artist and I hope we will be favored with many pictures by her, as touching and beautiful.

MARY S., New York, N. Y.

SO SHALL IT BE

How about another Gwynor-Farrell film back to the "7th Heaven," "Street Angel" era, since drawing-room films are draggy and gay

Commendations are showering in on the dazzling, spectacular film, "Dancing Lady," and on the lovely Joan Crawford, who is teamed with lithe Fred Astaire in the brilliant dance numbers

Dorothea Wieck's delicate beauty and her dramatic talent, displayed in "Cradle Song," her first film in America, have won the hearts of motion picture audiences all over the country



On Every Film You See

whom you would want to know intimately and call your friend, who would that person be?

To me, Katharine Hepburn is all I should want in a friend. Loyal, considerate, a great personality, eager, full of warmth, a sense of humor—these and others are Katharine's attributes, which, reflected from the screen, qualify her as a true friend. She is human and real and clever—and above all sincere. What more could one ask for?

VIRGINIA WENTZ, Portland, Ore.

AS WE KNEW THEM

To those of us who have read, reread and loved "Little Women," the picture gave actuality to our inward visions of those characters.

The quieting and sweetening of tomboy Jo, portrayed by Katharine Hepburn, was one of the details that made the girls real people rather than dream girls.

Louisa M. Alcott, as well as all the girls who have loved her story, would feel that her Jo and all the March family had truly come to life.

MARJORIE VACHON, Stockton, Calif.

MUCH MORE, INDEED

"Little Women" is more than a two-handkerchief sob picture; it is life, and truth, and beauty. What if the locale and atmosphere are those of sixty years ago? The American people, for all their jazz and riotous pace, still idealize simplicity.

DANIEL MASTA, Portland, Me.

NATURALLY!

I could rave on forever about Ann Harding, who is undoubtedly the most unique type of actress on the screen today. I like everything in which she has ever played. Have just seen "The Right to Romance," which I thoroughly enjoyed.



Her low voice, her frank manner, and her naturalness endear Ann Harding to the movie-going public. Notes keep coming in about her excellent work in "The Right to Romance," with Nils Asther

One film devotee would choose as a friend Katharine Hepburn in preference to anyone else, if she were to make her selection from the vast Hollywood assemblage. What say you about it?

To me, Ann is ethereal, and her low voice is fascinating. She seems to say the right thing, in the right tone, and uses words that are plain and frank, yet the natural thing to say.

ELCY OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kansas

REFRESHING MEMORIES

This is just a word of thanks for your interesting work from a great enthusiast of your publication in far-away Poland.

I left the United States six years ago, but have not missed a single copy of PHOTOPLAY since. I like Poland very much and Warsaw is a jolly city, a sort of "petite Paris," still there are times when I long for familiar sights in Uncle Sam's country. Then I turn to the movies for comfort.

MRS. A. DRZEWIECKI, Warsaw, Poland

DON'T WORRY, WE HAVEN'T

I live in dread from one month to the next that the department "Casts of Current Photo-plays" will be discontinued. I trust you have no intention of dropping this feature.

VERNON LOWE, Los Angeles, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

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

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

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

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

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenon 1 stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

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

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

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

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

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

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

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

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

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

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—Newsreel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

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

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

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

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

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

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

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

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

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

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

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

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

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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★ **I'M NO ANGEL.**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

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

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

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

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

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

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Apple-woman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

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

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo* is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as *Jo's* sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



MUMMY, JOEY AND JENNY NEXT DOOR ARE GIVING A PARTY AND I'M INVITED

THAT'S FINE, JACKY



EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO JACKY, BUT WHY AREN'T THEY MORE FRIENDLY TO ME? WHAT MAKES THEM SO DISTANT?



MUMMY, HERE'S A STORY WITH LOTS OF PICTURES. READ IT TO ME

ALL RIGHT, JACKY. IT'S A LIFEBOUY AD. ABOUT A LITTLE BOY NAMED TEDDY AND HIS MOTHER



THAT'S A NICE STORY, MUMMY. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO FUNNY?

NOTHING, JACKY. I'M JUST.... THINKING...



...UNPOPULAR BECAUSE OF "B.O." ...CAN THAT BE MY TROUBLE? I'LL GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE



SUCH GLORIOUS LATHER AND SUCH A REFRESHED FEELING! I'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY NOW

"B.O." GONE — lots of friends now!

SHUT YOUR EYES AND GO TO SLEEP LIKE A GOOD BOY, JACKY. THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR ARE COMING OVER TO PLAY BRIDGE

OH, MUMMY, YOU HAVE SO MANY PARTIES NOW!



YOUR FACE FEELS AWFUL SOFT AND SMOOTH, MUMMY

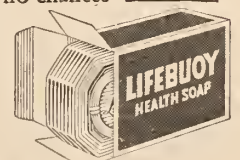


LIFEBOUY IS KEEPING MY COMPLEXION AS NICE AS YOURS, JACKY

LIFEBOUY'S creamy, searching lather coaxes out pore-deep dirt—freshens dull skins to glowing health. Its pleasant extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you that this rich, penetrating, hygienic lather purifies both face and body pores.

An ever-present danger

"B.O." (body odor) in cool weather? Yes, indeed! Summer and winter alike our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily. Take no chances with this unforgetable fault any time of year. Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy.



Take a headache for example



MAYBE YOU OVER INDULGED the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the throbbing pain. Your headache *stops*. Your nerves are calmed and soothed. At the same time you are gently steadied, cheered up. And all the while, the needed alkali is being supplied to your blood.

Before you know it, your head

clears . . . the pain is gone . . . you feel refreshed—like a new person!

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced compound* of five ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. It contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the economical family size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin.

It pays to make sure of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

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



EMERSON'S



BROMO-SELTZER

Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



Ernest A. Bachrach

THE exciting life is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s heritage, and the Fairbanks grit and vigor is evidenced in every line of his sharply chiseled profile. Young Doug has become a restless ocean hopper. He made "Catherine the Great" in London, returned to Hollywood for "Success Story," and soon may be back in London to do a picture with Fairbanks, Sr.



Russell Ball

FLORINE MCKINNEY'S gorgeous blue eyes reveal a dream and the determination to make it come true. They've been trained on the high goal of stardom ever since she set out from Fort Worth, Texas, for Hollywood in a spluttering flivver two years ago. Recently seen in "Beauty for Sale"—she has it to spare—her next is "Hollywood Party"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

DIANA WYNYARD, post-graduate of the English charm school, has been missed by American screen audiences since her appearance with John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna" some months ago. M-G-M has been shifting plans for her next vehicle, but it should not be long before this fine actress of "Cavalcade" fame is before her public again



Otto Dyar

DO you think Rosemary Ames looks like Marlene Dietrich? Many people do. Others see a resemblance to Tallulah Bankhead. Fox, however, insists she will be quite a personality in her own right, following release of her first picture, "Disillusion." Miss Ames, an Evanston, Ill., girl, made good on the London stage before Hollywood recognized her

SATIN-SOFT HANDS
PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidently on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Enchanted moments... with JEAN PARKER'S lovely, expressive hands enfolded in Tom Brown's. Scene taken from RKO's new film, "Wild Birds."

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 60c.

There is no Radio-Mall... *Continued on page 10*... *10-20 E. ST. WEAVER, N.B.C.*



Hurrell

JEAN HARLOW'S beauty lends itself superbly to studies in contrast and dramatic portraiture. All a good photographer needs is a black background, one bright light, the lovely platinum blonde for a subject—and the result is as striking a picture as ever came out of Hollywood

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

A VITAL movement is the cleaning-up of film advertising. The Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—which represent the advertising fraternity of the several major companies—have set themselves the task of barring offensive publicity.

There has been a tendency—a perfectly human one, by the way—to overstep conventional bounds in the ballyhooing of certain films. And films themselves have not been entirely above fault.

The following excerpts from a statement, prepared by the board of advertising censorship, in the Hays organization, are significant.

THE motion picture industry has resolved to clean itself up. It has resolved at the same time to modify its salesmanship and its objectionable advertising. This is because now that the industry is operating under the NRA code, being forced to recognize its tremendous responsibility to the public, it has come to realize that if the government is all powerful in its determination to modify or even to close up certain motion pictures, then the duty lies heavy on this industry so to modify its output that the criticism that is so often leveled against it may be killed at the outset—not by the powers of the government, but by the motion picture producers themselves.

IT is absurd to think that any government would allow the continuance of any industry which daily and hourly was holding up to a vast majority of our citizens ideals of conduct, ideals of moral behavior, customs of undress or habits of common morality which, if adopted by a majority of our people, would change this country of ours from a country of homes and home-loving people into a country of libidinous immoralists."

Vigorous language, perhaps, but it is a criticism of the motion picture industry from within the industry itself. And, yet, I cannot feel that the situation is quite as bad as represented. Perhaps the crusading spirit is riding just a bit too hard.

THE Will Hays organization—Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—has ordered a stop to the releasing of publicity photos that are not in good taste. There has been a flood of such

pictures and, indeed, one or more magazines have made a specialty of publishing them.

With the recent crop of musicals, filled with imitative Sally Rands and other dancers, the number of dubious publicity photos has been on the increase.

HOWEVER the great majority of the "still" photos that creep into print are not even of actual scenes from pictures. They are specially posed. But, naturally, the public does not know this.

Moreover, scores of unknown extras and bit players are induced to have their scantily clad figures reproduced in the less discriminating publications.

Hence, the Hays office ban is wholly logical and sensible.

GRETA MEYER, German actress, appearing in the film, "Let's Fall in Love," adds her bit to "what's wrong with Hollywood." She says that European actors are given a complete theatrical education, which includes everything from dancing, diction and make-up to the history of the theater.

Well, our stars may be badly trained, but what puzzles us is, why are they so much more popular on the other side of the water than the home talent there?

AND John Barrymore believes that the old school of melodrama makes actors. That sort of training nourished versatility, says John. He points to brother Lionel and Paul Muni as shining examples. He might have added that he once joined with Ethel and Lionel on a barnstorming tour. And Lewis Stone came to pictures via the hard and rocky route of a San Francisco stock company.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, in an interview, remarks that the stage "improves one's acting immeasurably." Well, probably few will quarrel with that statement. Hollywood's raids on Broadway theaters would indicate screen producers share that opinion.

Going back to Greta Meyer's comment, it would appear that Europeans lay emphasis on preliminary training, Americans on actual experience. I incline toward the American method.

WHAT does an American movie star do when she is presented to the Prince of Wales?

What would *you* do?

If you didn't do just the approved thing, very probably you would stir up no end of commotion and comment, just as Greta Nissen did recently.

We're going to let you in on an interesting letter written by Greta to a friend in Hollywood.

"IT was all a very stiff and formal affair," says Greta, "and the English ladies curtsied deeply upon the arrival of the prince. I, for one, did not curtsy; being a foreigner, I did not feel I had to—but as I was the only one in the whole room who did not, it stirred up quite a commotion."

So we gather from Greta's letter that the best thing to do when you meet a prince is to say, "How do you do?" Leaving the nip-ups to the home talent.

IF your boy or girl gets into the movies, that proves it is brighter than the average child. Miss Lois Horne, school-teacher on the Warner Brothers lot, has made that discovery. The quotient 100 is used as the basis of the average child's intelligence. Miss Horne finds that studio children rate a quotient of 109. She bases her report on her work with 5617 youngsters she has taught on picture lots.

GEORGE RAFT was resting on the set of "Bolero," between shots of his famous tango with Carole Lombard.

"All right, George," the assistant director called, "get ready for rehearsal."

"Why rehearse again?" asked George. "Let's do it."

"Yes," snapped up Mack Gray, the Raft shadow, who hasn't one thing to do with the dance or the picture, "we want to do it while we feel in the mood. We don't want to rehearse around all day. We're in the mood to shoot it."

SHORT subjects are popular. In fact, the motion picture industry grew up on that fare. In 1910, for example, recklessly extravagant purveyors of screen entertainment were giving as many as six films (each a separate subject) for a nickel.

Some patrons didn't like the two-reelers when they first appeared. And managers of the local houses heard about that.

Today, New York City has theaters which show only newsreels and other short subjects. Of course, Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies, or other cartoons, are part of the program.

IN practically every picture theater in the land, "shorts" fill out the bill. They are, as one producer has long announced on the screen in connection with

his particular offering, "The Spice of the Program."

The books of one major studio are said to show that these little films constitute twenty-five per cent of the profits of the corporation. Yet aside from those in which such famous personalities as Laurel and Hardy, and Mickey Mouse, appear, the studios seldom publicize these tidbits.

Surely, what is good enough for the public to accept is good enough to advertise.

THE critics mostly say that they were disappointed in Hepburn's acting in the stage play, "The Lake." But if Sarah Bernhardt or Eleanor Duse had won her reputation first in pictures and then had come to Broadway, the critics would have been disappointed in them, too.

The screen is the land of true fantasy. Those who continue to call stage dramatics an art and motion pictures an industry may choke on that statement. Yet every person that is flashed on the screen—even though he be but a bit player—takes on an importance and an interest out of all proportion to reality. And when Katharine Hepburn returns to Broadway, fresh from such astounding triumphs as "Morning Glory" and "Little Women," critics are likely to note the absence of the screen halo.

A goddess in the flesh, looking very human in make-up behind the footlights, can never radiate quite such glamour as when sitting, aloof, on Mount Olympus.

COLUMBIA is now, most definitely, in the major league. There's a score of familiar names—including some famous ones—on their roster.

Some, as John Barrymore, are signed for one picture; others for several. Claudette Colbert will do three a year. Gene Raymond has a three-picture arrangement. As has also Elissa Landi.

AND read this list of names: Marian Nixon, William Gargan, Edmund Lowe, Ann Sothorn, Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Jack Holt, Grace Moore and Joseph Schildkraut, Richard Cromwell, Walter Connolly, Tim McCoy.

President Harry Cohn of Columbia has, in a remarkably brief time, brought his company right up to the front.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy from the slums of New York, who went away, one summer, to a Fresh Air Camp. And it was cool one night, so the little boy crept out and stole the two blankets off the little boy in the next tent. And the Camp Master talked so kindly and reasonably to the little blanket-pilferer, that the next night he stole only *one* blanket!

The little boy was Eddie Cantor, and his companion was Walter Winchell.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

Day-Dreams come True for Joan . . . with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!



2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the

searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copr. 1932 Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



Garbo's amazing personality has kept her high upon the throne, worshipped by millions, for over a period of seven years. Will her reign continue?

IS IT GARBO

FOR over seven years Garbo has sat on her throne, aloof, inaccessible, and mysterious as the dwelling place of deity itself.

For over seven years her keen rapier of a hypnotizing screen personality has been sufficient to ward off any ambitious usurper.

But today Katharine Hepburn, wielding a smashing, shattering mace of sheer dramatic genius, through a short campaign of little more than a year's great acting, stands challenging at the very portals of that heretofore secure citadel.

Will she eventually overcome Garbo and wrest from her the coveted perch by virtue of her genius, or will Garbo remain invulnerable through her inexplicable, universally appealing "something," her fascination which has conquered everyone from the country plowboy to the cosmopolite—from the miner's wife to the millionairess?

Which one is destined eventually to triumph—and rule?

Katharine Hepburn is probably the greatest actress ever to come to Hollywood. She has proved beyond doubt (and there were plenty of early doubts, including her own) that she can throw herself completely into a characterization until she is the person she portrays. There were skeptics after "A Bill of

Divorcement," and more after "Christopher Strong," but most of them capitulated with "Morning Glory." "Little Women" thoroughly clinched the argument.

And so, although her first sensation was a controversial sensation, her latest has amounted to universal capitulation. Capitulation to her genius.

But can acting genius alone secure for her and hold for her the supreme place on the screen? Can it overcome the mysterious but recognized force that is Garbo's?

Hollywood history says no.

BUT then, to repeat, Hollywood has never seen anything like Katharine Hepburn.

It had never seen anything like Garbo. It has never seen anything like Garbo since. Never seen such a matchless personality.

And, heretofore, personality has been the precious metal from which movie idols have been molded. The greatest, the most enduring screen personalities have never completely lost themselves in their rôles. They have not been able to, and still remain screen idols. Even such a finished dramatist as George Arliss remains George Arliss, whether in the screen guise of *Disraeli*, *Voltaire* or *The Rajah* in "The Green



OR HEPBURN?

Hepburn's acting ability marks her as one of the finest artists that ever came to Hollywood. Is genius alone sufficient to make her a monarch?

One rules with personality,
the other with artistry—
but only one can be queen

By Kirtley Baskette

Goddess.' The incomparable Barrymores remain Barrymores, with distinct Barrymore gestures, inflections and mannerisms, although able to create the feeling somehow that no one but a Barrymore could have possibly played that particular rôle. And so it is with every great screen idol—Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Chevalier, Dietrich, Harlow—on down the list.

There are even great actors who consistently out-act the stars in so-called "character rôles," big and little rôles. Walter Huston, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger, May Robson. But they don't become screen idols.

Personality—Garbo has it, if you can limit her esoteric

charm to such a commonplace word. Personality on the screen and off. Enough to create and maintain a legend. Enough to weave about her a magic spell of mystery, which continues to intrigue everyone because it is genuine, though impossible to identify or touch.

Off the screen, Katharine Hepburn has apparently attempted to construct such a legend of mystery, but that "something" is absent, and instead of effectiveness, it has resulted in downright craziness. Her off-stage mysteriousness (and this is not debunking, because it's common knowledge to Hollywood) evaporated quickly, exposing pranks resembling those of a schoolgirl putting on an act.

THE exotic lady from Sweden could do it, but not the madcap from Bryn Mawr.

Hepburn simply can't be consistent in her oddities.

On her arrival in Hollywood she begged for seclusion and privacy, but her outfits were enough to stop the proverbial clock. She wanted to slip creepie-mousie around Hollywood but she rented a spectacular foreign-made car to do it in, and rode with her feet cocked up on the back of the front seat! She wanted to be left alone—so alone—but she insisted on standing in the middle of RKO-Radio's streets, or sitting in a



busy studio doorway, to read her mail.

She went around the lot carrying a white monkey, which she tied to the desks of people she wanted to plague. She gambled with the publicity department whether she would grant an interview or not. She shooed photographers away one minute and then took it "big" with a wide grin for them the next.

She took an almost pathological delight in allowing the wildest tales to be broadcast about her, without denial. She was supposed to have several million dollars as a rich New York heiress; she was also terribly poor. She was the mother of several children from her different marriages; she had never even been in love. She was this and she was that.

The thing wasn't a mystery. It was a gag. And gags are old stuff to Hollywood.

CONTRAST this (and you can't compare Hepburn and Garbo on one single point—you have to contrast them) with the actual mystery which surrounds Garbo even today, after her long years under Hollywood's searching microscope.

At her own studio no one knows anything about her. Outside of one or two very close friends, no one in the whole town has any faint inkling of what she does, or why, after her old-fashioned limousine rolls out of the gates. Most of the M-G-M employees have never even glimpsed her. Other top notch M-G-M stars are barred from her set. She is the lady no one knows, and she is the real McCoy.

She is not just odd, she is

individual, to the nth degree. Strikingly individual. Her coat, turned up at the collar, her long "Garbo bob," her mannish skirts and rough clothes when they were first aired were undeniably hers. They suited her. They were odd, but they fitted. She offered no apologies for her eccentricities. Her sphinx-like silence might have been calculated, but it was effective. If her personal myth was a myth, and an act, which is very questionable, it has grown into a reality—at least an accepted myth, which is the next thing.

THE point is that off the screen Garbo makes them like it and Hepburn makes them laugh. There's a lot of difference.

But on the screen—the difference has narrowed down to a very thin margin indeed.

Each captivates, devastates in an entirely different manner, but each does captivate, and each does completely devastate.

Garbo does so *because* she is Garbo, and Hepburn does so *in spite* of Hepburn.

There is no argument about the fact that Hepburn was an unknown quantity, even after "A Bill of Divorcement." To some audiences she was actually antipathetic. They didn't like her. Her voice grated, her manners were too positive, too masculine, too rough. Her personality, mainly, was what they were criticizing.

Now we have the astounding situation (very possibly the first time in the history of the screen) where an actress has swept everything [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Hepburn's artistry makes her rôles great. In the above scene from "Trigger," the movement of her hands, the attitude of her body, her facial expression, give the scene reality. She is an actress, expertly playing her part. With Garbo, it is the force of her own powerful personality that makes her pictures great. Below, the moment in "Queen Christina" is made dramatic because of Garbo's hypnotic presence, rather than because of acting technique



Only Al Wanted to Play

The amazing story
of the making of
"Wonder Bar"

By William
F. French



Dolores Del Rio and Al Jolson are quite distressed about Mr. Cortez! But Ric, and some others in the cast, would just as soon be carried off the set and never come back

IT'S a gay set—a scene that delighted jaded Broadway some three years ago—now being reproduced in thrice its original splendor. A great room, the center of which is a glass-like dance floor, circled by a hundred brightly lighted tables, sporting a brilliant floor show, a teasing, tempting orchestra—with Al Jolson strutting his stuff before the gorgeously gowned Dolores Del Rio.

All about us are beautiful women. We hear the rustle of silk, the clink of glasses and the restless rhythm of youth and pleasure.

Close to the camera Director Lloyd Bacon is stretched out in his canvas chair, hat jammed down over his eyes.

Facing him, their backs to the famous "Wonder Bar," which extends along the far wall, sit Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell. They are joined by the grinning Al and the smiling Dolores. All five raise their glasses to a toast.

Happy, happy set!

"Click," goes the still camera. The players at the bar change their pose—and that is not all. Kay shrugs,



Dick Powell tried every way to get out of the picture, and couldn't. So Dick sings the part assigned him and good-naturedly takes the crumbs that fall his way

glances about her and settles back with queenly indifference. Ricardo's toothful smile straightens into a thin, hard line and friendly Dick Powell grins sheepishly at his director.

Meanwhile Al Jolson edges a little forward in the center of the group and Dolores keeps discreetly silent. The almost inevitable friendly repartee that follows a shot is strangely missing.

"Just one big, happy family," I suggested to Director Bacon.

"Yeah," he returned, drily.

"But we are going to get a good picture out of this."

And there was more than just prophecy in his words—as the amount of night work the players did on the production and final results prove.



In "Wonder Bar" Jolson keeps the spotlight. The lovely lady, of course, is Kay Francis.

Bacon happens to be the kind of director who backs his bagful of tricks with a bull-dog grip; which wasn't a bad asset in the making of "Wonder Bar," with Jolson intimating a walk-out if he didn't get his own way, and Kay Francis expressing a queenly hauteur, and Ricardo Cortez' smile assuming knife-like sharpness—and with even Dick Powell besieging the office with demands for his release from the picture.

But why? And why did the cheers of Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda and other members of the cast assume the resonance of the well-known raspberry?

For the simple reason that no one on the lot wanted to play in the picture and practically everybody in the cast was dragged in. In fact, it was the grandest little shanghaiing act ever

staged in Hollywood; which is saying a great deal. With the exception of Dolores Del Rio, whom Jolson personally picked and who has the juiciest part, outside of Al's own, every player in the picture came to work in handcuffs, so to speak.

The general complaint? Bad parts—or bits, as some of the players claim. That, and Al's alleged inclination to go into a huddle with the camera too frequently.

Without doubt, it is difficult for a stage star who used to carry his own show almost single-handed not to hog scenes—but you can't bat all the time in the big league. The other players have to be let in on a little teamwork—especially if they happen to be featured players and stars.



Photo by Charles Rhodes

While atop a camera crane, Busby Berkeley skilfully directs the lavish dance spectacle

To use Guy Kibbee's words: "It's no fun wearing the uniform if the other fellow's the whole band."

The grievance, however, is deeper than just that—for none of the players selected felt they had parts that did them justice. They were not all as nimble in dodging the call as was Warren William, who, upon being informed that he was nominated for one of the parts, merely raised his eyebrows—and took a little trip to New York. There was nothing Warren would rather do than play Kay's husband, but—er—not in "Wonder Bar."

Kay, meanwhile, had been told a little fairy story about the really charming part which was being re-written for her, and which Mr. Jolson was going to have built up big. Al, you know, happened to own the story—the picture being made from his

New York show of the same name, which had a moderate run.

"I didn't like the part the first time it was suggested to me," explains Kay, "and after I got the script I liked it less. In the first place, there was really no part there for me at all. Just a bit—nothing more. It was a part any one of twenty girls on the set could play just as well as I.

"Naturally, I told them I didn't want to do it. They insisted—and I had to play it even though it was not re-written into anything.

"No actress likes to play an insignificant part—especially if it has no place in the script and could be cut out entirely without hurting the story—but it is not the mere playing of a small bit that I resent in this instance. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

DID you ever wonder about those eye-filling gowns worn by the movie queens of Hollywood? Those sleek and shiny ones, those ruffled and puffy ones, those glamorous and seductive ones? Whence they come? And how and when and why?

Well, you can bet your bottom dollar on one thing. They didn't just happen like Topsy. They're the result, those gorgeous clothes of the screen stars, of long weary hours of fitting. Of standing on one foot. And then the other. And possibly the head before it's all over.

Those fitting room walls! Oh boy, oh boy! What they could tell if they could talk! Those studio designers! What they could tell a waiting world! And won't, drat 'em! Except—

Well, it seems Carole Lombard was working on one lot, and going over to Paramount to have her clothes made by her favorite designer, Travis Banton.

And the minute Carole left the front door, all the little dressmakers and fitters and cutters began flying about like mad, getting out the Lombard frocks. They knew she was on her way, for that loud, screeching sound

that any ordinary citizen calmly dismisses as a fire siren in full blast, was just Carole preparing to enthuse over Banton's newest creation.

Up the stairs to the fitting room, she bounded.

Still screeching and still screaming. "Travis, get the beaded dinner majigg ready, I'm on my way." As if everyone within two miles didn't know it already.

The beaded dinner majigg was brought out. "Travis," the squeals grew wilder, "it's gorgeous. It's gr-rand—oh—I—Travis—"

The fringed negligée was next.

The screaming increased. The fitters, practically deafened and, by this time, almost as hysterical as Carole, flew madly about. Everything from an unusual scarf to a bit of lace, became another reason for wild bedlam.

Well, by the time it was over and Carole was blithely on her way, the fitters were prostrate, while Banton held his throbbing, aching head in the water cooler.

BUT do they love it? And do they purposely design the loveliest of all clothes for the enthusiastic, to say nothing of the slightly feverish approval, of Carole?

Hopkins, little Miriam, of course, sends everyone screaming for the nerve tonic by the time she appears. By the time Miriam is through, at least four fitters and one tailor are seized with the heebie jeebies and can't stop twittering like birdies or something.

It's quite awful.

There she stands. A tiny little blonde honey.

"Travis, it's lovely. But here at the hem—" the fitters spring to the hem—"the sleeve is too loose"—they spring to the sleeve—"the seam—the hem—oh, I love the neckline—the back is too low"—they leap to the back—"the jacket is"—they leap jacketward—"the belt"—well, when it's over, the



"Stop!" Norma cried, when the green dye bath was finally ready. "Maybe white is best after all. Or do you think the green, or maybe—" In the end, the gown was water-melon pink. And Norma, looking very charming in the color, wished she had decided on blue. Or maybe green

Fitting Room

Rip, sew and gossip
—there are screams
and jitters when the
stars try on clothes!

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

leaping fitters go leaping about the studio like kangaroos, jabbing pins into people and things. Miriam has the dress on upside down, one leg through an armhole, the other through the neckline. The jacket is now a train and Banton a bewildered maniac.

And Miriam loves it. Adores it. Upside down or not. Leg in armhole or not in armhole.

She thinks it's too elegant. And that always helps.

But Dietrich. Now we're going to let you in on something very special. That glamour, that allure, that—whatever the heck it is—is manufactured right in Travis Banton's fitting-room. Made, mind you, like so many washing machines, and isn't that "sumpin'."

Remember the knock-'em-dead coque feathered turban she wore in "Shanghai Express?" And the fasci-

nating nose veil that accompanied it?

Let me tell you about that. Feather by feather, that glamorous headpiece came to life. One feather was added near the left eyebrow. It was surveyed by Marlene, by Banton, by the fitter, by the

tailors and, last but not least, by Joey Von Sternberg himself. It should be, maybe, just a sixteenth of an inch to the right, someone would suggest. So the feather was placed one sixteenth of an inch to the right and again it was previewed enmasse by the anxious audience.

After something like two and one half days on one feather, another would be added with the same performance all over again. After four weeks, three days, seven hours and three-and-one-half minutes, all the feathers were placed at their most alluring, provocative angle, and everyone was ready for the nose veil.

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Clarence Sinclair Bull

IT took lots of persuasion to get Otto Kruger off Broadway into movies. But once there, he made up for lost time! Kruger played leading rôles in six pictures during 1933—his first year in Hollywood. His next is the movie version of "Men in White"

Little Girl, Don't Cry!

Hollywood deals harshly with wild-eyed youngsters who want to be slinky heroines

By *Jeanne Hayes*

IF you've ever seen a dream walking, it's little Mary Carlisle, as sure as you live. Mary with those China blue eyes, round apple dumpling cheeks, a little nose that turns slightly up, and hair two shades off the gold standard.

All of which is just too bad for Mary. For looking like a doll is about the worst thing that can happen to any little girl within whose girlish bosom yearneth the desire to be-eth a great, heaving, husky-voiced, slinky-limbed heroine. For Mary will dimple in the comicest places and giggle at the wrong times.

"And what chance have I," Mary says, "when people keep calling me 'Dolly'? I'll bet no one ever called Garbo, 'Garby.'"

Seriously though, and no kidding, it is something to think about.

For here's this swell little kid with a marked degree of talent, a tremendous capacity for taking it on the chin, a willingness to work, and, to top it all off, a burning, seething, flaming ambition. And she has to look like that. Dimples in her knees and an ache in her heart.

RIGHT now, of course, it's cute. That roly-poly business and the little girl giggle. But Mary is going to be a big girl any day now. Mary is nearly twenty-two. Mary will just have to grow up.

So little girl, what now?

Yousee, Mary could never be happy off a motion picture lot. It's all she's ever really known since she was fifteen. It has taken the place of those fudge party, pillow-fighting days of boarding school. Where those lasting, undying friendships are formed. It's taken the place of the wild excitement of a college dance. The whispering and sweet romancing of a girl in school. It's the only school so many of these little girls of the screen ever know. And it's why they are never happy in a world outside motion pictures, once they've had the slightest taste of it. I've seen them. Other wide-eyed little blondes of the screen who have come and gone. And then stood, pitifully unhappy little girls for the rest of their lives, outside looking in. You could name a round half dozen of them yourself, off hand.

Striving, weeping, dying within. Youth, happiness, everything hopelessly lost in the struggle, that grows harder and harder with the Hepburns, the Garbos, the Dietrichs, taking their places in the sun.

Brave, gallant little lost girls of the screen.

Pitiful, isn't it?

And so we look at Mary, her yellow curls bobbing, her giggles echoing up and down the studio lot, meeting all rebuffs and disappointments like the

Dimples in her knees, an ache in her heart! Mary Carlisle can't forget her ambitions—not even while dancing with Bing Crosby in "College Humor"

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THEY, TOO, WERE



Ralph Graves, once a movie hero, is now a writer. This picture was taken after he married the late Marjorie Seaman, left. The other lady is Colleen Moore

WHEN Clara Kimball Young was discovered recently living in a shabby, four-family flat in Los Angeles, financially pressed for the necessities of comfortable existence, Hollywood shuddered when it recalled the Clara Kimball Young of only yesterday.

Then she was the magnificent star whose city estate was one of the show places of Los Angeles. Then she was the best dressed actress in Hollywood, whose \$50,000 chinchilla coat established a legend of sartorial splendor.

It seemed that Clara had suddenly been harshly dealt with by life, by the Fates of Hollywood who spin destinies with small regard for feelings. But, of course, it wasn't sudden at all—just seemingly to Hollywood, which is so busy with exciting affairs of the moment that it hasn't time to look back very often.

Someone outside of Hollywood had to tell Hollywood about Clara Kimball Young. From that she got her first screen job in many, many months—the part of Jackie Coogan's mother in Jackie's film comeback. It was a job she needed badly.

It is at times like this that Hollywood,

startled into semi-shame at its own forgetfulness, looks around to check up on the lost legion of stars that were. At such times when a player, whose name once was a toast and still is a tradition, bobs up shorn of the glittering robes of stardom.

True, some of those who tasted glory are doing well enough in careers far removed from greasepaint. Others are having a hard, heart-breaking time of it, trying to stay in the profession which remains their very life's blood. Some have new philosophies—others live in the past. But all prove that Fate, where careers are concerned, plays few favorites in Hollywood.

Fifteen years or so ago, the biggest star on the Universal lot was pretty Ella Hall, still remembered for the film, "Jewel."

Today, Ella Hall is a saleswoman at the most exclusive women's dress shop on Hollywood Boulevard. And she's a very good one, too—so good that all the stars' trade contacts are in her charge.

Ella was said to have been in love with Director Robert Leonard, but vivacious Mae Murray, coming out from the "Follies" stole him away.



Clara Kimball Young, at one time most glamorous of stars, was recently discovered in a shabby Los Angeles flat. The old fellow receiving the drink is George Fawcett, once famous for his grumpy rôles

STARS

Read the roll of famous names of other days. What do we find these folk doing now?

By *Kirtley
Baskette*

So Ella married Emory Johnson, an actor-director, who failed of complete success. When their children needed additional support, she took a job behind the counter and made good.

When Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher opened their new dress shop in Westwood Village, they wanted Ella to take charge of it. But her employer wouldn't let her go. She was too valuable. She was reckoned a star again—but this time a star saleswoman.

Business always has attracted stars to whom the screen seemed to offer nothing



Francis X. Bushman was idolized, and all women envied Beverly Bayne. But when he offered to marry any woman who could support him, no one took him up



Many will never forget Milton Sills and Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Her movie days over, Katherine went into the cosmetic business. Sills died in 1930, after a heart attack

further. Some have developed latent trade talent and achieved success. To others, the venture has meant the loss of what financial security they had left.

Kathleen Clifford, "Pretty Kitty" Clifford, who at one time was Hollywood's most beautiful blonde ingénue and, later, leading lady, started and operated a chain of florist establishments in Hollywood and Beverly Hills until the depression came along and forced her to give them up. Now she runs a beauty shop, a more modest business, but one which she is making yield her a living.

Katherine MacDonald, the stately "American Beauty," whom President Woodrow Wilson nominated as his favorite of all screen stars, launched her own cosmetic shop with some success, while Florence Lawrence, the famous old "Biograph Girl," who was the biggest star of the biggest company of its day—even before Mary Pickford had ascended to her throne—failed not long ago in a beauty salon venture. Now she lives in an obscure section of Hollywood, completely out of the scintillating world.



Dorothy Davenport Reid was a big star when her much more famous husband, the late Wallace Reid, was doing bit parts. As he ascended in the movie firmament, she retired to the real life rôle of wife and mother, but, upon his death, emerged again. With the substantial means left by Wally she added to her personal fortune, but made the mistake which has spelled ruin for more than one star. She turned producer and took heavy losses, which ate up her fortune, and forced her to make a living managing an apartment house in which she had a half-interest.

Of late, her ambition has been to mold the screen career of Wally Reid, Jr.; and as for herself, she has fought back to a place in Hollywood as a scenarist and director, recently directing "The Woman Condemned" for Willis Kent, an independent producer.

YOU recall how Charlie Ray lost a large fortune producing "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The "Ince wonder boy," who had a tremendous following as America's country cousin, had suddenly gone sophisticate, donned tails and a top hat—and failed. He tried again and again. Several times during the past few years he has attempted a feeble comeback, but Hollywood has turned a cold shoulder in his direction. Vaudeville engagements keep him alive, although every year a rumor trickles through that Charlie is about to stage a comeback. Now no one even believes the rumor.

But even before Charlie had definitely arrived as a star, Monroe Salisbury was devastating hearts as the screen's perfect lover. Marguerite Clark sought him for her leading man in several of her pictures, and Marguerite Clark, you will remember, was running right along-side of Mary Pickford.

Today, Monroe is night clerk at the Warner-Kelton hotel in Hollywood (owned by Pert's folks) and at one time had an interest in the place, while Marguerite, retired for many years, is the wife of a wealthy New Orleans man, and her Southern mansion with its carved glass door on magnolia-scented St. Charles Street has few things in it to remind her of her star days.

Marguerite Clark was the sweet, nice girl of those early days,

Raymond Griffith (center) was a favorite in pre-talkie days. His inaudible voice hurtled him from top-rank. Now he is Zanuck's ace writer at 20th Century

but the wicked vampire, the sensuous siren, was Louise Glaum, another Thomas Ince star who scored a sensation in a sticky picture called "Sweetheart of the Doomed."

Luring men to their downfall was her forte for the camera then, but today it's luring customers to the box-office, for Louise with her husband operates a movie theater in National City, California, not far removed from the honky-tonks of Tia Juana.

They don't make much money, because there aren't very many people in National City, but there, where Louise is said to be happy and healthy, there isn't the tragedy of hanging on when the crowd has passed by.

Perhaps the most pathetic side of Hollywood is presented by those who stand in the extra lines and sit on the set watching new stars receive the adulation—the attention that once went to them. Ethel Clayton has stayed in Hollywood, turning to the studios when bad fortune overtook her. Can a star of her former importance relish the tiny bits she must play?

Recently, on the set of "Bolero" at Paramount, Elinor Fair, the beautiful girl who played with Bill Boyd in the memorable "Volga Boatman" and then married him, and Julianne Johnston, once Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady, sat practically unnoticed in their extra-bit capacities while Carole Lombard and George Raft held the spotlight they used to know.

Mae Busch, Mary MacLaren,
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Today, Francis Ford works as extra, when he gets a part, and watches others in leads he used to play



JANET GAYNOR goes Southern and turns back the years in "Carolina." The photographer caught her in one of her most demure moments, resting on the studio set and looking very charmingly old-fashioned. Yes, suh, her new rôle, with its rustle of silk and romantic appeal, should be highly pleasing to Miss Gaynor's enormous personal following



Ernest A. Bachrach

MY darling, what is the matter?" Robert Young seems to be trying to administer tender solace to Katharine Hepburn in her sadness. This scene is from Katie's latest photoplay, "Trigger," the story of a girl of the Kaintuck mountains

THIS scene from "As the Earth Turns" is laid in New England's countryside, and Donald Woods—you've heard of him on New York's stage—makes a pretty picture of ingenuous love with gray-eyed Jean Muir, the farmer's daughter



Scotty Welbourne



MY, my, how those Continental lads can make love to pretty American girls and how pretty American girls can respond! At any rate, Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are having a very delightful time in "The Cat and the Fiddle"

CAN she believe him? Well, Claudette Colbert looks as though she does. Take that dreamy expression in her dark, French eyes! And Clark Gable turns to see if his wooing is going over. You'll find out in "It Happened One Night"





Ernest A. Bachrach

THIS striking suit of silver lame accentuates the loveliness of Irene Dunne, now to be seen in "Transient Love." In private life Irene is the star of a "long distance" marriage. Her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, is a New York dentist. One or the other is always on the jump between Hollywood and New York. Absence seems to whet their fondness



By Ruth
Rankin

He won't act in a play that's "written for him." Don't try to "type" him. It can't be done

What's This Muni Mystery?

NOW some are calling Paul Muni the "Garbo man" of Hollywood. A legend has been built around him—a legend of temperament and aloofness that would establish him as the masculine counterpart of the esoteric Greta.

His independence occasions no little awe. His refusal to mingle with the crowd, the manner of his stealing away from Moviedom whenever the spirit moves him, the way he dictates production plans—these and other highlights of the Muni legend keep Hollywood prattling over its tea.

"Some one was going to play the masculine Garbo sooner or later," say the prattlers. They have figured Muni as more nearly filling the rôle than that other aloof and independent gentleman, Ronald Colman.

As for Muni, "Garbo Man" or no, there is one thing he will do: He will talk about himself, will give his explanations for being what he is.

"I am always worrying, always tormented, when I am in the midst of a picture—yes, and long before, preparing. I have no mental peace. Physically, I am not equipped to mingle. At the end of a day, I have not enough strength left to go out.

Is he the "Garbo Man" that some maintain he is?

"I did not start out in life to be convivial. To begin now would be an affectation. I have no small talk.

"Not that I wish to appear a highly mental person. I do not rate any higher intellectually than others.

"My mental calibre is simply different. It is not pretentious. I value simple, normal things most highly.

"I know actors less than any one, although my own family and my wife are of the theater. I mean, as Hollywood views knowing actors. It seems to me they meet, they immediately ask what the other fellow is doing, each proceeds to explain at some length. But frankly, I cannot think they are truly interested.

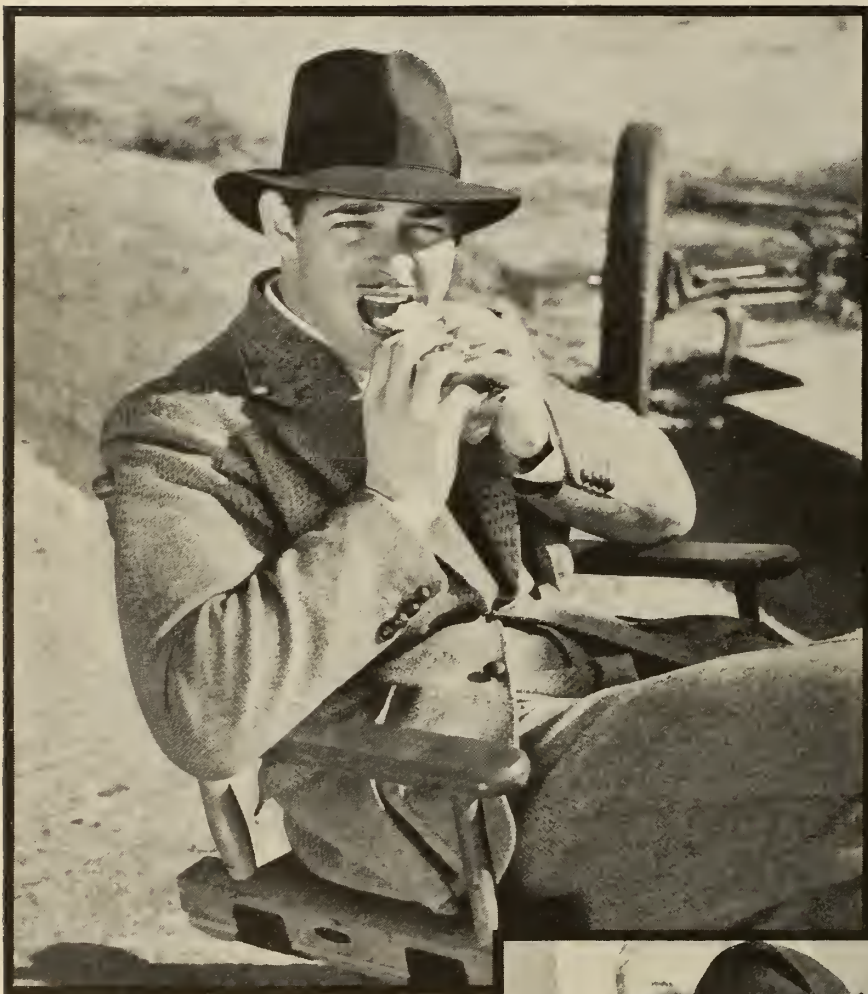
"Then, the subject exhausted, they look at each other with a great deal of pathos—and long for an escape.

"I am ungainly in a gathering of graceful, social persons. I cannot hop right in with just the right degree of informality and ease. I don't know the approach. I don't blend.

"I cannot exhibit myself, except when *outside* myself. I mean, except when under the refuge, in the complete disguise, of a character.

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CAL YORK Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of



It's a long time between lunch and dinner. So Clark Gable thinks. Consequently Mr. Gable was a regular customer at the hot-dog wagon that stationed itself near the set of "It Happened One Night." Clark co-stars with Claudette Colbert

SAY what you will, the Bennett girl is fair. Watching her husband's picture, taken in far-off Bali, the credits flashed on the screen . . . "Produced by the Marquis de la Falaise." Then the next, "Directed by the Marquis de la Falaise and Gaston Glass."

Nudging Gaston in the darkened room, Connie said, "You know a lot more about directing than he does, and you well know you did most of it. Put your name first!"

HOLLYWOOD is chatting about the change in young Doug Fairbanks since his sojourn in England. Instead of a nervously pacing rather unsure-of-things young man, Doug has gained enough poise and calmness to last him the rest of his life.

"Are you going to let Franchot Tone steal Joan away from you?" one reporter asked.

"Well," laughed Doug easily, "I couldn't think of a finer gentleman for Joan. I'm very fond of Franchot, myself." And with the same easy smile, he walked away.

A NEIGHBOR'S little girl, dragging a battered doll, wandered into the Bing Crosby home the other morning while the nurse was bathing Bing's young hopeful.

"How long have they had that baby?" inquired the visitor.

"Oh, about seven months," answered the nurse.

"My goodness, but you've kept him nice!" admired the young caller.

IT'S no secret that Al Jolson is doing everything in his power to get Ruby Keeler to quit movies cold. Warner Brothers have already felt the pressure of Al's influence on Ruby.

Al declares he doesn't want Ruby to be tied up to a contract. He wants her to be free to come and go. But a lot of people feel Ruby's rapid rise has been a little too much for Al. After all, one star in a family seems to be the rule these days.

MAYBE Mae West actually did start something. At any rate, the millennium has arrived. Two actresses in Hollywood have been ordered to put on pounds. Claudette Colbert, in training for her rôle of *Cleopatra*, has some fifteen to assemble to charm the voluptuous Ptolemy. It seems that Cleo was a little Westish, and Caesar and Antony liked 'em that way.



Ann Harding and her little niece, Dorothy, chose a quiet corner when they went to lunch at Sardi's, but they couldn't escape the cameraman. Ann's own child, Jane Bannister, is about the same age as Dorothy

Hollywood Goings-On!

Carole Lombard is drinking cream to round out the figure after "Bolero" reduced her to a nub.

ROSEMARY AMES, one of Fox's new contract players, importation from England, is still a little confused about Hollywood.

The publicity department brought a magazine interviewer out to see her the other day.

"Have you been interviewed before in Hollywood, Miss Ames?" queried the scribe.

"No," replied the actress, and then brightly, "but an insurance salesman called yesterday!"

IN "Queen Christina," Greta Garbo and John Gilbert have a rendezvous in an inn. To Christina, all of the inanimate things in their chummy room become very dear, due to their association with her romance.

One sequence consists of Garbo moving about the room, caressing various objects, while Gilbert watches, silently. She takes her time, too.

To some her every motion seems as graceful as a dancer's—a joy to behold.

Others are impatient, or were when the sequence ran so long at the world premiere of the film in New York.

At that showing, irreverent ones in the audience snickered when Gilbert's well feigned curiosity finally stirred him to ask! "What are you doing?"



The camera can make midgets of us all—if the angle is right. And this is how Leslie Howard photographs when the camera looks down on him. The picture was taken aboard the Aquitania, on Howard's recent return from his native England



The "Queen of Sheba" in her dressing-room—with Herbert Mundin—doing her make-up! Betty Blythe is back in pictures after an absence of years. She will be featured with Mundin in "Ever Since Eve"

WARNERS suddenly discovered that they needed Lyle Talbot for another scene for "Mandalay"—and needed him real badly. But he couldn't be found. After much probing around, it was discovered that he had started, with the Countess di Frasso, as guest at a ranch. They finally hit on the expedient of broadcasting for him—that brought him back a-running.

GUY KIBBEE took his wife and little girl out to luncheon at the studio the other day. As he was reading things from the menu, little Shirley stopped him with the inquiry, "Daddy, what's a croquette?"

"One man's meat," answered papa without even pausing to think, "is another man's croquette."



Two Bennetts were cornered by the camera at Colleen Moore's party — Barbara and Joan. It's rumored that Barbara is going back into movies. If so, the two blonde Bennetts may have sisterly brunette competition

WELL, maybe Jeanette MacDonald *is* putting on a little weight, as one of our leading daily columnists recently pointed out carefully. But the French like them that way. Anyhow, at a very dignified ceremony conducted by the French consul, Henri Didot, Jeanette was presented with a scroll which appointed her to a vice-presidency in the Alliance Francaise, one of the oldest French Fraternal institutions. Because Jeanette is the most popular American picture star in France, that's why.

VICTOR JORY once drove a taxi in Los Angeles. At the end of the first month he had taken so many of his friends riding, he owed the company \$2.60. So he took up acting.

ALTHOUGH they had two marriages within a year—enough, you would think, to convince each other they both meant “sure-enough,” Sidney Fox and her writer-husband, Charles Beahan, have cut the nuptial knot for keeps.

Sidney, who was somewhat of a darling at Universal, may return there to resume her screen career, abandoned for the domestic rôle.

KAY FRANCIS rushed out to a lonely little spot on Long Island and went into hiding the moment news of her anticipated divorce became public. And is her face red after all those things she said not so long ago about “how to hold your man.”

IT looks as though Henry B. Walthall has the all-time screen record of them all. The veteran *Little Colonel* of “The Birth of a Nation” revealed recently that he has played in no less than six hundred pictures in his career, spread over some twenty years.

SHADES of a bygone glamorous day came to mind the other evening when Mae Murray did a solo “Merry Widow” on the floor of a smart New York night club. Mae got up to dance when the orchestra played that waltz and, when she was recognized, the dancers backed off, leaving the entire floor to the terpsichorean art of the famous dancer.

WELL, you can take it or leave it —anyway, a certain young lady couldn't rehearse her dance in Paramount's “Bolero” one day, because she had contracted a bad cold sitting too near a fan. Her name is Sally Rand!

IF you've ever seen a small boy suddenly discovered by his teacher doing something he shouldn't, you'd be reminded of that guilty expression in getting a load of Max Baer the other afternoon holding hands with a blonde cutie. Max was in a little hideaway restaurant where none of the Broadway crowd ever go



Here's one little girl that has plenty of protection! At least, while she's playing ice hockey. It's Dorothy Lee, an ardent devotee of the game, all dressed up to take on any team at the Ice Palace in Hollywood

when, zippo, a news hound came up to him and said hello. Max blushed—honestly—and squirmed about a little, then blustered something incoherent, while the blonde grinned.

IF Claire Trevor's relatives ever begin moving in on her, she will have to take over a hotel. Claire has twenty-two first cousins, and that's just a starter.

AND a very well chaperoned honeymoon Gary Cooper had with his bride. Her parents and his were with them most of the time.

WOULD you like to hear Groucho Marx's conception of "The Last Round-up"?

"Many a night," jitters Prof. Marx, "have I bought the last round up in a Hollywood penthouse speakeasy."

HARRY GREEN, inimitable comedian, as he came out of the studio gate, ran into a group of children assembled there to obtain autographs from the outcoming stars.

His arrival caused some silence, and finally one little girl approached him dubiously.

"You don't look like a movie actor," she said, "but I'm not taking any chances. Sign here."



A trio of sisters—Sally Blane, Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young. Polly is the only one who isn't in the movies! If people will get in a dither over rôles and contracts—well, Polly leaves it to her sisters



KATHARINE HEPBURN was very snooty to the Washington newspaper men, but she says now it was all a mistake. She didn't have the faintest idea that Jed Harris, New York producer of the play she is now doing, had specially invited the reporters to call on Katharine at the station. Always remember, Katie, a reporter is a reporter wherever you find him—whether he's had a special invitation or not!

CHARLIE RUGGLES was sick in bed with a cold for a few days. But sister-in-law Arline Judge says she knew he was getting better when she caught him trying to blow the foam off his medicine.

"**A**LL things come to her who waits," says little Joby Arlen.

"It took me seven years to achieve a baby—and nine years to get an engagement ring!"

Dick Arlen broke down with a grand emerald-cut diamond for a Christmas present.

FAN dancing pays. Of course, a lot depends on the lady behind the fan. Anyway, Sally Rand has invested the proceeds from her Chicago Fair fan-dance episode in a 15-acre orange grove at Glendora, California. Her mother has been installed as "boss of the ranch," and Sally spends her week-ends out there.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

On your mark—get set—ready—go! George Raft loves his work so much, he remains ready to jump onto the set at the director's bidding. George is ready here, to leap into one of the last scenes in "Bolero"

Green-Eyed Jealousy

When stars stoop to trivial personal enmities, the whole industry gets the jitters

By C. B. Gray



This team was a hit in "Love Me Tonight," but Maurice Chevalier has no love for work with Jeanette MacDonald

DID the long arm of Hollywood's famous jealousies actually reach into Mexico to prevent the amicable settlement of the argument between Lee Tracy and the Mexican government and to stir up additional trouble, in this way becoming instrumental in the cancelling of the popular star's contract?

Newspapers reporting on the "late unpleasantness" stated that "friends of Tracy said they blamed his predicament in part on professional jealousy of other actors who, they alleged, could have avoided much of the trouble if they had wanted to. They also declared other actors caused the investigation to be reopened after Tracy was released the first time."

If this is true, then is it not time jealousies of this type were stamped out, or at least muzzled so that their rabies cannot infect the entire industry? Of course, there are those who claim professional jealousy does more good than harm, as it fosters greater individual effort on the part of the stars and inspires them to do their best work.

Others, however, believe that fair spirited competition would actually wipe out jealousy, especially jealousy of the type expressed at the Mae West opening in Hollywood of "I'm No Angel."

The première at Grauman's Chinese Theater was to be a great affair, with numerous bright lights, celebrities, masters of ceremonies, radio hook-ups and impromptu talks by stars.

So the radio announcers were all set to do a lot of introducing, but as the cars pulled up to the curb, and the great lights made night into day, and the crowd was surging restlessly, they looked in vain for the stars who were to cluster about the microphones.

Then began the combing of the lobby, the theater and even the neighboring drug stores for the missing celebrities.



Was it nice of Miss Tobin to raise havoc with Joan's picture, "Goodbye Again?"

And all Hollywood snickered—and giggled—and grinned. Then the truth came out. The stars weren't surging with the general public to see Mae strut her stuff. Not only were a number of stars from other studios "not interested," but it was reported that it took heart-to-heart pleading to bring the stars out from her own lot.

Why?

Jealousy. Good, old-fashioned, dyed-in-the-wool jealousy.

"**M**AE had too much of everything for them," they tell us, "and the other stars couldn't take it. Later on, they sneaked in to see the picture, but they were too jealous to show Mae the courtesy her ability deserves."

Whether it was jealousy, or whether they all happened to be working cross-word puzzles that night, exceedingly few film celebrities accepted Mae's invitation to "C'm up 'n' see me som'time."

Jealousy in film land is often expressed in subtle ways, and

double-edged retorts. Sweetly, and with a smile—but below the belt, just the same.

There was fear of a jealousy between Dietrich and West, and dread at the thought of another situation like that between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri.

But Mae, it seems, has a way of shedding unpleasant subjects with a shrug and a wisecrack.

When the absence of stars at her opening was brought to her attention, she is reported to have shrugged and retorted:

“Maybe they figure seeing this picture would come under the head of homework.”

Not all stars regard expressions of jealousy as lightly as Mae appears to, and in some cases old feuds have smoldered for years, and been carried from studio to studio. They extend throughout entire careers and into the lay world after their participants' picture days are over.

AND, strange as it may seem, half the time the parties to the jealousies do not, themselves, know what started them. They seem to grow from nothing into something small enough to be merely annoying, or big enough to menace a career.

When asked once of the reputed jealousy between herself and Lilyan Tashman, Constance Bennett is reported to have replied: “That is beyond me; I don't even know the woman.” Yet it is generally believed that neither will go to a party if the other is invited.

Without doubt, most Hollywood jealousies are started through misunderstanding and gossip.

It takes little to give birth to jealousy in the film colony. Many are holding their thumbs, awaiting the outcome of Kay Francis' statement that she can think of



Jealousy kept the stars away from the opening of “I'm No Angel.” Mae didn't care! She fixed them with wisecracks



The Jimmy Cagney-Eddie Robinson rivalry is keen but friendly. Not so with all men stars, however

nothing more tremendously unimportant than being the best-dressed woman in pictures. It seems hardly reasonable that Kay meant that as a “dig” at anyone, but some are wondering if the proud Lilyan may not see it as a gauntlet tossed to her.

Joan Crawford is said to have suggested that a picture of Jean Harlow be taken from the set on which she was working.

“What's the idea of putting other stars' pictures in my set?” Joan is said to have demanded. Needless to say, Jean's picture came down, pronto. That, however, does not necessarily indicate an outburst of jealousy.

What causes these jealousies? A number of things—most universal of which is a healthy functioning of the law of self-preservation. This law is all powerful in a motion picture studio where a star's life is short and uncertain, at best, and where extras sky-rocket into favor almost overnight. Where every newcomer is a potential threat. Hence professional jealousy.

Nor have the stars a corner on jealousy—as any casting director will tell you. Over at Central Casting real diplomacy is needed to keep extras from giving battle over the assignment of “calls.” Bitter jealousy among the extras is a matter of amusement in Hollywood, but the “misunderstandings” among the stars keep the entire industry in a case of “jitters.”

You may think men don't go [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

SING, HOLLYWOOD,

TIDDLE de iddle boom de aye, tra la la la hip hooray!
 It all started with the advent of the musicals. And with the musicals came the necessity for songs. And songs and songs and more songs. They couldn't import song writers fast enough to fill the orders. So what happened? Overnight the place was alive with people who didn't know one note from another writing boo boo boo boos and do dum e day doos.

Actors sang, lawyers sang, bakers sang, doctors sang. I sang, he sang, we, you, and they sang. It was terrible. It still is. And growing by the minute.

Perfect strangers run up hallooing to other strangers: "Mister, wait. I've got as far in this song as 'Oh, night in June, under the moon,' and now where do I go?"

"Well, you go three blocks to the left and one to the right. In My Old Kentucky Home Kosher Delicatessen, there's a wiener stuffer who knows some swell words for 'moon' and 'June.' New hot stuff like 'baboon' and 'buffoon.'"

And like the wind the stranger is off for the wiener stuffer. Blythe ladies trip aboard the trolley cars and with a gay little tune sing:

"Mister Conductor, here's my nickel.

"A transfer, please, and don't be fickle.

"How do I get to Fifth and Main?"

"Let's all join in the sweet refrain."

Milkmen, at early dawn, rush up to movie star's stucco, out-of-lucko, hillside homes with

"Sleep on, lady, have your dream,

"While Cupid brings your milk and cream."



Which isn't so hot for just then the fair dreamer slithers up to the front door and answers:

"'Ttle Cupie, hoopy doopy,

"Mustn't be so gosh darned snoopy."

And anoints the singing milkman with a little whipping cream in a manner in which he has never before been anointed.

Why, once upon a time, tablecloths in Hollywood were used to cover luncheon tables and a lot of monkey business, but now, alas, they are used mainly and insanely to write songs on. More theme songs and current hits are written on Brown Derby and Vendome tablecloths than a Bus Berkeley cutie could shake a leg at.

For instance, people are no more seated at a lunch or dinner table than out come the pencils, pens, crayons, water colors (you find the water color type in every profession, these days)—



anything that will make a mark, and like fiends, they go to work, batting out a song.

Waiters hover near, giving suggestions. And darn good ones, too. In fact, no Hollywood restaurant will have a waiter these days who doesn't know what rhymes swell with a lot of words like "June," "Croon," "Baby LeRoy," and "Warner Brother-First National."

SING!

By Sara
Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS



And can skip with the agility of a mountain goat from three fourths time to a teasing rumba in nothing flat. They may not be so hot on the onion soup pouring, but they're there on their pianissimos.

So many swell little numbers were actually written out on Hollywood tablecloths, the cafes decided to dispense with all laundry work and keep the cloths intact, filing them away carefully for future use, according to their subject matter.

For instance, all songs relating to love were filed in one cabinet marked LOVE. The various drawers were marked "sex," "passion," "Gary Cooper," etc.

All songs concerning matters such as "When I'm gonna away, you'll be sorry, you two-timing papa, you," were simply listed as "walk-out knock-outs."

Many a studio in the midst of a musical foolsical would hurriedly phone over to a popular cafe and say "Quick, whatcha got that will fit in somewhere between Jimmy Cagney smacking the leading lady on the kisser and the scene where

the hero finds he loved the other dame all the time?" And like mad, waiters and cashiers rush to the tablecloth filing cabinet and drag out a suitable little number that might fit in. Something like

"I may break your head (head or jaw could be substituted)

"But you're my real sweetheart."

If the word "head" is used, it could easily be changed to

"I may break your head,

"But you're my real sweetbread."

If the studio insists on using "jaw," the writers feel that's up to them. There's no rule in music or lyric that covers a downright body beating or a first class brawl. That's exactly the way they feel about it. So there.

AND, of course, there's that awful, ghastly thing that happened recently when a certain well-known song writer had just finished a knockout, a masterpiece, and the waiter dropped some Camembert cheese on the place that said

"Darling, I beg you not to tease

"I am your own to hold and squeeze."

But the Camembert dropped right on the last four words of the gorgeous last line and the masterpiece was ruined.

Nothing daunted, however, the cafe sold the number to an independent movie company that had only \$3.50 to spend for musical selections and feeling they had a bargain, because the writer was a famous one, they merely wrote in,

"Darling, I beg you not to tease.

"I am your own little piece of cheese."

Well, sir, believe it or not, it was the hit of the picture. People went about for days humming and singing the little cheese number. The chorus girls were all dressed as slices of rye bread and the whole thing was as fetching a little routine as ever you saw.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Unless you can hum a perfect rumba without ever going flat—and know that stupid rhymes with cupid—you're a flop in this hey-hey day of musicals

HAPPY LANDING!



Here they met—for a love scene in "His First Command."
If romance then was pretense, it came true later on

HE came from far down in the valley of men to occupy the finest home on a mountain in California.

Though it cost far more than one hundred thousand dollars, it is as simple and beautiful as a lily. In traveling over many nations, I can still pronounce it the finest site for a home I have ever seen; and this does not except the most magnificent show estates on any coast of this continent.

The superintendent in the building and furnishing of this home was none other than the beautiful Dorothy Sebastian, Bill Boyd's wife—the Alabama girl who went into George White's "Scandals," and later made good in pictures.

It is hard to say which one loves the home more—Bill or Dorothy.

On arriving at the house, which is about fifty miles from Hollywood, beyond Malibu, in the Ventura Mountains, Dorothy first waves at the cow, and then at the horses. Dorothy claims that the horses will follow her into the living-room for a lump of sugar.

They found the site for the home while horseback riding with the friends who owned the place. Before night Bill bought the forty acres. From then on they planned the house of their dreams.

It is more than a place of dreams. The wise couple have so planned things that the forty acres support all who live upon them. Butter, milk, fruit and eggs are in abundance. A eucalyptus grove supplies wood for the immense fireplace. Turkeys wander over the ranch. Deer come at night to gaze at the lights from the strange intrusion upon their ancient peace. Eagles circle above the high mountains, and gulls fly in from the sea. The stars hang, blazing in an inverted sea of azure. Indeed, it is a setting for kings, acquired by the two prudent children of Hollywood, who watched so many rainy

days come for others in the tinsel town.

The top of the mountain had to be cut flat and a road had to be built. This took several months. The house is some miles from the ocean and all material had to be taken up the mountain on a narrow earth road. They dug nearly five hundred feet before they found water.

From a window ten feet wide in the living-room, the blue ocean can be seen through a deep canyon. From the opposite side of the house can be seen in a valley, more beautiful than any Washington Irving ever imagined, an orchard, farm house and stables, neat and white, in which dwell the farmer and his wife who take care of Bill's place.

In back of the farmer's house, is a magnificent mountain of rock, in startling contrast to the rolling



Away from tinsel Hollywood, high on their mountain-top ranch, Dorothy and Bill gather their harvests

Bill and Dorothy are safe on a mountain top—and the world is forgotten

By Jim Tully

and lovely valley beneath. Dorothy has named all the mountains about her place. It would not do for map-makers to follow Dorothy; she calls the highest and rockiest mountain Bill Boyd.

In one end of the huge living-room is a picture of Bill portraying what I believe to be the finest rôle of his career—*Feodor*, in "The Volga Boatman." Who the painter was I do not know. He put forever on canvas the best rôle played by Bill Boyd, and the finest creation yet to come from Cecil B. DeMille.

IT was my honor to see this film in New York with the great Cecil himself. The opening scene, in which Bill Boyd and the gang of roustabouts walked along the river singing the "Volga Boatman," was something to linger long in the memory. Now and then through the picture was a real touch. In it, DeMille forgot his gilded bathrooms, his over-shaped and half-clad ladies, his houses, the interiors of which had been furnished by bric-a-brac dealers.

In furnishing her home, Dorothy Sebastian took no lesson from Cecil B. DeMille. It is warm and harmonious.

The view from all of her windows is a Corot landscape many times magnified.

Bill and Dorothy have a Negro man of all work who deserves a paragraph in the history



Boyd's work in "The Volga Boatman," several years ago, brought Bill to the front. He still thanks Cecil De Mille for that chance



Consoling each other over the poor success of their last movie together, "Officer O'Brien," they fell in love

of films. He has been with Bill for seven years, and operates this magnificent home with more precision than a teacher of domestic science. His name is Mose, and he was once an erring man.

After drinking oceans of Bill's liquor and staying inebriated for weeks, Bill was forced to bid him a sad farewell. Then a great light came to Mose. Blinded like another Saul of Tarsus, he returned to Bill four years ago, and said, "It just ain't right, Mr. Boyd, me drinkin' that way — 'specially your liquor." Mose hasn't had a drink since.

Bill's father was a laborer. He was killed when Bill was thirteen years old. The lad was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and when he was ten years old the family moved to Oklahoma. When Bill was fourteen he decided to go to San Diego, California. His money gave out in a small town a hundred miles from his destination. He got a job picking oranges, and made a living at odd jobs until 1918. The spirit of adventure moving him again, he came to Hollywood, and joined the hundreds of men and women seeking extra work about the studios.

He obtained three days work in as many months.

He had a room for which he paid fifteen dollars a month.

For a long time thereafter Bill walked the streets of Hollywood arm in arm with hunger.

By this time, the owner of a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Dorothy says the horses would follow her into the house for a lump of sugar. Bill says, "Let them!"

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *MOULIN ROUGE*—20th Century-United Artists

LA BENNETT steps out in a knockout rôle, in stunning clothes, and in some very hot-cha dance numbers.

Her work in a dual rôle—a pseudo-French actress, *Raquel*, and an American girl impersonating her—takes Constance up, up, up the Hollywood ladder.

As the husband, fooled to the point of infatuation by Connie, Franchot Tone turns in a performance that will really put him on the map. To Tone's other accomplishments may be added his capability as a comedian.

In two grand song numbers, Miss Bennett is assisted by Russ Columbo and the three Boswell Sisters of radio. And then there's Tullio Carminati, perfectly cast.

You'll fall for Connie, with her delightful accent, all over again. Dialogue is right there. Direction fine.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *QUEEN CHRISTINA*—M-G-M

GARBO, as Sweden's stately sovereign of the Seventeenth Century!

The magnificent Greta, after an absence of over a year, makes a glorious reappearance on the screen. Besides being grateful for that, movie devotees will welcome the return of Jack Gilbert to his high estate as an actor. Gilbert portrays the rôle of *Don Antonio*, an emissary from the King of Spain.

The scenes at the inn where *Christina*, incognito, and *Antonio* spend three snowbound, romantic days are moving and exquisite.

Her Majesty's abdication from the throne, over the tearful protest of her people, is impressive—compelling.

Sometimes the story flows with a grand flourish; sometimes it staggers a bit under its own weight. But, on the whole, Rouben Mamoulian's direction is admirable; S. N. Behrman's dialogue is scintillating; settings and costumes are rich.

Garbo, enchanting as ever, is still enveloped by her unfathomable mystery.

In the opening scenes, little Cora Sue Collins effectively impersonates *Queen Christina* as a child.

The supporting cast is equal to every situation—and that's saying a lot when Garbo is creating the situations. Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, Reginald Owen splendid.



★ *FASHIONS OF 1934*—First National

EXACTLY what you mean when you say "an eyeful." Only there are several eyefuls in this fashion extravaganza, dance classic and delightful, fast-moving film. It's something brand-new. And you'll love it!

All about a suave "fashion crook," William Powell, who schemes Paris right out of its swank style creations, in the grand manner, and makes everyone concerned, you included, like it.

Packed with cleverness, spectacle, beauty, sophistication and tickling humor, not to mention excitement, this picture offers a bargain in entertainment.

Busby Berkeley's dance creations are breath-taking. But Powell, Bette Davis, Frank McHugh, Reginald Owen are letter perfect. Hugh Herbert is too funny for words.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

QUEEN CHRISTINA	I AM SUZANNE!
MOULIN ROUGE	FASHIONS OF 1934
GOING HOLLYWOOD	MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN
FLYING DOWN TO RIO	NANA

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina"
 Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge"
 Franchot Tone in "Moulin Rouge"
 William Powell in "Fashions of 1934"
 Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood"
 Bing Crosby in "Going Hollywood"
 Dorothea Wieck in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"
 Alice Brady in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"
 Anna Sten in "Nana"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120



★ GOING HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M

NEVER has Marion Davies looked more beautiful than she does as the little French teacher who, having fallen in love with Bing Crosby's voice over the radio, follows the crooner to Hollywood.

Bing has some simply grand songs, and it is now quite evident that the lad is also an actor.

The production is done on the most lavish scale of any seen to date, offering much in the way of novelty.

There are oodles of gorgeous girls, many colorful ensembles, tuneful music, and Marion displays some heavenly costumes.

Fifi Dorsay is well cast as the temperamental film siren. And the inimitable Stuart Erwin, as an amateur producer, lends a neat comedy touch.



★ I AM SUZANNE!—Fox

HERE is something entirely different at last. Jesse Lasky's newest production more than lives up to its predecessors. The famous Piccoli Marionettes and the Yale Puppets play some of the principal rôles and almost steal the show, especially the Lucia Sextette number.

Lilian Harvey gives a better account of herself as *Suzanne* than in any of her previous American films. She does some astonishing acrobatic dancing as the revue entertainer, who falls so disastrously and breaks her leg. Gene Raymond, sixth generation puppeteer, who runs the marionette show, has worshipped her from afar. When deserted in her illness by her mercenary manager (Leslie Banks), Lilian is nursed back to health by Gene.

The romance has a charming "7th Heaven" gentleness. Gene addresses his attentions to the marionettes he has made in *Suzanne's* exact likeness, until she is consumed with jealousy. She recovers from her illness, and can dance again, so she returns to the revue, where the marionette act is also signed, to show Gene that she can dance better than any mere marionette.

The story is the pet brain-child of the director, Rowland V. Lee, who rates plenty of credit for this original production.

Excellent entertainment for grown-ups and children alike.



★ MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Paramount

THIS picture, reminiscent of the Lindbergh kidnaping case, is a powerful presentation of what actually happens when a child is seized for ransom. It offers thrills, terrific suspense and will bring a sob to your throat. Dorothea Wieck, as *Madeline Fane*, famous star, is madly devoted to *Michael* (Baby LeRoy). In the night the baby is kidnaped and then a struggle arises as to whether the mother shall inform the police or make contacts herself with the kidnapers.

She keeps a rendezvous with the "snatchers"—Alan Hale, Jack LaRue, Dorothy Burgess. But this plan goes astray. Alice Brady, as a farmer's wife, intervenes at the critical moment. Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady and Baby LeRoy are superb.

A film you will long remember.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(RE'1. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**FLYING
DOWN TO
RIO—
RKO-Radio**



**NANA—
Samuel
Goldwyn-
United Artists**



GIRLS performing on wings of planes and the South American dance numbers, especially the "Carioca," make this a decided change from the run of recent musicals. Gene Raymond falls for *Senorita Dolores Del Rio*, only to find, upon his arrival in Rio de Janeiro, that she is the fiancée of his chum, Raul Roulien. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some good comedy and better dancing.

A NNA STEN'S magnetic allure and dramatic art will make this Russian lady an American favorite. Zola's classic takes Anna from the streets of Paris, through many loves and tragedies, till impresario Richard Bennett makes her a star. Although Bennett, Lionel Atwill, Phillips Holmes and Mae Clarke do fine work, the show is all Anna Sten, perfect in her rôle and in her speech.

**CROSS
COUNTRY
CRUISE—
Universal**



**ABOVE THE
CLOUDS—
Columbia**



GOOD comedy which turns to melodrama as the film progresses. Playboy Lew Ayres sees June Knight taking a bus to San Francisco and buys tickets for himself and Arthur Vinton. Alan Dinehart, who planned to travel with June, cannot shake suspicious wife (Minna Gombell), and complications set in over the scenic route. Alice White plays deluxe hitch-hiker. Fine supporting cast.

A THRILLING picture with plenty of air action and a climax in which a dirigible cracks in mid-air and Richard Cromwell, as the discredited hero newsreel cameraman, is vindicated and gets the girl, Dorothy Wilson. Robert Armstrong is Dick's superior who takes credit for all good work until the day of reckoning. Many fine shots of actual news topics enliven the film.

**ALL OF ME
—Paramount**



**HIPS, HIPS,
HOORAY—
RKO-Radio**



THE eternal conflict between a man and a woman presented forcefully. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins sidestep marriage when she fears the bonds might throttle love. But ex-convict George Raft and his sweetheart, Helen Mack, facing motherhood, show such simple faith in life and death that superficialities vanish. You'll like Nella Walker and William Collier, Sr., in bits.

WHEELER and Woolsey, a pair of medicine show fakers selling cosmetics and specializing in gin flavored lipsticks, muscle into partnership in the beauty concern owned by Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee. Money disappears and Bert and Bob, suspected, muscle into a cross country automobile race to make their get-away—and what a finish they turn in! Plenty of hilarity, dancing, girls and music.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE POOR RICH—
Universal



SUDDENLY poor and hilariously helpless, Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver entertain *Lord and Lady Featherstone* and their daughter, Thelma Todd, who assume their hosts are wealthy. Andy Devine, village character, becomes chef. Leila Hyams, aluminum-ware peddler, is pressed into service, also sheriff Grant Mitchell, as butler. Plenty of laughs.

THE SON OF KONG—
RKO-Radio



A MERE splinter off the old block is the twelve-foot youngster of fifty-foot *King Kong*. The film has a few mechanical thrills, and is spiced with hokum. Robert Armstrong, beset by an indictment for damage done by *Kong*, goes back to the ape's island home and discovers the offspring. *Kid Kong* plays cupid for Bob and Helen Mack, and saves the hero when an earthquake sinks the island.

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—
Paramount



ADAPTED from Arnold Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive," it is an amusing story of an artist (Roland Young) who, through a mistake in identity, is believed dead. He marries his deceased valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish, and is finally discovered through a legal fight over his unsigned paintings. For those who appreciate subtle comedy and gentle satire.

FUGITIVE LOVERS—
M-G-M



THE continual chase of an escaped convict (Robert Montgomery) by the authorities, and his love for a girl (Madge Evans) whom he meets when he boards the transcontinental bus as it passes the penitentiary. Nat Pendleton, as Madge's unwanted companion on the trip, does well, as do C. Henry Gordon and Ted Healy. The moments of high suspense almost make up for occasional dull lapses.

PALOOKA—
Reliance-
United Artists



CHUCKLES galore in this story of a confused country bumpkin prize-fighter. Garnished with Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong, all in top form, it offers Stuart Erwin as the laugh-stuffed main entrée. Between dangers of a ring crown won on a fluke and designs of Lupe, Stu is in a stew, until Mama Rambeau saves him. Durante pulls a Bing Crosby.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—
Paramount



A GRIPPING tale of four people lost in the Malay jungle, and the metamorphosis that happens to each. Claudette Colbert, a homely teacher, becomes a lovely woman. William Gargan, ego-minded radio star, shrinks into insignificance. Herbert Marshall, a self-effacing chemist, grows assured, as he grows to love Claudette. Mary Boland, Leo Carrillo fine.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]



Sweet Alice Brady

Here's what the
little serio-comic
of the screen is
really like

*By Jane
Hampton*

exquisite taste. The drapes are lovely. Except the dogs have them chewed into befuddled looking masses of something and Alice thinks it is just too cute for words. On the wall hangs a beautiful Matisse. An original. While directly under it, piled high on a beautifully carved chair is a pile of paper-backed detective magazines. Quaintly called "Dead-Eye Dick," or "Ten Murders in One Bar Room." Piles and piles of them. As fast as Alice reads them, which is one a night, they are tossed on the beautifully carved chair under the original Matisse, and the green grass grows all around.

NOW for the dining room, if you can tear yourself out of Alice's living room. And let me warn you if you're not strong you had better stay right there, for that dining room is something. It's all in bright, dazzling bright, crimson plush. The wall paper is a crazy-quilt pattern of splashed crimson. But wait! On that wall hangs something so lovely, so exquisite, that it fairly catches the breath. It's an original Bellows. In black and white.

In fact the Bellows was the only thing that kept Adrian, the famous M-G-M designer, from passing out completely when he beheld yon Brady dining room. All of which (the passing out and the moaning and the groaning at the horror of it) amuses Alice no end.

As for Alice herself, she's exactly like her house. Consistent in her inconsistencies. An absolutely astounding person. Over a little \$14.95 frock she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

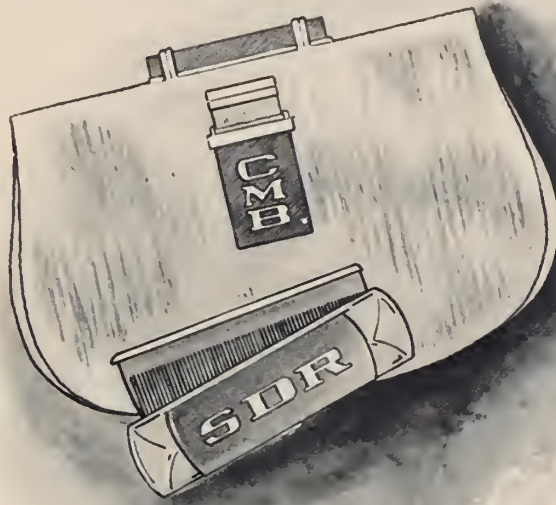
While visitors turn giddy in her extraordinary home, Alice Brady only laughs

ALICE BRADY thinks she behaves as everybody else does. She thinks those things she does are quite all right. And as far as that goes, they are all right—for Alice.

For instance, her house. Why, nobody has houses like that in Hollywood—or what would people think, for heaven's sake? There's her beautiful snow-white living room furnished in

Seymour-Reports

A new spring bag with wooden trim — and an opera comb — each with metal initials that are gum-backed so that they can be stuck on like postage stamps —



The popular clip earring as worn by Fay Wray



Gloria Swanson matches the crystal clip on her bib collar and the buckles on her pumps



Suede on mesh makes this smart bag seen about town. The drawstring pouch design and chain handle are very chic —

Baby bonnet in jet and net with matching bib — Sharon Lynne's contribution to restaurant dining



A new way to wear gardenias as seen on Ona Munson — the blooms are clipped either side of the neckline —

Lowheeled suede oxfords and socks — a younger Hollywood fad





Suit Is Favorite of Chic Stars

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

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

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite daytime uniform is a suit. Wherever you lunch or shop, you see the smartest stars wearing either the strictly man-tailored suit or the softer, dress-maker type like this one of Suzanne Kaaren's. You will see Suzanne wearing this costume in "Coming Out Party." It is a soft blue woolen with high front buttoning, wide lapels and trim pleated skirt. The blouse is a gaily hued plaid cotton fabric



BILLIE SEWARD wears the classic man-tailored suit in black and white pin checks. All the stars, including Joan Crawford, have these made by a Hollywood tailor—we have had this one copied exactly for you. It has a cutaway line to the jacket in front and a Norfolk type back. Three patch pockets and a plain skirt with a single front pleat. You can alternate with a plain skirt or jacket



SHIRLEY GREY, you will see her next in the picture, "One Is Guilty," wears one of the pet costumes from her own wardrobe. It is a simple black crepe dress with a deep V-shaped bib of the white crepe. This bib is detachable, thus making possible a number of changes for the dress. Shirley's jewelry ensemble is interesting; it is made entirely of satin, with earrings, bracelets and necklaces

Hollywood Wears Daytime Prints



IDA LUPINO wears this charming floral print which is a copy of the dress Travis Banton designed for her to wear in "Search for Beauty." Bright flowers on a dark ground are offset by a wide collar of starched linen, a linen belt and cuffs held with buttons



SHIRLEY GREY advocates simple styles in dresses when the fabric is a gay floral print like this one above. Shirley's dress has loops of the fabric making an unusual neckline trimming. A scarf is worn across the shoulders to give a flare to the short sleeves

And Crepe For Afternoon

- Seymour



THIS stylish crepe frock, worn by Marian Nixon in Columbia's "The Line-Up", has wide ties that form a belt in the back. The trimming of embroidered net forms bows caught in the center by jeweled clips. Similar bows are caught with clips on the sleeves at the wrist. This frock has the dolman type sleeve. Stunning!

Details Give Two Costumes Smart Accent

- Seymour



MARIAN NIXON wears this good looking daytime dress in "The Line-Up." It's a bright navy crepe with gauntlet cuffs and wide collar of fine handkerchief linen and lace. The linen is tucked and stitched, with the lace to give it a delicate charm. Notice that the collar widens as it reaches the shoulders—the dress is simple, otherwise

SHARON LYNNE, who is soon to return to the screen in the film, "Bolero," considers this ensemble one of the smartest in her personal wardrobe. It is a three-piece affair with skirt and three-quarter coat in a soft myrtle green woolen. The plaid blouse has a high scarf neckline and the matching plaid gloves are a gay touch





DOROTHEA WIECK'S second American picture is "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." The many who admired her work in the German production, "Maedchen in Uniform," hope for a duplication of that success over here. Dorothea has the ambition to play *Madame Bovary* on the screen. Irrelevantly we add, she adores Bach's compositions



'TIS "Bolero," the dance made famous after adapters had jazzed the music of Maurice Ravel's famous composition. And how Carole Lombard and George Raft can turn their toes to its exciting, sensuous rhythm, in the picture of the same name! George plays the rôle of *Raoul*, the gay night club dancer who makes love to his floor partners



Tenement days are over for the Howards! This is the charming home, outside of London, they occupied when in England

Leslie Howard's Lucky Coin

INTO a shabby, walk-up tenement up on Claremont Avenue in New York, a gaunt young man trudged his way. Each day his shoulders would become a little more hunched; each day a haunted look in his eyes spelled disappointment and discouragement. For the young man could find no work and money was terribly scarce.

That man was Leslie Howard. The time was about 1923.

Neighbors up on Claremont Avenue remember him as a transient tenant, carrying delicatessen food in small paper bags now and then, his clothes not at all the Bond Street perfection of the world-famous actor today.

It sounded a little incredible—this vastly different person compared with the charming, soft-spoken Leslie Howard of romantic movie glamour. The Leslie Howard of "Smilin' Through" and "Secrets" and "Berkeley Square."

"How about that?" I asked him.

"It's true," he said frankly. "I lived up there for quite a while when I was broke, going the Broadway rounds looking for a job. I lived in furnished rooms in the Fifties, too, eating marmalade and crackers for days when money was so scarce I'd almost forgotten what a dollar bill looked like.

"That was when my wife, who'd stayed in England because we couldn't afford two boat fares, sent me the lucky guinea."

He fingered a gold coin suspended from a chain which he always wears around his neck.

"Ruth sent me this because she knew I needed money badly. And

Some believe Howard might still be adding figures if it weren't for the golden charm

By Virginia Maxwell



Leslie thinks he may die by drowning. Because the only time he ever goes without the lucky coin is when he is swimming

the day it arrived, my luck changed. Turned about so completely, that I didn't need the money. So I had it made into this keepsake which I wouldn't part with for the world. I wear it always—just for luck—and the only time I ever take it off is when I go swimming. Sometimes," he laughed, "I wonder if I shouldn't die by drowning, because my lucky token wouldn't be with me."

He scrutinized the token carefully.

"I'd no business wanting to be an actor. I had had no experience when I first went on the stage in England after the war—just a tremendous desire to act, to express something I had always wanted to do with writing but never hoped to attain in that field.

"I had worked in a bank in London before the war. I've often since accused myself of wanting to join the cavalry just for the thrill of getting away from the monotony of adding up figures.

DURING the war I met Ruth. We were married in a little town where our troops were quartered for a while. Ruth didn't know anything about the stage, either. But she had a great sympathy for my ambition. We would talk for long hours about the things I wanted to do. And it was she who fired me with courage to try the stage, believing I should always feel cheated if I hadn't at least one fling at it.

"Just as soon as I was mustered out of the army, I went to a booking-agent in London. Ruth and I were very poor, living in a



Mr. and Mrs. Howard and daughter, Leslie, arrive in New York. Son, Ronald, wouldn't get in the picture

cheap little flat. We had no telephone. So I had to call on the agent every day to learn if he could find me a place anywhere.

"Eventually—and it may have been because he grew tired of seeing me come around so often—he offered me a very small rôle in a tour company. I grabbed at the opportunity. Ruth and I packed our one bag, got aboard the theatrical company train and started out on our adventure, deeply thrilled that I had at last gotten a start."

Leslie Howard stopped talking for a moment; his face softened and his keen blue eyes took on that far-

Two Leslies, father and daughter, smile down from the attic window of the English country house

away expression as if he were living over again those days.

"It was summer time and England was lovely. We toured through Devonshire and Wales, playing at stable theaters, gas-lighted back rooms, always amazed that people liked our show and forever wondering just how long this blessed luck would hold out.

"We never hoped to play London. That is the last word in England, the London stage, just as Broadway is the goal of every American actor.

"But I found this tour an amazing training school. I was learning to be a good trouper, to take disappointment with a grain of philosophy, to look up and out and never back—the creed that keeps people of the theater going along so hopefully."

THERE came then an opportunity for Leslie to do a play in London. It was called "The Freaks," and it was the vehicle which gave him a chance to show whether he had something real to offer in stage talent or whether he might have to go back to counting figures over a bank ledger.

Little money, scarcely enough to live on, but opportunity.

The critics' statement that he was splendid, although the play was not very successful, gave him the chance to come to New York, because Gilbert Miller believed what the London critics had said about Leslie Howard.

"Ruth had to remain in England," he commented, with a naïve, boyish sadness in his blue eyes. "We couldn't scrape together enough money for two boat tickets. So I came alone, with high hopes."

He did "The Green Hat" and made some money. He sent for Ruth and she came over, happy to be with him again. But luck turned for them a little while after she arrived with their son. And it was then they moved to the Claremont Avenue flat where neighbors remember him as the actor out of work.

They got back to England somehow, glad to be on home ground again.

Then Fate threw another quirk and Leslie Howard was offered a part in the American production of "Her Cardboard Lover." He [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]





Manatt

WITH this man as executioner, there's little hope for the condemned! It's Leo Carrillo as *General Sierra* in "Viva Villa." Sierra was executioner for Villa, Mexican war lord, whose life story is told in the movie

"Look Out,



DEAR PATRICIA: What's happened to you? Several months ago I saw you in "The Narrow Corner" and thought you were one of the loveliest newcomers I had seen on the screen in a long time. Then the other day I saw you in "Convention City," and again I cry, "What's happened to you?"

Let me answer my own question and tell you what has happened. You've put on weight—several pounds of unnecessary fat. And, darling, we're going to have a little heart to heart talk right now, only I'm going to do the talking. I'm going to tell you how to get rid of the excess weight and get back that lovely figure you had a few months ago. And this time you're going to keep it!

Patricia, listen to me! It's no easy job to be a movie star. I know because I've been over the ropes with the greatest of them. Your devotees demand that you be everything that they themselves want to be as far as beauty of figure and face is concerned. And you've got to satisfy them always.

This is straight-from-the-shoulder talk, and it's common sense. It is the truth and I want you to take these tips and get busy!

I am a fanatic—perhaps you never knew that. I simply can't stand to see a youngster like yourself risk handicapping her career by neglecting her figure.

Patricia, you have everything before you. You can be a great star—but that extra weight must come off. It adds five or six years to your looks and that is a shame when you're only eighteen!

Now, in the first place, don't slump! Remember that scene in "Convention City" in the hallway with Mary Astor? You slumped terribly and it accentuated your stomach (and in a minute I'm going to tell you what to do about that stomach, too). You're intelligent enough to correct that faulty posture. Walk in front of the mirror. Study your posture, practice improving it. Remember every minute that you're before the camera to carry yourself correctly. I'm going to leave that up to you.

NOW to take your hips down. I'm going to give you my very best exercise. The extra pounds on your hips are a little toward the back. Or do I need to tell you? Every day—and I mean every single day—stand stocking-footed with your feet six to eight inches apart and just a little pigeon-toed. Now raise your hands above your head. Don't stiffen. Relax and stretch. Now slowly bring your torso sideways—with the arms still above your head—and as you do that twist so that you can feel movement in the muscle that you want to take off. I know how you feel. It's tough but you've got to do it. Now, still with your body twisted, slowly lower your torso until the right hand is on the left heel and the left hand is back of the right hand about five inches. Then come up slowly and repeat on the other side. Don't forget the little twist and be sure that you're relaxed even when you stretch.

There is a trick to all exercises. The twisting and relaxing are the tricks in this one. Do this ten or fifteen minutes every single morning. When you feel the muscles over your hips pulling, there at the back, you'll know you're doing it right. I want that extra flesh to come off fast, because I know how much you picture girls hate to exercise.

Now for your tummy. I want you to get the abdomen nice and flat and strengthen the muscles so that it will be held in. I hear that you have a grand mother, and I know she'll help you with this exercise. I'll bet she has told you about that tummy anyhow, but lots and lots of times girls won't mind their mothers. That's why I have to tell you the things you ought to hear. You take them from me because you know I'm not prejudiced. And I don't care if I make you good and mad by bawling you out. Then maybe you'll pitch in and work like the good little trouper you are!

Miss Ellis is a promising young actress, but Sylvia says she must reduce. Exercises and a diet, which gives Pat plenty to eat without adding weight, are prescribed

Patricia!"

says
Sylvia



G. Maillard Kessler

Take off those excess pounds, correct that figure! And here's how!



In "Convention City," Sylvia thought Pat had too much weight through hips and stomach

She has a critical eye! But Sylvia's frank analyses and good advice have preserved many a famous figure

ankles. Now remember, Patricia, relax so that you're a dead weight from your waist to your knees. Bend your knees and let your mother slowly pull up your legs away from the floor and in the direction of your head as far as you can stand it. This raises your thighs from the floor and lifts the abdominal muscles. The abdomen sort of rolls on the floor. Do it back and forth as much as you can take.

I'll admit it isn't a sweet feeling and you'll be sort of sore for about three days. But if you'll relax the whole time it won't be hard, and does it do the work!

I want you to dance as much as you can—but maybe I don't need to tell you that for I hear that you're one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. And the next time you go to a party I want everybody to rave about how wonderful you look. Because you're a rising star, people are watching you, and you've got a big responsibility.

Speaking of your being a rising star reminds me that I must give you a word of warning about your health. You need energy to do the work you've got to do! So I'm going to give you my energy diet. It will give you so much pep, you'll be rolling great big rocks up those hills by the First National Studios. The diet will also make [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Put a sheet on the floor. Wear some loose-fitting pajamas. Lie on the floor on your stomach with your arms straight out above your head and your legs straight. Don't stiffen. Relax. Have your mother stand at the side and take hold of your

to give you my energy diet. It will give you so much pep, you'll be rolling great big rocks up those hills by the First National Studios. The diet will also make [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 88!



As Midnight Neared

Noted ones paired at
Hollywood's celebra-
tion, New Year's Eve

Staff Photos by William Phillips

Rumor has it that Mr. and Mrs. Cy Bartlett spent New Year's Eve in a telephone booth at the Cocoanut Grove. The couple has an alibi. They were calling their friends, wishing them happy New Year. It took a long time because Alice would tell Cy what to say, then Cy would yell, "Wait a minute—what Alice?" Alice would repeat her message—and so on, far into the night

Jeanette MacDonald, looking especially lovely, celebrated with her constant escort, Bob Ritchie. Even on New Year's, snooping reporters and curious cameramen interrupted the merry-making to corner the couple and boldly inquire if they were married. But all they got for answers from Bob and Jeanette were laughs and side-long glances. Guess again! Because they won't tell





Jack Oakie got back to Hollywood from Honolulu in time to celebrate with Hazel Forbes. Jack's grin is wide because "Skeets" Gallagher just thanked him for the gift he sent. It was a fifty pound rock, shipped collect to "Skeets" from Honolulu. Gallagher regrets that the rock was too big to throw



Judith Allen and John Warburton rang out the old, rang in the new, together at the Little Club. Rumors or no rumors (and there aren't any!), that's a come-hither glance in Judith's eyes, and Mr. Warburton looks as if he would like to accept the invitation



Nearly everyone has been asked to come up sometime, but here's the only man who is always welcome! Mae West attends all celebrations with Jim Timony. Handy, too. Because Jim's her business manager. And if any stray contracts should come wandering around, things could be settled there and then

Star News from London

By *Kathlyn Hayden*
PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent



Adele Astaire broke up the famous dance team to marry Lord Cavendish. Now in the audience, she gives brother Fred stage fright



Fred can't understand why Hollywood wants him—with *that* face! Astaire and his wife are in London where Fred is dancing

London, England.

"THIS face of mine!"

That may not be the title of his autobiography—if and when Fred Astaire gets around to writing it—but I can't think of a more apt one, and it's his for the taking.

A half hour with him in his dressing-room at the Palace Theater (where he is playing to enthusiastic audiences of London's smart set in "Gay Divorce") has been far and away the most interesting high spot of the month's news gathering. And it was what he had to say about his experiences in Hollywood that convinced me that the cruelest caricaturist couldn't make the Astaire face as grotesque as Fred's own opinion of it.

"I'm keen about this picture game," he said, "but I'm still wondering why anybody else should be keen about having me do my stuff before the camera. With this face of mine—!"

He left the sentence unfinished—the shrug of his shoulders eloquently bespeaking what was on his mind.

"I'd have been even more flabbergasted when I got my first offer of a film engagement—if it hadn't come at a time when I was giving everything I had to my first stage appearance without my sister playing opposite me. As it was, I was so intent on convincing New Yorkers that I didn't depend on Adele for our show's success—and, in spite of unfavorable newspaper notices, we kept 'Gay Divorce' going for thirty-two

weeks on Broadway—I didn't realize how amazing that offer really was.

"I hadn't been in California since I was seven. Of course, I'd met a lot of picture people; they're all great theatergoers, you know. And I knew Crawford was a great little trouper. If she wanted me in the cast of 'Dancing Lady'—and the M-G-M people assured me she did—it was okay with me. At least it would be a great experience.

"BUT my wildest imaginings had never pictured anything like the real Hollywood. In the ten weeks that I was there I was in a state of perpetual amazement. Up to that time I thought we had show business developed to the highest possible pitch of efficiency. It didn't take me long to discover

that the big Hollywood studios start where we of the stage leave off.

"Why, just to mention one instance, I learned more in those few weeks about make-up than in all my years behind the footlights. Those make-up experts are positively uncanny. I'm still gasping as I think what they did with this face of mine.

"They even put a toupee on my head—and to my amazement, when I saw the rushes, the wig on my photographed self looked more like my own hair than my own hair. Incidentally, I found out that several of Hollywood's champion heart-breakers—you know, the lads who always carry the heavy love interest—are similarly be-wigged. It isn't because their own locks are thinning, it's because a make-up expert decides a toupee will heighten the effect of his work on their features.

"CRAWFORD was grand to work with. So were Gable and Tone. Of course, I didn't know a camera from a cow catcher. But, at least, I knew I didn't know. Also, I realized that everything I'd ever learned on the stage was of no use now.

"That's what still bewilders me. Here I am—with this face of mine—and nothing much besides. Nobody'd ever accuse me of being a Caruso. As for my dancing—I've always felt that dancing on the screen as an exhibition is about the dullest part of any film. So, as far as I could make out, the only possible chance I had to get on in the picture game was to click—with my personality.

"Something of that kind must have happened—or I shouldn't have been asked to work in 'Flying Down to Rio.' And now, as soon as this London run



As pretty a blonde as ever came from Hollywood, is Marian Marsh. On her arrival in England, she had surprises for reporters



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne went to London for "Reunion in Vienna." Back on native soil, Lynn was branded an alien

ends, I'm off to Hollywood again—this time to make two pictures for RKO-Radio. The first will be 'Gay Divorce'—probably with Ginger Rogers in the Clare Luce rôle.

"It's great, mind you—but still I can't understand it. With this face of mine—!"

FRED ASTAIRE—by the bye—has had three nerve-racking experiences since the London première of "Gay Divorce." Three times his sister (Lady Cavendish as she is now) has been in front, watching her erstwhile partner do his stuff with the exotic Miss Luce. On each occasion, Astaire tells me, he suffered pangs of stage fright such as no actor ever knew.

Those of you who have a brother or a sister may, perhaps, appreciate this. I can quite understand the dreadful self-consciousness a chap must feel under such conditions.

HOW different the American viewpoint is from that of the general run of British film producers! Take the case of the company that produces the films [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Freulich

IN each new picture Alice White looks a little sweeter and more subdued. Maybe marriage does that to a person! Or maybe Alice is growing up. However, there should be antics in her next movie, and maybe a swat or two. It's "The Heir Chaser," with Cagney

Hollywood, *the World's* Sculptor

Remolded and reshaped, it's
a wonder some of the stars
can recognize themselves!

By Winifred Aydelotte

HOLLYWOOD is a quick-change artist.
A gigantic sculptor, leaning over an immense
bench, and the clay that responds to its long, sensitive
fingers is the dramatic genius of the world.

All anyone has to do to lose his individuality completely is
to arrive in the City of Change with sufficient clamor. At the
noise, the sculptor pricks up his ears and pounces on its victim
with a good deal of glee.

"A find! A find!!! The dramatic discovery of a decade!!!



"Nothing much you can do with a cyclone,"
the sculptor said of Lyda Roberti. For Lyda
had found fame in jazz on Broadway and she
didn't intend to have the mold changed



"What lovely clay!" cried Hollywood, the sculptor, when Miriam
Jordan arrived from England. But when the movies finished
remaking her, Miriam didn't consider it a work of art

Now listen, Tallulah, you slayed 'em with
comedy in London. Well, forget it. You're
going to be a bitter tragédienne here, tasting
the dregs of life. And, you, what did you do in
Roumania, my dear? You look so frail and
sweet and charming. Oh—Lillian Gish things?
Let's see, we have too many of them. I've got
it! You will play stark, stiff maids and things
in horror stories. And you, you cold, haughty,
penthouse beauty. No, don't tell me. Let me
guess. Well, never mind, we'll make you a
bronco-bustin', wide-open-spaces, Western fe-
male star."

And so on. Hollywood is never at a loss.
"You've got black hair? Bleach it. You've
got blonde hair? Make it dark. I don't like
your feet. I don't like your nose. I don't like
your nerve. Change, change, change!" Dis-
satisfaction with anything as it is is the mother
of creation here.



"Unbend, girl, unbend!" And Elissa Landi, quiet, reserved, obeyed the sculptor and unbent in a burst of activity. Then she rebelled

Sometimes, however, the clay comes to Hollywood with stubborn lines and a rigid refusal to be re-shaped. But it all comes, sooner or later, this great lump of genius—stage stars from New York and London; little movie-struck girls from Podunk and Terre Haute; ingénues from the country's stock companies, and the foreigners.

What Hollywood has done to its foreign stars in the matter of re-vamping is miraculous, one way or the other.

Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Greta Garbo, Miriam Jordan, Lyda Roberti, Ramon Novarro, Elissa Landi, Dorothea Wieck, Greta Nissen.

Already beautifully molded came Elissa Landi, a member of the Imperial Austrian nobility. She came, tall, cold, poised and dignified, and in her was (and is) embodied an Old World reserve, pride of tradition, an intellectual aloofness that forbade her yielding to the hail-fellow-well-met, up-and-down-the-emotional-scale, pillow-fighting school of acting that makes Hollywood the fascinating place of contrast it is.

For Fox she made "Body and Soul," "Always Goodbye," "The Yellow Ticket," "Wicked," "The Devil's Lottery," "The Woman in Room 13," and "A Passport to Hell." All of these rôles, in spite of the encouragement the titles gave, were Landi-reserved, emotionally distant and not quite on speaking terms with our red-blooded American expansiveness. They raised an enquiring lognette at the general public.



Eighteen months of artistic effort were spent by the sculptor on Anna Sten. In the meantime, Anna did things to Hollywood



"I said *scram!*" The sculptor tried in vain to teach Benita Hume to use American slang without an English accent

"Unbend, girl, unbend," cried Fox, who, basking in her intellectual shade, had become chilled to the bones.

So she harkened unto the sculptor and unbent—in "The Warrior's Husband."

"... and marble, soften'd into life, grew warm."

This was followed by "I Loved You Wednesday," in which a startled public saw a Landi that cooed, gurgled, skipped, wrestled romantically over a pillow with Victor Jory, and couldn't say a word without waving her arms like a windmill and registering an overdose of *joie de vivre*.

"Hooray!" shouted Fox, taking off muffler and wrist warmers, "she's human!" So they proudly presented her with "I Am a Widow," a story that demanded an asbestos screen.

SHE took one look at the script, drew herself up into an ivory column of scorn, and departed. And the Landi retreat will go down in the annals of Hollywood history. The sculptor was wrong. It had tried to carve a skip and a simper into a cold curve of dignity.

Marlene Dietrich, already an established actress in Germany, came to Hollywood, and the sculptor set to work.

"In Hollywood," the studio said to Miss Dietrich, "the stars help in the matter of publicity. They keep themselves in the public eye; they do things that our press scribes can plaster on the front pages of newspapers; they do not lead quiet, uneventful, retiring lives. They attract attention! Now, let's see what you can do."

Marlene flew to work, and never was a publicity job undertaken more seriously in the gag city than was hers. And everything helped her; Von Sternberg, her legs, and an article of apparel called pants. The innate puritanical streak of Americans helped, too. Unconsciously,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck



IRENE BENTLEY'S lovely hands give you a perfect pattern for correct nail shaping and use of lacquer polish

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is powdering from a very new and very smart leather covered compact that resembles a tiny camera. Claudette reminds you always to use your compact puff gently. Press your powder on; never rub in

"RETAIN the natural lip outline for day make-up and reserve special lip shaping for evening," advises Mary Brian. Mary is using a new French lipstick ornamented with a sparkling stone. It comes in three smart tones



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

Spotlight Coiffures by Bette



HOW do you like the back of Bette's arrangement at the right? Isn't it a dream? Those rolls and flat curls have the sculptured beauty of marble. Not very difficult for your hairdresser, either

IN several scenes in "Fashions of 1934" Bette Davis wears her hair in this dramatic, exotic manner. It gives the color and sheen of her golden hair gorgeous play, but is advised only when you wish to seem slightly theatrical

HERE Bette looks very queenly and almost Grecian with the classic simplicity of this coiffure. But wait until you see the back. It has tricks galore for you. A charming suggestion for the younger person and sure to gain you compliments



Davis in "Fashions of 1934"



THIS is a variation of the coiffure on the left page. Instead of the smooth effect, the hair has been softly waved and that roll brought forth in a bang. A universally flattering style, especially for the girl with too much forehead

FOR the style above, Bette's back hair has been metamorphosed into a mass of little curls across the back of her neck. This is a perfect ruse for the too long neck, and is girlish and lovely. Later you can turn those curls into rolls



IF you think Bette's circular roll on the opposite page is too much of a good thing, here it is in modified form. Just enough to be charming, different and refreshing. Don't you think it is nice?



A THRILLING triangle coiffure is worn by Gail Patrick. Every view is surprising and different. The side view, above, presents a mass of tight ringlets. The front view, at lower right, shows you that this slant gives a very demure picture. Then the back, at lower left, is very lovely. Hair is slightly waved, the ends gently rolled, a jeweled band separating the curls. Try this for that next party and be a great success. This glamorous coiffure, naturally, requires the skill of a good hairdresser but is well worth it



(For More Beauty Tips
Turn to Page 92)

"I NEVER TIRE OF
THE FLAVOR OF CAMELS"

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

■ Mrs. James Russell Lowell loves sports, plays tournament tennis and bridge enthusiastically. Her Park Avenue home, which she decorated herself, has great distinction. She summers on Long Island with her two young children or in Europe, and divides her winters between Palm Beach and New York. She invariably smokes Camel cigarettes

"THEY ARE SMOOTH AND MILD"

"The taste of Camel cigarettes is always delicious — smooth and mild without being flat or sweetish. And they never get on my nerves—which I consider important," says Mrs. Lowell. "Naturally, I have other brands in the house, too, but most people agree with me in preferring Camels."

People do seem to prefer a cigarette that doesn't make them nervous. That's why steady smokers turn to Camels. Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves no matter how many you smoke. And they always give you a cool, mild smoke.

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

*Camel's
costlier tobaccos
are Milder*





In Saint Louis . . .

Hollywood Fashions as shown in *Photoplay*



ARE SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY
STIX, BAER & FULLER
COMPANY

As in Hollywood, so in Saint Louis! Look for "Hollywood Fashions" . . . faithful copies of the smartest costumes worn by the most fashionable stars . . . in stores of fashion leadership! Exact reproductions of the clever little frock worn by Marian Nixon in the Columbia picture, "The Line Up" are being shown today in the resourceful store of the Stix, Baer & Fuller Company . . . as in other stores of equal style reliance, in many key cities! "Hollywood" Fashions for March, sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and selected by Seymour, PHOTOPLAY'S stylist, are on display!



Only genuine Hollywood Fashions bear this label

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, INC.

If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your city, send PHOTOPLAY your name and address, mentioning the department store from which you buy ready-to-wear.

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Ask The Answer Man



Dick Powell doesn't look worried over the controversy going on among his admirers as to who should hold the title "most popular lad in musical pictures"

LETTERS come from far and near asking about Bing Crosby and Dick Powell. Their popularity seems to be at a draw. Some admirers write in saying that Bing is handsomer and has a better voice than Dick. Others say, in no uncertain terms, that Dick has all the looks and the best voice. In sewing circles, at clubs and bridge parties, the question of the popularity of these boys seems to start a battle. Just who will come out on top is a puzzle.

This old Answer Man has been called into the argument to say his little piece in defense of the lads, but really can't speak up for fear of getting a boot from either side. So he'll just sit back and wait to hear what you readers have to say about Crosby and Powell. Now for a short biography of the boys, which so many of you asked for.

Bing—I mention him first because he is the elder—had a six months' start on Dick. They were both born in 1904; Bing on May 2nd, Dick on November 24th. Dick is 6 feet tall and weighs 177 pounds. Bing is three inches shorter and twelve pounds lighter. Dick has auburn hair, while Bing's is light brown. Both boys have blue eyes, although Bing's are much lighter than Dick's.

Bing is from Tacoma, Wash. His real name is Harry Lillis Crosby. You'll have to put up your "dukes" if you ever call him by his middle name. He is married to Dixie Lee and has one son whom he calls Gary, after his pal Gary Cooper. Bing can't read a note of music, but he can play the drums and swings a mean

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

cymbal. His favorite sports are golf and fishing. His latest pictures are "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony," and "Going Hollywood."

Dick is from Mountain View, Ark. His full name is Richard E. Powell. At this writing he is matrimonially fancy free. Can play a number of musical instruments. He spends his spare time playing golf and tennis. His latest pictures are "Footlight Parade," "College Coach," "Convention City" and "Wonder Bar."

MARTHA ARNOLD, BETHEL, VT.—Yes, Martha, the Phil Harris who played in the picture "Melody Cruise" is the same Phil Harris you hear over the radio.

DOROTHY BOYLE, FORT WILLIAM, ONT., CAN.—Douglas Scott was the little fellow who played the rôle of *Derek* in "Devotion." Dickie Moore was *Little Hal* in "The Squaw Man."

EVE KIRKMAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The rôle of *Katharine Howard's* lover in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" was played by Robert Donat.

ANITA GAMEWELL, SAN BENITO, TEX.—Cary Grant was born in Bristol, Eng. He has brown eyes and black hair. Mae West, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives her birthday as August 17, 1900. You were almost right. Dick Arlen has blue-gray eyes. Warner Baxter has been married to Winifred Bryson since 1917.

SEVERAL LATIN WOMEN, BUENOS AIRES, S. A.—You girls have too many favorites for me to describe in this small space. However, here's the lowdown on lovely Jean Harlow. Jean was born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has platinum blonde hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Harlene Carpenter. She was married to Hal Rosson last September. If you want your other questions answered, send a self-addressed envelope.

ALICE LA FLAMME, HOLYOKE, MASS.—Bruce Cabot's real name is Jacques Etienne de Bujac. He is married to Adrienne Ames. Alice, don't believe everything you read in the newspapers. I know it was reported that Ruby Keeler would desert the screen to be with her husband Al Jolson when he retired from pictures. But Al is so pleased with the way his picture "Wonder Bar" has turned out, that he has decided to stay in Hollywood and make several more. So you will be seeing more of Ruby, too.

RUBY T. HOWELL, TARBORO, N. C.—Two versions of "Hold Your Man" were made.



Bing Crosby, a contender, seems rather pleased that he is in on the fight. The Answer Man wonders where the Rudy Vallee-Russ Columbo contingents are hiding

In the first, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable were married by a colored minister. The other one, showing them being married by a white minister, was made to replace the first version in States in which any controversy over the matter might arise.

A CAVALIER, HACKENSACK, N. J.—As you didn't give me your name or send a stamped envelope, I couldn't arrange to send you the Fan Club information. If you want a list of Fan Clubs, write to the Photoplay Association of Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Each month, in the magazine, you will find up-to-the-minute news of the activities of various clubs. Watch for it.

R.T.M., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, it is true that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will make pictures together again. Charlie signed with Fox to make two pictures with Janet. I know how glad the Gaynor-Farrell admirers will be to hear this.

DIXIE WENTON, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The hats you mentioned were named after the actress and are still being made under her name.

HELEN HUTCHINS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Helen, you'll be seeing your old friend, Ronald Colman, back on the screen once more. He is going to make "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" for 20th Century. For a second time, Loretta Young will be Ronnie's leading lady.

"Look Out, Patricia!" says Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

you have a wonderful complexion and will give you the disposition of a saint because you'll be so beautifully healthy.

First thing in the morning, take a glass of cold water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed in it.

Then have your luke warm shower (you can taper it off with cold water if you like) and scrub your body with a good stiff brush and plenty of soap, working most vigorously on your spine. This increases circulation. Now have your first meal.

Breakfast

Two sliced oranges
One coddled egg
Three or four pieces of toasted rye wafers with a little butter and honey
Coffee or tea—clear

Eleven O'clock

Glass of tomato juice

Luncheon

Big dish (and I mean big) of sliced, raw, red cabbage with an apple grated in it and just plain lemon juice on that. Eat as much of this as you can.

Dish of fruit jello—no cream

If you like it take a cup of tea with lemon, no sugar.

Four O'clock

Glass of orange juice

Dinner

One whole stalk of celery
Cup of consomme with a tablespoon of chopped raw parsley in it
One double lamb chop or an equal amount of any broiled meat
Three tablespoons of fresh green peas
Two heaping tablespoons of turnips
One-fourth head of lettuce with a thin

French dressing without much oil and a raw carrot grated on top
(Eat salad with meat course)
Raw fresh fruit and demi-tasse.

There's a diet that won't put an ounce of weight on you but which is probably more than you're eating right now. You'll never starve on that diet and it also contains the valuable minerals you should have. It's a wonderful health builder and beautifier.

And it will do something else for you, too. It will make you feel so good that when you smile, the corners of your mouth will turn up instead of down as they did sometimes in "Convention City."

That's the end of the lecture, Patricia. Every word I've written you is true. And every word goes for other girls as well. I've done it for your own good. Hop on that diet wagon and those exercises right away. And the best of luck in the world to you.

Yours,
SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I wish you could tell me how to overcome self-consciousness. I'm so timid that it is painful for me to enter a room.

A. A., La Junta, Colo.

Technically this letter doesn't come in my department but I'm going to answer it, anyway, because I've got an answer for it. If you stay on my health diets, if you make your figure so lovely that you'll know you're the best-looking girl in your set, and if you learn to walk with your shoulders back, your stomach in and your head high you can't be self-conscious because you'll be sure of yourself. You'll *know* you're attractive! And that's the only way to overcome timidity—to know you're okay!

My dear Madame Sylvia:

Now that wines and liquors are in I've been wondering if they're fattening. Almost everywhere I go they serve wine with dinner and I don't know what to take.

Mrs. R. H. T., New York City.

Alcohol if taken in large quantities is fattening. But so is food. The diet I've given you is moderate. Well, be moderate about your drinking, too, and a little wine with your meals won't hurt you. Don't overdo it—that's all.

Dear Sylvia:

My bust is large enough but I have a bony chest. I wish you could tell me how to cover up those bones. As a matter of fact, except for my bust, I'm slightly thin all over.

B. D., San Antonio, Texas.

Then the thing for you to do is to go on my building-up diet and exercises. If you don't have this information, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to me, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and I'll send it to you. A lot of you thin girls have a large bust, but when you start to build up generally your bust won't become larger. Anyway, it's very fashionable to be large through the chest and don't be afraid that you'll put on any more weight there, because you won't. You're probably undernourished and aren't eating the right foods.

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

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I took your reducing diets and exercises and they worked marvels. When I was just the weight I wanted to be I went back to eating as I had been before and put on three pounds in a week. What should I do about that?

M. H., Sacramento, Calif.

Shame on you! I'll bet I know exactly what you did. The minute you got down to the size you wanted to be you thought your responsibility was ended and you began to eat your head off. Well, you can't do it! I've an in-between diet—one that won't put flesh on but that keeps you at the right weight—which I'll send if you enclose the usual self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Dear Sylvia:

A friend of mine tells me that apples are fattening. I'm very fond of them but don't want to put on any more weight.

Mrs. L. L., Tacoma, Wash.

Maybe if you ate a dozen apples a day along with your regular meals they'd be fattening. But almost no fresh fruit is fattening and it is wonderful for your health. I recommend apples on many of my diets. A wonderful way to eat them is to grate them over sliced, raw, red cabbage and squeeze a little lemon juice over it. What a grand salad that makes!

Dear Sylvia:

I'm quite nervous and although I'm very careful about my diet and don't eat rich or highly seasoned foods, I feel uncomfortable right after every meal and then if I eat less I notice that between meals I feel faint and hungry. I'm trying my best to get over my nervousness, so please don't bawl me out about that.

W. R. Y., St. Louis, Mo.

I never bawl anybody out if I find that person is honestly trying to overcome a handicap and your letter sounds most sincere. You're just the sort of person I like to help best. Instead of taking three big meals a day take five light meals a day. This will aid your digestion and give your stomach something to be busy with all the time. Eat as little meat as possible. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits and lots of grated carrots.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I am sway-backed and I wish you would tell me how I can overcome it.

B. T., Lexington, Ky.

In the first place be thankful that you're sway-backed instead of stooped. You must learn to support yourself with your abdominal muscles. In this month's letter I've given Patricia Ellis a fine stomach exercise. Even if your stomach isn't very large that exercise will strengthen the muscles and help you correct your posture. Stand in front of your mirror and practice proper posture.

Dear Sylvia:

I am fifteen years old, with no weight problem. But I love sodas. I drink lots. My mother tells me it will ruin my skin. What do you think?

M. H. Reading, Penna.

Your mother is right. Lay off sodas if you want a good skin. Since you have to have sugar for energy, take it in natural form, brown or unbleached sugar on your breakfast fruit—any kind but bananas. Include tomato and orange juice and plenty of fresh, green salads and fresh fruit in your diet. Take your milk in the middle of the morning instead of with meals.

"What's the use?"



This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL ...



BUT TOM SEEMS SO INDIFFERENT, AUNT ALICE— I WORK SO HARD— KEEP THE HOUSE SPICK-AND-SPAN — BUT, OH, WHAT'S THE USE

DEAR CHILD, MIGHT I VENTURE A HINT?



OH, AUNT ALICE, HAVE I BEEN CARELESS THAT WAY? I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS OFFENDING —

I KNOW IT, MY DEAR. BUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS MAKES ANY WIFE SEEM UNROMANTIC. WHY RISK IT, WHEN LUX IS SO EASY?



AUNT ALICE IS RIGHT— EVEN A BUSY WIFE CAN TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO TO LUX UNDIES EACH DAY— LUX TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR, YET SAVES COLORS

AND SOON TOM'S ATTITUDE CHANGES



OH, TOM. WHAT BEAUTIFUL ROSES— THEY'RE SO SWEET

JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW THIS HUSBAND APPRECIATES HIS CHARMING WIFE

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor — protect daintiness this easy way . .

No girl need ever be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away completely and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.



—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

"Girls who know this

says

YEARS AGO MY
LOVELY SOUTHERN
GRANDMOTHER
FIRST TAUGHT
ME THAT A GIRL
WHO WANTS TO
BREAK HEARTS
SIMPLY MUST
HAVE A TEA-ROSE
COMPLEXION.

RKO-Radio Star

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer, lovelier *your* skin becomes

. . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

Nine out of ten glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin.

Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings!

YOU can have the *Charm* men

secret *always* win out — ”

IRENE DUNNE



NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.



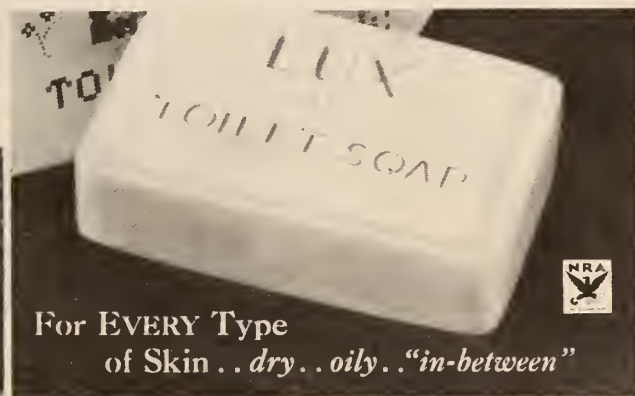
IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT—YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!



can't resist

Precious Elements in this Soap—

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type of Skin . . . dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"

How to Make Your Eyes Lovely

By Carolyn Van Wyck



ROCHELLE HUDSON poses for us to illustrate Lilian Harvey's unique method of making up her lashes. First, a tiny bit of cream is applied to the under side of upper lashes, these dusted with a little powder. Then the mascara is applied. Cream and powder give additional body to lashes. Suggested for extra heavy effect only

THERE is hardly a player in Hollywood who hasn't lovely eyes—on the screen. It should be interesting and consoling to every reader to know that these lovely eyes often are a matter of clever make-up. For they, like the rest of us, are not all gifted with dark, thick lashes, with perfect shadow that nature gives one out of ten, or brows that are ideal frames for their eyes.

First of all, every girl needs to take reasonable care of her eyes; to rest them when they are tired, not to strain them, and to use a good tonic or eye wash, in dropper or eye cup, when they are tired or have been exposed to wind and dust.

There are three artifices upon which you may depend for external beauty. They are a good mascara or darkener, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. These must be employed gently and subtly if you want true beauty without that made-up look.

Right here, I should like to correct a wrong impression that may have come to some of you through adverse criticisms and comments on eyelash dyes. In some localities the sale of eyelash dye has been banned because of a few cases



FOR depth and beauty, a touch of shadow to upper lids is necessary. Rochelle Hudson comments that brown is the least conspicuous of all tones. Use only on upper lids; never beneath

of eye injury that seemed to have resulted from the use of dye. But mascaras and darkeners are not dyes in any sense, and you have no need to fear good brands. This make-up aid, as you know, is merely a substance applied to the lashes for darker and heavier effect. And does it work wonders on lashes, especially on those that are scant or very blonde!

Always use your mascara or darkener according to the instructions on the box. Remember that this advice has been worked out for you most carefully and will give better results than a careless method.

Mascaras are very convenient because you apply them when you want, take them off when you want. They have developed to the stage today where they do not dry or make your lashes brittle, and many are water-proof so that you may see your favorite picture and weep, or walk in rain or snow without fear of the moisture ruining your eyes. You may also use this type when in swimming without fear of running or streaking. Cream seems to be the best way to remove the water-proof type. If your mascara is not water-proof, remove it with cold water. Always work very gently on the eyes; never scrub or handle them roughly.

IN applying mascara, always brush upper lashes upward and lower lashes downward. Hollywood often darkens its upper lashes without touching the lower ones. In the case of blondes, this often gives a beautiful effect to the eyes. If you have long lashes that droop slightly toward the outer eye ends, mascara them all lightly then make that outer end quite heavy. This will give you that unusual Garbo lash effect, and make your eyes appear longer. If you have the round Mary Brian type of eye, an even lash fringe is more flattering.

In applying shadow, always use it lightly. The upper lid is the place. The color may extend lightly to the brow, but should be concentrated just above the lashline. Tones are most exotic, some flecked with gold or silver, which gives the lids a dewy freshness.

The eyebrow pencil is a great aid for brows and you may also do some nice things with it on the eyes, themselves. You can extend the outer corners just a bit and give yourself larger, longer eyes, or you can draw a light line on the lid just above the lashes before you darken them. Experiment carefully with your eye make-up to give your eyes just the touches they need for more beauty.

"EYES Like the Stars" is the newest leaflet we have worked out for you. It gives practical Hollywood hints for eye health and beauty and lists names of reputable products. Leaflets on skin, hair, home manicure and personal daintiness are still available. Simply send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, for these or consultation on your personal beauty problems.

★
 JOAN CRAWFORD
and
 CLARK GABLE
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
 "DANCING LADY"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used
Exclusively



WHEN BEAUTY ATTRACTS
 YOU FIND
Romance

Learn How Screen Stars Create Romantic Beauty with
HOLLYWOOD'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR	
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES	NAME _____
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES	STREET _____
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES	CITY _____
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS	
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>	STATE _____
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>			

"Dry those tears, sister. You were a silly to believe that fancy soaps would make you beautiful. We've known right along that no soap smooths up the skin like Ivory!"



"And don't think your complexion stops at the neckline, sister! Please, if you want your all-over complexion to match your face, do as we do—take Ivory baths."

If you want a baby-smooth skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Spring's on the way! Now's the time to take stock of your good looks if you want to be able to wear the alluring bright colors that will be so popular this season.

How's your complexion? Dull-looking? Roughened by raw winds? Then make-up alone won't do the trick. Your skin needs a little attention. Get busy with a cake of Ivory Soap and start working for a naturally clear, baby-smooth complexion.

Ivory, you know, is the soap that keeps so many millions of babies' skins rose-petal soft. Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive complexions because it is so pure—because it won't

dry up the natural oils that lubricate your skin. No dyes—no soapy perfumes in Ivory!

It's smart to be a baby about your bath, too. Quaintly enough, your complexion doesn't stop at your neck—it extends all over you. And your all-over skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as your face does. So hop into your Ivory bath and scrub yourself shining clean with Ivory's cleansing lather. You'll step out radiant and glowing. Ivory's the best daily beauty treatment your skin can receive. Lucky for you that its price is so modest! And you can buy Ivory at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99.44/100 % pure • It floats

They, Too, Were Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Flora Finch (John Bunny's leading lady), Alice Lake and King Baggot are among the many who make a living this way.

But there are others who continue to force Hollywood to yield them success by applying their experience and contacts, tempered with more than a dash of wit and ingenuity, to the business of making a living, although without the glamour and fame of yesteryear.

Helen Ferguson and Eileen Percy have heeded the call of printer's ink. Helen, left a comfortable fortune by her late husband, William Russell, lost every penny in a crash of a Beverly Hills bank, and started a publicity business.

Today Helen ranks among the most active press-agents of Hollywood, with a long list of clients, including Fay Wray, Gene Raymond, Johnny Mack Brown, Patsy Ruth Miller and Sidney Blackmer.

EILEEN PERCY, still as beautiful as she was when counted among the leading serial queens of the screen, writes Hollywood news in a column which is syndicated.

Seena Owen recently initiated a literary career by joining the scenario staff of Paramount studios, a route followed before by Raymond Griffith and Ralph Graves with more than ordinary success. Ray, whose lack of an audible voice sent him from a top-ranking star's berth to retirement overnight when the talkies came in, is Darryl Zanuck's right hand writer and producer at 20th Century, and Ralph occupies a similar spot at M-G-M. Douglas MacLean is at Paramount as an associate producer.

Movie stars confronted with the problem of raising their boys to be soldiers have enabled Earle Foxe, who was starred for years in two-reelers and who was featured in many early releases, to make quite a good thing out of the Black-Foxe Military Academy, one of Southern California's most pretentious institutes.

Max Asher, the old Century Comedy star, clings to Hollywood with his magic shop; George K. Arthur, the English comic, produces his own stage plays at the Hollywood Playhouse; Gardner James improves cinema minds at his Boulevard book shop; Ann Little manages the Chateau Marmont, fashionable Hollywood apartment, and Hank Mann, still doing sporadic screen rôles, keeps the grocer paid with his new beer parlor—a Repeal idea emulated by Francis X. Bushman, the first male beauty of the screen and heart beat of the nation's matrons.

BUSHMAN, it was, who, not over two years ago—boasting that he had spent a million dollars in his life and was accustomed to luxury—offered to marry any woman who could keep him in the style to which he was accustomed! (No one took him up.) He opened a liquor store in Chicago, where he had made his unusual offer, when the country reclaimed John Barleycorn.

But reclamation is exactly what ruined the once immensely wealthy and powerful director-producer, Edwin Carewe, famed as the discoverer and developer of Dolores Del Rio.

Carewe, who always had the propensity for spreading his interests, taking turns at "angeling" stage shows and magazines, went into the garbage reclaiming business on a big scale not long ago.

The company, known as the Biltmore Conservation Company, operated in Dallas, Texas, and Petaluma, California. Ambitious city contracts were obtained and the garbage turned into chicken feed and fertilizer. Carewe

dropped thousands in the venture and today is in bad financial straits.

If you don't mind jumping from garbage to marriage, it's easy to account for many former big stars who have found the answer in Hollywood marriages and screen retirement.

Theda Bara, as the wife of Charles Brabin, the director, is a prominent social leader in the colony. Jobyna Ralston is satisfied with being just Mrs. Richard Arlen. Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo; Marjorie Daw, Mrs. Myron Selznick; Mildred Davis, Mrs. Harold Lloyd; Laura LaPlante, Mrs. William Seiter; Bessie Love, Mrs. William Hawks; Gertrude Olmstead, Mrs. Robert Leonard; Cleo Ridgley, Mrs. James Home; Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Townsend Netcher; Rosemary Theby, Mrs. Harry Meyers; Virginia Valli, Mrs. Charles Farrell, and Jewel Carmen, Mrs. Roland West.

Marriage also has called away many stars from the town which made them famous. Irene Castle became a Chicago McLaughlin; Dorothy Dalton is the wife of Arthur Hammerstein, the stage producer, and lives in retirement on Long Island; Rex Ingram took Alice Terry to live with him abroad, where he recently adopted the Moslem faith; Carol Dempster married Edwin Larsen, a New York banker.

PHYLLIS HAVER, the Sennett beauty, is the wife of the wealthy William Seeman of New York; Madeline Hurlock boils the morning eggs in Manhattan for Marc Connelly, playwright of "Green Pastures" and Pulitzer prize winner; and Gladys Walton is the wife of a Universal film exchange manager in Chicago.

The list of forgotten stars winds on endlessly, with every year that passes adding new names to the scroll.

Hollywood is too busy to keep track of its alumni, failures or successes. Like the rest of the world, it must ever look to the future instead of to the past.

But it is dangerous as well to speculate too much on the future, so in Hollywood the stars take the fruits of today while they hang, rich and ripe with wealth, fame and adulation, hoping against hope that the harvest will always be bountiful, that never will they have to stand in the crowd by the wayside to watch the dazzling parade pass by with only this wistful claim to distinction—

"Once I, too, was a star!"



Hollywood's heroine steps out to a gay party. Remember the siege of long invalidism Anna Q. Nilsson so bravely survived? Now she's on her way back to screen popularity

TRY . . . just try . . .
to equal the New **GLAZO**
even at 3 times the Price!



Does the smartly wise girl pay more than a quarter for nail polish? Not any more . . . not since the new Glazo. But the glory of Glazo on your fingers' ends is something quite apart from a mere matter of price.

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GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

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(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Look at that trick way Colleen Moore's arranged her hair. Everyone's talking about it. Colleen was snapped thus at her own party with guest Jeanette MacDonald

Of course if too many kisses come her way, Evelyn can always fall back on the contract, which says osculation is out, even if it is only acting. Evelyn's father stood pat on that.

ONE of the sights the fans will never see. Georgie Raft, all dressed up in an embroidered white suit for his tango dance in "Bolero" sitting on the set with his aching feet in a bucket of hot water. Oh, Romance, how could you do this to us?

PERHAPS you might say "I didn't raise my boy to be a butler," but that isn't the way Halliwell Hobbes feels about it. Hobbes is one of the ace butlers on the screen—and his eighteen year old son, Peter, is serving an apprenticeship with his father in Norma Shearer's new picture, "Rip Tide."

GOOD gracious, you can't star a girl with a name like "Ginger" in a famous old Ethel Barrymore play. Ginger Rogers is set to play

in a picture version of the stage classic, "Declasse," and the studio is prospecting for a new moniker.

WOULD you have an ultra-smart living-room, modeled after the swankiest in Hollywood? Here's how.

Get out grandma's old-fashioned pickle and conserve dishes, and grandpa's moustache cup. Put matches and cigarettes in them, and scatter around. Leave the floor absolutely bare, but for one hook rug in front of the fireplace. Resurrect a number of old mirrors, with the silver cracked off the back, so they throw you out of focus. Frame one in a tarnished gilt frame and hang over the mantel. Remove all books from sight, and introduce a tall rubber plant, in a white pot. Make a pink lamp-shade exactly like the Mad Hatter's hat, sew glass leaves around the bottom, and set it on a base that looks exactly like a silver gold trophy. Toss some white dotted swiss pillows with ruffles, on the sofa. Place a huge framed photograph of your husband and yourself, in

CECIL B. DE MILLE isn't hard to please—not at all.

Describing the actor he was seeking to play the rôle of Mark Antony in "Cleopatra," De Mille said—"He must have a chest big enough to camp an army on and be strong enough to drink all his soldiers under the table and then complete a love affair with the most desired woman in the world."

Until the "whattaman" shows up, why not use Jimmy Durante? Maybe he couldn't encamp the army on his chest, but they could roost on his nose.

PITY the poor postman in Hollywood—or maybe he's not to be pitied at all—it depends on how you look at it. Most of Mae West's fans take delight in addressing her indirectly.

Most letters have been addressed "Come Up and See Me Sometime, Hollywood." "You Can Be Had," "Tell Your Fortune," "You're No Angel" and "Take Your Time" have also been popular addresses.

THERE is one confirmed nudist in Hollywood—Oscar the penguin.

Oscar went on location with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in "No More Women," who tried to put him in decent shape for his appearance before the camera.

But as soon as they would paint a row of buttons down his white chest, Oscar took his bill and rubbed them off.

No fine and fancy feathers for him.

ALL the publicity ament the anti-kissing clause in virginal Evelyn Venable's contract with Paramount finally backed up on Evelyn, and caused her to send out a hot retort to the effect that "If a kiss comes my way, I'll know how to handle it."



Jean Muir looks particularly charming in this scene from "As the Earth Turns." She's one of Warner Brothers' new finds—a graduate from the stage, beautiful, ambitious, very determined, and starred for success

costume of the Gay Nineties, on the piano. On a what-not, in the corner, place some resurrected shepherdesses and other antique porcelains. Get out all your souvenir spoons (Chicago World's Fair—1893, Niagara Falls, etc.), and the oldest, thinnest, fanciest china and silver, for tea. If you haven't an old sugar bowl that looks like a gravy boat, then use the gravy boat for sugar. The smartest hostesses are serving tea (since the repeal) in place of cocktails, with lovely fragrant China tea, and little old-fashioned spice cakes or nut bread.

When your living-room looks like this, it will be a duplicate of one of the smartest rooms in Beverly Hills—the one in the home of Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe!

EDMUND LOWE will probably never learn about Victor McLaglen's chin. It's hard—very hard.

In spite of all the fights those two have had in their rough and ready screen career, Eddie has never been able to pull his punches enough to save his own hands when he lands one on Vic's button, which is something like the rock of Gibraltar.

So it never hurts Vic a bit, but after "No More Women," Eddie, as usual, appeared with his hand in a sling. He had his usual broken fingers.

AT the tea Mrs. Borzage gave her director husband, Frank ("7th Heaven") Borzage, Johnny Mack Brown seemed to attract all the fair ladies by wearing a loud tan and beige checked sport coat and beige trousers. And with those black curls, did Johnny look handsome?

Bruce Cabot, it was noticed, never left his fair wife's side, and Adrienne seemed to want it that way.

Lyle Talbot was dancing attendance, as usual, on the Countess di Frasso and Mary Brian brought her brand new conquest, Russ Columbo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Bob Woolsey certainly looks snooty! But Thelma Todd is right there with the cold shoulder! The pair are acting silly in "Hips, Hips, Hooray"

"Look what I found when I lost the 7 stains"



"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

". . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept *her* teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust me. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove *all seven kinds of stains!*'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

*Don't let the 7 stains mar
your beauty...your happiness*

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate's *two* cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with *one* cleansing action can remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 20c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has two cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.





Tempting Snacks for the Cocktail Hour

very thinly, and fill them with the mixture.

The popular Russian Pyrochock is made with a filling exactly the same as a chicken croquette mixture, with plenty of onion. Then little shells of puff paste are filled with this concoction, and baked.

A delicious accompaniment to cocktails is the cheese stick, as made by Chef Lehn. Cut long, thin strips of American and Swiss cheese, with enough body to keep them from breaking. Then roll in beaten egg, flour and bread crumbs. Fry in hot butter fat, and serve very hot. These are

• Chef Lehn is shown serving an attractive tray of cocktail accompaniments to Colleen Moore, who takes great pride in her parties

COLLEEN MOORE'S parties are hailed as among the most popular in the film colony, and when she wants especially appetizing delicacies, she calls on Fernand Lehn, head chef of the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. Lehn has consented to pass on to you some of his choicest recipes.

In the silver bowl is one of the grandest mixtures you ever set a cracker to. Or, if you prefer, use potato chips to scoop it up!

Mix a square of cream cheese (about half a pound) to a smooth mixture with 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon of onion juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Beat it to a smooth cream. It's elegant.

Another one, delightful and easy — place thin slices of pickle on saltines or butter crackers. Cover each with a slice of American cheese and a dash of paprika. Place under the broiler until the cheese melts. Be sure to serve hot.

A NICE departure from the usual olive-and-bacon delicacy, is to use large ripe olives stuffed with anchovies or walnuts. Wrap the bacon around the olive, anchor with a tooth-pick, place in a hot oven until bacon is crisp and serve hot.

A rather elaborate cocktail accompaniment is Chef Lehn's "Cornet of Chicken, Suedoise" or Swedish.

For this, dice very finely some celery, apples, smoked salmon, grapefruit and chopped watercress — same amount of each. Season and moisten slightly with French dressing. Form cornets with slices of chicken cut

exceptionally tasty tidbits.

The little mushroom-shaped tempters are made of *foies gras*, on a toast foundation. Brown little rounds of toast, and small strips. Then cover with *pâte de foies gras*, shaped to resemble the top and stem of a mushroom. Then stick them together, and roll in very brown crumbs.

Caviar canapes are simple to make. Cut out crescents of thin toast.

Blend caviar, paprika and finely minced onion or onion juice. Spread on the toast and garnish with pimento.

And celery stuffed with the delicious "silver bowl" mixture is both decorative and appetizing.



Here you may distinguish the delicacies for which Chef Lehn has given you his own tested recipes. It always seems much simpler to make these fancy little tidbits once you have seen the finished product

Is It Garbo or Hepburn?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

before her and become a universal idol purely through *acting ability*.

An acting ability which almost all Hollywood agrees is greater than Garbo's.

And you can't relegate Garbo's ability to any mediocre classification. She is a great actress, a soulful actress, a devout actress. No one can see "Queen Christina" without feeling the hypnotic power of this woman when she comes on the screen. It cannot all be a "typographical error," as the disgruntled author complained in "Once in a Lifetime." It can't all be an illusion.

No, Garbo is a tremendous actress, by virtue of that very power, that very "presence" which dramatic historians will doubtless try to explain hundreds of years from now. But she is not the purely histrionic artist that Hepburn is.

Acting is a slow, studied thing with Garbo. It has given rise to stories emanating from her sets that she was actually slow-thinking. Her deliberation, to fast moving, high-strung actors, seemed brought about by a cumbersome brain.

It is known, for instance, that no matter how slight the scene, how brief the line, Garbo must retire to a remote section of the stage alone and go over it all by herself. She may take a half hour or more on the most insignificant bit of dramatics; then come back and do several takes of the scene. Often intricate combinations of movements coupled with lines will seem to defeat her completely before the camera. In "Queen Christina" in a scene where several documents are handed to her to sign, she had difficulty signing them until they were handed to her one at a time.

Now, turning to Hepburn, just the opposite type of dramatic temperament exists. Hepburn, throwing herself naturally and completely uninhibited into her character, is what Hollywood knows as a "one take" actress. She has the gift of doing it right the first time, and without any apparent effort.

GEORGE CUKOR, a man who has been more responsible than the public realizes in developing Katharine Hepburn for the screen, discovered this fact when he made "A Bill of Divorcement." But Cukor, a shrewd mentor as well as Hollywood's outstanding directorial artist, knows his actresses. Hepburn needed handling when she first came out. And several times, notably during the scene where Hepburn as *Sidney* runs up and down a staircase, Cukor whispered an "okay" to the script girl at his side after the first "take," so she could mark it for printing, while he called for some ten or twelve extra "takes," until the impatient Hepburn, chasing up and down the stairs, was tired into tractability. Even thoroughbreds have to be "handled."

The struggle between Hepburn and Garbo is already in its first stages, but the battle cannot be swift, sudden and decisive in Hollywood. For Hollywood is not the battleground of this particular contest. The battlefield is the world, and only time will tell whether the world still wants what it has always indicated it wanted—a screen queen whose scepter is personality, or one crowned with the sparkling tiara of unparalleled artistry.

Tradition goes with the former—and Garbo. But these are strange times—revolutionary times. Traditions are being tossed to the winds, new rulers with new banners are toppling the age-hallowed thrones of the world.

Perhaps Hollywood is due for a change.

If it is, then Katharine Hepburn is the one they will mean when they shout, "The Queen is dead—long live the Queen!"



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... crisp, toasted wheat,
plus extra bran ... ready to eat

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10 full ounces of crisp, tasty nourishment. Kellogg's PEP is made of wheat. Rich in proteins, vitamin B and iron. Plus enough extra bran to be mildly laxative.

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OF BATTLE CREEK



What's This Muni Mystery?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"I am hideously uncomfortable at being pointed out, recognized, discussed. It is because I dread to disillusion the other fellow. I want to live up to the illusion he has created, and cannot. I cannot carry the burden of acting both on and off. Acting is too serious to me. I envy the men who can do that.

"They can, because different actors use different methods to create a rôle. With some, it comes so very easily that they can play all night at a party, and go into their character the next morning with no effort. But I—I must go through contortions. Every nerve is pointed and tense, quivering. My mind is tormented.

"It is the greatest strain of all when I must appear relaxed, easy. I am afraid I will not drain every possible meaning out of every moment I am working. My only confidence comes from knowing exactly how the scene should look, from a complete intimacy and oneness with the character—through studying and thinking about him. The thing then is to make the finished conception match with the one in my mind."

Paul Muni gives the immediate impression of great power—a mental and physical co-ordination that is striking. Not as large as he appears to be on the screen, his fine leonine head, his generously sculptured nose and strong, full mouth, together with clean, penetrating brown eyes, give him weight and drive. Here, you say, is a person. Here is character.

The man is so filled with vital energy that it's difficult to conceive of him in relaxation. A talk with him is far from restful. He sees too many sides of a question. He goads and belabors and accuses himself. His sincerity is terrifying.

He sits, holding himself down, kneading his volatile hands into each other, probing into his very marrow for the right word—always finding it—delving into his restless, churning, brilliant brain for ideas—finding them, exhausting them, leaping to another. A disturbing man. One not cut from the pattern of those who know all the right answers. He finds his own answers, Paul Muni—and then they don't satisfy him.

I had the feeling that he would be happier pacing the floor and hurling his arms through the air in expressive arcs, for emphasis . . . that he restrained himself forcibly only because he didn't want to run the risk of being considered dramatic . . . that he was a completely natural man, without pose, dressed in the trappings of a civilization he merely tolerated—with considerable impatience.

He hates clothes—they are merely another concession to civilization. But he loves the costumes of his characters as if they were his children. Muni has every single article he has worn in every rôle, carefully treasured in a cedar room, especially built, and adjoining his big rambling ranch house. In this, he is like George Arliss. He was born in Vienna in 1897. Born Muni Weisenfreund, he changed it to Paul Muni for the screen. To his family and the few persons who are privileged to know him well, he is always "Muni."

The change in his name is the only concession he has ever made to popular demand.

HE has several obsessions—but the greatest of these is story.

The story is all that matters, and he will not tell the same one twice—on the screen.

"An actor must eternally guard against the rôle similar to the one he has just played—or that he has ever played. After 'Scarface' I was offered dozens of gangster rôles. Of course I didn't take them.

"A woman came to my dressing room not

long ago—I don't know yet how she got in—saying, 'Oh, Mr. Muni, you must read my play. It was meant for you.'

"I said, 'Well, madame, what is your play about? Perhaps I can tell whether it would be worth using our time if you can tell me a little about it.'

"It's exactly like the play you are doing now. It just fits you!"

"I did not read her play. An actor permits himself to be typed, and he becomes monotonous to himself. What must he eventually become to a public?"

Muni will not be typed, he will not be starred, he will not be tied down to a term contract. His ambition is not to make money, as Hollywood regards money. Riches overnight. He says if a man is willing to work twenty years for independence, then he appreciates it—and he can make just as much on the stage as on the screen. A little faster, if he combines both.

"It comes too fast on the screen—a little while at the top, then zoom.

"I feel easier on the stage than in pictures. When a play is bad it doesn't last; it goes to the store-house and is forgotten. But when a picture is bad, you can't live it down. It haunts you. Months later, when you have nearly forgotten it, you drive through some little town, and there it is—blazoned on some



Rudy and Windy arrive in town for work. The crooning Vallee is to sing his sweet melodies in George White's "Scandals," while Windy looks on critically

theater-front, to make more people suffer. I asked him the answer to good and bad acting.

"The answer is—if the audience likes it. The audience sits in judgment. It is the great Last Word. No matter what I think of a performance, I am only an interpreter, and it is up to me to reduce—or elevate—my character into a common denominator. I must never do an obscure thing, because the audience has an uncanny sense of knowing exactly what *that man* would do.

"In the stage play, 'Counsellor-At-Law,' one fellow thinks Otto Kruger is better, one thinks I am. So we are both equal. One man's work is as good as another's, if an equal number of estimators think so.

"I HAVE been twenty-eight years in the theater, but this business of being an actor still tantalizes and eludes me. With all the thought I have given it, I have not yet found the solution. There is no formula.

"It is a life of little beginnings. A lawyer or a doctor, reasonably successful, builds a steady practice and moves up to an assured place in his profession. But with every play and every picture, an actor begins his career all over again!

"If he has a bad story, he will appear very awkward, no matter how good his performance. It will brush away with one sweep all his good work in the past.

"Every single part he plays is like trying to find gold in a mine. And if he allows himself to be typed, he is soon mined away.

"I can suffer a great nerve exhaustion, reading plays and stories, looking for a suitable vehicle. Because, as I read, I unconsciously play the part, as that is the only way it conveys a full meaning to me.

"So I am always working very hard, trying to relax. My wife or some one reminds me, 'You must relax.' And I keep putting it off, saying sternly to myself, 'All right. I'll begin relaxing tomorrow.' The way women are always going on a diet.

"Then I make one magnificent resolution to banish all my worries. They are not important, I say. Let some one else decide on the story. Let some one else worry about the picture, the play. . . . It must be the law of averages that catches up with me. Some one has to do the worrying, highly intensified, to take the place of all the other persons who blithely refuse to worry. The someone seems to be me.

"You can begin to see why I will never be a success as a play-boy. Why I feel so hopelessly artificial a pretender at social gatherings.

"Oh, if there were some sort of club, where one could go to hear fine, spirited conversations and debates—and take part in them—I would like that. A place where every man was only as good as his ideas. I would talk my head off. They would have to throw me out! But immediately I am faced with the monstrous ordeal of small talk—of futilities—I am terrified."

MUNI stopped short, and seemed to search through his mind, looking at all sides of the subject. . . . Then he burst out:

"But all the time, it is possible that what I am doing is acting! I am willing to accept the challenge. I am evading issues that are supposed to be part of the interchange in the life of a normally social man.

"God knows, I wouldn't like anyone to think I am satisfied and smugly happy with myself. I am honestly bewildered. Never do I feel completely sure of myself except when I am some other man. As long as I find it impossible to play in the other fellow's

back-yard, I stay in my own. In that way I am not abused, or abusing. It is really inspired by my sense of obligation towards others—only that sounds confused, I know.

"Every man has his own way of arriving at a goal. If I had to play politics or go about it in any but a direct way—my way—I wouldn't get to first base."

MUNI lives a very close-knit family life. His wife, a small, attractive, vivid, little woman, is his constant companion. She was Bella Finkle, a well-known dramatic actress in the Jewish theater. She sits, silent and apart, on the set during all her husband's scenes. He consults her anxiously about everything he does, every bit of wardrobe, every line.

"And why not?" asks Muni, surprised that it has ever been regarded as unique. "I have complete faith in her knowledge of the theater. And who in all the world is more entitled to tell me what's wrong, or who is more conscientiously interested in what is right in my performances?"

"I solicit her advice. I must have someone on whom I can depend to tell me the absolute truth—about how I looked as I played the scene, and how it *felt* to her. Her response is so right and so accurate. I cannot bear to look at the day's rushes. It is too disconcerting.

"I would want to do it all over again. But Mrs. Muni has the less intensely personal, the broader view, where I could find the most infinitesimal faults.

"I have made only six pictures in six years. That is comparatively no experience. I need an honest critic."

Muni rehearses his lines into a dictaphone and then reads them back. He has a horror of his still pictures being retouched. He doesn't want to be "prettified." He has an ardor for sincerity and a capacity for taking pains down to the smallest detail, that can scarcely be matched among actors.

After a picture is finished, he invariably is ill with nerve exhaustion and in bed for several days.

Then he and Mrs. Muni are likely to pick up and cruise off any place.

Muni says his work is done by impulse and instinct "with no strategic diagrams," and their vacations happen the same way. They never know where they are going—but always arrive some place.

They bought their rambling, lovely ranch out in Van Nuys, a few miles from Hollywood, the same day they first saw it. And another nearby, where Muni's mother and brother live. When absent from home they keep the house going for the two dogs, an airedale and a setter.

MUNI believes that a man should have as much quiet as he wants when he needs it, and that it is wiser to live for oneself and one's nearest and dearest.

He does not smoke and drinks only wine. He has an automatic iron-fast gate at the entrance to his ranch which takes an act of congress to get by.

His favorite dish is cottage cheese (schmerkase) with fresh chopped vegetables mixed in it.

He is passionately fond of music. Most of his public excursions are made to concerts or the opera. His brother is a concert violinist.

He says, humbly, that he feels he has been tolerated more than he deserves—but adds that he has endeavored to give sincere performances.

He adds then, with a tragic note of apology that he knows himself to be very poor "copy," and sympathizes with the writers who have to struggle to get a story out of the material he can give them.

I leave you to be the judge of whether Paul Muni deserves the descriptive "Garbo Man," adding the statement that Muni is the most fascinating complex, interesting and provocative actor I have ever met.

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to train in these New Hollywood Styles?



Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.



Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

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If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

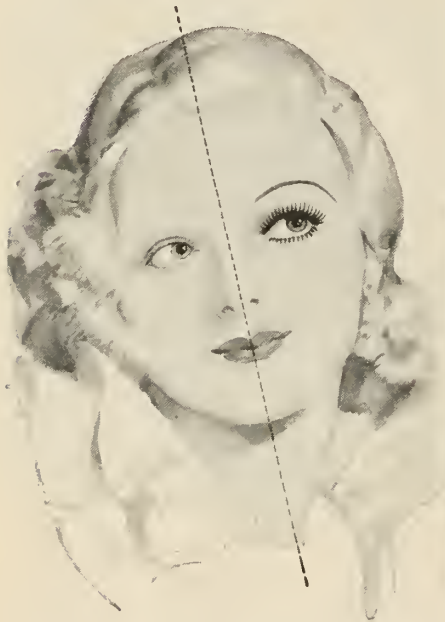
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The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia

HOLLYWOOD from the inside. Ann Sothorn, newcomer, plays a fake Swedish film discovery of Director Edmund Lowe, palmed off on Producer Gregory Ratoff. Discovery of the hoax is brought about by the director's jealous girl friend, Miriam Jordan. Musical theme, "Let's Fall in Love," is catchy. Lowe good. Ratoff highlights this one.

MADAME SPY—Universal

THE plot of this spy story is quite the same as many we have witnessed in the past. However, that does not matter a great deal, for the production is skilfully handled. Alluring Russian spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther. Betrayed by his wife, Nils in turn becomes a spy and is aided in his escape by Fay, who discovers that she really loves him. Vince Barnett, John Miljan and Edward Arnold.

THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY— Paramount

THIS picture was the result of Paramount's world-wide search for beauty, presenting thirty contest winners whose appearance is but a fleeting flash. James Gleason and Robert Armstrong click as two racketeers conducting a phoney health school and magazine. Ida Lupino and Buster Crabbe, playing the parts of beauty contest winners, thwart their plan. Interesting, with lots of laughs.

MASSACRE—First National

INDIAN propaganda laid on thick. Richard Barthelmess, an educated Indian, is a crack shot and becomes a World's Fair attraction. He goes debutante crazy. Learning his father is dying due to neglect, he returns to the reservation and cleans up on a crooked government agent, with the aid of Ann Dvorak. Barthelmess is up for murder, but a native uprising frees him.

FOG—Columbia

A SEA-GOING mystery thriller with an ocean liner, passengers, crew and audience all lost in fog which envelopes one, two, three murders. Robert McWade, as an irascible millionaire is strangled, whereupon the slayer kills ship's doctor and a clairvoyant lady who threatens to unravel the mystery with her crystal ball. Donald Cook is good as a psychoanalytic detective and is half of Mary Brian's romance, with Reginald Denny the other half.

THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN— RKO-Radio

A BATCH of good troupers make this a bright little comedy. El Brendel is a barber who won't marry ZaSu Pitts until he gets a second chair in his shop. "Skeets" Gallagher is a fast-talking salesman who feuds with Jimmy Gleason over Pert Kelton, a stranded show-girl acting as manicurist in the barber shop.

SONS OF THE DESERT— Hal Roach-M-G-M

TROUBLE, turmoil, fun and laughter. Laurel and Hardy, henpecked and down-trodden, take an oath to attend a lodge convention and their ridiculous maneuvers in

getting away from their wives will have you in stitches, and have the boys constantly in hot water. Mae Busch makes a grand plate-throwing comeback as Hardy's wife. Charley Chase, Dorothy Christy, Lucien Littlefield complete the cast.

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal

YOU very possibly will like Roger Pryor ("Moonlight and Pretzels") that way, but you'll find the story pretty familiar. Roger, a go-getter salesman, plays the show cuties but makes sister Marian Marsh walk the chalk line. When Marian unmasks his good girl fiancée, Gloria Stuart, as an entertainer at a gambling club, it looks like a ruined romance—but Roger comes through with somewhat drooping colors. Fair.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount

THIS rather odd film does not have much story value or movie formula. It lags considerably. But the story of Dorothy Wilson, a student at a Swiss academy, who is to have a baby, is set forth in such a straight-forward manner that one cannot help being taken in by it to a certain extent. Douglass Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Walter Connolly. Excellent photography.

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio

THIS film, formerly titled "Wild Birds," offers little in the way of entertainment. It's a dull tale of unredeeming villainy and pure virtue. Jean Parker, as the orphan bound to the cruel farmer (Arthur Byron), is lovely and convincing in her naïve simplicity. Tom Brown, as a runaway boy from a reformatory, does well. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman.

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox

ANOTHER Continental Express zooms across the screen with its various passengers whose lives become entangled in one great drama. Norman Foster, a young business man, falls in love with a dancer, Heather Angel, and comes to her rescue after the plot thickens with political intrigue. Ralph Morgan is splendid as a politician. Roy D'Arcy, the villain, Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor, comics, and Dorothy Burgess are among the passengers. Fair.

DAWN TO DAWN— Cameron Macpherson Prod.

WITH the exception of a few interior views of an old farm house, this film was photographed entirely on the plains. The camera angles are unusually effective. The characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof and Ole M. Ness—do little talking, but the dramatic expression is so high perfect that one does not miss the dialogue. A rather too short and highly imaginative picture.

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal

ANOTHER trek to California, this time, with Ken Maynard featuring a gold rush, bandits raiding the town, buffalo stampedes, Indian fights, prairie fires and rainstorms, to say nothing of Tarzan the horse, and a racing, jumping longhorn steer. Plenty of action. Children will like it, but it's pretty slim adult entertainment.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio

FRANCIS LEDERER clicks as an actor, even if the story of a mighty Eskimo hunter who finds the white man's race barrier too high to hurdle is dull. Tremendously popular on the New York stage, Lederer got a bad break on story material for this, his first American film. But his performance is well worth seeing. Elissa Landi, J. Farrell MacDonald, Henry Stephenson. Good photography

**THE SIN OF NORA MORAN—
Majestic Pictures**

THIS is a grief-laden story of a girl who goes to the electric chair for the man she loves. The tragic story of her life is told by flashbacks into her past immediately after her electrocution for a crime she did not commit. The story is depressing and confusing. Zita Johann is in the title rôle, and Alan Dinehart is the district attorney and narrator. Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—Paramount

MONTE BLUE as a cattle stealing, stage coach robber, assisted by Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight. Monte ends his rather hectic career in a colorful manner. Randolph Scott can't make up his mind whether to be hero or outlaw, while Barbara Fritchie is a bit hard-boiled for the heroine. Fine direction; good suspense.

**THE CHARMING DECEIVER—
Majestic Pictures**

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS very beautiful in a light romance of a London mannequin who impersonates a famous movie star and finds her true love in Deauville. The true love, too, does a bit of mistaken identity stuff, because that's the kind of story it is; not too logical, but acceptable entertainment. Frank Lawton is the 'andsome 'ero.

**CRIMINAL AT LARGE—
Helber Pictures**

ENGLAND once more gives us an exciting mystery drama made from Edgar Wallace's novel. If you are an addict to creaky old houses and strange murders, you will thrill to this convincing story of the *Lebanon* family. *Lady Lebanon*, last of a long line of blue bloods, chooses a healthy girl as her son's future wife. The girl is invited to live at the family castle where she learns startling things about the family skeletons.

A WOMAN'S MAN—Monogram

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE'S comeback film is just that for the blonde actress whose long vacation has improved her acting. All about an empty-headed movie star who messes up prize-fighter Wallace Ford's career with her philanderings but makes it right after the big fight. John Halliday as the director is perfect, and you'll like Kitty Kelly's humor. Enjoyable.

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram

IF you like Westerns, you'll get a few thrills out of this picture with its bad hombres, rough riding and sagebrush intrigues. John Wayne is the hero who finally marries the storekeeper's daughter after tipping them off to a robbery by the outlaw gang he so unwittingly is forced to join. Excellent shots of the wide-open spaces.

**I'D SKATE TO
THE SOUTH POLE
FOR A**



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KADETTEN (Cadets)— Reichsligafilm Prod.

THIS story of "Boys in Uniform" is much the same in theme as "Maedchen." The boy (Franz Fiedler) is at a military academy against his will. His every free minute is spent composing songs which he dedicates to his young stepmother (Trude von Molo). German dialogue, with English captions.

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational

A SHORT, short musical comedy featuring Milton Berle, and having the "repeat" angle. There are two good song numbers,

"Here's Looking at You" and "Poppin' the Cork."

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL— Freuler Film

A SMALL town minister's daughter (Barbara Kent) is married to the boy she loves (Donald Dillaway) during an all night party. But she doesn't know it because she has been drinking. Her young husband, by some strange reasoning, decides to keep the marriage a secret although they live together. And, after many complications, all is straightened out as it might have been so easily in the beginning.

Secrets of the Fitting Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

From Monday to Wednesday they tried it chin length. From Wednesday to Friday, to the lips. From Friday to Monday, to the nose tip. Next week, back to the lips. Then, up to the nose. Just below the eyes. Three-fourths of an inch above the nose tip. And on and on it went. For days. Weeks. Finally it was ready. And the result was worth the effort. A manufactured glamour that knocked the customers out of their respective seats.

Naturally, there's Tashman. With her keen, intelligent clothes sense. And the more they know about clothes, Banton asserts, the less fuss they make.

BUT, about Tashman. It seems that several years ago Banton was called over to the United Artists studios to design some gowns for Lil Tashman to wear in a picture.

Everything had been long waistlines and Lil was all set for several long-waisted knockouts.

"Wait," Banton said, "there's a definite new trend in the air. The normal waistline is due. You mark my words. Let's give it to them right here and now."

Naturally Lilyan was anxious to be a bit ahead of the game, but at the same time she was skeptical. After all, a Lil Tashman can't afford to make any mistakes in clothes.

"All right," she finally agreed, "but, so help me, Travis Banton, if you've guessed wrong I'll kill you with my own two hands."

So the dresses were made with the startling new waistline. Three months later the picture was released just as the "normal waistline news" hit America from Paris with a bang. Of course, Lil's gowns were the very last word. A sensation, no less.

Sometimes, the hardest task of all falls to the studio designer. On his shoulders rests the tragedy of breaking a heart.

For instance, at the last minute, the studio may decide to switch players. One star may be taken from a picture and another substituted. No one has the nerve to tell her. The executive passes the buck to the director. The director to the designer. And it isn't until the star, bubbling with excitement and happiness, barges into the fitting room and sees her clothes on another, that she knows.

Those are black, horrible moments in the fitting rooms. Yes, if only those walls could talk. The stories they could tell. Especially those fitting room walls at M-G-M.

Mon Dieu, what they know!

For instance, there's Garbo's fitting room behavior. Carefully she scrutinizes all of Adrian's sketches. Laying down this one with a mere "Ya" or that one with a "Very nice." But let some crazy, eccentric little bit of business creep in and, well—it simply throws Greta into hysterics.

She'll shriek with laughter. Howl, in fact. "I loff it," she laughs and wipes away the tears. The pill-box hat in "As You Desire Me" nearly finished her. Never does Greta balk

at the most trying style, if only it's violently insane. Otherwise, she isn't interested.

Norma Shearer is the patient Griselda of the M-G-M lot. She'll have it right if it kills her. As a matter of fact, it nearly kills everyone but Norma.

She'll peer at every stitch in every seam. Intently. Then decide the sleeves should be taken out. And put back in. And then out. And then in. And—well, as often as fifteen times Adrian has ripped out a sleeve. And fifteen times little fitters have sewed it back. With Norma chattering busily and happily between sleeve-ripping-outs and sewing-ins.

Then, the sleeve pronounced okay, Norma suddenly decides the color isn't right for the mood. Green? That would be fun. Yes sir, that's what it should be. Green. So the dye vats are set to boiling, the dyer holds the dress ready to drop it in when—*stop*. Norma decides white is best after all. Maybe. Or do they think the green after all—

Well, anyway, three weeks later Norma appears in the dress. Which, strangely enough, turns out to be a watermelon pink. Only Norma wishes she had finally decided on blue. Or maybe, the green would—

Joan Crawford it is, who is entirely interested in everything about clothes. Only, Joan can't make head or tail of any sketch unless it's colored in blue. Blue is the one and only color Joan understands. No matter if the dress is to be finished in bright yellow, the sketches must be blue. Or Joan won't know the top from the bottom.

The dress on, Joan goes into those acrobatic antics of hers. Her arms swing high, wide, around, up, usually landing a punch on someone's nose before it's over. But if the dress is the least bit binding under the arm, off it comes.

Joan must have freedom around her arms. Then the weight business begins, with Adrian moaning and wailing. Every hem must be loaded with weights.

"Joan," Adrian will argue, "so many weights at the bottom are unnecessary. The dress will sag."

AND how she walks in it, no one knows. Her every dress weighs at least 30 pounds. But it's Marie Dressler who throws the yellow and white dressing-room of Adrian's into a gorgeous bedlam.

"What's this thing?" Marie will demand. "Oh, it's a pleat. Thought it was a strange interlude.

"Adrian," she'll call, "what's this funny business sticking out of the neck? You sure you didn't sew Jimmy Durante up in this thing? Looks like Jimmy's nose to me."

And the fitters roll. And the tailors scream. And Adrian howls. And it's fun. And it's laughter. And sometimes, when Marie's old ache comes back, it's sorrow.

All, all in the fitting rooms of Hollywood.

Sing, Hollywood, Sing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

The payoff came, however, when the song writing populace discovered that all in the world one had to do was pick up a current title of a movie, book or play, wrap it up in a few words that had nothing to do with the book or play, drag in a slightly used tune and there you were. The fact that the song need have nothing to do with the subject matter of the movie, made it just too hunky-dory for everyone. And saved a lot of reading and movie going.

For example, the book and movie entitled, "I Cover the Waterfront," dealt with a reporter whose duty it was to write up the doings of the waterfront.

But did the song called "I Cover the Waterfront" have anything to do with a reporter on the old waterfront? It did not. It was all about somebody, a stranger to me, I assure you, waiting for a lover to come back from somewhere and get friendly. Too friendly, if you ask me.

Take the book and play, "A Farewell to Arms," which meant a farewell to arms of war. Guns, bayonets, or whatever it is they monkey doodle around with. And the song, "A Farewell to Arms." Did it have one single solitary thing in common with the book and movie, except the title? It did not. It was all about someone (who are these people, anyway?) saying goodbye to a lady's upper limbs that weren't going to caress him anymore and let that be a lesson to him.

Take "Dinner at Eight," that all star picture that knocked us cold. And then take the song, "Dinner at Eight," that had nothing in common with the movie except once again the title, and it was all about a fellow who laid a couple of gardenias at his girl's plate and warned her to tell her mother she'd be good and late. Well—late, anyway.

And when Hollywood got hep to that gag, well, song writing became as easy as the proverbial "log rolling off of."

FOR instance, a new picture no more than started production than a dozen new songs began flooding a town that was already drowned. There was Will Rogers' new picture, "David Harum." All over the place songs sprang up about

"David Harum, you harem scarem.

"I'll bet you dare 'em

"In your harem

"You rascal, David Harum."

Can you picture, by the wildest stretch of imagination, Will Rogers daring anyone in a harem? I mean, for heaven's sake! Where would he park his gum?

Before Ronald Colman could as much as get himself on a boat bound for Hollywood to make "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," the frienzied mob was at it. "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, You are my own, With arms of love, you strike back. My very own." That was one little ditty that ought to please little Ronny out of a year's growth.

"Anthony Adverse," bought by Warners, was a bit more of a problem. But don't think they were stumped for long. For out comes one enterprising young writer with "Anthony Adverse, you could be worse. But I am nerts. For my Tony Adverse."

Some wax very tragic and lovely. For instance, "Death In The Afternoon," which deals exclusively with bulls and bull fighters, came out

"Death in the Afternoon, I adore you.

"Death in the Evening, I abhor you.

"Death in the Morning, how you bore me.

"But death in the Afternoon, a hot cha cha, and a hey nonny nonny."



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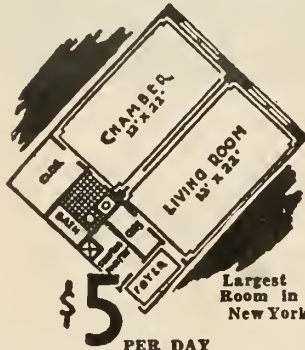


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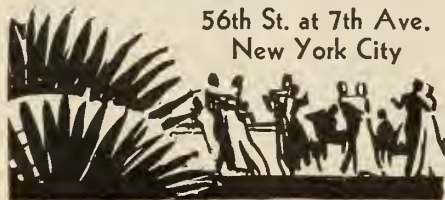
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Of course, Paramount's "Baby in the Ice-box" was a cinch. "Just get yourself an oven for I need a bit of lovin'" was the general trend of that particular little sketch.

And oh, my sainted aunt, what they did to "Little Man, What Now." I mean, the things they suggested Little Man do next would have curled Aunt Lizzie's bangs. Whewie!

But the whole mad, insane climax was reached when some bright lad suggested a theme song for each studio. Exactly like a college song. And not only suggested it but set out to write it.

"It will give spirit and pep to the whole studio," he argued, and actually seemed honest enough in his belief.

He began with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He wanted to bring in the studio's esteemed leader, Louie B. Mayer. First he tried the old one

"How doth the little Louie B.
"Improve each shining hour?"

It was too slow. Lacked snap and pep.

Then he bethought himself of Leo, the M-G-M lion. And wrote

"Leo, Leo, let your roar
"Come to the very fore

"For all our famous sons and daughters

"Of old M-G-M, our Alma Maters."

He wasn't content, like most people, with one alma mater, you notice. He had to have, he felt, one for Metro, one for Goldwyn, and one for Mayer.

NOTHING daunted with the ghastly result, he moved on out to Universal and waxed too, too grand for words. He wrote

"Universal, Universal

"Strong and mighty do we stand.

"Like our brave and stalwart leader—

And just then Junior Laemmle, five foot, one and a cold in his head, stepped to the front and somehow the whole matter was quietly dropped.

But the song rage goes just as feverishly, just as frantically on and on and on.

The Fan Club Corner

GERTRUDE B. PERKEL, president of the Official Joan Crawford Club, had the honor recently of having lunch with Miss Crawford and Franchot Tone, during Miss Crawford's stay in New York City. Miss Perkel has advised the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs that an entire detailed outline of the occasion will be found in a future edition of "The Crawford Chatter," the club's publication.

There was a surprise for members of the James Fidler Fan Club, when they received the club's paper, "The Fiddle Plays." With the paper came an 8x10 photograph of Jimmie and his season's greeting to members.

The Joan Crawford Fan Club, of which Miss Marian L. Dommer is president, is celebrating its second anniversary and has issued a special "Crawford News" in honor of the occasion.

"It seems just as if last month we sent out the first issue of the 'Crawford News,'" Miss Dommer wrote the PHOTOPLAY Association. "It was just a three page affair." Since then, Miss Dommer said, the mimeograph which Miss Crawford gave the club has made it possible to issue a much larger and a more interesting paper.

Miss Dommer wrote that she enjoyed lunch with Miss Crawford in New York City.

One of the newer members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, the Silver Star Club, of which Miss Phyllis Carlyle is president, states that the club was founded in honor of Franchot Tone. Among the honoraries are Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, James Cagney and Onslow Stevens.

A notice from the Tri C Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., mentioned the fact that the largest event of the year, a big jamboree, will be held very shortly.

A NEW move in club work is being undertaken by the Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, writes Miss Perkel. It will be operated under a "department system." The members have already been selected to care for these departments. They will compile a publication of their own to tell members of their activities in each department. The system will deal with interests that the members indulge in outside of fan clubs and movies.

Another issue of "Joel's Joelers" from Miss Helen Moltz, president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, has been received at the PHOTOPLAY Association offices, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. In it members will find a detailed account of Miss Moltz's recent visit to Hollywood and her meeting with Mr. McCrea.

The Bodil Rosing Club sent through a fine issue of "Bodil and Her Fans" with neatly

drawn sketches pertaining to the Holiday season. Chaw Mank, Jr., is listed as a vice-president of the club and plans call for a space contribution from Chaw as often as he can find time to write.

John Boles is now a Kentucky Colonel, states the John Boles News, issued by Lillian Musgrave, president of the club. The January issue was chock full of news.

HERE'S a new one for the Association—the Alice White Fan Club, of which Lucile Carlson is president. With the application came a fine issue of the club's paper. Some of the contributors are active members of other clubs. There were a number of holiday greetings reprinted from the various stars who are honorary members of the club.

"The Crawford Chatter," publication of the Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, is conducting a contest for the members' interest. The topic is, "Why I think Joan Crawford is interesting." Prizes will be given to the first three winners by Miss Crawford, personally.

The Screen Guild, James J. Earle, president, announced in the "Lode Star," publication of the club, that a number of changes were soon to be made in the Guild. Mr. Earle stated that the club would be re-named to honor Eric Linden.

"Among the Stars," publication of the Screen Fans' Club, issued by Al Kirk, president, contains some very interesting comments on new films. Mr. Kirk has rated them and carries a rather extensive review in the paper.

Fans writing to Dick Powell, according to Chaw Mank, Jr., are assured that Mr. Powell reads and personally answers (with the help of a secretary) all of his mail.

A LETTER from Miss Ethel Musgrove, secretary of the Ramon Novarro Service League, stated that the League was organized as a philanthropic organization and that it had been officially recognized by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department. The League has been carrying on a worthy work this season collecting clothing to be distributed among the destitute. They also sent many Christmas dinners to needy families.

"The Jordan Journal," issued by Carl E. Lefler, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, was another of the interesting bulletins received during the past month. Mr. Lefler deserves much credit for the arrangement of his newsy little publication.

From Miss Lilian Conrad, president of the Ruth Roland Club, we learn that Miss Roland presented the club with some of her clothes for an auction, the proceeds of which are to go into the club's treasury for carrying on their work.

Little Girl, Don't Cry!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

courageous, little soul she is, growing rapidly into womanhood. And we say, what now?

The first thing that ever drew any attention to this little Carlisle person was that giggling bit she did in "Grand Hotel." Mary, you remember, was the little giggling bride who entered just as the poor dead baron was carried out.

And right well she did, too. But better than Mary's bit is her own encounter with Garbo.

"I was standing there on the set just like this," Mary says, "and someone said, 'Come on, I want you to meet Garbo.' My knees (giggle) knocked together so much I could hardly (giggle) walk, and Garbo looked me up and down and said, 'So, you are the little bride, eh?' (giggle) I nearly died (titter), I tell you. Well, anyway, she told me, Garbo did, the costume I had on wasn't pretty, and told me to go to Adrian (giggle) and to tell him that she (giggle) Garbo had said I was to have a whole new outfit to wear (business of dying in her handkerchief). And I did, and Mr. Adrian, or is it just Adrian (double hysterics with whipped cream and chopped nuts), made me the cutest, darlingest little pink suede costume with pink suede hat to match, and I went back to Garbo (giggle, giggle) and she looked at me in the front and in the (giggle) back and said, 'Now dot is somethen like.'" (Complete spontaneous combustion.)

TO add a good-sized backache to the headache of Mary's looking like a doll when she's too old and much too ambitious, is the fact that the girlish plumpness of Mary's is almost certain never to be conquered. It's like Longfellow's turnip that grew behind the barn, and it grew and it grew and it grew. For behind Mary are several generations of very large women. And the fight Mary has to wage constantly is too utterly heart-breaking. It's as natural for Mary to grow plump as it is for Joan Crawford to sprout freckles. Both can be taken care of for a time, but eventually

\$6⁰⁰ and \$6⁷⁵

PINEHURST

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The last picture taken of Kay Francis and hubby Kenneth MacKenna before Kay cried "quits," to marital life. Who'd have thought that this happy couple would go that way?

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HAIR REMOVER**



there they are. Back at the same old stand, doing a brisker business than ever.

Mary's dieting is the scream of the studio. "I'm on a diet, everybody," Mary will inform the entire studio commissary. "Nothing but grapefruit juice for me." And then Mary will stop to speak to a friend, and in some way his creamed chicken on toast will manage to get about two-thirds of itself into little Mary, and someone else's cake or pie will go the way of all flesh, and then Mary will say goodbye and it's no use for any of them to insist upon her eating one bite for she's on a strictly grapefruit juice diet.

She gains half a pound that day and can't, for the life of her, imagine why.

"Can you dance?" they asked Mary when she first applied for work at the M-G-M studios.

"Well, I think I can," she said. "I never tried, but I think I can."

SO they put Mary under what they call a dancing contract, which was grand except for one little fact. She couldn't dance. She tried hard, mind you, but it was just no go.

"Why don't you ask them to change it to a stock company contract?" the dance director asked. "They'll do it for you." After all, he had to think up some way to get rid of this little roly-poly who kept everyone out of step.

And with no fear of the front office (the lams know no better), Mary actually did round up a stock company contract—"git along little blondie, git along."

Nothing happened rapidly. And then Oliver Hinsdell, who teaches the M-G-M starlets to say "a-a-a-a" and pull in the "tummy," decided to put on a play at the Beverly Hills little theater and for some reason, it's even hazy to himself, chose Mary for one of the rôles.

She was the first at rehearsals and the last to leave. And the opening night, she kept repeating her entrance line over and over until the whole cast was "nuts." The only drawback to the entrance line business was that the minute Mary made her entrance, she forgot the oft-repeated line. Couldn't remember a syllable.

"So what did little Mary think, in her nest at peep of day? Mary thought, like little birdie, mother let me fly away."

Anyway, someone finally got it to her and from then on everything went splendidly (too splendidly, they might have known). Mary, during the course of the second act, was called upon to drink a glass of ginger ale. Sweet, beautiful, doll-like Mary stood there drinking her ginger ale when, suddenly, Mary went "bur-r-r-up."

Well, sir, coming from Mary it brought down the house. It was as much the look on Mary's face, a pained, surprised stare, that had the audience shrieking and pawing the air. It rioted them. So they kept it in, and Mary was a success. She had simply burped

her way up the ladder, for Paramount saw her, and into "College Humor" went Mary.

I watched her make quite a bit of the picture. In fact, I was constantly tripping over Mary as she sat flat on the floor of the set peering at herself in a hand mirror. "For heaven's sake, Mary," I'd urge, "sit on a chair somewhere and get off the floor." She merely giggled. "I like it better on the floor," she'd say.

IN one of the scenes the rain was supposed to be pouring down. And Mary was to enter Bing Crosby's room, remember? Naturally, it was necessary for Mary to be rained on. And time after time she stood there while they literally broke a cloud-burst over her head. She was wet and miserable. And still she giggled, good little sport that she is, as over and over they drenched her. The grin never left her face.

Can she take it?

"Hello, stupid," a few smart souls around the studio will call at her. "Hi, stupid."

Just the tiniest, little flick of a blue eye betrays the hurt. And then the giggles spring out.

"Hi, yourself," she'll call.

Swell little egg to take it right on the chin like that.

And the funny part of it is, Mary isn't stupid. You know that, of course, if you saw her in "Should Ladies Behave?" But those curls and that bland, innocent little expression are getting in their deadly work already, you see. Even off the screen.

For some reason, someone said, they never treat Mary as a grown-up human being around the studio. They took a test of her at the studio the other day for an important part in a coming production, and the test turned out marvelously. Everyone on the lot knew it but Mary.

NERVOUS, anxious to know, game little thing that she is, she never asked or complained. For days under the terrific suspense, she waited. Waited for someone to say, "Well, Mary, you were terrible," or "Mary, you were grand."

No one bothered. It was only little Carlisle Little baby doll.

Finally someone did tell her.

There was a quick catch of the breath. A tear stood for a moment in those blue eyes. And then someone called, "Hi, stupid," and she shook her head quickly and then, with a sudden giggle, called back, "Hi, yourself."

So you see, it's no wonder we wonder what's ahead for Mary. After all, one can flutter through only so many pictures. Can giggle only so long. "Cute," they say, as Mary, gallant, brave little heart, goes about her way. "Cute, isn't she?"

But Mary is growing up. Mary is getting to be a big girl.

So little girl, what now?

Leslie Howard's Lucky Coin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

couldn't afford not to take it. And with the last money they could get together, he set out alone for New York once more.

"Laurette Taylor was to be the star and I her leading man," he said. "We rehearsed for a long while, then the play had its tryout in Great Neck, Long Island.

"Sadly enough, it was a failure, or shall I call it a flop, as you say in America?" His eyes twinkled merrily.

"Oh, I can laugh at the experience now, but frankly I was heartbroken. I'd taken the last money we had to make the trip, anticipating that my previous success would herald a new and greater triumph. And I admit I was a disillusioned, discouraged, very thin and very

hungry young actor out of work when the thing blew up.

"I came back to New York and hid away in a shabby, little room on a side street, wondering why I'd ever come from England on so thin a chance. I was terribly lonely. I walked the streets for hours, gazing into shop windows to take my mind off the disappointment which stayed with me like a nightmare.

"I was sitting disconsolately on the side of my bed one morning trying to figure out whom I could see next about getting a job, when the little envelope arrived, with the gold piece, from Ruth. I slipped it into my pocket and started out—really to buy some breakfast.

"At the corner of Broadway and Forty-

Sixth Street, I ran into an acquaintance, a fellow I'd met while doing the rounds of theatrical offices.

"Haven't you heard the news?" he shouted at me with great enthusiasm. "Miller's going to try 'Her Cardboard Lover' again—this time with Jeanne Eagels. Better hike up there and make a try for the part."

"I rushed over to Gilbert Miller's office and was greeted with open arms. They'd been looking all over town for me. And there I had been, sitting in a shabby, little side-street room wondering where I'd find a job."

THE rest is theatrical history. How very much of a hit the play was; how it ran for a long time on Broadway to capacity houses; how the night the audience applauded with thundering encores, Leslie Howard went to his dressing-room fingering his lucky coin, glad that Jeanne Eagels had made such a hit.

Jeanne ran upstairs to him and fairly dragged him to the stage, while Leslie held tightly to the lucky charm which—if you believe in such things—had given him this chance in a hit play at last.

"It's *you* they're calling for, Leslie," said Jeanne. "I've taken three bows. They won't stop until you come out."

It was all so true. The audience had found a fine, new, talented actor. And they insisted upon his receiving their acclaim.

Leslie Howard confesses now that he was stunned by the ovation.

It was Jeanne Eagels' play. She was the star. Leslie Howard was comparatively unknown. Yet she was glad to share her stardom with the new young man in whom Gilbert Miller had such unswerving faith. At last he was started.

And that beginning was the first of his sensational success on the stage which led to those enviable picture contracts later on.

AND now, sometimes, in the middle of the night, Leslie Howard has a bad dream that he is back again in those days of struggle and despair.

Then his hand goes mechanically to the gold coin on the chain around his neck.

Once, it wasn't there. He jumped out of bed, turned on the lights and began a prolonged search until he found it—under the bath sponge at the side of his tub.

"It's funny," he laughed, "how significant the thing has become. I suppose nothing would happen to me if I lost it, though it would make me very uncomfortable, indeed. That's why I guard that lucky coin so carefully."



The chap with Rogers would be Kaiser some day, if Germany were still a monarchy. He's Prince Ferdinand. Came to lunch with Will and liked the ranch so well he remained there for a whole week

AFTER A STRENUOUS DAY

... or at any time at all when you feel the least bit tired, do what they do in Hollywood—just enjoy a fresh stick of Wrigley's DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM. The chewing at once helps you to relax, as the screen stars know. Besides it gives you a glamorous new beauty because it eases up those tense, unbecoming lines which come around your mouth and eyes when you are tired. Try it. 0-12





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MIAMI BILTMORE
CORAL GABLES, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Happy Landing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

cafeteria trusted him for food for many weeks. To the glory of Hollywood, it can be recorded here that this man is often now the guest at Bill's mansion on the mountain.

At last, he was given a small contract by Famous Players-Lasky which was to run five years. He was to receive twenty-five dollars per week the first year, and sixty dollars during the last year. The day Bill signed the contract, he walked many miles to his home, stopping every few blocks to gaze at the paper showing the magnificent salary he was to get.

This contract was not renewed after the third year.

ANOTHER period of idleness followed. Finally a call came from the casting director of the Fox Studios. His luck changed again. Bill was engaged to play the heavy opposite Buck Jones in a Western film. The salary was two hundred dollars a week.

The future seemed much brighter, when one night he went for a ride with a friend, and slipped from the running board of the car and broke his ankle. The accident laid him up for many months.

This was the darkest period of his life. He could do nothing but wait—in a furnished room.

During these months his mother and grandmother died. The grandmother had been the most understanding friend in his life. "I understand the boy," she used to say. "He is just restless, and a rover, like his father. Some day he will find himself, and then watch!"

Bill remembered her words, but had little faith in her as a prophet while sitting destitute with a broken ankle in a furnished room.

The rooming house in which Bill Boyd lived was run by a lady named Maggie McCabe—and may God in his Heaven bless her.

She was about as poor as Bill. Maggie McCabe would leave her house at a certain time each day. Baked potatoes, boiled beans and pieces of meat were left in her ice box in such a way that even an actor with a broken

ankle could abstract victuals therefrom and not be detected.

Bill told me proudly how he used to hobble into the kitchen and take this food, and pray that Maggie McCabe would leave her house the next day. This she always did. Bill will learn for the first time, when he reads this article, that Maggie McCabe left the house each day on purpose.

I knew Maggie McCabe. "Shure," she said, "the poor bye was hungry, an' he was too proud to beg; and may the sun never shine on me poor father's grave in Ireland if I'd ayven let an actor starve in Hollywood."

One day the actor with the broken ankle borrowed a crutch and hobbled to the DeMille set. The mighty matador of synthetic emotions saw him leaning on his crutch. He left the set and went to Bill. Hearing of his plight DeMille gave Bill a check for three hundred dollars and sent him to his room at Maggie McCabe's in his own luxurious car.

A letter arrived next day from C. B. DeMille. It said something in effect to the actor that perhaps he was being tried in the furnace, and the great showman hoped that he would emerge—pure metal. "A man, stern old Ibsen," wrote DeMille, "who has suffered more than most men, has somewhere written, 'Never be so mad as to doubt yourself.' I hope you will remember this, and when you are able to walk again, come to me."

WHEN he was able to walk, he went to DeMille, and was given his first part of consequence in that director's film "Road to Yesterday."

When this picture was finished, and another film had intervened, DeMille gave Bill the lead in "The Volga Boatman."

The rest is film history.

I cannot close this particular phase of Bill's life without mentioning his great admiration for DeMille. "Say something about my gratitude to him," he said.

Now that the dream of the home has been



Fay Wray with her mittens on. No reason. And it isn't a new Hollywood fashion note, either. Fay is perusing a news sheet—and finding it most amusing. Her latest production is "Madame Spy"

realized, the petite and lovely Dorothy Sebastian has become philosophical. "We must keep working," she says, "to keep our minds active and to make our home a restful place for our friends."

And this, Dorothy does, with all the inherited hospitality of the South.

Dorothy comes of a family of missionaries. Her grandparents were stationed in Constantinople four years.

While in New York playing in George White's "Scandals of 1924," she also wrote syndicated articles. When the "Scandals" closed she went home to Alabama, where she remained several weeks, and decided to gamble the five hundred dollars she had saved by investing it on a trip to Hollywood.

WHILE under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she was loaned to play opposite Bill Boyd in "His First Command," in 1929. Her next picture with her future husband was "Officer O'Brien." The picture was so bad that in consoling one another they fell in love. They were married in 1930.

A reception was given after their marriage. Many notable people attended.

In a corner of the room stood a little old lady dressed in black. She came up to me as I entered, and said, "It's glad I am to see you among all these big bugs. And isn't it a beautiful wife the bye picked?"

The little lady in black was Maggie McCabe.

Only Al Wanted to Play

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"If 'Wonder Bar' were being made by an all-star cast from this studio, I wouldn't object to doing a minor part. Then I would feel that it was a matter of give and take between players on this lot. If I were asked to do a small part in support of Jimmy Cagney or Warren William or Eddie Robinson or to fill in a cast for Stanwyck or Blondell, or any of our own women stars, I'd grin and do it.

"But this is different. Not only was I cast to a rôle in a picture I did not want any part of, but I was put in a picture in which the male lead is not recognized as a screen star and the girl with the only feminine part that can be called a part, is borrowed from another studio.

"There is nothing personal in this at all. Dolores is a good friend of mine, and I'm glad to see her get a nice part—but she is not under contract here and I do not think I should be asked to support her at the cost of playing a weak bit.

"POOR parts," continued Kay, "hurt an actress more than the average person can realize. The public does not analyze the part a star plays; it thinks only of her performance in that particular picture. No star on the screen can play four bad parts in succession without meeting disaster. And, personally, I think I had my share for the time being.

"I could understand being cast to such a rôle if the studio did not value my services and had not renewed my option, but, under the circumstances, it seems inexplicable to me."

Almost unanimously, the players in the cast of "Wonder Bar" felt that Miss Francis had ample grounds for her feeling—though some of them were of the opinion they had taken equally as hard a rap. But more of that later.

All things considered, no one could possibly accuse Miss Francis of poor sportsmanship. But, as a matter of fact, exactly the opposite is true.

"I don't care what I portray," explained Kay, "from a cheap honky-tonk girl to the Queen of England, but I want it to be a part that means something and a rôle I can build up.

"Gee whiz," exclaimed the frank Dick

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Moles

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WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Powell, "I thought I was due for a good break—because I've been merely marking time since 'Gold Diggers.' You know, I really need a chance to do something right now, because I must make my mark while the musicals are still popular. Wasting time is suicide for me.

"When they talked to me about 'Wonder Bar,' I told them I didn't want to go into it. I knew Al Jolson would never let another singer do anything in it. But I didn't know how much he wouldn't until he took the good song that was assigned to me and gave me in exchange the eight bars he didn't like.

"I suppose you can't blame a singer for that. I know, because I've seen it work out in stage shows and on the radio—one singer will never let another in the same show have good numbers. I've gone up to the office two or three times, trying to be taken off the picture, but it's no good. I've got to go through with it and take the crumbs that fall my way, I suppose.

"I'm new in pictures, and can't battle it out like Ricardo Cortez is doing. Anybody that hogs a scene with him is going to have to step lively."

And that remark brought to mind the razor-like smile of Ric's and his dry comment that it was a "swell picture" for him. Cast to the part

of a crooked professional dancer, two-timing his sweetheart, is no break for Ric—but nobody is jostling him out of scenes—as evidenced by his skillful blocking of Al's casual little stage tricks.

"Ric'll probably make something out of that part of his," continued Dick, "but I'm all bottled up. And just when I need a break, too.

"You know I've been teamed with Ruby Keeler for three pictures—and I thought maybe Al would want to see me built up a little. But I guess I guessed wrong, because he's going over all the scripts suggested for us—as Ruby's manager and I'll probably be whittled down in them."

And that's how things were on the "Wonder Bar" set, with almost all the players in the cast struggling to get out of the net. But at least they are not asked to raise their right hands in salute and cry, "Viva Yoelson."

And here's a very curious foot-note to all the above. Every actor in the cast is so determined not to have Al steal all the scenes, that I can forecast "Wonder Bar" is going to be an exceptionally good show. Everyone of them is upon his toes when he steps before the camera. And as for Al—well you know what a sensation he has always been on Broadway.

Star News From London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

in which Gracie Fields is starred. Of course, Gracie Fields doesn't mean a thing to you—but she is by far the biggest box-office name in all of Britain.

Exploited as "the richest working woman in the world," this extraordinary woman is said to be earning the equivalent of \$750,000 a year from film and stage engagements, broadcasting and phonograph records. Yet her exploiters insist they'd not think of attempting to crash the American market with her—either in the flesh or on the screen.

As for Gracie herself, she will tell you, in her inimitable provincial dialect, that England's good enough for her, thank you very much.

DOWN at Elstree one recent day I had an interesting chat with Ralph Ince. This member of the famous family slipped into London on gum shoes, instead of with the usual blare of trumpets. He is playing a leading rôle in the British International picture, "Love at Second Sight."

On the completion of this film the B. I. P. chieftains are planning to give Ince a picture to direct.

THAT same day I had luncheon in the B. I. P. commissary with Marian Marsh, as lovely a blonde as ever came from Hollywood. She told me with a smile how she'd given the reporters two surprises when they met her aboard the S. S. Washington at Plymouth.

First, she showed them her passport—and it definitely proved her status as a British subject. (She was born in Trinidad.) Then she told them that, although it was well past midnight, she would be at work before the camera before the day was over! And she was!

It was five o'clock in the morning when she got to her London hotel. After breakfast, she received the corps of studio dressmakers who fitted her for the gorgeous dresses which she wears in "Love at Second Sight."

Following luncheon, Marian drove to Elstree, where she worked until seven o'clock that evening. Even then, she declared she wasn't a bit tired, but the director called a halt to proceedings.

I'VE had enough experience with the vagaries of film stars to take for granted almost anything any of them do. (Witness, for example,

young Fairbanks' last-minute decision to return to Hollywood within a day or two of his solemnly declaring to me that he would never revisit the film capital to make another picture as long as he lives!) Wherefore, I take Gertrude Lawrence's denials of her intention to become Fairbanks' bride—when his divorce from Joan Crawford becomes final in May—with a large grain of salt.

All I can do—in my capacity as your dutiful correspondent—is to record the fact that thus far Miss Lawrence has dispatched a long cablegram to young Douglas every day since his departure from London. And every day there has come to her an equally lengthy cabled message from him!

There I leave it.

LAST, but by no means least, I'm disgusted and mad—to the boiling point.

Here we have in our midst the woman who, according to almost every New York critic, is the foremost actress of the English speaking world—and upon her arrival, the London newspapers refer to her as a "U. S. A. star."

That would be all very well if it were not for the fact that Lynn Fontanne was born in London of English parents. It wouldn't make one so sore, if it were not for the further fact that for years Lynn haunted managers' offices in the West End, trying her best to get a chance to show them what she could do.

It was actually Laurette Taylor who gave Lynn her first real opportunity. (It would be an American.) It happened during the war when Laurette was in the midst of her three-year run in "Peg O' My Heart." The star realized that her New York accent didn't fit in so well—at the teas and after-theater supper parties to which she was invited by titled folk.

So she made a deal with Lynn to coach her in English—as it is spoken in Mayfair.

That was the beginning of a friendship which culminated in Laurette's taking Miss Fontanne back to America with her, and giving her a part in one of her husband's plays.

Of course, you all know the rest of the story—her marriage to Alfred Lunt, and her soaring to heights in the theater, reached by only the illustrious few.

And now she comes home—to appear with her husband on the stage in "Reunion in Vienna"—only to be branded an alien.

Sweet Alice Brady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

picked up in some little out-of-the-way shop (and adores) she'll wear an almost priceless chinchilla coat. Soft and beautiful. Except for where the dog chewed the sleeve nearly off. Outside of that you couldn't buy it for a king's ransom. The hat will be a little before-the-depression number that she clings to regardless of dozens of new ones, but the earrings beneath will be worth a small fortune. And altogether, she'll look like a million.

THOUGH she reads the comicaest little paper-backed blood-and-thunder magazines, she's also read most of everything good that has been written in years.

Her grin is the most surprising, disarming, spontaneous, gamin-like thing that anyone ever beheld. She's never down. Never complains. And yet her heart lies severed within her at the tragedy of her broken marriage. And for the little son who will ever and ever be ill.

But perhaps the most amazing thing about her is the fact that movie actress that she is, she isn't bothered about publicity. Always glad to see writers and interviewers but three minutes after they've arrived she's forgotten just why they're there. And so have they.

And work? Of all the things about her, that's another one that Hollywood simply can't get over. With most actresses complaining and groaning about overwork and wanting to do but two or three pictures a year, here's Brady crazy to work all the time.

She no more finished "Broadway to Hollywood" than she was capering about in "Should Ladies Behave?" and when Paramount wanted her for "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," and the studio thought it would be too much for her, Brady was fit to be tied in knots. She was on the 'phone pronto. First, the casting director. Who referred her to a supervisor who, in turn, referred her to a producer. "What's this about my not making the Paramount picture?" she yelled at all of them. And I mean yelled. "Of course, I can do it. I've got Sundays off from this picture, haven't I? Well, I can do the part on Sundays. And lunch times. Why, I never heard of such a thing as thinking I can't do it. And stop sputtering in my ear," she screamed through the 'phone at the dumbfounded producer who thought he had suddenly gone nuts. As he probably had.

"Ridiculous," she went around muttering, "a body has to fight to get a little work to do around here," and she made the picture, too.

SHE descended on Hollywood, a well known, thoroughly established stage star. A somebody from the New York stage with "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Forever After" and "Mademoiselle" all to her credit. And they expected someone that—well, you know, would be a bit stiffish and stand-offish and not too good in pictures right off. After a few rôles, Miss Brady, maybe, would be ready for a little loud huzzahing from the studio, they thought. Not too loud, of course. No ear splitting yells or anything. Just enough to let people know that Alice was in pictures and you could ignore it, if you wished. So they stuck her in a minor role in "When Ladies Meet" and hoped to heaven Ann Harding and Myrna Loy would make up for any blunders Miss Brady would make.

And what does Alice do to everyone's amazement but walk off with the show. And didn't even know she did it. Doesn't yet, in fact.

She hasn't the slightest egotism. Anyone can tell her she's no good in a certain part, and she'll believe it implicitly. And 'phone all her friends and warn them she's absolutely terrible in that picture. So and so said so.

"It skids, that's the trouble with it. It needs chains. Just when I'm trying to be seri-



“IT'S A SHAME, THE WAY THE TIME OF MONTH GETS CORA DOWN!”

“SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN”

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.



Take one tablet then drink a full



glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease in ten minutes.

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your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

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ous on the screen the thing skids and I'm doing a tragic scene with a comic face. Look at it. I often see those little blonde babes around here giving me the once over. I bet they're thinking just how that one fits into pictures with a face like that."

And she'll give one of those famous grins, accompanied by that little snort of laughter that simply throws everyone into stitches.

You should see Alice arrive at the studio, barging up the dressing room steps with her four dogs yapping at her heels.

"Edie," she starts calling at the bottom step to her hairdresser up stairs, "Edie, yoo hoo! Look at my hair. Edie, it sticks out all over. Yoo hoo Edie . . ." until Edie, to silence the turmoil, will emerge from Norma Shearer's or Joan Crawford's dressing room and call back, "Yes, all right. I see you. I'll fix your hair in a minute."

EDIIE, incidentally, would lay down her life for Alice, because as Edie says—Alice doesn't pick all the curls out of the wigs after she has spent hours curling them.

She has decided to be a blonde in all her pictures. She thinks blonde hair does something kind to her face. It will be only blonde wigs, however. Her own hair remains black.

She's even inconsistent in her English, this Brady. For instance, they were rehearsing a scene in "Should Ladies Behave?" when Alice stopped in the middle of the dialogue. "You know that sentence doesn't sound right to me," she said.

"There's something faulty in its construction."

"Sounds all right to me," the director said. "No," argued Alice, "now let's parse it and see." And parse it she did with everyone rubbing his head in puzzlement over the wrong participle and Alice proving she was right.

"Now," she grinned, "Ain't that better?" She has a mania for buying gadgets. Trick cigarette lighters. And giving them all away. And wants to try everything she ever reads about. The false fingernail thing, though, was ultra-extraordinary.

She had read about them some place and nothing would do Brady but she had to have false fingernails. The kind that just slipped on over her own. So she telephoned everywhere in town, but no fingernails.

"Now Alice, for heaven's sake, you wouldn't wear them if you had them," a friend expostulated.

Alice gave that famous grin. "No, I know.

But I thought they'd be so cute to look at. Can you imagine me walking down the street and have some gentleman come up and say, 'Lady, pardon me, but did you drop your fingernail?'"

AS for food. How she does go in for exotic dishes! For instance, she'll spend half an hour discussing dinner plans with her cook with no one for dinner but herself. "Woodcock in sherry," she'll order, giving all the directions for the unusual dish. And then as likely as not, she'll forget all about it and have a ham sandwich at the studio.

During the making of "Should Ladies Behave?" some ultra-fashionable visitors were being shown about the sets. They came to Alice's set murmuring graciously over the exquisite beauty of it. And suddenly their gaze was riveted on one of the gold-trimmed opera boxes. There sat Alice, resplendent in a gorgeous evening gown, with a huge ham sandwich laid out over the elegant upholstery and a bottle of beer clutched in one hand. About as elegant, all in all, as a Bowery beer parlor. With Alice as nonchalant as you please.

What confounds Hollywood so utterly is that Brady doesn't place the same value on material things as it does.

Things in a house don't have to be according to Willie Haines to make it a home for her. She couldn't even conjure up the picture of building and furnishing an elaborate home for friends to pass stiffly through and exclaim over. She has things exactly the way she wants them and doesn't care who likes them. Or who doesn't. That they're right or wrong doesn't bother her.

SHE wears what she pleases, does what she wants to do and is still eager, humble and anxious to please. She may be a see-saw sort of person but there's plenty of good old horse sense to make a perfect balance when things go up too far or down too low. Common sense, inherited, no doubt, from her grand old producer father, William A. Brady.

You see the trouble with Hollywood and Alice is that Alice is miles and miles ahead on the road to culture. She has had all the things that Hollywood strives for so ardently, years ago.

She's a true sophisticate, is Brady, with scarcely anyone suspecting it. That's why she's so everlastingly herself.

And will always be Hollywood's most consistent inconsistent.

Hollywood, the World's Sculptor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

perhaps, but definitely. And Dietrich, who at first had promised to be very fine, malleable clay in the potter's hand, became too strenuous even for Hollywood. And now the sculptor has been trying to figure out how to destroy the mold and recast it while the lady isn't looking.

FROM England came Miriam Jordan, proudly beautiful, simple and charming.

"Ooooooh!" said Hollywood, "what lovely clay! Let me at it!"

So to the winds it threw Miss Jordan's reserve; to the shears it sacrificed her long, shining hair.

And out bounced Mimi.

But the sculptor was fooled. Out bounced Mimi—for a while! And bounced right back again.

"No!" she said in that low, cultured, poised voice of hers. "I am not a flapper and I refuse to submit to your hey-nonny-nonsense magic. I shall remain myself."

And Miriam chose to overlook her little Hollywood spree and forget the brief excite-

ment of Mimi, and really, even the sculptor is glad. Now, all she has to do is wait until her hair grows out again and she'll be as good as old.

Came Garbo! And the strange part of it is that nobody realized on the day she arrived in Hollywood that the most beautiful, pliable, and important piece of clay it would probably ever have, was lying inarticulately there on its work-bench.

But it took the sculptor only a few hours—so the story goes—to wake up to the Garbo possibilities and begin molding.

It took a raw, awkward, shy young Swedish girl and made her into the world's most glamorous figure. And if Hollywood ever finds itself drowning in a sea of mistakes, Garbo is a grand straw to hang on to.

It can always retain its artistic pride in this masterpiece. Garbo stands alone and majestic as the sculptor's supreme gesture toward immortality.

"A sculptor wields

The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty."

And the beauty of it is that Hollywood can mold and mold. There is no other star in Hollywood who can fit, with such whole-hearted glamour, into so many diversified rôles.

Garbo hasn't hardened yet, artistically, even if she does present a concrete front to the prying public.

The sculptor didn't do so well by the other Greta, but Miss Nissen is doing pretty well by herself. In Europe, Miss Nissen was famous as a pantomimist and dancer. Hollywood never heard about it—or if it did, chose to overlook it. Hollywood made an obvious, effective vamp out of a subtle, intelligent artist.

But Miss Nissen philosophically respected the turn of the potter's hand and set out to prove that a lady can go on a vamping in quite an artistic fashion.

LYDA ROBERTI, born in a circus (her father was the clown), molded herself when she made her stage debut in New York singing jazz in Polish.

So Hollywood, having met its master, was reluctantly persuaded that there is no need for its sculptor's tools.

"Nothing much you can do with a cyclone," it mutters discouragedly, and lets it go at that.

But what it did to the English Benita Hume is very funny. It tried to make a gangster's moll out of her (did you see "Gambling Ship?"), and endeavored to make the purity of Miss Hume's very English tongue wrap itself around such lines as, "D'yuh get me, kid? I said *scram!*" and "Aw, don't give me none o' that, big boy!" It was all a little difficult for Miss Hume to live through—let alone her audiences. The sculptor hid its head in shame.

Then it perked up and put in eighteen hard months on Anna Sten. Miss Sten was kept so "secret" during that year and a half—no studio publicity, no pictures, no interviews—it is pretty hard to tell just how much reshaping and change took place at the hands of the sculptor. However, the finished product in "Nana" was—shall we say—Stenning. And if Hollywood didn't do much more to Anna than teach her English, the actress did plenty to Hollywood—thousands of feet of negative destroyed, directors changed quicker than she could say "I don't like heem," and quite a supply of temperamental fireworks. But that is another story.

And there is the dentist's son, who slipped through bandit lines at the Mexican border, arrived in Los Angeles penniless; worked for four dollars a week at a grocery store counter; taught piano; went to New York to study music and there became a bus boy in a restaurant.

Back again to Los Angeles; worked as a waiter in a café during the day, and as an usher in a theater at night.

AND this little Mexican boy is now the foremost foreign romantic thrill on celluloid today, Ramon Novarro. And the sculptor's fine Hollywood hand is seen here to beautiful advantage.

Charity began at home when Hollywood took a Shakespearean actor named Bill Hart and made a cowboy out of him, and then took a cowboy by the name of Gary Cooper and made him into the town's most fashionable host.

Lionel Atwill, to mention another actor at random, turned in one of the subtlest, most expert pieces of acting ever seen on the New York stage (in "Deburau"); won his dramatic spurs as the suavest of sophisticated actors, came to Hollywood and what is he now?

A horror expert.

There is only one person I can think of who has dodged the sculptor's yen for alteration. And that is Marie Dressler.

And Miss Dressler, like the Mississippi, will just go on and on—being herself.

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR *by Wells*



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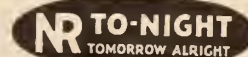
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Green-Eyed Jealousy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

in for that sort of thing. Maybe not—but the smiling Maurice Chevalier didn't want the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald cluttering up his new picture, "The Merry Widow." Why? Well—because—er—well—he didn't.

Meantime the boys in the know say that Maurice didn't like the way Jeanette rang the bell over in France on her concert tour. She sort of rubbed it in on the home grounds, so to speak. And, incidentally, Jeanette is the most popular American star in France.

And while he was at it, Maurice didn't like the way Ernst Lubitsch had been getting credit for his pictures. So he didn't want him in on his next, either.

Meanwhile, some said they had discovered signs that Dennis King did not seem too well pleased with Jeanette's working with him in "The Vagabond King."

Can you imagine a couple of two-fisted, hell-roaring, broncho-busting cowboys being jealous of one another? Well it seems Hoot Gibson opined the Westerns were all washed up, and Ken Maynard reckoned that merely because they were for Hoot didn't mean that they were for regular fellows.

You may remember that the same Ken took Hoot for a trimming at the air races. Which reminds us that there is a bit of a story concerning how Hoot Gibson and Art Acord used to battle out their mads with fists, boots and what-not, every time they met. There was right active jealousy between that pair.

No—we can't let the men off yet. There's the case of Wheeler and Woolsey, who are credited with carrying their grievances to William LeBaron so many times that he refused to listen to them any more. The charge against them is that they were so jealous of one another that they used to count the words in a

script, and every time one had a few more words than the other the injured party would start for LeBaron's office.

The natural consequence of this was that they tried it alone—each doing a picture by himself and then falling into one another's arms and hanging on forever more. Today they are reported the very best of friends, each with a knowledge of the other's importance to the twain.

And while all this jealousy between players was going on at the other studios, the Warner Brothers were leaning back, thoroughly enjoying their ringside seats. Over on the First National lot they had a couple of rivals, too—but of a different nature. Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney had both come into fame via the gangster picture route and had both battled to the top through hard work and sheer merit. Between them there was a keen rivalry—but a friendly and helpful one.

First National was certainly sitting pretty.

THEN along came Tobin. A quiet, lady-like, unobtrusive sort of person was Genevieve. And there was Blondell—as nice and friendly a girl as you would want to meet was Joan.

Ah well, the dove has flown from the rose-scented Burbank lot. There were no blondes at First National to worry Joan—and right at the very start Tobin, looking strikingly like Blondell on the screen, proceeded to raise havoc in Joan's picture "Goodbye Again."

Joan didn't in the least object to giving the newcomer a big hand, but she hadn't figured on having a picture pilleried right out from under her nose; and is figuring it isn't going to happen again. But it's all one big, happy family over at First National, and Warner Brothers have a nice supply of aspirin on hand.



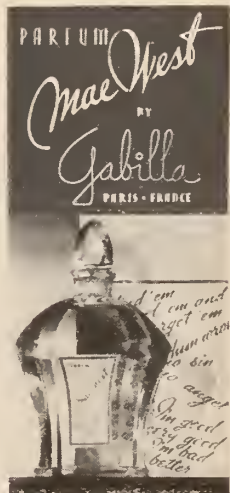
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

A PHOTOPLAY editorial in March, 1919, quoted a picture chieftain as saying: "Influenza hit the film business harder than four years of war." Once the industry "tottered on the brink of anarchy," and he believed that had there been a single producer acceptable as a dictator, all picture makers would have merged into one vast protective organization. Yet the young screen business survived.

"It never has had a big financial disaster! Not one!" (That was in 1919.)

England, France and Germany were groping out of the war chaos. Editorially we commented that we would have to face an invasion of European films, "and it will be the best thing that ever happened to us."

Thomas H. Ince himself wrote of "The Early Days at Kay Bee" and the Inceville adventures. Bill Hart made his first Westerns at Inceville.



Lew Cody

Samuel Goldwyn, seeking a leading woman for Tom Moore, found none other than Tallulah Bankhead, even then up from Alabama and determined on a stage career.

Lew Cody was confessor in "The Confessions of a Male Vampire."

"Women today are doing their best to kill romance," said Lew. "They have grown too clever."

Cecil B. DeMille had assembled "the most notable stock company that the dramatic world has seen since history claimed Augustin Daly for her own."

George Loane Tucker's production of "Virtuous Wives," with Anita Stewart, was commended; Universal's "The Heart of Humanity" was one of the most elaborate of the war stories, and Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona" provided swift entertainment. Our reviewer found it paced a bit too swiftly. On the cover—Lina Cavalieri.

10 Years Ago

THE thirteen Wampas Baby Stars of 1924 were presented in the March issue of that year. Mop-haired Clara Bow was one of the group. Others were Marian Nixon, Julianne Johnston, Ruth Hiatt, Elinor Fair, Lucille Ricksen, Margaret Morris, Hazel Keener and Gloria Grey.

Incidentally, Los Angeles didn't evidence any great hospitality toward the 1924 Wampas party, with the Police Commission refusing to permit dancing after midnight. On the invitation of San Francisco officials, the party was moved to that city and many Hollywood celebrities made the trip north.

Adela Rogers St. Johns observed at the time that the percentage of divorces in Hollywood was no higher than elsewhere. Actresses in the movie colony had evolved what they called "cat parties"—evenings of gossip and hot chocolate, while the men were sent to the



Clara Bow

fight. PHOTOPLAY commented editorially on Rudy Valentino returning to work after his year-long feud with Famous Players-Lasky.

George Ade, writing about Tom Meighan, said: "He is one of the highest salaried actors in the world and he is deserving of all his success."

The six best pictures of the month were "Abraham Lincoln," with George Billings, previously inexperienced as an actor, in the title rôle; "The Great White Way," "Wild Oranges," "West of the Water Tower," "Boy of Mine," and "Black Oxen."

Will Rogers, "after missing fire the first time," had returned to the screen under the Hal Roach banner with greater promise of success. He had won the right to employ his own ideas.

This month cover honors went to the lovely Pola Negri.

5 Years Ago

LETTERS from movie devotees pouring into the PHOTOPLAY offices in March, 1929, indicated that talking pictures still were regarded as a novelty. However, the sound revolution was on in full force. Greta Garbo, Colleen Moore and Clara Bow had passed their voice tests, but M-G-M took its big gamble in giving Jack Gilbert a high-figure contract without a test. Rumors had Emil Jannings ready to go back to Germany—too much accent.

Recent deaths had saddened Hollywood and fandom. Theodore Roberts, Marc MacDermott and Fred Thomson were sorely missed.

A group picture of the 1929 Wampas Stars included: Loretta Young, Josephine Dunn, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill, Anita Page, Mona Rico, Betty Boyd, Sally Blane, Ethlyn Claire, Helen Twelvetrees, Caryl Lincoln, Helen



William Powell

Foster and Doris Dawson.

There was a beaming home-life study of Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford. Madge Bellamy said a few sharp words about women, adding: "Men are not selfish." Tom Mix revealed that most of his loves were bald-faced cowponies—"but horses are a lot like movie stars."

"Don't Envy the Stars" was an article reminding us of the inconveniences and discomforts paid for the price of greatness by

such as Garbo, Gilbert, Chaplin, et al. Bill Powell pleaded not guilty to the charge that he was a picture stealer.

The best pictures of the month were "Wild Orchids," "His Captive Woman," "The Rescue," "The River," "The Doctor's Secret," and "My Man."

We printed what was believed to be the only existing photograph of Dolores Costello in a bathing suit. On the cover—Marion Davies.

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Paramount Studios

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Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Dorothy Dell
Marlene Dietrich
Maxine Doyle
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Barbara Fritchie
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Gill
Gary Grant
Charlotte Henry
Verma Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Percy Kilbride
Jack La Rue

Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Julian Madison
Herbert Marshall
Ethel Merman
Gertrude Michael
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Sally Rand
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tildbury
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Dorothy Wilson
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Irene Bentley
John Boles
Clara Bow
Nigel Bruce
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crossman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Dixie Frances
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat

Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Blanca Vischer
June Vladek
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Constance Bennett
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chick Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Charles Farrell
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan

Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Sari Maritza
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Thelma Todd
Nydia Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman

Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Sally Blane
Constance Cummings
Arline Judge

Paul Kelly
Fredric March
Blossom Seeley
Judith Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore

Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Nena Quartaro
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Agnes Anderson
Max Baer
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Art Jarrett
Isabel Jewell

Otto Kruger
Jay Lloyd
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Laurence Olivier
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Jack Pearl
Nat Pendleton
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Robert Allen
Vilma Banky
Vince Barnett
Andy Devine
Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Jan Kiepura
Evalyn Knapp
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker
Alice White

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Helen Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Gear
Hugh Herbert
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight

Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Edwin Phillips
Dick Powell
William Powell
Phillip Reed
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Sergava
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Genevieve Tobin
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

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Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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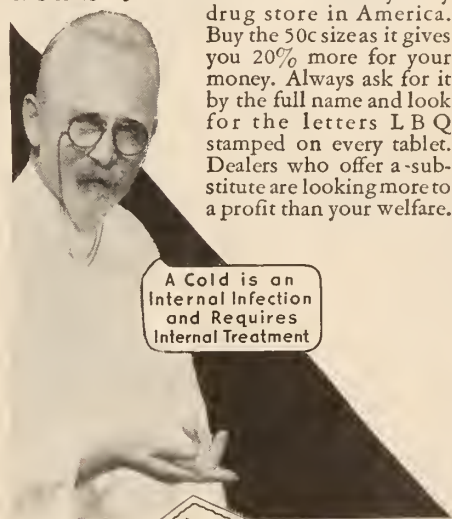
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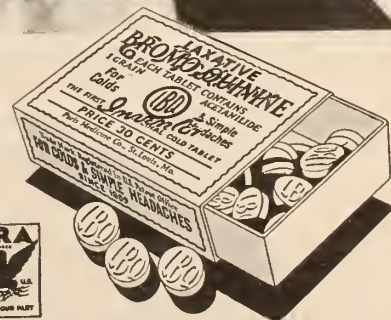
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Internal Treatment



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ABOVE THE CLOUDS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by George B. Seitz. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Scoop*, Robert Armstrong; *Dick*, Richard Cromwell; *Connie*, Dorothy Wilson; *Crusty*, Edmund Breese; *Chandler*, Morgan Wallace; *Dolly*, Dorothy Revier; *Mother*, Bessie Barriscale; *Mabel*, Geneva Mitchell; *Speakeasy Owner*, Luis Alberni; *Doyle*, Sherry Hall.

"ALL OF ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Chrysalis" by Rose Albert Porter. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Thomas Mitchell. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Don Ellis*, Fredric March; *Lyda Farrell*, Miriam Hopkins; *Honey Rogers*, George Raft; *Eve Haron*, Helen Mack; *Mrs. Farrell*, Nella Walker; *Jerry Halman*, William Collier, Sr.; *The Dean*, Gilbert Emery; *Miss Haskell*, Blanche Friderici; *District Attorney*, Guy Usher; *Nat Davis*, John Marston; *Guard*, Edgar Kennedy; *Lorraine*, Kitty Kelly.

"CHARMING DECEIVER, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Fred Thompson. Screen play by Fred Thompson and Victor Kendall. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: *Betty Smith*, Constance Cummings; *Dorothy Kay*, Constance Cummings; *Toby Tyrrell*, Frank Lawton; *Lil Pickering*, Binnie Barnes; *Otis Dove*, Gus McNaughton; *Singer*, Iris Ashley; *Reggie*, Claude Hulbert.

"CRIMINAL AT LARGE"—HELBEL PICTURES.—From the story by Edgar Wallace. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: *Lord Lebanon*, Emlyn Williams; *Lady Lebanon*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Chief Inspector Tanner*, Norman McKinnel; *Sergeant Totty*, Gordon Harker; *Sergeant Ferraby*, Cyril Raymond; *Aisla Crane*, Belle Chrystall; *Dr. Amersham*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Gilder*, Percy Parsons; *Brooks*, Finlay Currie; *Kelver*, Julian Royce; *Studd*, Eric Roland.

"CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Elmer Harris and Stanley Raugh. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Norman*, Lew Ayres; *Sue*, June Knight; *May*, Alice White; *Steve*, Alan Dinehart; *Nita*, Minna Gombel; *Bronson*, Eugene Pallette; *The Grouch*, Robert McWade; *The*

Italian, Henry Armetta; *Murphy*, Arthur Vinton; *Jim*, Robert Allen; *Sid*, James Conlin; *The Old Maid*, Ara Haswell; *The Sick Man*, Dick Stevens; *Toots*, Peggy Terry; *German Girl*, Herta Lind; *School Teacher*, Jean Fenwick; *Wife of Henpecked Man*, Kay La Velle.

"DAWN TO DAWN"—CAMERON MACPHERSON PRON.—From the story by Cameron Macpherson and Josef Berne. Directed by Josef Berne. The cast: *The Girl*, Julie Hayden; *The Father*, Ole M. Ness; *The Boy*, Frank Eklof.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Helmut Brandis. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Christa Storm*, Dorothy Wilson; *David Perrin*, Douglass Montgomery; *Hanna*, Kay Johnson; *"Pickles"*, Barbara Baroness; *Frau Kreuger*, Ferike Boros; *Mr. Storm*, Walter Connolly; *Paul Lang*, James Bush; *Smallman*, Colin Campbell; *Hortense*, Peggy Montgomery; *Elizabeth*, Margaret Marquis; *Bobby*, Marjorie Cavalier; *Mary*, Virginia Hall; *Katza*, Kay Hammond.

"FASHIONS OF 1934"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harry Collins and Warren Duff. Adapted by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Carl Erickson. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Sherwood Nash*, William Powell; *Lynn*, Bette Davis; *Snap*, Frank McHugh; *The Duchess*, Verree Teasdale; *Baroque*, Reginald Owen; *M. Sautier*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Duryea*, Henry O'Neill; *Jimmy*, Phillip Reed; *Joe Ward*, Hugh Herbert; *Harry*, Gordon Westcott; *Glenda*, Dorothy Burgess; *Glass*, Etienne Girardot; *Feldman*, William Burress; *Mrs. Van Tyle*, Nella Walker; *Telephone Man*, Spencer Charters; *Caponelli*, George Humbert; *Jules*, Frank Darien; *Book-seller*, Harry Beresford; *Mme. Margot*, Helen Freeman.

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louis Brock. Screen play by Cyril Hume, H. W. Hanemann and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Belinda de Resende*, Dolores Del Rio; *Roger Bond*, Gene Raymond; *Don Julio*, Raul Roulien; *Ginger Bell*, Ginger Rogers; *Fred*



Russia comes to our shores in an enchanting form when England sends her screen version of "Catherine the Great." *Katushka* is played by Joan Gardner, pretty enough to make anyone want to go native. Doug, Jr., czared in this picture, while Marlene Dietrich did another version of *Catherine* in Hollywood

Ayres, Fred Astaire; *Dona Elena*, Blanche Friderici; *Señor de Rezende*, Walter Walker; *Colored Singer*, Etta Moten; *Greek*, Roy D'Arcy; *Greek*, Maurice Black; *Greek*, Armand Kaliz; *Mayor*, Paul Porcasi; *Banker*, Reginald Barlow.

"FOG"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Valentine Williams and Dorothy Rice Sims. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Dore Schary. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Brown*, Donald Cook; *Mary*, Mary Brian; *Dr. Winstay*, Reginald Denny; *Holt*, Robert McWade; *Alea*, Helen Freeman; *Dickens*, Samuel Hinds; *Mullaney*, George Pat Collins; *Captain*, Edwin Maxwell; *Mrs. Jackson*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Bentley*, Marjorie Gateson.

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by E. Arnot-Robertson. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack and Lenore Coffey. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Judith Jones*, Claudette Colbert; *Arnold Inger*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Mardick*, Mary Boland; *Stewart Corde*, William Gargan; *Montague*, Leo Carrillo; *Mrs. Inger*, Nella Walker; *Native Chief*, Tetsu Komai; *Native Boatman*, Chris Pin Martin; *Native*, Joe de la Cruz; *First Sakai*, Minoru Nishida; *Second Sakai*, Teru Shimada; *Third Sakai*, E. R. Jinas; *Fourth Sakai*, Delmar Costello.

"FUGITIVE LOVERS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Ferdinand Reyher and Frank Wead. Screen play by Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich and George B. Seitz. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Porter*, Robert Montgomery; *Letty*, Madge Evans; *Hillington*, Ted Healy; *Legs*, Nat Pendleton; *Daly*, C. Henry Gordon; *Babe*, Ruth Selwyn; *Three Julians*, Larry Fine, Moe Howard, Jerry Howard.

"GOING HOLLYWOOD"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Sylvia Bruce*, Marion Davies; *Bill Williams*, Bing Crosby; *Lili Yvonne*, Fifi Dorsay; *Ernest B. Baker*, Stuart Erwin; *Conroy*, Ned Sparks; *Jill*, Patsy Kelly; *Thompson*, Bobby Watson. Also: Three Radio Rogues.

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Bert*, Bert Wheeler; *Bob*, Robert Woolsey; *Ruth Etting*, Ruth Etting; *Miss Frisby*, Thelma Todd; *Daisy*, Dorothy Lee; *Beauchamp*, George Meeker; *Mulligan*, James Burtis; *Sweeney*, Matt Briggs; *Mr. Clark*, Spencer Charters.

"HIS DOUBLE LIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Buried Alive" and the play "The Great Adventure" by Arnold Bennett. Directed by Arthur Hopkins. The cast: *Alice*, Lillian Gish; *Priam Farrel*, Roland Young; *Duncan Farrel*, Montagu Love; *Oxford*, Lumsden Hare; *Mrs. Leek*, Lucy Beaumont; *Hill*, Charles Richman; *Leek Twins*, Oliver Smith and Philip Tonge; *Henry Leek*, Roland Hogue; *Lady Helen*, Audrey Ridgewell.

"I AM SUZANNE!"—FOX.—From the screen play by Rowland V. Lee and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Suzanne*, Lillian Harvey; *Tony*, Gene Raymond; *Baron*, Leslie Banks; *Mama*, Georgia Caine; *Fifi*, Geneva Mitchell; *Dr. Lorenzo*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Luigi*, Murray Kinell; *Manager*, Edward Keane. Also: Podrecca's Piccoli Marionettes.

"I LIKE IT THAT WAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Chandler Sprague and Joseph Santley. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Anne Rogers*, Gloria Stuart; *Jack Anderson*, Roger Pryor; *Jean Anderson*, Marian Marsh; *Peggy*, Shirley Grey; *Mrs. Anderson*, Lucille Gleason; *Stuart*, Noel Madison; *Trixie*, Gloria Shea; *Elsie*, Mae Busch; *Information Girl*, Merna Kennedy; *The Professor*, Clarence Wilson; *Pupil*, Eddie Gribbon; *Messenger Boy*, Mickey Rooney; *Harry Rogers*, John Darrow.

"KADETTEN" ("Cadets")—REICHLIGAFILM PROD.—Directed by George Jacoby. The cast: *General von Zeddin*, Albert Bassermann; *Helene*, Trude von Molo; *Rudolf*, Franz Fiedler; *Der Richter*, Friedrich Kayssler; *Kittmeister von Maltzahn*, Johannes Riemann; *Hauptmann Berra*, Paul Otto; *Hilda*, Ellen Schwannicke; *Von Brunning*, Hans Zech-Ballot; *Mueller*, J. Mylong-Munz; *Von Zerbitz*, Karl Ballhaus.

"LAST ROUND-UP, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Jim Cleve*, Randolph Scott; *Jean Randall*, Barbara Fritchie; *Jack Kells*, Monte Blue; *Sam Gulden*, Fred Kohler; *Bunko McGee*, Fuzzy Knight; *Judge Savin*, Richard Carle; *Charley Benson*, Barton MacLane; *Sheriff*, Charles Middleton; *Shrimp*, Frank Rice; *Rush*, Dick Rush; *Old Man Tracy*, Buck Connors; *Scarface*, Bob Miles; *First Miner*, Sam Allen; *Second Miner*, Ben Corbett; *Bar tender*, Jack Holmes; *First Outlaw*, Jim Corey; *Second Outlaw*, James Mason.

"LET'S FALL IN LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Herbert Fields. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Ken*, Edmund Lowe; *Jean*, Ann Sothern; *Gerry*, Miriam Jordan; *Max*, Gregory Ratoff; *Lisa*, Greta Meyer; *Allen*, Anderson Lawlor; *Forsell*, Tala Birell; *Nellie*, Ruth Warren; *Svenie*, John Qualen; *Composer*, Arthur Jarrett; *Agatha*, Marjorie

"MADAME SPY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Unter False Flagge" by Max Kimmich. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Maria*, Fay Wray; *Capt. Franck*, Nils Asther; *Schultz*, Edward Arnold; *Heber*, John Miljan; *Seefeldt*, David Torrence; *Karl*, Douglas Walton; *Pahlke*, Oscar Apfel; *Peter*, Vince Barnett; *Sulkin*, Robert Ellis; *Lulu*, Mabel Marden; *Petroskie*, Alden Chase; *Baum*, Rollo Lloyd.

"MAN OF TWO WORLDS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ainsworth Morgan. Screen play by Howard J. Green and Ainsworth Morgan. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Aigo*, Francis Lederer; *Joan*, Elissa Landi; *Sir Basil*, Henry Stephenson; *Michael*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Eric Pager*, Walter Byron; *Tim*, Forrester Harvey; *Dr. Lott*, Ivan Simpson; *Capt. Swan*, Lumsden Hare; *Guinana*, Steffi Duna; *Olago*, Sarah Padden; *Knudson*, Christian Rub; *Natusiak*, Emile Chautard; *Mrs. Natusiak*, Gertrude Wise.

"MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL"—FRETIER FILM.—From the story by Priscilla Wayne. Adapted by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Barbara Kent*, William Farnum, Leila McIntyre, Donald Dillaway, Edward Woods, Dorothy Granger, Phyllis Barry, Otis Harlan, Lucille Ward and Clarence Geldert.

"MASSACRE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Robert Gessner and Ralph Block. Screen play by Ralph Block and Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joe Thunder Horse*, Richard Barthelmess; *Lydia*, Ann Dvorak; *Quisenberry*, Dudley Digges; *Dickinson*, Henry O'Neill; *Cochran*, Wallis Clark; *Norma*, Claire Dodd; *Charles Moffitt*, George Blackwood; *Sam*, Clarence Muse; *Davison*, Robert Barrat; *Grandy*, William V. Mong; *Jake*, Tully Marshall; *Dr. Turner*, Arthur Hohl; *Jennie*, Agnes Maichio; *Adam*, James Eagles; *Judge Eldridge*, Samuel Hinds; *Scatters*, Charles Middleton; *Shanks*, Sidney Toler; *Missionary*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.

"MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Arthur Horman. Screen play by Richard Schayer, Russell Mack and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Tillie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Lulu*, Pert Kelton; *Chris*, El Brendel; *Duke*, James Gleason; *Jack*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Clark*, Edward McWade.

"MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Screen play by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Miss Madeline Fane*, Dorothea Wieck; *Mrs. Molly Prentiss*, Alice Brady; *Michael Fane*, Baby LeRoy; *Captain Murphy*, William Frawley; *MacCready*, George Barbier; *Sam*, Alan Hale; *Bert*, Jack LaRue; *Dotty*, Dorothy Burgess; *Agnes*, Florence Roberts; *Joel Prentiss*, Irving Bacon; *Johnny Prentiss*, George "Spanky" McFarland; *Judge*, Edwin Maxwell; *Chief of Police*, Charles Wilson.

"MOULIN ROUGE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Lajon de Bri. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson and Henry Lehrman. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Helen*, Constance Bennett; *Douglas*, Franchot Tone; *LeMaire*, Tullio Carminati; *Mrs. Morris*, Helen Westley; *McBride*, Andrew Toombes; *Joe*, Russ Brown; *Drunke*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Frenchman*, Georges Renavert; *Eddie*, Fuzzy Knight; *Ramon*, Ivan Lebedeff.

"NANA"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Emile Zola. Screen play by Willard Mack and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Nana*, Anna Sten; *Li*, George Muffat; *Phillips Holmes*, Col. Andre Muffat; *Lionel Atwill*; *Greiner*, Richard Bennett; *Satin*, Mae Clarke; *Mimi*, Muriel Kirkland; *Bordenate*, Reginald Owen; *Zoe*, Jessie Ralph; *Grand Duke Alexis*, Lawrence Grant.

"ORIENT EXPRESS"—FOX.—From the story by Graham Greene. Screen play by Paul Martin, Carl Hovey and Oscar Levant. Directed by Paul Martin. The cast: *Coral Musker*, Heather Angel; *Carlton Myatt*, Norman Foster; *Dr. Czinner*, Ralph Morgan; *Mr. Peters*, Herbert Mundin; *Mrs. Peters*, Una O'Connor; *Janet Pardoe*, Irene Ware; *Mabel Harren*, Dorothy Burgess; *Anna*, Lisa Gora; *Conductor*, William Irving; *Josef Grunlich*, Roy D'Arcy; *Major Pelkovich*, Perry Ivans; *Colonel Harter*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Lieut. Alexitch*, Marc Lobell.

"PALOOKA"—RELIANCE-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story based on the comic strip by Ham Fisher. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell, Jack Jevne and Arthur Kober. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Knobby Walsh*, Jimmy Durante; *Nina Madero*, Lupe Velez; *Joe Palooka*, Stuart Erwin; *Mayme Palooka*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Pete Palooka*, Robert Armstrong; *Anne*, Mary Carlisle; *Al McSwatt*, William Cagney; *Trixie*, Thelma Todd; *Doc Wise*, Franklyn Ardell; *Whitey*, Tom Dugan; *Slats*, Guinn Williams; *Blacky*, Stanley Fields.

"POOR RICH, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ebba Havez. Screen play by Ebba Havez



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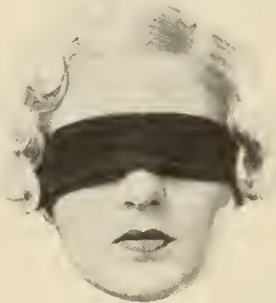


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and Dale Van Every. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Albert, Edward Everett Horton; *Harriet*, Edna May Oliver; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Grace*, Leila Hyams; *Tom*, Grant Mitchell; *Gwendolyn*, Thelma Todd; *Lady Featherstone*, Una O'Connor; *Lord Featherstone*, E. E. Clive; *Abdul*, Andre Beranger; *Arbutnot*, Sidney Bracy; *Station Agent*, Jack Clifford; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Motor Cop*, Ward Bond.

"POPPIN' THE CORK"—FOX-EDUCATIONAL.—From the story by Harold Atteridge. Directed by Jack White. The cast: Milton Berle, Norma Taylor, Mary Cole and Gertrude Mudge.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Salka Viertel and Margaret P. Levino. Screen play by H. M. Harwood and Salka Viertel. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *Christina*, Greta Garbo; *Antonio*, John Gilbert; *Magnus*, Ian Keith; *Oxenstierna*, Lewis Stone; *Ebba*, Elizabeth Young; *Aage*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Charles*, Reginald Owen; *French Ambassador*, Georges Renaunt; *Archbishop*, David Torrence; *General*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Innkeeper*, Ferdinand Munier.

"SAGEBRUSH TRAIL"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *John Brant*, John Wayne; *Bob Jones*, Lane Chandler; *Sally Blake*, Nancy Shubert; *Ed Walsh*, Yakima Canutt; *Sheriff Parker*, Robert Burns; *Deputy Sheriff*, Wally Wales; *Dad Blake*, Henry Hall; *Blind Pete*, Bill Dwyer; *Henchman*, Art Mix.

"SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by David Boehm and Maurine Watkins. Screen play by Frank Butler and Claude Binyon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Don Jackson*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Barbara Hilton*, Ida Lupino; *Sally*, Toby Wing; *Dan Healey*, James Gleason; *Larry Williams*, Robert Armstrong; *Jean Strange*, Gertrude Michael; *Newspaper Reporter*, Roscoe Karns; *Susie*, Verna Hillie; *Caretaker*, "Pop" Kenton; *Reverend Rankin*, Frank McGlynn, Sr. Also: Thirty winners of the International Beauty Contest.

"SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the play by Willis Maxwell Goodhue. Screen play by Francis Hyland. Directed by Phil Goldstone. The cast: *Nora Moran*, Zita Johann; *John Grant*, Alan Dinehart; *Bill Crawford*, Paul Cavanagh; *Paulino*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Crawford*, Claire Dubrey; *Mrs. Watts*, Sarah Padden; *Father*

Ryan, H. B. Walthall; *Nora (child)*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mrs. Moran*, Aggie Herring; *Mr. Moran*, Otis Harlan.

"SON OF KONG, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ruth Rose. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Robert Denham*, Robert Armstrong; *Hilda*, Helen Mack; *Englehorn*, Frank Reicher; *Helstrom*, John Marston; *Chinese crew member*, Victor Wong; *Mickey*, Lee Kohlmar; *Red*, Ed Brady; *Peterson*, Clarence Wilson; *Mrs. Hudson*, Katherine Claire Ward; *Girl Reporter*, Gertrude Short; *Serant girl*, Gertrude Sutton; *Chinese trader*, James B. Leong; *Native chief*, Noble Johnson; *Wild King*, Steve Clemente; *Process server*, Frank O'Connor.

"SONS OF THE DESERT"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—From the story by Frank Craven and Byron Morgan. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Stan Laurel*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver Hardy*, Oliver Hardy; *Charley Chase*, Charley Chase; *Mrs. Hardy*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Laurel*, Dorothy Christy; *The Doctor*, Lucien Littlefield.

"TWO ALONE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Wild Birds" by Dan Totheroh. Screen play by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Mazie*, Jean Parker; *Adam*, Tom Brown; *Esthey*, ZaSu Pitts; *Slag*, Arthur Byron; *Mrs. Slag*, Beulah Bondi; *Corie*, Nydia Westman; *Marshal*, Willard Robertson; *Sandy*, Charles Grapewin; *Mill*, Emerson Treacy; *Sheriff*, Paul Nicholson.

"WHEELS OF DESTINY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Manning*, Ken Maynard; *Mary*, Dorothy Dix; *Rocky*, Philo McCullough; *Pinwheel*, Frank Rice; *Bill*, Jay Wilsey; *Dad*, Ed Coxen; *"Scalp-em-Alive"*, Fred Sale, Jr.; *Red*, Fred Mackaye; *Ed*, Jack Rockwell; *Deacon*, William Gould; *Trapper*, Nelson McDowell; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"WOMAN'S MAN, A"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Great God Fourflush" by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Adapted by Frances Hyland. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Tom Cleary*, John Halliday; *Gloria Jordan*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Joe Flynn*, Wallace Ford; *Molly Evans*, Kitty Kelly; *Roger W. Penley*, Jameson Thomas; *Pete Miller*, Tom Dugan; *Ralph Mallon*, Wallis Clark; *Walter Payson*, Don Douglas; *Crane*, Leigh Allen; *Assistant Director*, George Mayo; *Fight Announcer*, Harry Green; *Joe Ferrera*, Jack Perry; *Blonde*, Billie Van Every.



Lots of Iowans go to California, but Margaret Lindsay is the only one we know who got there via the English stage. Born in the tall-corn state, she got her big break in pictures ("Cavalcade") because of her perfect English accent. Margaret's latest is "Lady Killer," the Jimmy Cagney film

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr. and Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lillian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lillian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)



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★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

★ **POIL DE GAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)**—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE**—RKO-Radio.—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

★ **SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform lubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

★ **SITTING PRETTY**—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHII, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lillian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed Tarzan tale. Indifferent film farc. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

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THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of fading ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-I laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughlin, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergeheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

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John Mack Brown finds inspiration in his fine old wood carving depicting the birth of Christ. Johnny goes in for antiques and among his possessions are some priceless works of art on which he dotes

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

ANDY DEVINE procured for himself one of those angular, precarious hillside houses in Hollywood wherein he and his new bride settled down in blissful repose.

But California had a flood, a real honest-to-goodness "unusual" flood, and it wasn't so kind to the love-nest.

Right after the deluge someone asked Andy about his homelife.

"It's a washout," he gargled ruefully.

IT'S getting to the place where they talk about practically anything in pictures now. In Fox's new "Disillusion" they have a beautiful girl who is cruel and pinches her boy friends. In another scene, the girl, played by Gertrude Michael, tries to feed John Boles strawberries—soaked in ether!

Unique idea—but we don't think it will ever be popular.

DID you know that Joan Crawford is one of the most sensitive girls in Hollywood? Unless Joan feels the people around are in complete sympathy with her, she is ill at ease and unable to work.

A new girl in the M-G-M publicity department was sent out on the Crawford set to deliver a message. Joan saw the girl standing on the side lines watching her. Instantly she became shy and imagined the girl was watching her critically.

"Who is she?" Joan demanded, "I feel sure she doesn't like me."

The girl was introduced and found to be a great Crawford fan. And from then on Joan was at perfect ease and the work went on.

YOU should see that trim, smart look about the M-G-M male stars these days. The sparkle in their eyes and the spring in their step. And it's all due to one Mike Cantwell, trainer for Max Baer. Mike has established a training station on the lot and Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and all the others are pupils of Mike. "I'll make Max Baers out of these actor guys yet," he boasts, and from the results it looks as if he will.

KINDA tough on all the real estaters who have been camping on Mae West's trail—but Mae has decided not to buy a house yet.



Southern belles weren't excluded in Paramount's "Search for Beauty" contest. Clara Lou Sheridan was discovered in Dallas, Texas — and she has her movie contract now



A new sound miracle emanates from the studio when Nelson Eddy, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, sings a glee club chorus to himself. He's explaining it all to Florine McKinney. Eddy records his own voice by singing different parts of a selection and makes a chorus with no other voice but his own

She likes the sound of people all around her. Says she can't get any writing done at home if somebody isn't playing a piano next door or an elevator doesn't bang now and then. Nobody but servants around is depressing. So she'll go right on living in her comfortable apartment in the center of Hollywood, where friendly sounds drift in.

IF they follow tradition, how in the world will they put a happy ending on "Napoleon"? The only way will be to let him win the Battle of Waterloo.

AND if you don't think Mary Pickford is still America's sweetheart you should have heard three college youths, home for a holiday from school, raving about little Mary. She was making personal appearances at New York's Paramount and she drew a full house every day.

THIS is one of those things that always sound like it was made up but it's the goods, honest!

Clark Gable made a request that almost bowled Producer Irving Thalberg over. Seriously, even firmly, Clark asked to be an extra just for one day on the set of "The Merry Widow." It seems that the first chore he ever did at M-G-M was a uniformed extra in the original silent version of that particular film, and now he wanted, just for sentimental reasons, to go back a few years and try to appreciate how kind fate has been to him, by standing in his old extra shoes once more.

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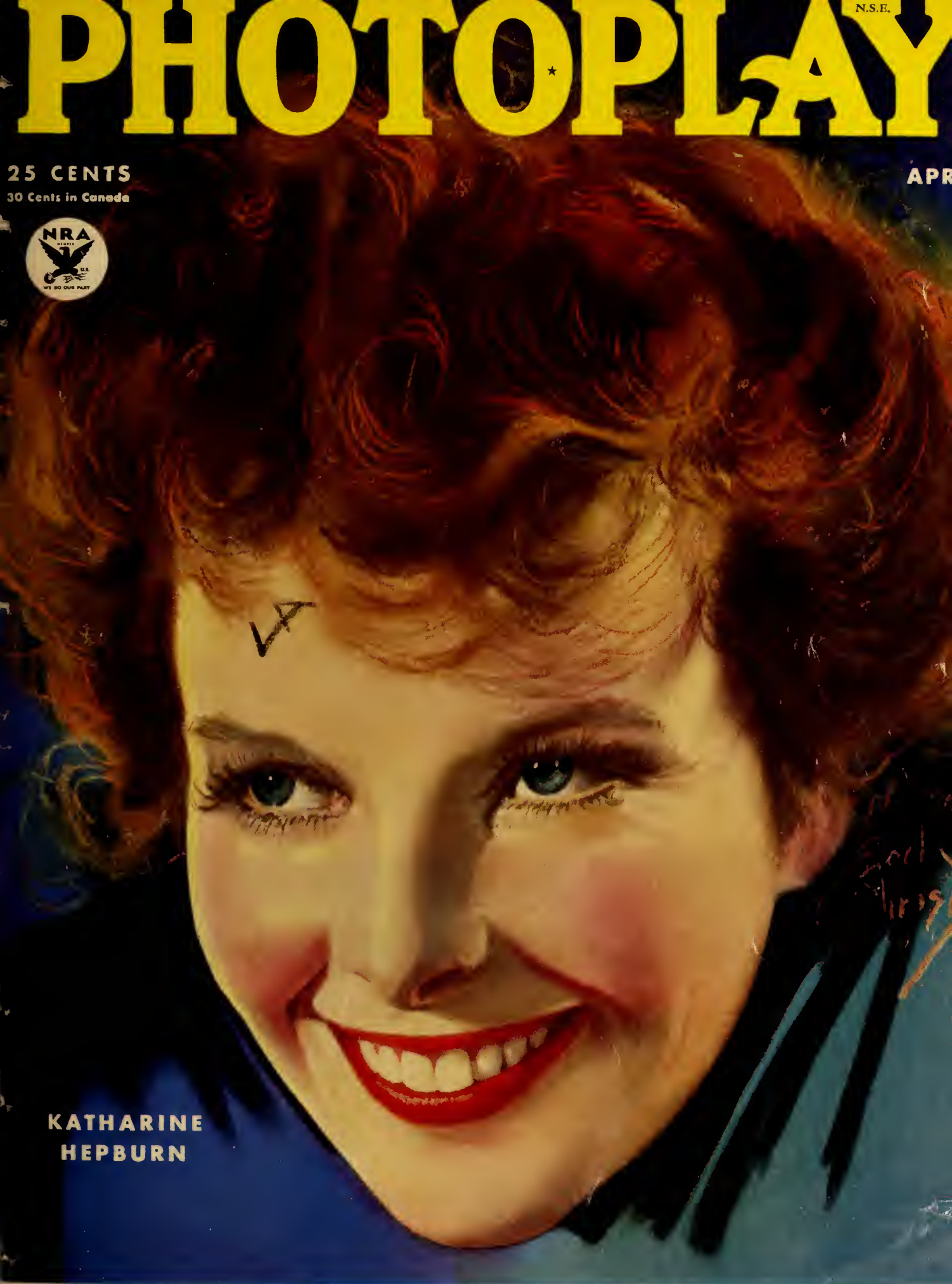
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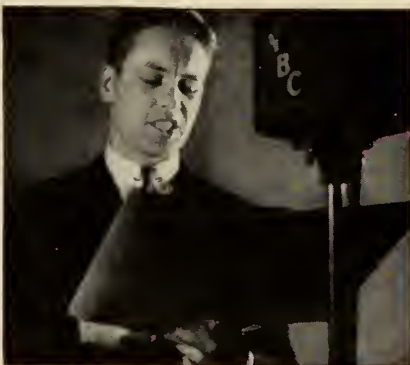


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It is a virus—invisible and so fine that it readily passes through delicate filters which easily retain ordinary bacteria, including the microscopically visible germs associated with colds. This virus and the secondary cold bacteria invade the body principally through the nose and throat. There they lodge, waiting till body resistance is low to strike.

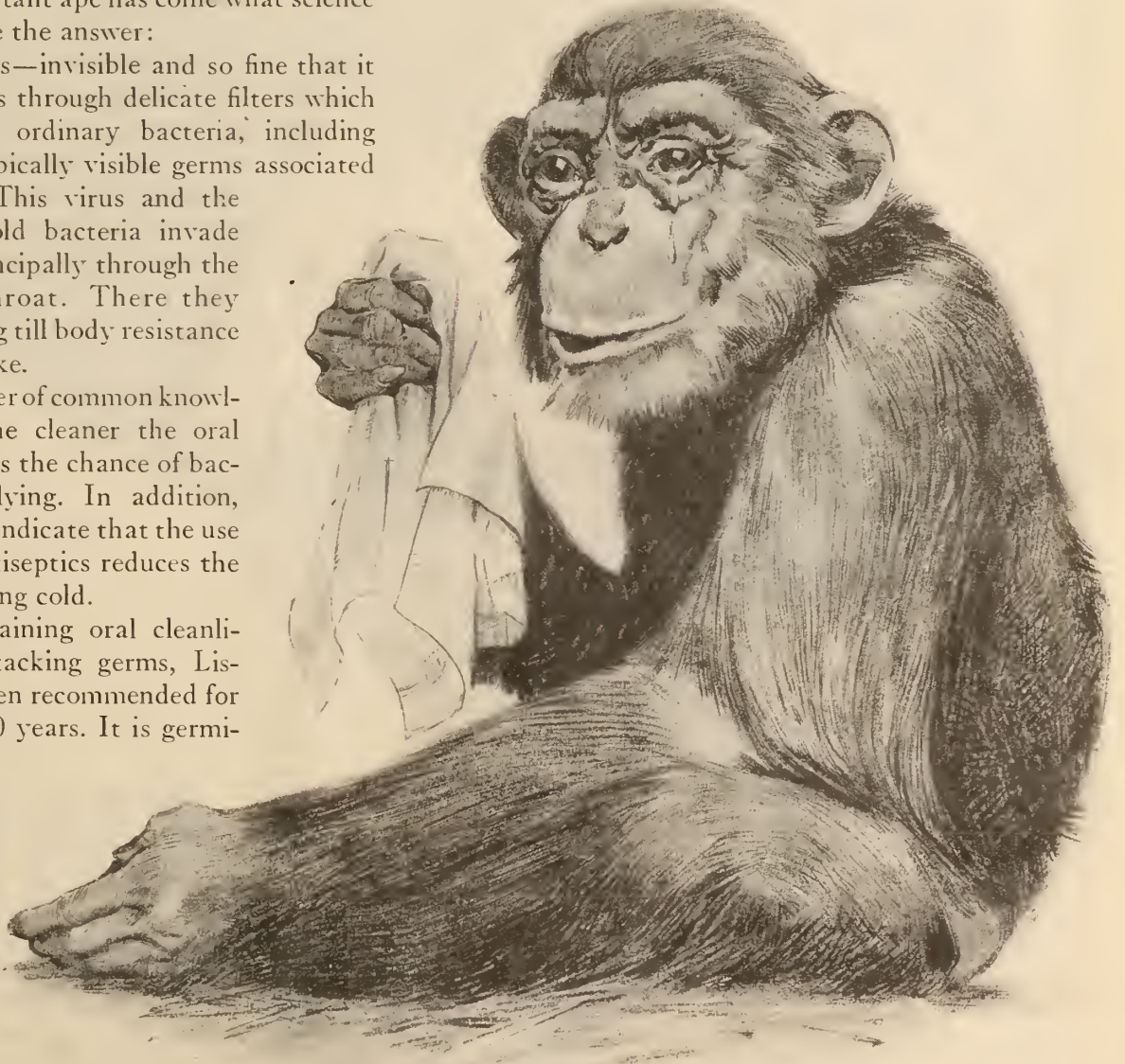
It is a matter of common knowledge that the cleaner the oral cavity the less the chance of bacteria multiplying. In addition, certain tests indicate that the use of mouth antiseptics reduces the risk of catching cold.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 5

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April, 1934



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

- 1920
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- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
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- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

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

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

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

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

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of lubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

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

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

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

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

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

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

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

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

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

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

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

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cast your
Vote
for the best
picture released
during 1933.
You'll find a ballot
on page 82
this issue of
PHOTOPLAY

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

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

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Stew Brodie* battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

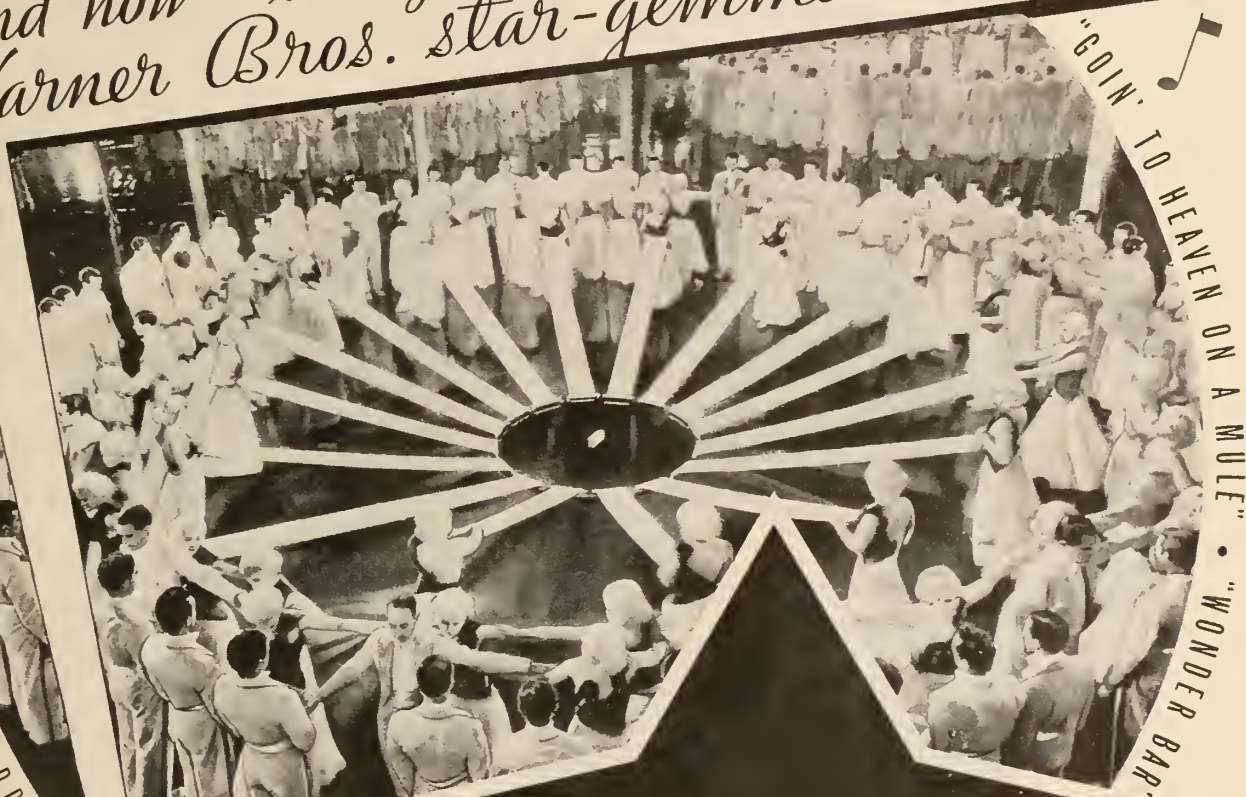
★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"



"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WONDER BAR"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

KAY FRANCIS

RICARDO CORTEZ

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

DOLORES DEL RIO

AL JOLSON

**LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!**

HUGH HERBERT

MAL LEROY

FIFI O'ORSAY

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

A First National Picture

The Audience Talks Back

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

Coast, the Riviera, as if they were in the habit of week-ending at these glamorous places.

Talkies are broadening the outlook of our people, giving them a finesse and polish.

EDW. J. LUBA, Pittsburgh, Penna.

PAGING W. C. FIELDS!

The movies are a tonic for me—and W. C. Fields certainly puts a kick in that tonic. He's "different" with a unique personality.

It can't be just his so-funny and pleasant-to-look-at face. Nor the cigar. It's altogether a certain hard-to-define something that makes me enjoy his comedy.

Please page Mr. Fields and hand him this orchid!

BERTHA M. HUSTON, Napoleon, Ohio

IT IS HEPBURN

Kirtley Baskette's article "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" was fine, but how can there be a doubt in the mind of anyone that Garbo's reign of Cinemaland is over?

So meteoric has been the ascent of Katharine Hepburn, that her rise can be paralleled to that of some of the greatest monarchs in history.

Hepburn is no longer "standing at the portals," as Mr. Baskette says. Rather, she has entered and is in complete command of the fortress.

MRS. F. RAPHAEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

NO, IT'S GARBO

There *ought* to be a doubt in the mind of Katharine Hepburn as to her acting ability.

How the author of "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY can make the statement that Hepburn is the greatest actress ever to come to Hollywood, is beyond me.

Greta Garbo is far and away more fascinating, and who says she can't act?

ESTELLE BERG, Rochester, N. Y.

THAT IS, SO FAR

Granted, Katharine Hepburn is a Hollywood success. But the idea of Kirtley Baskette saying, in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, that her acting ability is greater than Garbo's.

I do wholeheartedly agree with the author of "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" however, in that no one can see her latest picture, "Queen Christina," without feeling Garbo's hypnotic power.

Let's not challenge the crown of so glorious a creature.

BILLIE SANDERS, Philadelphia, Penna.

ABOUT OUR "ANGEL"

Far be it from me, with the whole world Mae West-conscious, to disparage this lady's ability. I think she's clever and a great show-woman, but after seeing "I'm No Angel" I wonder if she's not giving it to us in pretty large doses?

BETTY HALL, Apple Creek, Ohio
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Why, Mister Fields, what can you be up to out there on the beach with all those pretty girls? Guess you've won them over with your clowning, same as you have a host of girls in your movie audience

THE \$25 LETTER

Recently my father visited me for a few days. He was born in England seventy-seven years ago, and is the "youngest" man I know. He has taken everything in his stride—from covered wagons to airplanes, but until his recent visit in my home he had never seen nor heard a motion picture.

Imagine, if you can, what it would be like to step into a theater for the first time in one's life—to experience the thrill not only of one's first talking picture, but one's first *motion* picture. He said over and over again, "It's wonderful—wonderful!"

In this modern age we are so sophisticated, and so busy appearing bored, that it is refreshing to see someone thoroughly enjoy and appreciate both the artistry and the scientific accomplishment back of the things the rest of us take for granted.

MARTHA STANDING, New Orleans, La.

THE \$10 LETTER

I suffered through the agonies of the first talkie, and then—slowly, surely—saw, heard and felt it develop from a tottering infant to a splendid specimen of full-grown perfection. I have been appreciative, tolerant, proud, often critical of this miracle, yet defending it from the criticism of others.

There has been no picture, however incompetent the actors, however poor the direction,

no matter how dull the story, in which I have not found something redeemable.

RUTH S. COHEN, San Francisco, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

I have talked with rustics who never stirred from the backwoods and yet they called a marquis a markee; they spoke of lower Manhattan, the loop in Chicago, the Barbary

THE battle is on! So far the crown belongs to Garbo. But, wait, they're coming up for round two. Stand by for further developments in this exciting screen encounter.

New votes keep coming, and in this department next month you will see a photo of the happy pair that has been adjudged, by PHOTOPLAY readers over a period of months, "Hollywood's Ideal Couple."

The ultra sophistication of Paramount's "Design for Living" is causing a great stir among movie-goers. They're either one hundred per cent for it, or quite, quite in opposition.

An order, producers, to cast John and Lionel Barrymore as *Sherlock Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. A happy thought, eh what?



The
YEAR'S GREATEST
PICTURE IS ON
THE WAY! . . .

His heart bled for the shattered romance of his lovely daughter. To rebuild it he matched his wits against the brains and power of Europe, and pulled down from heaven the star of Napoleon's destiny... This is Arliss at his greatest.

JOSEPH N. SCHENCK

P R E S E N T S

GEORGE ARLISS

IN A DARRYL F. ZANUCK PRODUCTION

The HOUSE of ROTHSCHILD

WITH

LORETTA B O R I S R O B E R T
Y O U N G · K A R L O F F · Y O U N G

AND A SUPERLATIVE CAST OF MORE
THAN 100 FEATURED PLAYERS

A
20th
CENTURY
PICTURE
Released
thru
UNITED
ARTISTS



Readers' Applause of Films

F-U-N

Eddie Cantor! To me his name spells *fun*. I have always appreciated the wholesomeness of his wit. I have always recognized a desire on his part to get over to us ideas that would be helpful as well as happy.

EDITH M. GILBERT, Portland, Oregon

LAUGHS THAT LAST

"Roman Scandals" is one of the funniest pictures I have ever seen. Not silly and made up of worn-out gags, but a picture that contains excitement, humor and sorrow.

I still have to laugh when I think of the inimitable Eddie Cantor.

DOROTHY WINSON, Reading, Penna.

"MOVIES, M. D."

Four years ago I had a severe attack of spinal meningitis and the doctors agreed I would never be well. I walked only a little. But I had always gone to the movies and I determined to continue.

Those pictures acted on my sluggish circulation like wine. All sense of viewing a picture was forgotten. I was living with those actors, laughing with them, crying with them, yes, even dying with them.

I attended them all, good, bad, indifferent. They fed my nerves with a life-giving energy.

After a few weeks, I could walk to the nearest theaters and after a few months, I could walk all over town.

I can truthfully say the movies saved my life!

MAYE MCKNIGHT, Long Beach, Calif.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

OUR DANCING STAR

We appreciate the dancing genius and acting ability of Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio," and realize just what the talkies do for us in the way of bringing such artists to the screen. Here is a bouquet for that grand picture and all its principals. We think Hollywood has done right by Fred Astaire.

D. STEFFEN and E. SHUTTE, Glendale, Calif.

GIVE US MUSTACHE TWIRLERS!

What the screen wants today, and wants badly, are more of those good old-fashioned scowlers and mustache twisters. The fellows who laughed cruelly as they turned poor widows into the street.

Why, compared with that old crew of home-wreckers, the modern villains are just softies!

Mrs. F. J. DRISCOLL, Detroit, Mich.

UNSEEN PERFORMERS

My hat is off to the people who do the talking, singing, and provide the musical score for cartoons. They give every pig and cat a personality, and though they never appear on the screen, are real stars in their line.

LEW MORRISON, Seattle, Wash.

With the beautiful Dolores Del Rio our dancing star, Fred Astaire, goes into one of the sensational South American numbers from the picture "Flying Down to Rio." Astaire's splendid work has prompted readers to send in votes of approval by the score. Certainly ought to encourage a fellow



"To me his name spells *Fun*," is what one reader says of Eddie Cantor. Another must laugh whenever she thinks of him, though it is weeks since she saw his latest, "Roman Scandals"

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Why does everyone give all the praise to the movie stars themselves—I think the public owes homage to all producers.

They have turned the talents and accomplishments of the stars into pictures of perfection. No self-instructed stars could make a success of pictures. It takes a producer to inspire courage, training and give them their "great chance."

Mrs. BERNICE MEEHAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

THAT IS GRATITUDE!

Recently a "talkie" theater opened in our town. Words fail to describe my feelings when I sat down on one of those rough wooden benches, watching the shadows of people, my own race, my own countrymen, expressing feelings, also of my own. In the dark, nobody could see the tears which trickled down my cheeks—tears of gratitude.

Mrs. E. LEROSE, Occ. Negros, P. I.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

HEP BURN



Completely and
daringly different
from anything she
has ever done.

in

SPITFIRE

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

Brickbats & Bouquets



Everyone's applauding that veteran showman, Lionel Barrymore. Here he is with Janet Gaynor, as the old colonel, in "Carolina." He appears, always, to *live* the character he portrays

always imagined her. The youthful queen of many loyal, loving hearts!

BEVERLY HOOK, Augusta, Ga.

HOLLYWOOD AND PHOTOPLAY BOW

It is a real pleasure to attend the movies these optimistic days when every new picture seems better than its predecessor.

And I can always count on PHOTOPLAY for all that the average movie-goer is interested in—and nothing else. I have yet to find a misleading title or a sensational story in PHOTOPLAY. I'm willing to pay a little extra for the best.

NORTON H. JONATHAN, Berwyn, Ill.

TOO LONG, IN FACT

While others gush about Clark Gable's masculinity . . . about John Boles' voice . . . John Barrymore's profile or Gary Cooper's height; I emulate lusty praise for the latest screen luminary—Otto Kruger!

Quite plain, and possessing none of the breath-taking attributes flaunted by other male idols, I hear you all cry! Yet this man who meets none of the male pulchritude requirements has won our hearts.

He has an irresistible charm, inimitable personality and possesses the ingenuity to *act*.

We've been waiting a long time for an Otto Kruger!

ANNETTE VICTORIN, Cicero, Ill.

THERE'S GOOD IN EVERYTHING

If we do not care for an actor, we are not forced to see him. Let us remember that there is plenty of good in every production if we will just take the trouble to find it—if we don't care for the story perhaps the stars are so excellent that their performance transcends all else—or perhaps the settings are beautiful.

D. A. TRUMAN, Toronto, Ont., Canada

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

PLACING YOUR ORDER

I'd give up my armchair, fireside, yea, and even my newest detective thriller, and amble down to the theater if some movie producer would put dear old Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on the screen in the persons of John and Lionel Barrymore. Myrna Loy might furnish the "feminine atmosphere."

Please, please do it, Mr. Movie Man.

MYRL RENTFRO, Palouse, Wash.

SHOW ME!

Lionel Barrymore is as finished an actor as the screen possesses. Show me another who puts as much feeling into his parts, as much realism in his touches of emotion, as much humor in his moments of comic pathos, or loses himself as completely as does Lionel in the characterizations he portrays!

Does not Lionel depict truly the life of each of his characters? The answer gives you the secret of his film success. He compels absolute admiration.

WALTER PHILLIPS, Lafayette, La.

THAT'S FINE

May I say that I feel the height of entertainment has been reached in "Design for Living." It certainly came up to all requirements. I must say "Thank you" to all who worked to give the public such a satisfying bit of entertainment.

M. L. LEE, Bridgeport, Conn.

BUT, OH, WHAT'S THIS?

A brickbat, and all because of a spoiled evening I spent seeing "Design for Living," featuring Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins.

Those stars did not get where they are in such "sophisticated" releases. And they will not long be where they are.

Why will the producers ruin a star, and continue to impose on the public, by presuming on the box-office value of stars' names to offer such rot? It was nothing short of the very worst rubbish.

FLORENCE STEPHENSON, Quanah, Texas

THEY ALL LOVE ALICE

Suddenly the theater was bathed in light, revealing the animated faces of old folks, youngsters and lovers, alike.

The picture—"Alice in Wonderland"!

A spell had been cast and many more had chosen wonder for their guiding star.

Who can see such a film and not regain a sense of the whimsical charm of everyday life?

MRS. AUDREY ATKINSON, Little Rock, Ark.

SHE'S PERFECT

Was there ever a more delightful movie than "Alice in Wonderland"? I loved it all—from the *Dormouse* to the *White Knight*.

But most charming of all was *Alice* herself—Charlotte Henry. There could be no other *Alice*—no one with such a quaint little face and plaintive voice. Charlotte was *Alice* as I



Movie-goers everywhere are writing in about petite *Alice* of "Wonderland." Of charming Charlotte Henry they say, "There could be no other *Alice*"

GAYNOR AND BUDDHA

I was a bit surprised recently by what I saw in the home of my Chinese tailor. I had gone there to try on a dress he was making for me. The sewing-room was crowded that day with young apprentices, and my tailor wished me to try the dress; so he kindly showed me into the family's living-room. It was a typical Chinese room, small, and the light was very poor, there being only one window, and it was covered over with paper. I glanced about the room, my eyes rested on a small altar in one corner. There was a gilt Buddha, candles on either side, in front of which long sticks of joss burned slowly, sending out a clean, cool odor. A picture was nailed to the wall right beneath the altar. I went closer, and a little gasp escaped my lips as I looked into the face of Janet Gaynor.

WANDA L. AMES, Peiping, China.

ANOTHER ORDER

Why can't we enjoy a picture featuring an entire juvenile cast? Come on, directors—give the kids a chance and let them prove their talent!

ALICE LARSON, Yreka, Calif.

MODES A LA HOLLYWOOD

This letter is but an extract from a speech delivered by Sir Charles Higham, in London, England. I think it is self-explanatory. "The other evening I saw, in a well-known cinema, thirty Greta Garbos, twenty Marlene Dietrichs, two Mary Pickfords, five Marie Dresslers, and twelve Jean Harlows. They wouldn't believe me if I told them, but they had copied these film stars as they had seen them in films. "Hollywood has influenced dress, hair-dressing and manners in every country in the world. It is the fashion-creating center. "Today our girls are better looking. Those who work are brighter, more efficient. "They pluck their eyebrows, powder their faces, rouge their lips—so different from the girls of twenty years ago. "Hollywood has taught our daughters what sex-appeal is."

J. A. ADAMS, Brantford, Canada

MOLDING A PERSONALITY

She was an ignorant, awkward, dowdy girl from a lonely mountain home. She had never seen a movie (nor a movie magazine). Radios and electricity were new to her. She was terrified of the telephone. This girl came to work for us, and I felt sorry for her. I saw possibilities in her. Plain girls had managed to create the illusion of beauty. But she was shy. I showed her a more becoming way to do her hair, and out of my pin money I bought her a lovely silk dress, but she even managed to give that a dowdy appearance. One day, I caught her looking at PHOTOPLAY. She was eagerly devouring it with hungry, shining eyes. She started guiltily, but I soon reassured her and told her she might borrow the book. Never have I seen such a look of gratitude on a person's face. That very minute I decided her cure would be in the movies. Since then, and that was three years ago, I have taken her to see many pictures and I lend her all my PHOTOPLAYS. I am proud of the result. Now she is a happy, normal girl.

D. O. N., New York, N. Y.

GLAD YOU LIKE IT

While others laud their favorite movie stars, I'm handing a big bouquet to PHOTOPLAY, the most reliable movie magazine on the market. May its pages continue to scintillate with brilliant articles about the stars!

LEAH STEPHENS, Oakland, Calif.

500 HUMAN TESTS FURNISH STARTLING FACTS

Average cold lasted 5 days. Pepsodent Antiseptic cuts time in half. New rule for avoiding colds.

Recently an interesting test brought to light new facts about colds. Scientists found that the antiseptic and to spray with makes an difference as to how many colds you have. These scientists took a group of 500 and observed them closely for five months. Here are some of the remarkable facts that were discovered. A cold will last five days on average. Pepsodent Antiseptic is gargled with and the time of a cold is cut to two days. Many of the group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had no colds in five months. The number of colds had among the group using other antiseptics was 50% more than those using Pepsodent. This is the first test of its kind.

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tistics w and eve constant duced fro complier of generally c told by t that i ve



Make \$1 do the work of \$3 in the fight against colds!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth when used daily. Last winter five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt water—some with leading mouth antiseptics— one group used only Pepsodent. Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group. What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time. What convincing

evidence — what remarkable testimony. Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic affords you. Know this about antiseptics Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water. That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far — gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Jiffy Sweets



Guests at Rochelle Hudson's home have a real treat in store. For she keeps this lovely dish well stocked with confectionery goodies of her own making

THOUGH Rochelle confesses she is no *cordons bleu* as a cook of everyday dishes, when it comes to candy—well, that's something else again.

A copper utensil is best for candy making. However, if this isn't available, use one of heavy aluminum.

Miss Hudson's standby is good old-fashioned *chocolate fudge*, which can be varied easily by the use of different sugars and nuts.

For the basic recipe, use 2 cups of sugar (maple, brown or white), 1 cup of milk or cream, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, and 4 tablespoons of cocoa or 2 squares of chocolate.

Place sugar, milk and chocolate over a slow fire, and stir occasionally to prevent burning. Boil until a few drops in cold water forms a soft ball that will hold together when rolled. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, the butter and vanilla. Let cool until it can be dented with the fingers. Then beat until thick and creamy. Then, kneading on a tiled surface will improve the grain. Pour into a buttered pan and mark in squares.

If desired, add 1 cup of chopped nuts when the fudge is almost creamy. A nice variation is to form in balls and roll in chopped nut meats or grated bitter chocolate.

New Orleans Pralines—Use 1 cup of maple or brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of New Orleans molasses, 1 cup of cream, 2 ounces of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, and one pint of pecan nut meats.

Boil the first four ingredients, stirring constantly. When it will form a soft ball when tried in cold water, pour over the nuts and stir until it begins to sugar. Then drop from the tip of a spoon in small rounds on buttered tins.

Vanilla Cream Fudge—Use $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of powdered sugar, 3 tablespoons of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of rich milk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla. Mix milk with sugar in saucepan. Let it boil, and add the melted butter. Boil to the cold-water-test stage, scraping the bottom of the pan to prevent burning. When cool, add vanilla, beat until thick and smooth. Pour into a buttered pan, and mark in squares.

Cocoanut Candy— $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 teaspoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoanut and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. Melt butter in saucepan, then add sugar and milk. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil 12 minutes, or until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball. Remove from fire. Add cocoanut and lemon extract, beat until creamy. Pour at once into a buttered pan and cut in squares.

Marron Glace — This is not strictly a candy, but a delicious variation. It may be served separately as a sweet, or put up with the syrup in a jar, and used in desserts.

Marrons are especially good with ice cream.

Remove the shells from one pint of chestnuts. To do this, make a small slit with a sharp knife on the flat side of the chestnuts. Then place in a frying pan with a teaspoon of butter. Heat slowly, shaking all the time, until butter is melted. Then let stand in a warm oven for five minutes. The outer and inner shell can be removed at the same time, with this method.

NOW cover the shelled chestnuts with boiling water and a little sugar. Cook until tender but not broken, and drain. Then boil 1 pound of loaf sugar, 1 cup of water and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a vanilla bean, into a syrup. Do not stir. When it begins to discolor slightly, dip chestnuts in at once. Leave them in for five minutes.

Take out carefully with a silver fork, place on a warm sieve in a warm place. Next day re-heat the syrup and repeat dipping and drying the chestnuts. Place in tiny paper cases or lift each carefully, so they do not break, and place in a wide necked bottle or jar. Then cover them with the hot syrup. Seal and set aside. They will keep.

Stuffed Prunes—Another pleasant variation. Soak large prunes overnight in cold water to which orange and lemon juice has been added. When soft, remove the stones, and fill with walnuts or pecans, and roll in powdered sugar.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 |

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

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

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

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

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

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

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenon I stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



GINGER ROGERS, vivacious motion-picture star, is just the type to wear this difficult but delightful gown. Made of fashionable rough crepe, the little jacket has mink lapels to give it immense chic.

How to make the most of your GOOD POINTS

STUDY your features! You may wish to play up the color of your eyes, to accent lovely lips, to highlight an interesting profile.

Watch your figure. Modern fashions are built around youthful curves. If you reduce, be sure your diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Too often, women permit this condition to dull their beauty and charm. Yet it can be corrected so easily—with a delicious cereal.

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Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. Isn't this better than risking unpleasant patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

This Girl Knows..

YOU CAN DEPEND ON NR IT'S ALL-VEGETABLE SAFE!



Bright Eyes... No Bad Skin

She learned long ago how often dull eyes, pimply skin, nervousness and lack of pep come from bowel sluggishness and constipation. Now NR (Nature's Remedy) is her secret of sparkling loveliness and vital health. No more ineffective partial relief for her—all-vegetable NR Tablets give thorough cleansing, gently stimulating the entire bowel. Millions take NR for thorough, effective relief from constipation and biliousness. Get a 25c box. All druggists'. Pleasant—safe—and not habit-forming.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—sample NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk DP-35 St. Louis, Missouri



"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost.



Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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PAR-I-O-GEN is a tested, scientific formula, which provides safe, convenient, immediate hygienic protection. Women everywhere have been quick to recognize and accept it as a welcome innovation in acquiring antiseptic cleanliness.

NO WATER REQUIRED
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Send for Trial Box! So you may try this modern feminine necessity, we offer a special trial box of five tablets, conveniently packaged for travel or home use, with FREE booklet on their need and use, for only fifty cents (stamps or coin), postpaid. Try them once and you will never be without them.



American Drug and Chemical Co. 420 So. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn. I enclose 50c for a trial box of five PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

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

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

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

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

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

FIGHTING PARSON, TIE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

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

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

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

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

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Beard of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of tramping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

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

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

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

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

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fmc; story poor. (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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HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

★ **HIER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

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

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

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

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

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

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

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

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

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

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

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

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

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

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

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


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

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

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

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

TOGETHER for the FIRST TIME




CLARK GABLE and CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in
It Happened One Night


with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns
A FRANK CAPRA Production
From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams
Screen play by Robert Riskin

An unforgettable entertainment . . . the outstanding performance of two outstanding careers



Watch for JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century" with CAROLE LOMBARD

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Headache? How's your *alkaline* reserve?



ALL TOO OFTEN headaches are accompanied by a lowered alkaline reserve in the system—so you certainly want to use a preparation which will help bring your alkaline reserve back to normal.

Therefore, you need something not only to attack the pain, but to supply this alkali. Bromo-Seltzer supplies readily-absorbed alkali to the blood. Look what happens when you take it!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer affords such prompt relief from gas on the stomach.

Then it quickly relieves the pain—ends headache before you know it. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric

salts which contribute to alkalinity.

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Pain goes . . . your head clears . . . and you are back to normal before you know it! Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness.

And Bromo-Seltzer works much *faster* because you take it as a *liquid*.

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

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or

other pains of nerve origin. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are not made under the careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. At the fountain or by the bottle. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

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



EMERSON'S



BROMO-SELTZER

Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



Clarence Sinclair Bull

SHE can play the piano, too! One of moviedom's latest "finds," Shirley Ross was recently signed by M-G-M. Shirley was a blues singer with Gus Arnheim's orchestra when the movies lured her. With beautiful brown hair, blue eyes, and lots of talent, Miss Ross is a colorful addition to the Technicolor short, "Stars and Stripes"



Mack Elliott

FRANCES DEE, all dressed up in lace and ruffles, was ready for a good night's sleep. But Frances couldn't turn out that high-powered lamp overhead and that floodlight by the side of her bed! So up and to Jesse L. Lasky's "Coming Out Party," for Fox. Then RKO-Radio had the popular Dee come back home for "Finishing School"



Irving Lippman

WHAT a happy time the sandman must have in Hollywood! Here's Claudette Colbert all dolled up to catch some beauty sleep. For her night life, Claudette discards feminine frills and dons tailored pajamas. But don't let the attire fool you! Claudette isn't going to sleep. This is the way you'll see her in "It Happened One Night"



BLONDE and brunette—but they are sisters. Toby (blonde) and Pat (brunette) Wing. People in Hollywood were agog because Toby was wearing an engagement ring. “Chevalier?” they asked in whispers. “No,” said Toby. “My sister gave it to me. She had two.” Pat is now Mrs. Bill Perry, but will continue her career



In Movie Stars or *Bob Pins* it's *performance* that counts

New!
RINGLET
CURL PINS

Only an inch and a half long, these new pins are the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used --- they make ordinary pins seem needlessly clumsy. Beauty shops use them for those flattering ringlets and soft curls that play so prominent a part in the new hair styles. You, too, will appreciate their strong snap, tight grip and smooth finish that permits them to slide in easily without pulling a hair. Ten cents at all stores in black, brown, blonde or gray



Ginger Rogers, RKO-RADIO player featured in "Flying Down to Rio."

Sta-Rite Bob Pins do hold better, they are less conspicuous, they're much easier to use and more comfortable. And that's not all --- on each Screen Star card you'll find a lovely photo-miniature of Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Genevieve Tobin, Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Cummings, Wynne Gibson, Wallace Ford, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, Edmund Lowe or Jack Holt. They're suitable for dressing table or movie album. Ten cents at stores or beauty shops --- in black, brown, blonde or gray. Similar cards containing "midget size" bob pins for children, and retailing for five cents, feature members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang."

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STA-RITE

HAIR PINS • • BOB PINS • • WAVE SET

★ Discriminating women look for the name "Sta-Rite" when buying hair pins --- it is their certain assurance of highest value and best quality.



FRANCES DRAKE is an American girl, but she got her stage and screen experience in England. Paramount brought her back to this country to make her Hollywood screen debut with George Raft in "Bolero." While the picture was in production, an alert cameraman caught Frances and Roy Bradley, a dancer, studying the script on the set

JOAN CRAWFORD
in "DANCING LADY"
with Franchot Tone
an M-G-M picture

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars... to YOUR charms, too. And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!



NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream... by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 60c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 P.M. EST. WEAZ, N.B.C. radio.





AS easy as ever on our eyes, Norma Shearer comes back! Here she is, at work at the M-G-M studio with Herbert Marshall in "Lady Mary's Lover," her first picture since the successful "Smilin' Through," the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal winner of 1932. Part of Miss Shearer's studio recess was spent in Europe with husband, Irving Thalberg

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



CERTAIN motion picture publications have become more and more daringly offensive in the type of photographs they are printing. They scream with sex—sex at its worst. They hope to maintain their circulation by appealing to the most vulgar of taste. Pick up one of these sheets and you get the impression that the motion picture industry is a tangle of legs, divorce suits and scandal. The scantily clad maidens that garnish the pages of these yellow books are often quite unknown. They are not even bit players. The trick is sometimes pulled of printing a photograph of some actress taken years ago when she was an artist's model.

Publications guilty of this offense are extremely short-sighted. Such photographs disgust discriminating readers and advertisers. The recent ban by the Hays office on this type of publicity picture has caused considerable alarm and consternation in editorial quarters where cheap sensationalism is mistaken for good publishing business.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has never been guilty of these offenses and never will be.

Motion picture magazines that overstep the bounds of decency deserve to fail. And they will. They must reform or go out of business.

The exploitation of the shady side of sex is no magic talisman that lures prosperity. It has brought only sporadic, never permanent, success. The greatest hits in pictures, from "The Birth of a Nation" to "Little Women," prove the truth of this statement.

THE scenario department of M-G-M has been standing by, ready and waiting. Lionel Barrymore, with the script to his next picture, "The Copperhead," under his arm, started for New York. Lionel was going to study his part en route.

Then came a frantic telegram from Salt Lake City. "Lost my script. Send me another. Lionel."

So the studio had another copy made and rushed it airmail to Kansas City to catch Lionel's train.

From Cleveland came another message. "Received script. Thank you. But now I have lost the first sequence. Rush another. Lionel." Again the studio was in a hubbub getting off another first sequence to catch Lionel when he reached New York.

"Thanks a lot for sequence," he telegraphed a few days later, "but can't seem to locate last sequence."

The studio arranged to wire Lionel a new entire script just automatically every few days and save a lot of trouble.

But with parts of "The Copperhead" scattered all over the land, there seems to be a feeling that maybe the country knows enough about the play, so what's the use of making it?

THE word "war" keeps people away from pictures. The word "death" brings them in. Everyone knows by now that "bombshell" made shy the public—scenting gunpowder—until the title was hastily changed to "The Blonde Bombshell." Paramount did a neat bit of experimentation with "Death Takes a Holiday," which had a sensational run on the stage. In Fresno, California, the film was shown for three days under the title "Strange Holiday." It was only fair box-office. But in Sacramento, "Death" on the marquee proved as great a lure to the crowd as that grim personage does to the heroine of the film. So, with the best of reasons, the original title stands.

IT was on "The Hollywood Party" set and Jimmy Durante was deep in a scene. "Now your line says, 'Then we'll have to work fast,' but don't get up until you say the word 'then,'" the director ordered.

So Jimmy read the line and just sat on.

"You didn't rise when you said 'then,'" the director chided.

A light dawned on Jimmy. "Oh, you mean 'den,'" he said. "I couldn't make out what you was talking about."

So Jimmy read the line, "Den we'll have to work fast," and rose like a balloon on the word "den."

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President of Paramount, believes that the only satisfactory way to settle actors' salaries is through the box-office test. "It becomes impossible to determine," says Mr. Zukor, "just what an actor is worth in terms of salary. The only fair method of paying him in proportion to his value lies in a share of his pictures' profits."

Actor Fredric March believes that a percentage agreement would be well worth trying out for a few pictures. He suggests that the percentage would have to be on the gross because "so many things are charged against the net."

Mr. March is an officer of the Actors' Guild, with a membership of several thousand. While he may not be presumed to speak for that organization, yet he probably reflects the views of many of its members.

The percentage system has one great advantage for the producers: It appears to offer, once and for all, an end to salary squabbles, walk-outs, jealousy between the players, and other forms of irritating and costly friction.

THIS means gladness for everybody, especially for Isabel Jewell: Lee Tracy is coming back. Universal will put him in "I'll Tell the World." It's a newspaper story and you will recall that Lee's acting as a journalist, in "Blessed Event," put him on top of the world until a real, live newspaper yarn knocked the props from under him.

Carl Laemmle knew what he was doing when he signed up Lee. The lad is big box-office, Mexico or no Mexico.

CULLEN TATE, assistant director to Cecil DeMille and known to all Hollywood as "Hezi" Tate, was attending a movie with his little daughter, Patricia, when Mr. DeMille came in and sat directly in front of them.

"Ooh, look Daddy," little Pat said, "there's Mr. DeMille."

"Hezi" said "Shush," and the child was quiet.

Suddenly, during the course of the picture, Mr. DeMille gave a hearty laugh.

"Ooh, look Daddy," cried little Patricia, "Mr. DeMille is laughing. Shall I laugh, too?"



PECK & PECK tells you how to save lovely **STOCKINGS**

from a cruel fate: "Use **IVORY FLAKES**"

When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best... cautions you with these very words, "Never tub stockings with impure soap... it's too strong. Use *pure* Ivory Flakes and

lukewarm water." It's advice we can't improve upon!

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of *pure* Ivory Soap that puff into *instant* suds!

And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into *pure* Ivory suds. Takes but a minute! And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. Why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!



IVORY FLAKES · gentle enough for a baby's skin · 99⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

Is WALT DISNEY A

I RAN into Walt Disney's "Lullaby Land" one day, and those ogres took my eye and ear. How they shimmied over the landscape! And their blood-chilling yells! Lon Chaney might have yelled like that, if he had lived far enough into the talkie era. But those banshee bellows must have made Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi feel pretty cheap.

While all the "oo-oo-oo-ooing" was going on, a youngster in the audience started to cry. And kept on crying. A lot of shushing was needed to handle the situation, and the incident started my brain working, my mental boiling point being practically zero. What I started wondering was this:

How many other children have been frightened by this picture? How many have been kept awake or given nightmares by the Big, Bad Wolf, the wicked witch in "Hansel and Gretel," or the rats in "The Pied Piper?"

While I was still worrying about this, I ran into a Mickey Mouse comedy called "The Steeplechase." In the first half, the fun was based on a horse getting drunk; later, there was a shift to such humor as lies in collecting a large number of wasp stings. By this time my mind was working at such a rate that I was practically thinking.

I recalled that about twenty-five years ago, all the really nice people were up in arms against just that sort of humor in the comic strips, and wouldn't have it any other way than that such low stuff was ruining the future generations, etc., etc., etc. Well, as I said, pie-eyed horses and wasp stings were part of the stock in trade of the funnies when I was just a wee tot. But now this Disney, who frequently does the same sort of thing (you'll recall the Big, Bad Wolf's final exit) gets a medal for all he did for the kiddies in 1933. Times, as the boys say, change.

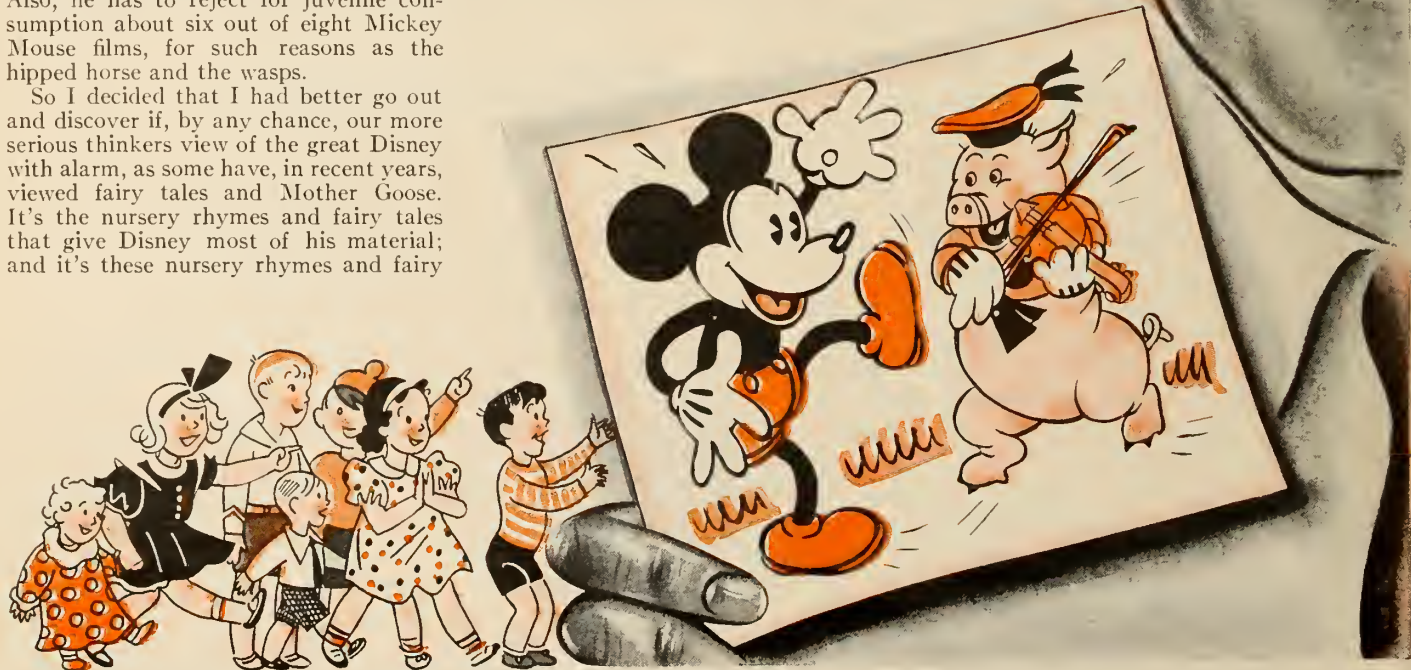
I asked a buddy of mine about it. He seemed a good bet, because he is the father of six-year-old twins, and has, now and then, in the course of his job, to pick films for children. This is what he told me. His own youngsters slept badly and had nightmares after seeing the B. B. W. Also, he has to reject for juvenile consumption about six out of eight Mickey Mouse films, for such reasons as the hipped horse and the wasps.

So I decided that I had better go out and discover if, by any chance, our more serious thinkers view of the great Disney with alarm, as some have, in recent years, viewed fairy tales and Mother Goose. It's the nursery rhymes and fairy tales that give Disney most of his material; and it's these nursery rhymes and fairy

If ogres and witches give the kiddies nightmare, as is said, shouldn't Walt Disney send 'em screaming into hysterics? Well, here's what eminent educators have to say about that

By David
Frederick McCord

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



Is this Disney a sort of *Dr. Jekyll* who exerts a *Mr. Hyde* influence through Mickey Mouse?

MENACE *To Our Children?*



tales, we've been assured on academic authority, that create fear, primitive thought, subjectivity, the idea that things can happen by magic, and that, in general, unfit the victim for a happy and useful life in the shipping department.

The fight that breaks out periodically on this subject can always be depended upon to produce a good supply of horrible examples, such as that of the little girl who came to no good end just because her mother told her the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. And Heywood Brown is sure to chip in with the story of how Little Red Riding Hood practically ruined his youth.

"I'll look up Professor Harry A. Overstreet, the boss philosopher of the College of the City of New York," I mused. "A few years ago, according to quotations, the professor needed a sedative every time he thought of fairy tales."

Then—

"There's Dr. Alfred Adler, inventor of the inferiority complex. He felt the same way not long ago. He lives in Vienna. Will PHOTOPLAY pay my expenses over to interview him? Or shall I see Dr. Walter Beran Wolfe, his translator?" I asked myself.

"Hum, better see Wolfe," I concluded.

"I'll go up to Teachers' College at Columbia University. They had a fight just a few years ago over whether fairy tales should be told to children."

I was working myself up into quite a state of excitement.

"I'll go down to see Miss Irwin at the Little Red School House. I'll see Helen Ferris, who edits children's books for the Literary Guild. I'll interview Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University, who said that whistlers are morons.

"I see in the papers that the Detroit Board of Education has just turned thumbs down on fairy tale decorations in the schools. I'll write out there.

"In the meantime, it ought to be pie to get a snappy denunciation out of a nervous mother in some Parent-Teachers' Association. Merely child's play for a first-rate promoter of ill-will like myself."

I was having a grand conversation all by myself.

WELL, I've talked to all these people, and if you want a fight, I guess you'll just have to go out and sock a cop.

The news is that Walt Disney has changed the psychology of the child psychologists.

I called up Miss Ferris first of all. "I want to ask you if you think that 'Three Little Pigs' is a menace to American childhood?" I told her.

"Come right down," she answered. "I think they're simply marvelous!"

My heart sank just a little. After all, you have to hate "Three Little Pigs" to be news. But you also have to have two sides in a controversy. So I went down to Miss Ferris' office, all merry and bright. It turned out that Miss Ferris really meant it when she said "marvelous." I sat in her office for the better part of an hour, dangling crying babies, ogres, big, bad wolves, witches and inebriated horses in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Are children affected by any lasting fear of the Big, Bad Wolf? Read what psychologists say

Jean Battles A Sea of Rumors

Clever Miss Harlow keeps her head up as she denies war with studio and hubby



"My best friend is my boss," says Jean, denying that she and Louis B. Mayer fought about her salary



Their smiles deny the rumors about Jean and her husband, Hal Rosson. But gossip keeps on flowing



Jean went back to M-G-M, and said she was sorry she asked for more money

I AM not going to separate from my husband. There has been no fight between the studio and myself."

With those two plain statements from Jean Harlow, intended to set a thousand feverish rumors at rest, she reported to M-G-M to go back to work.

In her first exclusive interview since her reconciliation with her studio, Jean gave me her version of the whole situation.

In the first place, she said, she did not strike for any of the ridiculous sums printed—not ten thousand dollars, or even five. As a matter of fact, Jean's salary is less than that of several stars who do not line up the customers at the box-office half so successfully—as she has pointed out.

Her contract called for a raise in salary at this time. And a contract is a contract.

If your idea of Jean is formed by the characters she plays—then behold her out of character. Because off-screen she very definitely is out of character. It certainly was not

a "Red-Headed Woman" who walked back and said, "I'm sorry. I truly didn't realize the spot I put the studio in by asking for more salary at this time." Yet, the real Jean Harlow did exactly that.

And the real Jean Harlow explained: "You can't fight with your friends—and Louis B. Mayer is the best friend any girl in the world could have. I could never tell you how wonderful he was to me at the time of Paul's death." ("Paul" was Paul Bern, Jean's second husband, whose tragic death occurred in September, 1932.)

"But my best friend is also my boss. And he is the only one I can go to in matters of business. I would trust him implicitly to do the best thing for me, always.

When conditions are better in the amusement world, I know he will accede to my request on the salary situation.

"There has been no fight so far. But if I remained away long enough to seriously inconvenience the production schedule at the studio, it would amount to that.

"As it is, I have not been away longer now than I usually am between pictures. Not as long as I have been in the past; between 'Red-Headed Woman' and 'Red Dust,' for instance.

"The situation, until now, has been too delicate to discuss. But at this time I want my friends to realize exactly what has been my position. I want to repudiate all the absurd statements that have been made as to my unreasonable demands, and let them know the truth.

"Being a picture star is an expensive privilege. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

By Ruth Rankin



Let others discover stars—Christie found a village! Al Christie, standing near the pillar behind the car, is directing "Spick-and-Spanish," which was written in rumba rhythm to fit the Spanish set

A Rip-Roaring Rumba

AL CHRISTIE walked into the Astoria studio, Long Island, one morning recently, and came face to face with a Spanish village. Moss on the walls, sun-plashed patios, and everything. Somebody had left it there. Forgotten it, apparently. Al was delighted. He clapped his hands three times, summoning his editorial department, and suggested that a Spanish scenario be written to fit the Spanish set. It was.

One of the publicity men, seeing the set for the first time, was quite aghast at its extravagance. "Why," he cried, "that is almost colossal! In Hollywood, it *would* be colossal!"

Since it was Spanish, there had to be a rumba dancer.

We trotted out there the day the dancing sequence was shot, to watch Nadine Rae do the rumba.

She was dressed in regular rumba uniform—above the waist, very little; below the waist, a long tight-fitting skirt with ruffles around the ankles.

She rumbaed beautifully. But just as the cameras began to grind, the tight skirt split. She went right on dancing, however, thinking nothing of it. One more backward bend, and the skirt slit clear to the floor. (Even so, it was far more modest than some dancing costumes.)

In the meantime, the wardrobe woman was rushing around, looking

The rip was in a dancer's skirt on the old Spanish set at the Astoria studio

for a needle and thread. But she couldn't find one. Then somebody pointed out that the split skirt effect was new for the rumba, and really quite becoming. There was a brief consultation.

"Leave it split," was the verdict. So split it was—through all

the dancing sequences. And very pretty, too.

Maybe we're childish. But the thing about the rumba dancer that delighted us wasn't the split skirt at all. It was that she ate chocolate cake all the while she rumbaed. Not when her solo dance was actually filmed, of course, but during all the rehearsals. It was exciting, watching her maneuver those quick little rumba wiggles, those long, rhythmic swirls—and never so much as dropping a crumb.

Delighted, we mentioned her expertness to an electrician, who was idling at the moment.

"Yeah," he answered, "she's temperamental."

The only obstacle that arose that day was an atmospheric one. They needed smoke for the inn scene.

"Smoke up!" Al Christie commanded, handing out cigarettes.

Everybody puffed and huffed on Al's cigarettes, but the amount of smoke was negligible. At last a little man came in with a bucket of burning wood and a fire-place bellows, and went scurrying around bellowing smoke in everybody's eyes. Al nodded. Production went on.

By Mildred Mastin

"I HAD TO LEAVE

I HAD to leave John Gilbert, and there will be no reconciliation."

Virginia Bruce was emphatic. She usually speaks of him as "Jack."

"I have retained W. I. Gilbert as my attorney, and I shall sue for divorce."

The pretty, blonde fourth wife of the dashing screen lover was talking in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Briggs, at Beverly Hills—a home Gilbert gave them. Virginia went there after her final break with her husband and took Susan Ann, their seven-month-old daughter.

"I do not think Jack will contest the action," she said.

"Our separation was not brought about by any particular quarrel or climax. I simply realized that it was impossible to go on living with Jack, making myself and him both terribly unhappy. There were so many things which made it so, I just had to pack up and leave.

"Jack, for one thing, is extremely nervous and high-strung. My nature is just the opposite. I am quite passive.

"Our conversations became dramatic episodes. And we were together continually. Perhaps too much so.

"I still think he is the grandest person in the world. I was very much in love with him when I married him, and all the while we were married. But living together is something else.

"He did not want to go out, to shows, to parties or dances. He had had so much of that in his time. But I had not.

THE difference in our ages meant little, except in this respect—that I am young enough to want social life, while people make Jack terribly nervous and temperamental."

This was no news to anybody who knows John Gilbert. His temperament has been something to be reckoned with ever since those early days when he played in the silent picture version of "The Merry Widow," and became, overnight, the screen's most exciting romancer.

But more of this later. What Virginia Bruce had to say about Gilbert's temperament was this:

"I don't think Jack should be married—he just hasn't the temperament which makes it successful.

"His state of mind makes mountains out of mole hills. He is always quite



1932—when love was fresh and hopeful. Their betrothal was known the day Virginia started work in John's own story, "Downstairs"

She yearned for fun;
he was sullen, moody.
She's fond of him, but
won't remain his wife

By Virginia Maxwell

sure that no one likes him, that the world is down on him, when everyone, including myself, thinks the world of him. It is also harder for Jack to fit into marriage than most people, because he never had a home when he was a boy.

"There was no one else in my life, or in Jack's. I know that.

"It was just my conviction that it all had to end sooner or later, and the decision to end it now, before we made each other more unhappy, and while I am still young enough to start anew, seemed the only logical thing to do."

As though she did not want it to appear that her ambition was an immediate cause of the split, Virginia explained:

I HAVE no plans at present for resuming work. Later, perhaps. . . .

"Maybe I made a mistake in abandoning my screen career when we were first married. I was advised against retirement by studio officials at the time. They said that a man with only two pictures a year to make would have a lot of spare time. If I were idle, too, it might throw us together too much.

"But if I had kept on with my career, things might have been even worse. You see, Jack is demanding and he is jealous, too.

"I'll always be terribly fond of him, and always glad to see him. I hope he comes here often to see Susan Ann.

"But we could never make marriage work. I'm sure of that, because I tried terribly hard. I was sincere in my efforts to make a go of it. I did everything I could—but it was just impossible."

Virginia's hope that Jack will come often to see Susan Ann recalls how he has wanted a son—and has had two daughters. Charming Leatrice Joy, once so popular in silent pictures, is the mother of his other child, now nine-years-old.

Poor Gilbert never seems to have gotten what he wanted—never has been satisfied with things that would have puffed the satisfaction of many another Hollywood personage to balloon-like proportions. He has had plenty of critics, many of them harsh, even cruel. But few have written and talked of his career with such severity as he, himself, has.

Virginia said he had no home when

JOHN GILBERT

—Virginia Bruce

he was a boy. Well, he did not have a real one, and surely the shifting backgrounds of his boyhood must have much to do with his peculiar temperament.

His parents were theatrical people, troupers. Jack was born in Logan, Utah (July 10, 1897), and christened in Montreal, Canada, three thousand miles distant.

He was in a military school in California—fourteen-years-old—when his mother, Ida Adair, died. He has taken the name of Gilbert from his stepfather, and had only a vague, if any, memory of his real father.

This, then, is the Jack Gilbert that Miss Bruce says is made "terribly nervous and temperamental" by people. He is the man who would not take her to parties and places where she could see life. Because he had seen enough!

Yet, with all the faults he may have, women find him irresistibly attractive. And there are those who believe Virginia is still in love with him.

All of his wives have been fascinating women, and two of them were famous.

Olivia Burwell, his first wife, was a dark-eyed, dark-haired Southern beauty of twenty years when Jack married her.

Theirs was impetuous, youthful romance. Their wedding was in 1918. Whatever dreams she herself had of a glittering Hollywood career ended then, it appears. And Jack could not get started on his. They were divorced in 1922.

Leatrice Joy had a screen reputation far ex-



"I still think he is the grandest person in the world," Virginia, wife No. 4, says of the father of seven-month-old Susan Ann Gilbert. John wanted a son; he has two daughters



Vivacious Ina Claire was Gilbert's third transient wife. This wedding followed the Garbo romance



Lovely Leatrice Joy, Gilbert's second wife, meant only brief joy in his stormy life



Mrs. Gilbert No. 1—for four years. Olivia Burwell's was youthful, flaming love

ceeding Gilbert's, when they married March 2, 1923. They were divorced August 19, 1924. Their daughter was born a month later.

Between that marriage and his next, to Ina Claire, came the tempestuous Garbo romance.

Gilbert had skyrocketed to fame. He was an overnight sensation in "The Merry Widow," with Mae Murray—one of his best friends. But the great Greta from Sweden entered his life, and seemed to sour the taste of his success by her evasiveness in *amour*.

THE most sought after social lion in the film colony, he had time only for Greta Garbo. He was practically in retirement. And he passed up many an invitation to gay parties to stay home and stare dreamily into the crackling fire—with Garbo's face no nearer than a picture in the flames.

Do you remember when he and Garbo eloped to Santa Ana to be married? Something happened to thwart him then, too. Those who knew both Gilbert and Garbo intimately at the time, agree that the elopement was no staged publicity stunt. When Gilbert returned to Hollywood alone he was a disappointed and much more embittered man.

Vivacious Ina Claire of the Broadway stage went to Hollywood and, somehow, her vivacity did not get over so well on the screen. But it got over with the pessimistic Gilbert—such [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Ladies as Mr. Menjou

By Adolphe Himself
as told to Kirtley Baskette

If Menjou were a woman, here are some things he would not do. He'd shun—

away from trick and sensational fads in dress, jewelry and coiffures, because I would realize that being spectacular isn't always the same thing as being attractive.

I would study my coloring, and in doing so I'd probably discover the amazing fact that the natural shade of my hair did very well with the pigment in my skin, my eyes and other features. So I would not alter the color of my hair no matter if I had read somewhere the still unproved but universally prevailing belief that all gentlemen prefer blondes.

I'd continue the research a little farther and analyze my good points of appearance—and my weak ones. All women don't have exquisite teeth, lovely eyes or a flawless figure. But I'd find out which of those I did have, and learn to make the most of them in my dress, mannerisms and general make-up. I wouldn't worry about being classically beautiful, especially if I had confidence in my mirror and myself. I would, however, discover some way to be attractive, to grade down my defects and display my strong points—not only physically, but intellectually as well.

But no matter what the score was when I had come to some decision about myself, I would never, never do a number of things.

I'd never wear long, dangerous, Oriental finger-nails, formidably feline enough to scare anyone away with their dagger-like points. I'd never color them scarlet or crimson, or polish them to a bloody brilliance. But I'd keep them impeccably groomed.



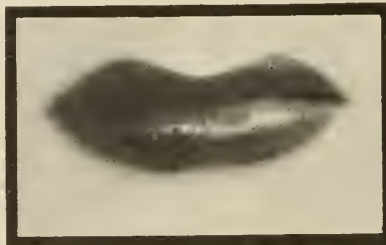
The connoisseur of fair women in person—and a rather violently checkered sports coat. Suave Adolphe is certain that if he were a woman, Mr. Menjou would be his favorite actor



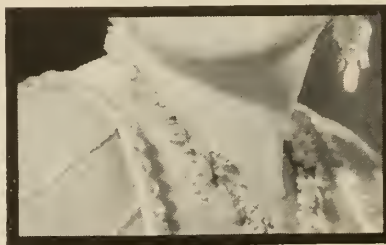
Artificially colored, queer cut hair



Enough eye-shading to cast suspicion of a "shiner"



Lip rouge applied to suggest an unpleasant accident



Large, "gaudy" jewelry and huge, ungainly earrings

IT is always intriguing, but often dangerous to speculate—especially about women. So, in delivering myself of a series of purely personal and rambling thoughts on what I would and would not do if I were a woman, I should like to state flatly that nothing in the manner of a sermon, tome, prescription, or even a message is being attempted.

It is purely a one man's-eye view. If I really were a woman, doubtless many of these ideas would be distorted by a very different perspective, and perhaps badly damaged by experience. But I'm not (and let me preface my remarks by saying that I am perfectly satisfied on that score), so I can hew right to the line and let the quips fall where they may.

First of all, and foremost all the time, if I were a woman, I would strive very hard to maintain a balance—in my dress, in my habits, in my personality, in my friends. I would avoid extremes like poison. I'd keep

Likes Them

I'd apply lip rouge carefully and sparingly to avoid looking as if I had just had an unpleasant accident. I'd never use enough eye shading to cast suspicion of a "shiner," or pluck my eyebrows down to a pencil stripe. My perfume and scents would be only faintly detectable about my person, never overpowering, and when I selected one which suited my personality, I'd stick to it.

I would never do my hair in queer twists and eccentric cuts. If I possessed evidently straight hair, I wouldn't steam it into a mass of plainly artificial ringlets.

If I were short I'd not wear a close bob. And I would avoid acquiring a "fussing" complex—fixing my hair, powdering my face, or rouging my lips in public—particularly in a restaurant or a theater.

Costume jewelry of any kind would have no place in my jewel box. I would realize that it is vulgar, ostentatious and cheap. Even large, gaudy jewelry, no matter how genuine or how costly, I would refuse to wear. I would choose small, delicate, finely wrought jewelry of the finest quality, which could never possibly attract undue attention.

I'D never wear huge, ungainly earrings. Or a monocle, unless, of course, a genuinely bad eye absolutely demanded it.

I would never display my bare feet on the street—even if I had feet to make a sculptor rave, and the chances are I would not have. I would not color my toe-nails, put on sandals and walk around out of doors. On the beach, yes, but *never* on the street! I'd never wear pajamas out of the house, or perpetually in the house. There are places—and times—for pajamas and sandals.

I would step before a mirror and take a long look at myself in trousers and, after noticing the revolting spectacle, turn over all pants and slacks to the gentleman friend. They were originally designed for him anyway, and with good reason, as the mirror should point out convincingly.

I'd do the same thing with knickers, and just to settle all possible doubts, I'd don silk stockings and high-heeled shoes with the knickers, and take another look.

I'd shun masculine tailored suits, shirts and ties, mannish brogues and hats, and close-

And to be well-groomed as a woman, he says he would avoid these fads—



Formidably feline, highly colored finger-nails



Pants, slacks, and masculine tailored clothing



Colored toe-nails and sandals on the street



Is this your perfect woman, Mr. Menjou? Reports of your interest in statuesque, blonde Verree Teasdale seem to indicate she meets enough of your requirements

clipped haircuts. Some very few women look well thus tailored, at a dog or horse show, but I'd play safe.

When I went downtown shopping or on business, I'd dress plainly in dark clothes and not look as if I were headed for a lawn party. The minute I had my clothes on, I would try to forget I was wearing them. I'd be a little firm with my *modiste* and tell her what kind of clothes I should wear, instead of letting her experiment on me. If I had a not too good figure, the gowns wouldn't be tight to parade it. And by the way, I'd always be sure that my heels weren't run over; that my petticoat was well above the danger line.

On the street I would keep my cigarettes in my purse, fighting down the temptation to light one. But I would keep some in my purse, not only when alone, but when out with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



The new Clark Gable with Elizabeth Allan in "Men in White." He is playing man-size rôles now—really acting

A pawn for glittering women stars suddenly blossoms as an actor

By William F. French

Now Clark is a little sorry he was so uncomplaining—but, after all, you can take his word for it that his was a soft berth. "Like going to fame in a wheel chair," to use his own expression.

"It's all crazy," he had said, "but it sure is a lazy man's job. Little work, plenty of money, and lots of time to enjoy yourself. Just luck for me, that's all—just a big apple of luck dropped in my lap."

And, after the bitter struggle Clark had known, it *was* an apple of luck in his lap.

Clark harbored no illusions of grandeur. He knew he was just a pawn, put there to reflect the glory of the women stars, and to bring a few "ahs" and "ohs" from the more susceptible *femmes* in the audiences.

Occasionally he would say, almost timidly: "Gee, I wish they'd give me a chance to do some comedy. That's what I was best at in the stock company back in Houston."

But Gable had too much box-office value as the heavy menace to the purity of the lady stars on the M-G-M lot, to be allowed

THE Clark Gable who played second fiddle to so many glittering feminine stars is no more. And, we might add, he was practically buried in "Dancing Lady."

Clark Gable, the actor—a new thrill for the ladies and a pleasant surprise for the men—comes to life.

And all Hollywood is mighty well pleased.

Hollywood didn't hold it against Clark Gable that he was popular with the fair sex. It even forgot that he did a minimum amount of acting per picture, while he was playing foil to Garbo and Shearer and Crawford and Harlow. In fact, it actually forgave him for demonstrating how the rough and tough, hard-to-get hero finally succumbs to the relentless heroine in boudoir, grass hut, or what else.

Everyone on the lot from director to grip's helper, would tell you, on the slightest provocation, that it wasn't Clark's fault. The girls fought to have him play opposite them, and the executives regularly sacrificed him to make a maiden's holiday.

Besides, Clark was there to reflect the glory of the girls, and to thrill feminine enthusiasts in Dubuque and New York City. His job was to inspire tired shop girls with aching feet and console weary spinsters — and he did it uncomplainingly. Quite willingly, in fact.

Clark Gable Cuts the Apron Strings



to go fooling around with comedy. And as the he-man who repulsed the alluring girls, Clark was just too sweet. So bang! went his prospects for a real chance to show his wares.

It was more or less Clark's own fault, of course—and he admitted it. He didn't fight executives, casting directors, writers and directors all over the lot, trying to get better parts. Unlike Crawford, and the other women stars, he didn't battle incessantly to reach the top.

Clark was never aggressive—and none knew it better than he. Life was a shoe that Clark liked to wear easy.

So, after the girls got what they wanted Clark's parts were made up from what was left.

Consider "Red Dust," for example. That story was built for a woman, fitted to a woman, directed for a woman, and cut for a woman. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Gable's chance to mix comedy and romance came in "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert is the girl

Dolores Extols Passive Love

WOMEN are always happier in passive love, no?"

Dolores Del Rio was speaking of American girls compared to those sheltered Latin ladies below the Rio Grande.

The glamorous Mexican *senora*, stretched out on a white satin chaise-longue, was the perfection of all that quiet charm so many of her countrywomen exemplify.

Her golden skin, smooth as mellowed ivory, and her dark, flashing eyes bespoke the lure of those maidenly *senoritas* who peep at life from behind cloistered shutters.

"Life does not hurt sheltered women," Dolores explained, when we pressed her for more. "There are no disillusionments, no rash disappointments for her to suffer through. She knows only the sweet beauty of love and the joy of her own calm domesticity, you see.

"It is such a natural thing for women to do simple things; to be kept in seclusion by their men. I sometimes wish I could have been like those other convent girls I went to school with in Mexico.

"But I have the blood of the *conquistador* in my veins. And it made me want to step out of the sheltered life and do things for myself.

"I wanted a career. And I was considered strange and wild to even think of such a thing.

"But I have paid for my picture success a thousand times over—by suffering disappointments, disillusionment, heartbreak and worry. Yet, in spite of all that, I would not exchange my freedom for anything in the world."

That vast army of American business girls, who feel the same way about their freedom, flashed through my mind; girls who enjoy their stenography or their clerking or their selling. And who, through the pay envelopes they carry home each week, have been able to go about with the freedom only their brothers and fathers enjoyed a little while back.

"American girls go after life with much gusto," Dolores smiled.

"It is like this: They know what they want from life, whether it is a career or

Our girls amaze this flower of Old Mexico, with their flip, unbreakable, carefree hearts

By Katherine Franklin



Del Rio meditates upon the love life of sheltered women below the Rio Grande. She chose a career instead



In Cedric Gibbons, the Latin star has found a husband combining the chivalrous attitude with the dashing American quality

marriage or a sweetheart. I admire them so very much. And they almost always get what they want from life, too.

"I see it this way: A sweetheart comes and makes love. A girl falls deeply in love with him. If it does not turn out to be a smashing romance—pouff!—she slaps on her little beret and goes out after a job, or a new interest—or maybe a new boy friend!

"It is all so simple here. I am always amazed how quickly American girls can get over a broken romance. In my country, girls die for love. When the adored one does not respond with lasting affection, the Latin girl has been known to pine away, in quiet solitude, until she died."

I smiled a little, for this spirit seemed so far removed from our American feminine standards.

"It is really beautiful and very sentimental to suffer for love, no?" she said quickly, as if explaining the attitude of the Latin woman with complete sympathy.

"It is a sort of fulfillment in itself; a grand, magnificent sacrifice. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



The passive manner—Dolores is touched by the Latin technique Ricardo Cortez uses in this amorous scene from "Wonder Bar"

ANNA STEN

The Million Dollar Gamble



Anna Sten salutes Phillips Holmes, her war-conscious lover for whom she emotes and dies in "Nana," her long-heralded American debut film

Sam Goldwyn seems to be the winner as his Soviet star gets critical recognition

By Hilary Lynn

The two men watched the moving drama on the screen in a kind of breathless silence.

When it was over, the censor let out an enormous sigh and turned to Goldwyn, slightly abashed.

"Sam," he said, "I have to ask a great favor of you."

It was an awful moment!



A SERIOUS-FACED gentleman sat in the projection room, waiting for the movie to be shown. He was there on business. He carried with him a long, sharp pair of scissors. For he represented Will Hays' office, and he was there to censor the film, "Nana." The scissors were particularly sharp because the gentleman knew that Zola, the author of "Nana," was a French novelist who left nothing to the imagination. And that the book "Nana" was concerned with the life and loves of a *demi-mondaine*.

Next to the serious-faced censor sat Sam Goldwyn, nervous, anxious, fearful that the scissors would whack out great chunks of his precious picture, and that dozens of expensive and ruinous retakes would be necessary.



Two years ago, Anna starring in German films, looked like this. Sam Goldwyn saw her and signed her to come to this country before she learned English

This girl from the Ukraine was popular with the children of Berlin, as you can see by this photograph taken there, before she dreamed about America

"Sam," said the shamefaced censor, "will you run that picture over again tomorrow morning for me? I was so lost in watching Anna Sten, I forgot to attend to my job. That woman's dangerous! She makes men forget."

That's Anna Sten—the actress!

Born in Russia, into a life of poverty and hard work, beauty and glamour existed for her only in imagination. Life itself was practical and cruel. And in the stern Russian Commune, the only escape into the world of imagination is through the theater. So, to Anna, acting became life.

Thus it has always been to her—a thing that is real, and serious, and not to be taken lightly.

Upon arriving in Hollywood she said, "I do not want to be heralded; I do not want to be discussed until I appear before the public in my picture. Whatever I have to say will be said by my performance. If that is not good, I'm not worth talking to, anyway."

And Sam Goldwyn was in accord with this strange, un-Hollywood attitude. It was the philosophy of a true artist.

BEFORE the première of "Nana," I was one of two magazine writers permitted to interview Miss Sten.

Nana stood before me, twisting an impertinent ruffled parasol, and looking at me with clear, intelligent blue-gray eyes under the tilt of her impudent bonnet.

"What are you going to ask me?" she said, seriously. "You see, I am a very prosaic person, and I cannot think out—what you call—those *bright* answers at this moment. Ask me your questions now, and I will go home and think out *true* answers which will interest you!"

To a hardened interviewer the idea of a movie star going home and seriously thinking out *true* answers was unheard of! But that is Anna Sten. Serious, intense. Everything—even an interview—must be done right and to the best of her ability.

In my first few moments' conversation with her, I recognized that Anna Sten has the simple ways and directness of the peasant, and

Anna's *Nana* is not the unregenerate character of Zola's novel. Miss Sten's *Nana* has a heart, but it isn't for Lionel Atwill

the instinctive warmth, the human understanding of a fine actress. Added to that, she has the versatility of a real artist. Before the camera, she can become an enchantress, intoxicating men with her half-indolent glances and her low melodious voice. At will, she can touch her audience with a scene of moving pathos, and the next second become a charming *comédienne*, delighting with her gaiety. That is Anna Sten—the artist.

At home, Anna Sten, the woman, is a wife. Her husband is Dr. Eugen Frenke—a sturdy, dark chap with a persuasive jaw and piercing black eyes. He reminds one, in appearance, of Von Sternberg. He looks very much as if he knew what he wanted and how to get it. A German, an architect, a man of private means, he recently completed an experiment in independent picture-making. It's a fantasy, starring Jimmy Savo, that Broadway old-timer.

Dr. Frenke, being a wise husband, is perfectly content to play the maestro in the domestic relationship, and to leave Anna alone in matters of her dramatic career. However, Dr. Frenke does have ideas on the kinds of parts his wife should play. And he sums them up in a quaint German-English phrase. "She should play," says he, "characters which are *in the mud*."

WHAT he means is that Anna Sten should be cast in rôles that are expressive of the common people. With millions of her suffering countrymen, she lived through the blood-soaked years of the Russian revolution. And few stars have ever brought to Hollywood the depth of human understanding and experience that she brings. So, her husband believes, this should not be wasted. She should be given rôles which interpret the needs, the hopes, the lives of the common people.

The character of *Nana* is a far cry from the real Anna Sten.

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The flower of the million dollar, two-year Hollywood experiment—Anna made the critics rave!



"Scandals"—on the screen. Alice Faye comes in and finds Rudy Vallee entertaining Adrienne Ames. The scene is from the Fox adaptation of George White's stage success

By Nina
Remen

RUDY VALLEE is still seeking the girl of his vagabond dreams. But he is beginning to fear that they will never come true—that he'll never find her.

"I've taken a lot of ribbing about that ideal girl," he says. "Well, I still have the ideal, but I doubt if I will ever find anybody to fill the requirements."

Five years ago, before Rudy's marriage to Fay Webb—before the flood of rumor and scandal accompanying their divorce proceedings, Vallee described to the world the kind of girl he wanted to marry. "The girl," he said, "of my vagabond dreams."

Among her attributes were these:

Her face and form must be beautiful and she must be a brunette.

She must not be too young. A wife of twenty-five would be all right for me.

She must be faithful. And I wouldn't inquire too closely into her life before I knew her.

The modern girl who insists on paying half the bills would have no charm for me.

My ideal girl would not drink with another man if I were not present.

She would have patience and understanding enough to leave me alone when I wanted to be alone.



Fay Webb—brunette and beautiful. But her romance with Rudy lasted less than two years



Alice Faye and he are an ideal screen couple. But both deny rumors of a romance. So Rudy must just keep on dreaming

Rudy's first wife, Leonie Cauchois—their marriage, in 1928, was annulled just twenty-three days later

Rudy Still Has His "Vagabond Dreams"

When Vallee described the dream girl thus, in 1929, he was keeping a close lookout for her, and his hopes were high. He had already been married once, but his ideal was not touched by disillusion.

Finally he found Fay Webb.

Today, the search is on again—and the standards are practically the same—but his chances of finding her, he thinks, are slim.

"You see," he explains, "I've lost faith in so many people. And I've found that usually where there is a great attractiveness, whether it is beauty or talent, there is always an accompanying weakness."

"I mean that for more than one person I've known in the past few years. People you trust in business or socially. Loyalty seems to be an unknown quality these days."

"I doubt if I ever again could have complete confidence in anyone, al-

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Bert Longworth

BETTE DAVIS looks very smart in one of those new, charmingly silly bell-hop caps. Hers is of jet bugle (they're beads), and matches the collar of her dress. By the way, that hair-comb is sweeping the country—very effective, too—straight on top and curled at the ends. Bette's latest picture is "Jimmy the Gent." Mr. Cagney is the gent

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!



Top row, left to right: Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Marian Nixon, Jean Parker. Bottom row: Chester Morris, Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell

HOLLYWOOD'S the place where such dreams as Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow really walk! Stars by the dozens are making the "constitutional" a daily habit. It sets 'em up for work. Get an eyeful of these tricky pedestrian costumes. With the men it's style to walk the dog



Top row: Jeanette MacDonald, Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer. Bottom row: Mary Brian, Robert Young, Jean Harlow, Jean Hersholt



Fred Hendrickson

WHEN Colleen Moore finished making "Success Story," she went home to rest and forget cameras for a while. But a photographer trailed her. And Miss Moore obligingly posed for this portrait, in the library of her beautiful Bel-Air home. Between pictures Colleen spends most of her time in New York—with hubby, Albert Scott



Superstitions Guide Her

JUNE KNIGHT—June Ninth. Last summer, the Universal studio bulletin board thus poetically announced the triumphant home-coming of a blonde Hollywood dancing daughter. She had gone clear to New York and got herself discovered by the late Flo Ziegfeld, and that made her a personage at the studio, only a pebble-toss from her home.

June was born in Hollywood, literally raised in the shadows of studio walls, and was graduated from Hollywood High School.

When she was a small child she couldn't walk a step for three whole years, and doctors gave her up as a cripple for life. But eventually she recovered enough to study dancing, and dancing developed those nimble, shapely legs that pleased Broadway in "Hot-Cha" and "Take a Chance."

Today, she is five feet, five inches of lissom loveliness. Her blue, baby-wide eyes dart laughing over a wide, mischievous grin. Work is a lot of fun to her, and no one at Universal can remember her in a bad humor.

June sings, too—practices singing daily along with her dance exercises, which are something of a religion with her.

June's back and shoulder muscles would make a physical culturist rave with joy. She could almost hold her own with a prize-fighter. In fact, she more than held her own with that two-fisted lady killer, Max Baer. Their romance ended—and June has lived to tell the tale.

Her latest picture is "Cross Country Cruise."

She really doesn't practice what she preached on stage and screen in "Take a Chance." In fact, she lives in a maze of superstitions that control her every move.

If you visit June in her dressing-room and happen to whistle, you will find yourself hustled outside, where you will have to turn around three times—to break the jinx. Then you'll be eligible to stay as long as you like.



From Producer To Actor

NAT PENDLETON was a producer of motion pictures—for an independent company in New York—before he won any prominence as an actor. He got ahead as a screen player because he could look like a "lug" and handle "lug" rôles better than any ten *bona-fide* thugs. Yet Nat is a graduate of Columbia University, speaks four languages, and loves to play little "love ditties" on the banjo. He even sings them.

He was a professional wrestler, and previously, as an amateur he won an Olympic Games wrestling championship.

Stage experience in New York came next, with Nat racing over to Madison Square Garden between the first and third acts for a wrestling match. And then racing back to the third act with a black eye he certainly didn't have in the first act. No one could stop him. Nat *wanted* to wrestle.

His uncle, Arthur Johnson, was a movie star, and Nat played child bits in his uncle's pictures for the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia.

Nat came to Hollywood from the stage, playing bits here and there. He wrote a screen story about wrestling for Columbia Pictures, and played the lead himself. It was called "Deception."

Later, Nat went to M-G-M on a contract, and "Penthouse" put him right in the public's eye. His latest, "Sing and Like It," for RKO-Radio has revealed him as a versatile performer.

He missed the rôle of *Tarzan* by two notes. Weissmuller could yell two notes louder than Nat.

For four years Nat lived in Portugal. During summer vacations at Columbia University, he traveled in Mexico and ran down spies for the Mexican government. He wrote articles about it that were printed in a leading weekly magazine.

He lives alone in a high hillside home that's cluttered up with tennis balls, banjos and worth-while books.

CAL YORK Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*

IS the old Garbo mystery petering out? Has Greta deliberately created a new one to keep "her public" guessing? Those are leading questions in Hollywood today.

At any rate, the unexplained flittings of the Silent Swede have become the talk of the continent.

First, she was seen spinning madly across the Arizona sands with Director Rouben Mamoulian, then with him again at Palm Springs, and lastly comes the report that shortly after Mamoulian arrived in New York, Greta debarked from the train in the big city, too. "Or her double," as the newspapers cautiously put it.

The publicity department of the railroad system then settled the whole matter with the announcement:

"Miss Garbo may have arrived, or she may not have arrived."

And when we went to press, the dauntless gentlemen of the daily papers were keeping their vigilant watch—only they didn't know quite where to watch.

So, as we said, here's another Garbo mystery. Who'll be the first to solve it?



Even the most imaginative gossip saw nothing but sustained and smiling interest between Joel McCrea and Frances Dee when the young married couple recently attended the ball given by the Screen Actors' Guild in Hollywood

A RATHER dignified visitor was admitted to Constance Bennett's home the other evening and just stepped over the threshold when—Bang! he found himself colliding with a panting, disheveled Connie.

In wide-eyed amazement, he gathered himself and looked at her.

"Oh, so sorry," she said, "I didn't see you. You see, I have to play 'I spy' with my little son Peter every night for a little while and I was hurrying to get in free."

And the visitor simply sat stunned into silence at this unusual glimpse into a famous star's life.

Gallant wife! Mrs. Leslie Howard gives her husband a light. The couple were celebrating their return to Hollywood, at the Cocoanut Grove



Jackie Cooper takes keen delight in his collection of airplane models. Made to exact scale, they are copies of famous flyers' ships

THE companionship of Doug Fairbanks and Lady Ashley had already become the talk of London when Doug told Joseph M. Schenck, who was Hollywood bound: "Kiss Mary for me, and tell her that I love her and that I'm coming over to see her as soon as my pictures are finished." Soon came a report from London that Fairbanks told "an intimate friend" he would marry Lady Ashley as soon as Mary Pickford's divorce went through.

The former Sylvia Hawkes of the stage became Lady Ashley in February, 1927, despite the opposition of His Lordship's father, the Earl of Shaftesbury. She and Lord Ashley became estranged less than a year later, in January, 1928, and he announced publicly that he would no longer be responsible for her debts. She has brown hair, blue eyes, and is one of

Hollywood Goings-On!



fear they'd ask her anything about Jack's personal traits and why he couldn't stay married. You've got to give her a hand for being loyal anyway, even though they're divorced.

GEORGE BURNS breaks down and tells the secret of how he and Gracie Allen became famous. "At first," he says, "Gracie was just a dumb dame. So many other performers began imitating her that we put our heads together—and now she's just plain nuts!"

ALTHOUGH Marlene Dietrich does a lot of moving, she takes her own bedroom furniture along with her wherever she goes. Nothing like your own bed, says Marlene.

IT'S "hush-hush" on Mae West over on the Paramount lot. It seems Mae had been so much publicized in the last few months that the studio fears people may grow tired of hearing about her before she has had a chance to make more pictures. So, "Please don't write another word about Mae—please!"

England's most fashionably dressed women. Once she was a coutourier's mannequin.

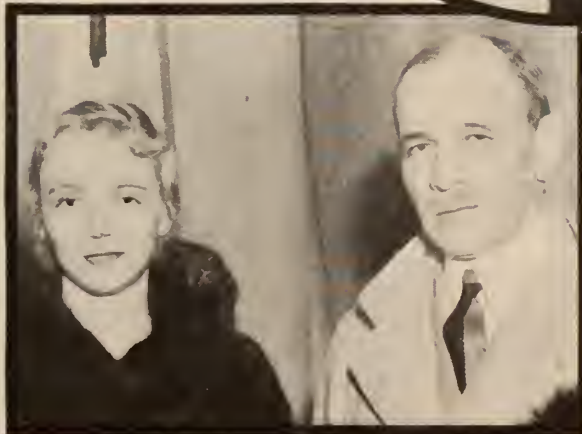
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN will direct Anna Sten in her next picture, Tolstoi's "Resurrection." Critics who hesitated to thoroughly judge Anna in her first picture, "Nana," will thus get a chance to compare her with Dietrich and Garbo under the master who directed both of these unquestionably glamorous stars.

ALICE FAYE, whose name was mentioned in the telling-off between one side and the other in the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb fracas, was assigned by Fox to play a lead in the picture, "Now I'll Tell."

HOLLYWOOD is wondering if its greatest Svengali-Trilby team is due for a split. Meaning the glamorous Marlene and Joe Stern, the Von Sternberg. There have been persistent rumors of continual spats on the set of "Scarlet Empress," and frequent public occasions when the eccentric director's attitude toward his star has been far from flattering. Diners in Paramount's studio café have noticed a strained relationship between the pair, especially the other day when Marlene, coming in late, received no attention from Von Sternberg, and wafted herself quietly away to another table, for luncheon alone.

INA CLAIRE bottled herself up for a couple of days while the John Gilbert-Virginia Bruce fracas was on. She wouldn't see anyone for

And interest did not lag between Gary Cooper and his recent bride, Sandra Shaw. However, Gary and Sandra seem to be taking things more seriously than do Joel and Frances. The two couples made a romantic foursome at the Guild Ball



Lucky man! Wonder if he is accepting the famous invitation! Emanuel Cohen talking to Mae West, at his party for Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper

Since her separation from Jack Gilbert, when Virginia Bruce is seen at gay night spots, her escort is usually her father, Earl H. Briggs



Vallee's petition. Of course, the marriage was for benefit of cameras only, but it handed everyone a chuckle to see Rudy getting notice of his freedom to act as he was exchanging dramatic vows with the girl in question.

RECONCILIATION month, or old loves month—this past one in Hollywood.

Ann Harding and ex-husband Harry Bannister surprised the natives by seeming very affectionate together at a "little theater" performance; H. B. Warner broke down and took out his ex-wife, Rita Stanwood, to dinner; and Gloria Swanson passed pleasantries with the Marquis de la Falaise at the Screen Actors' Guild Ball. When the Marquis gallantly kissed her brow, 'tis said she turned the shade of an American beauty and became quite, quite confused.

AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler are again separated by their careers—Al having gone back to New York and his radio work (by the way, Al declares he is all through with pictures from now on out!) and Ruby is in Hollywood. Which means that every day there will be a coast-to-coast long distance call between that pair of love birds. Business will be picking up for the phone people.



CARL BRISSON, one of the latest importations from Europe—and an old friend of Greta Garbo's back in Stockholm, where he operated a cabaret—arrived in Hollywood with only eighteen trunks. He started out with twenty-one, and the missing three contained all of Brisson's wardrobe except two suits! (What was in the others, Carl?)

Since Brisson, who happens to be a native of Denmark, was celebrated on the continent as one of the best dressed men, the disappearing trunks have caused him no little anguish. The proud Dane has been more or less in retirement while the search goes on.

IMAGINE Otto Kruger's surprise to discover the reason advanced by Corinne Griffith for her withdrawal from the cast of the "Crime Doctor." Corinne says he played all his scenes with his face to the camera. Anyway, she has been replaced by Karen Morley.

SALLY RAND just loathes dressmaker's fittings. (Of course, this spot is wide open for a pertinent comment, so we'll let you make it.) So she posed for two days while a sculptor did a replica of her form divine. Now she doesn't have to see the dress until it's ready to put on. . . . That's the big advantage of wearing fans. You can buy them ready made.

BELEIVE it or not but when Rudy Vallee received word from the East that the injunction petition filed by Fay Webb Vallee against his getting a Mexican divorce had been denied, he was on the set getting married to Alice Faye, the "radio singer" named in Mrs.

There's been lots of talk to the contrary, but here's proof that June and Max are still on more than speaking terms. Miss Knight and Mr. Baer were photographed in this friendly pose after a swim at Miami Beach



Oh, mammy! But even his mother would not recognize Jolson in those whiskers! Having completed "Wonder Bar," Al tried this disguise upon his arrival in New York recently to resume his radio work

Victor McLaglen and his wife stop in the lobby to pose. The pair had just attended the preview of Victor's latest picture, "The Lost Patrol." Judging from their smiles, the movie went over big

JACK OAKIE tells a good one on himself. It seems when Jack was visiting Hawaii he attended a football game between native high schools and sat next to the announcer.

"Okikara has the ball," he'd scream. "Now Okihaka has it. Okihua makes a ten yard gain. And what's your name?" he asked, turning to Jack.

"Oakie," Jack said. "Hah, one of us," he beamed and wrung Jack by the hand.

BLIGHTED nuptial bliss: Laura La Plante and William Seiter have separated. Rumor has it that La Plante will be divorced abroad, also that she is interested in Irving Ascher.

Helen Vinson divorced Harry Nelson Vicker-man. Philadelphia carpet man.

Irene Bentley and George Kent were divorced, and Kay Francis instituted proceedings against Kenneth MacKenna.

Others involved in talk of discord are: Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; Mr. and Mrs. Charley Chase; Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory.

Three guesses as to just what Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were doing, are doing.



Movie favorites on two continents, they met in London. Douglas Fairbanks wished Maurice Chevalier *bon voyage* as the French star sailed for America. As for Doug, he has some business to attend to in England

Gossip even had it that the whole performance was for publicity. But who knows Lupe?

GEORGE BRENT, it seems, refused to work in certain pictures First National lined up for him. To penalize him, the studio has kept him off the screen. Brent didn't grieve too much. His contract had little time to run, and he thought he could do what he wanted to when First National dropped him. But Mr. Brent was fooled. The contract *was* renewed, the studio can continue to keep him inactive, and he's wondering just what pleasure it gives them to pay him money for taking a spanking.

JOSEF VON STERNBERG was strutting about the Paramount lot with his cane as usual when he happened to glance behind him and spotted George Raft walking along behind him and also using a cane.

The look on Joe's face told Raft he felt he was being aped.

"Take it easy," George cautioned him. "I'm not trying to imitate you. I have a broken bone in my foot and have to carry this cane."

And Joey's face cleared as he strutted off.

Madeleine Carroll, English star, was permitted to come over here if Fox would send Warner Baxter to London. Just *one* picture—then they both go back home! Miss Carroll is scheduled to make "The World Moves On"



Two stars of the silents have a "talkie". Norma Talmadge and Rubye de Remer (now Mrs. Benjamin Throop), screen favorites of the past, enjoy a chat. Both were vacationing at Palm Beach

IN the stork's date-book: Frances Dee and Joel McCrea; Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien; Mrs. and Mr. Ernest Truex; Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown (rumor). Gossip had the Bing Crosbys listed for May, but Bing says the rumors ought to be held up at least until little Gary Crosby is old enough to say "mama." However, Bing's wife, Dixie, is reported to be going into retirement.

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SYLVIA TELLS Mae Clarke

REMEMBER, MAE, be sure to avoid any strenuous exercise. You can swim a little, play tennis a little. Walking is fine for you, and for everybody, for that matter. It is nature's most normal, least exhausting exercise.

SYLVIA

DEAR MAE: Well, bless your little heart! I'm proud of you. I think it's grand that, in spite of the fact you've had more tough luck than almost any other girl in Hollywood, you're still able to show them what a good trouper you are. My congratulations!

Do you remember that luncheon Universal gave to Mrs. Knute Rockne while they were making "The Spirit of Notre Dame"? Leo Carrillo, Russell Gleason, Sidney Fox, you and I all sat at the same table. Did you notice that I was watching you closely? It was before you had had that severe nervous breakdown, before the auto accident that laid you up for so long.

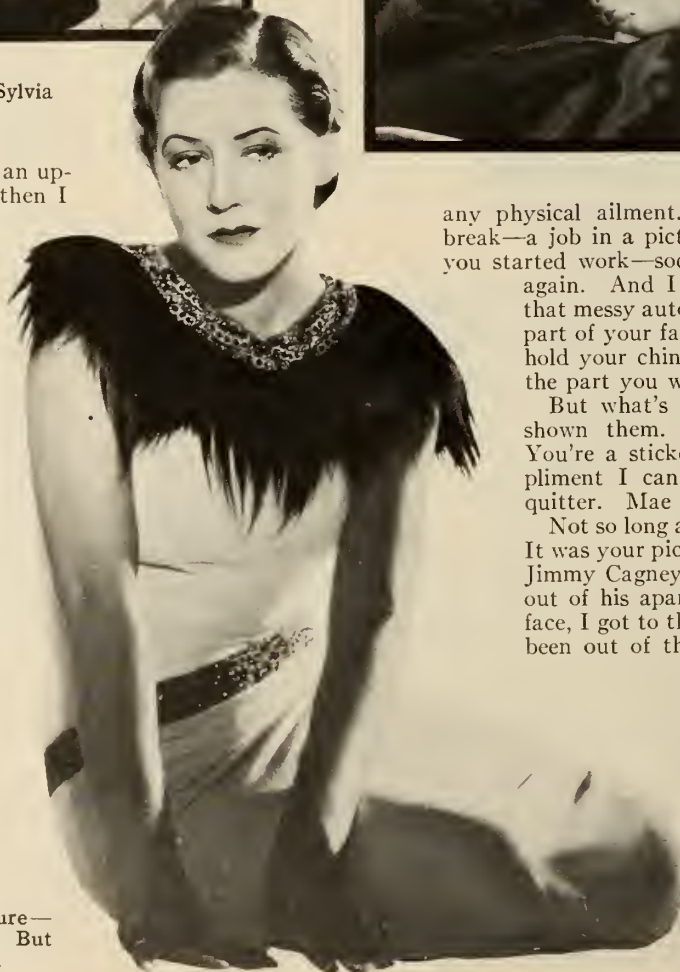
Everybody was hailing you as an up-and-coming new star, but even then I saw a haunted look in your eyes. I wondered if you were really happy. You know, I'm used to looking for other people's troubles—troubles of the flesh (and I mean flesh), as well as of the spirit.

That was about three years ago and, in spite of all you've been through, you look much happier now than you did then. Maybe then you had some vague idea of what Old Lady Fate had in store for you. You were handed plenty of bad luck.

I know what you went through, when you got out of the hospital ready to work again and found that there wasn't any work. Despite the fact that you had been "a promising young actress" a year before, during your breakdown you seemed to be forgotten. That's hard to take. That's a lot worse than



Sylvia



Mae Clarke has a lovely figure—even Sylvia can't find a flaw. But Mae needs more stamina



any physical ailment. But finally you did get a break—a job in a picture—and then the day before you started work—socko!—you took it on the chin again. And I mean literally. You were in that messy automobile accident with the lower part of your face all cut and wires inserted to hold your chin in place. Sally Eilers played the part you were supposed to have.

But what's happened now? Well, you've shown them. They can't get you down. You're a sticker. And that's the best compliment I can pay you, for I don't like a quitter. Mae Clarke, I'm proud of you!

Not so long ago I previewed "Lady Killer." It was your picture. But when I saw the way Jimmy Cagney threw you around, tossed you out of his apartment and pushed you in the face, I got to thinking, "Why, that girl hasn't been out of the hospital so very long. She

shouldn't take punishment like that." So I thought I'd just sit down and write you a letter to tell you what you can do to store up energy, to keep you from breaking again, to make it possible for you to fulfill your destiny by becoming a big star.

Also, I know a lot of girls who have to earn a living, who have been sick

How To Gain Energy

Her advice to Mae applies to every girl who is going along on nerve alone

But I'm going to tell you how to correct that. I'm also going to give you a diet that is calculated to create energy, to keep you fit, to make it possible for you to go on. I want you to do me a big favor. Try the diet for a week and see how you feel.

And now, I'm going to tell you a secret. I'm going to give you an exercise—well, it isn't really an exercise, as you'll see in a minute—which I call my "energy maker." And, darling, it's so simple that you can't afford not to do it. This is for you, Mae, and it's for every other girl who works hard all day in an office, in a store, or even as a housewife at home.

Give yourself one hour before dinner to make energy. An hour is what you really need, but if you can't give that much time, then give as much as possible. Ten minutes will help a lot. But an hour is perfect. This is good for all nervous people, too, for when you're so tired that you just can't rest, no matter how perfect your diet is, you can't properly digest your food.

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No, indeed, Sylvia doesn't recommend *this* for gaining energy! In fact, Jimmy Cagney's man-handling of Mae in "Lady Killer" worried Sylvia so much, she advises that Mae use her energy diet

and have gone back to work before they were able, so this letter is not only for you, Mae darling, but for other brave girls who have had tough breaks, too.

You've been able to go on so far, because your ambition and your great will power have pepped you up and let you run along on your nerve. I know what that means. I used to take sixteen patients a day, and I ran on my nerve, too. But there comes a time when that nerve yells, "Stop!" That's when you've got to call on your excess energy. And if you haven't that excess energy, you're going to land right back in the hospital.

In "Lady Killer" your figure was perfect, and the surgeon who worked on you after the automobile accident did a very neat job. I couldn't find a single scar.

Here is something, though, that I want to advise you about. Your neck is a little too thin, and shows a few lines.



After this kind of treatment, almost any girl would need Sylvia's formula for building up the neck and erasing lines



Sylvia demonstrates a simple exercise which will relax a nervous person. She advises an hour work-out before dinner

Spring! 'Tis Forgiving

IT'Sspring! It'sspring! It'sspring! (What, tripletsagain?) The little birdies are winging their way home, home again for papa to keep through the summer. The little butterflies are flying through the W. C. Fields of clover. Home from a long, hard season with Chevalier on the Riviera. And nothing to show for it but a few funny spots on their wings. And there are the busy little bees. "Bees it ever so humble, there's no—" (all right, all right.) Yes, spring, comes tripping over green-clad hills, kicking the same old gong around.

The little rills are rilling. The little beans are spilling. The little lambs are lambing. And the little Jolsons are mammying. It's spring, when a young man's fancy gets fancier and fancier, or haven't you seen Georgie Raft's new sports coat? Even the little violets are peeping (hello, Walter Winchell from their little beds. And little Groucho Violet, little Harpo Violet, little Chico Violet and even little Zeppo Violet are peeping from their little beds. I hope.

Why, even Mac West stands admiring her glittering diamonds and appropriately humming, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies."

And so, children, Hollywood



Time in Hollywood

feels the surge and the urge of the jolly old springtime coursing through her slightly hardened arteries, and a feeling of peace, contentment and even forgiveness fills its battered old pre-war heart to overflowing. It wants to forgive. It cries out to forgive. And listen, no monkey business, see, and if it's wrestling you want, okay. Hollywood is still going to forgive.

There's the problem of Oakie's clarinet. And who took it. You'll never know the passion that rendered Mr. Jack Oakie practically speechless, for the first time in his life, when he woke up and found it gone. His clarinet, I mean.

No written message left behind. No nothing. Oakie's clarinet, the one on which he could, and did, play those two lovely bars of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" for days and even weeks at a time. "Why, why," Jack cried, "would anyone want to take an innocent little clarinet when there are so many bagpipes in the world? Tell me that." But no one would tell him.

He accused everyone on the Paramount lot from Adolph Zukor to Baby LeRoy. He searched each and every passer-by. He sulked and avoided his old friends. And were they relieved! And once, to Dietrich's astonishment, he rushed madly out of his dressing-room and, seizing her coat tail, gave it a yank that nearly tore it off her back. "Oh, excuse me," he mumbled "I saw that thing sticking out of your hip pocket and I thought it was my clarinet."

But it was Von Sternberg's collapsible walking-stick.

Well, it looked as if Jack would never recover. And then came springtime, scattering blossoms while she may, bringing her warmth and sunshine, and Jack's sore heart was healed. He wants the world to know that, even though he never found his clarinet, he forgives. He earnestly forgives the culprit who stole his clarinet and, with all his heart, hopes the guilty one

will get it wrapped around his neck and merrily choke himself to death.

Even Hollywood, as a whole, forgives. Which just goes to show you how Hollywood sticks together when it goes in for some highclass, A-1 forgiving. For instance, it even forgives the one who sat that dwarf on J. P. Morgan's lap. For once, the limelight was completely stolen from good old Hollywood. And think of the people Hollywood could have sat on J. P.'s lap and the fame that would have resulted. That was a blow.

Hollywood forgives that new white car of Stepin Fetchit's with his name in huge lights on the sides. *Stepin Fetchit*, in red coils. It even forgives him for having that name flash on and off, on and off, as Stepin drives along. Yes, hard as it is to believe, Hollywood forgives that.

It even forgives Clark Gable that horse race. And that's something. When Clark's much touted nag, Beverly Hills, came in fifth at Agua Caliente, with practically all of Hollywood's hard-earned money on it at two to one to win, well—. But Hollywood still forgives and forgets. Well, forgives, anyway.

Gracie Allen, in her little blue hat, wants everyone to know that she, too, forgives in this glorious spring-

time. Gracie (Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?) forgives an actor.

"You see," says Gracie, "I was driving along in my little red roadster. And it's the funniest thing about that roadster. You see, I found it parked in front of my house one morning and I just know the Easter Bunny must have put it there. Well, anyway, I was driving along in this little red roadster out by Warner Brothers' studio and straight ahead of me I saw the Holland Tunnel and I thought, how silly, someone has brought the Holland Tunnel all the way out here from New York, so I'll just drive through it. Suddenly, I found

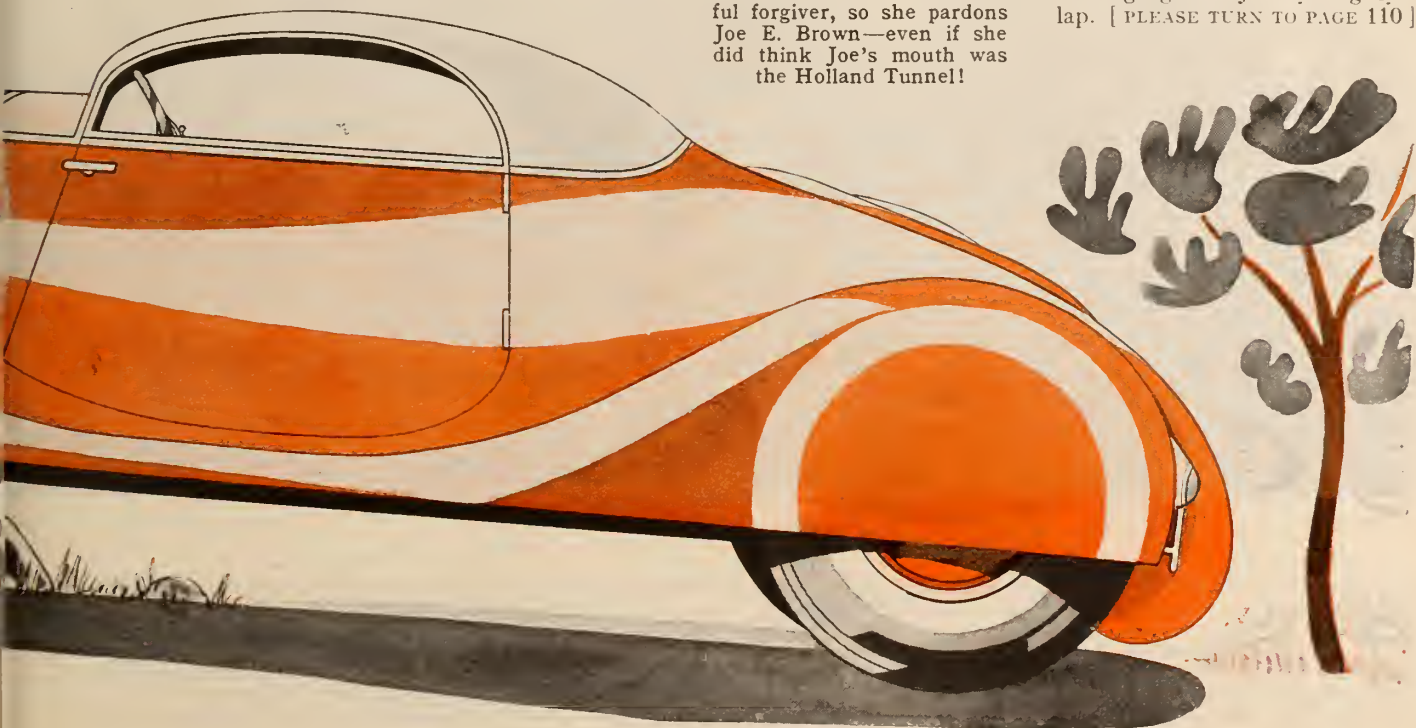
myself dashing right through a billboard, into the studio, and landing right on Jimmy Cagney's lap. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Gracie Allen loves a cheerful forgiver, so she pardons Joe E. Brown—even if she did think Joe's mouth was the Holland Tunnel!

April gardens bring
Hollywood pardons!
Spring! When worms
turn and young men's
fancies get fancier

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



Mexico Comes to Hollywood



PLENTY of heartaches and headaches and good American dollars went into the filming of "Viva Villa," down in Mexico. So, when the bulk of the picture was finished and all the long shots carefully made, the weary outfit trekked back to the U. S. A. to finish the close-ups. They brought with them a Mexican

railroad car. And they moved it right onto the M-G-M studio's sound stage, first building special tracks to run it on. For, it seems, there was one scene yet to be shot from the platform of a railroad train. That scene, like every sequence in the picture, must be truly Mexican and authentic.

The scene shows Wallace Beery as *Pancho Villa*, bidding a sad and bewildered farewell to his friends. They are going on to the Mexican capital. He is left behind, too uncouth and rough to be given a place in the government for which he has fought.

Pancho (on the steps) is saying goodbye to

Thus "Viva Villa" Is Ended



Photo by Charles Rhodes

his pal, *Johnny Sykes* (Stuart Erwin), American newspaper man. Standing below *Pancho* is *General Sierra* (Leo Carrillo), the genial assassin. On the platform is the proud and lovely Mexican girl (Fay Wray) whom *Pancho* loves. By her side stands *President Madero* (Henry B. Walthall), the tragic figure for

whom *Pancho Villa* fought. Next to him is the handsome and wealthy *hacendero* (Donald Cook), and beside him stands the traitor, *Pascal* (Joseph Schildkraut).

Follow the microphone boom down to its base and you see Director Jack Conway, tensely supervising the shooting of the se-

quence. James Wong Howe is the cameraman; John Waters, wearing dark glasses, assistant director.

It's a final scene in a picture that has been long and difficult in the making. Carefully executed, it is an ambitious undertaking, a spectacular production.

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Paramount

STRANGELY beautiful and haunting, this picture is an experience no intelligent person should miss.

The dialogue is a gem. The story concerns Death, who yearns to mingle briefly with men, as a man, and not be shunned—to feel human emotions and to find out why men fear him. As *Prince Sirki*, he appears at a house party where he finds romance, passion, desire—and true love with Evelyn Venable.

The performance of Fredric March in this difficult part is something to wave banners about. The cast—Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing, Katherine Alexander, Gail Patrick and others, is the best.

The direction is masterly, creating a mood that carries throughout the picture. Don't miss this film!



★ MEN IN WHITE—M-G-M

BY no means are you to consider this just another of those medical things. It is a hospital picture to end all hospital pictures!

Interne Clark Gable's problem is whether he shall marry wealthy Myrna Loy and have an easy practice, or make the most of his opportunity to work with a famous scientist (Jean Hersholt) and have little leisure.

It is a film long to be remembered—fine and honest. In the scene with the little sick girl, Gable does a remarkable acting job. And he has your sympathy all through the episode with the nurse who dies as the result of an operation that should not have been performed.

Hersholt tops all previous performances. And what a trouper Elizabeth Allan is! Otto Kruger, C. Henry Gordon.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—Columbia

HERE is romance, garnished with lots of laughs. The love story concerns *Ellie* (Claudette Colbert), an heiress, and *Peter* (Clark Gable), a newspaper reporter out of a job. They meet on a night bus. *Ellie* traveling incognito, is running away from her father (Walter Connolly) to join a worthless young man she has recently married.

For financial reasons, the journey of *Ellie* and *Peter*, from Miami to New York, finally resolves itself into hitchhiking. They stay in tourist cabins at night, and *Peter* properly hangs a blanket (which he names, "the Walls of Jericho") between them. While *Ellie* sleeps, *Peter* leaves her to rush ahead to New York and sell the story of her adventures to his ex-editor for \$1,000. He returns to help *Ellie* with this money, but she, believing he has deserted her, brings about a complication in which her husband figures.

However, in the end, the conniving father rescues the romance, and the picture winds up hilariously with "the Walls of Jericho" being blown down.

Clark Gable's at his best, yet in winning new honors for himself, he steals nothing from Claudette.

The picture has a rare quality of *camaraderie* with the audience—permitting those watching it to share the experiences and fun of the players. Skillfully directed.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY
WONDER BAR
SPITFIRE
BOLERO

VIVA VILLA
MEN IN WHITE
SIX OF A KIND
CAROLINA
THE LOST PATROL

The Best Performances of the Month

Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night"
Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night"
Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa"
Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday"
Clark Gable in "Men in White"
Dolores Del Rio in "Wonder Bar"
Ricardo Cortez in "Wonder Bar"
Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire"
Victor McLaglen in "The Lost Patrol"
Spencer Tracy in "Looking for Trouble"
Jack Oakie in "Looking for Trouble"
Fredric March in "Good Dame"
Sylvia Sydney in "Good Dame"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Catherine the Great"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ *WONDER BAR—First National*

A GAY, sophisticated musical with a "Grand Hotel" theme, pretty girls, dancing and extravagant settings. Al Jolson, proprietor of the Wonder Bar café in Paris, loves Dolores Del Rio, a dancer, who in turn loves her partner, Ricardo Cortez, a gigolo. Learning Cortez is about to elope with Kay Francis, wife of a wealthy banker, Dolores stabs him during their dance number. Jolson comes to her aid, only to discover Dick Powell, orchestra leader, has won her heart. But it's the dance extravaganzas, the Jolson touches, the carefully woven threads of all the patrons' actions, the spontaneity, that you'll love.

Ruth Donnelly, Hal LeRoy, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert and many others enjoy the delightful entertainment of the Wonder Bar café.



★ *VIVA VILLA—M-G-M*

OUT of travail has emerged a picture that will make history—"The Birth of a Nation," "All Quiet on the Western Front"—and now, "Viva Villa."

Wallace Beery is *Villa*—*Villa* is Wallace Beery. A great, simple, inarticulate child who could neither read nor write, but left his name in blazing letters in the history of Mexico. He is gross, barbaric and splendid—cruel and unsuspecting as a baby. As a *peon* boy, he sees his father whipped to death by the aristocrats, when he dared to call himself a man.

Villa grows up to prove himself a man. He vanquishes the tyrants with the craziest army of ragged recruits ever known. He marries every girl he fancies. He knows no law, except a simple primitive instinct that all men are equal, and aristocrats must be killed.

Killing is his sport—but his homicidal tendencies have been tempered. He joins forces with the great gentle *Madero*, played beautifully by Henry B. Walthall, makes *Madero* president—only to have himself exiled through enemy influence. *Madero* is murdered. *Villa's* news correspondent and pal finds him in an El Paso flop house. Starting with seven dollars and five men, *Villa* raises another army and takes Mexico City. He becomes dictator—uncouth, bewildered. And soon meets an ignominious death.

Beery is more than superb. Entire cast fine.



★ *SIX OF A KIND—Paramount*

THIS is the howl you've been waiting for. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, George Burns, Gracie Allen and Alison Skipworth are six of a kind—all ace comedians. And if it's action you crave, stop right here.

Bill Fields almost stops the show with his pool-table pantomime, but the others are not far behind.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pinkham Whinney (Charlie and Mary), not having had a vacation in twenty years, drive to California on a sort of second honeymoon and, of all things, take George Burns and Gracie Allen along to share expenses. Unknown to them, \$50,000 is smuggled into their baggage. And, upon arriving at Alison Skipworth's hotel, Ruggles is accused of the theft by Wild West Sheriff Fields.

It's cleverly directed and hilariously funny.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

☆
SPITFIRE—
RKO-Radio



HEPBURN devotes attention! Here's a film with plenty of Hepburn as a little mountaineer harum-scarum, whose simplicity and beauty of soul cause her to become an outcast among her own people. It will tug at the heart strings and give you a lot of new ideas about Katharine as an actress. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young and Sarah Haden, a grand little comic, add immeasurably.

☆
CAROLINA—
Fox



NORTHERN waif Janet Gaynor wins the heart of Robert Young, scion of the House of Connelly, in spite of his aristocratic mother's wanting him to marry wealthy Mona Barrie. Janet's admirers will love her in this story of the old South, although acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore and Henrietta Crosman, as Robert's mother. Stepin Fetchit, Richard Cromwell. Exquisite sets and scenery.

☆
BOLERO—
Paramount



RAVEL'S haunting "Bolero" and the magnetic team of George Raft and Carole Lombard make this one for your *must* list. The team becomes the dancing toast of the Continent. Then George goes to war, losing Carole to a British lord. Returning, shattered, they dance one more triumphant Bolero, before George leaves life for "a better joint." Reminiscent of "The Four Horsemen." Sally Rand's fan dance is lovely.

☆
THE LOST
PATROL—
RKO-Radio



A GROUP of thirteen British Tommies, in the Mesopotamian Campaign of 1917, is lost in the desert. Arab snipers, artfully concealed, take off one after another. Sergeant Victor McLaglen is the only one left when a relief patrol arrives. There's not much story, but the dramatic performance of the entire male cast is the finest seen in many a day. Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny.

LOOKING
FOR
TROUBLE—
20th Century-
United Artists.



YOU'LL go for the team of Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie in a big way. As telephone repair men, they face fires, an earthquake, blizzards. And, in addition to all these difficulties, Spencer has a rival in Morgan Conway for the love of Constance Cummings. Oakie and Arline Judge furnish many hilarious moments. Besides its being a cracking good story, the dialogue is right there.

THIS SIDE
OF HEAVEN
—M-G-M



A REALISTIC tale that will touch a responsive chord in every heart. The experiences of a family during one hectic day, ending by the father, Lionel Barrymore, taking an overdose of medicine to save wife Fay Bainter and children Tom Brown, Mae Clarke, Mary Carlisle from disgrace because he is charged with embezzlement. But he's saved in time. Una Merkel, Onslow Stevens and Eddie Nugent.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

AS THE EARTH TURNS—
Warners



IN a manner belying their experience, a corps of young actors, headed by Jean Muir, carry off honors in this screen translation of Gladys Hasty Carroll's book. The story of three families of rural Maine—their loves, envies, hates. An exquisite combination of fine artistry and human emotions. Cast includes Donald Woods, David Landau, Dorothy Peterson, Dorothy Appleby and William Janney.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—
M-G-M



NOT a new plot, but the glorious voice of Jeanette MacDonald and the charm of Ramon Novarro make up for that. He is a composer of classical music, while Jeanette makes a fortune in Paris on popular tunes. A lover's tiff results in Jeanette considering marriage with rich Frank Morgan, but love conquers in the end. The songs are lovely, and Charles Butterworth is at his best.

CATHERINE THE GREAT—
London Film-United Artists



AN impressive and elaborately staged production in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. gives a striking portrayal of the erratic *Grand Duke Peter*. Elizabeth Bergner, as *Catherine the Great* of Russia, handles her rôle expertly. Most of the action takes place toward the end of Empress Elizabeth's reign, when *Peter* is mad with anxiety for her death, so he may exercise his power. Entire cast excellent.

GOOD DAME
—Paramount



WHEN good little chorine Sylvia Sidney joins the carnival, Fredric March lets his roving eye rest on her long and lovingly. And finally the hard "berled" slicker becomes a perfect husband. This film is just what the doctor ordered for Sylvia and Fred. Plenty of laughs with a few tears thrown in. Excellent photography, dialogue that hits the bell, and a fine cast including Jack LaRue and Noel Francis.

COMING OUT PARTY—
Fox



FRANCES DEE'S party is an elegant affair and her performance as the society girl in love with a poor violinist (Gene Raymond) is very touching. When Gene's big chance for a European concert tour comes, Frances doesn't tell him of impending blessed event, but goes through with her début. However, all ends happily. Nigel Bruce, Harry Green and fine supporting cast suffer because of old plot.

HI, NELLIE!—
Warners



TRIP-HAMMER action, good suspense, humor and ace-high performances by every cast member put this newspaper drama in the movie headlines. Managing editor Paul Muni is relegated to the Heart Throb Department, having the byline "Nellie Nelson." But a clever reportorial job wins back his desk. Muni superb; Glenda Farrell and Ned Sparks tops.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]

His Third Time On Top

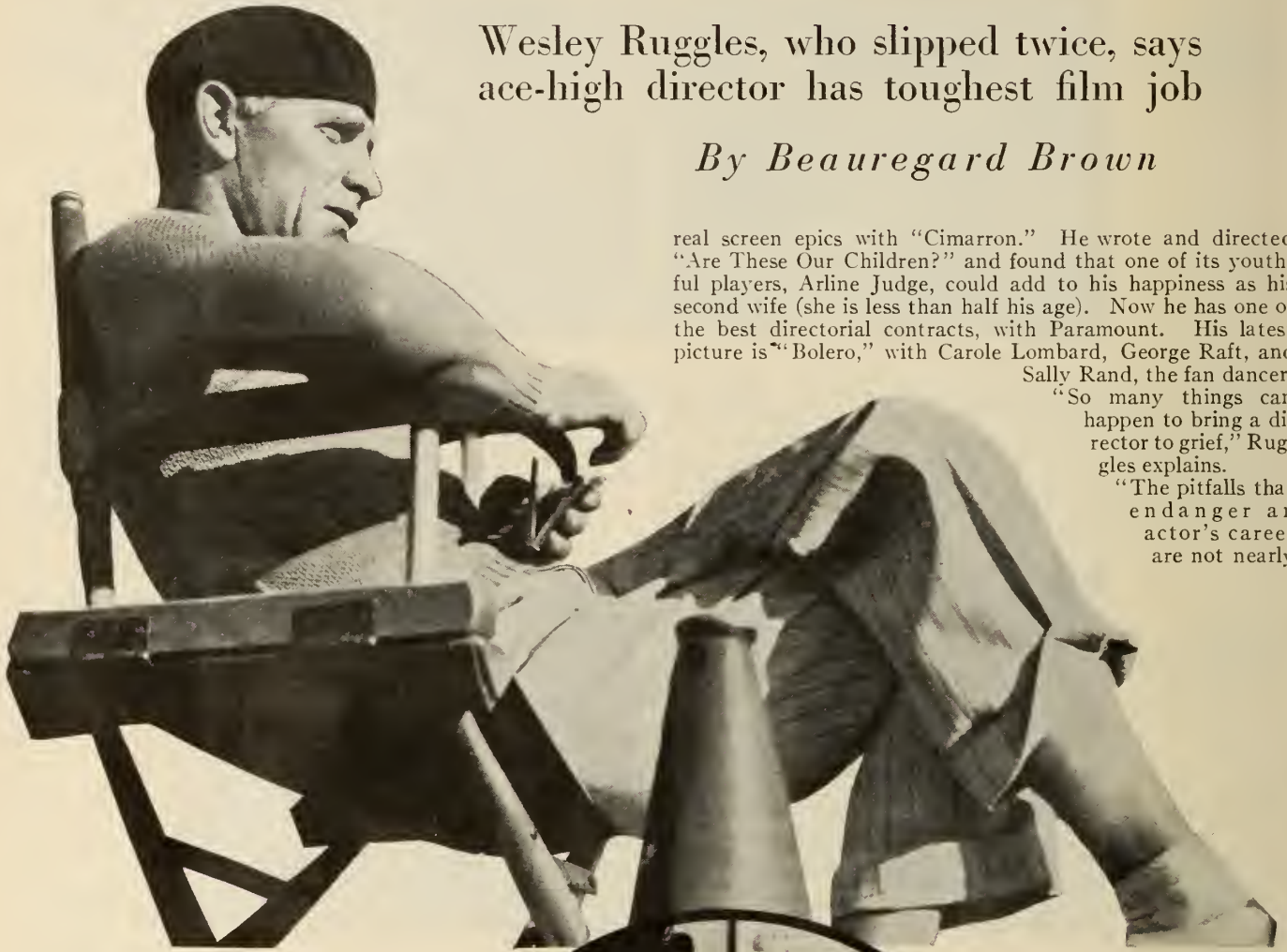
Wesley Ruggles, who slipped twice, says ace-high director has toughest film job

By *Beauregard Brown*

real screen epics with "Cimarron." He wrote and directed "Are These Our Children?" and found that one of its youthful players, Arline Judge, could add to his happiness as his second wife (she is less than half his age). Now he has one of the best directorial contracts, with Paramount. His latest picture is "Bolero," with Carole Lombard, George Raft, and Sally Rand, the fan dancer.

"So many things can happen to bring a director to grief," Ruggles explains.

"The pitfalls that endanger an actor's career are not nearly



THE most uneasy heads in Hollywood are those of ace directors, Wesley Ruggles is convinced.

"This is my third time on top, so I should know what I'm talking about," says the man who directed the gigantic "Cimarron," awarded the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal as the best picture of 1931.

"Twice before it was the same precarious, sometimes despairing struggle to climb. Then, when I lost my hold, I shot to the bottom so fast I never have been able to figure out exactly how I might have saved myself."

Those two slips that Ruggles never will forget are forgotten by almost everyone else. Since 1927 he has been doing a regular "Shipwreck" Kelly—sitting high and pretty on the thickly greased pole that rears to movie glory.

His third time on top seems to be something of a charm for him. The coming of the talkies could not shake his new grip, although his only experience with speech in the theater had been staging amateur minstrel shows while he was an oil company employee in his native Los Angeles. He has added to the short list of



The man who came back twice attained a happy home life, too. Ruggles and Arline Judge, his young wife, with little Charles Wesley

The "Cimarron" man has held high rank for a long stretch now. Is it a third time charm?

so numerous. Usually it takes several bad pictures in a row to severely damage a star's reputation. Directors have been plunged into obscurity on the strength of a single flop.

"No one else in pictures bears so much responsibility, no one is concerned with so many details. When money is lost on a production, the accusing finger first points at the director.

"Then, too the director is so apt to be drawn into studio

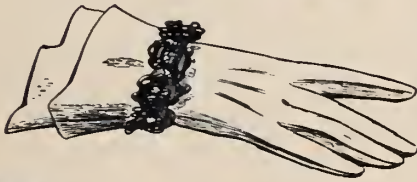
politics, sometimes entirely against his will.

"There are plenty of men who used to be big shots as directors, stumbling around Hollywood [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Spotting Hollywood Fads



Rosemary Ames revives lace picture hat — satin gloves trimmed with ciré flowers that match those at neck ruff of dress —



Metallic kid evening gauntlets worn by Greta Nissen in London



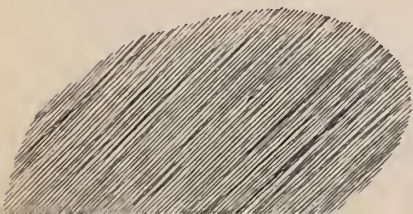
Yellow sweater worn guimpe-fashion under linen dress by Dolores Del Rio —



Two shoes showing popular perforated detail — one a two-tone oxford, the other a step-in pumps with bow —



Old-fashioned white lace fan carried by Ann Harding. Note jewelry, too





Old-Time Styles Give Inspiration For Modern

THIS charming costume worn by Loretta Young in "The House of Rothschild" has proved an inspiration for a modern adaptation for you. The copy is made in an old-fashioned sprigged challis without the jacket, but otherwise like the one above, cleverly designed by Gwen Wakeling

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

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

— Seymour —



CAN'T you see what a smart daytime print this youthful costume has inspired? Loretta Young wears it like this in the picture, but you will wear it in a shorter length with the same organdy collar but with printed silk sleeves and only the cuffs of organdy. Gwen Wakeling also designed this one

Now We Copy The Stars' New Hats



WHEN you see Irene Hervey in "Three on a Honeymoon," you will like this clever Royer costume. It is three-piece with shirting silk blouse, piqué vest and silk skirt. We have added a jacket to your copy of this

AND here's the first hat! One worn by Thelma Todd in "Bottoms Up." It's a turban with huge bow arranged to give a very flattering eye line at right



RUSSELL PATTERSON'S new version of the popular blouse and skirt combination for Pat Paterson to wear in "Bottoms Up." The skirt is light blue flannel, slim and straight with a wide self belt. The blouse is white organdy with accordion pleated ruffling in unusual effect, giving a frilly feminine air to the whole

Suits Play A Big Rôle This Spring



SILK suits promise to be very popular as the days become milder. Russell Patterson has designed this stunning suit above for Pat Paterson to wear in "Bottoms Up." The seven-eighths length coat has a wide reversed collar and deep cuffs of white satin. The skirt is straight with high waistline and self belt below it. Sheer blouse



AND here is a jaunty straw hat for your spring suit. Designed by Royer for Irene Hervey to wear in "Three on a Honeymoon," it has a Tyrolean air with its peaked crown and red quill jutting out



TRAVIS BANTON designed the costumes Carole Lombard wears in "Bolero" for the period around 1913, but strangely the styles have so many current fashion points that they are adaptable for today. This wool cape suit with plaid vest and lining is one which has been copied exactly for you to wear now

The Tricorne Is Back Again

— *Seymour*



ROYER has designed a real George Washington tricorne for Rochelle Hudson, even to the cherries dangling from a ribbon rosette! The straw is a linen-like type in navy blue and the three points are so arranged as to subtly flatter the face. The circle shows the straw straps that hold the hat in place at the back, tying in a simple bow effect



ANOTHER interesting silk suit is this navy blue one worn by Elissa Landi in "Sisters Under the Skin." Kalloch has designed it with a finger-tip length jacket and double-breasted closing. A white cross-bar organdy blouse has a frilly collar which Elissa wears over the plain neckline of the jacket. Her accessories are blue, too



2 Screen fashions you'll be wearing

Smart ensemble designed by Royer for Sally Eilers to wear in "Three on a Honeymoon." Long double-breasted coat over a printed silk dress —



Fashion scoop!
This straw fabric halo hat with pearls copied for you from Marlene Dietrich's pearl crown worn in "The Scarlet Empress"



OVER her, they fought and argued and begged and pleaded! And then when one of them won, others began to borrow! We are talking about Gloria Stuart and the studios. Following her success on the California stage, Gloria was offered contracts and bright promises from all sides! She chose Universal, however. After being loaned to Sam Goldwyn for "Roman Scandals," Miss Stuart is back at work once more on the home lot

Freulich





Irving Lippman

JACK HOLT has been in the movies a long time, but when anybody uses the word "shooting" around Jack, he still thinks of guns, not cameras! Away from the studio, the Columbia star and his son, Tim, get their rifles and dogs and hit the trail for some good hunting. Tim is fourteen years old and not, as yet, interested in movie work

Polly With A Future

Miss Walters is going back to Hollywood, and this time someone will meet her at the train!

By William
P. Gaines

SOMEONE will meet Polly Walters at the train the next time she goes to Hollywood. There may even be a brass band or two. Anyway, there should be. Because here's a little girl who has become a Somebody, despite every kind of disappointment Hollywood could hand her on her first invasion.

She's the blonde who was lost for three days in Hollywood, early in 1931. She was signed in New York for Warner Brothers pictures. No one met her at the station in Los Angeles. Finally, she located the Warners' studio. It was closed. The brothers had moved all production to their First National lot.

"Next casting is Monday morning," a man at First National told her. "But I have a contract," she wailed. Nobody listened.



Polly, a fugitive in a Princeton men's dormitory, gets a boyish haircut to fool police and faculty. The student doing the barbering is John Beal

Polly in 1931, when she arrived in Hollywood unknown and couldn't even find her studio



It took all of three days and a couple of wires to New York to get Hollywood in on the secret that the straggling with the drawling voice, then known as Teddy Walters, was under a small-money contract to appear in the movies.

By her own confession, she was scared nearly stiff. She was a county fair entertainer, with brief New York

musical show experience, in a city as strange and wondrous in its way as the fairy-tale city of Oz.

For a year she was given bits and a few fair size parts. Some of these she did rather well, too. In a certain type of rôle she could make people laugh — particularly as a slangy telephone girl. She posed for innumerable studio publicity photographs, showing her legs. "Gams," these are called. And Teddy, whom the Warners renamed Polly, was a good gam girl.

But after that year, the Warners handed her over to RKO-Radio. Finally, she bounced to the Paramount lot, worked in a picture with the significantly appealing title, "Make Me a Star," then drifted back to New York—unwept, unhonored and unsung by Hollywood.

Last fall Polly got a chance to try out for a part in Sam H. Harris' lampooning musical show, "Let 'Em Eat Cake." She reported at the theater and there, of all people who could make Polly ga-ga, was Marilyn Miller, rehearsing in Harris' other musical satire, "As Thousands Cheer."

"Ever since I was a child," Polly explained, "Marilyn Miller has been a sort of a goddess to me." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Star News



Princess Mdivani (Mary McCormic) made the Britishers indignant by exchanging wisecracks with a stooge instead of singing operatic gems

the most popular of Doug's silent films. Work on this one is now planned to be begun in June—the exteriors to be shot in Spain.

AS for Fairbanks, Jr.,—the lad is momentarily under a cloud of unjust criticism, because he returned to London from Hollywood *by way of Paris!* I'm afraid we English are incurably parochial in matters of this kind. Yet I'm not so sure that Americans, in the same circumstances, wouldn't react in the same way.

You see, the tremendous success of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" has given British films a very big boost within the confines of the United Kingdom. Alexander Korda, who directed the Laughton epic and who, with Fairbanks, Sr., is the boss of London Film Productions, has been hailed as the one genius capable of making Elstree a real rival of Hollywood.

There was not a little resentment on the part of British picture-goers when they discovered that Paris and New York had had a look at "The Private Life of Henry VIII" several weeks before the London première. When the newspapers announced that Doug, Jr. had flown across the American continent and sped across the ocean in order to be present at the first night of "Catherine the Great"—in Paris—the movie devotees of this country waxed wrathful.

"Catherine the Great," according to advance whisperings (it hasn't yet been shown in London), is a wow. Both young Fairbanks and Elizabeth Bergner (hailed by London critics as the greatest living actress) are said to give the performance of their lives in the film. Why, then, the British film followers rise indignantly to ask, should it not first be shown in London?

The answer is simple—and pathetic.

Until Paris or New York sets the stamp of its approval on a British-made film, the manager of a London West End cinema cannot be persuaded to believe it merits the kind of exploitation that he gives willingly to the more important Hollywood productions! In fact, so suspicious are these British exhibitors when it comes to an especially expensive British film, it is next to impossible to get them to consider booking the picture at all—unless it has already won big success outside the country.

The moment the Paris première was over, Doug, Jr., chartered a plane and flew to London—but that didn't offset the fact that he had elected to make Paris his first port of call on this side!

SPEAKING of Doug, Jr., brings Gertrude Lawrence inevitably to mind. The gossips' chorus grows louder with every passing day regarding marriage between young Doug and Gertrude, when his divorce from Joan Crawford becomes final in May.

However much truth there may be in this gossip, the fact remains that at the Savoy the other night, Miss Lawrence seemed to be enjoying herself immensely—in the company of an anonymous and (rumor has it) immensely wealthy Argentinian.

They danced every dance together, and stayed to the very end. I've never seen Gertrude more animated, and seemingly more pleased with life in general and her escort in particular.

But for the most part, young Fairbanks con-

London, England.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has indefinitely postponed the filming of "Exit Don Juan," which was to have been his first starring vehicle for London Film Productions, and which was scheduled to start early in January. At the moment, he is wildly enthused over the possibilities of no fewer than three stage plays which he has read in script form.

Although he assures me that he means to produce all three of them in West End theaters in the near future, I am inclined to think that this is merely Fairbanksian ebullition. His idea is to star Doug, Jr., in each of the three plays. As a matter of fact, C. B. Cochran has been on the hunt for a suitable stage vehicle for the younger Fairbanks for almost six months—and thus far has found nothing that will do.

The only thing that seems to be reasonably certain about the film future of the Fairbanks couple is that they will both appear in "Z," the title chosen for a talkie version of "The Mark of Zorro," one of



"Anybody but the actor is more important in a film," says Brian Aherne about emoting before the camera



Thomas Meighan returned to England to play the male lead in the British picture, "Somehow Good"

from London

By *Kathlyn Hayden*
PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent

tinues to be wherever Gertie is—and his devotion certainly justifies the gossips to the extent of making their predictions reasonable, so far as the lad is concerned.

So far, Miss Lawrence has flatly refused to discuss the matter for publication.

BENITA HUME—back in England after a not-too-happy experience in Hollywood—is playing an important rôle in “Jew Suss.”

In spite of all that expert cosmeticians did for her in Hollywood (and she tells me they did wonders insofar as making her photographically attractive is concerned), and in spite of better camera work than anything she had ever seen in England—she definitely failed to make good in the film capital.

I saw not a little of her when I was in Hollywood—and I am inclined to think that her lack of success was due chiefly to nostalgia! Benita, you see, is engaged to marry Jack Dunfee—a non-professional. And that six thousand mile separation was more than she could bear.

Now that she is once more at home, she's as gay and chipper as the proverbial lark. I espied her the other night at the Embassy Club—dancing with her fiancé—and she looked positively radiant.

STILL they come! With us now we have that well-remembered star of the silent days—Thomas Meighan. What a sensation he was in “The Miracle Man”!

Now, his temples are gray, but this six-foot-one fellow with the soft-spoken accent is as attractive as ever. Even before the war, Tommy Meighan was one of the most popular American actors ever to “invade” the West End. Like many others of his fellow countrymen who return to London after a long absence, he is amazed to discover that nobody has forgotten him!

Meighan is playing the lead in a talkie version of William de Morgan's novel, “Somehow Good.”

ONE of the most interesting experiences of the month was luncheon at the Berkeley with Brian Aherne—that monosyllabic chap who appeared opposite Marlene Dietrich in “The Song of Songs,” and is now being starred in the British film, “The Constant Nymph.” I wish you could have *heard* what he had to say about acting before the camera! It is impossible to reproduce in cold print the degree of scorn in his tone.

“Acting?” he repeated. “There isn't any. They tell you to start here, move



Ethel Barrymore is amazing London by daring to walk where slapstick comics trod — at the Palladium



Having returned to her native England and Jack Dunfee, Benita Hume is radiant again. She has a rôle in a British film

to there, mind the lights, don't throw the shadow of your nose on your chin—and they call it acting!

“Anybody but the actor is more important in a film. If I was terrible in ‘The Song of Songs,’ don't blame me. And if, as some have been saying, I'm good in ‘The Constant Nymph,’ that isn't my fault, either!”

Of course, he didn't expect me to take him too seriously, I'm sure. And in any event, he is going back to Hollywood again for more of the same—having signed a contract to appear in a film version of a famous London play with a world-famous Hollywood star whose identity I have had to pledge myself not to reveal for the time being.

THE night of the arrival here of Mary McCormic (the Metropolitan grand opera diva who is billed here as Princess Mdivani), she accepted an invitation from the British Broadcasting Company to address English listeners.

To the intense surprise of everyone concerned, her “act” consisted of a rapid-fire exchange of wisecracks with a studio stooge—the main point of which seemed to be her exulting over her ability to elude servers of writs.

The next day, the B.B.C. received an avalanche of indignant letters, the writers of which made it known, in no uncertain terms, that when they listen in on an opera singer's turn they expect to hear a song—not back-chat about evading process servers!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

The CITY of

Real titled folk of old world's aristocracy are lost in shuffle of Hollywood reel personalities

By Jack Jamison



Pierre de Ramey—title, *Comte*—is heir to France's bluest blood. He invaded Hollywood seeking high rank as an actor. But, somehow or other, Pierre got lost doing bits

IT'S a wisecrack to say that all you have to do to get rich in Hollywood is to be a duke, or a prince, or a count, and marry a movie star with a lot of money. It started years back when Mae Murray and Pola Negri were looking over the Mdivani boys. Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett revived the wheeze, *The Marquis de la Falaise* being the prize. Lots of people, right today, think there are any number of foreign noblemen in Hollywood being supported by rich movie wives.

There are foreign noblemen in Hollywood, and noblewomen—real princesses, real counts, real barons from France, Russia and Germany. But the ones I know don't seem to be the ones I hear

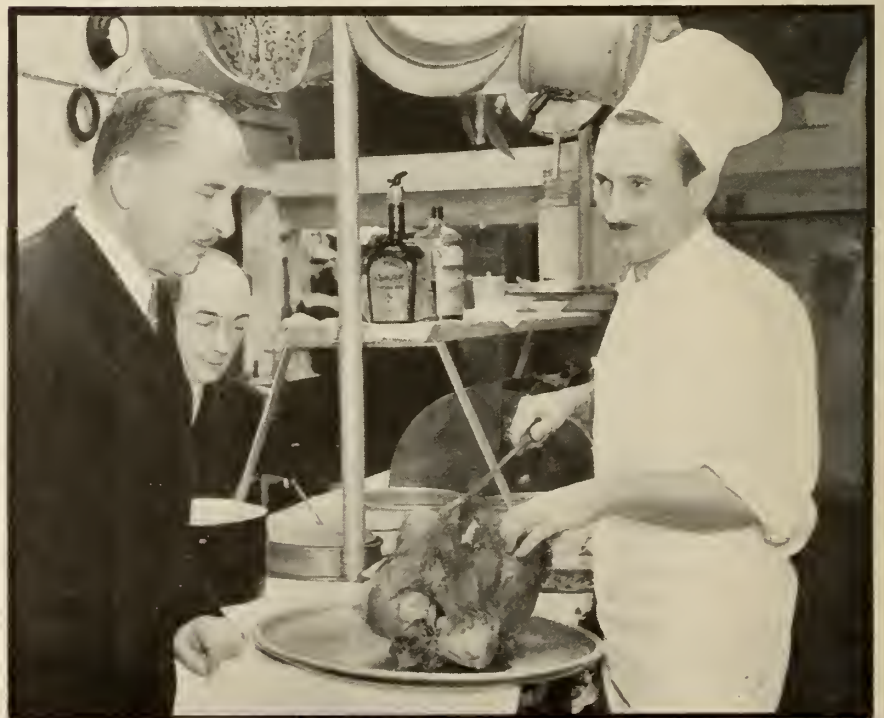
people talking about. Shattered wreckage of the war, to me, theirs is Hollywood's saddest, grimmest story.

I think first of one whose name it will be kinder not to mention. I think of him because of the desperate thing he did, which reveals so starkly the tragic desperation that is in the souls of all of them. Once the possessor of a vast fortune and vast estates in Europe; a duke. (I daren't come any closer to his real title than that. Hollywood is too full of good guessers.)

Late one night a cruise-car from the Hollywood police station brought him in, his arm streaming blood from a bullet hole. Two gangsters had held him up, and he had fought them off, he said. A clever detective, noting the angle at which the bullet entered his arm, doubted the story. Checked, it proved to be false. The duke broke down and told the truth.

Hungry, homeless, dispossessed of money and lands, he had come to Hollywood to try to make a living. He could not even get extra work. The studios took no notice of him. You had to get publicity to make them notice you, a friend had told him. So he thought up the dramatic tale of the gangsters and shot himself with his own revolver, the revolver he had carried as an officer in the war. He was willing to do that, to get extra work!

There is Georg von Richlavia, a knight of the old Austrian court. A captain in the dressy Fourth Lancers. One of the most famous horse-men in the Austrian cavalry. An internationally known polo player. A brilliant military record on the Galician front, where he served throughout the war. Germany and its allies lost the war. Money and estates were snatched away from Georg.



Royalty in the kitchen! Theodor Lodijenski, cafe owner (left) was a Russian general. Chef George Stronin, of royalty, cooks *incognito*

FORGOTTEN NOBLES

He, too, followed the well-advertised rainbow to Hollywood. Once in a great while he gets work as technical adviser on pictures with European locales. But horses are what he knows best, so mostly he does the only other thing he can do—teaches at a riding academy. A servant, with the entire public for his master!

Then there is the *Comte Pierre de Ramey*, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of old France. If you want to locate him, phone the casting offices. They may know where he is living. He does bits and character parts, now and then, when he is lucky. But the last time I tried to find him he seemed to have disappeared without trace. Someone said he thought Pierre had given up and gone back to France. To France? France does not want her old nobility back.

Thinking of Pierre, I am reminded of another French count I once met in Paris—dancing at Armenonville, pushing fat women around the floor as a paid gigolo, and I pray that Pierre is spared such a fate.

There is Baron von Reichenberg—struggling to write screen stories some studio will buy. Tall, dignified, looking every inch the nobleman he is, the baron is known to professors and scholars the world over as an author of books on economics. His treatise on the causes of the depression is said to be brilliant. But such



This princess writes a gossip column! Well, it's not exactly Winchellian—but it's society chit-chat for a Coast paper. She's Marie de Bourbon



Baron Emil Forst von Forsteneck was a wealthy Austrian diplomat and warrior. Now, he occasionally translates stories for the studios



Princess Xenia of Russia has cash to count. But it belongs to a café!

an honest living. That's all the ones in Hollywood want—to make an honest living. And they can't. That's what brings a lump to your throat. They weren't taught to make a living. They don't know how. All their courage can't make up for that.

Baron Emil Forst von Forsteneck is an Austrian. A diplomat, he served at the Court of St. James in London. Two torpedo boats he commanded, the *Albatross* and the *Aragon*, were sunk under him in the Adriatic during the war. In a year on the Piave front, as major of heavy artillery, he was twice badly wounded. The Treaty of Versailles chopped Austria into bits. His fortune went, and so did his beautiful estates.

He got a job in New York, teaching fencing. Had to stop. Pain. The two wounds. He came to Hollywood as far back as 1921. Speaking four languages, he gets occasional jobs translating and adapting foreign books and plays for the studios. He translated, among other things, "The Kiss Before the Mirror." He has been luckier than most of the

a treatise, although it may increase the wisdom and happiness of all generations to come, is no scenario for Jean Harlow, or Janet Gaynor either. And so, no money.

Most of the titles in Hollywood, you'll notice, are Russian or German. The reason is simple. Russia had a revolution. Germany not only had a revolution, but lost the war. In both of those nations the nobles had everything taken away from them. They became despised and hated outcasts, forced to flee for their lives. Some are driving taxis in Paris, some washing dishes in London, trying to make



Exceptional is this young woman who may have the blood of czars in her veins, but holds a good studio job and is known only as plain Natalie Bucknall

others—and he lives in a one-room flat. His gracious courtesy, when you visit him there, makes it a palace, makes you proud to be his guest—but it is still a one-room flat.

Von Forsteneck's friend, the Count von Hartburg, is not so fortunate. The Count von Hartburg, whose name was once announced in the great halls of Europe to the rolling of drums, is an extra, when he can get work.

THE women, on the whole, are far luckier than the men. The Princess Marie de Bourbon is writing a column of society chit-chat for a Los Angeles newspaper. Two other princesses, sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Natalie Golitizine, so beautiful that they made even Hollywood heads swim, got as far as playing bits. No less a director than Lewis Milestone tried to boost Natalie higher up the acting ladder. Maurice Chevalier, with whom she played, found her as talented as she was lovely. But the producers turned a deaf ear.

Discouraged, unwanted by Hollywood, both sisters gave up the battle for screen success and married. They won splendid husbands, at least. Natalie married the Grand Duke Vasilii, and Olga married into the fabulously wealthy Vickers family of England, manufacturers of Vickers machine-guns. Their father is still in California, practicing medicine in the exclusive suburb of Pasadena. Few of his ultra-fashionable patients know that plain Doctor Golitizine is a prince of the Russian blood royal.

No—the men get far the worst of it. Baron von Brincken—a German, and a Prussian, to judge from the livid duelling-



Princess Natalie Golitizine dazed Hollywood with her beauty, played with Maurice Chevalier. But glory ended and she married

Herwartz—sixteen years old!

Wounded, gassed and shell- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

scars on his face — was attached to the consulate in San Francisco when the war broke out. Married to an American girl there, he had two children; one, a little girl, named Cecilie after the Kaiser's sister. War came. People went into a frenzy. Everyone with a German name was accused of being a spy. Von Brincken, wholly innocent, was interned in prison for the duration of the war. His American wife divorced him. That broke his heart and his spirit.

Career shattered, home gone, cut off from his own dearly loved children, he is one more Hollywood extra. I last saw him in a small bit, playing the part of a sailor in "Shanghai Madness."

COMPARED to that, the women are lucky indeed. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia sold the film rights to her book, "The Education of a Princess." She makes her home in New York, where she edits a page for a magazine.

Natalie Bucknall—she uses the name of her English naval-officer husband—receives a good salary as head of the research department at M-G-M. A soldier in the famous Women's Battalion of Death, a nurse in command of the hospital trains sponsored by the Grand Duchess of Russia, a spy in the British Secret Service, Natalie owns practically every medal given by the Allies. Yet I knew her for three years before I learned she had them, so modest is she, and to this day she will not tell her rank, though I suspect that her father was a blood-relative of Czar Nicholas himself.

Natalie you may envy. I doubt if you will envy the cashier at the Russian Eagle Restaurant, across from the Brown Derby on Vine Street. All day long she sits at a cash-register out in the hot, smoke-filled kitchen, deafened by the clatter of dishes, adding the checks the waiters bring to her and making change. Once she did not sit on a hard stool. Once, when she seated herself, visitors approached reverently, bowed deeply, and kissed her hand. Because, you see, she happens to be the Princess Xenia Shahowskoya of Russia.

AND the dishes must make a very unmusical clatter indeed in her sensitive ears, for she was a singer, with a rich, mellow voice for which a great future was prophesied in grand opera. But even the Princess Xenia is better off than the men. For she is still young, still beautiful, as you may see from her picture. She has a chance, at least, of catching up the torn and raveled threads of her life and twining them together once more.

Of all the men's stories, I can think of only one with anything even remotely approaching a happy ending. That of the young Baron von Herwartz of Saxony. When the soldiers of our Rainbow Division—many of whom, ironically came from Hollywood—finally captured the fiercest fighting trench they ever attacked, they found piles and piles of dead Germans.

Only twenty men of a whole German regiment still lived, and only to save these remaining few did their commanding officer surrender. He was Hans von



A Horse Helped Her Climb

SHE stepped off the train onto a horse. It was her first horse, and her first picture, but Claire Trevor refused to be daunted—in public. Then Fox discovered she was a dramatic actress—and Claire got off the horse.

She was born in New York, grew up in New Rochelle, and was a favorite prom-girl with all the young bloods.

She enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, because a girl friend was going. The first producer she went to see asked about previous experience. Claire glibly rattled off the names of several hits. That was a mistake—she was talking to the producer of one of them. But he liked her nerve and gave her some trial lines to read. She didn't get the part.

So a New York agent sent her out in the provinces to play in stock. When she came back, she rated the lead in "Whistling in the Dark." After another play, "The Party's Over," she was signed by Fox—who put her in Westerns.

But not for long. She has had some grand parts since, but hopes she won't get typed as "hard-boiled."

Claire is a natural blonde and weighs 110 pounds. When she's on time, it's an event, though goodness knows the girl tries. She's always rushing some place.

She claims her heart was broken early, and it's okay by her. But goes right on to state that she likes strong, silent men.

She thinks dancing is the best form of exercise, because it's the only kind she really enjoys. She is serious about her work but loathes routine. Once she worked two weeks as a stenographer when she was "off" allowance, because she wanted new clothes for a college prom. The routine nearly finished her, but she had the prettiest dress at the dance.

Claire looks particularly well in a bathing suit, but she adores furs. Everybody thinks she is more than twenty-two, but that happens to be her right age. She would like to sing, but thinks she'd better stick to tennis.

He's No Longer Invisible

UNIVERSAL wouldn't let you see him in "The Invisible Man," except for a brief death scene at the end, so we're going to let you have a peek at the star, who became a star in the strangest manner Hollywood has ever known—without even being seen "alive" on the screen!

Claude Rains was as much a mystery to many people in Hollywood before he arrived to make the H. G. Wells story as he is in the picture itself. He's still something of a mystery, because he's one of those naturally mysterious people.

But really, his career has been no deep, dark secret, because Rains, London born, initiated his acting journey in His Majesty's Theatre as a call-boy, trained with the famous Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and toured the British Empire before he was called to the war, in which he served with distinction.

With the New York Theatre Guild he attained wide American recognition in stage circles, and Director James Whale, who knew him in London, would hear of no one else for the weird rôle in "The Invisible Man," which might still be disturbing you these nights.

Rains is short and sturdily built, with a large, fine head topped by an unruly forward-falling shock of black hair. His eyes, dark brown, are commanding, penetrating—at times almost wild looking.

His powerful, nervous hands are continually closing together and opening, especially when he talks. One eyebrow arches radically in excitement, and his voice—well, remember how it hypnotized you in "The Invisible Man?" It's just as dynamic and startling in real life.

Attractive, surely—because he has been married three times, to ravishing women.

And having lost his entire body during "The Invisible Man," Rains will try to get back at least part of it in his next film, "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

Hollywood Snubs Paris

Movie capital is self-reliant as a style center. Designer no longer looks to "shabby" Paris for ideas

By William
P. Gaines



Travis Banton, designer of those stunning gowns worn by Paramount stars. He omitted his seasonal Paris visit, finding home more inspiring

FOR the first time in nine years, Travis Banton, designer of dresses for the beautiful women of Paramount, is not making a seasonal visit to Paris.

Because Banton does not think Paris can show Hollywood anything more of importance in the way of costuming. Not this year, anyway.

Hollywood, as a style center, has become self-reliant.

Oh, a man like Travis Banton, who creates such a quantity of fluffs and ruffles for such ravishing *femmes* as Colbert, Lombard, Dietrich, Hopkins and West, needs a bit of brushing up on his ideas now and then.

It's good for him to get around to the cities and resorts where women are fashionable without being in the movies.

Paris might have been one of these cities once upon a time—as long ago as 1932.

But Banton went back to Paris last year and found it "shabby." What style there was across the ocean, he observed, was in London.

This year, Banton, in search of design inspirations, stopped at New York. Then, for sunshiny frills, he turned South to see what women with money were wearing in Palm Beach.

So, if the French capital wants to get back in the style swim, it might do well to look over some of the Travis Banton creations in forthcoming Paramount productions. Paris can see how the smart women of New York and Palm Beach may influence one of the superior designers of Hollywood—and that, today, means of the world.

As for the Parisian influence manifest in what the women of New York



In fact, Paris borrows from Banton. The way he dresses Mae West excites forty million Frenchmen. Here he is being flamboyant

are wearing, Banton sees it growing less pronounced, year by year.

"New York designers have become adult and adept in their art. When they draw the lines of a dress, they no longer peer apologetically across the ocean and ask the French: 'Is this all right?'"

The fact is evident that Hollywood now influences New York much more than Paris does, and the trends which come across the continent from the West far exceed New York's influence on Hollywood.

For some line or ornament that New York offers Hollywood, it takes in return a raging Princess Eugenie hat from a Greta Garbo picture,



Claudette Colbert has a "perfect figure for the designer," Banton says. Such a pleasure to sketch Claudette's frock!

football player shoulders from a Joan Crawford picture, a splash of the plumed and décolleté past from a Mae West picture.

Even Paris went into a frenzy, trying to simulate the Mae West ensembles, and it took certain details from Deitrich—*coq* feathers, for instance.

Banton thinks prohibition repeal had much to do with New York's fashion circles putting Paris to shame.

"Women would wear any old thing to sneak into Tony's or '21,' during the speakeasy era. But with repeal, 'dining out' returned to favor. The grand entrance is back in style. Women know they will be seen, and they enjoy being seen at their best."

BRINGING gaiety into the open, and a generally more cheerful attitude toward conditions are responsible for the elaboration and intricacy of the new gowns, Banton believes. Dress expresses a people's spirit.

He is favoring a fairly straight silhouette. The skirt suggests the natural curves of the body, with some concern for drapery. More than ever before is there a distinction between day and evening dress, the skirt from eight to eleven inches off the floor for daytime, and long—even with train, after sundown. Banton is splitting some of his skirts.

Some of his most fascinating creations are worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress." This is a costume picture, to be sure—a story of Catherine the Great of Russia; but there always is the possibility of some detail of dress or coiffure, when exhibited by such a favorite as Dietrich in such a picture, starting a widespread fad.

Who can say, yet? Perhaps every little high school girl in the country soon will be imitating the Dietrich headdress arranged by Banton. It is simple, surely; something similar always has been worn by girls in school. Just a ribbon from the back, with the bow on top, and bangs—but it's the little Dietrich-Banton touch that makes it different. Slightly more elaborate is the fillet of flowers which Marlene wears in the same manner, in the same picture.

SOMETHING else to watch for from "Scarlet Empress" is the ruche. Will women go for this neck treatment on a grand scale? Such speculations must be exciting to a designer of screen dress, although Banton modestly insists he creates for each picture alone, and not with an eye for what effect might be copied from it.

Keeping the stars becomingly gowned is a job that drains a man's resourcefulness, but, says Banton, it affords many delights to the designer. These women—even if they care much more for acting than playing the clothes horse—are grand models. Their personalities are a constant spur to ingenuity.

"Only on very rare occasions do I have any trouble with temperament. The first time I do a woman's clothes, there is apt to be a struggle. But when she learns to have faith in me, we get along splendidly."

Banton says he has gained too much wisdom to talk about "the best dressed woman in Hollywood," but he sees no danger in sprinkling his comments more generally.



Such a lovely Hollywood creation as this one by Banton, worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress," may influence our styles more than Paris can today



Every high school girl soon may copy this ribbon head-dress arranged by Banton for the new Dietrich film



Marlene, so innocent looking to be the "Scarlet Empress," has a Banton-designed fillet of flowers to wear, too

"Lilyan Tashman is dress conscious. She exaggerates everything and is not a model for the average woman to follow. But, in her individual way, she really dresses beautifully.

"Carole Lombard has great natural chic. She wears clothes beautifully; can put them on and forget about them.

"Claudette Colbert has the perfect figure from the designer's viewpoint.

"Norma Shearer dresses in excellent taste.

"Joan Crawford's gowns are terribly effective.

"Marlene Dietrich is the most natural dresser of any woman I have known. Everything she puts on is sublimated by the Dietrich personality."

Banton thinks the coming of the talkies was the greatest factor in making Hollywood the style center it is today.

"Taste has improved a hundred per cent in the last five years.

"Hollywood was too isolated, too provincial, before talkies brought a great number of New York stage people to the West Coast. They came with their Fifth Avenue fashions, and the movie colony accepted the challenge."

Banton himself was a New York designer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

"The Jungle Is



Stuffed and harmless is the way Mrs. Buck prefers her animals. But she always mothers the little ones



Her husband can have the jungle to himself—Mrs. Buck is through! On their return trip, Frank introduced the ship captain's pet Japanese poodle to this heart-faced monk he was bringing back alive

"I've always said it and I always will. The jungle is no place for a woman. Frank can brave its dangers all he pleases, but I tried it just once. That's enough for me."

This was Mrs. Frank Buck speaking. An attractive young matron with candid blue eyes, beautifully waved chestnut hair, and a peaches-and-cream complexion—wife of the man who filmed "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

They had recently returned to New York from a long jaunt into the Asiatic jungles; a jaunt fraught with terrors, and from which Frank Buck has not only brought 'em back alive once more, but has brought back a complete filming of his thrilling animal hunting adventures, called "Wild Cargo."

"The jungle at night is a weird place of strange, eerie calls, chattering monkeys and shrill, penetrating noises. I don't know when the animals sleep. They seem to be more awake in the darkness than during the daylight hours. For the jungle after dark is like a magpie meeting of all strange creatures.

"Frank will tell you the jungle holds no terrors for man. Perhaps that is because he understands the animals so well. But for me it was a nightmare.

"I went on a six mile jaunt through a swampy, tropical jungle of the Asiatic country with Frank, and I shall never forget it. Mosquitoes and other strange insects leaped out at me and plunged their stingers into my skin. I was dressed in heavy hunting attire. But that made no difference. They seemed to enjoy my flesh better than any of the others'.



A jungle mother with young, mastered by her man and silently resentful of the white woman's freedom

"Strange, darting creatures, running to cover, frightened me. I wanted to be so brave, never to let Frank feel that I lacked complete understanding of these wild animals. But I guess he understood my terror. I was ill in bed from insect bites and nerves for three days after we got back."

"Then you really fear these wild animals, regardless of your husband's reassurances?" I asked her.

"Well, in the jungle I do fear them. But I try to make up for that by mothering the little ones Frank brings into captivity. I have a number of pet monkeys, which I brush and bathe and feed, and they are devoted little friends.

"But my fear of wild, untamed creatures isn't the only reason I claim the jungle is no place for a

No Place for A Woman,"

says Mrs. Frank Buck, and tells why

By Virginia Maxwell

woman," Mrs. Buck chatted on, with a twinkle of humor in her eyes.

"Men prefer to be alone in the crude country. They like to be comfortable, to strip down to practically nothing in that torrid heat, like the natives, and to go about yelling and swearing when things go wrong. Surely, that's no place for a woman.

"You know," she said, a little excitedly, "men become accustomed to primitive environment much more readily than a woman. It's amazing how quickly Frank can adjust himself.

"He gets into his jungle togs, and starts off feeling rather civilized. But after a while the spirit of the country seems to get into his blood and he goes—shall I say, native? I mean, he doesn't shave for weeks, and if his clothes get torn and soiled and ugly, he actually enjoys it."

MRS. BUCK related how the "Sakai"—the primitive natives of the Asiatic jungles—regard white women. She told me they seem to have a fine contempt for an unencumbered woman. They're accustomed to seeing their own women cowed, mastered by their men, and they are silently resentful of the freedom which the American woman is able to enjoy.

"We have our home in Singapore, you know," she continued. "That is really our head-



Look out, it shoots! The peeping natives feared the camera was an instrument of death and evil. They approached it with ready arrows, but soon they, too, wanted to act



Frank Buck's smile of triumph when he returned with the new animal cargo

quarters. When Frank is working in the jungle country of Ceylon, I make my headquarters at a hotel in Kandy, that famous Ceylonese city where so many people of the world are bound to meet. Charlie Chaplin and Ronald Colman love the spot, and they have visited there often.

"In the Eastern country there is so much for a woman to do to keep herself in condition. Everyone sleeps in the afternoon. Then you've simply got to have a beauty treatment every day, or your skin would be like elephant hide in no time."

That then, I reasoned, was the answer to the peaches-and-cream complexion after living in the tropical heat for years.

"You'd be surprised," she laughed, "if you knew how many freckles are hidden under my powder. You simply can't brave that strong sun without having them crop out all over your face."

"Tell me about the most exciting experience you ever had over there," I suggested. Mrs. Buck thought a moment, then said:

"I suppose the most terrible time was the suspense I was under while Frank was on a wild elephant hunt during his last trip.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



A big job: Washing elephants! Natives bathe decoy beasts free of scents which scare wild ones away from corrals



Cast Your Votes!

WHICH motion picture released during 1933 is worthy of this year's Gold Medal award?

We believe that every reader of PHOTOPLAY has come to deem it a special privilege to be able to take part in this selection each year. After all, you award the medal—your votes are the last word!

The productions to receive this highest honor in all screen-dom in the past were well chosen. And we know that this year, as before, you will think carefully about quality of direction, photography, plot and acting ability of players, before voting for a picture.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations whatever. Simply consider the photoplay of your choice from every possible angle. Did it leave with you a lasting impression as compared with other films you saw during the past year? That is one of the questions you will want to ask yourself.

On this page you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable motion picture dramas.

Remember this array of epic films that won your favor in the past, when voting this year.

You may use the ballot on this page, provided for the purpose, or send a letter naming the picture you feel should be added to the honor roll of Gold Medal winners. The award, of course, goes to the production adjudged best by the greatest number of readers.

But don't misunderstand. It is not necessary that you be a subscriber to PHOTOPLAY Magazine. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year. They try very hard to provide quality entertainment. Your vote will serve as a note of encouragement to these men of the picture industry who strive to please you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY—the movie-goers of the world.

It was in 1921 that PHOTOPLAY first announced its annual award, and from that time on its readers have selected each year what they considered the best production of the previous year. This medal is the only award that comes from the vast army of film lovers themselves.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding productions of 1933. However, you are not limited to these. Any

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

PHOTOPLAY readers each year add one star production to this famous list of Gold Medal winners!

picture that was released in 1933 is eligible. And if it was reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue, you may be quite certain that it is qualified.

THE medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed and made by Tiffany and Company, New York.

The fourteenth annual award of this Nobel prize of the cinema! And, to a world that is fast becoming movie-minded, the selection of the proper material will be an exceedingly important task, indeed. The picture chosen by the readers of PHOTOPLAY sets a very definite standard—provides a new goal for producers to shoot at in the future.

Voting begins now, rather than earlier in the year, so that everyone everywhere will have had an opportunity to see all the pictures released in 1933. It takes time for these productions to reach all parts of the country, and we want all concerned to be in a position to pass good judgment.

Although the polls will not close for two or three

months (the date will be announced in a later issue of PHOTOPLAY), we should like you to send in your ballots early. By signing the coupon below, you will be performing a service for the industry that gives us all many pleasant hours.

The counting of the votes is a big job and, besides, we're naturally anxious to know what you think of the film fare that has been served during the year.

Come on, now, which one shall it be?

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Adorable</i> | <i>Hold Your Man</i> | <i>Prizefighter and the Lady,</i> |
| <i>Another Language</i> | <i>I'm No Angel</i> | <i>The</i> |
| <i>Berkeley Square</i> | <i>King Kong</i> | <i>Reunion in Vienna</i> |
| <i>Blonde Bombshell, The</i> | <i>Lady for a Day</i> | <i>Roman Scandals</i> |
| <i>Bowery, The</i> | <i>Little Women</i> | <i>She Done Him Wrong</i> |
| <i>Cavalcade</i> | <i>Mama Loves Papa</i> | <i>Sign of the Cross</i> |
| <i>College Humor</i> | <i>Masquerader, The</i> | <i>Slate Fair</i> |
| <i>Counsellor-at-Law</i> | <i>Morning Glory, The</i> | <i>Sweepings</i> |
| <i>Dancing Lady</i> | <i>Night Flight</i> | <i>This Day and Age</i> |
| <i>Dinner at Eight</i> | <i>One Man's Journey</i> | <i>Today We Live</i> |
| <i>Double Harness</i> | <i>Only Yesterday</i> | <i>Too Much Harmony</i> |
| <i>Farewell to Arms, A</i> | <i>Paddy, the Next Best Thing</i> | <i>Topaze</i> |
| <i>Footlight Parade</i> | <i>Peg o' My Heart</i> | <i>Tugboat Annie</i> |
| <i>42nd Street</i> | <i>Picture Snatcher</i> | <i>Turn Back the Clock</i> |
| <i>Gabriel Over the White House</i> | <i>Pilgrimage</i> | <i>Voltaire</i> |
| <i>Gold Diggers of 1933</i> | <i>Power and the Glory, The</i> | <i>When Ladies Meet</i> |
| | <i>Private Life of Henry VIII, The</i> | <i>White Sister, The</i> |
| | | <i>Zoo in Budapest</i> |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

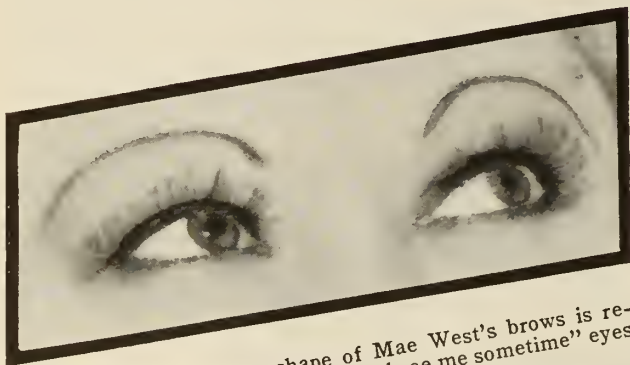
•
All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month



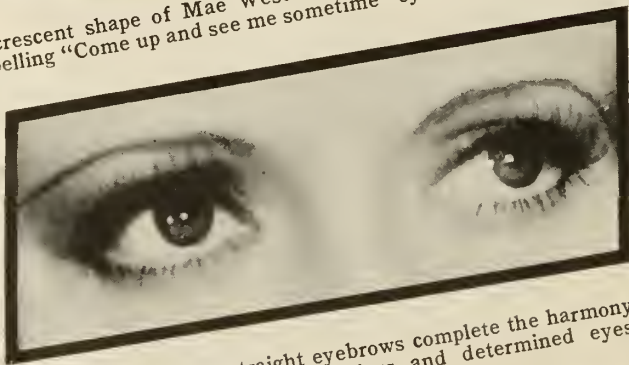
Two views of an interesting and unique coiffure for the sophisticate. Try it only if you have good features like Irene Bentley's. Divide front hair and roll on paper cylinders. Sleek back remaining hair and roll ends in small snail curls. When hair is dry, comb over a curl stick

Dennis Phillips creates two nice coiffures for Irene Bentley. Above, her sleekly combed hair has tight curls at back. A separate piece is coiled about her head in coronet fashion and caught with a jeweled clip

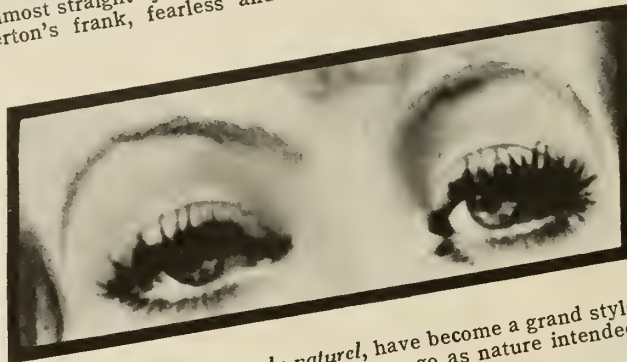
FAMOUS EYEBROWS



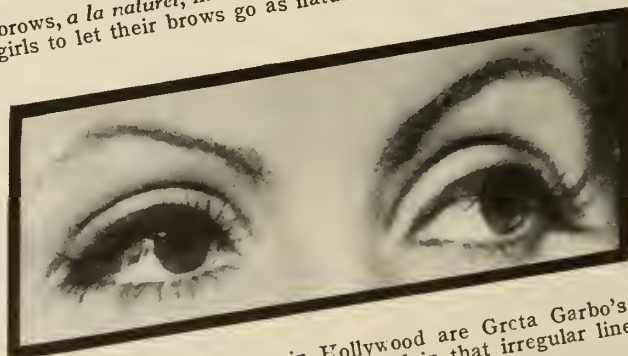
The provocative, crescent shape of Mae West's brows is repeated in her compelling "Come up and see me sometime" eyes



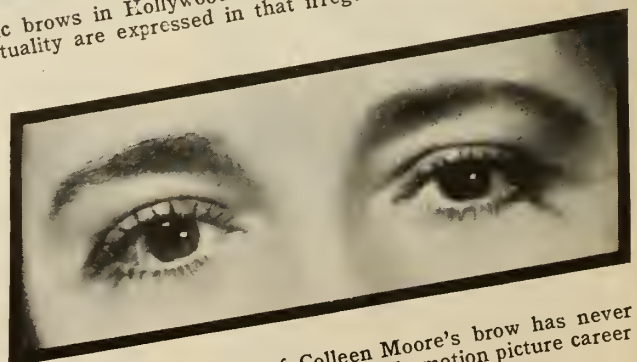
Long, narrow, almost straight eyebrows complete the harmony of Ruth Chatterton's frank, fearless and determined eyes



Joan Crawford's brows, a *la naturel*, have become a grand style signal for many girls to let their brows go as nature intended



The most dramatic brows in Hollywood are Greta Garbo's. Strength and spirituality are expressed in that irregular line



The strong, natural line of Colleen Moore's brow has never changed in her whole motion picture career

The brow of today serves just one purpose—face ornamentation. When man was first emerging from the Dawn Age, the brow probably served another purpose. We are told that its purpose on the face was that of a watershed, an umbrella you might say, to keep rain and obstacles out of the eyes. Those were the days when a brow was a brow!

We don't need the watershed effect today. It wouldn't help with bits of soot and wind-blown dust. But we do need that line of decoration. Blot the brows from any face, and the result is one of startling nakedness.

Two charming examples of normal brows are Norma Shearer's and Colleen Moore's. Norma's brows are a dark brown, like her hair; Colleen's are black. You can look at early pictures of Colleen and see that her brow line has never changed. You can do the same with Norma.

Jean Harlow and Clara Bow are interesting eyebrow cases, because they haven't any. That is, they keep them removed when working in pictures to facilitate make-up. These girls use a fine, pencil-line brow, you know.

Two charming examples of normal brows are Norma Shearer's and Colleen Moore's. Norma's brows are a dark brown, like her hair; Colleen's are black. You can look at early pictures of Colleen and see that her brow line has never changed. You can do the same with Norma.

Pert Kelton's brows are about the most amazing I have seen. So straight you almost expect them to turn upward at both ends. But

EVER so often a beauty trend starts in Hollywood, sweeps over the United States and dies in South America or Australia. Who could ever forget the platinum blonde wave, the Greta Garbo bob vogue, or the eyebrow high altitude records?

Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo come off with first and second honors in those cycles. But credit for the high, thin eyebrow is more vague. An ex-director from the film colony once said to me, "The first narrow, skylarking brows came to us from Lil Dagover in 'The Woman from Monte Carlo.' Then Garbo adopted them and most of Hollywood followed." That's his story, anyway. And it is true that Garbo's early photographs show a thickish brow.

But all is changed, as you shall see. Now the warning is emblazoned from Hollywood—let your brows grow!

One studio says that eighty per cent of Hollywood's players are now going *a la naturel*, so far as eyebrows are concerned, and in proof of this offers the examples of Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford and many other actresses.

This trend is as exciting as any of those that have gone before, and far more sensible. Because it can do something very nice for faces that for years have sacrificed a natural brow line. So before you go off for that next brow shaping, readers, think twice what you are about. No girl, of course, will ever go back to ungroomed eyebrows. But you can take a good lesson from Hollywood if you will forget promiscuous shaping, let your own grow and groom them without marring the natural line.

FROM HOLLYWOOD

they add an impudent piquancy to her face and fit in well with her screen rôles. Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford have the same type of brow—rugged, strong lines, whose character is definitely reflected in both players' eyes.

The general shaping of brows more or less to one pattern has been a big mistake. Brows are no more alike than other features of the face. One girl in a hundred could stand the Marlene Dietrich line. Yet this happens to be natural with that star. Only blondes with perfect features and big, colorful eyes should try the Jean Harlow lilt. Yet we've seen it on one blonde out of five for years now. The crescent shape of Mae West's brows happens to be in perfect accord with the shape of her eyes and even the lift of her upper lip. Here, every line is in harmony. Ruth Chatterton's longish, oval eyes are framed in modified brows of just that type.

I could go on and on with comments. Because, you see, the stars know the dramatic value of eyebrows, and each tells a story in her way. It has been said of the screen face that brows and mouths are the strongest focus points.

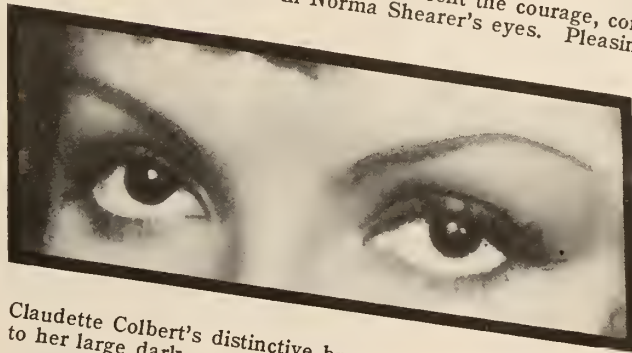
Then, that's more or less true of us, too.

Let's all start a little campaign for bigger and better eyebrows. It's bound to be an interesting experiment, whether or not you decide to stick by the new order. The point is to get a natural line once more.

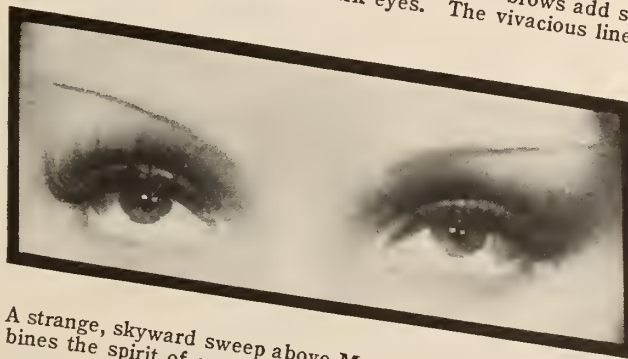
This doesn't mean that you must go around with shaggy, unkempt brows. You'll always need tweezers.



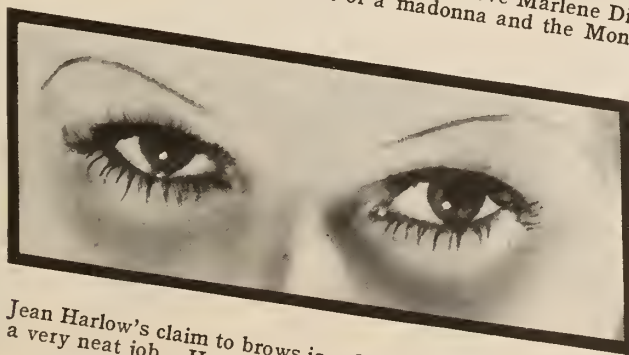
Steady, sure brows accent the courage, confidence and charm that lie in Norma Shearer's eyes. Pleasing and lovely brows



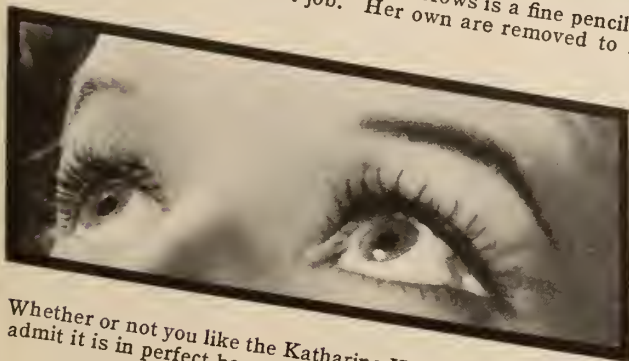
Claudette Colbert's distinctive brows add sparkle and vivacity to her large dark eyes. The vivacious line is always upward



A strange, skyward sweep above Marlene Dietrich's eyes combines the spirit of a madonna and the Mona Lisa in her face



Jean Harlow's claim to brows is a fine pencil mark, which does a very neat job. Her own are removed to facilitate make-up



Whether or not you like the Katharine Hepburn brow, you must admit it is in perfect harmony with her face

Because almost every brow has little stragglers that mar the clear-cut line. This you must preserve. Tweeze out the stray hairs above and below the brow and from between the upper nose space. If your skin is sensitive, first apply cotton wrung out of hot water. This opens the pores and makes the process less painful. When you've finished your job, apply a little cream.

The perfect brow, Hollywood make-up experts tell us, harmonizes with the general shape and expression of the eye. That is the perfect brow, mind you. But nature goes askew once in a while and does very interesting things with brows. Sometimes you will see the most demure eyes framed by saucy, contradictory brows. Elissa Landi, for example, has one perfectly arched brow, while the other breaks in a quizzical point just above the eye pupil. The effect is charming. Notice that she preserves it on the screen too.

Perc Westmore, studio make-up expert, says that the brow should be just as high above the eye as the eye is wide, and that it should be just as long as the eye. Many fail to approach the length standard because their brows taper at the end and the hairs are often light and fine. A subtle touch of your eyebrow pencil here gives you the perfect line. Or you can make those ends grow by the nightly use of a lash grower or white vaseline. This takes time, of course.

In using your pencil at the outer ends, don't droop or lift the brow exaggeratedly. Follow the natural line.

Little Ways to Heighten Your Loveliness



A good nail tip from Martha Sleeper. After applying lacquer, run the tip of an orange-wood stick lightly around cuticle to free it of clinging polish. Lacquer will sometimes settle there

If the hairs of your brows are long and strong, you will get a most natural effect by darkening your brows in this special manner. Instead of drawing a straight line with your pencil, draw a series of short, upward-slanting lines. Then brush into line with an upward movement. This will give you the effect of Greta Garbo's or Joan Crawford's brows.

If you are blonde, black brows are often distinctive and flattering. But we all know that the blonde with



When space between eyes and brows is broad, as with Rochelle Hudson, a touch of brown shadow reduces the apparent width. This tone is softening and flattering to all colored eyes



Just touch your dampened mascara brush to the cake and pass lightly over brows for natural darkening accent, suggests Lona Andre. Brush trains them in neat line, too

black brows is a rarity. So decide whether you want the often charming but artificial touch of the black brow, or whether you'd like to be more in natural harmony with a brown brow. Red-heads, unless of the dark auburn type, can never get away with black brows. They are hardening and false looking. The right touch for them is brown, which carries out a perfect color scheme with the hair. Red-heads may, however, use either black or brown mascara with good effect.

Hollywood contributes one gorgeous eye make-up trick for blondes. Leave your brows fairly natural, but [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

The reasons women give for preferring Camels

WOMEN seem to want three things in a cigarette—that it doesn't make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a fine flavor they don't tire of. That is why they like Camels.

"I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

"Camels are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"The mild taste of Camels is always delicious," says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, "and they never get on my nerves which I consider important."

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.

Washington

"I thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel—it relaxes me—and I don't tire of their taste."

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.



Boston

"I like Camels best because they are rich and mild and don't make me nervous."

MRS. POWELL CABOT



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

New York

"There must be better tobacco in Camels because I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor."

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II



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

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"I Want A Baby"

- PHOTOPLAY has not published a fiction serial in five years. Our editors have read and considered hundreds of stories, searching for one that moves with the snap and speed and compelling action of a great screen drama—
- A story that is a fast stepping, engrossing, colorful romance, with a tremendous love theme as its motivating force—universal in its appeal. And now, at last

PHOTOPLAY Has Found It!

- A story pulsating with the spirit of life as we live it today. Mothers and fathers will shed tears over it. Sweethearts will thrill to it. You have never read any story like it. We dare to prophesy that it will be the fiction sensation of the year.

• • •

- A story that reveals the hopes, the longings of the new generation. Riches, poverty, the kaleidoscopic whirl of New York life—and a great love that nothing can touch or destroy—a love that breaks through all barriers.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is proud and happy to announce

The sensational serial by Marilyn Herd

"I Want A Baby"

Beginning in the May issue, on sale at all news stands April 5

"The Jungle Is No Place For a Woman"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

"You see, the hunting party starts out with tame Ceylon elephants as decoys with which to herd the wild elephants," Mrs. Buck explained. "They get these elephants together and wash them thoroughly before the hunt. This removes any scents strange to the wild elephants, which might cause them to shy away.

"FRANK and his native boy servants had prepared the elephants, and they started into the jungle for a long stretch in their search for the wild beasts.

"No radio, no telephones, no letters, not a line of communication of any kind for weeks. It seemed years. For rounding up wild elephants is one of the most dangerous of all the hunts.

"They are such powerful beasts that they could crush out human life with a little push. Strangely enough, native black boys believe a woman to be bad luck to elephant hunters, just as miners in this country feel skeptical about having a woman around a mine.

"My husband did not expect me to go with him into the jungle this time. But I often wished I had gone along. For the suspense of those weeks was dreadful.

"Finally, they brought in their herd of wild elephants. But Frank had been hurt. A python had sprung at him from a bush, and in a flash had wrapped itself around one arm. He was almost paralyzed after a few seconds of the big snake's powerful constriction. But he had quick judgment enough to draw his revolver with his free hand and shoot the reptile from his arm.

"Gradually, they told me, the snake let up on his grip and fell to the ground.

"Frank's arm was bruised and swollen for a long while. But I had much to be thankful for that he had gotten back at all, alive.

"SOME of the men told me about the elephant hunt. Frank never likes to let me think the jungle is a place of terror. He insists, to me, that animals are not dangerous unless you mistreat them."

The elephant hunt, it would seem, is one of the shrewdest pieces of huntsman's strategy imaginable. The decoy elephants are driven into the jungle and they set up their call. Wild elephants hear them and herd. The tame elephants surround the wild ones and corral them into an area of about ten acres. Then four of the boys drive their own elephants into the corral and surround one of the wild elephants. They shackle the captive's legs to the legs of the tame one on either side. The forward and rear elephants move away—and off marches the wild elephant like a prisoner handcuffed to two giants, one on each side of him.

Speaking of housekeeping in the jungle country, the few times Mrs. Buck has had to set up camp near the edge of the danger zone, she has found keeping house a far simpler task than one might imagine. Even simpler, she says, than summer camping in our own comparatively civilized country.

ALL water must be boiled to make it drinkable, but this process is carried out by the native servants. They can be hired in abundance for the price of one ordinary cook or maid servant in America.

And many servants are required for "Mem" and "Tuan"—which are the respective Hindu terms for Mr. and Mrs.—as each servant does only one task.

The shoe-polisher, for example, will not make beds. And the bed-maker will not clean house. And the house cleaners will not wash "Mem's" laundry.

The houses are built of thatched palm leaves and bamboo, and divided into sections rather than rooms. Charcoal for cooking is obtained by burning bamboo wood.

Native boys gather it, build a mound of earth around it and set it afire, so that it burns into a hard, dry charcoal.

This was the sort of camp Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck set up at Jahore after they left Singapore in February, 1933, to prepare for their journey into the interior.

"There are wild fruits and herbs, and the

strange concoctions which only the natives know how to make," said Mrs. Buck. "It may not be as palatable as lobster *Thermidor*, but then it is awfully good for the figure—you just can't eat much of it."

I THINK one of the most interesting accounts of this very interesting couple is the manner in which they met five years ago.

Muriel Reiley was living in San Francisco at the time. And Frank Buck, as yet unheralded for his daring adventures in the jungle, had come quietly into San Francisco harbor with a cargo of Asiatic animals.

Muriel read about these creatures, and her curiosity was aroused to the extent of going down to the pier warehouse to take a look at them.

It was there she met Frank Buck, who proudly explained about his wild friends. And that day marked the beginning of a friendship which ripened into a more sentimental relationship as weeks passed on.

"We were married in San Francisco," Mrs. Buck told me, "and went on our honeymoon to China, where Frank had his headquarters. We've made that part of the world our real home ever since.

And now, when we get back occasionally to the dear old United States, it feels more like a visit than a home-coming."

Ali, their native servant, who has been with Frank Buck for fifteen years, regards America with the same fear Mrs. Buck displays for the jungle country.

IF ALI could speak English, you'd be sure to hear him say:

"This country with its wild autos and wild people is no place for anybody—much less a native black boy, who has to choke himself with a stiff collar just to come into a hotel lobby."

For Ali screamed like a leopard when a well-meaning haberdashery clerk on Broadway tried to get a stiff collar about his unaccustomed throat. He thought he was being choked in a white man's trap.

The Big Smash of the Air—

Borden's "45 Minutes in Hollywood"

Every Saturday, Cal York, PHOTOPLAY's star reporter, throws open the doors of the studios and gives you the most absorbing, the most exciting, forty-five minutes of entertainment you have ever had. You'll hear the stars talk, laugh—you'll have a share in their thrilling goings-on that are often as dramatic, as colorful, as the pictures they make.

In addition, "45 Minutes in Hollywood" will give you a radio dramatization of one of the big motion pictures about to be released.

Great drama, grand music, amusing and exciting episodes and—THE VOICES OF THE STARS!

For Cal York at his best, presenting the greatest show of the week, tune in every Saturday night on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

8 P. M. Eastern Time
7 P. M. Central Time
6 P. M. Rocky Mountain Time

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING— M-G-M

THE story of a scheming old woman who has devoted her life to the pursuit of gold. May Robson is particularly fitted to this characterization, but her miserly tactics, in view of the tremendous fortune she is hoarding, are exaggerated. An excellent cast includes William Bakewell, as May's son, Jean Parker and Lewis Stone. Costumes and settings are authentic.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia

HAPPENINGS during one day in a big hospital. There's romance—Ralph Bellamy and nurse Fay Wray. And drama—in a delicate brain operation which head surgeon Walter Connolly starts and Bellamy finishes, thereby winning the hospital management. The film is skilfully directed, and you're bound to like it, even though operations are not your specialty. Mary Carlisle and Walter Byron.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners

THE experiences of two "trouble shooters" for the telephone company—Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins. Joan Blondell, switchboard operator, gets in a jam with racketeers, but Pat saves the day by tapping the lines. O'Brien wisecracks his way through an excellent performance. Action is exciting, dialogue racy, and there's just never a dull moment. Glenda Farrell as a phony psychic, Eugene Pallette.

LOVE BIRDS—Universal

SLIM SUMMERVILLE-ZASU PITTS admirers will cheer the exceptionally fine performances of their comedy favorites. A series of misadventures finally land the two, as a pair of suckers, into separate ownership of the same run-down desert rancho. As ZaSu's sweet little nephew, Mickey Rooney creates many amusing incidents. Lots of action.

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox

A LIVELY little story with laughs galore. Wealthy mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin go to New York, George falls in love with Mary Brian, a gold-digger, takes her back home and all sorts of misunderstandings and comical situations arise. Betty Blythe, Roger Imhof, Russell Simpson. Different for its lack of sophistication.

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount

ROWDY fun with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe together again. This time the boys are divers on a salvage ship owned by Sally Blane. The boys' rivalry over Sally, climaxed with a breath-taking battle on a speeding roller coaster and a deep sea rescue, makes for good entertainment. Minna Gombell and Christian Rub keep things rolling along.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio

THE story of a man's devotion to a horse. Walter Huston, a cavalry man, falls heir to *Rodney*. What the man becomes when the horse is temporarily taken away from him, their experiences through the war, his complete sacrifice, even to removing his stripes to remain with *Rodney*, tell the story. Huston superb, Frances Dee good, Minna Gombell, Frank Conroy.

EASY TO LOVE—Warners

PHILANDERING husband Adolphe Menjou falls for wife Genevieve Tobin's best friend, Mary Astor. Whereupon wife fakes an affair with another friend, Edward Everett Horton, who has always silently adored her. Daughter Patricia Ellis effects a reconciliation in a surprising manner. It's a bright, cheery little film, and you'll find it amusing.



Well, Dick Barthelmess can get away with it! He has the figure to play a circus star, who goes into big business, in "A Modern Hero"

DEVIL TIGER—Fox

HARROWING experiences in the Malay jungle, when a party—Harry Woods, Kane Richmond, Marion Burns, and a company of natives—set out to trap the man-eating Devil Tiger. In this exciting account, you see many jungle beasts in fierce combat—sights not intended for timorous souls. A romantic thread winds its way through the thin story.

THE GIRL IN THE CASE— Screen Art Prod.

MAKING his debut as an American producer, Dr. Eugen Frenke, Anna Sten's husband, offers a phantasmagoria about clownish Jimmy Savo conveying nude Dorothy Darling from the lake in his bull fiddle case. The music is lovely, but dialogue, direction and story are poor. In all, it's a pretty bewildering affair.

MANDALAY—First National

TOO bad that the story doesn't come up to the atmosphere. You fairly breathe Rangoon and Mandalay. Kay Francis is sadly miscast as the shady lady whom Ricardo Cortez deserts in a Rangoon dive. He reappears when she is about to make "another start" with that nice Lyle Talbot. So Kay very conveniently poisons him. Cast tries hard, but it's no use.

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.

DONE in Technicolor with an all-native cast on the Island of Bali, this film venture of the Marquis de la Falaise, husband of Constance Bennett, provides entertainment of a rare variety. The simple tale has as a background the odd rituals, dances and cremation ceremonies of the South Sea Islanders. Charming musical score, and effective photography.

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox

JUST a dull yarn, the theme of which gets well tangled, but it's about Wynne Gibson trying to be bad because her pal's baby is hungry. A stag party gets too rough and when Wynne walks out, the mayor's son picks her up. Preston Foster is a former suitor. Don't blame the cast. They couldn't do anything about it.

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia

INSTEAD of being all agog over the outcome of this murder mystery, one feels as if he had taken a sleeping potion. The story as illustrated is being outlined by a police lieutenant to a young sleuth. The star detective in this case of cases is Ralph Bellamy, and June Collyer provides the feminine allure. If mysteries are your dish, this will pass.

THE MORNING AFTER— British International

A COMBINATION of romantic adventure and grand comedy makes this English film delightful entertainment. Ben Lyon is at his best as the young blade for whom the "morning after" holds, instead of a hangover, Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers and firing squads. Humor runs high throughout. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top acting honors.

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram

ACCEPTABLE melodrama in the typical Edgar Wallace manner. A radio-controlled ship, with engines sealed, leaves port and be-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

How Barbara Stanwyck keeps stockings smooth-fitting — cuts down Runs



This Hollywood method will work for YOU

Smooth-fitting stockings that cling to your legs are a delicious bit of flattery any girl can win for herself just as the Hollywood stars do.

Lux care for stockings saves the elasticity they have when new. Then stockings can give under strain, spring right back without breaking. That's why Lux keeps stockings perfect in fit . . . cuts down runs, too!

In fact, Hollywood uses Lux for

all lovely washable things. Barbara Stanwyck says: "My maid uses Lux for all my washable things—sweaters, blouses, dresses, negligees, stockings, too. It's so safe—and it keeps things like new twice as long."

Hollywood's 2-minute way to keep stockings lovely

Lux stockings after every wearing. Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali or rubbing with cake soap. These things ruin elasticity . . . stockings get baggy, wrinkle easily . . . the least strain may start a run. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Barbara Stanwyck, Warner Bros. star of "Gambling Lady," says: "I couldn't get along without Lux! Colors come out perfectly—like new!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios



"We use Lux in this wardrobe department," says N'Was McKenzie, (right) wardrobe director at Warner Bros.-First National Studios, "because it keeps stockings and costumes new longer. They look swell! Lux cuts down cleaning bills, too. As a means of saving real cash, it would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box."



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

Is Walt Disney A Menace To Our Children?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

front of her like a trainer trying to prod a roar out of a lion. All I got for my pains was:

"The child who cried in terror at the sight of the smoke ogres in 'Lullaby Land' may have been an unusually sensitive one, or one much too young for that kind of story. The Big, Bad Wolf in 'Three Little Pigs' is really more amusing than terrifying. Much too ladylike, if you ask me."

And so on, down to Professor Shaw, the man who never failed a reporter in search of a good quote. He is ninth in descent from John Alden, Miles Standish's stooge, he reports in *Who's Who*, in which same volume you may read that on September 13, 1916, he walked from Philadelphia to New York in twenty-three hours and forty minutes. And what did I get out of the man who started the whistling moron feud? This is what I got:

"WHEN people criticize fairy tales as being bad for children, they think that they are living in the same world as the child. They aren't. As for the child who cried at the ogres, children are crying all the time. The emotional reaction amounts to very little. When grown-ups take more than a passing interest in fairy tales on the screen, it is a sign of infantilism." I wonder if that last was a wisecrack.

I am not very well up on such things myself, but friends who claim that they are, tell me that the Little Red School House, a private educational institution, is one of the most advanced and progressive schools for children in the country. Here, if anywhere, I figured, I should be able to unearth a good, ringing denunciation of fairy tales in general and the Silly Symphonics in particular, as *Public Enemy No. 1*.

I must admit that Miss Elizabeth Irwin, principal, did better by me than anyone else. Miss Irwin is not what you would call a movie devotee. But, at the same time, she is not particularly opposed to fairy tales, not even the scarey ones. There was nothing about *Sinister Symphonics* or *Mickey the Menace* to be had out of her. But she did consent to damn Mickey and his pals with faint praise (or praise them with faint damns), when she said that these animated cartoons are the most harmless current motion picture fare.

THE next stop was at the offices of the United Parents' Associations of the Greater New York Schools, where I talked with Mrs. Henry S. Pascal, chairman of the board. I asked her:

1. Does her organization hate Walt Disney?
2. Does she, for goodness' sake, know of anyone who does, and will say so?

The answer was a decided "no" in both cases; and, in addition, I found out that the U. P. A. had just been sponsoring a special Disney program. Mrs. Pascal, incidentally, is delighted with the discovery of a form of entertainment that appeals equally to parent and child. So that was that, and I went on to Columbia University, where I blundered into a few wrong offices and finally wound up in the department of elementary education, where most of these fairy tale fights happen.

I had as nice a talk as you could ask with Miss Jean Betzner and Miss Alice Dalglish of the faculty, and Miss Annie Moore, a former

glish, for example, thinks that Mickey is a tremendous contribution—which is her privilege, of course, but by this time I was getting pretty sick of the chorus of praise. As a matter of fact, I caught myself muttering, "This guy Disney isn't so much, and if I had any kids, they'd go to see Mickey Mouse only over my dead body."

At this point it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to go to the library and see what I could find. So I nosed around a little, and the first I knew I ran into this Professor Overstreet again—I mean, some more dope on him. You'll remember that I had already

heard rumors that a few years ago he was going around town making cracks about fairy tales. Well, what I found now set me to singing "Happy Days Are Here Again!" This is just a sample—

"And now parents insist on inflicting this primitivism, this pathetic infantilism of the race on their children, forcing them to think uncasually, magically, miraculously, forcing them to habituate themselves to the technique of dreamy wish-fulfillment."

"Oh, boy," I told myself, "what the man who said that about fairy tales would say about Disney is just nobody's business!"

I CALLED the College of the City of New York. I got Professor Overstreet. And he was very, very nice. He said he would like to see me, but he was about to leave town. He was most sorry.

Somewhere I have read that fairy-tale hating gets you. I mean, after a while you can't let it alone. A confirmed fairy-tale hater will leave wife, home, family, friends, give up all if he sees a chance to hate fairy tales. So I thought I would tantalize the professor. I reminded him of past statements, and said that what I wanted to interview him about was whether that went for "Three Little Pigs," too.

I guess what it boils down to is that Professor Overstreet is not really a confirmed fairy-tale hater, because he didn't break down. I could actually feel him smiling over the telephone. Maybe I got him wrong. I was pretty much unnerved. But I'd swear that he replied, "Well, I may have revised my opinions since then." I've heard that "may have revised" line before. Maybe it didn't mean this time what it usually does, but I figured it would be a waste of time to check up. Was my face red? No. By this time it was blue.

But I was still game. After all, Professor Overstreet is just a philosopher.

I still had the psychiatrists to fall back on, and my experience is that psychiatrists are against [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Dr. Brill Analyzes Walt Disney's Masterpieces

HERE is the verdict of Dr. A. A. Brill, internationally famous psychiatrist, on the effects of Walt Disney's creations on both the child and the adult mind. His is the last word in modern psychology on the subject:

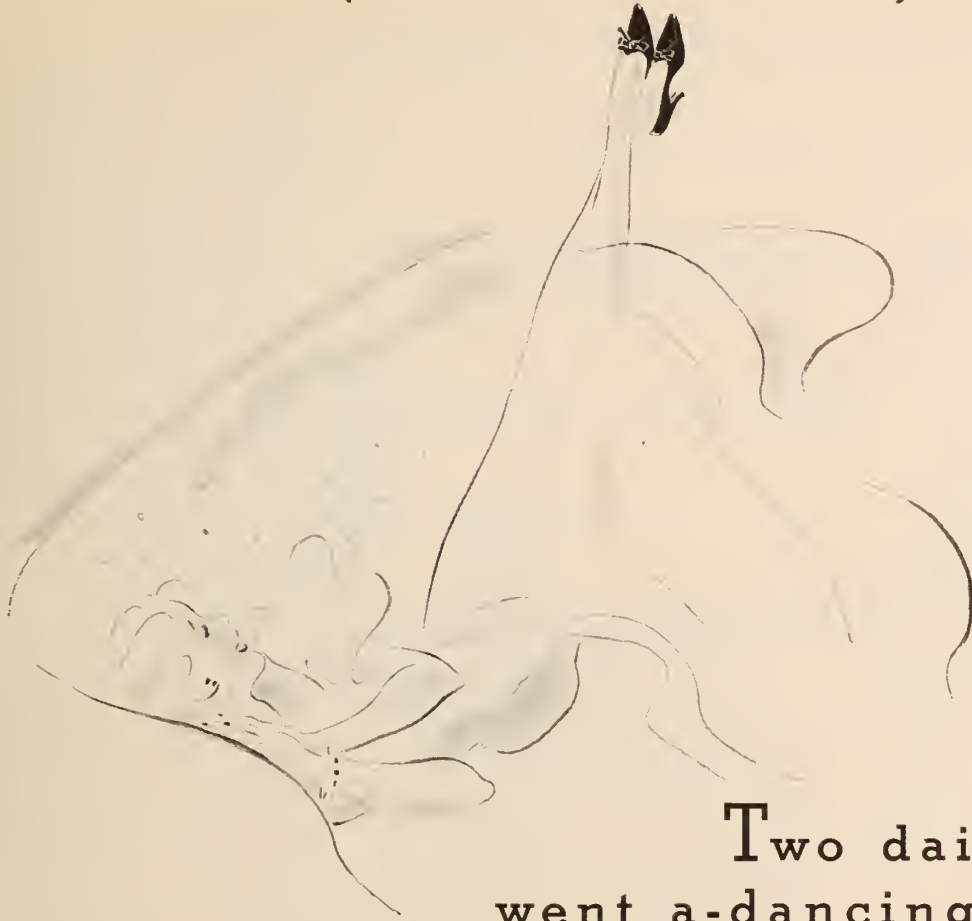
"I find that they [Disney's 'Silly Symphonics'] are enjoyed by grown-ups much more than by children. To children, they are a visual representation of their fantasies. Children look upon animals as other beings—I might say human beings—and to see these animals perform wonderful feats is a distinct gratification to the child. The situation is quite different in the case of the former: adults have long ago given up fantasy and they are forever bound to grim reality of routine life.

"The average person knows that he has to keep his feet on the ground, and that no fairy will put gold into his pockets. Nevertheless, the hilarity and wholesome outbursts of merriment at such performances on the part of grown-ups show that they, too, get an excellent outlet from Mickey Mouse. For the time being, the grown-up is, as it were, 'narcotized' by these performances, because they take him back to childhood. He then forgets all about his drab, routine problems and merges back into a period of life when everything could still be attained through fantasy. Temporarily, at least, he forgets all about inexorable reality and relives his childhood. As soon as the performance is over, he naturally realizes that it was nothing but fantasy.

"I feel that the Three Little Pigs furnish more entertainment than fright. To adults they stand for another Silly Symphony, etc. In children the Three Little Pigs may at first produce some emotional reaction of fear. I have not noticed it, although I have particularly watched children's reactions. On the contrary, they seemed to be amused. I can, however, imagine that some children might be a little bit frightened, but the effect can only be temporary. The average child in the movie is more than five or six years of age, and at that age no impression can be of a permanent nature."

faculty member, who was visiting that day. But they were all pro-fairy tale, pro-Disney, pro-Mickey, pro-Big Bad Wolf. Miss Dal-

(We don't feel a bit like bed. Let's talk about him.)



Two dainty feet went a-dancing . . .

— and, as you might expect, a pair of those trim, smart-looking, new Styl-Eez ties adorned them. • Such dainty, foot-flattering lines, exquisite tailoring and luxurious leathers could not fail to attract admiring eyes — male as well as female. • And Styl-Eez shoes have the added attraction of marvelous comfort — truly a triumph in such graceful lasts. • An ingeniously *curved inner sole* overcomes the tendency toward awkward *inward rotating* of the foot. A light but firm shank supports the "long" arch and a unique metatarsal maintainer of soft sponge rubber prevents cramping of the toes. • Our newest Styl-Eez foot fashions for spring are now being shown by leading shops. The modest prices are an added recommendation.

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is the "Genevieve"
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Booklet of features and new models

Sylvia Tells Mae Clarke How To Gain Energy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

So here's my famous "energy maker."

One hour before dinner, flop down on the bed flat on your stomach. Don't put a pillow under your head, but put a big pillow under your ankles and up to your knees, so that your legs are a little higher than your body and your feet don't touch the pillow.

Lie in the middle of the bed and, with your hands, grab hold of the bedposts as tightly as you can. (And I hope you haven't gone modernistic and have a bed without a head-post.) Make the muscles in your hands and arms rigid by holding very, very tight. Hold so tightly that you can feel the muscles all along your back and the nerves in your stomach tightening up, too. Atta girl!

When you are so physically tired that you can't hold tight any longer, relax your arms—but do it slowly—and let them fall at your sides into whatever position is comfortable. Believe me, darling, you'll be nice and relaxed. You'll be physically so tired that the old nerves will have to stop jumping. Then, without moving off your stomach and without taking the pillow from under your legs, lie there until dinner time. Oh, Mae, I'm telling you that when you've been doing this for a week or so, you'll feel fine, as if you could lick the world with one hand tied behind your back.

Now here's your big energy diet—and it won't put any weight on, either.

In the morning drink a glass of water—hot or cold—with a tablespoon of lemon juice in it. Then take a lukewarm shower, and use not only a good mild soap but a stiff body brush, scrubbing your body all over briskly, working particularly on the spine and the upper legs. Finish off by stepping under the cold shower for a second, turned on full blast. If you don't react properly, don't do that last bit.

BREAKFAST

Two sliced oranges (energy food)

One coddled egg (You know how to fix that by now, I hope)

Two or three crisply toasted slices of whole wheat bread with butter and honey (honey is an energy food, too)

Clear coffee

ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Big glass of tomato juice

LUNCHEON

Salad of water cress and parsley, chopped fine, with one half of an avocado and spoonful of cream cheese. (Use pure lemon juice over this, as the avocado has plenty of oil)

Rye crackers with butter

Steamed artichoke with melted butter

Small dish of fruit gelatin with a little whipped cream

Small glass of milk

FOUR O'CLOCK

Basket of fresh strawberries or blackberries or (when berries are out of season) an apple. If the berries are sour, sprinkle a teaspoonful of brown sugar over them, crush them and let stand in the ice-box. They are refreshing and stimulating. If you eat an apple instead, have it cold and well-washed and be sure to eat the skin, since there you find the best food properties.

DINNER

Small bunch of green onions (tell the boy friend not to mind. Make him eat some, too)

Three or four radishes

Three or four ripe olives

And (if you like it) a rye cracker with fresh caviar

Potassium broth (Here's the recipe: Use either turnip tops, beet tops, mustard greens, spinach or Swiss chard. Chop fine and add (also chopped fine) carrots, parsley and lettuce. Cover with a quart of water—cold—and let simmer for thirty minutes. Strain. Press out the juice and drink as soup. If necessary add celery salt.)

Chopped meat. (Use any meat but pork. If beef is used choose the cheapest neck meat, for it has the most valuable properties. Heat pan thoroughly without grease. Sear the meat cake quickly on both sides. Lay a piece of lean Canadian bacon over it and broil. If beef is used, eat it very rare.)

Fresh green asparagus

Small baked potato, skin and all

Baked pear or any fresh fruit

Demi-tasse

Every other afternoon at four o'clock, alternate the berries or apple with a half glass of milk and a half glass of cream mixed.

At bedtime take a small glass of grapefruit juice.

Now, Mae, you can probably guess by this diet that I like you. I wouldn't be giving you caviar if I didn't. Well, I do like you. After all the hard knocks you've had, you deserve a little caviar in your life. Anyhow, I'm a great admirer of yours.

I don't want you to take much exercise while you're storing up your energy. Be sure to avoid any violent exercise. You can swim a *little* (and with your lovely figure you can't resist putting on a bathing suit), play tennis a *little*. Walking is fine for you (and for everybody, for that matter). It is nature's most normal, least exhausting exercise. But don't take any more exercise than that for a while, until your strength is absolutely restored.

And now I want you to get busy taking those lines out of your neck. Every night and every morning wash your neck with a good mild soap and a fine face brush. That takes off the dead skin. Then for a few minutes gently massage your neck with cold cream using a rotary movement from the shoulders and breast-bone up. Remove the cream. At night leave just enough cold cream on to sink into the pores.

And I give you my word that's all you need to do.

Mae, you're a brick. And every other girl who works when she doesn't feel well is a brick. But if you're going to carry on and keep up the good fight, put your energy into the bank—just as you put a part of your salary check in. The money comes in handy on a rainy day. The energy is for the grand, sunshiny days when you want lots of pep and lots of vitality to enjoy life and health!

Lots of love and all the success in the world.

Sincerely,
SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I read about the complexion diet that you gave Jean Harlow but I don't quite understand it. While I'm taking the diet should I eat other food as well?

F. G., Las Vegas, N. M.

I'd like to know your definition of the word, diet. Do you think you can eat chocolate eclairs and ice cream sodas along with the reducing diets—and if so, what good would they do you? I plainly stated, "Once a month, for five days, do this." Then I gave the diet. If I had wanted you to have anything else along with it, I would have said so.

You're supposed to stay on the complexion diet for only five days out of the month. Giving up a little solid food for so short a time won't hurt you. The reason you have bad skin and acne is because you eat your head off—and can't pass up rich pastries. Now stick on that diet and don't be such a foolish girl any more.

My Dear Madame Sylvia:

I wish you would tell me how I can make my

POOOR Aunt Sylvia—how those letters do come! But what a joy when I see how many are finding life brighter and happier through my help! If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

eyes bright and sparkling. I envy girls with brilliant eyes and wish mine were, too.

R. T. E., Dayton, Ohio

Well, first of all stop envying other people. That's a waste of time. And if you want sparkling eyes you can use your time to better advantage. Do you know what makes sparkling eyes? Well, I'll tell you. Good health! There is no other way to get them, and the way to have good health and plenty of pep is to follow my health routine—to go on my diets and do my exercises every day of your life.

My health routine gives you vitality. Vitality shines in your face and makes your eyes bright. Start in today to get health and vigor!

Dear Sylvia:

I have a bump right on the end of my nose and it looks very ugly. Is there any way I can remove it?

B. H., Houston, Texas

Aha! I've caught you. You haven't been reading *all* of my articles, for I told you what I did for Ruth Chatterton's nose. You never can tell when my articles have advice that is meant not only for the stars but just for you, too. Here's the nose routine:

It takes infinite time and patience and you can do it only if you're as careful as if you were modeling something beautiful in marble. Place the forefinger of each hand on either side of the bump, then press very, very gently. You must not press hard for that will make your nose red and bulbous. And do not press for more than a half a minute at one time. But do it over and over each day. Then with the thumb and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

You have a thrill coming!



Borden's "45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

All America is acclaiming a new radio hit... Borden's "45 Minutes In Hollywood." A whole nation of movie fans is having a thrilling date with its radios every Saturday evening at

8 P. M., E. S. T., over the Columbia network. (7 P. M., C. S. T.; 6 P. M., M. S. T.). They're hearing about the *real* Hollywood... exciting, glamorous, adventurous.

TUNE IN TO NEW THRILLS THIS SATURDAY!

The Borden Company cordially invites you to be its guest every Saturday evening from now on. Remember:

Saturday evening at 8 P. M., Eastern Time, 7 P. M., Central Time, 6 P. M., Mountain Time. Don't miss it!



Hear Hollywood at work—go right on the set with your favorite stars.



SCENE FROM 20TH CENTURY'S "MOULIN ROUGE," STARRING CONSTANCE BENNETT

Hear the big scenes from the latest pictures—previews stirringly dramatized.



Hear Hollywood music—the new melodies as only Mark Warnow can play them.



SCENE FROM RKO-RADIO'S "HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY," STARRING WHEELER AND WOOLSEY

Hear Hollywood at play—know the gaiety of movieland.

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Presented by the makers of Borden's Fine Cheeses, Borden's Evaporated Milk, Borden's Condensed Milk, Borden's Malted Milk

Borden's, makers of Fine Dairy Products for over 75 years, deliver milk and ice cream in many of the leading cities of America.



Tricks For Eyes Like The Stars



By Carolyn
Van Wyck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

mascara the lashes. This intensifies the eyes and keeps the brows in natural harmony. Notice very much this same effect with Miriam Hopkins, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. Their brows are seldom really black.

I have found that a dampened mascara brush just touched to the cake is a splendid way of using a brown darkener. Then brush the brows outward, touching the hairs lightly. When dry, brush into place. This method gives each hair the slightest coating of darkener, and the result is that it would be hard to know anything had touched those brows. This is a particularly good ruse for the blonde.

Here is another trick that the girl or grandmother can employ to good effect. Apply the tiniest touch of grower or vaseline to a brow brush, then draw your brows into a neat line with it. It gives the hairs a slight sheen and darkens them ever so lightly. This accent is never apparent if you will use the grower or vaseline sparingly. It's good for the brows, too.

If your brows are wide, you can make them appear narrower by taking a tiny dab of grower or vaseline between your thumbs and first fingers and pressing the brows between



Some eyes can stand a bit of under-lining with pencil to accent lower lashes. The line must be very light and subtle, as shown on Muriel Evans' eyes. Never, never make it black and heavy

Muriel Evans knows that eyes need nightly care for health and beauty. She gently taps in with fingertips a good, nourishing cream over and under them, leaves it on

them toward the center. If your brows are too close to your eyes, always brush them up and away. That's the natural line of growth, anyway.

You can really do a lot with your brows if you will pay a little attention to them. The lines of your coiffure, your lip rouge, must be definite and even. This applies to your eyebrows, also.

If at this point you are interested in changing your face, probably for the better, join me for a brow-growing month.

You may make some new and valuable discoveries about your face, and decide with me that Hollywood is wise in saying, let your natural brows grow.

If you'd like to know about some splendid new face creams and lotions, write for our leaflet, "New Skins for Old." Leaflets on other subjects include skin conditions, hair, nails and personal daintiness. All are yours for a separate, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet. We are also happy to answer personal beauty problems. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

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...Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder blends in color harmony with Sylvia Sidney's brunette coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.



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... Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder... Max Factor's Carmine Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks... Smooth, like finest skin texture, it always blends evenly.



LIPSTICK

... Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super - Indelible Carmine Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.



Color has an emotional appeal. Psychologists know that certain color tones and color harmonies attract, actually excite desire.

In Hollywood, we have proved this...and to give beauty a secret attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up to emphasize the allure of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up...face powder, rouge, lipstick in harmonized shades...created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, is available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

NOW FREE . . . Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart



Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.

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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	CITY _____
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES	
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	STATE _____
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEADS	
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	LASHES (Color)		
	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check	
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	type above and also	
	AGE	check here <input type="checkbox"/>	
	SKIN		
Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>			
Normal <input type="checkbox"/>			



The "Three Radio Rogues" who played the goofy electricians in "Going Hollywood." Everyone said their impersonations of Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Vallee and Columbo were the hit of the picture

Ask The Answer Man

WHAT a deluge of letters the Answer Man received this month. The big question was: "Who were the three lads who sang in 'Going Hollywood'?" Everyone who saw them went into raves and some moviegoers wrote in to say that they practically stole the picture. It looks like keen competition for Crosby, Powell, Vallee, et al.

Well, here's the low-down on the boys. Over the air they are known as the "Three Radio Rogues." In private they answer to Eddie Bartell, Jimmy Hollywood (that's his real name) and Henry Taylor. They were all born in Brooklyn, New York.

Eddie Bartell was a salesman in a sports goods store, prior to which he played professional baseball on a Brooklyn team. Jimmy Hollywood was a brokerage clerk in the financial section of New York. After the crash, he decided on another profession and turned to radio work. He and Eddie, who had become known as a radio performer, started appearing together on commercial programs over smaller Brooklyn stations.

And here's where the third member, Taylor, comes in. He was selecting and buying dresses for a large concern in the home town. The company had a program scheduled to go on over the same station on which the other lads were appearing. The people hired for the occasion were injured in an automobile accident on the way to the studio, and so Jimmy and Eddie were asked to substitute. Henry said he would throw in a couple of impersonations of Crosby and Columbo. He said he'd rather croon to the ladies than listen to their complaints about dresses. The program was a

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

success, and from then on the "Three Radio Rogues" impersonated and kidded almost anyone and everyone you could mention. The Kate Smith and Rudy Vallee impersonations in "Going Hollywood" just about stopped the show, some readers claim.

Jimmy Hollywood's favorite actress is still the girl of his dreams, Theda Bara. Henry Taylor swears by Marion Davies, while Eddie Bartell just can't seem to make up his mind on any one actress. He thinks they are all grand. After the "Rogues" finish their personal appearance tour, they are scampering back to Hollywood to make more pictures.

M. G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Yes, Mary, George Burns and Gracie Allen are married to each other. Georgie is a New York City boy and Gracie hails from San Francisco, Calif. When

they first started as a team, Gracie was the "straight" player, with George giving the funny answers. But the audience got more laughs at Gracie asking the questions, so since then she has been on the comedy end of the team. The only serious answer she ever gave George was when she said "yes" to his proposal.

EVELYN ROTH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—The selection which Paul Lukas played and sang for Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women" is called "None But a Lonely Heart." If your local music dealer doesn't carry it, you can get it from the Schirmer Music Company, 3 East 43rd Street, New York City.

A. R., ATHENS, N. Y.—I am so pleased that you like your "star" bracelet. A vast number of young ladies have written to me saying how much their bracelets have been admired.

SHIRLEY DELMONICO, MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Shirley, Garbo doesn't make a practice of personally autographing photographs. None of the scenes in "Little Women" were taken at the Alcott house in Concord, Mass. The producers sent an architect and a couple of carpenters to Concord to take measurements and draw up plans for the house which was duplicated in Hollywood, and which you saw in the picture. It was one of the truest pieces of reproduction work ever seen on the screen.

ALLENE JONES, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Allene, here's the way the Mac West situations stands: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

- Debutantes are walking these "Doggy's" this Spring



There's a bite in this one. Collie, Spaniel, Greyhound and Setter are not really dogs at all. They're the names of Phoenix "Doggy" Hosiery colors, new for Spring! *Spaniel* is a rich beige, with a lot of personality. *Setter* is lighter, but with a little more warmth. *Collie* is a lovable light beige. And *Greyhound* is a dependable, faithful neutral, that likes everybody. All these Phoenix "Doggy's" are very friendly with all Spring costume colors—the reds, the greens, the ever smart blues and black. Ask to see them—85c to \$1.95. "Everyday" sheers for walking, No. 705, \$1.

- Ring-around-the-hose-y no longer smart



That game's out, since Phoenix perfected its new Shadowless Hosiery! Here, at last, is the clear, even-textured stocking that women have been waiting for. Not a ring in sight! You

can imagine what this perfection does for your legs. As some great character has said—beautiful legs deserve Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery to make them even more beautiful; other legs need them for the same reason!

In addition to being ringless, Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery has all the smart Phoenix features. Custom-Fit Top—that stretches *both* ways to give you extra comfort and a neater thigh. "Long mileage" foot with Tipt-toe, that means exactly what it says—longer wear. Tailored ankles, and shadow-point fashion marks that are practically invisible. All silk seams. You can buy Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery for \$1.25 to \$1.95 the pair. Ask to see "Fluff," No. 779, \$1.25.

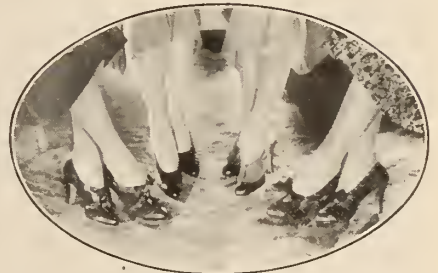
- Advice to Pedallers



Bicycling, roller skating and walking are still favored by the Fun-Loving Leisure Class for exercise. Members of the Fun-Loving Leisure Class are usually pretty smart about a lot of things—including their hosiery. They like Phoenix for almost any kind of sport because it's reinforced where wear is hardest. Yet it manages to look feminine!

"Tipt-toe" and "Duo-heel" are the names of these little wear-for-ever devices that make Phoenix Hosiery so sturdy. (And so popular with gentler sportswomen who don't feel like ladies unless they're wearing silk.) They're part of the famous Phoenix "long mileage" foot. They don't show—but how they do work! Proving that you can always look well-groomed—no matter how rough your games are. Phoenix Certified Silk takes part of the credit for the wonderful service that's so surprising with all this beauty. Try Phoenix "Standby," one of the service sheers, No. 772, \$1.25 the pair.

- Tailored to the toes!



Pumps and oxfords are still the best sellers in the best circles—worn with the sheerest of Phoenix stockings, made of Certified Silk. Phoenix conspires to make your legs even more alluring by tailoring the ankles divinely, using fine silken seams and shadow-point fashion marks. Ask for "Street," afternoon Shadowless chiffons, No. 766, \$1.25.

- Satin forecast—sleek and shiny!



Very pretty—but hazardous if you're not careful about your stocking tops. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top fits like the skin, whether you're tall, short, plump, slim, or just average. Its two-way stretch fabric moves east and west, or north and south, or both, according to your need. You'll enjoy perfect comfort, enviable grooming, when you wear Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix. For evening, "Mist" super-sheer Shadowless suede, No. 796, \$1.95 the pair.

Her

**IGNORANCE WAS ANYTHING
BUT BLISS . . .**

**for she proclaimed a condition
ABHORRENT to all her Friends***



ENTRUST YOUR CHARM TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO-RO-NO

WHAT a shock to any nice girl to discover that her presence, because of underarm perspiration, is repulsive to every man and woman she meets.

And what a tragedy that those who most often can rarely detect their own offense. Shame . . . humiliation . . . and social defeat.

For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes.

But Odorono, a doctor's prescription,

protects you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending. And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains.

ODO-RO-NO IS SURE

For quickest, most convenient use, choose Instant Odorono. Used daily or every other day, it gives complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it twice a week. Both have the original sanitary applicator. 35c and 60c sizes.



** Underarm odor, so offensive to others, is almost always imperceptible to the person guilty. For the sake of friends and your peace of mind, trust only Odo-ro-no's sure protection.*

ODO·RO·NO

Never Fails You!

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., INC.
Dept. 4-Q1, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator. (Check the type you wish to try) . . .
 Instant Odorono Odorono Regular

Name _____
Address _____

**Ask the Answer
Man**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

5 feet, 2 inches in stockings and 5 feet, 5 inches in shoes. Mae weighs 120 pounds. She tells me that she has been celebrating birthdays every August 17th since 1900.

MRS. L. BLOCK, LONDON, ENG.—The latest Ruth Chatterton picture is "Journal of a Crime." Ruth is not scheduled to appear in another picture. After a much needed vacation she plans to go into the production end of the business.

WARD QUARNSTROM, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada, on September 15, 1907. She is married to John Monk Saunders. Lew Ayres, Muriel Evans, Dorothy Wilson and Virginia Bruce also claim your home town as theirs.

ROSE MORGAN, NEW YORK CITY.—Paul Kelly's next release will be "Fur Coats," in which he appears with Aline MacMahon and Ann Dvorak. July is quite a popular birthday month. John Gilbert starts the celebrating on July 10th; Sally Blane follows on the 11th; Richard Dix, the 18th; Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard on the 21st, and Clara Bow and William Powell finish up on the 29th.

JANE DEVITT, SPOKANE, WASH.—Fred Astaire was born in Omaha, Neb. At the age of eight years, he was touring on the Orpheum Circuit with his sister, Adele. The team broke up when Adele married Lord Cavendish. Among the plays Fred has appeared in are: "Lady Be Good," "Funny Face," "Smiles," and "The Band Wagon." His latest hit, prior to his movie debut, was "The Gay Divorce." After appearing in two pictures, he went over to London with "The Gay Divorce" company to fill an engagement there. When that's over, back to pictures for Fred. Nelson Eddy was the blond lad who sang in "Dancing Lady."

BETTY STONE, DURHAM, N. C.—Kay Johnson was the girl who played the part of Hanna in "Eight Girls in a Boat." Prior to that she appeared in "American Madness" and "Thirteen Women." Her next is "Transient Love." Kay is married to Director John Cromwell.

DOROTHY KINNEY, BROWNSVILLE, TENN.—Dorothy, does Mrs. Cantor know how hard you fell for Eddie? Eddie is a New York City boy, born there January 31, 1892. He is 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighs 140 and has black hair and brown eyes. He has five daughters, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet. His latest picture is "Roman Scandals." Don't miss it.

MARJORIE ALLEN, VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Raul Roulien has appeared in a number of English speaking pictures, and has spent a great deal of his time making Spanish versions. He was born in Rio de Janeiro, October 12, 1905. Is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 160 and has black hair and brown eyes. He made his first stage appearance at the age of five years. He has written and staged more than twenty plays. He is the composer of the song "Adios Mis Farras," the sale of which ran up to 1,700,000 on records and 386,000 printed sheets in seventy days. His latest picture is "Flying Down to Rio."

ROSE CLARK, SPOKANE, WASH.—Spencer Tracy has been in pictures since 1930. He has appeared in too many for me to list here, so I'll give you a few of his outstanding ones. "Young America," "Quick Millions," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "The Power and the Glory," "The Mad Game," and "Man's Castle." His latest is "Looking for Trouble."

Answers by Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

forefinger of the right hand work down the nose from the bridge very lightly, and very, very gently massage the bump of fat you want removed. In other words, model your nose as if it were a piece of clay.

Dear Madame Sylvia:
What can I do for a fat face? It's the worry of my life. Please help me.
J. K. L., New York City

It seems to me that if you worry enough you ought to worry some fat off. No, I'm just kidding. But it's a pretty safe bet that if your face is too fat so is the rest of your body, and I recommend my reducing diets and exercises. If the face still persists in being fat, then do this: With the thumb and forefinger of both hands, lift up the muscles away from the jaw-bone. Don't stretch the skin, just gently lift up the fat as if you were going to pinch your own face. The muscle is lifted away from the jaw and there is a ridge of skin on top. Now slowly work in a progressive movement with the thumb and forefinger of both hands—working from the chin to the ear, gently pinching the muscles. Don't touch the bone and leave the ridge of skin alone, but just pinch—gently—into those muscles. Do this for ten or fifteen minutes every day. You've got to go slow at first because your face will be sore.

Dear Sylvia:
My face is very thin and I want you to tell me how to fill it out.
V. D., Kansas City, Mo.

Nobody is ever satisfied! Two letters arrive together. One girl wants a thin face and another wants a fat one. The only way to fill out your face is to build yourself up all over by going on my building-up diet. I'll wager if your face is excessively thin, you're thin all over. But if this isn't true and you're plenty plump enough, except that your face is still thin, don't worry. It's very smart to have a slender face. Look at Garbo. Look at Katharine Hepburn. Those girls have gotten along great with their faces. How's that for you?



Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard together, as usual, at the opening of "Autumn Crocus" with Francis Lederer on the Hollywood stage

Best news in years for lovely fingertips . . . GLAZO now only 25c!



The new Glazo is getting hearty cheers from girls who formerly paid lots more than a quarter for nail polish. But they're much less excited about the money they save than about Glazo's superior virtues.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre . . . so fingertips are lovelier, more gloriously beautiful, than ever before. What's more, actual tests show Glazo wears 50% longer.

And colors? Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by leading beauty and fashion authorities . . . and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows just how

they'll look on your nails—solves the whole problem of selecting the exact shades you want.

Glazo's new metal shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, assures perfect application on every nail. And the brush just can't come loose.

Ever run out of Polish Remover at the most exasperating moment? Glazo Remover now comes in an extra-size bottle . . . enough to last as long as your polish.

If you've been paying two or three times as much, you'll just appreciate the new Glazo all the more.



GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-44
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

A LESSON IN COMFORT

HOW SMART WOMEN ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN



BAD LUCK! THE TIME OF MONTH WILL KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST



"NONSENSE RUTH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO."

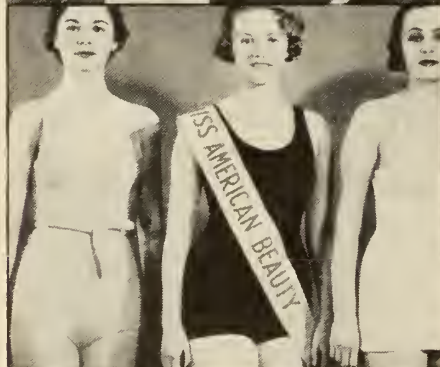


8	9	10	11	12	13
15	16	17	18	19	20
22	23	24	25	26	27
29	30	31			

Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.



"I FEEL JUST FINE!"



Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.



MIDOL

Takes Pain Off the Calendar



Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

PHOTOPLAY gave space to some popular writers who belittled the movies (April, 1919), and challenged them to show their superiority with some ideas fit for screening. Gertrude Atherton said: "The movies get worse every day." How 'bout that now, Gertie?

Already ancient history was the extravagant era before the industry was bothered with efficiency—the so-called "Golden Age of picture-making," when costly "permanent" settings were left standing, to crumble in neglect. We pictured some of these wasteful ruins, on the old Triangle-Ince ranch.

Editorially we commented on imminent war between producers and exhibitors, for control of the industry. We also urged the screen to "discover" the middle class, figuring so largely in novels, news, and on the stage. There was too much piffle about millionaires and abjectly poor Cinderellas.



William S. Hart

An article recognized the enlarged importance of the cameraman in making motion pictures. There was a story about how pictures found Charlie Chaplin and, after finding him, didn't know 'quite what to do with him, until he asserted himself.

William S. Hart was up for some keen competition—Texas Guinan having put across her idea that there was a place in movies for a "lady Bill Hart."

We concluded the life story of Geraldine Farrar, and told interesting facts about Ann Pennington, Wanda Hawley, Johnny Hines, ZaSu Pitts, Ruth Roland, and Marjorie Rambeau, among others.

D. W. Griffith's "A Romance of Happy Valley" and Cecil B. DeMille's "Don't Change Your Husband" were not such hits as "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Here Comes the Bride," a farce with John Barrymore.

On the cover—Marjorie Rambeau.

10 Years Ago

"THE radio is going to put theaters out of business again," PHOTOPLAY commented with a grin (April, 1924). Seems somebody had another new invention for broadcasting motion pictures from studio to home. Ho, hum.

Such a phrase as "The greatest picture ever made" was stale publicity technique by this time, and PHOTOPLAY was sorry the Rockett boys couldn't think up something better for "Abraham Lincoln," a worth while production. "Such a meaningless bromide," we advised, "will crowd the theater about as fast as an inscription from old Tut's tomb."

Voluptuous Nita Naldi related "What Men Have Told Me About Other Women," and the blonde serial queen, Pearl White, a Parisienne by now, said "I'll never work in another picture."

"The Autobiography of Pola Negri" was concluded. Listing ten men most adored by



Pearl White

women, in the order of adoration, Adela Rogers St. Johns found Wallace Reid's name first, even after his death. Then came Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, William S. Hart, Ramon Novarro, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Douglas Fairbanks, Reginald Denny.

Cal York's choicest gossip tidbit was about Charlie Chaplin flooring a boisterous oil operator in a Los Angeles cafe.

The six best pictures of the month were: "Secrets" (Norma Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien), Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle" (Adolphe Menjou), "The Humming Bird" (Gloria Swanson), "Thy Name is Woman" (Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro), "Three Weeks" (Aileen Pringle, Conrad Nagle), "The Stranger" (Richard Dix, Betty Compson).

Cover honors went to the lovely Sylvia Breamer.

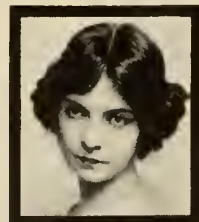
5 Years Ago

THE aviator had replaced the cowboy as the hero most beloved of juvenile screen audiences. A turn of things which grew out of Lindbergh's epochal flight to Paris, PHOTOPLAY observed editorially (April, 1929). As the magazine went to press, last minute news included the death of William Russell.

"How Talkies Are Made" was a timely article; people stood in awe of the mechanical marvels of the chattering cinema.

Remember them?—"great discoveries" whose greatness never developed in Hollywood—Dimples Lido, Eva von Berne, Mona Martenson, Ruth Taylor, Natalie Barr, Andre Mattoni, Lya de Putti, Dita Parlo. We told of their heartbreaks, and of the grand comeback of Warner Baxter in the film, "In Old Arizona."

Cal York whispered that Charlie Chaplin was "that way" about Georgia Hale, his leading woman in "The Gold Rush." The Lupe



Lillian Gish

Velez-Gary Cooper thing was Hollywood's hot tamale. Jobyna Ralston said "One Star is Enough" in one family, and retired to keep husband Dick Arlen "sane and level-headed."

Lillian Gish was "fighting alone for her artistic honor," with Max Reinhardt—her choice for a co-worker in Hollywood, and Hollywood not friendly to her ideas.

We carried an interesting account of Gary Cooper's family history.

The six best pictures of the month were: "The Broadway Melody" (Bessie Love, Anita Page, Charles King, James Gleason), "The Pagan" (Ramon Novarro), "Why Be Good?" (Colleen Moore), "Strong Boy" (Victor McLaglen), "The Dummy" (Ruth Chatterton), and "Weary River" (Richard Barthelmess).

And Clara Bow was a flaming girl on the cover.

Walt Disney

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

almost everything. Representing this class, I had on my list Dr. Walter Beran Wolfe; and I want you to notice, from here on, the self-control I show in not making puns.

Dr. Wolfe wrote "How to Be Happy Though Human" (a good trick if you can do it), but he comes into this little drama of adventure as a disciple and translator of Dr. Adler of Vienna, who, as I have said, gave the inferiority complex to the world. And Dr. Adler, my researches told me, was apparently ready to take anything Professor Overstreet had said about fairy tales and double it. So I was still hopeful. In a world gone mad, I figured that Dr. Wolfe, as a pal of Dr. Adler, would be an ace in the hole. So—

"What, doctor," I asked, "do you think of Mickey Mouse? You don't by any chance think he is ruining American childhood, do you?"

"I think Mickey Mouse is a civilizing influence."

"What!"

"I think Mickey Mouse is a civilizing influence."

I was groggy, but I could still take it.

"Oh," I said, "you mean you think Mickey Mouse is a civilizing influence. But listen, doctor, don't you think that Mickey and the pigs and the wolf and all that sort of thing give children a false idea of the world, make them nervous, give them bad dreams, the idea that things happen magically, and maybe athlete's foot?"

I gather that he doesn't. In my daze, I seemed to hear some remarks about the whole thing being done so fantastically that even a child knows enough not to take it seriously.

I bowed out, more in sorrow than in anger. And now ay tank ay go home and get some rest.

I don't think I like to do these very active pieces. Next, I want to write something restful, like "The True Love Story of Harpo Marx."



Oh, Peter, what big eyes you have! It's Sam Jaffe, from the Broadway stage, as the mad Grand Duke in "Scarlet Empress"



Dear Lonely Heart:

*Why have you lost your sweetheart?
Your letter gives me a clue. Has anyone
told you about the 7 stains — the
stains that mar the beauty of teeth
that might be lustrous and sparkling?
It's sad, that so few women realize*

POOOR broken-hearted little girl! Men are like that—they *do* detest stained, discolored teeth. But you can do something about it very quickly.

You can get rid of the stains on your lovely teeth—the stains that lost your sweetheart—in just a few days, if you will use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

What's that you say? . . . You've brushed your teeth faithfully? . . . Ah yes, but here is what's wrong. Your toothpaste had only *one* cleansing action. And no one action can remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on your teeth . . . stains

that form so gradually you're hardly aware of them.

It takes *two* cleansing actions to remove all stains. And you get them both in Colgate's. One, an *emulsive* action, washes away many of the stains. The other, a *polishing* action, polishes away all the stains that remain.

Why, before you know it, Colgate's will restore to your teeth their whiteness and lustre. Make your breath sweet, too. Bring back your entrancing smile . . . maybe . . . your sweetheart.

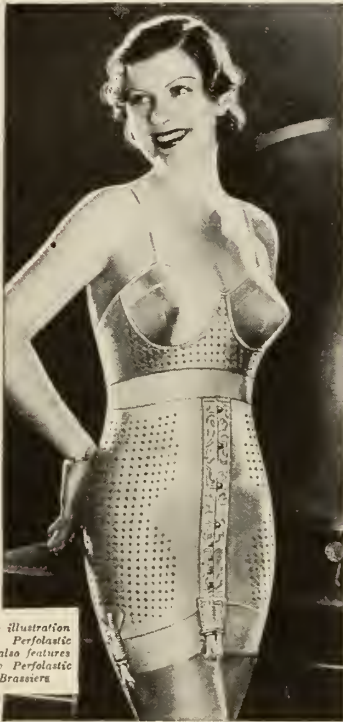
It's really worth trying, isn't it? And Colgate's at 20¢ is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the *TWO* cleansing actions, sells at the same low price.

**All 7 Stains vanish
when you use Colgate's**



REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
... it won't cost you one cent!



• This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Brassiers

TEST... the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!

"**I** REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Mrs. Brian.

• So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

• The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 914, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

comes the scene of a battle of wits between the powers for possession of the secret. There are two murders. It is indeed unfortunate that Noah Beery, the only member of the cast who can act, has nothing much to do.

WOMAN UNAFRAID—
Goldsmith Prod.

DEFYING the perils of gangdom, female detective Lucille Gleason rounds up a group of racketeers. "Skeets" Gallagher and Lucille's charge, Lona Andre, furnish the love interest. Though action is slow in spots, there's sufficient suspense to hold interest. The cast, including Barbara Weeks, Jason Robards, and Warren Hymer is satisfactory.

THE GHOUL—Gaugmont British

BORIS KARLOFF, as the eccentric *Professor Morlant*, is not given half the chance he has had in former productions of this type. The direction is poor, and patrons who anticipate chills and suspense will probably snicker at times when the plot is intended to be weird and terrifying. The British cast does not help toward making this film convincing.

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—
Monogram

STRIVING to bring in a load of sponges for the annual auction, so he may marry pretty Sally O'Neil, Creighton Chaney (son of the late Lon Chaney) is constantly hampered by the villainy and trickery of George Rigas who practically runs the little fishing village, and who also wants the girl. The sea shots are excellent; the film just so-so.

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram

IF Westerns have a place on your program, you'll probably enjoy this. Besides the usual hard riding and rough stuff, there is murder, intrigue, romance. With handsome hero John Wayne falling for rancher George Hayes' granddaughter, Barbara Sheldon. The courtroom scene, with Hayes dressed as "Charlie's Aunt," provides many a laugh.

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia

ESPECIALLY for auto racing enthusiasts, is this lively film in which brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell are ace drivers in the big money races. From Altoona to Providence, to Elgin, and on to Indianapolis they go, always beating the smart boys of the track at their own games of intrigue. Sue Carol, in love with Tim, turns in a good performance.

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaugmont British

THE real thing in spy stories. During the World War, while nursing in a German hospital, Belgian Madeleine Carroll becomes a spy for the Allies. She works with Doctor Herbert Marshall, a confederate, without arousing the suspicions of German officer Conrad Veidt, who is infatuated with her, until much of their secret work is done. The three principals, as well as the supporting players, are well cast.

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—
Chesterfield

A COLLEGE setting provides the background for a trio of murders, the first of which occurs atop the campanile. Spurred on by his love for one of the suspects (Shirley Grey), police reporter Charles Starrett uncovers the real culprit. No great suspense, and you'll find the plot one that's well worn. Ruth Hall and J. Farrell MacDonald.

NEW YORK HOME OF
Hollywood Stars...

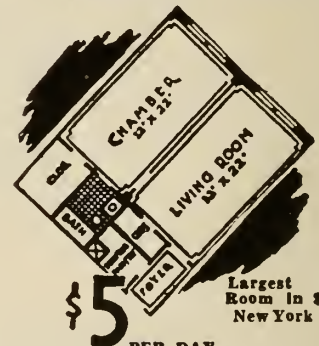


WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.



Parlor with Bedroom and Bath

\$500 PER DAY FOR
ONE OR TWO
\$125.00 per month



\$5 PER DAY
Largest Single Room in New York \$3.50

for this Beautiful 2-Room Suite.
 3-Room Suites in proportion.

All rooms equipped with combination tub and shower bath and running ice water. Ideal location—adjacent to shopping, business and theatre districts.



Swimming Pool and Gymnasium
FREE to Guests.

Write for details. Telegraph reservations (Collect)

ENJOY NEW YORK'S
COCOANUT GROVE
AND TIC TOC CLUB

The Park Central

56th St. at 7th Ave.
 New York City



The Fan Club Corner

OFFICERS of the fan club belonging to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs report that the memberships of their clubs are growing larger every month.

Is there a fan club in your town? Does the fan club sponsoring your favorite star have a chapter in your city? If not, and you want information about starting a club or about joining the chapter of some already established club, simply write to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Members of the Movie Club Guild, an organization formed by seven Chicago movie fan clubs, write of many thrilling activities during recent weeks. One of the outstanding events was the Penny Social held at the Sherman Hotel.

Members of the Tom Brown Club surprised Tom by sending him an attractive, especially-made greeting card for his birthday recently.

Ruth Fiffer, 905 N. Waller Ave., Chicago, writes that the Clark Gable Club, of which she was president, has been changed to the Agnes Ayres Fan Club. Fans interested in joining the new Ayres Club will receive a copy of the club's journal, "Stardust," by writing Miss Fiffer.

The Bing Crosby Club, now in its third year, is conducting a new membership drive, the prizes to be given by Bing. Bing's fans may find out about membership in the club by writing to Fay E. Zinn, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

The Barbara Stanwyck Buddies are now issuing a club journal. Another interesting announcement from this club is that an Eastern Chapter of the Buddies has been formed. All eastern fans who are interested in joining the club sponsoring Miss Stanwyck are invited to write Dorothy Ulrich, 1310 N. 15th St., Harrisburg, Penna. The club president is Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago.

Hans Faxdahl, president of the Norma Shearer Club, 1947 Broadway, New York, writes that his club is giving a nice photograph with each issue of the club paper.

Carl Lefler, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, 819 West Center St., Decatur, Ill., wants all of Miss Jordan's fans to write to him.

The Bodil Rosing Fan Club is growing, reports Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Those interested in Miss Rosing's club are invited to write Miss Wist.

Florence Seafidi, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., is secretary of the Buddy Rogers Club, and wants Buddy's fans to communicate with her.

The Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, 976 Fox St., Bronx, New York, received a letter from Miss Crawford stating she would donate prizes to the winners of the contests held in "The Crawford Chatter." Miss Crawford has made it a point to contribute prizes to winners of these contests.

Star News from London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Having pinned the "U.S.A." label on Lynn Fontanne (the London-born actress now playing to capacity business here in "Reunion in Vienna"), the newspapers have pulled another boner in the case of Ethel Barrymore—referring to her being "back in her native England"! Such a ridiculous *faux pas* makes

TRY THESE Hollywood Hair Styles

But don't let wispy DRY hair or stringy OILY hair spoil the effect



One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.



To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



SHE SAYS SHE'S 30 BUT I BET SHE'S LOTS OLDER... LOOK AT HER HANDS

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one wonder why publishers trouble to bring out a Who's Who in the Theater!

At any rate, the head of the greatest of American acting hierarchies is here—to play in a music hall! And this, be it known, amazes our best people. Many of our own great actors and actresses would “never dream, my dear,” of walking where slapstick comics so recently have trod.

MISS BARRYMORE is giving the Palladium patrons Barrie's “The Twelve Pound Look,” which served her as a starring vehicle in New York in 1911.

You may be amused to know that when a gossip writer asked her if she would consider appearing in a British film the Barrymore reply, voiced icily, was this:

“Hollywood—and ‘Rasputin’—cured me of all desire to have anything whatever to do with motion pictures.”

So, Elstree, take that!

Dolores Extols Passive Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

“In my country, love does not come so quickly. It is inspired by starlight and flowers and gentle music. When the young man comes to call on a *senorita* in Mexico,” Dolores explained, “he brings his guitar. He stands in the patio at first, playing tender melodies until he knows she is willing to respond.

“He waits for her to come to the grilled window and look down at him. Then he kisses a white rose and throws it to her. After that, he might dare to hope for a further interest, if she kisses the flower and tosses it back to him.”

Old Mexico, with its star-strewn skies and brooding mountains, its age-touched haciendas and orchid-grown jungles, is a perfect setting for such languorous romance as Dolores was describing. There is something about its fragile orchids, clinging in great masses to the sturdy trunks of tropical palms, reminiscent of the spirit of its dark-eyed Latin maidens who wait so patiently for the strong, protective lover.

DOLORES DEL RIO is like this. She is restful, passive, gentle in every look and gesture. Yet behind her glowing black eyes there is the restless spirit of her grandfather, *Senor Francisco Asunsolo*.

He is remembered in Mexico as a fearless *conquistador*: a gallant spirit who gave up the luxury and cultured living of northern Spain to set out in a ship for parts unknown.

Senor Asunsolo found Mexico a place of rare beauty. And with his little group of adventurers, set up a crude hacienda high on the plateau near Mexico City.

They became *rancheros*. And from that bountiful soil they extracted enough fruit and oil and gold to live in a luxurious manner.

It was into this atmosphere of quiet refinement Dolores Asunsolo was born. Later, she became *Senora Del Rio*, when she married.

The tragic ending of this first encounter with life, after Dolores had set out on her grand adventure to find fame and fortune in Hollywood, is well known. *Senor Del Rio* died suddenly in Berlin, after rumors of a marital rift had been gossiped about for months.

“You are bound to undergo dreadful unhappiness when you encounter life outside those sheltered walls,” Dolores said, a little sadly.

“It can't be avoided. Girls out in the world live so much before they find the fine emotional balance which tradition and the conventions have already developed in sheltered women.”

Anyone who saw Dolores Del Rio in “Flying Down to Rio” will recall the patio scene

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INVITES INQUIRIES FROM
THOSE PLANNING A TRIP
TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WERNER HARTMAN, MANAGER

THE SMART HOTEL OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

where she sat with a number of American society girls and flirted so dexterously with Gene Raymond. Remember that scene?

The American girls were very frank in their gestures of admiration for the handsome orchestra leader, but Del Rio was fascinating. She coquetted with lowered eyes, then she peeped at him through the lattice of her fingers.

No wonder Gene Raymond left his band flat and dared the wrath of Dolores' chaperon for a word with the charming *senorita*.

"Flirting is a fine art with Mexican girls," Dolores said. "They are never alone with men, so they must find secret little ways of letting a man know they are interested in him.

"It is like this," the dark-eyed beauty went on. "Latin women know that for centuries men have wanted to do the courting. They desire to protect women; it is their high privilege.

"THE American girl has her freedom, true. But I think she cheats herself of so much of the chivalry which men in my country display. And that is too bad, no?"

Cedric Gibbons, who is Dolores' husband, seems to be her ideal combination of the gentle solicitude of the Latin and the go-getter practicality of the *Americano*.

For Gibbons is a society man as well as an art director at the studio. And he has been trained since boyhood to the niceties of a chivalrous attitude toward women. That, says Dolores, is the reason she fell in love with him.

"Cedric is perfect," she asserted, and her eyes lighted up like burning candles.

"First, he is American, with that dash most American men seem to possess. And he is understanding and sympathetic. He has never been to Mexico and does not know my people—but he is an artist, and in his artist's appreciation he has been endowed with the sensitivity of the Latin. A perfect husband, no?"

A perfect husband, yes.

And why not? Considering the perfection of Del Rio herself.

Hollywood Snubs Paris

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

with a leading modiste shop, where he had opportunity to outfit many prominent actresses of the stage. This awakened his interest in theatrical costuming, and he worked with Florenz Ziegfeld on the gorgeous "Follies" for a while.

Nine years ago, Walter Wanger asked Banton to go to Hollywood and put his ideas into a picture called "The Dressmaker from Paris." Banton intended to stay on the Coast six weeks. He has been there ever since, except for his trips in search of inspiration. Eight of these took him to Paris—but Paris, last year, he says, was too "shabby" for him to want to go back soon.

BANTON was born in Waco, Texas—Tex Guinan's old home town—thirty-eight years ago. When he was five, his family brought him to New York. His academic schooling ended when he "flunked out" of Columbia University.

Then he entered the Art Students' League, and eventually turned to dress design.

He isn't the traditional type of designer—no monocle, French mustachios, elaborate gestures and cream-puff language. He looks like a good many men who attend Chamber of Commerce meetings.

But Banton is, today, one of the few men who exert any large influence on women's styles of the world.

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His Third Time On Top

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

in a daze, wondering just what put the skids under them. For reasons which they can't figure out, a new foothold is denied them. And I speak of men who are not victims of their own misconduct."

Ruggles says his own first toboggan ride was brought about largely by the death of Wallace Reid, whom he was signed to direct in "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" for Famous Players-Lasky. Reid died in January, 1923.

"Finally, it was decided to give the leading rôle to Walter Hiers, and it was rewritten in just three days. Can you imagine what happened to a part intended for the handsome Reid, then hurriedly altered for the chubby Hiers—good comedian though he was?

"After I went through with 'Mr. Billings,' the studio heads told me they had no more stories for me to direct. I knew they had. They preferred to settle. I wanted to make 'Big Brother,' and told them if they'd let me direct that one picture, then they could tear up my contract if they so desired. But they wouldn't, so I just sat pretty and drew my pay.

"My attitude helped to put me in bad generally, I suppose. For the next year, there was so little demand for my services I thought I had no future. Yet I had been considered a good money director before that 'Mr. Billings' experience."

Both times Ruggles has been "down," assignments to direct a series of short comedies have figured in his resurrection. He began his film career as a Keystone cop, learned the A-B-C's of laugh-making under Mack Sennett, and directed Charlie Chaplin for the Essanay Company, so he knows what comedy is all about.

Comedy, in fact, runs in the Ruggles blood. There are few more droll fellows than Brother Charles.

Several days before Christmas, 1924, F.B.O. played Santa Claus and signed Ruggles to direct "The Pacemakers," a series of two-reelers written by H. C. Witwer.

"Then B. P. Schulberg had the rights to a novel he wanted to produce, but the Hays office disagreed on its treatment. I told Schulberg I could put the story on the screen for him, and he said it was a go. The story was 'The Plastic Age,' and it made Clara Bow a star."

But Ruggles was to enjoy this comeback only a few months.

"First National wired me to come to New York and direct 'The Wilderness Woman,' with Aileen Pringle. Two weeks after I started that job, I was dismissed and told my comedy was no good—after the many comedies I had directed! As a result of that setback I couldn't even get an interview with a major producer.

"But Sam Zeiler had George Walsh signed to act in five quickies. He advanced me twenty-five thousand dollars to make them. Anything I saved out of this staggering sum was mine. If I spent more, the loss was on my head.

"I rented an old studio over in Fort Lee, New Jersey, wrote 'The Kick-Off' and produced it. I actually came out ahead on that one, and, incidentally, discovered Leila Hyams. The second attempt, however, was disastrous. Rain held up the out-of-door shots. I lost more than I made on the first one and got out of the deal."

Things were black, indeed, for Ruggles, when along came more comedies.

Universal entrusted him with the direction of "The Collegians," also two-reelers, and liked his work on these well enough to hand him Laura La Plante to direct in feature length comedies. He turned out "Silk Stockings," and from that day to this his services have been at a premium.

Some of his other pictures were "Condemned," with Ronald Colman; "Street Girl," with Betty Compson, the first talkie produced by RKO-Radio and a money maker; "Honey," with Nancy Carroll, and "I'm No Angel," with Mae West.



Arline Judge pleaded on the left of him, Sharon Lynne on the right—for what, we know not. But Ernst Lubitsch just smoked that big, black cigar, at Emanuel Cohen's party for Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper

"I Had to Leave John Gilbert"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

strange ways has romance! They were married in 1929, started divorce proceedings in 1931. Ina was very gracious about it all, with professions of lasting friendship.

On August 6, 1932, an hour after the final decree of divorce from Miss Claire was issued, Gilbert filed notice of intention to wed Virginia Bruce. But Hollywood had learned about Virginia's engagement several months earlier, the day she started to work with John in "Downstairs," at M-G-M. This was a story Jack, himself, wrote.

MISS BRUCE entered the Gilbert nuptial history with an added handicap. Up to that time, he had not fared well in talkies. The critical spanking he began to receive with the appearance of his first talkie, "His Glorious Night," was stinging, incessantly irritating.

Gilbert was more sensitive then he had ever been before. And he had been sensitive aplenty, as Mae Murray can tell you.

Miss Murray, who was the widow in "The Merry Widow," believes she is one woman who sees Gilbert in his true light.

Mae, unlike Jack's four wives, has never been in love with him. She simply became convinced of his ability as an artist.

"Jack is an odd form of artistic integrity," Mae Murray said, after hearing about his latest trouble with Virginia Bruce.

"He's always been baffled and thwarted by inhibitions which he senses but cannot combat."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"Meaning that Jack is terribly sensitive. He is easily hurt. But instead of lashing back like most of us do when we are hurt, he goes in for bravado—some gesture which is merely an emotional outlet. That's why his troubles are always headlined, I think. It's the reason he seems to be in difficulties constantly.

"Really, he isn't—not any more so than most of us. But Jack has a habit of running out—wanting to get away from inharmonious situations and surroundings.

"Once, during the filming of 'The Merry Widow,' I recall that Director Von Stroheim yelled at Jack. It wasn't just an ordinary call down, either—a little unnecessary, I think.

"Jack suddenly disappeared from the set. Very quietly. And for hours we searched for him. And where do you suppose he was discovered? Upstairs in his dressing-room—in the clothes closet, sitting in a melancholy huddle on the floor.

"And another time, when everything seemed to go wrong, when after many petty arguments over the famous waltz routine we did in the picture, John Gilbert disappeared again. I didn't blame him.

"One of the stage carpenters yelled that Gilbert had ducked out a side door and was running down Washington Boulevard.

"I was in my costume. But I rushed out of the place, ran breathlessly down the street yelling for Jack to come back. He had thrown his bath-robe over his Prince's costume and was on his way—to China—when he was caught and talked into coming back."

EVEN now, after his newest temperamental smash-up, Gilbert has gone quietly into seclusion. He has nothing to say. He'd rather say nothing, and let the world think what it will, than to get into the strain of a controversy.

But if John Gilbert became wrought up over his part in "The Merry Widow," which was his first golden opportunity to reach the heights of stardom, his nerves went all to pieces while filming "Queen Christina."

That, after all, was the bigger moment: He

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would either come back or drop forever into oblivion.

It is said among his friends that the filming of this picture precipitated the marriage rift. He thought he might fall down on the studio job. He worried over it. He brought these studio worries home to his young wife, who tried to understand the seriousness with which he regarded this new chance.

Surely, that was nothing to bring joy into

the life of a young wife who wanted parties and fun! But does this pathetic experience mean that John Gilbert will be "fed up" on women—that if the beautiful girl-wife divorces him, as she says she will—that she will be the last woman to figure largely in his life?

One doubts it. Women have always loved Gilbert. There's something about him women adore. Probably they always will!

Spring! 'Tis Forgiving Time in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

"Anyway, I found out afterward it wasn't the Holland Tunnel at all. It was just a billboard picture of Joe E. Brown with his mouth open. But I'm not really mad at Joe anymore. If he'll just hang a red lantern in the opening after this, I'll never make that mistake again. So please tell Joe E. he's forgiven."

You're forgiven, Joe E. Happy?

BILL POWELL forgives Adolphe Menjou for choosing himself the best-dressed man in Hollywood. "I forgive him," big-hearted Bill smiles, "and not only that, I nominate him the best gum chewer, bar none, in Hollywood. 'It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing,' and Dolphie has that swing. (You should have seen the downcast look on Will Rogers' face when he heard that.) Now, Adolphe chews well with everything," Powell concedes. "He's marvelous with a lounging suit. But you should really see Adolphe's technique with a tuxedo. There's rhythm for you."

Curly, stooge number two, forgives Ted Healy for that awful accident. Ted, fond of playing with Tillie, the M-G-M lion, prevailed upon Curly to accompany him into Tillie's cage. And then, in his hurry to get back to the set, he forgot Curly. And locked him in with Tillie. Just from Tuesday morning till Wednesday evening.

"I was just raising my tea-cup, with my little finger well out, of course," said Ted, "when I happened to think of Tillie. And, thinking of Tillie, I naturally thought of Curly. Strangely enough, Curly, at that very moment was thinking of me."

But, mind you, it wasn't until the pretty dandelions peeped their innocent little faces through the grass around Tillie's cage that Curly could bring himself to forgive. Ah, spring. What wonders are performed in thy sweet name.

Why, Jean Harlow actually forgives Joan Crawford for refusing to work on that set with Harlow's picture on the wall. It was a night club scene, when the face on the barroom wall startled Joan out of that Franchot calm. But now it's over. And Jean has forgiven. Like Brutus forgave Caesar.

Even li'l Lee Tracy—bless his heart—steps up in the budding business of springtime and forgives. Everybody. Mexico, that balcony, and a fellow named Romeo who got away with more monkey business on a balcony than Lee ever dreamed of.

Why, our own Garbo, ours and Sweden's, forgives those Arizona custom officers who insist upon prying into people's cars for boll-weevils and such. When she was scurrying gaily from one state to another, they insisted



No, he isn't watching for the enemy. He's looking for his horse. It's Walter Huston, as the hero soldier, in "Keep 'em Rolling," an army story about a friendship between a private and his mount

upon prying into Greta's car. They found no boll-weevil. It was only Mamouliau. And there's no law against Mamouliau. "So I forgive," Garbo says.

Gary Cooper, too, joins our little band of "forgive and forgetters." Big, outdoor Gary with the indoor complex. Does he know the meaning of spring, with the little calves frisking and the little cows mooing? I mean, Gary loves the springtime, and wants the world to know he forgives his mama and his papa and her mama and her papa for joining them on that honeymoon. "It was probably all for the best," he smiles. "You know what the prophets say: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss!' 'Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.' 'Easy come, easy go.'"

All of which shows that Hollywood, once touched (touched, nothing. It's been paved half to death) by the virgin kiss of spring (where's De Mille these days?), can be as big-hearted and all-forgiving as the next one.

Yes, Hollywood forgives.

But can you forgive Hollywood?

The City of Forgotten Nobles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

shocked, blond Hans came to California after the war to try to regain his health. With little money, he tried to find work in pictures. Charlie Chaplin gave him one bit in a comedy. After years of discouragement, Hans returned to Germany.

How he got the money for the ocean passage, I don't know. But in Germany today, I understand, he is a high official in Hitler's government.

What goes on in their souls, what agonies and wistful longings for the old days, these brave people keep to themselves! It is part of their noblemen's code to suffer in grim silence.

I have known only one man to talk. What he said, I think, will best hint to you what goes on in the minds of all of them. He was Dobrinn, formerly the doorman at the Russian Eagle. (Theodor Lodijenski, the manager there, was a general in the Imperial Russian Army. The chef, George Stronin, slaving over his stove in white cap and apron, is believed to be a royal personage who, like Natalie Bucknall, will not tell his Russian title.) Dobrinn—the doorman—was a colonel of the Imperial Cossacks.

His eyes sombre, brooding, and far away, Dobrinn said:

"I AM through with life. All I ask is peace and enough to eat. My education fitted me to be either a gentleman or a servant—nothing in between. Once I was a gentleman. Now I am a servant. No oppression of the czar did this to us. This is one of the things planned by the Universe for a million years. When the Universe is through with people it gets rid of them. It has gotten rid of us. I am a dead man—but I will go on living for a while. All I ask is for the world to forget me and pass me by. I am thankful enough that I have a job."

To have the world in which you belong die and leave you dead, too! Dead while still alive! Like ghosts these fine men and beautiful women of the old regime drift across the world. They stay in Hollywood for a while, and then, like ghosts, are gone—to go on wandering in a world that has no more use for them.

Just to show you—when I walked down Vine Street again, a few days later, Dobrinn was no longer standing at the door of the restaurant in his high boots and lambs' wool shako. He was gone.

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Jean Battles a Sea of Rumors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

I send out from eight to ten thousand photographs and letters a month. This requires the services of two secretaries. I have to have a personal maid and hairdresser. Because my hair has been so much publicized, it takes constant care. When I am traveling, and while I am in the East, it is shampooed every other day. And I do not travel without my father and mother. Wherever I go, they go with me. All this is expensive.

"Also, essentials, such as insurance, have much higher rates for picture people.

"So far as downright luxuries are concerned, I am not extravagant. I am driving a three-year-old car. If my home can be considered a luxury, then it is my only one.

"But I had a lovely home before I came into pictures," Jean smiled. And you knew if she were not in pictures, she would still have a lovely home.

It is a delightful place, this big Colonial home on the top of a hill. A home that fits Jean—a suitable background for an exquisite and fastidious girl.

It must be very difficult to be a man and interview Jean Harlow. And keep your mind on your work. Because any man worthy of his sex must be urgently aware in all senses of that luscious beauty.

VERY definitely Jean ranks with the great beauties of all time. This was my first interview with her, and the physical perfection of the girl struck me almost with a staggering impact.

She is so infinitely more beautiful than she photographs. The quality of her skin is something to amaze complexion experts.

The first sight of Jean gives a woman a firm new set of resolutions to start that diet right away and run around the block every morning. You become acutely conscious of all three chins and the four spare tires around the middle. How must the mere men feel?

Then she begins talking—and you forget her physical allure, if you are a woman. Because the girl has a distinct flair for conversation.

There are a lot of famous beauties around Hollywood that get over big with the men. Most of the girls are discreetly silent when these charmers' names are mentioned. Some less discreet speak right out in meeting and say what they think.

But it's a funny thing about Jean. I've never heard another girl say a mean thing about her. You see, they like her, in spite of her overwhelming loveliness. I don't know of any higher compliment one girl can pay another. Especially in Hollywood.

WHEN Jean says, "I am doing what I think is right in going back to work at the studio," I believe her.

"It is regrettable," she continues, "that these stories of a 'fight' were circulated. There was a straightforward business discussion about money. Any business man or woman will appreciate the situation.

"Then, after considerable thought on the subject, I was convinced that it would be establishing a wrong precedent. If all the actors in Hollywood thought they could simply walk out of the studio and demand more money before they would return, it would upset a lot of apple-carts. After all, there *is* such a thing as a contract!"

Aside from Jean's "walk-out" and all the stories about it, many other rumors have been circulated.

So many concerning her supposed separation from Harold Rosson, even an impending "blessed event," that Jean thinks it is high time to give some first-hand information on these subjects.

She tells me she has appeared in a certain nationally known chatterer's column some twelve or fifteen times recently—and she insists that not on one occasion were the statements correct!

But she doesn't hold it against the columnist. Not for a minute. She says, very generously, "How could he call me up long-distance and verify it every time?"

She says she simply puts it down as another



May Robson is proud to show visitors her wall of fame in her California home. They're all pictures of friends. Recognize Chaplin? On the right, Harold Bell Wright, author. You guess the rest

of the penalties, along with the advantages, of being "news." If there is none available about her, someone will always manufacture it.

She indignantly denies the divorce rumors. The more they persist, the more emphatic are her denials.

And imagine her surprise not long ago, when the city editor of a Boston newspaper telephoned her to verify the rumor that she was on her way East to have her baby! He had heard that she was going to be attended by the same obstetrician who took care of Libby Holman Reynolds!

Jean laughingly comments that, aside from the fact that she isn't going to have a baby, and wasn't on her way to Boston, the story was okay.

SHE told me quite sincerely that she wants to have one or two children. But not now. She believes a baby is a full-time job, and so is a screen career.

"I could not accomplish both without neglecting one. And it wouldn't be the baby."

After all, Jean is only twenty-three years old. There is necessarily a time limit to a screen career. She has plenty of time ahead to have a family.

There is no show of resentment in Jean, in spite of the sometimes vicious rumors that have been circulated about her. She says reporters are her best friends and that she is tremendously fond of them.

When she was off the screen for a year (due to litigation with Howard Hughes, producer) after her first picture, "Hell's Angels," the reporters did not permit the public to forget her.

She was constantly in print—and it was important to her at that time—as it is at any time, to an actress. It meant that she did not have to begin her career all over again at the end of that year.

They kept her "alive" and made her vital and interesting news.

But that isn't the only reason Jean has a soft spot for scribblers. She is one herself.

Nothing small-time about it, either. No little febrile poems, no timorous short stories, testing her stride. No, she bursts out with a bombshell, just as Jean Harlow should. She has written a novel!

My admiration increased by leaps and bounds when she told me how she went about it. A direct and business-like method, and a method she understands. No feeling around in the dark. No delays, procrastinations, excuses.

She simply wrote it first in the form of a motion-picture script.

Jean has read hundreds of scripts. They did not look so formidable as a novel. They were stripped of all the unnecessary detail by which a woman is so easily side-tracked from her main objective. So Jean blocked out her story in the shape of a script.

THEN, with everything before her, clear and concise, she enlarged it into a novel. Not about Hollywood, either. The locale is New York.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? All right. Let's see you try it.

And Jean's novel found a publisher.

I hope her marriage to Rosson will be a success. But it's a tougher job than it looks from the outside—to make a marriage work, with dark rumors circling around, ready to close in at the slightest sign of encouragement.

Jean has learned more in her short twenty-three years than most women have a chance to learn in a lifetime.

She evinces a gentle tolerance that only comes to the majority of persons after many more years of living and experience. I think it would take more than a rumor to upset her good balance.

She was big enough to think it over, return to the studio, and say, "I'm sorry," when many a lesser luminary has held out to the bitter end.

And it's a lucky break for all of us—because there'll be another Harlow picture soon!



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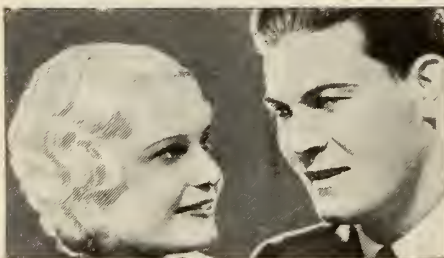
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Ladies as Mr. Menjou Likes Them

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

a man. Certainly, if I smoked his cigarettes, I wouldn't complain about the brand. And I'd shun long cigarette holders.

When I went out with a man, he would drive the car, no matter if it were my own. I'd consider it his job. If he had sent flowers, I would mention them and thank him. In fact, I would be polite enough to thank him for the theater, the dinner, the dance, or whatever he provided for entertainment, instead of taking it all for granted.

Somehow, I would manage never to keep a man waiting unduly, because, after several years, I'm sure I should learn that men don't like it.

I think I'd find time to investigate my own powers of interesting conversation. If they proved weak, I'd refrain from keeping up a running stream of empty-headed small talk. Especially would I avoid dwelling upon myself, my diet, or my hospital experiences. Some people faint easily. And when I did talk, I'd manage to speak in a voice designed for immediate audition—not across the room. And laughter likewise.

I'd avoid *cliches* of conversation and most contemporary slang. One trip to London wouldn't make an English accent stick; I'd employ the natural, domestic one. I would never swear in the masculine manner—certainly not in public.

When an evening demanded highballs or cocktails, I'd watch them closely enough to keep from letting my tongue run away with my thoughts. I'd consider it dangerous.

I would never have a host of friends whom the man I knew "must know." I wouldn't foist people on him unless he suggested it, because I'd realize that he might possibly be bored at meeting strange people in whom he had no interest. Nor would I ever insist that he play bridge (pointing out his errors), or do anything in which he had expressed himself as taking no interest.

If I ever caught myself talking baby talk or anything even approaching it, I would march straight to the bathroom and wash my own mouth out with soap—it works very well with most children. That includes such expressions as "bye-bye" over the telephone, an instrument which I certainly would use with discretion. If I had reason to call up a man, I wouldn't hesitate to do so, but I'd never keep after a man, or take the initiative in making social engagements. I'd let him be what he wants to be—the aggressor.

I'd let him say where to go, or at least ask for suggestions before I settled on it. And when we got there, if he wanted to flirt with every other woman in the place, I would never let him know it bothered me in the slightest.

If I were a woman, I would play some athletic game well, but I wouldn't let it monopolize my life, my thoughts, and my conversation.

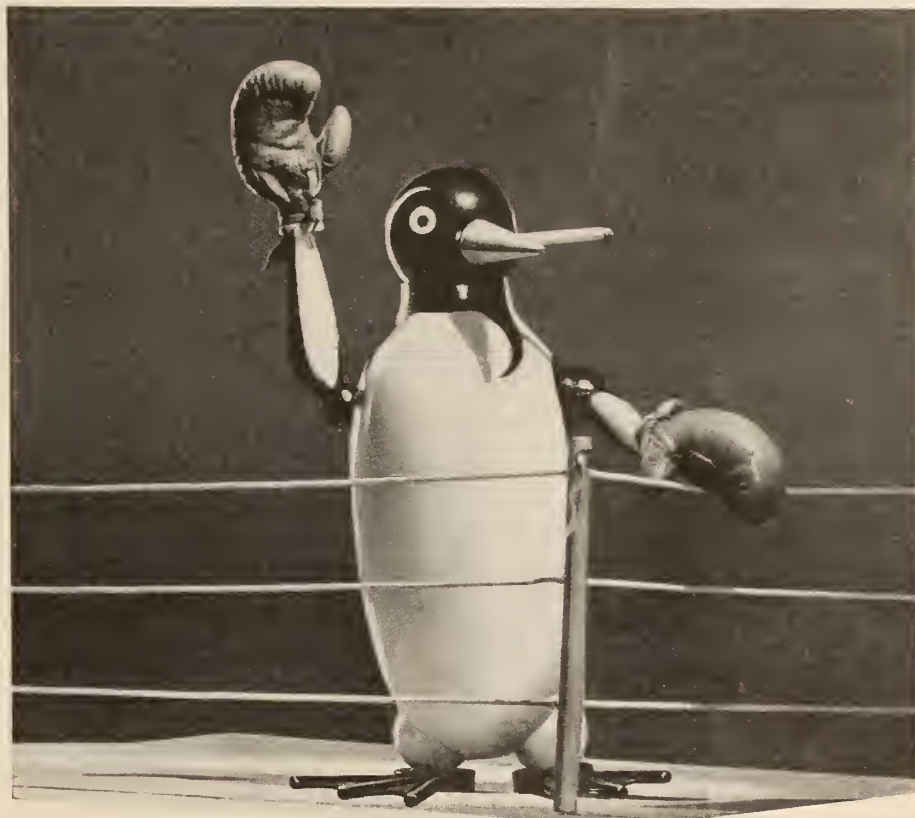
If I had a fondness for horses, I wouldn't insist upon talking horses always, or go around daily clad in jodhpurs or boots, smelling of the stables.

If a tan became me, I'd acquire one, but if I were fair, I wouldn't brook the impossible and peel to a raw redness all summer.

I'd try to learn at least enough French to get by in a restaurant, but I wouldn't parade my knowledge. There is nothing more dreadful than anyone attempting French without complete mastery of the accent. I'd acquire at least a speaking acquaintance with the arts, but I wouldn't go into an impressive theatrical act at the slightest cultural opportunity.

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Have I been talking? I'm afraid I've been thinking out loud, indiscreetly expressing thoughts I've held for a long time but managed to keep locked in my bosom. They look just a little intimidating, set down on paper. Ah, well, it's too late now. And as long as

I'm in for it, I might as well add one more very important thing—

I would see all motion pictures in which Adolphe Menjou played—for, of course, if I were a woman, I'm quite certain my favorite actor would be Adolphe Menjou.

Anna Sten—The Million Dollar Gamble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

While she was making "Nana," Gary Cooper came to visit her on the set. Miss Sten, wearing a feathered negligée, had just seethed through a scene with one of her lovers. At the end of the sequence, she walked over to meet Gary, and an ambitious publicity man thought it would be clever to photograph them together.

Miss Sten, however, refused to be photographed with Mr. Cooper *en negligée*. Her reasoning gave the Hollywood publicity man heart failure! It seemed, Gary was still Mr. Cooper to the Russian star.

"It would be different," she said, "if Meester Coopaire were playing in the picture with me. Then we would both be in character when we were photographed, no matter what costume we had on. But he is a gentleman visitor to the set. It would be very undignified of me to allow myself to be photographed with him so—half-dressed!"

That's Anna Sten—the woman.

THE hard-boiled censor is so intrigued by her, he forgets his job. The Hollywood-wise press-agent gasps in amazement at a star so modest, she refuses to pose in a negligée with a male star. The press is bewildered by an actress who is anxious to make an interview interesting and truthful.

The story has been told often, how Goldwyn gambled a million dollars over a two-year period on the faith that this daughter of Soviet Russia would be a colossal sensation in America. Only, the press-agents got the sum up over a million.

But after the New York première of "Nana," those high praises chanted for Miss Sten were not the hallelujahs of press-agents. They were the ravings of the motion picture critics of New York's great daily newspapers—a clan that makes no general practice of gushing, and that includes two or three who are rather hard-boiled in their attitude toward the screen.

Several of this clan were lukewarm or unflattering toward the adaptation of the story—admitted by the producer to have just a loose relation to the "Nana" of Emile Zola, a Nineteenth Century novel. Zola wrote about a Parisian *demi-mondaine*, whose unregenerate career ended in a horrible death by smallpox. Miss Sten's *Nana* is nobler, and dies gracefully as a generous sacrifice—a suicide.

But as for Miss Sten herself, all of the critics clapped hands and some shouted approval.

Which was not surprising, since most critics who saw the picture on the West Coast discovered the same thing beforehand—that Anna Sten is distinctly a screen personage to be reckoned with.

She came over here in April, 1932. For a year and a half Goldwyn paid her a salary said to have been \$1,500 a week, but took her before the camera only for tests. He hired teachers to tutor her in English and school her in American ways. Then, when he thought she was ready, he began production on "Nana." A quarter of the way through it, Goldwyn was dissatisfied. Production ceased. The film was shelved. He had already invested nearly half a million dollars in the Russian star. And he still thought she was worth half a million more.

Production on the picture began anew, with the insistence that every production detail must be exactly correct.

When the picture was finally finished, Goldwyn spent thousands of dollars more advertising Anna Sten as a personality.

Goldwyn believes Sten is different from any star that has ever come to Hollywood.

Zola, in his novel, describes his heroine thus: "Nana has something else, by heaven! and that something is better than all the rest. She has it strongly . . . Wait until you see her. She has only to show herself and she'll make their mouths water."

And Goldwyn believed the same description fits the girl on whom he gambled a million.

Polly With a Future

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

The rehearsing company gave up the stage for the try-outs and moved out front to watch. Polly told Sam Harris she just could not get up on that stage and read a line, she was so paralyzed with awe of Marilyn Miller's presence.

Harris humored her; persuaded her to try a private audition in his office. She did this and Harris liked her. He was seriously considering her for the rôle, when along came Tom Weatherly offering her a part in the farce, "She Loves Me Not," which he and Dwight Deere Wiman were producing.

Weatherly had heard that odd voice of hers slinging slang at some time or other, so Polly popped into his mind when he needed a girl to play the hoydenish *Curley Flagg* in the Howard Lindsay dramatization of Edward Hope's novel.

Polly looked over the script and decided it was just the part for her, regardless of what Harris might decide.

Weatherly and Wiman didn't overexert themselves ballyhooing the fact that Polly Walters was their lead before the opening night of "She Loves Me Not." Because, we may suppose, they realized her name didn't mean anything much in the legitimate theater.

But at that late November première, hardened critics rolled in the aisles, guffawing at the genuine comedy that Polly got out of a wildly imagined character and far-fetched situations.

A few words might give you an idea of what "She Loves Me Not" is all about.

Curley Flagg (Miss Walters) is a hooper in a Philadelphia night spot. A gangster drops in and casually slays another mob gorilla. *Curley* throws a coat about her daringly scant dance attire and grabs the first out-of-town bus. She's afraid the cops will pen her up for months as a material witness.

The bus takes her as far as Princeton, New Jersey. Wandering the streets, hungry and tired, she finally slips into the dormitory room

of a Princeton senior, burning midnight oil for his graduation exams. This impressionable youth and three others in the dorm agree to conceal *Curley* from police and the faculty, until the smoke of the gangster's gat blows over. They begin by giving her a boy's haircut and outfitting her with their too-large clothes.

Before the third act curtain, faculty members, gangsters, communists, newspaper reporters and photographers, indignant families, a motion picture company, and the United States Senate are all involved in just about the most uproarious farce of recent seasons.

PARAMOUNT is going to put this boisterous comedy on the screen, perhaps with Polly Walters in her form-fitting part of *Curley Flagg*. Anyway, she has other opportunities to go back to the Hollywood that not so long ago discarded her, at a wage that will make her old pay checks out there seem miserly. Of course, she won't go until the prosperous box-office business of the stage play is ended. "She Loves Me Not" has been a consistent leader of the Broadway recovery and gives no indication of going dead.

Unquestionably Polly has a future. But how far it will stretch—in pictures—may depend upon the degree of her versatility. Usually, people don't go on and on, getting rôles made to order for them like *Curley* fits Polly.

Can she do anything else, and can she talk in any other way? Polly will have to show Hollywood. That baby-drawl certainly followed her into her dressing-room, where I talked to her. It has elements of her native Middle-West, of New York, of the vaudeville stage, of naïveté and nasality. The way she handles it on the stage is "cute"—there is no other more fitting descriptive, even when she's bandying the non-parlor lingo of her rôle. But, she said:

"I'm studying diction every day."

Her face is not patterned after the usual standards of beauty, but when she goes on the boards she packs a wholesale lot of sex-appeal in her hundred-and-three pounds of five-foot, three. She is not married and is not very committal about love.

Polly was born in Columbus, Ohio, and began to study dancing there when she was six.

THE Walters family moved to Zanesville, but by the time Polly was fifteen she was in New York and ready for a barnstorming career that took her to county fairs—where she got splinters in her feet and other places from dancing on rough board platforms—and over small-time vaudeville routes.

She hooked up with an adagio team called "The Three Demons," and during a Pittsburgh engagement, one partner threw her across the stage and the other one missed. Polly says she thinks he had gone out to get a sandwich. Anyway, she was nursing fractured ribs for several months thereafter.

Over such a path of hard knocks she worked back to Broadway, and did several things of no great consequence in musical comedy. She was in a vaudeville act with Eddie Cantor at the Palace when a Warner Brothers scout saw her, signed her, and sent her to Hollywood without a letter of identification.

On her next trip to the coast she'll have her mother with her. There must be somebody to look after Polly all the time; she's that childish, she admits. A maid, Ray Lindsay, is her constant companion at the theater. One of Ray's jobs is to attach the false curls for every performance, which come off in the hair-cutting scene (Polly's own hair is cropped short).

One night Ray's subway train stalled, she was a couple of hours late getting to the theater, and Polly nearly had hysterics, getting the complicated curls on right.

It's easy to believe her when Polly says she's a "little afraid," going back to Hollywood, even with the advantage of being Somebody.

THE SILENT MESSENGER



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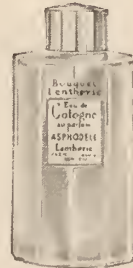
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

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

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

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as Jo is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Aster, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skillfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released, to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

- ★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother, Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)
- ★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)
- ★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)
- ★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of Mr. and Mrs. Skitch (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lillian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lillian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as Nana in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

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POPPIN' THE CORK — Fox-Educational. — Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE** — London Film-United Artists. — Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE** — M-G-M. — With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14") — Protex Pictures. — A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA** — M-G-M. — As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE** — RKO-Radio. — Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE** — RKO-Radio. — Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS** — Samuel Goldwyn-Uman Artists. — Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL — Monogram. — An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS — Universal. — Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SAVAGE GOLD — Harold Auten Prod. — A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE — Paramount. — The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHANGHAI MADNESS — Fox. — Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE — Faith Pictures. — A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? — M-G-M. — (Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.") — Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

SING SINNER SING — Majestic Pictures. — Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE — Majestic Pictures. — The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SITTING PRETTY — Paramount. — Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

SKYWAY — Monogram. — A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS — Remington Pictures. — The old fable idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

SMOKY — Fox. — The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE — M-G-M. — Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SON OF A SAILOR — First National. — Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SON OF KONG, THE — RKO-Radio. — Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT — Hal Roach-M-G-M. — Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

S. O. S. ICEBERG — Universal. — Thrilling and chilling adventure drift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR — Universal. — Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

STAGE MOTHER — M-G-M. — Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE — First Division. — Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRAWBERRY ROAN — Universal. — Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, winners weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE — Monogram. — Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA — Carson Prod. — The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAKE A CHANCE — Paramount. — Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lillian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS — Principal. — Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE** — Paramount. — Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA — Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod. — Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Selles, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON** — Paramount. — Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE — Paramount. — A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS — Paramount. — Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN — Paramount. — Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY** — Paramount. — A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER — Paramount. — Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE — Universal. — An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE** — M-G-M. — Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK** — M-G-M. — Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

TWO ALONE — RKO-Radio. — A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

WAFFLES — Helen Mitchell Prod. — They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD — Fox. — Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)



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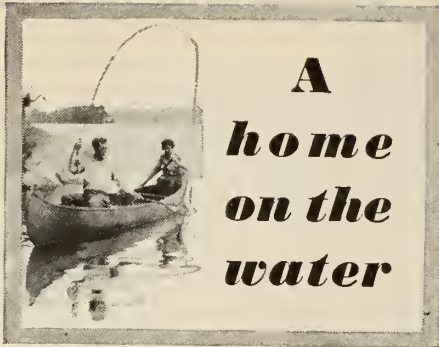
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Clark Gable Cuts the Apron Strings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

Originally it was bought for Garbo. When Harlow was cast for it, it was re-shaped for her. Then Gable was put in for Harlow to sharpen her teeth on, so to speak.

In the past he has been cast so that the women in the pictures could fight over him, supplying an attractive background to set off the feminine lead.

Clark never kidded himself. No one knew these facts better than he; but his contract was long and his salary continued, week after week—freeing him from old worries and old fears. If his parts were not to his liking, the checks were, and he was willing to play second fiddle for the security he felt.

Some said Clark wasn't fair to himself, or to his public, in not demanding a chance to do the things of which he felt capable—while others marked him as smart for not bumping his head against a stone wall.

PERHAPS the hard knocks of the past had been bad for Gable's confidence in himself—but, at any rate, he did string along, taking what was given him with that boyish smile that won so many friends—and fighting for nothing at all.

All that, however, is a memory now.

Clark Gable has been shaken out of the arms of the glamorous stars and put on his own feet. He has cut the apron strings that for years had bound him to minor parts, and has pushed out into the sea of performance where he will have to swim or sink. And, so far, he has done a grand job of swimming.

Whether Clark would have dived in on his own initiative is problematical. Many times he has said that he prefers to play second to stars, letting them bear the responsibility of the picture's success, and often he has confessed that the thought of carrying a picture alone scares him. He always claimed he didn't want to be a star; that he just wanted to play good parts.

But Clark is likely to find it is too late to turn back now—that his screen admirers won't let him, since they've had a sample of what he can do.

And his studio's response to this demand is "Men In White," with Gable starring, supported by Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt and Elizabeth Allan—and the bringing in of Frank Capra to direct Gable in "Soviet."

For Capra is largely responsible for the new Gable—the Gable that will have as many men, as he has women, followers.

IT all happened this way:

Columbia decided they would like to make a picture with Robert Montgomery, and had a story written for him—a story made to order for his particular type of humor.

Then it came about that Columbia had its choice of using Montgomery or Gable.

"Well," they debated, "Gable has done nothing of late to rave about—but there's no denying he has a way of drawing the women into the theaters. Maybe it would be a good idea to do a picture with him. Only if we do, we'll have to write something with a good part for a heavy lover in it—because he could never handle the humor in the picture we've just had written for Bob Montgomery."

Frank Capra had never heard Clark's plaintive little "Gee, I wish they'd let me do a comedy," but, as he told me, he had often been struck by the strong human character of Gable.

"You could see it sticking out all over him," Capra said, "and I'd been playing with the notion that I'd like to give him a chance to be his real self, and to forget the heavy parts that had been wished on him. So I said: 'Don't change a line of that story and Gable will surprise you.'"

That is the inside story of how Gable was cast to the lead with Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." How fully he justified Capra's confidence in him, all of you who have seen the picture know.

His performance in that is rated as "top." His handling of the comedy hitch-hiking scene is classed as a "natural."

ONLY the other day, Clark said to me, "I hope my work in 'It Happened One Night,' makes the picture-goers feel I ought to be taken off the heavy lover rôles and given some good parts. I'm not asking to be starred. I don't want that. I just want to get some good parts, and not always have to play heavy opposite a woman star."

So, men readers, playing hot love scenes with Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, *et al.*, apparently isn't all plum pudding, after all. At least one man in America would rather do something else.

Being "typed" in Hollywood is a serious business—and it has handcuffed more than one competent actor to subordinate parts.

"I knew I was 'typed' as the heavy lover," explains Clark, "but everybody seemed to think I was so lucky being cast opposite stars like Garbo and Shearer and Davies and Crawford, I didn't have the nerve to complain. I would have been crazy to expect the studio to write down the parts of such stars in order to give me a chance to do something — so I just went along."

And how Clark just "went along" is evident in his part as stage manager in "Dancing Lady," a part which even the studio itself admitted had been milked white by Warner Baxter in "42nd Street." After Baxter was done with it there wasn't enough nourishment left there to support a healthy extra.

But a stage manager was needed to build up Joan Crawford's part, and Clark's "type" was desirable for her to work on. So Gable it was.

If the feminine star needed a lover in the form of a gambler, as did Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"; or in the garb of a minister, as did Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus"; or in the stripes of a jailbird, as did Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man," it was up to the heavy sheik to fit in. And Clark Gable was getting to be the "fittest in" actor in all Hollywood.

In casting him, no one ever said, "Now, let's see, what sort of a part should we get for Clark Gable?" Far from it. What he played depended upon what type of character was needed to round off the star's background.

But now, with other studios realizing this natural "threat" (so far as the women are concerned) has real acting ability, you can expect to see parts fitted to Gable, instead of seeing Gable whittled down to fit the parts.

And how does Clark feel about this sudden about face of Hollywood's attitude regarding him?

WE told you he was as natural and unassuming and boyish as anybody you could ever hope to meet. To use an expression of one of his friends: "There's not a swelled bone in Clark's head." So you probably won't be surprised to learn that when a day or two after seeing the preview of "It Happened One Night," Clark took the first opportunity to thank Frank Capra. They chanced to meet on one of Hollywood's main thoroughfares. Both were in their cars—and the traffic was moving.

Leaning far over the edge of his own car, Gable called his appreciation to the director—and he didn't care if all Hollywood knew how much gratitude he felt for the opportunity that had been given him.

Clark has always believed that Hollywood has been more than kind to him—and right

now he's like a kid with a new toy. Just plain tickled, and eager for another chance to show his stuff.

That night at the preview, when "It Happened One Night" ran fourteen reels till midnight—with the audience so thoroughly enjoying the new Gable and so heartily sharing his adventures, that they never realized the picture was some four reels over length—a new confidence and a new ambition were born in Clark. Not that he sees himself as a great star now—far be that from one of Gable's modesty—but he does feel pictures have more to offer him than ever before.

Rudy Still Has His "Vagabond Dreams"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

though I keep trying to tell myself that this should not be so. I don't want to mistrust everybody; it's a rotten way to go through life. Yet, if you only knew the friends I thought were real who have turned out to be traitors, both in business and in my private life, you could understand perhaps why I've developed this slant on people.

"You see," he went on, and his eyes had the hurt expression of a child who first discovers there is no Santa Claus, "I'd always hoped to find a girl who might be like my mother; a girl who might have some domestic instincts—to cook, to keep house, to sew a little. She wouldn't *have* to do these things, understand. But I'd like to know she could, and would, if luck ever turned.

"I still say there are many fine girls in the world, girls who would make splendid wives. Except that I would be awfully careful, perhaps very suspicious, and certainly I would have to be very, very sure of the girl I would fall in love with again."

"What quality, Rudy, would you place as topmost on your 'ideal' requirements, now?" I asked him.

He looked a little abashed, got up and walked around the room a few moments, then sat down again. Perhaps he wasn't going to answer that one.

"Fidelity? Loyalty?" I prompted.

"THAT, a man takes for granted. I mean, when a girl shows you she cares by her gestures of affection; when a man is convinced a girl has singled him out as the important person in her life, you'd naturally take it for granted that she'd stand by in the face of temptation."

"What then? What are the specifications for this ideal girl now?"

"Physical attractiveness, first," Rudy answered. "I suppose that shouldn't be. But it's the way I feel about it."

Well, that's no change from his 1929 list, so far.

"Men have a way of idealizing the women they love, I suppose. To others, she may be very plain—nothing at all to rave about. But to one man, she is the acme of perfection. A perfect blending of beauty and personality."

Amplifying his requirements in 1929, Rudy says:

"I'd like for the girl to be companionable and sympathetically understanding in the face of obstacles and difficulties."

Gossips have speculated that Alice Faye might be Rudy's new dream girl. These rumors he denies emphatically.

There is something ironic about Vallee and his search for his ideal girl. If he had stayed in the little New England town where he was born, he might have found her there. But, today, he is a national figure. He can stand before a microphone and broadcast to the world a description of the girl he wants. His requirements have been printed, read, discussed. But he can't find her.



"Ethel dear . . . you've been hanging to mother's skirts all day, I can't imagine why she's so listless, Mrs. Ross."



"Often constipation makes children like that, Mrs. Green. Remember that droopy spell Jackie had? I gave him a laxative—Fletcher's Castoria—it was all he needed!"



"Doesn't Ethel look bright and happy today, Mrs. Ross? I followed your advice and gave her some Fletcher's Castoria last night."

"Fine! Fletcher's Castoria is a wonderful laxative for children. It's made especially for them. It's gentle, doesn't have any harsh drugs in it. These strong drugs are what make most laxatives so harmful for children. And Castoria has such a pleasant taste! And when you buy it, always look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

For the many occasions, mother, when children need a laxative—use Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria. From babyhood on, it is your best "first-aid" for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And every mother knows that a laxative is any doctor's first advice for treating a cold!



Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AS THE EARTH TURNS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Jen, Jean Muir; Stan, Donald Woods; Margaret, Emily Lowry; Ollie, William Janney; Mark Shaw, David Landau; Mil Shaw, Dorothy Peterson; Doris, Dorothy Appleby; Mrs. Janowski, Sarah Padden; Cora Shaw, Clara Blandick; Mr. Janowski, Egon Brecher; Ed, Russell Hardie; John Shaw, Wally Albright; Junior Shaw, George Billings; Esther, Marilyn Knowlden; Louise, Gloria Fisher; Maria, Cora Sue Collins; Betty, Javir Gibbons; Sister, Joyce Kay; George Shaw, Arthur Hohl; Manuel, David Durand.*

"BEFORE MIDNIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Quigley. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Trent, Ralph Bellamy; Janet, June Collyer; Fry, Claude Gillingwater; Stubby, George Cooper; Madis, Betty Blythe; Doctor, Arthur Pierson; Smith, Bradley Page; Kono, Otto Yamaoka; Capt. Flynn, Joseph Crehan; Arnold, William Jeffrey.*

"BOLERO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Carey Wilson and Kubec Glasmon. Screen play by Horace Jackson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Raoul De Baere, George Raft; Helen, Carole Lombard; Annette, Sally Rand; Leona, Frances Drake; Mike De Baere, William Frawley; Lord Coray, Raymond Milland; Lucy, Gloria Shea; Lady, Gertrude Michael; Theater Manager, Dell Henderson; Hotel Manager, Frank Dunn; Belgian Landlady, Martha Baumattre; Bailiff, Paul Panzer; Beer Garden Manager, Adolph Milar; Young Matron, Ann Shaw; Leona's Angel, Phillips Smalley; Porter, John Irwin.*

"CAROLINA"—FOX.—From the story "The House of Connelly" by Paul Green. Screen play by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Joanna, Janet Gaynor; Bob Connelly, Lionel Barrymore; Will Connelly, Robert Young; Mrs. Connelly, Henrietta Crosman; Allen, Richard Cromwell; Virginia, Mona Barrie; Scipio, Stepin Fetchit; Richards, Russell Simpson; Harry, Ronnie Cosby; Jackie, Jackie Cosbey; Geraldine, Almeda Fowler; Jack Hampton, Alden Chase; Jefferson Davis, Roy Watson; Gen. Robert E. Lee, John Elliott; Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, John Webb Dillon; Gen. Leonidas Polk, J. C. Fowler; Gen. Beauregard, Andre Cheron.*

"CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Victor, Ramon Novarro; Shirley, Jeanette MacDonald; Daudet, Frank Morgan; Charles, Charles Butterworth; Professor, Jean Hersholt; Odette, Vivienne Segal; Theater Owner, Frank Conroy; Taxi Driver, Henry Armetta; Concierge, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; Rudy, Joseph Cawthorn.*

"CATHERINE THE GREAT"—LONDON FILM-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Lajos Biro, Arthur Wimperis and Melchior Lengyel. Directed by Paul Czinner. The cast: *Grand Duke Peter, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Catherine, Elizabeth Bergner; Empress Elizabeth, Flora Robson; Leocoq, Gerald du Maurier; Princess Anhalt-Zerbst, Irene Vanbrugh; Katushienka, Joan Gardner; Countess Olga, Dorothy Hale; Countess L'orontzova, Diane Napier; Grigory Orlov, Clifford Jones; Bestuizhev, Gibb MacLaughlin; Ogarev, Clifford Heatherley.*

"COMING OUT PARTY"—FOX.—From the story by Becky Gardiner and Gladys Unger. Screen play by Gladys Unger and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Joy Stanhope, Frances Dee; Chris Hansen, Gene Raymond; Miss Vandervee, Alison Skipworth; Troon, Nigel Bruce; Harry Gold, Harry Green; Mr. Stanhope, Gilbert Emery; Mrs. Stanhope, Marjorie Gateson; Jimmy Wolverton, Clifford Jones; Nora, Jessie Ralph; Louise, Germaine de Neel.*

"DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Death Takes a Holiday" by Alberto Casella. Screen play by Maxwell Anderson and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: *Prince Sirki, Fredric March; Grazia, Evelyn Venable; Duke Lambert, Sir Guy Standing; Alda, Katherine Alexander; Rhoda, Gail Patrick; Stephanie, Helen Westley; Princess Maria, Kathleen Howard; Corrado, Kent Taylor; Baron Cesarea, Henry Travers; Eric, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Fedele, Otto Hoffman; Doctor Valle, Edward Van Sloan; Pietro, Hector Sarno; Vendor, Frank Yaconelli; Maid, Anna De Linsky.*

"DEVIL TIGER"—FOX.—From the story by James O. Spearing. Directed by Clyde E. Elliott. The cast: *Mary Brewster, Marion Burns; Robert Eller, Kane Richmond; Ramsay Doyle, Harry Woods; Ah Lee, Ah Lee; Remow Satam, The Devil Tiger.*

"EASY TO LOVE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Thompson Buchanan. Screen play by Carl Erickson, David Boehm and Manuel Seff. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Carol, Genevieve Tobin; John, Adolphe Menjou; Charlotte, Mary Astor; Justice of the Peace, Guy Kibbee; Eric, Edward*

Everett Horton; Janet, Patricia Ellis; Detective, Hugh Herbert; Andrews, Robert Greig; Paul, Paul Kaye; Clerk, Hobart Cavanaugh; Elevator Boy, Harold Walldrige.

"EVER SINCE EVE"—FOX.—From the play "The Heir to the Hoorah" by Paul Armstrong. Screen play by Henry Johnson and Stuart Anthony. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Neil Rogers, George O'Brien; Elizabeth Vandegriff, Mary Brian; Horace Saunders, Herbert Mundin; Mrs. Vandegriff, Betty Blythe; Dave Martin, Roger Imhof; Jim Wood, Russell Simpson; Phillip Baxter, George Meeker.*

"GHOUL, THE"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by Dr. Frank King and Leonard Hines. Screen play by Roland Pertwee and John Hastings Turner. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: *Prof. Morant, Boris Karloff; Broughton, Cedric Hardwicke; Laing, Ernest Thesiger; Betty Harlow, Dorothy Hyson; Ralph Morant, Anthony Bushell; Kanev, Kathleen Harrison; Aga Ben Dragore, Harold Ruth; Mahoud, D. A. Clarke-Smith; Nigel Hartley, Ralph Richardson.*

"GIRL IN THE CASE, THE"—SCREEN ART PROD.—From the story by Dr. Eugene Franke. Directed by Dr. Eugene Franke. The cast: *Jimmy Savo, Dorothy Darling, Eddie Lambert, Si Jenks, Arthur Loth.*

"GOOD DAME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William R. Lipman. Screen play by William R. Lipman, Vincent Lawrence, Frank Partos and Sam Hellman. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Lillie Taylor, Sylvia Sidney; Mace Towsley, Fredric March; Bluch Brown, Jack LaRue; Puff Warner, Noel Francis; "Spats" Edwards, Russell Hopton; Regan, Bradley Page; Fallon, Guy Usher; Zandra, Kathleen Burke; Scanlon, Joseph J. Franz; Cora, Miami Alvarez; Elmer Spicer, Walter Brennan; Judge Goddard, John Marston; Mr. Hill, James Crane; Judge Flynn, William Farnum; Emily, Patricia Farley; Stella, Florence Dudley; Rose, Jill Dennett; Mae, Erin La Brissoniere; Pete, Ernest S. Adams; Nick, Dewey Robinson; Chauffeur, Gary Owen; Mrs. Crosby, Helene Chadwick; Mrs. Hill, Cecil Weston; Barker, Jack Baxley; Man in Hotel Room, Edward Gargan; Assistant Supt., Kenneth McDonald; Cop, Wade Boteler.*

"HI, NELLIE!"—WARNERS.—From the story by Roy Chanslor. Screen play by Abem Finkel and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Brad, Paul Muni; Gerry, Glenda Farrell; Harvey Daves, Douglas Dumbrille; Brownell, Robert Barrat; Shammy, Ned Sparks; Fullerton, Hobart Cavanaugh; Sue, Pat Wing; O'Connell, Edward Ellis; Sheldon, George Meeker; Graham, Berton Churchill; Louie, Sidney Miller; Evans, James Donlan; Danny, George Chandler; Dwyer, Milton Kibbee; Mrs. Canfield, Marjorie Gateson; Durkin, Donald Meek; Grace, Kathryn Sergava; Nathan, Frank Reicher; Rosa, Dorothy Libaire; Leo, Harold Huber; Hellwig, Paul Kaye; Nick, Allen Vincent; Marinello, George Humbert.*

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Peter Warne, Clark Gable; Ellie Andrews, Claudette Colbert; Alexander Andrews, Walter Connolly; Shapeley, Roscoe Karns; Kings Vestley, Jameson Thomas; Danker, Alan Hale; Bus Driver, Ward Bond; Bus Driver, Eddie Chandler.*

"I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Warren Duff and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Terry, Pat O'Brien; Marie, Joan Blondell; John, Allen Jenkins; Flood, Eugene Pallette; Dooley, Hobart Cavanaugh; Schuyler, Henry O'Neill; Nucky, Gordon Westcott; Bonnie, Glenda Farrell; Chrystal, Louise Beavers; Loretta, Renee Whitney; Joe, Selmer Jackson; Turk, Robert Ellis; Kirkland, Henry Kolker; Madison, Wallis Clark; Turner, Douglas Cosgrove; Ed, Tom Costello; Welch, Charles Wilson.*

"I WAS A SPY"—FOX-GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by Martha McKenna. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Martha Cnockhaert, Madeleine Carroll; Stephan, Herbert Marshall; The Commandant, Conrad Veidt; The Doctor, Gerald Du Maurier; The Burgomaster, Edmund Gwenn; Cnockhaert, Donald Calthrop; Canteen Ma, Eva Moore; Scottie, Nigel Bruce; Madame Cnockhaert, May Agate; Aunt Lucille, Martita Hunt; Captain Reichmann, George Merritt; Otto, Anthony Bushell.*

"KEEP 'EM ROLLING"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Rodney" by Leonard Mason. Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by George Archambaud. The cast: *Benny W'alshe, Walter Huston; Marjorie, Frances Dee; Julie, Minna Gombell; Deane, Frank Conroy; Randall, George Pat Collins; Major Parker, Robert Shayne; Corbett, Ralph Remley.*

"LEGONG"—BENNETT PICTURE CORP.—From the story by Henry de la Falaise. Directed by Henry de la Falaise. Photographed by William Howard Green. The cast: *The Girl, Poutou; Her Father,*

Bagus; Her Half-Sister, Saplak; Nyong-Nyong, Nyong-Nyong.

"LOOKING FOR TROUBLE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by J. R. Bren. Screen play by Leonard Praskins and Elmer Harris. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Joe Graham, Spencer Tracy; Ethel, Constance Cummings; Casey, Jack Oakie; Dan, Morgan Conway; Mazie, Arline Judge; Pearl, Judith Wood; Regan, Paul Harvey; Max, Joseph Sauters; Martin, Franklin Ardell.*

"LOST PATROL, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Patrol" by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Sergeant, Victor McLaglen; Sanders, Boris Karloff; Morelli, Wallace Ford; Brown, Reginald Denny; Outcannon, J. M. Kerrigan; Hale, Billy Bevan; Cook, Alan Hale; Bell, Brandon Hurst; Pearson, Douglas Walton; Abelson, Sammy Stein; Aviator, Howard Wilson; Mackay, Paul Hanson.*

"LOVE BIRDS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Clarence Marks and Dale Van Every. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Henry Whipple, Slim Summerville; Araminta Tottle, ZaSu Pitts; Gladwyn Tottle, Mickey Rooney; Barbuire, Frederick Burton; Forbes, Emmet Vogan; Kiltlen, Merna Kennedy; Madam Bertha, Maude Eburne; Bus Driver, Hugh Enfield; Janitor, Arthur Stone; Teacher, Ethel Mandell; Buresque Girl, Gertrude Short; Blewitt, Clarence H. Wilson.*

"LUCKY TEXAN, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by R. N. Bradbury. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *Jerry Mason, John Wayne; Betty, Barbara Sheldon; Jack Benson, George Hayes; Harris, Lloyd Whitlock; Cole, Yakima Canutt; Sheriff, Gordon DeMain; Sheriff's Son, Edward Parker; Banker, Earl Dwire.*

"MANDALAY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Paul Hervey Fox. Screen play by Austin Parker and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Tanya, Kay Francis; Tony Evans, Ricardo Cortez; Nick, Warner Oland; Dr. Gregory Burton, Lyle Talbot; Mrs. Peters, Ruth Donnelly; Police Captain, Reginald Owen; Purser, Hobart Cavanaugh; Captain, David Torrence; The Countess, Rafaela Otiano; Col. Dawson Ames, Halliwell Hobbes; Mr. Abernathie, Etienne Girardot; Mr. Peters, Lucien Littlefield; Mrs. Kleinschmidt, Bodil Rosing; Mr. Kleinschmidt, Herman Bing; Mr. Warren, Harry C. Bradley; Ram Singh, James B. Leong; Betty Shaw, Shirley Temple; Louisa Mae Harrington, Lillian Harmer; Ian Brinker, Torben Meyer.*

"MEN IN WHITE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Sidney Kingsley. Screen play by Waldemar Young. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Dr. George Ferguson, Clark Gable; Laura, Myrna Loy; Dr. Hochberg, Jean Hersholt; Barbara, Elizabeth Allan; Dr. Levine, Otto Kruger; Dr. Cunningham, C. Henry Gordon; Dr. Michaelson, Russell Hardie; Shorty, Wallace Ford; Dr. McCabe, Henry B. Walthall; Pete, Russell Hopton; Dr. Gordon, Samuel S. Hinds; Dr. Vitale, Frank Puglia; Dr. Wren, Leo Chalzel; Mac, Donald Douglas.*

"MORNING AFTER, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Fred Thompson. Screen play by Arthur Woods. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Wally, Ben Lyon; Olga, Sally Eilers; Taxi Driver, Harry Tate; Her Doktor, H. F. Maltby; Agent N. B. G., Harold Warder; Agent M. N. T., Dennis Hoey; Agent K. P. O., Henry Victor; Commanding Officer, Andrews Englemann.*

"MURDER ON THE CAMPUS"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the novel "The Campanile Murders" by Whitman Chambers. Screen play by Andrew Moses. Directed by Ric'ard Thorpe. The cast: *Lillian Vayne, Shirley Grey; Bill Bartlett, Charles Starrett; Capt. Ed Kye, J. Farrell MacDonald; Ann Michaels, Ruth Hall; Prof. C. Edson Hawley, Edward Van Sloan; Blackie Atwater, Maurice Black; Charlie Lorimer, Dewey Robinson; Hilda Lund, Jane Keckley.*

"MYSTERY LINER"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Ghost of John Holling" by Edgar Wallace. Adapted by Wellyn Totman. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Capt. Holling, Noah Beery; Lila, Astrid Allwyn; Cliff, Cornelius Keefe; I on Kessling, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Major Pope, Edwin Maxwell; Grimson, Ralph Lewis; Downey, Boothe Howard; Watson, John Maurice Sullivan; Bryson, Gordon DeMain; Grann, Zeffie Tilbury; Dr. Howard, Howard Hickman; Edgar, Jerry Stewart; Watchman, George Hayes; Simms, George Cleveland; Grimson's Asst., Olaf Hytten; His Excellency, Ray Brown; Waiter, George Nash.*

"NO MORE WOMEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Delmer Daves and Grant Leeni-outs. Screen play by Delmer Daves and Lou Breslow. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Three Time, Edmund Lowe; Forty Fathom, Victor McLaglen; Helen Young, Sally Lane; Annie Fay, Minna Gombell; Big Pants, Christian Rub; Captain Brent, Alphonse Ethier; Greasy, Tom Dugan; Iceberg, Harold Huber; Oscar, William Franey; The Hawk, J. P. McGowan; Brownie, Frank Moran.*

"ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by A. J. Cronin. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: Barclay, Ralph Bellamy; Mary Fanshawe, Fay Wray; Dr. Selby, Walter Connolly; Doris Andros, Mary Carlisle; Preston, Walter Byron; Flannigan, J. Farrell MacDonald; Number Five, Billie Seward; Jeff, Georgia Caine; Mrs. Flannigan, Katherine Claire Ward; Miss Baxter, Mary Foy; Joe, Ben Alexander; Gail Drake, Rebecca Wassam; Sally, Leila Bennett; Mrs. Wood, Jane Darwell; Baxter's Sister, Nora Cecil; Priest, Edward Le Saint.

"SIX OF A KIND"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Harry Ruskin. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: J. Pinkham Whinney, Charles Ruggles; Flora Whinney, Mary Boland; Sheriff John Hoxley, W. C. Fields; George Edward, George Burns; Gracie Devore, Gracie Allen; Mrs. K. Rumford, Alison Skipworth; Ferguson, Bradley Page; Trivix, Grace Bradley; Gillette, William J. Kelly; Sparks, James Burke; Steele, Dick Rush; Butch, Walter Long; Mike, Leo Willis; Joe, Lew Kelly; Tom, Alf P. James; Dr. Busby, Tammany Young; Clerk in Newspaper Office, Phil Tead; Tourist, George Pearce; Girl Clerk, Verna Hillie; Tourist's Wife, Florence Enright; Cop, William Augustin; Woman, Kathleen Burke.

"SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Eustace L. Adams. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: Rosie, Sally O'Neil; Joe, Creighton Chaney; Savanis, George Rigas; Nick, Maurice Black; Mike, Jack Kennedy; Old Athos, Lloyd Ingraham; Young Athos, George Nash; Cimos, Robert Kortman; Sculpin, Si Jenks; Kargas, Constantine Romanoff; Martin, Richard Alexander; Crockett, Russell Simpson; Aleck, Philip Kieffer; Goraon, Jean Gehring; Chinchin, Raul Figarola.

"SLEEPERS EAST"—FOX.—From the story by Frederick Nebel. Screen play by Lester Cole. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: Lena Karelson, Wynne Gibson; Everett Jason, Preston Foster; Ada Robillard, Mona Barrie; Martin Knox, Harvey Stephens; MacGowan, Roger Imhof; Carl Izard, J. Carol Naish; Jack Wentworth, Howard Lally; Dixie, Suzanne Kaaren; Trautwein, Jed Prouty.

"SPITFIRE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Trigger" by Lula Vollmer. Screen play by Jane Murnin and Lula Vollmer. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Trigger, Katharine Hepburn; J. Stafford, Robert Young; G. Fleetwood, Ralph Bellamy; Eleanor Stafford, Martha Sleeper; Mr. Sawyer, Sidney Toler; Bill Grayson, Louis Mason; Elta Dawson, Sarah Haden; Granny Raines, Virginia Howell; West Fry, High Ghere; Mrs. Sawyer, Therese Wittler.

"STRAIGHTAWAY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: "Tim" Dawson, Tim McCoy; Ann Reeves, Sue Carol; Billy Dawson, William Bakewell; "Hobo," Ward Bond; Rogan, Francis McDonald.

"THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN"—M-G-M.—From the novel "It Happened One Day" by Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis. Adapted by Zelta Sears and Eve Green. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Martin Turner, Lionel Barrymore; Francene Turner, Fay Bainter; Jane Turner, Mae Clarke; Seth Turner, Tom Brown; Birdie, Una Merkel; Peggy Turner, Mary Carlisle; Walter, Onslow Stevens; Hal, Henry Wadsworth; Vance, Eddie Nugent; William Barnes, C. Henry Gordon; Freddie, Dickie Moore.

"VIVA VILLAI"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stade. Screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Pancho Villa, Wallace Beery; Sierra, Leo Carrillo; Teresa, Fay Wray; Don Felipe, Donald Cook; Johnny, Stuart Erwin; Emilio Chavito, George E. Stone; General Pascal, Joseph Schildkraut; Rosita, Katherine De Mille; Pancho Villa (boy), Phillip Cooper; Villa's Father, Frank Puglia; Madero, Henry B. Walthall; Bugler Boy, David Durand; Calloway, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; Mendoza Printers, Adrian Rosley, Henry Armetta.

"WOMAN UNAFRAID"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Mary E. McCarthy. Directed by William J. Cowen. The cast: Officer Winthrop, Lucille Gleason; Anthony, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Peggy, Lona Andre; John, Warren Hymer; Mary, Barbara Weeks; Mrs. Worthington, Laura Treadwell; Mack, Eddie Phillips; Big Bill Lewis, Jason Robards; Tate, Ruth Clifford; Brady, Richard Elliott; Gladys, Erin La Brissoniere; Norma, Julie Kingdon; Evelyn, Joyce Coad; Theodore, Baby Waring.

"WONDER BAR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Karl Farkas and Geza Herczeg. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Al Wonder, Al Jolson; Tommy, Dick Powell; Harry, Ricardo Cortez; Liane Renaud, Kay Francis; Ynez, Dolores Del Rio; Pratt, Hugh Herbert; Simpson, Guy Kibbee; Mrs. Simpson, Ruth Donnelly; Milti, Fifi Dorsay; Dancer, Hal LeRoy.

"YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Adapted by Zelta Sears and Eve Green. Directed by Charles Reisner. The cast: Hannah, May Robson; Elizabeth, Jean Parker; Burton, Lewis Stone; Kate, Mary Forbes; Dr. Lorimer, Reginald Mason; Donny, William Bakewell; Donny (boy), Tad Alexander; Flagg, Walter Walker; Sparks, Reginald Barlow; Banker, Claude Gillingwater.

Read this Glorious News about Gray Hair!



1 Now, it's simplicity itself to bring color to gray streaks. Just empty a little powder into a water glass.

2 Pour Mary T. Goldman's water-white liquid over the powder, mix the two, and you are all ready.

3 Just comb it through the gray and you are through. When the hair is dry, the gray is gone. So simple. So easy.

A Startling New Development now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre... We invite you to **TEST IT FREE** in 10 short minutes on a single lock from your hair... Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it **SAFE**—harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above are necessary. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

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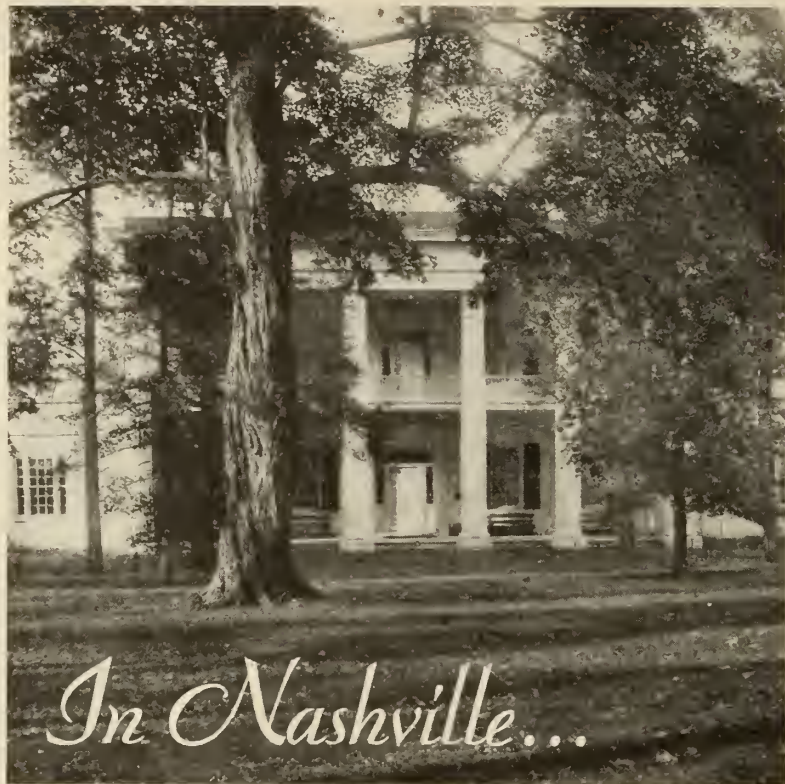
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Street.....
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Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Judith Allen
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Dorothy Dell
Marlene Dietrich
Maxine Doyle
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Barbara Fritchie
Frances Fuller
Paul Gerrits
Gwenllian Giff
Charly Grant
Charlotte Henry
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Percy Kilbride
Charles Laughton

Baby LeRoy
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Julian Madison
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Ethel Mermaid
Gertrude Michael
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Sally Rand
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Barbara Shields
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tidbury
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Dorothy Wilson
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Nena Quartaro
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Agnes Anderson
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard

Art Jarrett
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Jay Lloyd
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crozman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Ketti Gallian

Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Sairley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Blanca Vischer
June Vladek
Hugh Williams

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Robert Allen
Wilma Banky
Vince Barnett
Andy Devine
Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Jan Kiepura
Evalyn Knapp
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker
Alice White

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kave
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight

Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Emily Lowry
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
William Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Sergava
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobitt
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chick Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan

Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Thelma Todd
Nolya Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman

Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett
Constance Cummings
Arlene Judge

Paul Kelly
Fredric March
Blossom Seeley
Judith Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy

Grace Moore
Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Fay Wray

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



The three Davies sisters—Marion of the movies, Reine, who writes a society column for a Los Angeles paper, and Rose—attended the Mayfair dinner dance at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles

SOME call it love: Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, former husband of Adrienne Ames; Renee Torres (Raquel's sister) and Paul Ames (Stephen's brother); Richard Dix and Lois Wilson (an old romance reviving?); Miriam Hopkins and Bennett Cerf; Marian Nixon and Phillip Reed; Elizabeth Young and Dick Blumenthal; Lillian Miles and Walter Kane; Evelyn Venable and Cameraman Hal Mohr; Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna; Sally Rand and Charles (Chizzy) Mayon, dance director; Kanned Harlan and a Baltimore debutante; Mona Maris and Larry Hart; Pat Paterson and Reginald Berkeley; Judith Allen and Joey Ray; Muriel Kirkland and Gordon Oliver; Leah Ray and Marty Lewis; Bobbe Arnst and George Nugent, Washington attorney; Claire Trevor and Vic Orsatti; Phil Plant the millionaire playboy who was one of Connie Bennett's mates, and Mrs. Edna Dunham, New York divorcee; Mary Kornman and Cameraman Lee Tovar; Billie Burke and David Burton; W. S. Van Dyke and Florine McKinney (although they do say this one is cooling); Madge Evans and Russell Hardie (Madge always said Tom Gallery was just a family friend, anyway); Jack Warner and Mrs. Don Alvarado.

JIMMY CAGNEY asked the man who rang his doorbell the other afternoon if he were looking for work. . . . "Not 'specially," said the man. "But I sure do need a job."

THERE has been some confusion as to the financial holdings of Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford in United Artists. Doug and Mary are not out of United Artists, as some have supposed. Doug, Jr., thus states the situation.

"There is no truth in the statement that 20th Century has bought my father's or Miss Pickford's interest in the parent company. 20th Century is a subsidiary producing company releasing through United Artists and it exists under the same condition as the London arm of the corporation, London Films-United Artists, with which my father and I are associated. My father remains, as does Mary, one of the owners and controllers of the parent company."

GOING places together: Harry Wilcoxon, Cecil B. De Mille's British *Mark Antony* in "Cleopatra," and DeMille's daughter, Katherine; W. C. Fields and Wanda Perry; Frances Drake and Erwin Gelsey, also Frances and Mel Shauer; Wynne Gibson and Randy Scott (how about that, Vivian Gaye?); Ronald Colman and Virginia Peine; Lyle Talbot and Thelma Rambeau, also Lyle and Luana Walters; Douglas Montgomery and Barbara Barondess; Margaret Sullavan and Jed Harris; Kenneth MacKenna and a prominent society woman (in New York); Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor; Patsy Ruth Miller and John Huston; Lanny Ross and Olive White; Anita Page and Joe Bolton, radio announcer (in New York); Carole Lombard and George Raft, also Carole and Russ Columbo; Ernst Lubitsch and Mrs. Greta Koerner of Vienna, also Ernst and Neva Lynn (is the Ona Munson thing over for good?); Kay Francis and William Powell.



Farewell to the East! After a short vacation in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March boarded a train for sunshine and Hollywood, where Fredric went to work for 20th Century in "The Firebrand"



WHAT A *truly*
Amazing **DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE** *does* **MAKE..**

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and

the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for *safety's* sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes . . . Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.

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THE NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF, PERFECTLY SAFE MASCARA

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Actually 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don’t *you* win new loveliness the Hollywood way? Start *today!*

Scientists Explain:

“Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin.”



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THE REIGNING BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN!

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Directed by Josef von Sternberg
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

What a **FOOL** She is!



She TIME SHE SPENDS ARRANGING FLOWERS! BUT SHE NEVER SEEMS TO HAVE A MINUTE FOR HER TEETH AND GUMS... AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young woman would feel nothing short of disgraced if her guests were to discover a "thrown-together" bouquet or some faded blossoms or clashing colors!

Yet it has never dawned upon her that dingy teeth detract from her own charm far more than a careless bouquet can detract from the loveliness of her rooms!

It isn't that she doesn't brush her teeth. She does! But she doesn't know that weak, tender gums need attention just as surely as teeth need cleaning.

Dental authorities today are laying more and more emphasis upon massage of the gums. Why? Because today's foods are soft and creamy. They give so little stimulation to the gums that the tissues become flabby. You have probably noticed a certain amount of tenderness where your own gums are concerned. This is a warning. And if your gums actually bleed a little (a condition called "pink tooth brush")—the warning is even clearer.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Put a

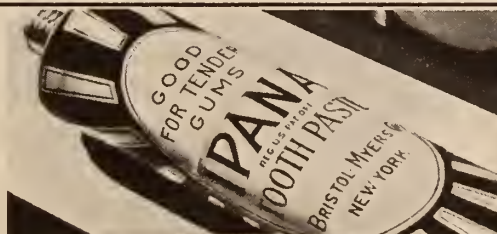
little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your inactive gums.

Your dentist will tell you why. He will tell you about the ziratol in Ipana, which, with massage, aids in strengthening and toning the gums.

Don't neglect your gums! Keep them firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be in little danger of picking up Vincent's disease and gingivitis and pyorrhea. Your teeth will be safer. And they will look far more brilliant!

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Norma Shearer

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in
RIP TIDE

HERBERT MARSHALL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 6

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

May, 1934



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

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Claudette Colbert—Painted by Earl Christy

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

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

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

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

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

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

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

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

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

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

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

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

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

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

You will find
 "I Want a
 Baby"
 —a great serial
 story, beginning
 in this issue of
 PHOTOPLAY
 on page 125

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

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie* battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)



*All the earth
turns to ador-
ation of a new
Warner Bros. star*

It takes high talent to win a place in the select ranks of The Star Company... Jean Muir has done it! Watch how this truly American beauty wins you to her in the film from the best seller of its season — "As The Earth Turns". Critics call it "a triumph" — "outstanding"... You'll recall it years from now as one of your greatest picture thrills!

Jean Muir
in **"AS THE
EARTH TURNS"**

with DONALD WOODS . . . Russell Hardie
Emily Lowry . . . Arthur Hohl . . . Dorothy
Peterson . . . David Landau . . . Clara Blandick
Directed by Alfred E. Green



The show of

"STAND UP



5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!

Introduction of Loveliness!

Revival of Laughter!

Garden of Beauty!

The Magic Transformation!

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FOX

1001 *surprises!*

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ... everything!

AND

CHEER!"

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"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

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1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator
on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

"Our Last Night Together"

"Baby, Take a Bow"

"I'm Laughin' "

"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"

"Stand Up and Cheer"

The Audience Talks Back

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



By readers' votes, received over a period of four months, Norma Shearer and her husband Irving Thalberg have been acclaimed Hollywood's Ideal Couple

THE \$25 LETTER

Stories of salesmen's use of nights on the road, are always interesting to me.

Having traveled for nearly ten years, I believe I can safely recommend almost any salesman as a Class "A" movie critic.

Always, around the hotel lobby, are a number of the boys who think an evening at the movies the most economical entertainment.

When you're away from home any picture looks good. I seldom find myself "choosy."

I have spent a good many dollars at the movies, and feel that I am still "up" on them, for I've had more enjoyment than they charged me for. My little ticket has always paid far more than the original investment.

JOHN RAMMES, Denver, Colo.

THE \$10 LETTER

I am an inmate of a prison—an institution governed by broad-minded men, whose object is the reformation and rehabilitation of society's cast-offs. Education is the dominating feature in the reformation process, and talking pictures are part of the curriculum.

The entire inmate body is given a feature picture weekly. The tremendous effect of these films on imprisoned men is something that those interested in penology can well

afford to study. Anything that can melt the heart of a hardened criminal is a pretty sensible thing to include in reformation theories.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, Jackson, Mich.

SMACK! Wham! Bang! And the Garbo-Hepburn battle for supremacy goes on. It's only in its infancy, so here's your chance to throw a Brick or a Bouquet.

While the contestants remain strangely serene, a staggering punch is pulled by the onlookers. Almost a technical knockout—as the bell sounds for the end of round two!

In no uncertain terms do PHOTOPLAY readers express their feelings about this Garbo-Hepburn screen encounter. It is in the stars that it cannot be a draw. So prepare to watch a fight to the finish!

From Paris comes a message saying that folks over there are studying English solely for the purpose of better understanding our American films. Score one for our side!

THE \$5 LETTER

ATTENTION! Air Corps, United States Army speaking. From reveille to retreat; from retreat to reveille inflexible discipline maintains that combination of men and machines—the Air Corps. A world of orders. A world of tight wings and tight nerves—neither must ever loosen.

REST! Colonels and lieutenants; master sergeants and buck privates exchange show checks for two hours of diversion at post theaters. Rank and file alike laugh at the antics of Mickey Mouse. The human element of the Air Corps finds in the motion picture an outlet for cares of the working day.

TAPS! A bugler blows the sweet refrain, which heralds the passing of another day, a day made a better and more pleasant one by the magic of the motion picture.

BUCK PRIVATE, Army Air Corps

IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS

I want to come to bat regarding Kirtley Baskette's article in March PHOTOPLAY—"Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" I want to lay down my vote, in no uncertain terms, for Garbo!

Katharine Hepburn has made up her mind to make people pay attention to her and has gone about it as if to force her will down our throats willy-nilly. On some people it may work. With me it does not.

Garbo leads—the rest follow! It is amusing to me the way mastery of technique is the one ace in the hole usually picked in comparing some pretender to the throne with the magnificent Garbo.

Few, very few, are so divinely inspired that by sheer force of compelling genius they lift others to heights of undreamed of beauty. Garbo reigns on these heights—*alone!*

B. M. N., New York, N. Y.

A MODERN BERNHARDT

I have read the article in your March issue, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" and enjoyed it immensely.

Relative to the question, "Who will be future Queen of the screen?" let me state it will be none other than Katharine Hepburn.

No one can deny that Hepburn is by far the most scintillating actress ever to come to movieland. She is truly a modern Bernhardt or Duse! People everywhere are proclaiming the genius of Hepburn!

SALLY K. RICH, Providence, R. I.

THE CROWN IS SAFE

Hepburn will be no more successful in wresting Garbo's throne from her than the other claimants who have made their bids and failed.

Hepburn, for all her talent, is too much like our own ordinary selves. Garbo, we worship, because she is so completely unique.

There is about Garbo an unearthly aura of perfection. We may enjoy Hepburn's performances, but she cannot give us the ecstatic thrill of which only Garbo knows the secret.

M. R. HARRISON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

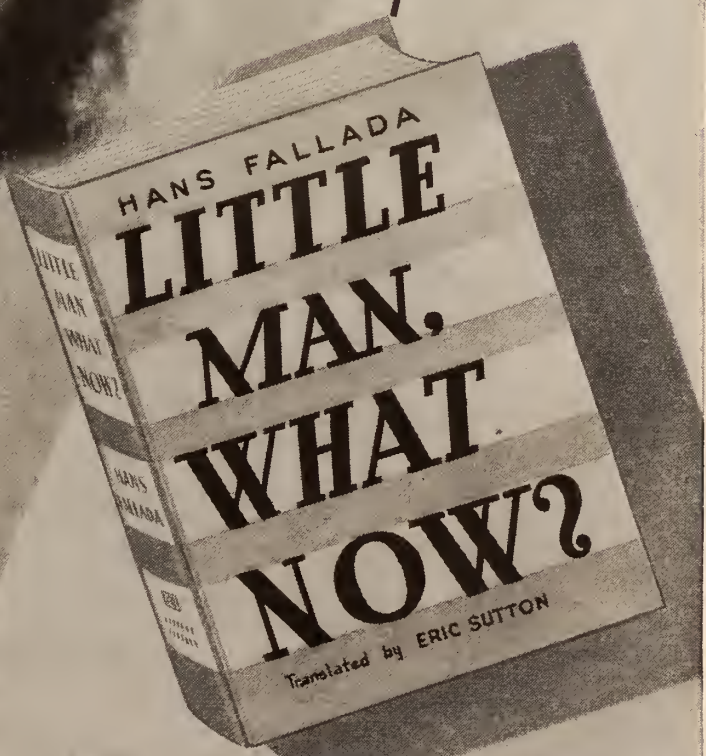
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

MARGARET SULLAVAN



THE GIRL YOU
LOVED IN
" ONLY YESTERDAY "

in



A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!

Let's Hear What You Think of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]



Lee Tracy admirers will be happy to know that he will appear on the scene soon again in Universal's newspaper yarn "I'll Tell the World." Lee and Roger Pryor are reporters for rival syndicates

THE GREAT HEPBURN

"Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" Tradition, according to your March *PHOTOPLAY* article, says Garbo. I hope this tradition is wrong; for I'm sick of Garbo. Her highly touted personality leaves me cold. Mysterious and exotic she may be, but my vote goes to Katharine (the Great) Hepburn.

Garbo appears so lifeless and dead in her acting. Hepburn never gives a dull moment. Whereas, I have a colorless mental picture when I try to recall Garbo. Hepburn is as alive, vivid and real to me as my best friend.

I agree with the letter writer in the March issue, who'd prefer Hepburn as a friend before anyone else in Hollywood.

DOROTHY MERNETT, Raleigh, N. C.

MAYBE WE WILL

"Hi, Nellie!" with that grand actor, Paul Muni, is what I call a good movie. It didn't have a dull moment in it. It was a real true-to-life picture. I only wish we could have more like it.

G. E. FRINK, Portsmouth, N. H.

Folks everywhere are cheering the splendid work of Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell and supporting players of "Hi, Nellie!" another clever newspaper story



A VOICE FROM ABROAD

I am a young American studying the violin here in Prague. I see films from my own country as well as those from other large European nations. I now understand the supreme position of the American films here.

It is indeed a pleasure to hear one's favorites speaking in a "reel" American "dialect" (as the English call it).

Happily I get every issue of *PHOTOPLAY* and am thus well compensated for the pictures I miss. I enjoy reading about American films even more now than I did while at home.

MICHAEL BEZZEG, Prague, Czechoslovakia

YOU SHALL HAVE HIM

Are we, the discriminating devotees of film-dom, to be denied the genius of Lee Tracy? Tracy, who commands exclusive talent and who utilizes that talent in a paramount form of entertainment? Who is superb in his particular characterization? Tracy, who is inimitable? Who lacks nothing that a dramatic actor should profess?

I am sure that I express the general sentiment of fandom. There is one, and only one Lee Tracy—and we want him back!

WALTER WHITE, Indianapolis, Ind.

GLAD WE CAN PLEASE

One thing that amuses me over here is that no matter how much Europeans criticize American policies and people, they do love American films. I know several, who are studying English simply because they lose so much at the movies by not knowing it.

Lately, I have shown copies of *PHOTOPLAY* to some of the women. You see they don't print magazines like this here, and I wanted to get their reactions. Well, there were some surprises in store for me! Of course, they all loved the magazine.

The thing that amazed all of them was that the stars don't mind letting everyone know how they got so beautiful.

One woman said, "With such frank articles, anybody can be healthy and beautiful!"

JEAN HAWTHORNE, Paris, France

THE MOVIE INFLUENCE

I come home from the theater after seeing something Adrian has designed for Crawford—snatch my scissors, and try to give a hat or dress that same twirl.

My young son sees Arabs running with flaming torches. He comes home—makes himself one, and runs through the house with it.

After seeing Wallace Beery prescribe lemon juice for Lionel Barrymore's indigestion, my husband hurries out of the theater to buy lemons.

ESTHER COX, Charlotte, N. C.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

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

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

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

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

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

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)



WE NEED ANOTHER MAN, SIR, TO HANDLE ALL THIS NEW BUSINESS. I'D LIKE TO TAKE F— ON AGAIN

O.K., JIM BUT WAIT... HE'S THE CHAP WHO HAD "B.O."... THAT WAS WHY I PICKED HIM TO GO WHEN WE HAD TO CUT DOWN



IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT ONE FAULT, I'M SURE THE BOSS WOULD TAKE F— BACK. HE'S A FINE WORKER AND AS "REGULAR" AS THEY COME



HE NEEDS THE JOB, TOO. HAS A WIFE AND CHILD... AND NO MONEY COMING IN FOR 10 MONTHS! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS....



NEXT DAY...
a frank talk with F—

OF COURSE THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, F—, AND I CAN'T PROMISE YOU A JOB. BUT IF YOU'LL FIX UP THAT LITTLE MATTER AND DROP IN AND SEE THE BOSS.

JIM, YOU'RE A CORKER! BELIEVE ME I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." AGAIN



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, OLD FELLOW. CHANGE TO MY SOAP... LIFEBOUY. IT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE



WHAT A CLEAN SCENT! WHAT RICH LATHER! "B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE AFTER A LIFEBOUY BATH



"B.O." GONE...
bad times over for the F—s

SAW THE BIG BOSS TODAY, SWEETHEART, AND I'M STARTING MONDAY

OH, THAT'S GREAT, DARLING. YOU'LL GET AHEAD FAST NOW

I'VE JUST GOT TO ASK YOU, MRS. F— HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY AND FRESH

LIFEBOUY, SALLY, DEAR. IT'S EXTRA CLEANSING!

NOTHING quite like Lifebuoy lather! Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—it penetrates and purifies both face and body pores. Brings to dull, tired-looking complexions new, fresh, glowing loveliness. Ends that common yet never forgiven fault, "B.O." (body odor). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is different—*does more!*

Enjoy its extra benefits

Follow the example of intelligent, value-seeking people everywhere. Make Lifebuoy a "habit"—for face, hands, bath. NOTE: More "B.O." warm days. *Play safe!*



STA-RITE
RINGLET
CURL
PINS

New!

Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.
Shelbyville, Illinois

STA-RITE HAIR PINS
WAVE SET

Tired..Nervous



Wife Wins Back Pep!

HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful

nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all druggists'—25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar—Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk EF-55 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

UNUSUAL BUSINESS for MEN & WOMEN

GREAT QUANTITIES BEING SOLD! MAGIC CHEESE CHIPS

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE NO COSTLY MACHINE TO BUY

An exceptional business which may be started on a small scale, and built up out of profits. Decidedly unusual! You can work at home. Chips come to you already made. Simply drop into hot grease and they're ready to eat—big, tasty, crispy, delicious! No complicated work. Experience unnecessary. Stores do your selling for you. You don't invest a cent until you've sold yourself on the possibilities. Then you can start with \$8.50 investment. **Money-Back guarantee goes with initial purchase.** Send for actual copies of orders from distributors showing how their business grows. A business for men and women alike. No super salesmanship, no big investment. We furnish everything—display stands, advertising, etc. Get the exclusive rights for your locality. Write at once. Samples and particulars free.

FLUFF-O MFG. CO., Dept. 3067-E, St. Louis, Mo.

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

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

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

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

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

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

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

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

FOOTLIGHT PARADE—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

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

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

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

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

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

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

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

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

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

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

Approved way to effectually destroy hair



TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, ZIP has been used by thousands of women for effectually destroying hair on the face as well as on the arms, legs and underarms.

So simple. So quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin... no prickly stubble later on... no dark shadow under the skin... That is why so many screen stars and Beauty Specialists recommend ZIP.

Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, ZIP acts immediately and brings lasting results. Your disfiguring hair growths will not only be removed, but also *destroyed* under the skin. Special ZIP Kit (formerly \$5.00) now only \$1.00. All stores.



And if you prefer a cream depilatory use

NEW PERFUMED ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed cream. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube, twice the size at half the price—50c.

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SPECIALIST

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PATENT PENDING

ZIP Spray Deodorant

The quickest and easiest way to apply liquid deodorant. New formula in a beautiful atomizer bottle, ZIP Spray Deodorant checks perspiration, 50c.

ZIP Cream Deodorant

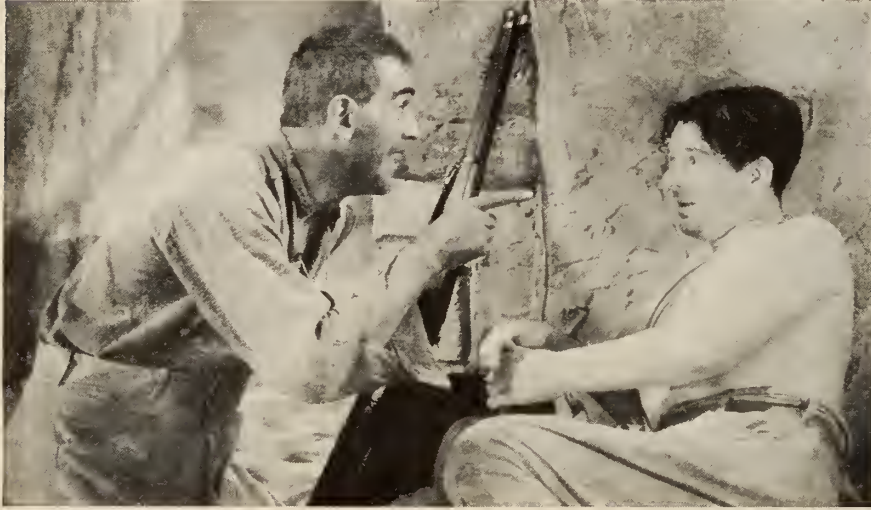
At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Fascinating carved wood container, 35c, 50c. All good stores or by mail.



PATENT PENDING

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]



Here you see Boris Karloff, terrifying Wallace Ford, in one of his superb characterizations—the religious fanatic in “The Lost Patrol”—about which many movie-goers have sent praises

WELL, HAVE YOU?

So great character actors who submerge themselves in their rôles never become popular? Well, how about Boris Karloff?

If there is any trace of his own charming personality in any of his strong characterizations, will someone kindly point it out?

And as for popularity—come on, you Karloff admirers, prove that he's a favorite! You haven't all got writers' cramp, have you?

RUTH M. BAILEY, San Jose, Calif.

SHE MEANS US!

Twinkle, Twinkle little star

How we wonder what you are.

But as you glitter, as you glow,

PHOTOPLAY is sure to know

Where you come from, when and why,

What you're doing in the sky,

All about your latest yen

For different clothes or leading men.

Your life, your loves, success and glories,

Are all discussed in PHOTOPLAY stories.

And so, we know just what you do

From early morn the whole day through

Until your glitter fades at last

Into the dim and distant past.

In Hollywood we need not stay.

Oh, no! We just read PHOTOPLAY!

ANNIE LEONARD, Wilmington, Del.

SOMETHING TO CONSIDER

I think after your annual “Selection of the winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year,” you should endeavor to have it reshown for the benefit of those who did not have the opportunity to see it. I think the experiment would prove profitable for the producers, as it would have a comeback on the good selection of films by the readers of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

G. H. LANGOSCH, Chicago, Ill.

DRAMATIZING OURSELVES

We see our favorite actors do simple things effectively on the screen; and consciously or not, we build our own daily affairs into intense little dramas, in imitation—performing them a little more gracefully, a little more graciously, because of that.

To other good results of motion pictures, add these: They are helping us act as though eyes were on us all the time; helping us lift humdrum tasks into the ranks of the beautiful—a kind of beauty that should last as long as good pictures are shown.

JENNIE E. HARRIS, Strafford, Penna.

INDIVIDUALITY DEFENDED

A thank-offering for the diversity of personalities that make up Hollywood. A protest against those hypercritical ones who say, “How perfect it would be if we could find a star who combined the mystery of Garbo, the appeal of Dietrich, the beauty of Del Rio, and the personality of Hepburn.”

Such a statement always makes me long to confront the sayer of it, and ask, “Would you really enjoy knowing such a person?”

Such a paragon of virtues could never wring tears or excite a laugh from any of us—she would be too far above our comprehension.

So let us be thankful that Hollywood has developed the individuality of each star, so that it can give us a wealth of characters.

MRS. HARRY L. YOUNG, E. Orange, N. J.

VIM, VIGOR, VITALITY

A lively and energetic actress—that's Ginger Rogers. She draws a crowd of women as well as men, which is a true test of a real artist.

She convinces you that there is something beautiful and desirable about love and that it is worth a sacrifice.

WILBUR BEADLE, Lafayette, La.

TONIC IN “CAROLINA”

“Slow down! Slow down!” my doctor cried. “It's high blood pressure.”

“Hey, there, stop that fuss,” said I, as I rushed madly out to catch it. I just had to get to “Carolina” on time—and beautiful Janet Gaynor did more to quiet strained nerves and bring down high blood pressure, than all the doctors could ever do.

The streamers on that flat blue hat were long enough to tie up, in admiration, the whole of Dixieland.

NELL MARTINDALE, Raleigh, N. C.

LET'S ASK THE PRODUCERS

I have seen “Flying Down to Rio” and had a glimpse of good individual dancing in a movie musical. But does all the dancing have to be eccentric dancing? Couldn't there be modern interpretive dances in some films?

There is nothing, unless it be brilliant acting, that surpasses beautiful dancing in emotional enjoyment, for it combines three of the arts, not only beauty of motion but the artistry of living moving pictures, and inspiring music. Such dancing is still out of the reach of most of us. If only we could have some of it in the movies!

CATHERINE VORY, Marshall, Mich.

WON'TCHA, PLEASE?

All the ladies are raving about him; no wonder! He couldn't help but be talked about.

Please, oh please, Hollywood, give us more of Fred Astaire and his hypnotizing foot action. It's what the rest of us—who aren't such whizzes at the art—are crying for. Can'tcha?

NAIDINE GEBERIN, Peru, Ind.



At a time when we are all on the lookout for spirited entertainment, it is no wonder that so many readers salute pretty Ginger Rogers

You can't afford a dull head in business, today



IF YOU'VE BEEN UP LATE the night before, don't start the day with a headache. And if an afternoon conference catches you with a dull head . . . tired out and washed up . . . clear away the clouds with a refreshing dose of Bromo-Seltzer.

You'll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works—so quickly and effectively. Drink it as it fizzes in the glass of water. As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. That is why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is soon relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity.

No wonder you feel like another person before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer—the multi-purpose remedy

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose. Each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and *reliable*. Contains no narcotics. And it never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at the office and at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve head-

ache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Directions on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold at druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

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

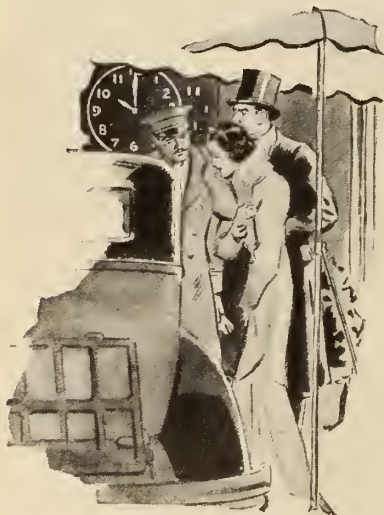


EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER



Quick Pleasant Reliable

How one simple act took me "OFF THE SHELF" and made me A Happy Popular Girl



"He took me home at 10 o'clock"

TWO years ago I was on the shelf... unhappy, moody, neglected. Today I am in the thick of things, and about to marry the nicest man in town. And I owe all to the fact that I discovered my handicap and overcame it. Incidentally, it's one that few women and few men escape.

For several months I had been going with Gerald—a brilliant and successful young lawyer. I was simply mad about him and he told me he was more than fond of me.

Then one night an odd thing happened. He suggested we leave a perfectly gorgeous party.

"Why Gerald, it's only 10 o'clock," I said.

"I realize that," he explained, "but I've got such a wretched headache I can scarcely see."

So home we went—he in his corner of the cab and I in mine.

Who says women have intuition? Bah! I never even guessed that the headache was an alibi.

The same thing happened a few weeks later at the Country Club Fair. This time his excuse was an early appearance at court the next day.

That was the beginning of the end—only I didn't realize it. From then on we slowly drifted apart.

Disillusioned, hurt, mystified, I moped at home for a while. Then, putting on a brave front, tried to "go social" again.

"There's plenty of fish still in the sea," I consoled myself.

And so there were—but not for me. New men called once—but that was the end of it. Parties came and went but I was not invited. Here I was at 25 "on the shelf." What was wrong? What had I done to merit such treatment?

I simply did not know. And I probably never would have known if Gwen Jones, my favorite enemy, in one of her prize moods at the Woman's Club Bridge hadn't made the innuendo so plain I couldn't mistake it.

My breath... I couldn't believe it! Me of all people, fastidious me... with a breath that wasn't what it should be. It couldn't be true! But it *was*—my dentist settled that.

No wonder Gerald had dropped me. No wonder others dodged me. No wonder I sat home seven evenings of the week. Much as I hate Gwen Jones, I owe her a debt of gratitude; her nasty little remark changed my whole life for the better.

For six months now I've been having such a whirl. I'm popular again. And last week Gerald came back. We'll be married in either May or June.

There's no getting away from it, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the fault unforgivable. Socially speaking it will hang you

higher than Haman. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it—and even your best friend won't tell you.



How's your breath today?

Agreeable you hope, *but is it?* Dental authorities say that everyone has halitosis at some time or other. Ninety per cent of cases they say, are caused by tiny bits of fermenting food that tooth brushing has failed to remove.

The modern way to attack an unpleasant breath condition is to use Listerine. Morning. Night. Between times before meeting others. Listerine halts halitosis because it checks fermentation; deodorizes hours longer than ordinary mouth washes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



"We'll be married in June"



"I moped at home"

How's your breath today?

**DON'T GUESS
USE LISTERINE
and be safe**





Otto Dyar

PAT PATERSON has gone high hat! At least, she did for her rôle in the Fox picture, "Bottoms Up." Pat, you know, is now Mrs. Charles Boyer. The French star came to Hollywood to have a fling at American pictures, took a good look at Pat—and just a few weeks later, away they went to Yuma for a marriage license! Pat has cracked several hearts



Eugene Robert Richee

TWO song hits—ready to warble in “Melody in Spring.” They are Ann Sothorn and Lanny Ross. Ross is making his movie début in this film. And Paramount borrowed Miss Sothorn from Columbia to team her with the famous young radio star. The movie is in a romantic Swiss Alps setting. We don’t know whether Ann and Lanny can yodel



Ernest Bachrach

LOOKS like a tense and private moment! But since Kay Johnson, in real life, is happily married to Director John Cromwell, and Charles Starrett is the fond father of twins, it must be a movie scene and, therefore, public. Starrett and Kay are teamed in RKO-Radio's "This Man Is Mine," in which Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy are also featured



Anthony Urgan

DID you know that Heather Angel's first rôle was that of a boy? At sixteen in "The Sign of the Cross," on a London stage. And before finally landing in Hollywood to find American screen success, the little English star trouped all over India and the Orient with stock companies. She is working right now on the Fox lot in "Springtime for Henry"

YOUR FACE CAN HAVE THE FAIR FRESHNESS OF

Morning Time in
this world"



On an earth new-decked with orchard-bloom and green meadows, what a pity if a lady's face be dull! And why accept dullness, when Coty presents powder tones blended for each complexion? Applied on a skin that is truly clean, this Powder gives you a vital look of bright youth.

To cleanse your skin, use Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Quick-melting, penetrating, it really removes obstinate soil, and make-up, giving fresh beauty.

To "tone" the skin, and keep it clear and firm, pat with pads of cotton saturated with Coty Skin Tonic—delicately fragrant.

To nourish the skin, Coty creates a perfect Tissue Cream, rich and exquisitely scented, very effective in discouraging lines and wrinkles—from sun or years.

For lips, Coty presents a new, perfect Lipstick that has been quietly tried out—for the past six months—by connoisseurs. In ease of application, consistency, permanency, beauty of color, safety—it excels any Lipstick Coty has ever before created!

Ask your favorite cosmetics counter for Coty's beauty aids.



Decked in white jars, with cool water-blue covers, Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream, generous jar—\$1. Coty Tissue Cream \$1.50.



Clear as a dew drop, Coty Skin Tonic has a delightful, freshening effect that stimulates the pores to their duties. Blue-capped: \$1.



NEW! Superb Coty Lipstick, indelible, easy to apply, cased in "gold" and vermillion—\$1.10. Face Powder—"powder-puff" box—\$1.10.

Since eyes share, with lips, in dominating smart faces today, it is very important to take extra care of the skin around one's eyes. For this, Coty creates a very superior Eye-Cream—honey-toned, honey-sweet. It helps erase old wrinkles—and check new ones: \$1.50.

C O T Y



Ernest A. Bachrach

ANN HARDING'S delicate blonde beauty will be seen on the screen in natural color if plans are completed. The studio says Ann will be starred in the first color picture to be made by RKO-Radio under a new process. In the meantime, Ann is busy with "Alien Corn," adapted from the stage play which Katherine Cornell offered on Broadway

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



SHALL alien actors be kept out of the United States, *unless they can establish their qualifications to the satisfaction of the Federal Government and show they intend to play parts which cannot be filled by Americans?*

The bill to that effect, fathered by Congressman Dickstein, of New York, and approved by the House Immigration Committee, looks likely to become a law.

It is an unwise bill, a parochially minded bill, an unjust bill. It is conceived in misunderstanding, and will defeat its very purpose—the alleged protection of our native actors.

THE stage and motion pictures are, after a deplorably lean interlude, feeding again on the fatter ration of increased theater attendance. The increase in the number of picture patrons during 1933 ran into the millions. Here, as in other industries, the cloud of depression has lifted, but not completely so. Whatever will contribute to maintain this enlivened interest in entertainment should be encouraged. If a new face, a new technique,—foreign though it be—stirs the public interest, that, indirectly, benefits *all* players. Garbo, Dietrich, Lilian Harvey, Anna Sten—certainly have added to the richness and the prestige of pictures.

THAT is not to say we have not many native actors equally great. Motion pictures were invented and evolved in America. The American influence in making pictures dominates the world. There will always be on our screen a majority of such superb native players as Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Jean Harlow, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Ann Harding, or Ruth Chatterton—to name only a few.

We could not well dispense with any of these. But, on the other hand, who would be willing to hand Garbo or Dietrich the blue envelope?

The sponsors of the restriction bill insist that there is nothing to worry about; that real talent will not be excluded. But are we sure of that? If what the sponsors say is true, why, then, introduce the bill at all? May there not be a “joker” in this proposed act, which may prove to be far more exclusive than appears superficially?

ART and artists are not national. They are international. As soon as you localize, circumscribe, the spirit of artistry, it dies.

And Producer Samuel Goldwyn is quoted as uttering this significant warning: “If Congress passes that measure, Hollywood will be half empty and actors will be knocking at the Senate doors for doles.

“Suppose we stop the entry of foreign personalities—what is to prevent other

countries from boycotting our pictures with American stars? They won't just sit back and take it, believe me."

EMIL LUDWIG, famous biographer of Napoleon, has debunked the scandalous traditions of Filmland as no one ever has before. Listen to these excerpts from Ludwig's article in the magazine *Esquire*:

"Any mother who is anxious about her daughter's virtue could not send her to a safer place than Hollywood. . . ."

"No bourgeois society in America or Europe is more moral than these film folk. . . . Apart from Spain and Italy, the last of the moral countries in Europe, I have everywhere seen more powerful urges to erotic and sentimental adventure than here, where such urges have been dulled by hundreds of movies and have been so exhausted by the camera that they attract nobody once outside the studios. . . ."

"A movie actor can be sent with greater prospects of success to any congress ball or reception than can a diplomat or merchant. . . ."

"The patience of everybody concerned is the greatest virtue of the film world. . . . I consider this training in patience the greatest moral result of the movies. . . ."

FOR those erotic interludes which animate or confuse work in the theater there is here no opportunity, because rehearsals always take place in the light of twenty gigantic lamps, and a couple of dozen pairs of eyes observe continually. . . . Once work is begun, everyone has a feeling of complete detachment. . . ."

Ludwig found Hollywood "too rich." That is its one defect, he comments.

So this is Hollywood!

Herr Ludwig has so cleverly interwoven his paradoxes that it is impossible to tell whether he is spoofing or spoofed.

WHEN they inadvertently stepped on a Russian bomb and it exploded, officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must naturally have been somewhat surprised. That noble pair of Russian exiles, Prince and Princess Youssoupoff—if the verdict of the London court in the latter's suit against M-G-M for alleged libel in the film, "Rasputin," stands—have come into the money. Twenty-five thousand pounds—over \$125,000 in American dollars—is quite a piece of change for anyone to acquire in these lowered-standard-of-living days.

OF course, M-G-M was innocent of all intent to hold up anybody in an unfavorable light in this or any other picture. That goes without saying. Also, the defense claimed, the film characterization which precipitated the suit was intended to be entirely fictitious. But the interpretation of English libel law seems very precise.

The successful plaintiff, the Princess, also filed suit in the United States last October for \$2,000,000. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the case on this side of the water, if it ever comes to trial.

IT'S a far cry from "The Follies," "Scandals," and other musicals, to Shakespeare, but—nine of Shakespeare's plays have actually been registered by various film companies with the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which Will Hays is president. Mr. Hays is hopeful for a Shakespearean cycle.

Perhaps that superb clown, Charlie Chaplin, may yet star as the tragic *Hamlet*. It's said to be his life-long ambition, you know.

Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!



1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay —my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and

notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copyright, 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



At fourteen, Greta soaped customers for this barber in his shop



Greta, modeling a 1920 riding habit as a Stockholm store employee

GRETA GARBO

Wanted to be a Tight Rope Walker

GRETA GARBO is planning on making her home in her native Sweden. Many things prove this.

She has bought a house in Stockholm and a large tract of land not far from that city, where she expects to build a country home. An architect friend is working on the interiors and designing the furnishings to suit her own likes. Her brother, Sven, is already busy buying oil paintings at auctions.

When Garbo was in Sweden, she was always on the lookout for a house which she could buy. She did find one, secluded, but not distant from Blekingegatan 32, the place where she was born. It is an old farmhouse, and will give way to a palatial home where she may retire in complete comfort.

The house is located on a high spot, with a view that especially struck her fancy. At this time she is trying to buy the lot next to it, a beautiful garden, which was once owned by the Swedish king, Gustav III, about one hundred and fifty years ago.

Her friend, Svend Thoresen, chief architect and art director of one of the biggest department stores in Stockholm, has been in Hollywood making up the plans under the personal supervision of Garbo. Some of the furnishings were finished before he left Sweden. And here is what Garbo is going to have:

The dining-room walls will be in oyster-colored wood and the furniture in Chippendale style. The private yacht of Mr. Edington, her former manager, has such walls, and there's where Garbo got the idea. A Hindu prince, so they say, has given her a couple of rare Persian rugs, and those she will have on her dining-room floor.

The Garbo bedroom will be just like the one she has in Hollywood. Big mirrors, a big bed, and many curtains about

the doors and windows. And the most important of all, lots of butterflies all over the place—her favorite ornaments.

Next to the bedroom will be the gymnasium with showers. Garbo loves cold showers.

Her study-room will look like a regular artist's studio. Lots of pictures on the walls and big pelts on the floors. The ceiling will have a great big window, with the sort of glass that nobody can look through, and which will afford the room ample softened sunlight. There will be six large armchairs, covered with turquoise blue leather. And the big surprise—she is going to have many guest-rooms and a bar!

The servants will have a building all by themselves—she had enough trouble with a couple of snoopy Swedish servants in the same house in Hollywood. The kitchen will be on the basement floor, as the custom is in France.

Garbo is preparing to build her country estate just about an hour's auto ride from Stockholm. The place is called Dyvik and it was bought for Garbo through her brother, Sven, who usually handles her affairs in Sweden. It is located on a peninsula and covers forty-five square miles of land and forty-five square miles of water. The beach itself is two miles long. There are wild moose and plenty of pheasants around, and the water is known to be a good place for fishing—a sport that Garbo loves.

Her neighbor will be none other than King Gustaf of Sweden himself. He'd be able to wave at his famous countrywoman from his window across the bay at Tullgarn, the king's summer home. The place has lots of chestnut and walnut trees and the climate is supposed to be so mild that she can pick roses until Christmas.

Here's probably what you have already suspected: the place

Greta, launched in Swedish movies as the buxom bathing beauty you see above, was a girl who thought up the "strangest things" to make her relatives worry

By Leonard Clairmont



Extra! Garbo to Hollywood! Stockholm papers front-paged the news



Today she is such an idol in Sweden kids carry huge Garbo dolls



Greta at the start of her film career. She won success in Sweden a mere ten years ago

is so hard to find and to get to, that there is no doubt that she will be left alone as much as she pleases. No roads lead to her country place yet, but one will be built in the near future. A lot of changes will take place on the virgin peninsula. Garbo will build a little harbor for her own speed boat, which will take her into Stockholm whenever she doesn't care to drive. It will take less time to get to the city by water.

Her close friend, Max Gumpel, who was sometimes talked about as the future husband of Greta Garbo, will build the chateau close to the waterline, with a beautiful view over Hastnasfjarden Lake.

It was ten years ago that Greta Garbo made her first successful motion picture, "The Legend of Gosta Berling." The picture was in two parts. Celebrating the ten years, the Swedish Film Industry has once more released the picture, this time cut down to a regular feature length and synchronized with music and sound. In connection with the picture, the Roda Kvarn Theater in Stockholm arranged a "Garbo Museum" in the lobby, which certainly proved a lure to the crowd. Pictures of Garbo from her birth to the Garbo of today were exhibited.

THE writer of this article has just finished something else in honor of Sweden's greatest actress. It is a short reel called "The Making of Greta Garbo." In it you will see the place where Garbo was born and raised, where she went to school, held her first jobs and where she made her debut on the stage. The real thrill in this picture will be a scene with Garbo herself at the age of fifteen, the first time in her life that she ever posed in front of a movie camera. Garbo in a riding habit of the year 1920. It's a scream!

During the making of this little picture, many interesting details have come to life.

First to be filmed was the old house where Garbo was born. A five story apartment house, built in the nineties. A gray

and sad looking house, indeed. Outside the house I met an old man. He said he was seventy-eight years old and had lived in the house more than twenty-seven years and remembered little "Keta" very well.

At first he wouldn't talk, but after taking him to a neighboring café and treating him to a couple of bottles of beer, he spoke his piece. He told me that "Keta," as Greta came to be known to the neighbors, was born in this particular house on September 18, 1905. She was named Greta Lovisa Gustafsson. Her father died at the age of forty-eight and Greta was the apple of his eye.

The little man said he knew Greta when she was running around with pigtail braids. But little "Keta" didn't have many friends in her own neighborhood. She always seemed to run away to other neighborhoods and played with other children. So Greta Garbo hasn't changed much, after all.

When Greta was fourteen years old she got her first job—in a barber shop. Her job was to "soap" the customers, before the barber did the actual shaving. How would you like to have your face rubbed with soap and hot water by the great Garbo today?

This little barber shop was also filmed. What I found out was that Garbo later worked in another shop during the Saturday afternoon rush. Yes, she was very ambitious.

Then Paul U. Bergström's Department Store was photographed. Here is where she worked at the age of fifteen. The employment manager, Mr. Lundgren, a most charming man, was interviewed. Garbo is his pet conversation and he is mighty proud of her. He

still guards her first employment card with his life, but was kind enough to let me take a peek at it. There it is stated that her salary was one hundred and twenty-five *kronor* a month, which would amount to about seven dollars a week. Not bad those days.

Mr. Lundgren tells with pride how Miss Gustafsson soon



Garbo in Hollywood has become a personality to fascinate and mystify the world

Garbo's girlhood is recalled by those who knew her



Greta Garbo's birthplace was this Stockholm apartment house. Arrow points to the very room. She is still remembered there as little "Keta" Gustafsson, with pig-tail braids

became a very clever salesgirl in women's hats and coats. Here she posed for advertising moving pictures, and posed with hats for the store's catalogue. Here is where that sequence comes in, where she poses in a riding outfit in front of a big mirror.

Did you ever know that the first foreigners who got the chance to look at Garbo were the Japanese? Well, here's the story!

After making that advertising picture for Paul U. Bergström, she was offered some more work in that line. A grocery firm, which owns a lot of chain stores all over the country, wanted her to pose for a movie. So she posed in front of a big map of Sweden and one of Japan, together with the Japanese minister. This picture was exhibited in Tokio at the World's Fair of 1922.

Greta Garbo's uncle, David Gustafsson, is also in the cast of this little short. David is a taxi-driver and a good one at that. He has his own cars.

David is full of fun, has a nice



David Gustafsson, her uncle, still drives taxis in Stockholm. A man full of fun and reminiscences, he tells of playing Santa Claus to Greta and her beautiful sister, Alva



Greta at fifteen, when she got a job in the department store. Beginning as a salesgirl, she was given opportunity to model, and thus got her first camera thrill

Where Greta Garbo's home is to be built. A secluded spot in a lovely area near Stockholm, she will have King Gustaf as a summer neighbor. An ideal retreat

little family and thinks a lot of Greta, even though Greta wouldn't visit him on her last trip to Sweden.

David Gustafsson used to be Santa Claus to little "Keta." Greta's parents were poor and it was always Uncle David she came to, when she was in need of a dime or two.

THE uncle at that time had no children of his own, so he found a pleasure in being good to Greta and her sister, Alva. Alva was two years older, and he says that he has never seen a more beautiful girl in all his life. Alva died after Garbo had become famous in Hollywood.

Mrs. Gustafsson remembers how Greta was fascinated by Carl Brisson, the matinee idol of Stockholm at that time. She would wait and wait for hours outside the stage door of Mosebacke Theater, just to catch a glimpse of him. Sometimes she would sleep with bunches of his pictures under her pillow at night! There was no man in the world who seemed to Greta to come up to this curly-headed athletic, good-looking Dane.

Later, Brisson went to London, where he became one of the most popular and highest paid artists of stage and screen.

Besides, he was a clever boxer and had fought many well-known fighters. Now that Carl Brisson is in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, I wonder what will come out of it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



Gentleman George

He prefers prize-fights to opera and doesn't care for pink tea society, but Raft has his own chivalrous code

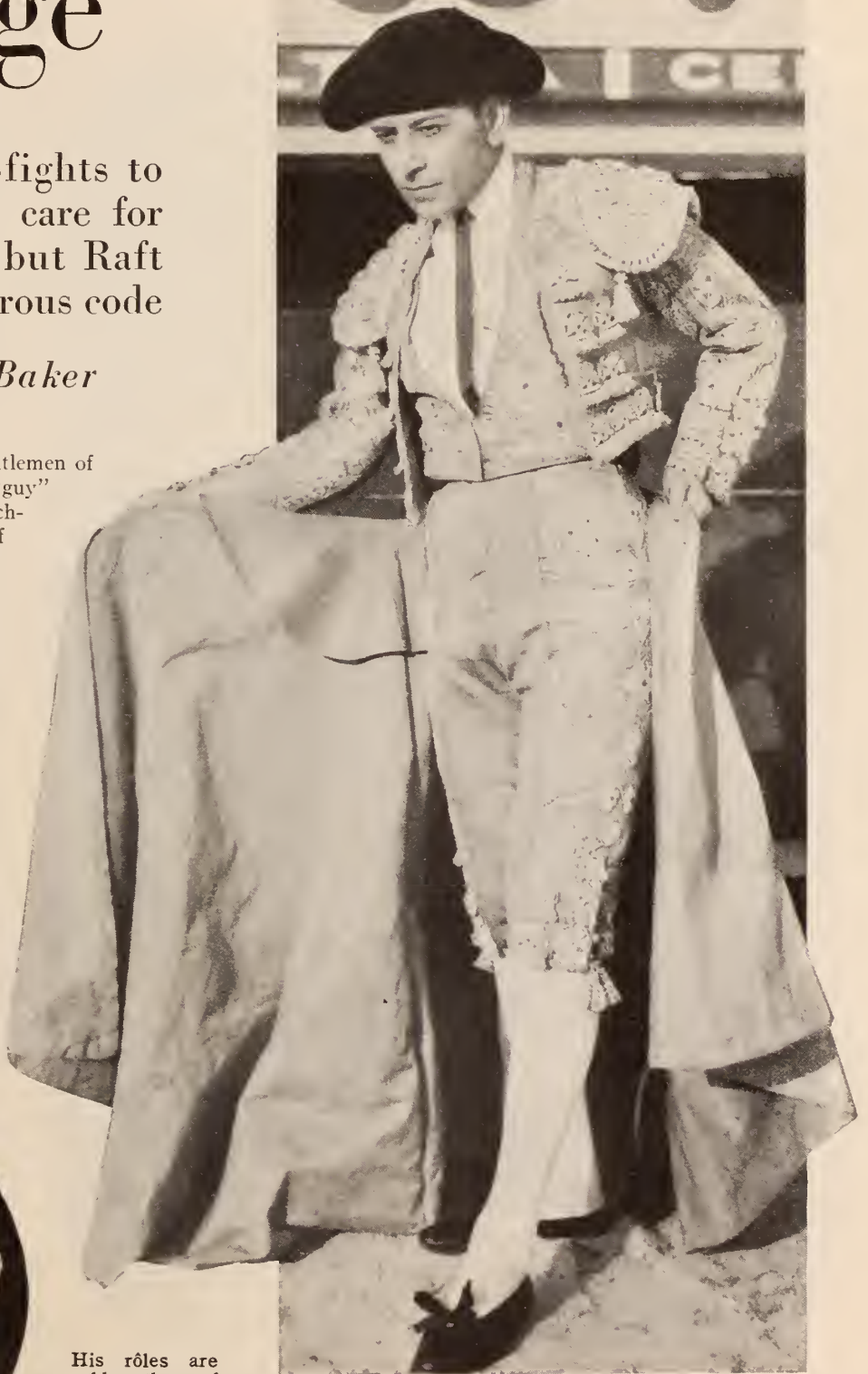
By Kenneth Baker

AMONG the most genuine gentlemen of Hollywood is a hard-fisted "guy" who was cradled in "Hell's Kitchen," nursed by the fumes of "de gas works" and the packing plant, trained by the jersey-sweatered mugs of Manhattan's toughest pool-hall gangs, and polished by the lusty larruping of the prize ring and the professional baseball diamond.

His name is George Raft.

He doesn't play gentlemen on the screen; he plays semi-tough, sporty rôles. He doesn't play grand gentleman off the screen either; there's no sham in his make-up. He still prefers the pals of his past to the privileged peers of his new position. He still goes to the fights instead of the opera.

Instead of an Oxford accent he still talks with a trace of the "dese, dem and dose" neighborhood of Tenth Avenue and



When he takes a girl out, next day she gets flowers! Here is George with Marjorie King

His rôles are seldom those of a gentleman. His most recent part is that of a young matador in Paramount's "The Trumpet Blows"

Forty-First Street. He hasn't a line in the Social Register, but he's still on the roster of the neighborhood social hall. He has never kissed a hand, ridden to hounds, contracted bets he couldn't pay, made love to other men's wives, or slept in full dress in the gutter—some accepted prerogatives of the "gentle" class. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

The MAMMY and



Mae West sees a circus with a gang of orphans. On the screen or off, she has the generous and understanding spirit of a mother

YOU thought you knew why Mae West is a wow from Patagonia to Greenland; from New York City to Kamchatka and back again. You were told that it was those luxuriant curves, that blonde halo, those come hither eyes. You joined the mob at the door of your local theater and, after a couple of hours of waiting, the ushers were

astonishing degree. That fundamental appeal of Mae West that keeps everyone gasping, is, believe it or not, a maternal one! The shape of her body and the shape of her spirit spell MOTHER in letters so large we would have read them and understood them years ago if we all hadn't been led astray by the naughty-naughty act she stages for our delight.

able to find a seat for you some way, somehow.

And then, when the *delicious* Mae finally appeared on the screen and dazzled your popping eyes, you realized you had not done yourself wrong in coming, seeing and being conquered. You knelt before this Venus, so rich in opulent charms. I'm taking it for granted you are a man that I'm talking to. For, of course, the ladies in the audience were taking in the situation from a slightly different mental and optical angle. They were dissecting the reason for Mae's power over all malekind.

Now, I rise up to say that all the reasons so far assigned for Mae's marvelously seductive lure are all right, so far as they go, but they don't go far enough. The secret of Mae's stranglehold upon the feeble male, in particular, has yet to be revealed. So herewith I am about to reveal it. And for the first time.

BUT, just a moment, please. Before I begin to give Mae's secret away, I want you to consider this question:

Why does Will Rogers, that middle-aged *hombre* with the homely face, dry wit and sexless appeal, have a greater screen following than Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, John Barrymore, or Leslie Howard?

Ah, not so hard a question to answer as you may think. Sit tight in your saddles. This may be quite a jolt. Will Rogers' big draw is, in the last analysis, akin to that of Mae West, herself, the Queen of Sex.

Strange analogy, Mae West and Will Rogers, yet they have in common the amazing gift of winning over their audience, of giving that audience what they get from no other star—and that is an extraordinary power, which weighs in the great human balance far more than mere good looks or sex-appeal. They have something as wide as the earth and as long as a lifetime. They both have one thing in common: the parent appeal!

Yes, both of them have it to an astonishing degree. That fundamental appeal of Mae West that keeps everyone gasping, is, believe it or not, a maternal one! The shape of her body and the shape of her spirit spell MOTHER in letters so large we would have read them and understood them years ago if we all hadn't been led astray by the naughty-naughty act she stages for our delight.

DADDY of Us All

What, Mae West and Will Rogers? Maybe you won't be so incredulous after you read this article

By George
Kent

I went into a neighborhood movie house on a Sunday afternoon recently to have another look at "I'm No Angel." The theater was filled with kids ranging in ages from four to nine. They swarmed in the aisles, over the seats, under the seats. It was like sitting in a basket of puppies.

The way those youngsters went for Mae! They understood only one s'teenth of what she said, got none of the nuance of what she did with her hips—yet they loved her. They spoke to each other about Mae, and it was as if Mae were a member of the family, a beloved aunt or somebody. Mae gives sex a great play in this film, but was it that that intrigued the little boys and girls? Was it the naughty lines, the hot-cha songs, the double meanings? Answer for yourself—and you'll answer NO!

The youngsters sat there and caught an emanation which they understood and to which they responded. A great sunny gale of sweet temper, kindness and human understanding blew out from the screen and warmed them and made them feel sure of themselves, and happy. With the instinct of little animals they sensed the real West, the girl beneath the diamonds; they were conscious of a great, pulsating tenderness, simple, honest, unpretentious—with a ribbon of fun around its neck.

It was mother, a better, bigger, rounder, more beautiful mother, one who had time for them, a kind of mother earth up on sparkling slippers and able to make wisecracks. If she could have walked off of the screen into the audience, she would have been covered with the infants, and they would have kept her there, babbling their troubles and triumphs,



Rogers, always "the old man," is sympathetic and comforting. He reassures you, as he did *Margy* (Janet Gaynor) in "State Fair"

and in the end they would have done anything she told them to do—down to eating a barrel of spinach.

And as for Will. Will the beloved. He passes the same tests and with the same high percentage. If ever a man was a father, it's Will. He looks "the old man," he talks like him, and he is everything we would [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

And Was Gloria Burned Up!

They took away her dressing-room, they took away her rôles. Was Miss Stuart mad! Read what happened

By Ruth Rankin



Gloria Stuart, the calm Scotch blonde, has been taught by Margaret Sullavan that the girl who raises a fuss gets better rôles

IT was a good war while it lasted. That the opposing factions were complete strangers doesn't mean a thing. Lots of unacquainted kings have put on some very good battles. Boxers often meet for the first time in the ring.

But so far, no one in Hollywood has been brave enough to introduce Gloria Stuart and Margaret Sullavan. And their dressing-rooms are next door to each other at Universal studios.

Margaret—dark-haired, fighting Irish. Stubborn, argumentative, inconsistent, lovable—unpredictable as a breeze.

Gloria—blonde, calm Scotch. Poised, controlled, dependable, amiable—a "sit tight and play out the hand" girl.

And when scrappy Irish invade the sacred territory of



Lowell Sherman did wonders for Connie Bennett (shown with him here), so Gloria wanted him as a director. But she lost out

of the picture were credited to Margaret's eccentricities.

But no matter what she did, the new queen could not be wrong.

"The situation is typical of Hollywood," Gloria says, impersonally, and with no trace of bitterness. "Anything new that comes along is grabbed up, lionized. Like the city girl who goes visiting in a small town. The boys all give her a rush and forget their home-town sweethearts—but eventually they go back to them.

"Of course, I wanted to play the girl in 'Only Yesterday.' So did almost every other leading woman in Hollywood. Everybody made a test for that part. And I was completely reconciled to the loss when I saw how wonderful Margaret was in the picture.

I COULD bear up under that, even though I would have given anything for the part. I could take a lot more—and did.

"But the real heartbreak was 'Little Man, What Now?' That gloriously beautiful human story with the girl I have been praying all my life to do—and they bought the story for me. It was like having all my rarest, grandest dreams realized at once. I was alive again. I forgot all the run-of-the-mill ingénues, the deadly repetitions of similar parts—with now and then an exception. I have never known an emotion so great as the happiness I felt at the prospect of playing *Bunny* in that picture. It would make *anything* worth while.

"Then—they gave it to Margaret!

"Well, a fuse blew out in my brain.

I was sick with the utter futility of my whole career and the way I had conducted it. Suddenly, it was revealed to me, in a blinding flash, that sweet reasonableness will get you exactly *nowhere* in Hollywood. By the fastest route.

"You can't be a 'yes woman' in this town and get along! I have said 'yes' to parts I resented, in pictures I knew were hopeless—knowing my progress would again be stopped by stupid dialogue, poor direction, sappy story.

But there was always the bright beacon light of hope burning. Some day a story like 'Little Man' would come my way. I had been patient a long time.

I WENT to Junior Laemmle and frankly told him I didn't see how he figured it out. Margaret Sullavan had caused no end of trouble, embarrassment and money to him and the studio. But she was getting the gravy—while I had to take the leavings. I have never walked off a set, or argued over money, or indulged in temperamental outbursts. So far, I have had the parts that ask all the questions, while the person opposite me had all the answers. 'Stooges,' I call my rôles.

"Nevertheless, they have invested money in me as a commodity. I could not see how I was being valuable to them, lost in the vehicles they gave me. I said, 'If you don't want me, let me go. Give me a chance to get better parts on other lots. I don't care where I get them—just so I do.' But they wanted to keep me.

"It isn't a matter of being starred. I



Margaret, fondling this baby in "Only Yesterday," came near causing Gloria to quit movies in a huff and go to China

Margaret Sullavan, brunette, fighting Irish lass, who got Gloria's rôles, her dressing-room, the nicest on the Universal lot—and her goat

would rather not be. Would much prefer to be one member of a good cast, in a good story, with a good director, where there is some incentive. I enjoyed my little part in 'The Kiss Before the Mirror' more than anything yet, because it was a departure from the beaten path, and it required a little intelligence.

"So they promised me a picture with Lowell Sherman. And you know, what Lowell Sherman can do for an actress is nobody's business. He is a woman's director. Look what he did for Constance Bennett in 'What Price Hollywood?' and

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Beauty Pursues Earl Carroll



IF Earl Carroll, that New York producer and connoisseur of beauty who came to Hollywood to hunt new beauties for the Paramount picture, "Murder at the Vanities," had had even the slightest suspicion of what lay ahead, the sweet innocent lamb would never have so much as left good old below-zero New York. For strange as it may seem, the beauties won't stand still long enough for Mr. Carroll to pick them. What they want is for Mr. Carroll to stand still so they may pick him, which just upsets everybody's plan all the way 'round.

For instance, they swarm, these beauties, all over the place. They hide behind trees and pop out at him. "Oh, Mr. Carroll, lookie! Can I be murdered at your 'Vanities'?" they lisp. They hide behind telephone poles, Gary Cooper, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and have even been known to pop out from under manhole covers directly in the path of his speeding taxi, shrieking, "Yoo hoo, Mr. Carroll, lookie," which just about throws the man into the nervous twitters. And if he's twittering, you should see the stalwart men of the manhole department of Hollywood. They are simply at their wits' end with manholes popping up all over Hollywood. Exactly like corn in a popper.



Why, really it's got so the poor man (this is Mr. Carroll of New York we're talking about, in case you came in late) actually has to sit through rehearsals on a Paramount sound stage on the highest rafters among the lights. Afraid to come down. Baking and steaming among the giant sun arcs. Like a lobster-red fawn. At bay. While below, the beauties go on with their hunting. Turning over boxes and W. C. Fields. Peering behind props and Gracie Allen's make-up box. Never giving up their relentless, feverish search for Mr. Carroll. Never for a second. While high above, unnoticed and unsung, he sits. Looking like something that's about to be served out of a casserole, and wishing he were back in his little grass shack atop the Chrysler Building, or wherever it is.

YOU see, when Mr. Carroll set forth on his Westward-ho journey, he brought with him eleven of his own "Vanities" girls and a chaperon, Mrs. Rooney (no relation to little Annie). The plan was to have Mr. Carroll select eleven beauties from Hollywood, to balance the eleven girls from New York, and all twenty-two beauties to balance (what is this—an acrobatic act?) Paramount's movie version of Mr. Carroll's New York show, "Murder at the Vanities."

So, a contest was arranged in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where so many stars leave their footprints and things, and out of the girls who turned out only a few were selected, because so many of the other beauties felt if only they could see Mr. Carroll outside of a contest—well. And it's the others, these hundreds upon hundreds of others, who have

The old maestro is run breathless by an eager pack of chorus enthusiasts

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

gummed up the works, as it were. And a first class job of gumming up they've done, if you ask me, for Mr. Carroll did not find enough beauties via the contest route—and if you have the face of Garbo and Dietrich combined, Mr. Carroll will not see you out of a contest—so, several Paramount bit players had to fill in. People like Toby Wing and Lona Andre. Nice people, but think of

the countless manhole poppers and behind-tree-hiders who got left. And are determined not to be left, if they have to kidnap Mr. Carroll and have themselves chosen at the point of a gun.

Very weary and tired from the chase, Mr. Carroll went home to dinner one night and the waiter brought in a silver covered dish and heaven help us all, just as he lifted the cover, imagine everyone's surprise when out popped a determined beauty dressed as the spirit of *flet mignon* with mushrooms. And practically frightened away what little wits poor Mr. Carroll had left.

So, you see, he can't eat. He can't sleep. Twenty-seven beauties have been hauled out from under the bed so far and one, a gorgeous blonde, was discovered standing stiff and straight on the dresser in a hula skirt pretending she was a whisk-broom.

But Mr. Carroll soon discovered the deception. In less than ten minutes he knew that here was no whisk-broom if he knew anything. And he knows.

But really, looking at both sides of the situation, it's no wonder these lovely little creatures fight, actually fight, to become a "Vanities" girl. There is a feeling of pride, a feeling of being guided and cared for, that is mighty rare and beautiful in these unenlightened times.

But first let me tell you exactly how Mr. Carroll goes about selecting these world-famous



beauties of his. If it's New York, and he's casting for one of his "Vanities," the call goes forth that on Tuesdays and Thursdays, he will select the beauties.

Very well. Tuesdays and Thursdays come, and so do the girls with the stage manager right there on the job. Quickly and efficiently, the girls are lined up in rows of twenties. The tall ones together and the short ones together. Now, face front. March. Down to the footlights. Mr. Carroll runs a weary but experienced eye over the line.

Squads right. March to the rear. Mr. Carroll runs a weary but experienced eye over the rear. Squads left. Advance. Salute—or no—wait. I think I've more or less wandered into the infantry, but anyway, that will give you a fair idea of the neatness and dispatch with which the thing is done.

If in eight or nine Tuesdays and Thursdays Mr. Carroll gets, say, twenty girls, it's a good average (for any man) and he should certainly be a very, very happy little boy—only he isn't.

He must now proceed to turn the raw material into the finished product. Those who are underweight must be brought up to normal, and the fatties must be brought down. And all this, mind you, done under the guidance of a physician (tck, tck, the life some doctors lead).

THEIR coloring, hair, taste in clothes all must be gone over until, as Mr. Carroll says, one day, all of a sudden, they flower out in their full bloom. Let the seeds fall where they may. And neither, mind you, does he believe in breaking their spirit. Their heads, maybe, but never their spirit.

"Beauties," he carefully explained to me, "run in schools, like fish. At times, the fishing is fine and a lot of beauties are caught. At other times, it's slow and no beauties are caught." And at other times, I suppose, the only thing a man can get are a couple of finnan-haddies and hope for the best.

On the train coming out Daddy (not a sugar one) Carroll gave pep talks to the girls and lectures on "Go on, be a Hollywood playgirl and see what Daddy Carroll does to both your eyes." They behave exactly as well trained soldiers, and heaven knows they've had enough "squads right" to know how.

One of the girls was just too, too eager to meet Mr. Paramount. She'd heard so much about him. "What's he like?" she kept asking.

[PLEASE TURN
TO PAGE 122]



The beauties don't stand still long enough to be picked! From behind trees, from under manhole covers, they pop out, shrieking, "Yoo hoo, yoo hoo, Mr. Carroll, lookie! Can I be murdered at your 'Vanities'?"



Movies or Radio For Lanny?

THE movies and radio both want Lanny Ross, but he's not sure which one *he* wants. He likes to sing. He's not sure yet about acting.

Ever since Lanny came to Hollywood, as the hero of a national radio program, he has been riding with both horses—because many letters entreated him not to go off the air.

And Lancelot Patrick Ross, B.A., LL.B. (the B.A. from Yale and the LL.B. from Columbia) is afraid eventually he'll have to give up one or the other. Which will it be? He thinks he ought to know by the time his first picture, "Melody in Spring," brings a reaction.

Anyway, he won't give up both and go to practicing law, although Lanny is a member of the New York Bar. Even while "boning" at Yale, he was leading the Glee Club; while studying at Columbia he made his broadcasting debut on a Christmas morning program (salary \$10), and the day he passed the Bar exam, he signed his first ether singing contract.

After all, the heritage of a Shakespearean actor-father, and a mother who was Pavlova's accompanist, isn't easily denied. His prep school team-mates couldn't take "Lancelot," so now he's Lanny. This six-footer's "dates" are non-professional society girls. So far Lancelot hasn't found his Elaine.

If he stays in Hollywood, he should travel fast toward stardom. Going places in a hurry is his habit. When a Yale track man, he won the National A.A.U. 300-yard indoor championship and established a new Yale record for the 440-yard dash. In the Olympic tryouts of 1928, he won a place on the United States team, in the 400 meter race. But he gave up the trip to Amsterdam to tour with the Glee Club.

"Miss Universe" Makes Good

SHE now would be a trained nurse, if she hadn't bought a bathing-suit!

But Dorothy Dell did buy the bathing-suit. She entered a bathing beauty contest—and that is how she became "Miss Universe of 1930," and later landed in the "Follies." She was sixteen then, and in Ziegfeld's show she sang a little ditty entitled, "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome, and Did My Mother Give Me Hell."

A song like that is apt to make people notice a girl. If she happens to have curves in the right places, big gray eyes and blonde curls, moving picture producers probably will notice her, too. Eventually, Paramount noticed Dorothy.

She once had a heart-attack over Russ Columbo, but thinks it's funny now. She has had quite a few others—including Jack Dempsey and Mario Braggiotti. Was rumored engaged to both. Says now that marriage is out for at least two years, and then the man won't be an actor.

When recuperating from a bad automobile accident, she put on twenty pounds—and took them off in six weeks. She drinks ten cups of coffee daily.

In the 1931 "Follies," she stepped in Ruth Etting's place, during Ruth's illness, on fifteen minutes' notice—and wowed them.

She is five feet, five and a half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She walks miles and miles every day.

Dorothy was born near Hattiesburg, Miss., and used to use the last name of Goff. She attended a girls' school in New Orleans. You'll see her in "Wharf Angel."





Belgian royalty watched while American movies were made. In the center, gowned in white, is Queen Elizabeth. Behind her, with his head turned, is the late King Albert. To the left of them, dressed as a private soldier, is the young Crown Prince, now King Leopold III. On the right of the Queen is the late Thomas H. Ince

"Just Leopold"

Or, how a democratic Prince who was to become a King delighted Hollywood

By James J. Tynan

EARLY on an October morning in 1919, the Royal family of Belgium visited Hollywood.

It was only eleven months after the signing of the Armistice, and the World War then was very vivid and awful in memory.

To all Americans, Belgium was still the small, peaceful country which was trodden upon by a powerful enemy and rose to fight valiantly. Her ruler, the late King Albert, was a favorite monarch, a great hero, whose challenging statement to Germany, "Belgium is not a highway!" still rang around the world.

So, when word was received that the Royal Family of

Belgium would visit Hollywood, excitement ran high, and plans for a fitting welcome began feverishly.

I don't know why the Thomas H. Ince studios were favored by being placed first on the royal schedule. For there was a mad scramble among all the studios to top the list.

I was associated with Ince at that time, and he assigned me to act as personal escort to the Crown Prince Leopold on the tour of the studio.

The day for the Royal Family's Hollywood tour started almost at dawn, for the schedule was a heavy one. Early in the morning, every

star, every executive, every extra was on hand. And, down to the last detail, things were in readiness to go off with clock-work precision.

Along the curved driveway stood a row of schoolchildren, carefully dressed in their best clothes and each holding a basket of flowers. As the royal cars swung through the studio gates and up the drive, the children tossed the flowers in their path, and the crowds welcomed the Belgian royalty with cheers.

In the royal party were King Albert, recently killed in a tragic fall; Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother of Belgium, and Crown Prince Leopold, now King Leopold III.

The Crown Prince was my special [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Is Mr. Ricky Arlen the villain who spread the rumor that Baby LeRoy is through? If so, LeRoy will fight it to a finish with Arlen

“ME Jealous of that Kid? Phooey!”

says Baby LeRoy

I'M burned. Good and burned. In fact, I'm seething. And I, Baby LeRoy, want to tell my side of this Ricky Arlen feud and put a stop to all these ugly rumors that have been floating about Hollywood concerning the rivalry between Ricky, son of Dick Arlen, the movie star, and myself.

I'm getting just a little fed up with all these reporters and interviewers swarming all over my person and prying into my life (love and private), and wanting to peer into my book of telephone numbers, and eternally asking me about Ricky Arlen, who has just been featured in "She Made Her Bed." (That's the picture they were going to call "The Baby in the Ice-box." These title changes are just a sweet mystery of life to me.)

Just why, may I ask, should Ricky Arlen, a new actor (hah!) on this lot, reap all this publicity at my expense? It's hard enough for an actor in this racket to scare up his own publicity and, certainly, I feel Ricky has shown very poor judgment in cashing in on my name. The one and only Baby LeRoy. As they call Gary Cooper and me, "The boys with the personality." That's us, eh Gary?



Ricky won the place in the ice-box LeRoy wanted, in "She Made Her Bed," with Sally Eilers. The Babe sneered, "Don't tell me he's that hot"

It's true, I admit, that when Paramount announced Ricky Arlen was to have the rôle in "The Baby in the Ice-box" (and don't tell me he's that hot. Why they didn't even put Mae West in an ice-box), and the reporters came racing to me about it, I said, "And who is Ricky Arlen?"

Yes, I said it. Simply because I did not know—except in a vague sort of way—who Ricky Arlen was. Heaven knows, I have a hard enough time keeping track of Jack Oakie's blonde babies, without knowing who all the second

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MISS WYNYARD stopped on the staircase for a glance in the mirror, and the camera caught both Diana and her reflection! The photograph was made at her home in Beverly Hills. Miss Wynyard's next movie will be "Dover Road," for which M-G-M loaned the lovely English star to RKO-Radio for the feminine lead opposite Clive Brook

The Robinsons



AFTER a hard day on the set, Edward G. Robinson finds the den a pleasant place for relaxing. Maximum comfort was the important thing in choosing the furniture for this room. We don't know whether that barrel in the corner is empty. But it does make an attractive tray-stand

MR. and Mrs. Robinson and Edward, Jr., in their own front yard. Mrs. Robinson noticed this house in Beverly Hills, and hurried home to tell Eddie about it. He went with her, and liked it so well he bought it that very day



Elmer Fryer

THE living-room is one of the most colorful rooms in the house. The tinted walls, the light brocade upholsteries, the flowered drapes give it brightness and charm. Notice that there are only drapes and blinds at the windows, insuring all the sunshine possible

Buy A New House



THE Chippendale influence gives the dining-room an air of graceful simplicity. The wide, sunny windows with leaded panes, the several bowls of cut flowers, and plants lend the room color and an atmosphere of charming informality



EDWARD G. ROBINSON has long been an enthusiastic collector of antiques. When he purchased the house, he sent to New York for his fine collection, which he had been keeping in storage there. One of the choicest pieces is this grandfather's clock, equipped with a beautiful set of chimes



THE bedroom is very light and delicately colored. Walls are pastel tinted. The coverlets on the twin beds are of quilted satin. An all-over carpet, matching the walls, covers the floor. The curtains are of white net, and gracefully draped and ruffled



Clarence Hewitt

ONE of the world's greatest lovers, and a lady of his choice. They are Fredric March and Constance Bennett, co-starred for the first time, in 20th Century's "The Firebrand." The picture, adapted from the stage comedy, is the story of Benvenuto Cellini, Sixteenth Century goldsmith, whose fame as a lover almost surpassed his fame as an artist

Cruising Cowboy



Hoot Gibson packs his riding kit, loads his camera, and starts around the world to shoot motion pictures

By Kirtley Baskette

HOOT GIBSON is all set to make the world cowboy-conscious.

If the platinum blond has his way about it, they'll soon be trading in their turbans in India for American model ten-gallon sombreros, and their grass skirts in Hawaii for chaps. They'll be totin' six-guns instead of shillalahs in Erin, and holding rodeos instead of raids in Arabia

Yes, Hoot's going out among 'em the first time that America's hard-riding West or one of its sons has been transported to any other country to make pictures; the first time that a *bona fide* cowboy star has ever ventured out of his own stamping grounds to send back a cowboy character on celluloid from without these United States.

Other Western stars have dreamed about it, have made trips to England and other foreign countries, but none has ever made a picture there. Hoot has a contract with Warner Brothers to make "A Cowboy in

And what will June Gale do when Hoot starts on his tour? The two have been quite inseparable in Hollywood



Hoot's first stop will be jolly old Teddington, where the English Warners' studios are, to do "A Cowboy in London"

London" in jolly old Teddington, England, where the English Warners' studios are located.

And it's only the beginnin'—only the beginnin'!

When Hoot finishes the comedy feature, he plans to start the world-wide screen barnstorming tour, taking his hilarious, rough-and-ready cowboy character to every colorful country in the world, getting him in all sorts of amusing scrapes, and furnishing lots of fun for a screen world which has missed Hoot in the character comedy rôles, once his most popular *métier*.

For this won't be the first time Hoot has discarded the posse chase and the Indian fights to rollick slightly out of his usual leather-dustin' character. In his time, he has made some twenty or more comedies which demanded something else besides horsemanship, trick riding and roping.

"The Gentleman from America," one of his best known of these, was the same type of fish-out-of-water comedy that "A Cowboy in London" will be. Hoot was also a sailor in "Out of Luck," a baseball player in "Hit and Run," and a fireman in "Hook and Ladder." Of course, he has made over one hundred and fifty straight Westerns, so he's well qualified to represent the colorful movie [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



He won trophies for his skill at herding planes. "They can't kill me," he says, grinning

CAL YORK *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



You'd scarcely know him—with his hair mussed up and him scowling. It's Tom Brown, young RKO-Radio star, keeping fit with a medicine ball

LUPE VELEZ got spanked. Listen, please! You know how Lupe, with her spontaneous outbursts, usually causes a lot of lost time on a set. But not so on the filming of "Laughing Boy," let me tell you. In the midst of some of her didoes, Director Van Dyke reached the end of his patience and grabbing Lupe, threw her across his knee and administered a good, old-fashioned spanking where it should be delivered. And Lupe was a good girl for the rest of that picture.

"IT Ain't No Sin' on stage 13."
That's what the schedule read. Mae West took one look and said "No dice." From now on, "It Ain't No Sin' on stage 14."

LITTLE Caesar won't do for the Little Corporal. In other words, Edward G. Robinson isn't the type for *Napoleon* in Warners' production, "Napoleon." That's the statement which comes from a source seldom guilty of mistakes. They have tried over a thousand make-ups on Eddie and somehow or

other the great emperor's phiz just won't jell. Warners is said to be now considering Charlie Chaplin for the part. It is a rôle Chaplin has always been ambitious to play. Ernst Lubitsch, the director of those subtleties, "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "The Merry Widow," is also said to be in the running for the part. Abroad Lubitsch is known not only as a director but as a dancer and a comedian. He entered a Berlin studio in 1913.

IDA LUPINO, the English starlet who came to America about a year ago, is showing flashes of temperament all over the Paramount lot, and the studio, as a whole, is pretty much bored with it all and hopes the little lady will soon settle down.

There's too much talent holding forth in Hollywood for anyone less than a Garbo to become tiresome these days.

LEE TRACY who is staging his screen comeback in "I'll Tell the World" for Universal, refused enormous sums to make personal appearances throughout the country.



Ginger Rogers prefers to take her exercise in the water. Just now Ginger is on her mark, set and ready to dive from a skiff

Hollywood Goings-On!

"I didn't mind making personal appearances but I certainly didn't intend cashing in on any such publicity," Lee said.

He also refused several flattering offers to make pictures in England.

"I wouldn't have minded the England thing, either," he commented, "but it would have been too much like running away. I wanted to stay here and fight this thing out on the home ground.

"I have tried to make my comeback in an honest and fair manner, and I believe I've started on the right road back," says Lee.

Anticipating a tremendous success for his first picture, Universal has signed Lee for three more.

A DARK shadow around the eye of Madge Evans recently inspired a number of curious questions as to its origin.

To which Madge calmly replied, "Did you ever see a door walking?"

Well, she did. That's her story.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., has just refused two offers to make pictures in Hollywood. And for the quaintest reason yet. Doug says his long distance phone calls to Gertrude Lawrence in England would more than eat up the extra money he would make in American movies.

Doug's friendship with Miss Lawrence began eight years ago and, through all the years, even while married to Joan Crawford, they have corresponded. It was only on his recent trip to England, however, that the friendship ripened into love.

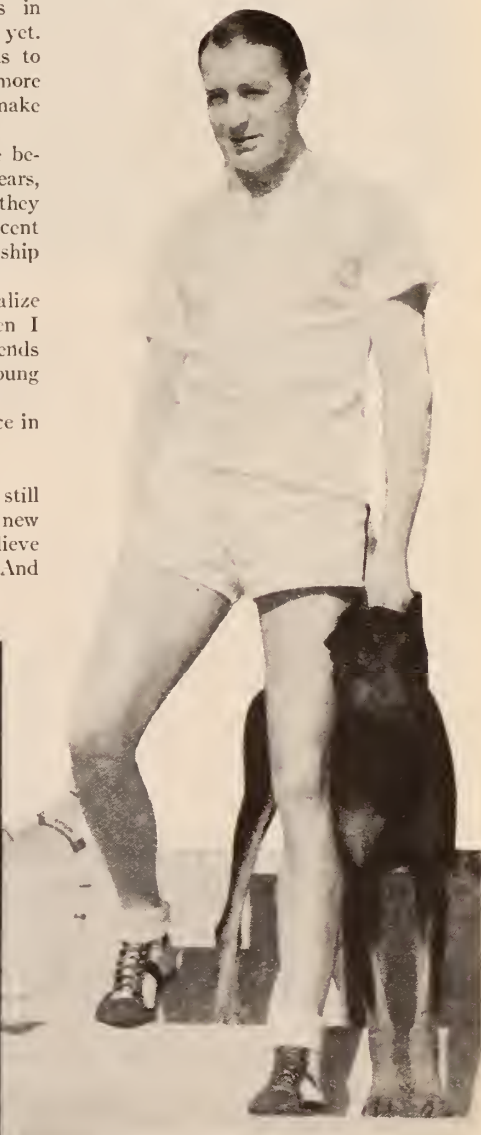
"I can't understand why I didn't realize how marvelous Miss Lawrence was when I met her eight years ago," Doug told friends in Hollywood, "unless I was just too young to appreciate her."

So it looks as if this were a real romance in spite of rumors to the contrary.

WE can't bear it. DeMille is planning still another bathtub sequence for his new picture, "Cleopatra." And this time, believe it or not, it's a bathing scene with men. And



With Bruce Cabot, exercise is a serious proposition. Not even one small smile from Bruce when he's doing his slim-waist routine



Clive Brook likes to take his daily dozen on a sunny tennis court, knocking balls around, chasing them with his dog. He has his own private court

what men! People such as Cassius, Brutus, Caesar and Anthony will cavort in the bathhouse number.

"DO you know who I think has the funniest face I ever saw?" Rudy Vallee asked some friends in Hollywood.

"No, who has?" they asked.

"I have," Rudy said. "Look at my map. I'd give anything to have a little better looking mug but there it is."

Ah, is not fame sufficient, Rudy?



Mr. and Mrs. McCrea are so much in love, they won't work in the same picture. Joel says Frances would give *him* all the breaks, and she says Joel would give them to her. Joel's to do "Alias the Deacon," and she's in "Finishing School"

NO one on the set realized that Dick Powell of the ever ready smile and un-failing good humor was singing those catchy tunes and going through his daily work with a splitting headache.

Dick kept it to himself until the picture was over and then quietly took himself off to a doctor.

"Nothing to worry about," the doctor said, "it's eye strain and too much work under the Kliegs. Go away for a rest."

So Dick jumped in the car and drove to San Francisco where he worked long hours rehearsing for a Coast to Coast broadcast.

Anyway, the headache let up and Dick is back once more under the bright lights.

THE very last gasp in late romances—Lyle Talbot is horning in and taking Alice Faye here and there. . . . And a dark suspicion

lingers in the astute minds around the village that Lyle is not unaware of the news-value of such doings. His previous escortee was the Countess di Frasso.

GOING out of the month:

Rudy Vallee stepping with Peggy Hopkins Joyce; Joan Crawford keeping Francis Lederer's dressing-room at the El Capitan Theatre fresh with gardenias (when he was playing "Autumn Crocus"); Katherine De Mille trifling with Dick Cromwell's affections by attending the Garbo premiere at the Chinese in company with Henry Wilcoxon, papa DeMille's *Mark Antony*; Russ Columbo breaking several girls' hearts by whirling Carole Lombard over the floor at the Beverly-Wilshire; George Raft and Virginia Pine circulating together.

HOLLYWOOD fashions have scored again. They're just about all right, in the opinion of Grace Moore, who admits having



It's all over but the handshake. She's an M-G-M star now! Gloria Swanson and Irving Thalberg, after contracts were signed placing Gloria under the banner of Metro

"gone Hollywood" as far as clothes are concerned. She's capitulated entirely and announces that from now on Howard Greer will make all her clothes.

The former Metropolitan opera star, who has heretofore relied on the modistes of New York and Paris, should know. She has always been cited as one of the world's finest dressers, a close friend of famous fashion magazine people, and whatnot.

The honeymoon won't ever be over—judging by that exchange of amorous glances! Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant were caught recently while attending a preview

IS Jimmy Durante worried sick? It seems that someone gave out his birth as February eighteenth, instead of February tenth, and in spite of all the presents and messages that poured in on the eighteenth, Jimmy is frantic. He doesn't want his birthday on the eighteenth. He wants it where it belongs on the tenth because, as Jimmy says, he is now under the Aquarius sign and that designates brainy



men. And a little danger of trouble with the knees but, as he explains, he's willing to have the knee handicap in order to be a brainy man.

The eighteenth throws him under an altogether different sign and Jimmy is simply ill over it.

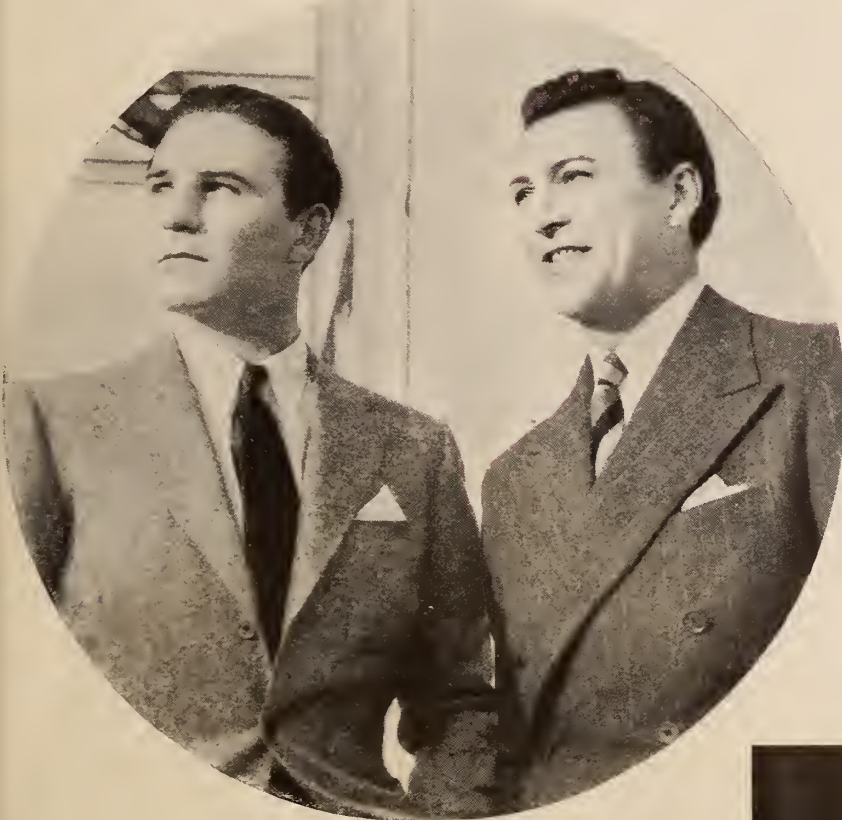
Even went to the publicity department about it and asked that they officially correct the mistake. Jimmy is going to remain a brainy man or know why.

LEAVE it to Lupe Velez to say what she thinks. Recently an interviewer queried her about the marital situation with "Tarzan" Weissmuller. "We are fighting our way to happiness," declared Lupe.

C. B. DeMILLE'S statement "There are no actors in Hollywood—only types," has brought out an avalanche of letters. An actual count finds five to one from Iowa—and all of them just want to let him know that if *they*



Alice White lingers over an eight of diamonds, while Sally Eilers and "Skeets" Gallagher exchange we-have-'em-set smiles. Alice's partner is Harry Joe Brown, Sally's husband. The game is at the Ambassador



as everyone knew that Lupe had also been invited. And it did not help matters when the guests realized Lupe and the Countess were—well, not exactly friends. And then imagine everyone's surprise when Lupe flung herself at the Countess and the two were in whispered conversation all evening long as snug as two bugs in a rug.

CLARK GABLE started it all when he initiated his racing stables.

Now Ann Harding has broken down and started a string of steeplechasers. Ann, practically raised in the saddle at the many posts she lived at as a girl (her father, you know, was an army major), saw the *loveliest* stretch for steeplechasing out on the skirts of the desert, and promptly ordered a track set up. The horses are coming from Houston to carry Ann and her friends over the hurdles.

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were only in Hollywood, he would have no complaint to make.

ONE of the Earl Carroll girls, dressed in a revealing costume for her scene in the picture, "Murder at the Vanities," walked up to a technician who stood staring at her through his glasses. "What's the matter?" she asked, pointing to his glasses, "do your eyes hurt you?" "Why, no," he said. "Well," she said with a look that froze him, "they hurt me." And during the rest of the scene, he looked the other way.

Pals in England, where they made pictures, Henry Wilcoxon (left) and Carl Brisson, the Dane who knew Garbo in Sweden, get together again at Paramount, in Hollywood

A German star as a Russian Empress. Marlene Dietrich, looking regal and alluring in a high sable cap, dressed for her rôle of *Catherine the Great* in Paramount's "Scarlet Empress"



THE situation was rather tense at a Hollywood party when the Countess di Frasso arrived just after Gary Cooper and his bride,

What price has Griffith got for so much glory? He denies he is "broke"

By Mildred Mastin

the names on the signs were different. Next week they will be changed again."

It was a theatrical statement, made by a man who has a talent for expressing simple truths in a melodramatic way.

The man was David Wark Griffith.

Recently, a columnist wrote that the director is broke, in need. If that is true, Griffith does not admit it. He points with pride to several rare pieces of antique furniture in his apartment; to his library, its walls lined with finely bound books. He speaks casually of a winter vacation in Florida, of the pleasant, leisurely hours he is spending now, rewriting some plays.

Thus, subtly, he denies rumors that he needs financial help. For he is intensely proud.

Griffith should be wealthy today. He is not, because, like most artists, he lacks good business sense.

Many major improvements in picture making were invented or initiated by David Wark Griffith. A clever business man would be collecting royalties. Griffith collects nothing—except occasional praise, when someone is feeling sentimental.

There was a time when motion



When David Wark Griffith was a great man in movies. This rare picture reveals him directing a scene for "Hearts of the World," in 1918. Billy Bitzer is on the camera stoop

AT the window of a tall Manhattan hotel, a man stood looking down at Broadway.

From the window, twenty-two stories above the street, he watched hundreds of dancing, burning electric signs, screaming the names of movies and their stars.

For twenty years the man had been the outstanding creative genius in motion pictures. He was idle now. Out of the game.

"Movies," he commented slowly, "are written in sand. Applauded today, forgotten tomorrow. Last week

The
Star-Maker
Whose Dreams
Turned to Dust



pictures were jerky, jumping awkwardly from one scene to another.

Griffith strove to find a way to smooth them out. He made a little gadget with the top of a cigar-box. And the "fade-out" was born.

Griffith was delighted. Sequences could be ended artistically now, fading out, merging smoothly into the next scene.

"It improved pictures tremendously," he says enthusiastically. Then adds, "I never thought of patenting it."

If he had, the royalties would be running into millions. For the fade-out is used in every picture that is filmed today.

It was Griffith who first conceived the idea of taking a close-up. His rivals and associates thought them very funny—filling the screen with a single face or detail. But they couldn't laugh Griffith down. Perfecting the idea took time and money. Only Griffith believed that the close-up would permit dramatic expression, a still kind of beauty, that movies must have, if they were to exist as an important medium of entertainment. And Griffith was right.

It was Griffith who first gambled on lengthening pictures. In the early days, all pictures were one-reelers. Quick, flashy, too short to tell a story. Griffith decided to make a two-reeler. People thought he was mad! The two-reeler was made.

EXHIBITORS refused to show it. Finally they put it on—one reel one night, the second reel the next night. That, incidentally, was also the beginning of the serial.

The first picture that might properly be called of epic dimensions was a Griffith gamble—"The Birth of a Nation." Griffith did not produce that picture because he thought it would make money. (And, of course, he got little money out of it. He doesn't even own the film today.) He planned it because, he says, he wanted to tell the North the truth about the South. As a child he had sat in a Kentucky schoolhouse and read, with bitter resentment, the story of the Civil War, always written by a Northerner. Some day, he promised himself, *he*, a Southerner, would tell the story.



Remember when these outstanding celebrities organized the United Artists Association? Left to right: Doug Fairbanks, Oscar A. Price (Association president), Mary Pickford, Griffith, Chaplin

Every important picture that Griffith made was born of a great human impulse. If it was expensive to express the thing he had to say, Griffith did not economize. But he was never extravagant in the spectacular, superficial way that some others have been.

He produced over four hundred films. And the total cost of making them was approximately twelve million dollars. The gross profits from the pictures were five times that—slightly over sixty millions. Only a small part of these profits ever found their way back to Griffith. When they did, he usually tossed the money, with reckless courage, into another picture.

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By Ruth
Rankin



JACK the "BACHELOR"

**Bohemian Jack Barrymore in
his New York apartment, liv-
ing like a bachelor in 1919**

A DISTINCTLY vinous aroma caressed the nostrils from two flights below, and as we mounted the steep stairs it fairly swarmed out to greet us.

Reaching the top floor, Jack Barrymore flung the door open into the immense room, formerly the attic of the old house on New York's Washington Square. The sudden view of the interior, after the conventional red-brick-and-white-doorway outside, hit one with a staggering impact.

Nothing this side of genius could have achieved such a fantastic disorder.

At first glance, it appeared likely that Jack had just moved in, and the movers had dropped four van-loads of furniture in the middle of the room and departed. Or maybe an earthquake just had a little "at home" up there.

But no. This had been Jack's home, touch and go, for three years between Palm Beach, Woodstock and Europe. At the moment, he was on the verge of a week-end at Southampton.

It was after an evening performance of Jack's stage triumph, "The Jest." His dresser from the theater had preceded us. With calm and sanguine philosophy he endeavored to promote some kind of order in a chaotic wardrobe, tossed around the room.

Barrymore's ruling passion for Italian *décor* had completely filled the studio—about two years before, one could easily estimate. Two trips to Venice later, and traffic in the huge place was seriously obstructed. To reach the studio windows at the far end, you leaped over or crawled under an assortment of Italian antiques that were a collector's dream of heaven.

A priceless desk that once inspired Lucretia Borgia to write bigger and better prescriptions, a thrilling little gem of a desk, gleamed with age-softened green and gold splendor. The top was heaped with a gaudy profusion of tinted, perfumed letters—here and there the yellow gleam of a telegram, unopened. Letters, telegrams, cables everywhere. All unopened.

"Lot of fool women." Jack waved a careless hand that dismissed them.

"Don't you open even the telegrams? Might be something important," we suggested.

"Opened one once. Nothing in it. Read 'em. You'll see."

We read three. A lady desired his autograph. A lady desired a flower he had worn. A lady on Park Avenue desired his presence at her dinner party. Desired is scarcely the word. She begged, pleaded, flattered, cajoled, all over three pages. We sometimes visualize the poor dear lady—her perfect dinner party all planned, the guests assembled, breathlessly awaiting the lion of the evening—who never showed up. Who seldom, if ever, showed up, and left such a lot of poor dear ladies waiting.

The nearest corner of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Back in carefree days, when he was "Jack" to all his following, one of Barrymore's great stage rôles was in "Redemption"

JOHN *the* HUSBAND

Domesticated John Barrymore at his home in Beverly Hills, enjoying family life in 1934

BY that subtle and mysterious alchemy known as a happy marriage, "Jack" has now metamorphosed into "John"—the perfect husband's name.

The Barrymore home stands on the knoll of a hill commanding one of the most glorious views in Hollywood.

To reach it, one ascends a tortuous road that completely encircles the house. But the view would be worth climbing up on your hands and knees to see. The ocean is nine miles away—and it looks as if you could reach out and dip your fingers in it.

At night the place is lighted like a carnival—it can be seen for miles.

The hill is one that forms the background of Beverly Hills. At the left, twelve miles away, spreads the city of Los Angeles. The outlook from the great studio windows each evening appears a fairyland of myriad sparkling gems, sprinkled in a far-flung circle.

A man should feel like a king, living in such a paradise. And John Barrymore does. His home is his castle—inviolate, approachable to only a few intimate friends.

The house is really five houses in one—each room or apartment a separate house in itself. The first contains the great living-room. The initial object that meets the eye is the Paul Manship profile—*minus* the candle-wax. Taken seriously as a work of art, now. A distinctive decoration enthroned on the mantelpiece. The spirit of levity is part of the past.

At one end of the room stands the grand piano—and it can be



The tamed and dignified John holds John Blythe, Jr., who will be two in June. Ethel Mae, now four-years-old, is in Dolores' lap. Credit for taming John must go to Dolores



Paul Manship's famed profile of Barrymore greets the visitor at John's home. The door is from an old Mexican cantina



John and a favorite pup on the grounds of his impressive home, where order and harmonious routine prevail

reached without hurdling a single piece of furniture. On the top, it wears a handsome collection of family photographs and rare objects of art.

There is no formal dining-room, but a long refectory table at the far T-shaped part of the room serves as a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

"Beware the Danger Line,

Sylvia advises Glenda Farrell of the importance of that "tailored face" effect, and how to keep her skin free from tiny, tell-tale lines

DEAR GLENDA: I've certainly got to hand it to you. You're one of Hollywood's prize "picture stealers." When you're on the screen, nobody looks at anything but you—and there's a reason.

Hundreds of girls can learn a big lesson from you. When you step in front of the camera you seem to be entirely unconscious of your attraction. That's the lesson. I want every girl and woman in the world to make herself as beautiful as she can be—but when that is accomplished, she shouldn't be preening herself all the time and giving off the attitude, "Look at me—see how beautiful I am."

Believe me, Glenda, you and I have seen plenty of that in Hollywood. You know, those girls with vacuous, empty faces, who think they're doubles for the Venus de Milo, and tell you so with every movement they make. This isn't exclusively a Hollywood trait, either. You'll find those girls from Maine to Mexico.

That's why I hand it to you, Glenda. You're not that sort. And you're smart in another way. You know you haven't regular features, but I'll



Sylvia

stake my reputation on the fact that ten years from now you'll still be going strong on the screen. That's because you're intelligent and make the most of what you have.

You have a wide, generous mouth—too big to be called beautiful—but you have sense enough to know that a mouth like that spells charm and heart-warmth. So you don't try to make it look smaller than it is. That's great. More power to you!

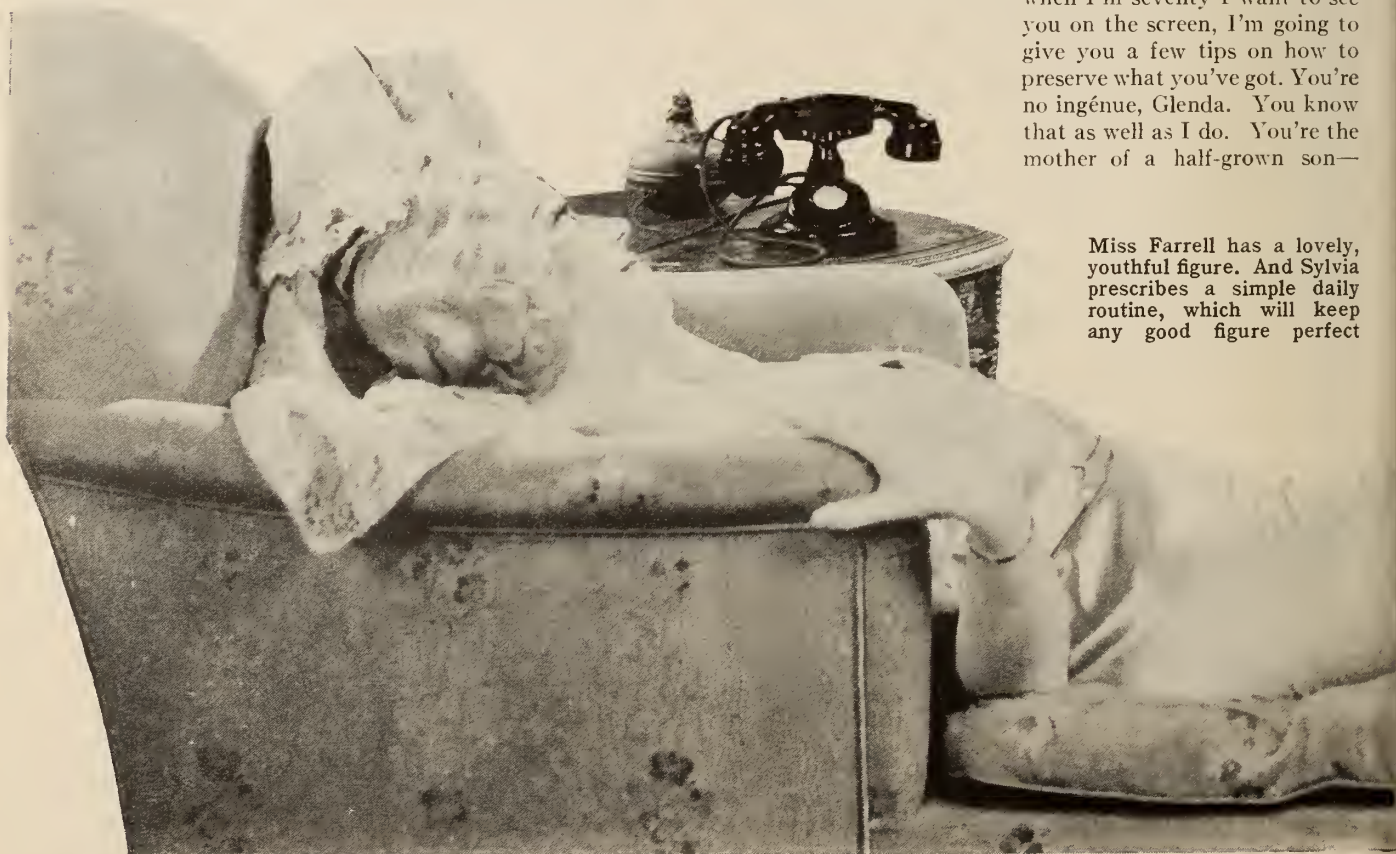
You have something else that's wonderful (I'm certainly in a praising mood, but you deserve it). Whoops, girl, what vitality you have! I saw you recently in "Dark Hazard." It was a racing picture, with you supplying most of the raciness. It's wonderful to see that

vitality just oozing from the screen. And vigor is what I'm most enthusiastic about. When you've got that, the big, bad wolf—age—is kept away from your door.

A picture career is a tough racket. Life is a tough racket, too, and unless you're loaded to the eyebrows with vitality you'll never get by successfully in either. So much for that!

Now, because I think you're such a grand girl, and because when I'm seventy I want to see you on the screen, I'm going to give you a few tips on how to preserve what you've got. You're no ingénue, Glenda. You know that as well as I do. You're the mother of a half-grown son—

Miss Farrell has a lovely, youthful figure. And Sylvia prescribes a simple daily routine, which will keep any good figure perfect



Glenda!" Warns Sylvia

whom you adore—and you want to keep young, not only to make that kid proud of you, but also for your career. Your figure is neat. It reminds me of one of those new streamline trains. But you've got to watch your face.

You have a couple of fine lines which extend from the nose to the corners of your mouth. Then there are some lines in your neck, and you have just the suggestion of a double chin, darling, with that first breaking line under your chin. All of these can be corrected. They can all be stopped from getting more prominent. And that's just what I want you to do.

YOU know that you can't afford to get fat. When you do this, you burden your face with muscles that are hard to reduce. So start today, right this minute, to eliminate those lines and keep them away.

I want you to make a simple face pack of two tablespoons of almond meal, ten drops of glycerin, juice of half a lemon, and enough skimmed milk to form a pretty solid paste—neither dry nor thin.

Now wash your face well with lukewarm water and a mild soap. Rinse in lukewarm water and don't dry it very thoroughly. Lie down on your bed with a towel over your pillow and put this paste all over your face and neck, and don't forget the back of the neck. Also while you're about it, you can give your elbows a dab or two.

In a couple of minutes, you'll feel your skin tingling as if someone had just given you a big compliment, and there will be a



A five minute facial and Sylvia's simple, home-made pack will erase those lines and keep them from ever getting prominent. Any one can do it

feeling of heat spreading over your face.

A half hour or forty-five minutes later, get up and wash this off with lukewarm water. You'll notice that the paste has cracked in just the lines which need correcting. Get the idea? Finish off the treatment by dabbing your face with ice cold water—don't apply real ice, use the cold water instead—and then for another hour don't put on any make-up. Give those pores a chance to breathe and react to the treatment. This should be done at least once a week.

This treatment is as old as Cleopatra, but it's wonderful, and your skin will be silky and smooth when you've finished. Just see if I'm not right.

Now try at all times to keep your face looking tailored. Uh-huh, I thought you'd ask me just what do I mean. By a tailored face I mean one that doesn't look haggard—one that is firm and entirely free from sagging muscles or sacs under the eyes. That means that you can't have more than a couple of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Also, on page 88 are Sylvia's Answers to Personal Letters!

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THIS MAN IS MINE*—RKO-Radio

THIS delightful society comedy-drama won't put you in stitches, but there are lots of satisfactory chuckles. The sparkling dialogue, excellent taste and casual naturalness are a joy.

A grand girl named *Tony* (Irene Dunne) is happily married to Ralph Bellamy. *Fran* (Constance Cummings), his old flame, comes back to town, and can't tolerate the thought of her old beau married. She goes to work on Ralph. Success. But *Tony* handles the situation masterfully.

Kay Johnson deserves a big share in the honors as the sees-all, knows-all sister, with pertinent remarks from sidelines. Sidney Blackmer, whom *Fran* brought along for the ride, is perfect. You simply must see this!



★ *BOTTOMS UP*—Fox

UNIQUE musical numbers ("Bottoms Up" and "Waiting at the Gate for Katie"), fast and fresh dialogue, a logical story with a Hollywood locale, clever direction, and some hilarious situations make Pat this gay entertainment.

Spencer Tracy, a big-talk promoter, puts over Herbert Mundin, a fancy check-artist, as an English lord, and Pat Paterson, discouraged extra girl, as his daughter. Through tricky publicity, Spencer gets Pat a studio contract.

Harry Green is the baffled producer, John Boles an alcoholic leading-man reformed to buttermilk by Pat. Sid Silvers' comedy is brand new. Tracy's performance is a topper. And newcomer Pat Paterson is okay.

Perhaps you've turned thumbs down on musicals, but let us urge you to see just one more. This one!

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD*—
20th Century-United Artists

GEORGE ARLISS plays a character perfectly ordered for his rare talent in this impressive, historic story of the great European Jewish banking family of five sons raised amid anti-Jewish pogroms and persecutions in Prussia. "All for one and one for all" is their motto.

Carrying out the dying wish of their father, a patriarch of the Red Shield in Frankfort, the *Rothschild* brothers spread to the various financial capitals of Europe. The great mystery of the continent is their system of obtaining first-hand information.

Nathan (George Arliss) becomes the money power of London, head of the international house.

Despite his help in toppling Napoleon's throne, by financing Austria, Italy, Prussia and England for a war against the French Emperor, anti-Semitic houndings persist until the escape from Elba. At which time *Rothschild's* persecutors are forced to finance Waterloo, on the outcome of which *Rothschild* stakes all.

Some thrilling scenes show his final great triumph.

Loretta Young, as Arliss' daughter *Julie*, and Robert Young, as an aristocratic young colonel, play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. C. Aubrey Smith, Boris Karloff and Helen Westley are grand in character rôles.

If you are fond of Arliss' characterizations, don't miss this. It is one of his very best.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD
THIS MAN IS MINE
THE CRIME DOCTOR
MYSTERY OF MR. X

RIPTIDE
BOTTOMS UP
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
DAVID HARUM

The Best Performances of the Month

George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild"
Norma Shearer in "Riptide"
Herbert Marshall in "Riptide"
Kay Johnson in "This Man Is Mine"
Spencer Tracy in "Bottoms Up"
Otto Kruger in "The Crime Doctor"
Cliff Edwards in "George White's Scandals"
Will Rogers in "David Harum"
Spencer Tracy in "The Show-Off"
George Breakston in "No Greater Glory"
Lionel Atwill in "Beggars in Ermine"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120



★ RIPTIDE—M-G-M

EDMUND GOULDING, author and director, hereby covers himself with glory. He gives us a brilliant psychological study of a normal, well-bred English gentleman who becomes a victim of the slow, insidious poison of jealousy.

Comparatively, there is little physical action in this film, but the mental drama is terrific and tense. The picture, therefore, is slyly sophisticated—entirely and intriguingly civilized. Mr. Goulding's directorial lights and shadows are backed beautifully by his probing intellectual writing. And the cast is an audience's dream of perfect character illusion.

Herbert Marshall, as the husband who is unable to cope with his jealousy, gives a flawless performance. Naturally repressed, unable to relieve himself in any kind of usual emotional jag, Marshall offers an unforgettable portrait of a man whose inner self is gradually weakened by frightful mental torture.

Norma Shearer is vivid and compellingly convincing as the wife who never dreams of being unfaithful until her husband's insistent suspicions practically force her to be. Miss Shearer has an exceedingly difficult rôle, and she carries it gallantly and expertly.

Robert Montgomery is engaging as the charming playboy, Mrs. Patrick Campbell brings an amusing character to the screen. "Riptide" is a distinct, interesting achievement.



★ THE CRIME DOCTOR—RKO-Radio

A PRETTY perfect picture, all about the perfect crime, with Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther turning in pluperfect performances.

Otto a super-detective can't give up his wife, Karen, when he discovers she loves Nils, so he plots and executes a murder with all the clues leading right to his rival. But even Nils' death sentence doesn't win Karen back for him. So enter the surprise ending—and whew, is it a relief!

Guaranteed to keep you riveted to the screen every minute whether you are a crime enthusiast or not.

Otto Kruger will mean something more in your movie life after this. Karen Morley has profited by her screen vacation. The same for Judith Wood in a siren rôle.

Don't, by any means, skip this one.



★ GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Fox

LAVISHNESS of production hits a new high, with girls, costumes, sets, dance numbers presented on a lofty scale.

The back-stage love tale, interpolated between acts of the Scandals at the Apollo Theatre in New York, concerns Rudy Vallee and the charming Alice Faye, stars of the show, and Adrienne Ames who employs plenty of wiles to separate them.

There are three songs everybody will be humming. One of the funniest moments of the film is contributed by Cliff Edwards singing "Six Women," a grand take-off on Charles Laughton in "Henry the Eighth." Edwards and Jimmy Durante clown delightfully. And George White has enough to do just being himself. Skilful direction.

Musical and dance numbers are highly spectacular.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



**MYSTERY OF MR. X—
M-G-M**



ONE of the best thrillers yet. Served up in such a gripping manner that the unsoundness of story is overlooked. Robert Montgomery, a slick thief, is under suspicion of Lewis Stone of Scotland Yard, for it is believed the Drayton diamond and the killer of several policemen are one and the same. But Bob does a trick that surprises everybody. Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes.



**DAVID HARUM—
Fox**



COMEDY-DRAMA close to the Will Rogers pattern, with all the genuine charm of his previous endeavors. The character of *David Harum*, a small-town banker who indulges in horse-trading on the side, fits Will like a glove. He discovers that his balky horse will break records to "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which saves the day in the big race. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor supply romance.

**THE SHOW-OFF—
M-G-M**



THERE'S one in every family—a show-off. And what a blustering, bluffing and even lovable show-off Spencer Tracy is, with wife Madge Evans patiently suffering and mother-in-law Clara Blandick popping forth with caustic remarks that panic everyone. Henry Wadsworth, Lois Wilson and Grant Mitchell contribute to the entertainment. Tracy, with fine shadings and understanding, does a fine job.

**ALWAYS A GENT—
Warners**



If you can understand Jimmy Cagney's triple-tongued lingo, you'll probably like this humorous, hard-boiled story of the "lost heir racket." But he goes a mile a minute, while trying to change from a legal legacy sharp-shooter, minus ethics, to what Bette Davis considers a gentleman. And when Jimmy and his mugs go ritzy! Allen Jenkins and Alice White add to the laughs.

**NO GREATER GLORY—
Columbia**



WITH all the military procedure and daring of a regular army, the "Paul Street Boys" carry on war against a rival group, in defense of their playground. The youthful cast turns in a superlative dramatic acting job. George Breakston's performance, as the only "private" in his army, is a gem. An idealistic departure from the usual routine picture. Skilfully directed by Frank Borzage. Lois Wilson, Ralph Morgan.

**SHE MADE HER BED—
Paramount**



AWARE of her bullying, vain husband's (Robert Armstrong) many infidelities, Sally Eilers finally decides to go away with handsome Richard Arlen but, alas, a blessed event is in the offing. This exciting drama packs a mean wallop at the end—with a tiger running loose, a big fire, and Sally's baby (Richard Arlen, Jr.) in the ice-box. A gay merry-go-round that makes for good entertainment.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

COME ON MARINES—
Paramount



A CHEER-ROUSING screamie about the Marines who once more get there just on time to save several beauties stranded in the jungle. Richard Arlen, who is constantly losing his stripes because of girl trouble, and Private Roscoe Karns are center of some comical situations. Grace Bradley does a scorching dance number. Ida Lupino, Virginia Hammond, Monte Blue. Join these Marines and howl.

REGISTERED NURSE—
Warners



IF hospital pictures don't make you weak, here's an interesting mixture of romance, tragedy, humor. Nurse Bebe Daniels has every doctor in the house in love with her, but an insane husband keeps her from marriage. However, at racketeer Sidney Toler's suggestion, Gordon Westcott ends it all. Then, mysteriously enough, Bebe marries John Halliday instead of sweetheart Lyle Talbot. Fine cast.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—
Universal



TIRED of it all, Fay Wray, extra in Viennese studio, drives right out of a scene and over the border in a luxurious car and fur coat. Registering at a Swiss hotel as "Countess of Monte Cristo," she attracts international crook Paul Lukas, and gets all the credit, plus a contract and lots of publicity, for his capture. Patsy Kelly and Reginald Owen do nice work. A novel, intriguing tale.

SING AND LIKE IT—
RKO-Radio



NOT a dull minute in this devastating mirthquake in which soft-hearted kidnap king Nat Pendleton devotes his gangster power to making stage-ambitious ZaSu Pitts a Broadway star. This, much to the distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and disgust of jealous ex-chorine Pert Kelton. But all ends well. Loaded down with all the aisle-rolling humor of this quartet, and Ned Sparks.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—
Monogram



THE fine, sincere work of every cast member puts this up with the best of the screen dramas. "Accidentally" crippled and tricked out of control of his steel mill, Lionel Atwill, with the blind H. B. Walthall, forms a powerful association of beggars. Years later, his reappearance at the mill comes as a complete surprise to the villainous Jameson Thomas. Betty Furness, James Bush. Good direction.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—
Warners



DRAMA that will appeal mostly to feminine audiences. In a desperate effort to retain the love of Adolphe Menjou, Ruth Chatterton kills rival Claire Dodd. Sharing her secret, Menjou watches the matter play on his wife's conscience until—an unusual turn of events produces an odd ending. Excellent performances by every member of the cast.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 110]

"I'd Never Let My Daughter Be A Star"

Sylvia Sidney

tells

Virginia Maxwell.



Sylvia dreams of all she missed as a girl, battling disillusion to be a star. If she had a daughter, Miss Sidney would not permit her to pay such a high price for fame

"I'm glad I am a star," said Sylvia Sidney, "but I would never allow a daughter of my own to be one."

An amazing confession from a girl who has struggled for her stardom; from an early childhood fraught with poverty, to the enviable spot she has acquired for herself in the picture world.

"The price one pays for that glory is too, too much," Sylvia explained. "I've sacrificed since I was a little girl, that this day might arrive. And now that I look back and realize all the things I've missed, I know that if I had a daughter I should not want her to miss them."

The greatest price one pays for stardom, she says, is the disappointment and disillusion one meets all along the way.

"You soon learn not to trust everyone who calls herself or himself a friend. You learn to discriminate between people; you learn to see things clearly, with no illusions.

"And if you are a dreamer, with romanticism and a little sentimentalism in your nature, it's a drab outlook to realize you've always got to be on the alert for falseness and insincerity.

"There were times when I would watch people who had gotten somewhere with envious [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Five Dashes of Hollywood Chic



A GRAND sports blouse is worn by Joan Blondell, above. The turtle neck has a slide fastener opening and the patch pocket, a nautical design! White silk piqué with navy



ROMANTIC is Jean Parker's bridal gown of satin, tulle and lace. The neckline falls away from the shoulders and the sleeves of shirred tulle and lace are puffed. An orange blossom wreath holds her veil



IT'S refreshing to find someone who dares to be different about flowers. Verree Teasdale waves aside the banal corsage for a small blossom pinned to her tuxedo jacket lapel



WEAR flowers under your chin, as does Lynn Browning. She attaches them to a satin ribbon necklet and they look entrancing beneath her wide-brimmed straw. It's a smart hint for bridesmaids

A CAMERA can always be certain of catching something smart on Gloria Swanson. And here she is, above, wearing a stunning accessory ensemble of long gauntlet gloves and a tricky matching handbag with unusual clasp and shirred top

Dramatic Skirtlines



RUFFLES, tiers of them, animate the skirt of this charming printed cotton evening gown which Isabel Jewell wears in "Let's Be Ritzy." Vera designed the skirt to flare back into a short train. The brief jacket is taffeta with a new sleeve fullness at the elbow rather than at the shoulder as before

HERE'S what a young star wears when she becomes mixed up in a "Murder in Trinidad." Royer designed this ensemble for Heather Angel in two shades of blue wool, the darker tone for the simple dress and coat trimming and the lighter color for the coat. Clever cut to the tuxedo revers



LACE has come into the limelight again as trimming and Royer has made the most of it in designing this alluring white gown for Heather Angel to wear in "Murder in Trinidad." Black lace circles the neckline and outlines the skirt godets, forming a cascade with the skirt at the back

And Bold Fabric Colorings

— Seymour —



BOLD black and white flower print is Travis Banton's idea of what a comedy Russian princess should wear. The print makes the dress, the gloves and even the jacket lining of Adrienne Ames' costume for "You're Telling Me." We've copied every detail even to the stunning off-the-face hat



RED, white and blue plaid piqué is the gay accent for this blue dress worn by Heather Angel in "Murder in Trinidad." It's another Royer model and he has used bows of the blue to accent the capelet collar as well as the short, cuffed sleeves. It's an excellent spring business dress

Sports Clothes As Hollywood Wears Them On And Off Screen



WYNNIE GIBSON is one of the many well-dressed stars who picks a knitted costume for both sports and daytime wear. The dress is one-piece in a lacy weave with a fingertip length swagger jacket



ROYER has made such a smart costume for Claire Trevor to wear in "Wild Gold," that we have copied both ensemble and hat for you. The swagger coat in black and white blanket wool plaid has a collarless neckline with white lacing. The white jumper dress beneath has suspenders of the plaid wool and a black crepe shirt. The hat is a medium brimmed panama with ciré satin banding

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

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

Seymour



A PERFECT costume for spectator sportswear is this one, at left, worn by Irene Hervey in "Three on a Honeymoon." You can see Royer's clever hand in the white tunic coat with its unusual short sleeves and cutaway line. The brown silk dress beneath has a high collar of the white linen and fastens with a linen cord tie. Irene's smart hat is of stitched linen, too

IT'S a casual little dress but a very useful one which Claire Trevor wears in "Wild Gold." It follows the classic shirtwaist frock type as designed by Royer, but it adds unique details in the yoke, frayed silk scarf and large mushroom-like wooden buttons. The silk is corded white on green and the braided belt with button buckle matches the brown silk scarf in color



A FLOWER printed jacket tops the pastel silk frock which Helen Twelvetees wears in "All Men Are Enemies," with Hugh Williams. An unusual sleeve note is the row of fabric covered buttons reaching from shoulder to cuff. The dress has a round collar and jabot of sheer silk

- Seymour



IT'S a sailor's life for many a fashionable hat this season! Patricia Ellis wears a trim one with the plaid suit she chooses for a scene in "Let's Be Ritzy." The crown is shallow, the brim small with the only decoration being the two ribbon bands and the metal buckles



FELTS are popular again, especially in such dashing styles as this brown one worn by Mona Barrie. The brim is quite wide with a dip forward over one eye. The crown is higher on one side than the other with a deep crease held by a bright yellow quill

Ann Dvorak Plays With *the Gulls*



Bert Longworth

WHEN Ann Dvorak finished "A Woman In Her Thirties," she quit Hollywood, deserting the Klieg lights and the incessant activity of the movie set for a lonely stretch of sun-kissed beach



ANN is having a good time—racing in with the breakers, playing on the sand. And after the noise of town, the seashore's silence—broken only by the cry of the gulls, and pounding of breakers—is music to her



THROUGH the long, sunny hours, Ann tamed some of the gulls. Many of the birds became so unafraid of Ann, they would fly down and beg her for bread

SILHOUETTED against the afternoon sun, Ann and the wheeling gulls make a charming picture. Any sailor'd agree that here is an ideal spot for a shipwreck

IF you can do it, it's fun to get your exercise like this. The young Warners star took her daily dozen on the sand. But this is difficult—on any seashore





William A. Fraker

EDMUND LOWE did not know when he sat thus playing at the piano the great sorrow that was in store for him. It was the prelude to the great tragedy. That is beloved Lilyan Tashman's picture, right by the piano. Lilyan was very fond of music, too. This portrait was made before the recent, sudden death of Miss Tashman in New York City

This Dane Isn't Melancholy

THE newest European picture importation is red-haired Carl Brisson, with an irresistible Danish accent.

He has been a boxer, and when he was fifteen he held the amateur welterweight championship of Denmark. Later, he was the middleweight champion of all Europe. From there, he went into the music halls as a dancer, with his sister.

He has never stepped on a stage that the show didn't run at least a year.

Carl radiates. He beams. He laughs from the floor up—it's quite a way up.

He takes a boyish delight in his immense, imported white car—likes it so well that he has luncheon in the back seat every day. He unfolds the trick cocktail bar, and spreads out his lunch. Danish fish, pastry and coffee. American cooking is too rich! So he brought his own cook from Copenhagen.

He arrived in Hollywood just as Hollywood loves 'em to arrive—with the staggering car, the cook, valet, chauffeur, dozens of trunks and a baggage car full of sheep-dogs. The sheep-dog is his mascot—engraved on his stationery, his cigarettes, his car.

He loves being an actor, excitement, music, merriment. Recalls early days when he was a milk-peddler with a goat-cart in Copenhagen.

Later, he became the ham-and-egg boxer who fought all comers. One time in South Germany, he won a fight, spent all his money celebrating, and found himself stranded with one *mark*. Spent it for a tuning key, and went from house to house tuning pianos. His first American picture is "Murder At the Vanities."



New Chance Won By A Nose

SHE lost her first screen race—and won her second by a Snose. The nose was Judith Wood's own very shapely, straight one, but after an automobile crash in Hollywood, it resembled "something like a sweet potato," in Judith's words.

She was under contract to Paramount. The injured feature was stubborn about resuming its former proportions, and the camera didn't lie too well—despite make-up attempts. The studio told Judith they were sorry, but — So Judith took a long drive to forget all about the nose—and ran into a horse!

She thought she had better get away from a place where there were such possibilities for accidents, so she took a train back to New York.

Life was still a lot of fun to Judith Wood. Dropping from featured parts on the screen to posing for magazine illustrations didn't throw her. She got the part of the scheming blonde in the Broadway stage production of "Dinner At Eight" (the part Jean Harlow had on the screen), played it for a year, and Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century Pictures made her a new offer to come to Hollywood. But if her nose wasn't all right, the contract was off. Judith walked into Zanuck's office. "Hello," she said, "Here we are—me and the nose."

"Oh, is that the nose?" said the producer. "Well, what's wrong with it? Sign here."

She has made "The Crime Doctor" and "Looking for Trouble," and seems headed for better parts—if she'll wear a nose-guard.

She lives in the Hollywood hills with a tribe of very frisky cats.



Hurrell

JOAN puts aside her dancing shoes and turns again to serious movie-drama. And Crawford should be great as the tragic and misunderstood girl, *Sadie*, in M-G-M's "Sadie McKee." Incidentally, that's a clever dinner gown Joan is wearing. Its slip-over blouse is of sequins with a triangle scarf, or "cowboy collar," of the same material, tied on



What label do you suggest for Crosby? He certainly isn't a "crooner"

No More Crooners!

COME ON! Let's tune up and make some money. Here's your chance to add a few dollars to your bank account, dress fund, or to put aside for a holiday trip. All you have to do is coin a new word or phrase to take the place of "crooner." A lot of people don't seem to think much of that term any more. It has been so badly misused.

To croon, as defined in the dictionary, is "to utter a hollow, continued moan; sing in a soft, plaintive tone." Ho hum.

But a crooner, according to humorous conception, is a pseudo-singer who wails super-saccharine love-songs in a sentimental manner that is calculated to entertain, but succeeds only in being ridiculous.

The original crooners have been copied by hundreds of unsuccessful imitators. These imitators flooded the nation's radio stations with such force that they got well entangled in

the public's hair. And the result was that the term "crooner" became derisive.

Bing Crosby is not a crooner. For, today, the term implies a singer who sings only sentimental lyrics, warbling over the words so one can scarcely understand them, and sliding over the tune with love-sick wailings so that it can hardly be recognized.

Bing Crosby is a gilt-edged entertainer. With equal facility, Crosby can sing a tender lullaby, a popular air, a sizzling torch number, a folk song, or a bit of light opera.

His singing has all the qualities one appreciates in a fine, well-trained voice—purity of tone, volume, clarity, good enunciation. He's an artist. You can't call him a crooner any more than you could have called Jack Dempsey a pug.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Enter this money prize contest and find a new word or words that will describe Bing Crosby's individual vocal style



WHAT Was the Best PICTURE of 1933?

IF you haven't already voted, be sure to send in the ballot on this page, without further delay.

By thus voicing your opinion, you virtually place an order for more fine productions such as the one you feel should be honored with the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. This highest award in all screendom is made each year to the film adjudged best by the greatest number of PHOTOPLAY readers.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. Of course, you are not limited to these. Any film that was released up to December 31st is eligible. And you may be quite certain that all pictures reviewed in our January or February 1934 issues are qualified.

The first five months of the year are allotted so that folks everywhere will have had an opportunity to see these 1933 releases before the polls close June 1st.

There are no rules, no limitations whatsoever. Simply consider the photoplay of your choice from every possible angle. Think carefully about quality of direction, photography, plot and acting ability of the players, before casting your vote.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

Films to receive this high award in the past were well chosen. And we know that the production you add to the PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll this year will be worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable motion picture dramas.

The fourteenth annual award of this Nobel prize of the cinema! To a world that is movie-minded, the selection of film material is an exceedingly important matter.

The picture awarded the Gold Medal sets a higher standard—provides a new goal for producers to shoot at.

Hurry, now, sign the coupon. Let's do a good turn for the industry that affords us all so many pleasant hours.

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Adorable</i> | <i>Hold Your Man</i> | <i>Prizefighter and the Lady,</i> |
| <i>Another Language</i> | <i>I'm No Angel</i> | <i>The</i> |
| <i>Berkeley Square</i> | <i>King Kong</i> | <i>Reunion in Vienna</i> |
| <i>Blonde Bombshell, The</i> | <i>Lady for a Day</i> | <i>Roman Scandals</i> |
| <i>Bowery, The</i> | <i>Little Women</i> | <i>She Done Him Wrong</i> |
| <i>Cavalcade</i> | <i>Mama Loves Papa</i> | <i>Sign of the Cross</i> |
| <i>College Humor</i> | <i>Masquerader, The</i> | <i>State Fair</i> |
| <i>Counsellor-at-Law</i> | <i>Morning Glory, The</i> | <i>Sweepings</i> |
| <i>Dancing Lady</i> | <i>Night Flight</i> | <i>This Day and Age</i> |
| <i>Dinner at Eight</i> | <i>One Man's Journey</i> | <i>Today We Live</i> |
| <i>Double Harness</i> | <i>Only Yesterday</i> | <i>Too Much Harmony</i> |
| <i>Farewell to Arms, A</i> | <i>Paddy, the Next Best Thing</i> | <i>Topaze</i> |
| <i>Footlight Parade</i> | <i>Peg o' My Heart</i> | <i>Tugboat Annie</i> |
| <i>42nd Street</i> | <i>Picture Snatcher</i> | <i>Turn Back the Clock</i> |
| <i>Gabriel Over the White</i> | <i>Pilgrimage</i> | <i>Voltaire</i> |
| <i>House</i> | <i>Power and the Glory, The</i> | <i>When Ladies Meet</i> |
| <i>Gold Diggers of 1933</i> | <i>Private Life of Henry VIII,</i> | <i>White Sister, The</i> |
| | <i>The</i> | <i>Zoo in Budapest</i> |

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

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



Alice White gives you girls who wear a soft bob and bangs a bang-up tip for your curls. Just study carefully the first two pictures of Alice and grasp the detailed technique of that kid curler and invisible hair pin homework. It's advisable first to dampen your hair with a light modern wave set lotion or warm water



The two lower pictures show you the effect that Alice gets from her home-made curls. And who could ask more? The most comfortable curling time is before you go out for the evening. Allow an hour for your toilette, and begin by doing up your hair. Then you won't have to sleep on bumps. An hour is ample drying and curling time



WHAT COLOR HAIR



"You're Telling Me" presents Adrienne Ames in a queenly coronet and we're telling you that it's stunning for evening. A middle part, waves over the ears, rolled ends at the back, a twisted coil over the crown of the head are the successive steps

HAIR tone styles, like eyebrows and make-up, change from time to time. You might think that a part of the human body as static as hair coloring would not come into the fashion cycle. But that is not the case. And, strangely enough, the tones that come in and go out of vogue are artificial ones, as a rule. You never saw a dark brown or a chestnut trend. But we all remember the platinum vogue started by Jean Harlow, and which by no means confined itself to screen and stage. Big cities and little towns were represented by platinums. And if you can go back before the platinum, you will recall the henna wave. Blonde, brunette or in-between,

they all fell hard for henna, with the result that many a pure brunette or brown appeared closely related to the red-head.

Two years ago in Hollywood I saw enough golden blonde heads to make me dizzy. Every one seemed either a definite brunette or a golden blonde. At that time I felt that one nice, mousey brown might start a hair fashion all her own. But there weren't any mousey browns, so far as I could see.

Today, in Hollywood the golden blonde gives way to the so-called ash blonde. But



A lovely, pensive study of Loretta Young in "The House of Rothschild" gives another version of the coronet coiffure. Bangs shorten the contour of Loretta's face



When Ida Lupino arrived from England last summer, she was blonde like the picture at the right. For screen reasons, her hair has now been made brown, as shown at the left. A typical example of the magic of change that is Hollywood. How do you prefer Ida?

those words "ash blonde" need explanation, since the true ash blonde is about as rare as an albino. What Hollywood calls the ash blonde is really a more natural tone of blonde without the exaggerated golden glint. It is a tone that recalls many of our own heads when we were little girls and then were usually referred to as tow-heads. This shade photographs remarkably well, is pleasing to the eye and natural looking when not overdone.

So much for Hollywood, which has set this style.

What about the rest of us, girls born blonde but whose hair has darkened, and girls with

Now, HOLLYWOOD?

just a suspicion of light in their hair who'd feel much happier if they were definitely blonde? My mail is deluged with letters on this subject. There are just two courses open in this situation. Reconcile yourself to your hair as it is. It will be less expensive and less trouble. Or go to the best hairdresser in your city or town, and ask frank advice. You will be told whether your hair is the type or in condition to bleach satisfactorily. The hairdresser may even be able to tell you how to do this for your hair at home. If so, follow directions to the word.



An orchid to Heather Angel, who likes this perfect hair arrangement, and an orchid to Dennis Phillips who created it. As a matter of fact, it is called "The Orchid Coiffure." "Becoming to Heather Angel and girls of her type," is Phillips' comment



Perfect simplicity is the keynote of this charming arrangement worn by Ann Sothern. The recipe is a middle part, softly curled ends and a dainty jeweled tiara

I think it is too bad for the natural blonde not to try to stay that way. With every year of life this type of hair has a tendency to darken. If you started out in life with blonde hair, then it is safe to assume that it would always be becoming. In spite of personal preference, we must agree that nature is a perfect alchemist when it comes to personal coloring harmony. If we keep more or less in our original plan, we are safe. Error comes only when we try to make blonde hair go with a true brunette skin or when we give this type of skin bright red hair. The same is true of the natural blonde who might want black hair.

These things just don't go and any effort on our part will appear ridiculous.

As a general rule, your skin alone tells you whether or not you could be blonde with good effect. If your skin is fine and fair, the chances are in your favor, as they are also if you have a light golden skin. With almost every other type of skin blonde hair would be a mistake. So please think this over carefully, and don't take any foolish steps which you will later regret.

A word about Hollywood blondes is in order here. Has it ever occurred to you that many of your favorites sometimes change from brunette to blonde for purely business reasons? Light hair often photographs



A New York hairdresser designed this ideal coiffure for Marian Nixon. There is chic and much originality in that lift of curls at the left. A deep part and waveless top give full play to the soft curls that nestle at Marian's neck. A good style for many

Three Significant Hair Fashions



Carole Lombard's coiffure in "Bolero" is reminiscent of the glamour of Lily Langtry. Shall we see a revival of the pompadour?



This shot of Fay Wray from "Countess of Monte Cristo" confirms the future possibilities of the pompadour. It looks like more hair and hat worries!

better than dark. A certain type of rôle may require blonde hair. And so your star goes blonde. I have had many say to me that they did not like themselves light, and it was only for camera reasons that they had become so. So, you see, a star is not always blonde because she thinks it is lovely or smart, but because of business necessity.

I am most heartily in favor of rinses that brighten the hair. There are many of them—and good ones, that put just a glint of henna or gold in your hair without ever changing its original color. They simply give you lovelier hair. Then there is the good old standby of lemon juice rinse, which is good for every color hair. I am told by an authority that this is the best way to use it. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into a tumbler and add enough warm water to make the glass one-third full. After you have shampooed and rinsed your hair well, apply the lemon juice and water, rubbing it well through your wet hair, then rinse very thoroughly. This cuts out the soap that often remains with the most careful rinsings and leaves your hair soft and shimmering with color. Most of the stars use either a finishing rinse of lemon juice or vinegar.

Now let's turn the page over to Hollywood again and see just what's



Katharine Hepburn's unique halo is a strong invitation to many girls to do likewise. But do think twice and see "Spitfire" before you shear your locks in this fashion

going on there. Plenty, I should say from the pictures in these pages. You'll get a surprise, too, for even the trend in Hollywood is not always to make the brunette blonde. Sometimes the order is reversed, as the pictures of Ida Lupino show. Ida was the blondest blonde that you can imagine when she arrived in this country from England last summer. Corn color was just the word for her hair, and a light corn, at that. She has the eyes and skin of the pure blonde, too. But see what Hollywood has done to her. Ida now has brown hair, and her brows have been slightly broadened in harmony with the darker background. You can draw your own conclusions from the two pictures in this department. Ida is lovely either way.

Then there is the very unusual case of Fifi Dorsay, which I have mentioned at other times. Fifi is naturally an auburnish-brown, but

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Claudette Colbert has a clothes secret for you

"It's easy to keep that out-of-the-bandbox look with Lux," she says

"My secret is Lux," says charming Claudette Colbert. "I always insist on it for everything that's washable at all—for lingerie, stockings, sweaters, washable silk and cotton frocks. It keeps my loveliest things always fresh—like new!"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

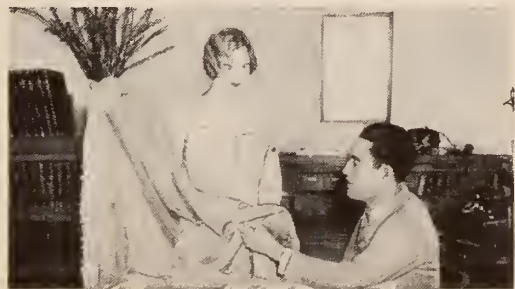
YOU, too, can keep your things always fresh and lovely looking with Lux, just the way Claudette Colbert does. A whisk through those feathery Lux bubbles and your most precious lingerie, your smartest washable frocks come out looking like new! Stockings, too, last ever so much longer if you Lux them after every wearing.

But don't risk rubbing dainty things with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

Hollywood says
Don't trust to luck
—trust to LUX



Specified in all the big Hollywood studios



"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director of the Paramount Studio, shown with Helen Kopka, his assistant. "That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects colors and materials, keeps them new longer, saves money."

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Jean Muir, whose face is "a photographer's dream," takes her career seriously. When not working, you will find her quietly studying other players emoting before the camera

JOAN KUEN, RACINE, WIS.—Lots of other people said, just as you did, that Frankie Darro didn't get half the credit due him for his grand work in "Wild Boys of the Road." Frankie's real name is Frank Johnson. He was born December 22, 1919. Frankie's busy working in the new Warner Bros. picture, "Happy Family."

A. D. BROCKWAY, DETROIT, MICH.—The Western picture you described with Kent Taylor, Lona Andre, Berton Churchill and Rosco Ates was "The Mysterious Rider," made by Paramount early in 1933.

JEANNE PALMER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—John Beal was born in Joplin, Mo., August 13, 1909. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. He is of German-Irish descent, and his real name is James Alexander Bliedung. John's favorite hobbies are drawing and singing and his pet sports are swimming and tennis. At this writing John is appearing on the New York stage in "She Loves Me Not."

MICHAEL KIMAK, GARFIELD, N. J.—No, Joe Penner, radio star, did not appear in Jimmy Cagney's picture "Lady Killer." Don't feel too badly though, because the Penner lad has been listening to some pretty nice offers to go into pictures in a big way.

RUTH TADLOCK, ENID, OKLA.—Goodness, Ruth, but Buddy Rogers would be thrilled to know that he has such staunch admirers rooting all the time for his return to the screen. Just now Buddy and his orchestra are appearing on a vaudeville circuit in the East. You didn't tell me whether or not you belong to one of his clubs. If not, and you want information on joining one, just drop me a line, enclosing a return envelope, and I'll give you the data on it. I do not believe

Ask The Answer Man

A FEW months ago Jean Muir was hailed as "a photographer's dream" because her face photographs perfectly from any angle. Now picture-goers have acclaimed her a "grand little actress," and predict great things for her.

Jean made her first appearance on the screen as a corpse. Remember the scene in "Bureau of Missing Persons" where Allen Jenkins went to the morgue to identify the body of a beautiful girl? Well, the girl was Jean.

She also had another "bit" in the same picture—a feminine derelict who wept on reading of her mother's death in the paper. That was Jean's debut in talking pictures, with not a word spoken. Paul Muni, who happened to be on the set while they were making the crying scene, suggested Jean for the rôle of *Selma* in his picture "The World Changes." This was followed by the lead in Joe E. Brown's picture, "Son of a Sailor." Then she was with Donald Woods in "As the Earth Turns," and in "Bedside," with Warren William.

Jean was born in New York City, February

13, 1911. She is 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weighs 122 and has blonde hair and gray-green eyes. Her real name is Jean Fullarton, but she took Muir, a family name, because it was simpler. She was educated at the Dwight School in New Jersey and in Paris. Was president of the school dramatic club for two years.

Although her earliest ambition was to be a lady surgeon, she turned to the theater and decided to become an actress. She began her stage career as an understudy in "Bird in Hand." The leading lady became ill and Jean got her chance to go on. Then followed stock company engagements. After that she appeared in "The Truth Game," "Peter Ibbetson," "Life Begins" and "Saint Wench." A Warner scout saw her and her film career started.

Jean is very proud of her Scottish ancestry. Likes Scotch plaids and owns a pair of Scotch terriers. She enjoys outdoor sports, swimming, horseback riding, hiking and mountain climbing. Her greatest hobby is her library. You'll see her next in "A Modern Hero" and "Dr. Monica."

Buddy is planning any matrimonial venture just now.

FRANCIS PORTA, LERIDA, SPAIN.—The eight pictures marked with a star in the May 1932 issue of PHOTOPLAY were: "Scarface," "Grand Hotel," "But the Flesh Is Weak," "Are You Listening?" "The Miracle Man," "Wet Parade," "Dancers in the Dark," and "Destry Rides Again." Sorry, but I cannot give you the words to songs through this column.

R. M. L., QUEBEC, CAN.—Rene, you have quite a lot of your countrymen appearing in pictures. There are Ruby Keeler and David Manners from Halifax; Ned Sparks from St. Thomas; Norma Shearer and Fifi Dorsay from Montreal; Barbara Kent and Fay Wray from Alberta; and Mary Pickford and Walter Huston from Toronto.

A. S., PITTSBURGH, PENN.—The picture you described with Robert Young in the rôle of a young artist was "New Morals For Old."

There's an  Old fashioned notion

that the "best comes high" . . .

but it DOESN'T APPLY TO GLAZO . . . [Now only 25c]



It's no sin at all to cherish fine things . . . if you get, in satisfaction, what you pay for. But when, in your nail polish, you long for something really better, forget the high-priced brands and dedicate your fingertips to greater beauty with New Glazo . . . at 25c.

For Glazo's new lacquers are richer, starrier in lustre. Their mirror-smoothness gives nails a lovelier sheen. And now, by test, they wear 50% longer.

Glazo's color-perfect shades are six in number . . . six that beauty and fashion authorities say are "right".

The exclusive Color Chart Package shows each one just as it will look on your nails . . . makes it easy to choose just the shades you want.

Glazo's new metal-shaft brush, with soft uniform bristles, makes application far easier. The brush can't come loose.

Glazo Polish Remover
gentle to nail and skin

Glazo Polish Remover won't run dry when you need it most! For it comes in an extra-size bottle . . . enough to last as long as your polish. It removes even deepest shades with greater ease. And it's a true cosmetic, gentle to nail and cuticle.

Do your fingertips a glamorous good turn, and switch to Glazo . . . now!



Discover, with new GLAZO, that you have lovely hands

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic nail polish shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red and Colorless. Only 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely and easily. Comes in extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Gentle and effective. Comes in extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.



New **GLAZO**
THE Smart Manicure

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-54
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred).
 Natural Shell Flame Geranium

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Back together again! Maurice says, *oui*, he'll play with Jeanette. So Miss MacDonald and Chevalier begin work in "The Merry Widow"

ARLINE JUDGE will take orders from her husband—and like it . . . because "The Great Magoo" is being directed by Wesley Ruggles, and Arline is playing an important part in it, opposite Jack Oakie.

THE independent situation—
A reviewer on the **PHOTOPLAY** staff had occasion to phone a small studio for a list of the players in their recent production. "We'll have to call you back," said the girl who answered. "The production manager is out to lunch, and he has the cast in his pocket!"

PAUL LUKAS and little three-year-old Davy Dickinson were rehearsing a scene for Paul's new picture, "Glamour." "Now don't forget to say 'Good night, daddy,'" Paul cautioned the little chap. "If you say it I'll see that you get some ice cream."

So they prepared to make the scene. The director called "Camera." And in the right spot little Davy said, "Good night, daddy. Now can I have my ice cream?" which, of course, ruined the scene. But just the same Paul held up remake until Davy got his cool fodder.

WHY is it that Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan, the screen's three most mysteriously intriguing ladies, and certainly the most talked of, continually snub Hollywood and refuse to have anything to do with its "artificiality"?

Does a turned-up nose provide a *carte blanche* to fame in this strange town? Or is it just because these ladies win respect by "being themselves"?

If it keeps up, no one will be speaking to anyone else, and Hollywood will be more snooty than Back Bay, Boston.

EDDIE ROBINSON, Mrs. Jack Warner, Lyle Talbot and Joe E. Brown were all grouped at a recent cocktail party for a picture. When the photographers were ready to shoot they called "Open" as they always do. And of course Joe E. thought it was his cue! So open came the Mammoth Cave.

THERE has been a great deal of chatter about Evelyn Venable's unmissable contract. 'Tis rumored Evelyn is not permitted, by her father, to kiss any young man on the screen. So imagine the amazement of the diners in the Fox Commissary to see Evelyn



Once ladies protected their honor with hat-pins. And today Gertrude Michael carries a sharp-pointed dagger in her *chapeau*

rise to her feet, rush to the door to meet Kent Taylor, and greet him with a big kiss.

Now who is spoofing whom, we wonder. But then, Evelyn didn't kiss on the screen, did she?

CLARK GABLE was overheard at the Agua Caliente races when he remarked to a friend: "There was a girl who made us all look like pikers. Her name was Lady Godiva. She put all she had on a horse!"

WHO says a prophet is without honor in his own country? Certainly Garbo stands top notch among her countrymen, for a stamp, bearing the likeness of Garbo, has been submitted to the Swedish government for approval. And in the future Garbo's face may grace Swedish letters and postal cards even

as Lincoln and Washington have the American letters.

Imagine buying a Garbo likeness for two cents!

JEAN MUIR arrived in Hollywood with her mind all made up to be a great dramatic actress. And Jean is going to let nothing stop her, much less the publicity department—or, we should say, *especially* the publicity department. Jean thinks her ideas are the best, and the publicity boys and girls are wondering what her next one will be. One took place in the gallery, as she was posing for portraits. "No," said Jean, firmly, "I will not smile. Dramatic actresses never smile!"

A BIG crowd gathered around Carl Brisson's enormous limousine, parked out in front of the studio. One little boy took a good look at all the gadgets and remarked, "Well, I don't see the Turkish bath."

AND all you meanies who were predicting a divorce for Bette Davis, better take another look. Bette and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, have retired into the seclusion of Bette's home and the exclusive society of each other, until even the studio can't pry Bette loose long enough to pose for pictures.

LOVE Department . . . Gertrude Michael and John McCormick, going places. John is Colleen Moore's ex. Randy Scott and Vivian Gaye decided not to emulate the example of Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. In fact, Randy has another girl. Ida Lupino and Jack LaRue are still all tied up.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Richard Dix and his favorite Scotty posed thusly at Dix's canyon home—a secluded hideaway unknown even to the bosses of RKO-Radio



AMERICA IS GOING HOLLYWOOD! • A MILLION FANS CHEER

Borden's

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Not for love nor money would a million movie fans miss Borden's thrilling "45 Minutes In Hollywood" every Saturday night!

For here, at last, is the radio show which gives you the *true* Hollywood . . . the Hollywood of gay laughter,

bitter tears and failure—and success!

Borden's "45 Minutes In Hollywood" is on the air every Saturday evening at 8 P.M., E.S.T., over the Columbia Broadcasting System (7 P.M., C.S.T.; 6 P.M., M.S.T.) And it's the new *miracle* show of the radio!

DON'T MISS IT!

Remember—every Saturday evening at 8 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, 7 P. M., Central Standard Time, 6 P. M., Mountain Standard Time.



Paul Lukas and Fay Wray in Universal's new picture "Countess of Monte Cristo."



Glamorous Hollywood Stars! A scene from R.K.O. Radio's "Strictly Dynamite" with Jimmie Durante and Lupe Velez.



Peeks at Hollywood Life! George Arliss in the "House of Rothschild" a 20th Century Production.



Hollywood's Previews—Dramatized! Constance Bennett and Fredric March in the 20th Century Production "The Firebrand."



Hollywood's Newest Melodies!—Interpreted by Mark Warnow.

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Presented by the makers of Borden's Fine Cheeses, Borden's Evaporated Milk, Borden's Condensed Milk, Borden's Malted Milk

Borden's, makers of Fine Dairy Products for over 75 years, deliver milk and ice cream in many of the leading cities of America.



"Here's a way to loveliness

says

SCREEN STARS AREN'T ALL BEAUTIFUL. LIKE OTHER GIRLS, WE HAVE OUR GOOD POINTS... AND OUR BAD POINTS, TOO! BUT LET ME TELL YOU THIS...



WE ALL KNOW THAT WHATEVER KIND OF **FEATURES** WE HAVE, WE **MUST** HAVE LOVELY SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP EVERY SINGLE DAY



For EVERY Type of Skin...

dry...oily..."in-between"



Star of Paramount's "Good Dame,"
a B. P. Schulberg Production

Precious Elements in this Soap—
Scientists explain:

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," say scientists. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

that WINS—” SYLVIA SIDNEY


EVERYWHERE—in daily life or on the screen—adoration and applause are hers! Hard to believe, isn't it, that this glamorous star is just a girl like you?

Yet Sylvia Sidney understands *your* problems; knows that for *you*, too, the kind of loveliness that *wins* is all-important!

So she tells you her secret . . . how irresistible lovely *skin* is. She tells you how easy it is to *have* this charm!

Follow this famous star's complexion care! Use her Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment every single day. Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap—and have *for years* because it keeps skin really exquisite.

Their easy way will win for *you*, too, the kind of loveliness that captures hearts! Begin *today* to use Lux Toilet Soap!



I PAT IN ITS CREAMY, LUXURIOUS LATHER—RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COLD. CAN YOU THINK OF AN EASIER WAY TO GUARD YOUR SKIN—A QUICKER WAY TO THE TRUE COMPLEXION BEAUTY THAT EVERY GIRL LONGS TO HAVE?



YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

DIXIE CROSBY is very much annoyed that the news of her approaching blessed event was distributed so early. Since the baby isn't expected until August, it does seem a trifle previous. After giving Bing a good selling argument, Dixie has signed a contract to do five pictures with Monogram. As they make 'em pretty fast over there, it ought not to interfere in the least with Dixie's schedule.

THERE is a scene in "Twentieth Century" in which Carole Lombard has to give John Barrymore a vicious slap. Director Howard Hawks asked Barrymore, jokingly, if he minded being slapped by a woman. "What," exclaimed the great Jack, "haven't I been married three times?"

EXTRA! Jean Harlow fingerprinted! In Pasadena, too, of all respectable places.

However, Jean isn't going up to the Big House for anything right away. She had her digits recorded as a matter of form to make her acting police chief's appointment of that city all regular and according to Hoyle.

SOME people take mothers-in-law along on honeymoons, others visit relatives and such odd things.

But Merma Kennedy and her famous dance-director groom, Busby Berkeley, spent a nice, cozy day in a penitentiary.

They hadn't broken any law or anything. Neither had ever been through a "Big House," and as San Quentin was on their nuptial itinerary, they seized the opportunity.

Love can really conquer all.

HARRY WILCOXON, DeMille's superman *Mark Antony*, hadn't been in Hollywood two weeks before he had caught the name changing bacillus. Now it's Henry.

Mr. Wilcoxon hasn't any dignity complex. He just got tired of people misspelling his monicker. Because of all the advance fanfare about what a big, virile, strapping fellow the lover in "Cleopatra" was to be, everyone got to spelling it "Hairy."

FANCY yourself wearing George Raft's wardrobe these warm California days. George is toting around a suit that weighs exactly thirty-five pounds and a hat that weighs eight pounds, his costume for his rôle of bull-fighter in "The Trumpet Blows." By the time George is through his scenes for the day, he's so exhausted he has to be helped out of his pan—er—clothes.

EVERYONE was pretty much mystified when Miriam Jordan sued her husband for a divorce. No one knew she had a husband, what with all the talk of her engagement to a wealthy Easterner and the huge engagement ring she lost en route from New York on a visit to him. We have just discovered the real facts of the case, which puts things in a different light. Miriam had secured a Mexican divorce, long before the later engagement took place. But she was concerned over the legality of the Mexican decree, and so brought suit in California.

TWO Sidneys—Fox and Blackmer—are teamed in an approaching musical, "Down to Their Last Yacht." Sidney Fox has been in only one film, "Midnight," recently, and involved in marital pyrotechnics. According to the last report Sidney has gone back to her husband, Charles Beahan.

Blackmer has made several pictures in which his real personality somehow failed to get over. But in "This Man Is Mine" he scored a knockout, and this most recent part is a reward for his good work.



Joan's going to get stuck! Miss Blondell went tripping through the cacti while on her vacation in the Mojave Desert recently

SOMETIME in the summer, Hollywood is going to count Jeanette MacDonald among the missing. By that time, she'll be giving the Latin-Americans an eyeful of the pulchritude they prefer. Jeanette is a big favorite in the South American continent, in fact, the biggest favorite, as she is in Europe.

With some other singers, dancers and an orchestra, she is making plans to embark on a two months' tour after finishing work on "The Duchess of Delmonico" and "The Merry Widow."

JACK BARRYMORE believes that you get the best service when you go to the "head man."

Having experienced a slight delay the day before in getting his lunch—he called up Harry Cohn, hard-boiled president of Columbia, where he is making "Twentieth Century."

"This is Jack Barrymore, and I want ham and eggs for lunch," bellowed the melodious Barrymore voice.

"Fresh out of ham and eggs," yelled Cohn, undismayed. "We'll send you kidneys!"

And Jack got service—pronto. (We don't advise any extra-players to try this system.)

BILLIE DOVE is one of the happiest married stars in Hollywood today. And that pink and blue nursery of Billie's, that awaits that new baby, is the crowning touch to Billie's happiness. With Hollywood so full of unhappy marriages, it's a relief to find one that has worked out as beautifully as Billie's.

AT M-G-M they thought it was another earthquake—or a boiler explosion.

But the tremendous rumbling which rocked sets and made strong men tremble was only Mary, the 3000 pound hippopotamus star brought out for the latest Tarzan opus, in the midst of sneezing off a cold.

ANOTHER triumph for dat old debbil Divorce—the Dorothy Mackaill-Neil Miller marital split-up of last month.

The romance was blamed upon the romantic whisperings of the waves of Waikiki, but the divorce simmered down to Dorothy's statement:

"He just didn't like motion picture people."

Where has Hollywood heard that statement before?

YOU may like your slot machines, but Bob Montgomery prefers pay telephones. They pay off better.

The other day Bob slipped a nickel into a phone at M-G-M and got a busy signal. He put his hand down for his returned nickel, and got \$12.50 in a shower of five-cent pieces.

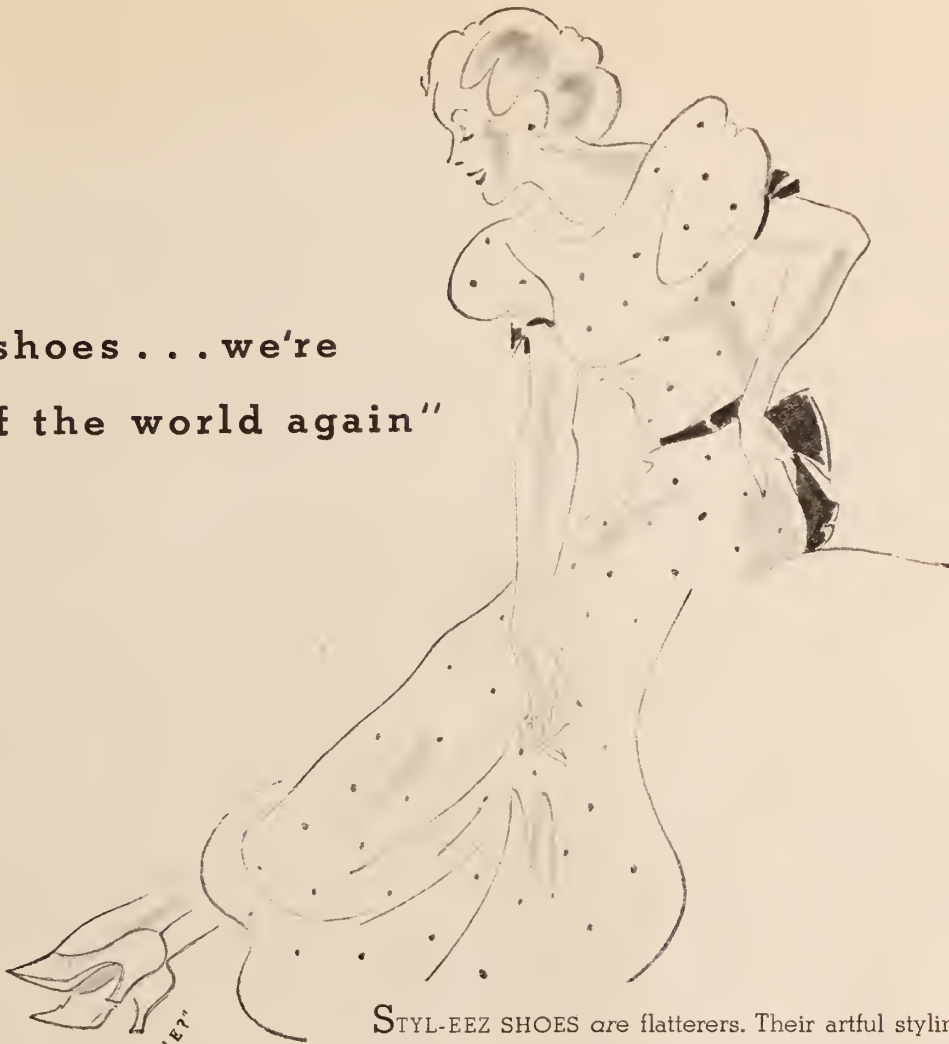
Other telephone customers were then treated to the sight of Bob down on his hands and knees trying to collect the rolling coins which deluged the floor.

Of course, he didn't keep the surprising "jackpot."

Like a good boy, he returned it to the telephone company.

"Lovely shoes . . . we're
on top of the world again"

THE DID RAVE ABOUT US. DIDN'T HE?



STYL-EEZ SHOES are flatterers. Their artful styling makes feet seem even daintier than they are. This is as it should be, of course. Especially when discerning male eyes are about. • Yet Styl-Eez shoes embody an even greater feat of modern designing: • Those who choose them—for vanity's sake, let us say—find to their joy and amazement that comfort has *not* been sacrificed at the altar of appearance; that with the illusion of daintiness is included walking and dancing comfort that is actually *exciting*—because it comes so unexpectedly. • Newest Styl-Eez fashions for spring are being displayed to admiring eyes by progressive shops everywhere. And the modest prices—as you have no doubt noted—are an added incentive.

Model illustrated is the "Kiski"
\$6 and \$6.50
Slightly higher west of Rockies



The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please
send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet

Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE

Name _____
Address _____

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet
of features and new models



Gentleman George

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

But just the same, George Raft is a gentleman.

He is basically, intrinsically a gentleman, through and through, with a code of honor and ethics as high as that ever boasted by any blue-blood.

With a pattern of conduct, an honesty and chivalry so unique in Hollywood that it seems doubly strange when you consider that Hollywood's "gentility" is just getting over regarding him as a gangland gunman, with a bodyguard yclept "The Killer"!

Nietzsche said, "A gentleman is he who never takes advantage of a situation."

That fits George Raft like an acrobat's tights.

He never does—never has taken advantage of the enviable situation in which life has placed him.

He has never made it hard for the smaller people who work with him. He has never forgotten his friends.

IN a town where many stars of George's magnitude are notably unreliable—free with their promises, but lax in their fulfillment—George's scrupulous honor about the most unimportant engagement is signally outstanding.

Only once in all the time he has been in Hollywood (a busy time, too) has he failed to show up on the dot for his appointments. That one time he was ill with "flu."

He apologized and worried about it for days afterward.

And if punctuality is the virtue of kings, then George is indeed kingly—for he has never been known to be late.

It is a gentlemanly courtesy, not caginess. Someone asked him once why he did it. George was surprised.

"I don't know *why*," he repeated. "What else would you do?"

The courtesy he evidences isn't limited to youth, beauty, or people who can do him some good.

Not long ago George was hurrying across the Paramount lot for an important engagement, when two middle-aged ladies hailed him. He stopped.

"Do you know where 'Alice in Wonderland' is being shown?" they asked him. They explained that they belonged to the Parent-Teachers' Association, which the studio had invited to see the film.

He could have dismissed them with a head shake.

Instead, he said: "No, I don't. But I'll find out and take you over."

So he looked up the number of the projection room and escorted the two visitors, who didn't even know he was George Raft, to the door of the studio theater.

It was only a natural gesture of courtesy to women, something which is markedly uppermost in his make-up.

LAST year, during a personal appearance tour in the East, for two weeks he played two theaters simultaneously, one in New York and one in Brooklyn, eight performances a day. George worked it out so that he arrived in Brooklyn in the afternoon with thirty minutes to spare before he went on. The management rigged up a room where he could snatch a half

hour's rest, guarded by Mack Gray, his perpetual companion.

One day, the manager rapped gently on his door and whispered to Mack to look out the window. There, perched precariously on a fire-escape and window-ledges, were rows and rows of girls, waiting to get a glimpse of the star.

"I'll get someone to run them off," said the manager. "I'm afraid they'll fall and get hurt."

Mack started to shoo him away, but George had overheard.



Here's one Bonnie that doesn't lie over the ocean! Singing as she goes, Bonnie Browning is making movie conquests in Hollywood

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. "I'll take care of them." And he stepped outside, greeted the girls and made them a little talk. "Now you had better get down off the window-ledge," he suggested.

"If you'll give us your picture," said the girls.

"Sure I will," said George, "right after the performance."

And rest time before the evening's New York

show was devoted in Brooklyn to signing pictures for the window-perching admirers.

George's only actual fight in Hollywood was precipitated when a Paramount producer failed to respect George's sentiment for his mother.

There was a line in the "Bolero" script where George was supposed to say, "I'll step over my mother's grave, if it isn't true."

George objected.

The producer insisted he must say it as was.

NOTHING doing," replied George. "I've a mother, and I respect her. Even if I didn't have a mother, I wouldn't say it. It's sacrilegious."

"You'll say it and like it!" stormed the executive.

Then there were two blows struck. George struck the producer, and the producer struck the floor.

He didn't say the line.

Every girl with whom George has gone while in Hollywood agrees about his almost old-fashioned chivalrous attentions, certainly in contrast to the casual attentions of most Hollywood swains.

When George meets a girl and takes her out, flowers inevitably arrive the next day. If he goes with her any time at all, she is sure to receive unexpected gifts of candy or perfume.

And when a girl goes out with George Raft, she knows she'll never have to call a cab for a drunken escort.

He never touches liquor.

He learned that in "Hell's Kitchen," and in his night club dancing days.

"I'd look around and see fine men, prominent men, making fools of themselves," he recalls, "and I decided that if booze did that to you, it wasn't worth it. So I resolved never to touch it."

And he has kept that resolution.

Honor, a word that is a bond, courtesy and chivalry—these and a character of unswerving loyalty are among any gentleman's prime virtues.

George has the loyalty, too.

On his first trip back to the old neighborhood, after he had achieved his sensational success in Hollywood, his first act was not to make a play for the "big shots," now eager to meet him, but to look up his old gang pals at "the club."

MACK GRAY and Sammy Finn, pals of his pugilistic days, are still his best friends in Hollywood.

Recently, at the Paramount ball for the Earl Carroll beauties, a studio photographer was being directed by an eager press-agent to make some pictures of George at his table. Next to him was the omnipresent Mack.

"Move over," the publicity man instructed Mack, "I just want George in the picture."

"Keep your seat," countermanded George. "He's my guest," he explained quietly but firmly.

"He doesn't have to move. If you want the picture, shoot it like you see it."

That's "Gentleman George" Raft, who hasn't the gentlemanly veneer—only the solid substance which lies beneath—the stuff that would make him a genuine gentleman whether in Hollywood, "Hell's Kitchen," Hongkong or Halifax!

She FOOLS HERSELF BUT NO ONE ELSE . . .
and endures
 a condition ABHORRENT to everyone*



ENTRUST YOUR *Charm* TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO·RO·NO

PEOPLE don't blurt out everything they think about underarm perspiration . . . or some girls would have their ears red with shame.

For you *do* offend, mostly without dreaming it, when . . . by neglect of Odorono . . . you permit your perspiration to go unchecked. For you rarely can detect your own underarm odor, so unbearable to others.

Even when you notice no dampness, perspiration moisture in the confined arm-pits quickly forms an acid that ruins

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If you care at all what other people think, you'll insist on a deodorant that's trustworthy and sure. You *can* trust Odorono . . . a physician's formula . . . to protect you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending.

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And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains while protecting you from social defeat. For quickest, most convenient

use, choose Instant Odorono. Use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection against underarm perspiration and odor.

For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it faithfully twice a week. Both Odoronos have the original sanitary applicator. Both of them come in 35c and 60c sizes.

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● The Odorono original sanitary applicator is easier and more convenient to use. It holds just enough liquid at a time, and it is washable, too.

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I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator. (Check the type you wish to try) . . .

Instant Odorono Odorono Regular

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 Address _____

* Underarm odor, so offensive to others, is almost always imperceptible to the person guilty. For the sake of friends and your own peace of mind, trust only Odorono's sure protection.



"Beware the Danger Line, Glenda!" Warns Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

cocktails a day. Sure, you can have wine with your dinner, but easy on the cocktails.

Every night, I want you to give your face a massage. What's that? Do I see you making a face at me? Okay, Glenda, I understand. I know you and your type, darling. You're impatient. You're restless. You want to do things fast, and it's hard for you to get over it. So at the risk of making a lot of the women who read my articles mad, I'm going to be lenient with you and give you a short cut to beauty—a five minute facial.

Oh, I know what you other girls are going to say. You'll say that Sylvia's playing favorites. You'll bring up all that I've been preaching to you: that you can't have beauty without time and patience—that no matter how much time you take with yourself, it's worth it. Well, that still goes. But Glenda is different. She's the type who won't spend hours and hours on herself, as I want you girls to do. So this is for her and, if the rest of you are real good girls and don't neglect your exercises, you can do it, too.

Here's the five minute facial that I've been saving for somebody like you, Glenda. Every night clean your face with a good cold cream. Don't just slap it on. Clean it well, and don't forget the lines and corners of your face. Next, dip a piece of cotton into some sour milk and dab that on your face. I know it smells funny, but that doesn't matter. I want your skin to be perfectly beautiful and the sensation of Hollywood!

Then for five minutes tap your face lightly all over with your fingertips. Don't neglect your neck either and, while you're about it, slap under your chin, gently, with the back of your hand. When the milk dries, dab on some more and go on with the tapping. Tap all over your face as if you were beating a tattoo. This

works as a muscle tightener and gives increased activity to the glands. Tap very gently on top of the cheek-bones, for I want your eyes to photograph as large as possible, and they won't if there are pouches on your cheek-bones. Leave what remains of the sour milk on all night. And there you are—the labor-saving, five minute facial. Even a girl as impatient as you can manage that, when you know it means preserving that face, which is your fortune.

Now just one more thing, and then I'm through with you. You have a lump just above your elbow, and your elbows aren't any too good, either. The poor elbows seldom get attention from anybody, and they can be very beautiful. They're just nature's stepchildren, I guess. But I want you, Glenda, and every other girl, to pay them some attention from now on. And you've got to be very particular about taking off that lump.

Here's how, darling. Place your hand over the lump. Press your fingers in from underneath. Then squeeze down with the flat of your hand nearest the wrist as if you were sloughing off the flesh. When you do this, be sure that there is a generous amount of cold cream on your elbows and on your hands, too, so you will be killing two birds with one stone—softening your elbows and taking off that ugly lump as well.

You are graceful and snappy, Glenda, but I want you to keep that way, so I'm giving you just one exercise which includes everything. You see, you don't need the flesh off in spots, because you haven't any of those spots.

Stand in front of an open window without any clothes on (better do this early in the morning or else you'll have a crowd) and, with arms above your head, bend your body every

which-a-way. Dance around as Isadore Duncan used to do. Make your movements lithe and graceful. Swing your arms. Swing your body. Move your spine freely. Atta girl! Do it gracefully but vigorously, too, and you'll find some muscles that you haven't used for years. Stir up those lazy muscles! Wake them up! Oh, that's great!

I don't need to give you a diet. Use your common sense about eating, that's all. Just remember never to steam vegetables for more than thirty minutes. Don't put any salt in them while they're cooking, and always drink the juice off the vegetables. That's the elixir of life!

But you have radiant health, and it always makes me happy to see people with the good sense to keep healthy. Because, Glenda, I know that you've had troubles in your life. Your face shows that, darling. I know what heartbreak you went through when you were forced to separate from your husband, but the wonderful part about you is that you don't moan and complain about your heartaches.

I'm crazy about you. The public is crazy about you. And so is Hollywood. Hollywood folks like good sportsmanship, and you've got that. That's why all your bitter experiences haven't made you a bitter woman. For you've something that I wish I could give to every woman and girl in the world—a cheerful spirit. And you can only have a cheerful spirit when you're healthy and lean.

Here's a little motto for you and for everyone: Keep light in body and light in spirit.

And when you've got that motto firmly implanted in your mind—you just can't be licked.

Keep it up, Glenda, and good luck to you.

Love,
SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

You say you can't change the bone formation of a person's face. Well, then, no matter what I do I have to admit that I'm ugly—yes, just plain ugly. I have a crooked nose, long face, prominent cheek-bones. I hate to be around pretty girls. I don't know what to do.

C. V., Little Rock, Ark.

It's true, neither I nor anyone else can change bone formation. But you can change your disposition. Stop thinking you're ugly. Develop your personality. Be distinctive. Instead of trying to hide what you think are your ugly features, accentuate them—make them your trade mark! Hold your head up. Get a good posture. Walk into a room as if you owned it. Be interesting, entertaining and amusing. I have a friend who is really very ugly, but she is so charming and has so much vitality, that every time I see her she is better looking in my eyes, and now—honestly—she's almost pretty.

If beauty is skin-deep, then ugliness is soul-deep. When your eyes are bright, when you are healthy, when you have a lovely, clear skin and a beautiful figure and well-cared-for

POOOR Aunt Sylvia—how those letters do come! But what a joy when I see how many are finding life brighter and happier through my help! If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

hair, there is no such thing as ugliness. And all of these are yours for a little time and trouble! Make the most of everything you have and don't cry over what you haven't.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I have terribly bony knees and I hate to see summer coming on, because I know I'll be forced to wear a bathing-suit. Is there a remedy for that?

G. J. H., Portland, Me.

Remedy for what, darling? Wearing a bathing suit or bony knees? There's no remedy for wearing a bathing-suit. If you

want to be popular, you'll have to join the crowd, but there is a remedy for bony knees. Start right now to fatten yourself up all over by following my building-up diets and exercises. Get your legs fatter than they need be, so that the bones in your knees won't show. If you're too fat then, take down the fleshy parts by squeezing and pounding as I have described in one of my previous articles. If you start right now, by summer you'll look grand, and won't need to bother about hanging your clothes on a hickory limb.

Dear Sylvia:

I have now reduced to where I want to be—thanks to you—but I don't want to lose any more weight. Yet I'm afraid that if I go back to eating what I ate before, I'll get fleshy again. Tell me what to do.

Mrs. L. J. H., St. Petersburg, Fla.

I have an in-between diet which you should go on. That diet is guaranteed not to put on weight, but it won't reduce you, either. If you'll write again, requesting this, and send a self-addressed stamped envelope, I'll be glad to let you have it.



An entirely new principle
 A smart new package
 A new low price

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

IN SIZE AND SHAPE THE KOTEX PACKAGE IS IDENTICAL TO THAT OF BOXES WIDELY USED FOR PACKING ORDINARY ARTICLES

Discard old ways..welcome the new!

THE NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women—a project never before dreamed of. The result is now presented to all of womankind—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

WONDERSOFT—third exclusive Kotex patent

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. *First*—came *flattened, tapered ends* that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. *Second*—the *famous Equalizer strip*, increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—*Third* and most revolutionary of all

Kotex improvements—the *new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex*—U. S. Patent No. 1,946,626.

What WONDERSOFT Kotex means to women

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. That—women told us—was the greatest single need in sanitary protection. Wondersoft remains gentle, marvelously soft for hours. Women by scores tell us that Wondersoft Kotex has utterly changed their lives. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always

known. In width, thickness—in fact in all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will never forget to re-order it.

A new package—new in color, shape and design for your protection

To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex!

“I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 3-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection.”

Home Girl

“Best of any pad I’ve ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before.”

Musician

“For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls.”

Housewife



Brunette Today And Blonde Tomorrow

By Carolyn
Van Wyck



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

she makes her hair inky black. In fact, her sister used to do it for her. This came about when Fifi was assigned the rôles of French girls in her earlier pictures, and she thought the glistening black mop seemed more in keeping than her own hair. Fifi's French accent should carry the conviction of her French origin, but she preferred to settle the business with that black hair.

So while you may copy your favorite star in almost every other way, in the matter of hair coloring, other considerations enter with the star.

In a way, you can't tell what Hollywood will do with hair. Black today, blonde tomorrow is the usual formula, although, as I've shown you, this plan now and then reverses itself.

If you've seen "Gallant Lady" you may have noticed another interesting hair change in Ann Harding. Her ears are exposed, and what a charming change! Here is a lesson that many of us might follow to advantage, and the kind of invaluable beauty tip that the screen can give you, so far as hair is concerned.

For chic hair styles, always watch Bette Davis. Bette does more interesting and original things with that light hair of hers than any player I know. Her latest is combing back fluffed ends and placing a broad braid under the back hair and over the crown of her head. It's simply stunning and I hope to have pictures of this for you next month.

If you want to be hair chic and do interesting things with your own hair for evening, you will pick up a matching braid. You can do wonders with it.

Katharine Hepburn's treatment of her auburn tresses has created something of a furor among the younger set. You'll see plenty of hair *a la* Hepburn if you keep your eyes open.

Then there is that quaint pompadour effect worn by Carole Lombard in "Bolero" which

Arline Judge shows you that the very simple coiffure still plays its part in Hollywood. This style is dateless and an ideal frame for her dark beauty. Many girls will find it the perfect hair arrangement

Irene Bentley advocates the use of a greaseless hair dress in stick form that keeps her dark locks smooth, lustrous and in place. Small enough for your bag, it is a grand adjunct to that perfectly groomed look



promises quite a following at this writing. It's not an impractical coiffure, either, for you get the effect by cutting the front hair shorter than the rest, curling it tightly and bunching it on the forehead. For day or whenever you wish a plainer arrangement, you can brush this front hair down smoothly from a middle or side part, and there arrange it in plain waves or curls, if you want.

Mae Clarke is another interesting hair case, for Mae has suddenly gone glamorous on us by a soft, curling coiffure with a clip or flowers for decoration. It does wonders for her.

So far as hair styles are concerned, they are more elastic today than perhaps ever before. The whole trick is to get yourself an arrange-

ment that is flattering and different, if possible. The general line must be kept fairly close to the head for a smart and becoming line.

"A HEAVENLY HALO" is our newest leaflet telling of some helpful hair preparations, shampoos, tonics and other things you need for healthy, lovely hair. It's yours on request, as well as our leaflets, "New Skin for Old" and "Eyes Like the Stars." Please send separate envelope for each leaflet to facilitate mailing. Personal beauty problems are also answered. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

MYRNA LOY... *Featured in M-G-M's "MEN IN WHITE"*

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



MY
MAKE-UP SECRET

*to Create
Fascinating Beauty*

As told to Florence Vondelle by MYRNA LOY

POWDER... For perfect color harmony with my complexion colorings... fair skin, grey eyes, light-brown hair... I choose Max Factor's *Rachelle Powder*. Just right in texture and weight, it creates a satin-smooth make-up you can depend upon for hours. Here's a hint: pat on plenty of powder, then remove surplus with face powder brush. You'll be surprised how smooth your make-up will be.

ROUGE... Rouge should be like a glow of natural color, and, of course, must harmonize with your colorings and your powder. Max Factor's *Blondeen Rouge* is my correct shade. When you apply it, it feels as soft and lovely as finest skin-texture; and it clings beautifully, too. Try blending your rouge with your finger tips, for a smoother, more delicate effect.

LIPSTICK... We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood. It must last for hours; it must be permanent and uniform in color; it must keep lips always smooth and lovely. So, Max Factor's *Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick* completes my color harmony make-up. It withstands every test... and it's moisture-proof, too, so that the inner and outer surface of your lips are all one color.

HOLLYWOOD'S charm discovery is a new kind of make-up, created by Max Factor, make-up genius of film-land. It is color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to blend with individual complexion colorings. Magic? Yes!... as you must realize, for every picture released from Hollywood reveals to you the perfection of Max Factor's make-up.

And now you may know what a difference there really can be in make-up. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar... Now featured at all the leading stores.

Max Factor ★ *Hollywood*

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

Now Free... Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart

FILL IN and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

★ NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.



MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 1-5-78

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR	NAME _____
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	ADDRESS _____
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	CITY _____
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	STATE _____
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (color)	REDHEAD	
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Grey, check type above and here.	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____		



"MEN WANT SO MUCH!"

They expect their girls to be good pals—and good lookers! They want us to romp with them by day—and romance at night. They don't consider that wind and weather roughen our hands—but they do expect us to give them smooth hands to hold.

FROSTILLA Lotion removes every sign of the double life our hands must lead! A drop or two of this famous preparation wards off chapping, redness, coarseness and other penalties of outdoor play. We massage in a bit before we go out, and every time we wash up; then we're *sure* that hands keep the white smoothness that men want!

They even please the masculine nose—for Frostilla Lotion is made fragrant with an imported and expensive floral perfume. And isn't that unusual in hand-lotions!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—1¢ size at better 5- & 10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)



Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

MYRON SELZNICK was advertising Olive Thomas as the most beautiful girl in the world. You should see the bathing beauties of the day—Harriett Hammond, Phyllis Haver, bundled up like something going by express. Pauline Frederick told about directors she had known, and did she like Hugh Ford! The charming Sidney Drews were written up, and we had a story on Hollywood costuming. One studio costume department had a stock valued at all of \$200,000! Stupendous? No, colossal! Billie Burke, who also was on the cover, was the subject of a long-distance telephone interview. She was vacationing in Palm Beach with her husband, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, planning bigger things on stage and screen. We told how the "animated cartoon" was becoming



Ethel Clayton

an important factor in education, and PHOTOPLAY put the major producers on record for clean pictures. Ethel Clayton, widowed by the death of Director Joseph Kaufman, told her philosophy for carrying on bravely, alone. In "The Shadow Stage," "The Unpardonable Sin" (Blanche Sweet) was called impressive, and "Out of the Fog" (Alla Nazimova), "The Brand" (Russell Simpson), "Paid in Full" (Pauline Frederick) "The Little White Savage," "East Lynne—With Variations" (Marie Prevost) were treated with respect. There was a story about William Gibbs McAdoo acting as attorney for the Fairbanks-Pickford-Griffith-Chaplin combine, and Doraldina, the dancer, told us "I'm a Wild Woman!" We also had an article on Al Jennings, reformed bandit, who became an actor.

10 Years Ago

DOUG FAIRBANKS was going to pay Morris Gest \$10,000 a week for exploitation ideas on "The Thief of Bagdad" and we hoped, editorially, that Morris, Broadway stage producer, would at last buy himself a new hat. Mary Alden told those interested, "How to Lose Your Husband." L. M. Goodstadt, Hollywood casting director, said: "Beauty is the least valuable of all those things which a casting director is called upon to buy." We began Harold Lloyd's autobiography. Richard Dix said: "I am not a wonderful actor," and we said he had a sense of humor. It was discovered about Ramon Novarro, "For sheer nerve and daring he's the greatest swash-buckler since D'Artagnan." Derek Glynn, English actor, dyed his hair to get the lead in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." She wanted



Thomas Meighan

him, but Conrad Nagel got the rôle. The six best pictures of the month were "Thief of Bagdad" (Fairbanks), "America" (D. W. Griffith production), "A Society Scandal" (Gloria Swanson), "Ice-bound" (Richard Dix), "Beau Brummel" (John Barrymore), "Flowing Gold." The eight most beautiful stars of the screen were chosen by PHOTOPLAY readers: Mary Pickford, Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Madge Bellamy, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Alice Terry. Terry Ramsaye's "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," continued in PHOTOPLAY, had got up to 1912, the "dawn of the modern feature picture era," and Thomas Meighan headed a list of the greatest box-office attractions in a poll of exhibitors. On the cover—Ramon Novarro.

5 Years Ago

EDWINA BOOTH'S rôle in "Trader Horn" was expected to guarantee her future. There was no future beyond it. Phyllis Haver was ready to marry Billy Seaman. Gilbert Roland's struggle for health and prominence was told. Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford revealed how they managed their peaceful home. Mary had a windblown bob for "Coquette." Jeanette Loff was extolled as "The All-Star Blonde." William John Locke, having collected \$50,000 from Joseph M. Schneck for a story he wrote for Norma Talmadge, was interviewed on his way back to England as to why his costly yarn was not going to be produced. He said of Hollywood, "Er—the climate is—ah, salubrious." And this May, 1929, PHOTOPLAY listed as the best pictures of the month, "The Letter"



Bessie Love

(Jeanne Eagels), "Speakeasy" (Paul Page), "The Mysterious Island," "Close Harmony" (Nancy Carroll), "Betrayal" (Gary Cooper), "Hearts in Dixie" (Stepin Fetchit). The girls were still wearing flapper dresses to their knees. Fashion pictures of Norma Shearer very, very flapperish. And Bessie Love came back—the D.W. Griffith discovery was a reborn wow, after "Broadway Melody," the early talkie-musical grand slam. The screen took Ruth Chatterton from sweet, light parts on the stage and made her a sizzling siren. Clara Bow was a riot on a trip to Brooklyn—her home. She was at the height of her popularity then. Ben Lyon, getting ready to marry Bebe Daniels, was learning to play bridge. The luscious cover lady for the month was June Collyer.

The Fan Club Corner

MANY ardent picture fans perhaps do not know that the various clubs, members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, are issuing regular club bulletins packed with interesting information about club activities. These enthusiastic little bulletins are doing much to increase the enjoyment of members, and to gain new friends and club chapters in the different cities. If you have a favorite movie star and want information about the club formed to sponsor this star's work, or if you want details about starting such a club, write to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Francis Lederer Club, now an international organization, is holding a contest among its members to secure the best short article of criticism on the picture, "Man of Two Worlds," Mr. Lederer's latest starring vehicle. The winning articles will be put in "The Keynote," the club bulletin. Every member sending in such a letter will be given a souvenir, and there will be three prizes. One prize will be a copy of the novel from which the movie was made. Francis Lederer and Ainsworth Morgan, author of the book, will autograph the prize.

Members of the Gloria Stuart Fan Club are extremely happy over their new membership cards. These were furnished to the club by Miss Stuart herself, and are personally autographed. A birthday party in honor of Miss Stuart was held by members of the Chicago branch of the club on April 1st. Estelle Nowak, 3223 N. Central Park Ave., Chicago, is president.

Chaw Mank, of the Dick Powell Club, writes that they are starting a new department of the club for "shut-ins". A splendid idea, and one that should make many new friends for the club.

Miss Luna Homan, 6272 Yucca Street, Hollywood, Calif., is the new president of the James Fidler Club.

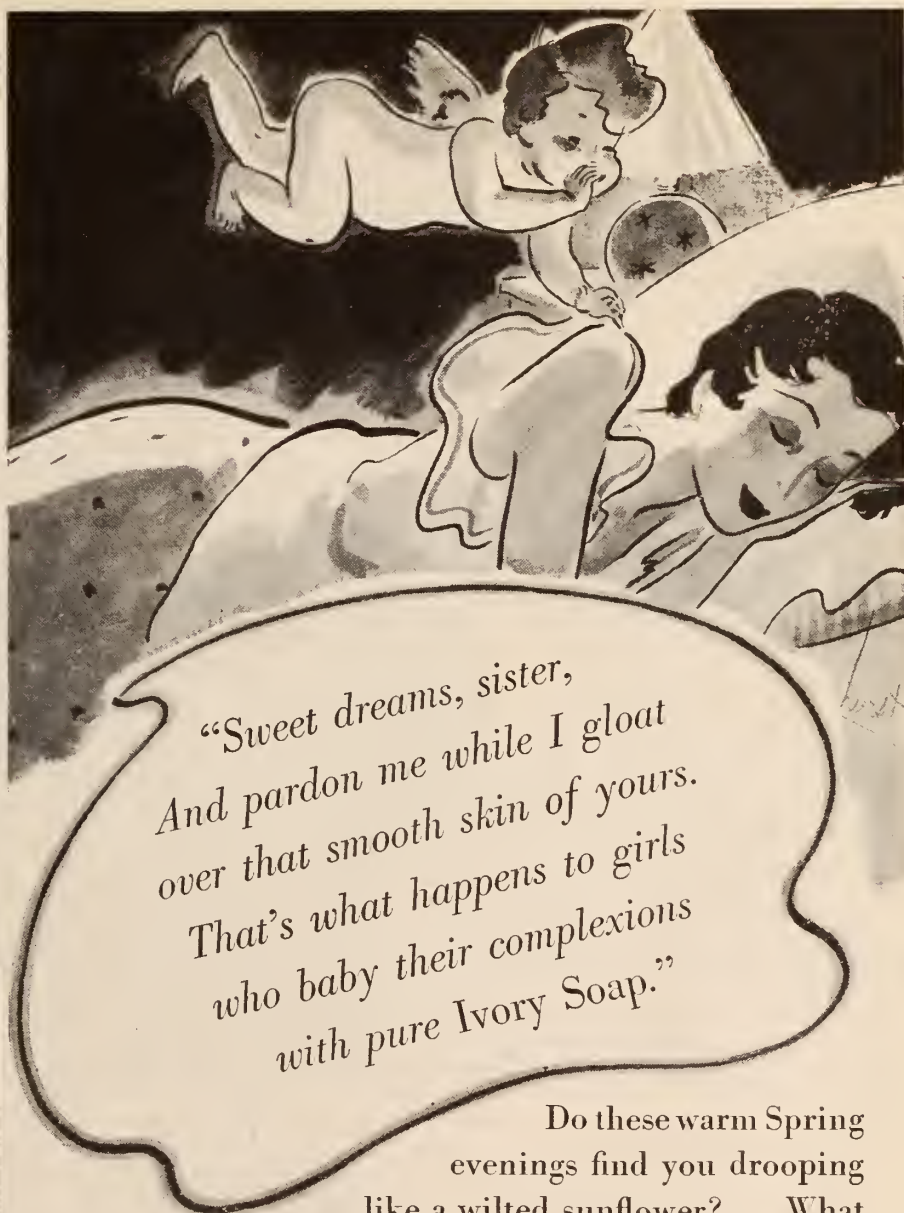
The membership of the Bing Crosby Club now contains four members of Bing's family. They are: Bob, Everett, Larry and Ted Crosby. All four contribute to the club bulletin.

The Joel McCreia Fan Club celebrated its first anniversary in March. Helen Moltz, Route 3, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is president.

Lew Ayres, honorary member of The Screen Fans' Club is leading in the club popularity contest for actors. Jean Harlow, another honorary member, Joan Crawford and Clara Bow are leading for the favorite actresses.

J. H. BLOSS, president of the Herald Cinema Critics Club of Syracuse, N. Y., sends word of the club's seventh anniversary celebration. The three-hour dinner and program was held in a hotel roof garden. Anita Page was a special guest speaker. Portable sound equipment was installed and members enjoyed the presentation of a real movie. Besides other vaudeville features, a special program by members of the resident company of the Civic Repertory Theatre of Syracuse was given.

An interesting issue of "The Harlow Herald" is soon to appear. It will tell members about present officers and chapter leaders who will be candidates for offices of the club. Members, both active and honorary, are enthusiastic about plans to keep the club one large organization. Various chapters are then to be formed throughout the country. At present there are four chapters



"Sweet dreams, sister,
And pardon me while I gloat
over that smooth skin of yours.
That's what happens to girls
who baby their complexions
with pure Ivory Soap."

Do these warm Spring evenings find you drooping like a wilted sunflower? . . . What to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first—just relax. And then get to work with your nice big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud of creamy lather and massage it into every tired pore. Goodbye to dust and dirt and perspiration. Ivory leaves your skin cool and pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

As for your face—doctors scoff at elaborate beauty rigamaroles. They know that soap-and-water is best for the skin. Not just any soap, of course, but Ivory Soap—because it is absolutely pure. Ivory protects the most sensitive com-

plexions in the world—the skins of tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your soap! Ivory contains nothing harsh to dry up your skin's natural oils. No flossy colorings or perfumes in Ivory! It's "smoother" to buy your scent in a bottle and not in a soap.

Get some Ivory today and start working for your baby-smooth Ivory complexion.

Ivory will be the finest and least expensive beauty treatment your skin has ever had.

Ivory Soap

99 14/100 % pure • It floats

Crackers as an Ingredient

MIRACLES can be performed with everyday foods if you are up on your culinary tricks. It is quite possible to disguise even the plainest standbys so that they are unrecognizable.

By using crackers as an ingredient, Minna Gombell, well-known film player, changes the flavor as well as the appearance of many very ordinary dishes.

Plan right now to put one over on the family by "dressing up" one of their favorites of long standing. And when compliments begin to fly, it is time to spring your little joke. Of course, it's on them, but you'll have more than your share of fun with the experiment. Almost like a kitchen holiday is the preparation of a meal having one or two really new slants.

So, let's get rid, once and for all, of the monotony of cooking day in and day out the self same things in the self same manner.

We'll start this new order of things by testing some of Minna's menu highlights.

Here is a wholesome dish to serve for dinner or Sunday night supper. And I guarantee that it will prove a delight to both men and women guests.

PORK TURKEYS

Have your butcher cut pockets in 6 thick loin pork chops. Brown in butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced mushrooms and 1 tablespoon of minced onion (latter may be omitted). Mix in 12 crumbled soda crackers and remove from fire. Blend with 5 tablespoons of heavy cream and season with salt and pepper.

Now stuff the chops with this mixture. Close up with skewers, season both sides of chops with salt and pepper and bake for about half an hour in hot oven.

A perfect accompaniment is the following. Tasty as can be, and not nearly so difficult to prepare as it may seem.

SWEET POTATO AND NUT BALLS

Crush 36 ginger snaps. Mix $\frac{2}{3}$ of the crumbs with $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of mashed, cooked sweet potatoes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely chopped pecans, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 2 beaten eggs and 3 tablespoons heavy cream. Now form into 18 balls. Dip each in remaining crumbs, then in a third well beaten egg, and once more in the crumbs. Drop into hot



Employing one of her cookery secrets, Minna Gombell prepares Apple-Graham Pudding. It can be whisked into the oven in less than no time and, presto, you have a choice dessert

New twists to apparently ordinary foods may be achieved by using crackers

fat until well browned. Serve immediately.

So that there is no let-down after a faultless main course, Miss Gombell likes to serve a home-made dessert. With her delectable goodies she tempts, for "just a taste," even those at her table who feel they have indulged sufficiently.

This is a special favorite and may be prepared in but a few minutes.

APPLE-GRAHAM PUDDING

Roll 24 graham crackers, sprinkle 3 cups sliced apples with cinnamon and place in alternate layers in a greased oven dish. Cover with $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk and dot generously with butter. Bake in a very hot oven for about 35 minutes. Serves nine.

If you prefer a cake dessert—one that is quickly prepared—you must try

FUDGE DELIGHT

To 15 crumbled chocolate wafers add 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Cream together $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Mix in 2 squares melted bitter chocolate. Add 1 beaten egg and 1 teaspoon vanilla. To this mixture add alternately the crumbled chocolate wafers and, gradually a $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Beat until smooth. Bake in a moderate oven for approximately 15 minutes.

Butter Cream Icing on this cake is decorative and delicious. And it may be scurried up in practically no time at all. Method: Cream together $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and 2 cups confectioners' sugar. Add beaten white of 1

egg. Make a paste of $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cocoa and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of hot water or hot coffee and add to first mixture. Coffee is best, as it adds considerably to the flavor of the icing. Using these amounts, you will have enough for both filling and decoration.

The Star-Maker Whose Dreams Turned to Dust

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

The only picture he ever "cleaned up on" was "Way Down East." It made money, not because it had been cheap to produce, but because it was phenomenally popular. He put tremendous sums of money into the making of it, went heavily into debt. He paid \$175,000 for the story, in the first place. Then, with customary care, he insisted on filming it in New England, and waiting for each of the four seasons to roll around so that none of the scenery would need to be faked. The company started to work in the fall. Production continued during the bitter cold New England winter, through spring, and into the summer.

GRIFFITH was rewarded by seeing his picture run for over a year in a Broadway theater at a five dollar top!

In part, his screen glory was due to his canny ability to spot talent.

Two girls came knocking at the door of the old Biograph studio one day to see Gladys Smith—Mary Pickford, of course. Griffith answered the door. The girls were Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

Griffith approached a young man in a theater lobby one night and urged him to go into pictures. The man was Doug Fairbanks.

Once a freckle-faced youngster sneaked into the studio to watch her sister play an extra bit. Griffith saw the girl—plain, unattractively dressed. Her name was Mae Marsh.

Griffith gave Wallace Reid his first chance in



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COMMUNITY CHINA: 6 Dinner Plates, \$7.00

COMMUNITY CRYSTAL: 6 Goblets, \$7.00

COMMUNITY PLATE

LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN AUTHORITY



Another English beauty, loaned to the American screen. Madeleine Carroll's first picture here is "The World Moves On"

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YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES IN 10 DAYS
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... at our expense!

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... writes Miss Healy

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 writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to
 have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

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 that we want you to try it for 10 days at
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● This Girdle will prove a great boon to
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"The Birth of a Nation." He launched Constance Talmadge on her movie career in "Intolerance."

He noticed an electrician on the set one day, took him off the job and gave him a featured rôle in a movie. The man was Charles Emmett Mack.

Henry B. Walthall, Miriam Cooper, Carol Dempster, Ralph Graves, Blanche Sweet, Seena Owen, Eric Von Stroheim, Richard Barthlemess, Robert Harron, Mildred Harris, Gladys Brockwell—all were Griffith-made stars.

But Griffith never grew rich on these "finds." And the stars, incidentally, rarely found happiness in the success that Griffith gave them. Tragic deaths cut short the careers of four of them—Wallace Reid, Mack, Gladys Brockwell and Bobby Harron. And sorrows and misfortunes accompanied the others.

TODAY, a number of the famous people once associated with Griffith have slipped into oblivion or, like the director himself, are living in comparative obscurity, hoping they may still be given a chance to "come back." The exceptional Richard Barthlemess alone among the erstwhile protégés of Griffith has enjoyed uninterrupted movie stardom. The Gish sisters are much better known to the New York stage than to pictures now. Fairbanks and Pickford still are prominent names, of course, but they have been in retirement for lengthy periods in recent years.

For himself, Griffith says he doesn't want to "come back."

"I am tired of movies! To suggest my making another film is like asking a pensioned bricklayer to build another wall."

But his dreams belie his words.

And, finally, he admits that he does think of yet another movie—another picture of the South. It would be a story of the great Southwest, with romantic, adventurous Sam Houston as the central character.

A pioneer in introducing startling ideas, new developments in picture making, Griffith now has only one plan for improving pictures. And that, strangely enough, has nothing to do with the producing of movies, but rather with exhibiting them. He wants, by some means, to make sure that everyone who sees a picture, observes it from the very beginning. He feels that good feature pictures are carefully built, and that the artistic and dramatic effect is lost when the latter part of the picture is seen first.

In large theaters, Griffith would have a second auditorium where shorts and news reels would be shown to late-comers, while they waited for the next feature showing to begin. The plan is expensive, but Griffith, as usual, is thinking of the artistic effect—not of the money bags!

GRIFFITH is not bitter because others reaped the fortunes that his pictures made. He laughs when he tells you that he worked at Biograph for only fifty dollars a week, because he thought his pictures weren't making money, and afterward discovered that a few men there were cleaning up on his productions. For him the weeks of toil without salary on "The Birth of a Nation" were filled with adventure. And the debt he plunged into to make "Intolerance" was well worth while, because the picture was an outstanding example of cinematic technique.

So now a columnist has written that David



Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike), is all dressed up in plumes and whiskers for his rôle of King Henry VIII, in the Fox movie version of "George White's Scandals," just released

Wark Griffith is broke, in need. Certainly, many of the brilliant names, once associated with his, are forgotten. And his old movie masterpieces, when run off on the new and faster modern projectors, jump and flicker foolishly.

His glory is in the past.

Griffith knows that. He wishes they wouldn't revive his pictures. He wishes editors wouldn't speak grandly of his past productions as "works of art."

"They aren't!" he says. And adds, dramatically, "When motion pictures have created something to compare with the plays of Euripides, or the work of Homer or Shakespeare or Ibsen, or the music of Handel or Bach, then let us call motion picture entertainment an art—but not before then."

Cruising Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

cowboy troupe who have spread the fame of the Southwest to every far cranny of the earth.

There's no phony, theatrical cowboy in Hoot's make-up. He's the goods. He learned to sit a pitching bronc before he ever heard of grease-paint. In fact, back in 1912, when he won the Pendleton, Ore., bronc-busting championship (which, in the cowboy world, means the world's championship), "Ed" Gibson was perfectly satisfied with being the best hell-for-leather rider in the rodeos. Many of his pals today are steer-wranglers. His ranch house in the San Fernando Valley, near where he annually holds the biggest rodeo on the West Coast, is fairly cluttered up with trophies and prizes he has won in the saddle. He took championships in New York, Salt Lake City—even Australia.

Then he raced automobiles and motorcycles for some years on the hazardous old dirt tracks of the early thrill rings. He learned to herd an airplane—he has cups to prove his cloud-busting skill—and only last year at the National Air Races, in a special feature race, he miraculously escaped breaking his neck in a spectacular crash at one hundred and sixty-five miles an hour.

"They can't kill me," Hoot grinned, when they picked him up, bruised and broken.

They can't kill him in pictures either.

BUT it isn't his hardy constitution and steel nerves that "Hooter" is banking on now, to carry him back again to that spot in the lime-light he occupied when he was Universal's largest drawing star, when they carted the mail from his admirers around in trucks—letters from remote spots of the world, the middle of Africa, China, India, everywhere. He still has that constitution in spite of all the crack-ups and daredevil assaults of the dangerous years. He's still as good a man as he ever was.

Today, Hoot is counting on his straight acting ability, his comedy talent, to carry him back where he wants to be.

A straight diet of Westerns hasn't done right by him, and Hoot believes it is time to turn to his other ability.

The world tour he plans won't be the first time Hoot has ventured far afield from Hollywood. When he was producing his own pictures, he took a company of forty people and several car-loads of horses into Canada to spend an entire winter making "The Calgary Stampede." He has taken some other

Hollywood Hair Styles go romantic!

Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair
is **TOO OILY** or **TOO DRY**



A brilliant new star in the Hollywood galaxy revived this womanly style from the days of hoop skirts and loving hearts. But it looks far from romantic if you try it with oily, stringy locks. To correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment given below.

To correct **OILY** hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** hair



Another version of the "back to charm" movement is this coiffure of a first magnitude star. Brittle, wispy, fly-away hair will not cuddle into waves and curls of such alluring tenderness. If your hair is too dry, give it regularly the Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment suggested in this column.

Help for **DRY** hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** hair



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Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.



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If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish
 Cake or Liquid Black or Brown.

foreign trips himself, but never off the American continent to make pictures.

Again, he plans to be the head man, leading his outfit into authentic foreign settings, "travelin' light" with his camera crew, director and necessary cast members. He will fill out his picture with native talent, who will provide the contrast for his humorous American cowboy character.

If things go as he expects, it will be a globe circling tour.

Hoot will be the first international cowboy, dishing out that universally welcomed, international commodity—laughs.

He's as enthusiastic about it as if he were just getting his first camera break, with an eagerness to get going, which belies his fifteen years' record as a star.

"The straight Western idea has been worn pretty threadbare," he says. "I've been in Westerns for years, and they don't hold as much promise for me as comedy does.

"Still, I don't want to get away from being a cowboy, because that's what I am—so I'm amalgamating myself."

Already he has stories in mind to fit every country he will invade with his camera and cowboy gear.

"I'd Never Let My Daughter Be A Star"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

eyes. Now I know they pay, all along the way, for their success. That is the way life is.

"And I hope I don't sound morbid in saying these things," Sylvia amended quickly. "I'm not, really. I feel that I am one of the luckiest girls in the world to have enjoyed the big moments life can offer and still be young."

Even in the midst of Sylvia's picture success, there arose one of those spectres of disillusion. It was when her real father, long a complete stranger to her, suddenly bobbed up last year. If she had not been a star, the incident might never have occurred.

THE story goes back to Sylvia's mother, who had come from Russia twenty-five years ago.

She married Victor Kosow, and to them little Sophie was born. Later, her mother changed the child's name to Sylvia.

The couple were parted, and Mrs. Kosow went looking for work. She could sew. And she found employment in the workroom of one of New York's smart shops—stitching spangles on beautiful evening gowns for lovely ladies of Broadway.

It fired her with a burning ambition to have her own girl-child enjoy these luxuries. And toward that end Bea Kosow worked year in and year out, that Sylvia might later get somewhere in the theater world.

Then she met Dr. Signund Sidney, a dentist. After Bea Kosow married Dr. Sidney, they moved from their simple little Bronx flat to a rather luxurious suite on lower Fifth Avenue.

Dr. Sidney applied for adoption papers to make Sylvia his own daughter. And received them.

Sylvia attended Washington Irving High School, and it was there she made her first hit in a school play. A small beginning, but it stirred her ambitions. And with her mother constantly encouraging her toward the theater, Sylvia joined the acting school of the Theater Guild.

THE early days of her career were hard ones. Opportunities were scarce. When it did seem that she had a good chance in "The Challenge of Youth," she injured her back, doing a strenuous bit of stage business while the play was being tried out in Washington. In another rôle, she tripped back-stage and suffered a broken ankle.

Al Woods, veteran Broadway producer, gambled his judgment on her histrionic ability and let her have the ingénue lead in "Crime." Sylvia was established as an actress after this play, which had a long and successful run.

But it was followed by a series of flops. One

play after another in which she obtained a rôle opened, only to close a week or so later.

Then came "Gods of the Lightning," in which Sylvia won new laurels by the tragic intensity of her performance. It led to the stage rôle of "Bad Girl."

A motion picture producer was in the audience when "Bad Girl" opened. And at the close of its run, Sylvia Sidney was on her way to Hollywood.

But she didn't remain. Disappointed by what the cameras did to her, and the part assigned her in "Thru Different Eyes," she returned to Broadway.

Do you remember "City Streets," in which she did such fine work opposite Gary Cooper? Add Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"?

These pictures were made on Sylvia's second trip to the studio city, and proved how she could really register under proper conditions. She began to like Hollywood. And she stayed on, under an enviable Paramount contract, to do such important rôles as *Jennie Gerhardt*, a story she had wanted to act ever since she read Theodore Dreiser's novel at the impressionable age of fifteen.

But into the flush of this success came the moment when Sylvia had to make a decision; a momentous decision, which friends advised her might wreck her career.

Her father, Victor Kosow, showed up and caused quite a front page stir when he demanded Dr. Sidney relinquish his adoption rights to Sylvia.

Mrs. Sidney had not seen him for a long, long time. Sylvia, bewildered, consulted her attorney.

ON his advice, she decided once and for all to have a showdown. It took plenty of courage to face that issue, and eventually an out-of-court agreement was reached, with Kosow withdrawing his suit. She chose to remain Sylvia Sidney, adopted daughter of the man who had been so great a help to her and her mother.

And for her definite stand and her courage in this grave moment of decision, the picture world loves Sylvia Sidney all the more.

But these—and other things—are the incidents which have left their scars; the things Sylvia refers to when she says the path to picture glory is rocky with disappointment and disillusion.

And looking back, from her early twenty-fourth year, Sylvia insists:

"Yes, I'm glad I have attained stardom. But I'd never let my daughter be a star. The price is too high."

And Was Gloria Burned Up!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

for Katharine Hepburn in 'Morning Glory.'
 "The picture we were to do was 'Glamour.'
 I had been taking singing, dancing and fencing lessons for some time, working hard during every spare moment. Now I saw this picture as the opportunity to use what I had learned—at last. It was the sort of part that really gives an audience pleasure—which is the only test for any part. Then I went to San Francisco for a vacation before the picture was to begin.

"While there I picked up a paper and read that Constance Cummings had been signed to play the part!

"I SAW red. Couldn't believe it. Came flying back to Hollywood—and it was true. Nothing I could do about it. Just another one little good-hearted, good-natured Gloria was supposed to take on the chin without a squawk.

"But Gloria was really fed up this time. She wouldn't take any more. All the talk about 'the show must go on,' fell on my unresponsive ears. I answered, 'For what?'

"Must it go on for me to play those rubber stamp ingénues that are death to ambition? My second year had been simply a repetition of the first. Routine—turn down the corners of your mouth here, smile there, wear some glycerine tears in this one. Things that literally paralyze your imagination, because no demands are made on it.

"I would not go on. And a letter was waiting for me at home that made the decision all the more firm. It was from my old boss, Joseph Coughlin, who once edited the Carmel paper I wrote for. He offered me a post on the North China Daily News, in Shanghai. A long way from Hollywood—but I *wanted* to be a long way from Hollywood.

"I would rather be a reasonably good newspaper woman any day than an indifferent actress with nothing but technique and a few tricks. I honestly have ideals about the theater. There is only one way to be an actress, and that is to act. You learn to drive a car by driving—to be a writer, by writing. And you learn to act by playing a variety of good parts that require all the imagination and ability you can bring to them.

"IT isn't money or position or fame that I want, believe me. I think the most tragic thing that could happen to a picture actress is to be through at twenty-five or thirty, with a million dollars, and nothing to do. I would rather end up just a nice person doing anything—and doing it well—than finish as a mediocre, technical actress. Look at the marvelous lives Marie Dressler and May Robson have had. That's what I want.

"There was no chance of stepping out to another studio, because I had a contract with Universal. Work is the one important thing in life—and as there's only one life, you might as well have fun doing it. The way you have real fun is to enjoy your work. I've never done anything yet I didn't honestly believe in, except a few bad pictures. And I decided then and there—I had made my last one of those! That was over.

"The Chinese newspaper business was on the level. I was all set to go.

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Five Fresh Flavors

"The fight, which had nothing whatever to do with Margaret Sullavan personally, but was indirectly inspired by her, was a success.

"They have given me a good part to play—at last.

"The picture is 'I'll Tell the World'—with Lee Tracy. What a break to play with Lee. And what a coincidence, as it is the first picture for both of us since our late unpleasantness.

"I FEEL gay and well and happy for the first time in ages. One's work has such a powerful effect on mind and health. Working in a picture I dislike, I am two other persons. The old routine part puts me in a glum, morbid silence, full of unspoken resentment. These things actually poison the system and the mind.

"But now! The thrill of working with Lee, of a good part in a good picture, with a grand director—I tell you, it's like moving into another world. A good world where the sun shines and you like everybody!"

Gloria stretched luxuriously, and looked around the little, cluttered dressing-room with an indulgent smile.

"Margaret is welcome to my old dressing-room. Constance can have Lowell Sherman. Of course, I will never quite recover from the loss of 'Little Man'—but I can calm down and be myself once more. The fight is over, and not being naturally contentious, it was a strain. At least, it's over as long as they continue to give me stories with real acting parts such as I have in 'I'll Tell the World.'

"It took me a long, long time to work up to it—a lot to get me really started—but I'm darn glad of it now.

"I learned why actresses are temperamental. They have to be. Producers don't think they are any good, otherwise.

"From now on, write this down in your little red book: temperamental Gloria Stuart. Whenever it becomes necessary.

"Because the girl who raises the biggest fuss gets the most attention—and the best parts to play"

The Mammy and Daddy of Us All

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

like "the old man" to be. We saw him do *David Harum* before the same type of audience. And kids in their excitement leaped up in their seats and squealed at the top of their lungs, "Gee, what a swell pitcher!"

No doubt the kids missed the import of Will's political gags and the more subtle of his comments on human nature, but none missed the point that here was a winking, twinkling little man doing good with both

hands and dodging the credit, with all the bashfulness of a grammar school graduate. To them it was not a show. Will was just papa and so natural they felt, with the intense imagination of childhood, that they were right in the *Harum* dining-room eating Christmas turkey. You could almost hear their lips smacking!

And grown-up audiences are practically the same. In Paris where, not so long ago, they



"Toots," pet on the set of "We're Not Dressing," watches while a sequence is shot. The lady watching "Toots" is Ethel Merman, who makes her screen debut in the new Bing Crosby film

used to throw decayed vegetables at a screen that showed American films they did not like, the audience did everything but embrace the ushers in exhibiting their pleasure over "She Done Him Wrong." Mae West at once became the toast of the boulevards, and one writer described her as "a cocktail of motherhood, as shapely as the glass it is poured into, as round as the olive which lies on the bottom, as comforting as the drink when swallowed."

Designers created Mae West frocks; milliners made a rush for the ostrich, and plumes became the vogue. In London the Mae West lingo united all classes, and "Come up and see me sometime" became the classic form of invitation from Mayfair to Convent Garden.

IN these United States, more people went to see Mae than had ever favored any other star. Everybody went: doctors, detectives, dry-cleaners and dumbbells. She was a sensation no one could explain. Yet, in the final analysis, it is all quite simple. We forget that she had her debut during the depression when people were downcast, disheartened, and dragged themselves about with long faces and limp wallets. In times like these, people are more or less indifferent to sex-appeal; what they want is someone to lean on—they want understanding, encouragement, sympathy—they want that essential, unselfish love which only women have—some the day they are born, and all of them when they are mothers.

And this is the spirit that Mae West distilled in the celluloid at Hollywood! She had it and she could dish it out. It went forth wrapped up in a hard-boiled sexy style and tied up with risqué situations and deep laughs. She was a sermon in a burlesque theater. In a word, Mae West came along with this profound, all embracing maternal appeal—something she probably doesn't know she has—at a time when the whole world was down and out and crying for a mother. What a break for Mae! What a break for the world! People go to Mae West pictures for the same reason little boys run to their mothers when they faw down and go boom!

If you want proof, ask the Hollywood bookkeepers!

This side—the sunny side—of the West character crops up repeatedly in her pictures. In "She Done Him Wrong," for example, we find her going far out of her way to befriend the girl threatened by the white slavers. Again, in "I'm No Angel," she plays mother to a girl performer, giving her a jade necklace in the hope of making her feel better. When her rascally husband comes out of jail, Mae forgets the past, finds him a job and gives him money.

THERE'S nothing strikingly original about any of these incidents, except that they sound like a thousand-and-two similar acts of generosity she has been performing all her life. She believes in "bein' reg'lar." Mae is known on all circuits as a sucker for a hard-luck story, and today she packs a roll of bills under her garter for actors who happen to be down on their luck. They say she has never let down a friend.

As a matter of fact, all of us have been misled by the red-light rôles she chooses. Mae West cannot conceal the fundamental and elemental goodness of her soul by a wrapping of hi-de-ho!

"Sex is beautiful," Mae told the National Board of Review, "except when it is underhanded."

Shaped like an hour-glass, Mae West has the curving, abundant figure we have always

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

● Spring's smart "Doggy's"



Collie, there, has given his name to the light Phoenix beige hose that picks up the light note of his mistress' hat. Good with navy blue and true browns. *Setter* begs you, with sweet sad gaze, to notice *Setter*, the warm Phoenix beige for all the bright Spring shades. *Spaniel's* very snooty about the Phoenix shade named after him—the proper beige for corals, rusts, cinnamon browns. *Greyhound* is a beige that will run with navy and grey beiges. The new Phoenix "Doggy" colors are the hosiery shades for Spring. Ask to see them now. The pair, 85c to \$1.95.

● Rings on her fingers—
but none on her hose!



The lady is wearing Paris' latest invention in jewelry—a heavy ring carved from a single piece of crystal. And she's wearing Phoenix' latest invention in hosiery—an absolutely ringless stocking! What a boon to mankind *this* is! These clear-as-crystal stockings give you the perfect texture that's so flattering to the leg. All for the moderate price of \$1.25, in Phoenix "Fluff," shadowless chiffon, No. 779.

● Back to the land!



Women who won't give up silk stockings even for sports are wearing Phoenix, and swearing by them. Here's the secret—a Phoenix Tipt-toe that's double, and a Phoenix Duo-heel that's likewise. In this famous Phoenix Long-mileage foot, you can safely present a silk-clad calf to the world, the while being awfully rugged and practical underneath. Phoenix "Standby" service sheers, No. 772, are \$1.25 the pair.

● Spring "knits" stick
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So Everything Underneath has to fit like the skin! Phoenix Custom-Fit Top, made of a two-way stretch fabric, will never betray you. This discreet little number stretches up and down for tall ladies, or out and out for plumper sisters. Nothing to fold over. Nothing to gag the thighs. Blessed, blessed Phoenix Custom-Fit Top! (By the way, it's the only one of its kind. Don't be fooled.) Be sure to ask for Phoenix Custom-Fit Top. The pair, \$1 to \$1.95.

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NEW WAY TO
STOP PERSPIRATION

associated with motherhood. Her body has all the full beauty of Venus de Milo who, were she alive today, would probably be washing diapers. She is slow-moving, quizzical, alert—a mother who remembers her own childhood. She has the lap and bosom of the maternal woman and a skin a baby would love to touch.

With it all, Mae has an earthly wisdom that comes out of a knowledge of what this limping world is all about. This remarkable lady has a wholesome sweep of wisdom, a halo of good health and an inborn sense of proportion. She has a fine straightforwardness, an honesty and lack of pretense that inspire confidence and trust. There is something permanent about this strange person, something that partakes of universal and eternal things.

MAE WEST tips the scales at one hundred and twenty at a normal weighing. Allowing for camera tricks and clever casting, how does she convey that air of largeness, of amplitude? It is much more than the mere physical. It is that other thing we mentioned: It's an emanation, an aura, a spiritual expanding, a glow that issues from the soul. Anyhow, something hard to describe!

Now, turning back to Massa Will. Any picture he has ever appeared in contains a full-size portrait of the average head of a family. Take any of them: "Lightnin'," "State Fair," "Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch," "David Harum."

In the last, his chief paternal exercise is promoting a wedding between Ann and John, played respectively by Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. But with what art, what sensitiveness, what fine sympathy for the heart of youth he goes about the job!

When Ann, who is the daughter of a friend, comes up to Will's bedroom while he is dressing, there is no embarrassment. With any other actor, the audience might smirk and think naughty thoughts. But with Will, he is so much the father type, naughtiness occurs to nobody.

Will arranges meetings; promotes a courtship under the moon by sending them off with a balky horse; empties the dining-room for them so they can steal a kiss; and finally helps John financially so that they can marry. But to be convinced of our point, all you have to do is see the film and focus hard on the Christmas dinner. No one ever was or could be a more perfect father than Will is—bachelor though he is in the picture—sitting at the head of the table, carving the Christmas turkey.

IN life, as in his numerous rôles, Will is careless about small things—a trait which worries his family, mayhap, but which makes him the darling of the world. He shuffles when he walks and slumps down in his chair. He plays with his knife and fork while waiting to be served. He almost always needs a hair cut, and were it not for his wife, would wear the same shirt forever. He is always late for meals and when he wants to reduce, diets on onions.

Like a great many other fathers, he is a little cowed by his wife. He is old-fashioned, likes small town life and is no hand for social doings.

When he smiles you melt. When the words start flowing, you just naturally grin. His words are double-edged. They make you laugh and they comfort you. His monologue is the homely, witty horse sense you expect from a father. His wit presses a button in your heart, brain and liver. It is a strong steel-made wit that can lick its weight in senators.

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All his gags are of the parlor variety. They are inspected and okayed by Mrs. Will or Betty Rogers.

"I had a gag in one of my films that maybe wasn't as polite as it might be," he told an interviewer several years ago. "So before we started to shoot, I went home and told it to Betty. She laughed and said that it was all right. So we went ahead."

Will's original idea, back in his cowboy days, was to run a little ranch near his birthplace in Oologah, Oklahoma, but Fate sent him out into the world and he became famous. But he has never quite forgotten the idea. His home in Hollywood is a ranch, built and laid out to resemble as closely as possible the ranch of his youthful fancy.

He spends a great deal of time with the children, helping them with their lessons, instructing them in politics and journalism.

"If I'm proud of my children, it's because none of them is prodigies," he once said.

MRS. ROGERS declares that Will would much rather play with kids than with grown-ups, no matter how famous. She adds, "Will never worries. He has never been cross at any time in his life. And not once has he spanked the children."

In "Mr. Skitch," he is asked if he could pretend to be an Englishman in order to get a much needed job as waiter. He replies, "To feed my family, I'd be a Chinaman."

Like Mae, Will Rogers cannot conceal his personality. For which, let us murmur a prayer of thanks. It is Will we want to hear and see. No matter what he does, we like him. And ditto for Missy Mae. They've got what we need nothing else but. They've got what we all should have been born with—the ability to take life as it comes, of meeting trouble with a jest.

There they are—Will and Mae. Mr. Rogers can be relied upon not to haunt your dreams, his shining orbs will not pierce the darkness of your bedchamber—you will never get the shivers remembering him. But if it's comfort and the caress of a friendly hand you want—he can deliver. In the words of the song, Will is "No hero out of books, not much for looks—but we love him!"

And Mae? She might be said to lack all the things we used to think was a beautiful woman. In the old days before Mae, when someone told you he had just met a beautiful girl, you at once visualized her as tall, slim, and willowy. No, Mae is nothing like the pictures we used to tack on the wall. Yet, there she struts—in complete control of the situation, maker of fashions, breaker of attendance records. She tells her own story in the song she sings in "I'm No Angel":

"I've got the face of a saint;
It ain't paint."

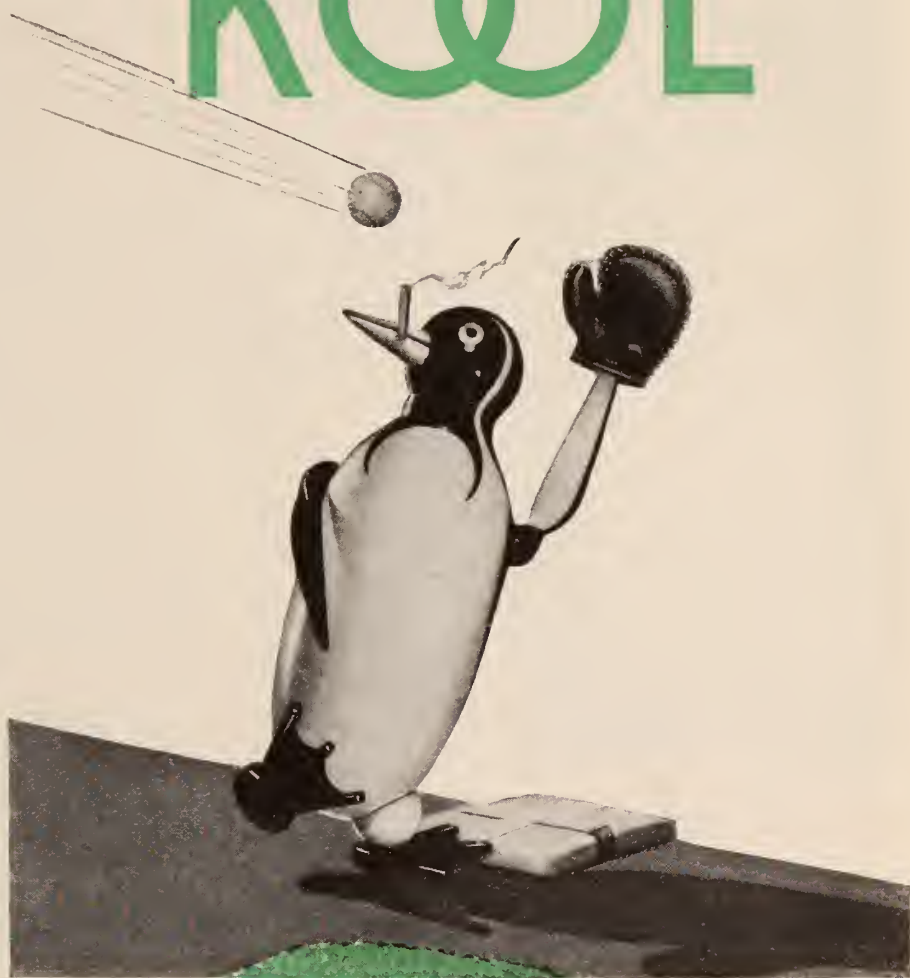
THERE'S no paint. Whichever way you read her, Mae West spells mother, and at a time when the world is tired of sitting on the doorsteps of slender hussies who don't know what it is all about, and who—because success came to them while they are still young—will never know. The booming, sibilant voice of Mae calls out over the threshold, "Come up . . ."

And the world hurries up—crying infants, bearded men. It's mother saying it, calling; Mother Mae, who was sneered at by Hollywood and was almost broke when her chance came.

Well, put on your ear-muffs, boys and girls. You have heard what may strike you as a strange story. But we'll stick to it.

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"Just Leopold"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



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charge. He was seventeen-years-old then, tall, slim, boyish. He was dressed as a Belgian private soldier. As a private, he stood back while officers passed ahead of him to follow in the wake of the King and Queen as they entered the studio.

After his Secret Service bodyguard had presented me to him, I said to the prince, "How do you wish to be addressed?"

His answer was, "Just Leopold."

I THOUGHT then that those two words epitomized the spirit of democracy which had endeared the Royal Family of Belgium to peoples throughout the world.

Our studio was allotted, by schedule, just ten minutes of the Royal Family's time.

Our first stop on the tour was at a set built in the studio tank. A scene had been prepared for several actors to struggle on the deck of a boat. Two of them, locked together, were to fall overboard. Then two officers were to dash out of a cabin and shoot at the figures struggling in the water.

All went according to schedule and was enjoyed by the entire party up to the time the ship's officers began to shoot.

At the sound of the first shot, four Belgian officers snapped open their pistol holsters, snatched their revolvers, alert to the fear that an attack might be made on the life of their sovereign.

At that moment an aide, a Belgian soldier then living in Los Angeles, spoke quickly in Flemish, explaining to the Belgians. They smiled apologetically and put the revolvers back into their holsters.

On the next set was a large enclosed stage where Douglas MacLean and Doris May were to enact a scene for the royal guests.

I PUSHED the Crown Prince through the crowd that filled the stage, so he could see better. I was standing beside the King, so I motioned for him to step forward, too. He shook his head and said, "No. This is one time where height has its advantage—I can see over the heads of the others." And he could.

The scene being enacted was a little domestic incident in the lives of a pair of newlyweds who had been quarreling and were on the point of making up. MacLean sat at one end of a long davenport, while Doris May sat at the other end.

Gradually they both moved toward the middle of the davenport. Finally, only about a foot of space separated them. King Albert turned to me and remarked humorously, "He's gaining ground."

The next instant, MacLean and Doris May were in each other's arms, and everyone applauded.

As the party moved on, the Crown Prince hung back, keenly interested in the workings of the motion picture camera.

I said to him, "If there is anything you particularly want to see or know about, just ask me."

The Secret Service guard remarked, "You're letting yourself in for something! He can ask more questions in a minute than a college professor can answer."

The Prince smiled and patted the man on the shoulder. And from then on, His Highness fired question after question at me. When

I knew the answer, I gave it. When I didn't, I referred the question to the particular artisan whose department we were visiting at that moment. This brought forth more questions from the Prince.

He was never satisfied until he got all the information possible.

People working in the studio were surprised and pleased at his intelligent interest and his keen zest for acquiring the right answer.

However, we were quite separated from the royal party, and we rushed to catch up. We found them just entering another large stage on which a set representing the interior of an American submarine was built.

The submarine was supposed to be resting on the bottom of the sea. Engines were crippled. The supply of oxygen was rapidly diminishing.

There were ten sailors under the command of a lieutenant, which rôle was played by Jack Richardson.

THE Crown Prince and I climbed to the top of a six foot parallel where we could look down into the crippled sub. Apparently, there was no hope for rescue. One sailor grabbed a gun, to commit suicide. The lieutenant took the gun away from the man and, rising to his feet, made a stirring, patriotic speech about the traditions of the navy and how, if they were to die, each must die like a man. The speech was impressive and well-delivered. When Richardson had finished, the Crown Prince turned to me and whispered, "What a pity the audience will never hear what the lieutenant said."

Long since, the allotted ten minutes had been used up. The gentlemen of the committee were quite frantic. Every once in a while one of them would dash up to Secret Service man Bill Nye, who was in charge of the tour, and say, "We *must* move on." And Bill would answer, "They're enjoying it here. Let them have all they want."

And they did. One hour and fifteen minutes of it. Of course, it did play hob with the rest of the schedule. But the Royal Family didn't care.

FINALLY, when I thought every nook and cranny of the studio had been seen and every item of interest exhausted, I said to the Prince, "Now, Leopold, is there anything else you would like to see or know about?"

"Yes," he answered at once, "I want to see how moving pictures are made."

I felt suddenly weak!

"But," I answered, "that's what you have been seeing. This is how they are made."

"I don't mean that," he explained. "I want to know how they are manufactured. How they are put together."

"Oh, you mean the developing and printing?" I asked.

The Prince nodded and smiled. At last I was showing some sense.

It was a simple matter to arrange for a tour through the laboratory. It happened that the man in charge of the laboratory was a Belgian named Al Brandt. He conversed with the royal party in Flemish. The King and Queen went through the laboratory, too. And, as usual, the Prince lagged behind to ask more and more questions.

From the floor of a nearby cutting-room, I

secured several strips of film, seven or eight inches long. I gave them to the Prince. He examined them very carefully, and asked, "What makes them move on the screen?"

The principle of the shutter was explained to him at great length. He wanted to know the reason for every single thing!

It seemed that everything had been explained, when the Prince suddenly asked, "How are those pictures made that show houses building themselves, and shoes walking along by themselves?" He had seen some trick photography.

THE Prince was keenly interested in this, and made several notes on the subject. He then very carefully put away, in a well-worn leather wallet, the strips of film I had given him. As we hurried to catch up with the party, the Prince said, "I would like to spend a whole week here."

"Why don't you?" I asked.

For a moment he seemed to consider it. Then he shook his head and answered, "No—I guess I'll have to go on."

As we hurried along we passed a young man dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of the United States Army. He was an extra at the studio, but had been an officer in the war.

When the Prince noticed the man he stopped suddenly, brought his right hand to his cap in a military salute. The young American soldier returned it. Leopold was a private. The extra was an officer. And Leopold was always a soldier.

The King and Queen were already in their car, waiting for the Prince. As he reached his car, Leopold turned and shook hands with me, saying:

"I have enjoyed every minute of my visit, and I thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken with me. If you come to Europe and do not visit Brussels and call upon me, I shall feel very badly."

IN a moment the cavalcade was on its way. As the Prince's car passed through the studio gates, he turned and waved goodbye. I have not seen him since.

I have often wondered if, when I go to Europe, and decide to look up His Majesty, Leopold III, and with the assistance of the American Ambassador I cut away the red tape and finally reach the audience chamber, he will say, as he did fifteen years ago, in answer to my question, "How do you wish to be addressed?"

"Just Leopold."

I believe he will. That is, if no High Chamberlain is listening.

"ME Jealous of that Kid? Phooey!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

generation of actors are that keep springing up almost overnight. So, when I innocently and without malice (well, without too much malice, I mean) said, "And who is Ricky Arlen?" the reporters started a hullabaloo that echoed from the shores of the Pacific to the shores of the Atlantic. I hope.

Now, in the first place, I was billed to play the star rôle in "The Baby in the Ice-box," and when I heard of this newcomer being put in my place, naturally, I burned and, without stopping a minute, rushed over to the head



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office to have my say. Well, the executives were having a conference, or story meeting, about this very picture.

A story meeting, I might say, is a meeting where all the writers, executives, and so forth, gather 'round and mutter, "We've gotta have a sexy scene, that's all." So I stormed right in. "Jes' a moment," I said, and you could have heard "Manny" Cohen drop, the silence was that colossal. "Jes' what is this?" I went on. "First I'm billed to do the 'Ice-box' picture, and now this Arlen guy is put in my place."

"Now, now, LeRoy," they said. "Let us explain. You see, we bought this story some time ago, and since then you've grown too large to get in the ice-box."

"Can I help it if I grow?" I demanded. "Am I responsible for Nature's little whims?"

"Well, no," they conceded. "But just the same you gotta admit that you're not the ice-box type any more. Now, if you'll let Ricky Arlen have this part, we'll fix you up with a nice, new super-special thriller where you can hide in a railway station with Kate Smith."

SO that's how Ricky Arlen got the part. It was only through my own noble generosity. Otherwise, he'd still be an unknown out at Toluca Lake. Playing with the ducks.

But mind, while I have only the kindest thoughts and best wishes for Ricky Arlen, it hurt, I'll admit, when I saw him being pushed all over the Paramount lot in my own special six perambulator with the quick absorbing cushions. And only a short time ago it had been mine. That cut to the quick. And when I sneaked onto his set one day and saw him sitting in the ice-box with a chicken leg in one fist, I felt the injustice of it. All I got in my first picture was a bathtub and Edward Everett Horton. I'd much rather have had a chicken leg any day. But no. I had to have Edward Everett.

And here's something else that rankled in my bosom. Did I have a real stand-in in my first picture? Oh, no, I had to have a baby doll. Full of Hollywood sawdust. But here's this beginner, without even the slightest stage experience, with a real stand-in. Now mind, I'm not jealous. Just a little aggravated around the white piqué collar, that's all.

And another thing. I got all dressed up in my white suede jacket (it takes me and Georgie Raft to spring the nifty get-ups) and strolled across the lot to give the Earl Carroll "Vanities" girls a treat. And what do I find? What meets my eye (roguish blue), but all those gorgeous girls swarming around this Arlen youngster and cooing like a lot of nit-wits, "Oooo, isn't he ze cootest 'ittle sing. Give us 'ittle dirls a dreat, big kiss, you wonderful mans." And him sitting there, taking it big. Throwing out his romper bosom and acting like he had a lot of "It." Say, you could wrap all the "It" that gigolo has in a two cent stamp and still have room for Alison Skipworth.

DISGUSTING, I call it.

And another thing. I pass down dressing-room row the other day, and what do I see? Him, sitting on Gary Cooper's lap, eating his lunch in his father's dressing-room.

And I have to eat lunch in the nursery every day.

Well, after all, there is a limit to what a man can stand, so once again I stormed into the front office and had my say.

"I'm not eating my lunch in the nursery any longer," I declared. "If Ricky Arlen can

sit on a star's lap and eat in a star's dressing-room, so can I."

"Well, where do you want to eat your lunch?" they asked.

"Off Mae West's lap," I screamed. "And not another place. It's Mae's lap or no place."

Well, it seems they'd had that same request from a lot of actors and gotten no place, so big-hearted me, I promised to compromise. Mae gets to eat off my lap once a week, and the rest of the time I get to sit on the "Vanities" girls' laps and eat all my meals. So you see, I'm not letting him put too much over on me. After all, I've been in this world a full twenty-one months, and I've spent most of it right here on the Paramount lot, and I've learned and learned. It's no wonder I'm white-headed. It's a wonder I don't have to walk with Joey Von Sternberg's cane.

AND another thing. Now, I don't want to come right out point-blank and say Mr. Ricky Arlen is to blame for the rumor that has been floating around lately, but on the other hand, where did the story, "Is Baby LeRoy through?" originate, if not with a jealous rival?

Is *Baby LeRoy through!* The idea. Why, you might as well say, is Lionel Barrymore through. True, we both wear short pants off the screen and burp at the wrong time, but does that signify anything? It just goes to show that a cross we artists have to bear. I realize now that I'm ready to play character parts, but what has one's age to do with popularity today?

True, Mr. Arlen has youth. The enthusiastic age of eleven months, I believe. But George Arliss, Marie Dressler and I are living proofs that all movie-goers don't demand youth. We've got what it takes, George, Marie and I, and I don't care if I live to be five, or even six years old. I'll stand and deliver.

And speaking of standing—Ricky Arlen is still crawling, by the way, and who ever heard of anyone crawling up the ladder of success? Unless it was one of those silly Marx Brothers. They're liable to crawl up anything.

I'll never forget the day they had that big fire scene in Ricky's picture and sent a pair of my old rompers over for him to wear.

IF that wasn't a scene—with Ricky creating most of it. Do you think he'd wear those rompers? No, sir. He fought and kicked and screamed. Was he going to have his own rompers made if all Hollywood burned. So they held up the scene while Travis Banton, the studio designer, came tearing over like mad and designed Ricky a pair of hand-embroidered rompers, and twenty dressmakers tore like fury getting them together.

Then, very deliberately he donned the rompers, the waiting prop boys set fire to the set, and he permitted the purple violets to be singed off the front of his Travis Banton creation.

Not in my time, I tell you, we didn't pull any of those stunts. We wore what we were given and liked it.

They were getting ready for Ricky's great dramatic scene where he denounces Sally Eilers for a two-timing mama. The cameras were all set and waiting. Everyone was tense. I was hiding behind one of the props, watching.

"Get over, pop," Ricky said to his dad, Richard Arlen, who is also in the picture, "this scene is mine. You've been taking all the scenes in this picture now, and I've said nothing. But this scene is mine and I'm going to do a little plain and fancy camera hogging

myself." And with that he took the exact center of the scene.

They were all ready, now. The director called "Camera," and Ricky began. And just when he got to the big climax of the scene, I let out a big raspberry.

There's a lot of tomboy left in my old body yet, I guess.

Anyway, that fixed Mr. Ricky for that day. I could bend over double yet, if it weren't for my rheumatism, at the dumb-founded expression on Ricky's face when he heard that raspberry. Whewicee!

But now, of course, I wouldn't want you to get any wrong ideas about us. I bear no ill will toward Ricky Arlen. He, no doubt, is a gentleman and a fair-enough actor for a youth.

I will admit he's a handsome lad, if you care for the pink-cheeked, bubble-blowing type. And he's certainly a card with the ladies. You should see him with a certain well-known blonde actress I could name.

WELL, all I can say is, young people didn't act that way in my time. I don't know what this younger generation is coming to. It's beyond me.

I may not, as I have said, have the dashing verve and youth of young Arlen, but my art has ripened and mellowed. In fact, I am polluted with mellowness, as it were. My first blush of youth is over. Quietly, and I hope with tolerance and understanding, I can retire at the end of my day's work to my little rocking chair (ole' rocking chair got me), with my slippers and my pipe. And my memories.

And I can't tell you what a comfort comes to me, as I putter about my little garden, to realize that for all these dashing young juveniles—the Ricky Arlens of the world, as it were—my public is still faithful to me. And cling, even as Arliss' monocle to his eye.

Faithful to the end, to one who has spent his life giving entertainment to others. Bringing laughs and tears to all. The one and only Baby LeRoy of the screen.

Greta Garbo Wanted to Be a Tight Rope Walker

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

To film Greta Garbo's old grandmother is no easy task. If anyone thinks so—just try it!

After I drove sixty miles to Sparreholm, she just simply refused to be filmed. No chance with flowery language, bribes, or anything else.

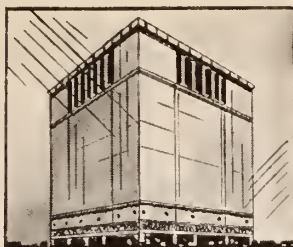
The old lady has already past the age of seventy-six, and is still full of life and plenty of determination.

IN days gone by, she lost patience with her granddaughter's eccentricities and has never seen her on the screen.

"Because she came from the city, she thought she was a regular city lady and didn't think much of my cooking," said the little grandmother. "Once she came out here to us to spend a few days, and I will never forget it.

"She wanted to be a tight rope walker and tied ropes between the trees and had everybody on the place worried stiff.

"Yes, she would think up the strangest things, that girl!"



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Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

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Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Judith Allen
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Dorothy Stickney
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Dorothy Dell
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Barbara Fritchie
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Jay Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns

Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Julian Madison
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Ethel Merman
Gertrude Michael
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tibburi
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crossman
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Ketti Gallian

Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanna Kaaren
Howard Lally
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Vivian Vance
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castaneda
Ada Cavell
Chick Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan

Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Thelma Todd
Nydia Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman

Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett
Arline Judge

Paul Kelly
Fredric March
Blossom Seeley
Judith Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Gene Raymond
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore

Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly

Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Ewing
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Jean Howard
Art Jarrett

Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Jay Lloyd
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Andy Devine
Russ Columbo
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gallow
Sterling Holloway
Edward Everett Horton
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston
June Knight
Paul Lukas

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Ellalee Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summervan
Lee Tracy
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Arthur Hohl
Leslie Howard
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee

Esmond Knight
Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Emily Lowry
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
William Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Sergava
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

No More Crooners!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

But Bing Crosby needs some word or phrase to describe his singing.

What should be the new descriptive term for Crosby and the intriguing quality of his slightly husky voice, which has made him one of the country's outstanding vocal entertainers?

What one word or term do you think best describes him?

Since the word crooner has fallen into disrepute and taken on unfavorable connotations, a new name for Crosby must be found.

It is felt that the logical source for this name is from Bing's admirers—those who eagerly await his screen and radio performances.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Paramount Picture Corporation will award \$300.00 in cash prizes for name suggestions.

To the person who submits the best word, or phrase of not more than two words, a prize of \$100.00 will be awarded.

For the second best suggestion, a prize of \$50.00 will be given.

The third prize will be \$30.00, and there will be twelve of \$10.00 each.

There will also be fifty consolation awards—personally autographed photographs of Bing himself.

Every person who has enjoyed Crosby's singing should be able to think up at least one good descriptive word or phrase.

Coin the word if you want. Or combine two words to make a fitting phrase. Search the dictionary, ask your friends, get the family in on the game. Then send your entries in, and watch PHOTOPLAY Magazine for announcement of the names of the prize winners.

Here are the rules:

The contest begins immediately. It ends at midnight on April 25. All entries must be in the editor's hands before that date. The judges will be selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Paramount Pictures Corporation. Their decision will be final. Send your entries to the Anti-Crooner Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.



Time for lunch: So Shirley Temple left the "Fox Follies" set and followed the grown-up stars to the Movietone City café

Fashion says: accent the eyes and lips



but do it
Just Right!

● Smart faces today are *expressive* faces! Your interesting features are played up. This means that lips are *frankly* rouged, and cheeks *sparingly* rouged. Eyelids are subtly shadowed, to give depth and sparkle. And powder must *exactly match* the skin.

Lovely? Of course! But this new make-up must be just right, for you don't want to look "painted."

The only sure way is to choose your make-up by your *skin-tone*. Not your hair, or your eyes, or your clothes. This is the principle Dorothy Gray follows in her Salons, and the one she recommends to you.

And you can't go wrong! For Dorothy Gray has grouped all her make-up according to skin-tones. Now you can *give yourself* this simplified "1-2-3 Salon Make-up."

1. *Dorothy Gray Make-up Foundation Cream*, to make cosmetics go on smoothly. *White, Natural, Rachel*, \$1.

2. *Dorothy Gray Rouge and Lipstick*... matched in colors, matched in names. The famous Cream Rouge made on a finishing cream base, \$2. Lipsticks in clear, true colors, non-fading, indelible, \$1. Rouge and lipstick colors: *Tawny, Sunset, Flamingo, Scarlet, Blush, Avis, Bright Rose, D'Espagne*. *Dorothy Gray Eye-shadow*, in sophisticated shades, \$1.50.

3. *Dorothy Gray Salon Face Powder*, in exact skin-tone shades. *Natural, Rachel, Aureate, Tawny, Rachel, Suntone, Evening*, \$3, \$1.

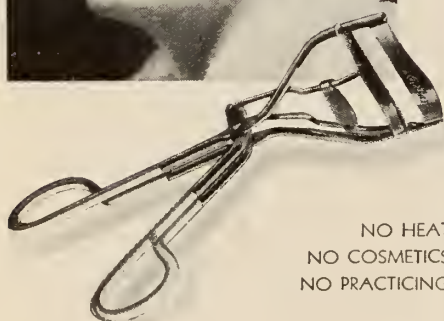
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Dorothy Gray

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NO PRACTICING

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.. so kind to
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**HAIR
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In event of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.

Each entrant may submit as many as five suggestions, but not more than five. The suggestions must be written on one side of a sheet of paper. No entries will be returned. Be sure to write your name and address plainly.

It's easy to think up a name! You'll be sur-

prised, once you get started, at how many words and phrases occur to you. Write down every single one you can think of. Try them out on yourself, on your friends or family. Then cull out those that don't "hit," and send in the best of the lot.

What is *your* best suggestion for Bing Crosby's new descriptive name?

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

GAMBLING LADY—Warners

SHE plays the game "straight"—this Barbara Stanwyck, gambling *Lady Lee*. Nothing up her ermine sleeve, no aces in her silken sock. Then she marries Park Avenue, or Joel McCrea, and finds that the girls over there stack the cards. Claire Dodd, Joel's old pal, all but ruins the game. Pat O'Brien is the reliable boy friend. Fair entertainment.

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal

SOME new twists make this a really interesting Western, with Ken Maynard playing a dual rôle and working in a bit of dancing, singing and plenty of hard riding on Tarzan, his horse. Fred Kohler is the villain who robs the safe, with Sheriff Maynard right after him. Lots of thrills. Cecilia Parker.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., turns in a clever performance as a young advertising man with an insatiable desire for wealth and prominence, but this wandering story just doesn't hit the mark. Genevieve Tobin does nice work. Colleen Moore, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman.

SPEED WINGS—Columbia

COLONEL Tim McCoy dishes out plenty of action, this time in an airplane. With partner William Bakewell, he designs a motor to win the speed championship. But all sorts of difficulties pop up. Fights galore, zooming planes, chases, cheers, and a thrilling finish. Evalyn Knapp. Fine for the younger set.

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M

THERE are all the elements of the old style melodrama in this, but you'll love it just the same. Robert Young comes to the Louisiana shrimp fisheries to swindle Jean Parker's mother, but instead plays the hero who rescues the old home and wins Jean's heart. Lovely moss-hung settings. Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton are side-splitting.

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty

AN independent production that rates with the majors. Notorious columnist Jack LaRue, is murdered while broadcasting in a locked room. Murder takes place just before he "spills the beans," as he has promised to do. Several persons had a motive—but who did it? Thelma Todd, Gail Patrick, Vince Barnett, Leslie Fenton, Russell Hopton.

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners

DRAMA in a deserted tourist haven, with the sunshine contributed by those comedy

masters, Glenda Farrell. Frank McHugh and Ruth Donnelly; and the dramatic lightning by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot. Ann longs for excitement, and gets her wish when robbers and Reno divorcees visit the camp. Tragic, but well played.

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal

THE only entertaining thing about this is the expert characterization by Robert McWade, who takes the film completely away from Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis without even trying. The story is all about Lew and Patricia trying to live on his small salary and not succeeding—until both learn their lessons. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell.

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio

NOT having seen his daughter (Helen Chandler) since childhood, John Barrymore has quite a time "getting acquainted" with the young lady when she becomes a performer at the night club where he acts as a sort of manager and master of ceremonies. Story is not nearly up to the Barrymore standard, but has good dialogue and many amusing little incidents.

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount

A GOOD theme that just didn't jell, this yarn about a waterfront hard-guy, Victor McLaglen, who sells out a friend and then makes a noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is believable as the girl who waits for the man she loves. Preston Foster makes a nice victim of circumstances. Alison Skipworth.

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia

MARY BRIAN'S romance with detective's son Bruce Cabot is climaxed by the murder of Mary's gangster brother. And, though just fairly entertaining, this melodrama does have a surprise finish. In an effort to clear his son of the charge, Detective Grant Mitchell hits upon a thousand-to-one shot which catches the real criminal unawares. Fine camera work.

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox

A GIRL'S disillusionment in her Greenwich Village friends, whom she believes genuine artists needing only a chance, is the theme selected to introduce lovely Rosemary Ames to the screen. Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are the fake artists, while wealthy John Boles proves a friend in need. Gertrude Michael and Joyzelle add color.

HAROLD TEEN—Warners

SIS-BOOM-BAH! Adolescence plus, complete with petting parties, fudge sundaes, lettered flivvers and the like—in this illogical but amusing screen translation of Carl Ed's comic strip. Hal LeRoy, as *Harold*, dances his way through in fine style, and Rochelle Hudson was cut out for the rôle of *Lillians*. A banana split to Patricia Ellis and rest of cast.

MIDNIGHT—Universal

PRETTY morbid capital punishment drama from the Theatre Guild play. The foreman of a jury which sends a woman to the electric chair is himself the father of a daughter who also kills the man she loves. Not a particularly pleasant evening's entertainment. But Sidney Fox and supporting players are excellent.

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.

BUT there *is* lots of funny business in this fluffy Continental comedy about the divorce agency which supplies operatives to effect reconciliations and manages to get the correspondents in the wrong suites. Gay Riveria atmosphere, done by our British cousins in the best Hollywood manner. Gertrude Lawrence and a uniformly fine cast.

THE INTRUDER—Allied

ANOTHER murder at sea, this time leading to all the suspects being shipwrecked on a desert isle inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe and his man Ingagi. The story is so completely screwy that even the producers couldn't solve it. Monte Blue and Lila Lee have nothing worth their while to do, though Arthur Housman is funny as the inebriate.

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures

KAZAN, a German Shepard dog with uncanny intelligence, shows up the actors in this one. They're all amateurish, but Kazan knows his stuff. He acts circles around the cast, and really seems to know what the story is all about, which is more than we do.

BEDSIDE—First National

TOO bad a good cast had to be wasted on this time-worn tale. With a charming bedside manner, luxurious offices, a press-agent, an able assistant, and the diploma of a drug-addicted M. D., Warren William establishes an excellent practice. Arousing no one's suspicions until—Jean Muir is lovely as his nurse-fiancee. David Landau, Allen Jenkins.

THE NINTH GUEST—Columbia

SUSPENSE is effectively carried to the very end of this story of eight persons partying with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. The ingenious methods their host employs in playing his game of wits will keep murder mystery devotees on their toes every minute. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, and good support. Vince Barnett does a bit of comedy relief.

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures

THROUGH this jungle film of wild animal life, is woven the story of mother love. So strong is it that Barbara Bedford exiles herself with her baby in a dense spot along the Rio Grande delta, when the husband is granted custody of their boy. Reptiles and jungle beasts in combat provide a few thrills. But, in all, it's pretty dull.



"Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"



"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

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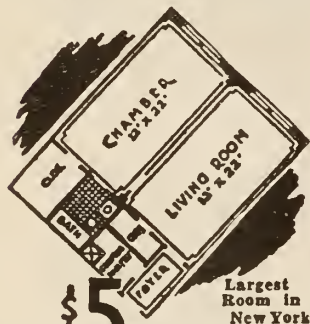


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CHARLESTON.

Jack the "Bachelor"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

room was decorated with a highly colorful, heterogeneous heap of woolen socks and sweaters that shamed the rainbow, topped by rusty riding breeches and boots. Jack had recently returned from the famous Muldoon's health camp, where tired New York lawyers and actors (who had been hitting the high spots) went through a course of sprouts that sent them out as good as new. The corner was where Jack unpacked from Muldoon's—

Other desks and many carved chests of exquisite lines and workmanship sat around at angles, covered with scattered neckwear, papers, boot-hooks, paint brushes, and several frantic wigs.

A magnificently carved and majestic altar lent an ecclesiastical air to the current copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, lying open on its benign face.

Dolls everywhere. Ragged antique character dolls with painted cloth faces, whilom playmates of a departed century, sprawled over each other in hapless unconcern. Puppets, once animated by the facile fingers of an Italian gentleman in the Renaissance era.

The dignified early-American fireplace at one side of the room took on the Italian influence with a pair of enormous candles—thick as a lamp-post and once as high—now burned to half-length, proved by the great blobs of melted wax spreading over the hearth onto the floor.



**DANCE? DON'T RUB IT IN,
GWEN! IT'S ALL I CAN DO
TO WALK AT THIS TIME OF
THE MONTH!**

**FIDDLESTICKS! YOU ARE
COMING, BECAUSE I CAN
TELL YOU HOW TO AVOID
ANY PERIODIC PAIN.**



AND SHE DID!

(Thanks to Midol)

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Yes, the girl who once gave-in to periodic pain has found a way to suap out of it.

Even those women who have always been "knocked flat" may now menstruate in perfect comfort.

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Watch the calendar. Just before your time, take a tablet of Midol, followed by a large glass of water. The usual



pains may not start at all. But if you feel one twinge, take a second tablet.

That's all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to "favor" yourself, or "keep off your feet." Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don't be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don't hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you'll be prepared.



No more chump! He's a soldier of the queen—in the British film, "The Magistrate." Claud Allister left Hollywood for English movies



"Here is the SECRET"

says

Mary Brun



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Antique tapestries, falling apart, tacked casually against the wall. Italian primitives, tile mosaics, a wormy, moldy pew of beautiful wood from some forgotten church, now holding a splash of clean laundry, pulled out of the boxes and tossed.

Jack dived under the Muldoon wardrobe and unearthed his latest prize—a delicate, tiny bird-cage of pearls (*real* pearls) strung on the finest wire. Inside sat the most exquisitely lifelike little nightingale that warbled with haunting sweetness when you wound it up with a golden key.

Tubes of twisted paint before a half-finished Madonna on glass. A bottle of turpentine, a forsaken liver sandwich (now practically petrified), a canoe paddle and two sticks of grease-paint in a huddle at the foot of the easel.

BOTTLES, bottles, everywhere . . . ancient, squat bottles of green and amber in strange, contorted shapes, the glass irregular with blisters and bubbles. Ponderous antique wine bottles. Immense brandy jugs, flattened out as if someone had stepped on them while they were wet.

Other bottles—modern, labeled—full, half-full, dead.

The famous Paul Manship bronze of the classic Barrymore profile—drolly wearing a knob of candle-wax on the end of the nose—giving the effect of a potato on the spout of a kerosene can—the youngest Barrymore in a spirit of play.

We were suddenly startled by a loud explosion at the far end of the studio.

Jack, busy hurling boots and shirts at the valet to be packed, never even paused.

"Hang that stuff!" he remarked. "Champagne I bought when Louis Sherry closed his place at Forty-fourth Street. It seems to blow up."

We climbed over to where the champagne blew up.

An exquisite little ivory grand piano staggered under the weight of four cases inscribed Krug, Pommery Sec and Pol Roger. A permanent trickle leaked onto the keys, and dripped through the strings on more cases stacked on the floor.

In practically no time, there was one less bottle to blow up.

THE valet, in his measured calm, barged about collecting raiment, expertly catching things heaved at him, placing them neatly in a huge trunk. There were still enough assorted clothes lying around to outfit three other people.

"That's enough," said Jack. "Let's eat."

He pulled on his plum-colored broadcloth coat over the salmon-pink satin shirt, gave his purple scarf a twist (oh yes, he did wear things like that in *those* days), and we adjourned to the kitchen.

Entrance to the culinary department was accomplished by detouring through the bathroom, which was a solid composition of tiny mirrors, fitted together—walls and ceiling—and a heroic litter of make-up every place else.

The kitchen, which baffles all description, yielded a jar of caviar, dried herring, biscuits, anchovies and a chunk of aromatic Roquefort—washed down with champagne in water glasses.

JACK sat perched on the edge of the sink with a biscuit in one hand and a herring in the other.

More aided than hindered by these props, he began an inspired declamation of the *Hamlet* soliloquy—the *Hamlet* that was soon to electrify the theater-going world on two continents—this time with a lock of hair in one eye, legs dangling from the sink, a herring waving in the air.

The gay, haphazard, disconnected Jack Barrymore of fifteen years ago!

John the Husband

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

dining-table. Back of it stands the huge carved Italian buffet, covered with a collection of glass—yes, the same antique Italian glass, now dusted and shining.

WHEN alone, the Barrymores dine in the little sitting-room adjoining Mrs. Barrymore's boudoir—on other occasions at the massive table, lighted by altar candles in the tall candelabra. There is nothing Barrymore enjoys more than an after-dinner session in this mellow glow, reminiscing with an old friend.

The walls are pure white. Not a single splash of champagne!

The other living-room—the formal or reception room in another of the five houses is paneled in dark, rich wood—a room of majestic dignity, but warmed by that atmosphere that always goes with books. Here are the museum pieces of John's vast library. Massive volumes, with their sumptuous hand-tooled leather covers, many of them dating pre-Gutenberg, or before the printing-press was invented. A very reserved and magnificent room—not a sock from Muldoon's in sight!

Mrs. Barrymore (Dolores Costello) has richly fulfilled the promise of her girlhood—the Dolores we remember on the screen. She is now an exquisite, womanly woman, who fits

into this soft Italian background as if she were part of a mosaic—a background that was created for her.

She is a competent and systematic person, who keeps the machinery of her household operating without a hitch. The perfect wife for John. Of course, there are efficient servants, and a business manager who attends to household bills and other detail matters.

A perfect and harmonious routine is observed. But the loveliest thing about the Barrymore ménage is the fine spirit of camaraderie, the warm, nice-to-be-in glow that fills the place.

IT is a very charming air—as if a group of people lived together who loved and understood each other. The Barrymores treat their children as if they have minds and personalities of their own. As if each is an individual with whom they like to have a good time, and whose company they prefer to any other. In other words, they are civilized parents.

Comfort has not been sacrificed to appearance in any single part of the Barrymore establishment. There is not a chair or couch in the entire place that does not offer the utmost in luxurious relaxation. And near every chair, any place in the five houses, is a perfect reading

light, and, close at hand, things to read. Things you are just dying to read. John, himself, is an omnivorous reader, and his taste in literature is unimpeachable.

So, order has resolved out of chaos. Inspired confusion has given way to interesting, balanced routine—a full, rich life.

And don't think for a moment the old Jack is completely subjugated by domesticity. Far from it. His hearty Rabelaisian laughter rocks and roars through the hills. There are few men alive who laugh with such lusty enjoyment, right from the heels up, as John Barrymore does.

There is no man who more fully enjoys and appreciates his children, his beautiful wife, his home, more than John Barrymore. Every moment away from his work is spent with them. If he casts a backward glance at the fantastic old life, it is to reminisce, as if he were talking of something in a novel, with some old pal—who may be newspaperman, a sailor or a street cleaner, for all John cares.

Is it any wonder that, around four o'clock in the afternoon at the studio, an unmistakable restlessness stirs the younger Barrymore, and an unconcealed consultation with his watch takes place every few minutes?

The only idea in the Barrymore head right then is—how soon can he break away and get home to the missus and the babies.



All ready to go! And we'll bet that Warren William is going to be led—with this foursome of frisky, eager terriers



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Turn to page 5, this issue, for subscription rate, below table of contents

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

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

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

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as Jo is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LOVE, HONOR AND OIL, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of Mr. and Mrs. Skitch (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lillian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as Nana in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

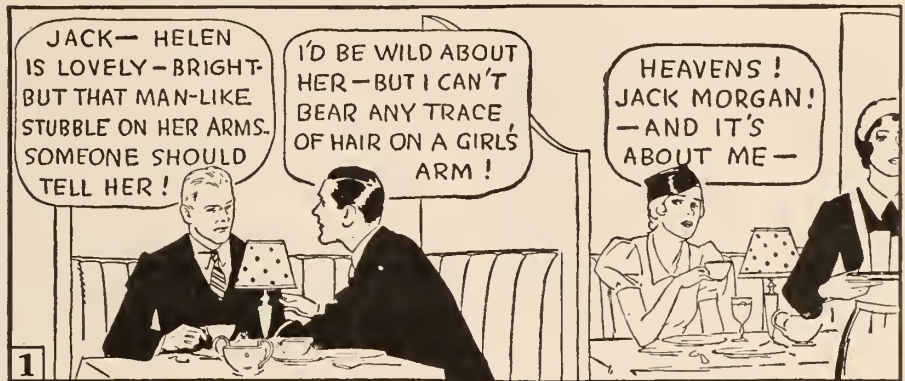
ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (April)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

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★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

★ **ORIENT EXPRESS**—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

★ **PALOOKA**—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter, Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

★ **PICTURE BRIDES**—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

★ **POLICE CALL**—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

★ **POLICE CAR 17**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evelyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

★ **POOR RICH, THE**—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

★ **POPPIN' THE CORK**—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

★ **QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")**—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

★ **SAGEBRUSH TRAIL**—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

★ **SATURDAY'S MILLIONS**—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

★ **SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE**—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

★ **SHANGHAI MADNESS**—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

★ **SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE**—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

★ **SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE**—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

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SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot King Kong much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakevell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed Tarzan tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Estler Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Cafe. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

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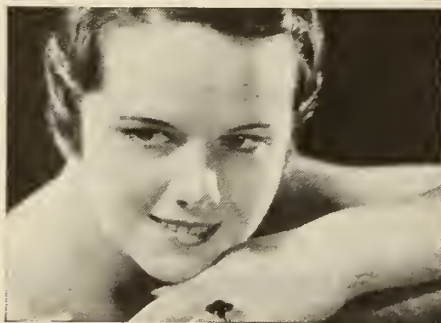


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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ALWAYS A GENT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Laird Doyle and Ray Nazarro. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Jimmy Corrigan*, James Cagney; *Joan*, Bette Davis; *Mabel*, Alice White; *Louie*, Allen Jenkins; *Joe Rector*, Arthur Hohl; *Ronnie*, Phillip Reed; *Hendrickson*, Ralf Harold; *Walsingham*, Alan Dinehart; *Posy*, Nora Lane; *Gladys*, Mayo Methot.

"BEDSIDE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Manuel Seff and Harvey Thew. Screen play by Lillie Hayward and James Wharton. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Louis*, Warren William; *Caroline*, Jean Muir; *Sparks*, Allen Jenkins; *Smith*, David Landau; *Marilza*, Kathryn Sergava; *Dr. Chester*, Henry O'Neill; *Wiley*, Donald Meek; *Versova*, Renee Whitney; *Dr. Michael*, Walter Walker; *Internes*, Phillip Reed, Philip Faversham; *Joe*, Earle Foxe.

"BEGGARS IN ERMINE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Esther Lynd Day. Adapted by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *John Dawson*, Lionel Atwill; *Merchant*, Henry B. Walthall; *Joyce*, Betty Furness; *James Marley*, Jameson Thomas; *Lee Marley*, James Bush; *Vivian*, Astrid Allwyn; *Joe Wilson*, George Hayes; *Scott Taggart*, Stephen Gross; *Ernright*, Sam Godfrey; *Joe Swanson*, Lee Phelps; *Mike the Mule*, Clinton Lyle; *Davis*, Sidney deGray; *Joyce (child)*, Gayle Kaye; *Nurse*, Myrtle Stedman; *Police Captain*, Gordon DeMaine.

"BOTTOMS UP"—FOX.—From the story by B. G. DeSylva, David Butler and Sid Silvers. Directed by David Butler. The cast: "*Smoothie*" King, Spencer Tracy; *Hal Reede*, John Boles; *Wanda Gale*, Pat Paterson; "*Limy*" Brock, Herbert Mundin; "*Spud*" Mosco, Sid Silvers; *Louis Wolf*, Harry Green; *Judith Marlowe*, Thelma Todd; *Detective Rooney*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Lane Worthing*, Dell Henderson; *Secretary*, Suzanne Kaaren; *Baldwin*, Douglas Wood.

"COME ON MARINES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Philip Wylie. Screen play by Byron Morgan and Joel Sayre. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Lucky Davis*, Richard Arlen; *Esther Cabot*, Ida Lupino; *Spud McGurke*, Roscoe Karns; *Jo Jo LaVerne*, Grace Bradley; *Susie Raybourne*, Virginia Hammond; *Katherine*, Gwennlian Gill; *Shirley*, Clara Lou Sheridan; *Dolly*, Toby Wing; *Wimpy*, Fuzzy Knight; *Loretta*, Lona Andre.

"COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Walter Fleisher. Screen play by Karen de Wolf. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Janet*, Fay Wray; *Rumowski*, Paul Lukas; *The Baron*, Reginald Owen; *Mimi*, Patsy Kelly; *Stefan*, Paul Page; *Stern*, John Sheehan; *Flower Girl*, Carmel Myers; *Hotel Manager*, Robert McWade; *Police Commissioner*, Frank Reicher; *Picture Director*, Richard Tucker; *Rumowski's Valet*, Mathew Betz; *Hotel Valet*, Bobby Watson; *Proprietor of Exchange*, Dewey Robinson; *Stefan's Friend*, A. S. Byron; *Newspaper Editor*, Harvey Clark.

"CRIME DOCTOR, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel, "The Big Bow Mystery," by Israel Zangwill. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Dan Gifford*, Otto Kruger; *Andra*, Karen Morley; *Gary Patten*, Nils Asther; *Blanch Flynn*, Judith Wood.

"DAVID HARUM"—FOX.—From the novel by Edward Noyes Westcott. Screen play by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *David Harum*, Will Rogers; *Polly*, Louise Dresser; *Ann*, Evelyn Venable; *John*, Kent Taylor; *Sylvester*, Stepin Fetchit; *Woodsy*, Noah Berry; *Edwards*, Roger Imhof; *Elwin*, Frank Melton; *Deacon*, Charles Middleton; *Widow*, Sarah Padden; *Sairy*, Lillian Stuart.

"FEROCIOUS PAL"—PRINCIPAL PICTURES.—From the story by Joseph Anthony Roach. Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet. The cast: *Kazan*, Kazan; *Doctor Elliott*, Robert Manning; *Patricia*, Ruth Sullivan; *Dave Brownell*, Tom London; *Johnnie Diggins*, Gene Toler; *Sheriff*, Harry Dunkinson; *Eb Boliver*, Henry Roquemore; *Charlie*, Nelson McDowell; *Sykes*, Ed Cecil; *Martha*, Grace Wood; *Champo*, Prince.

"FOUND ALIVE"—IDEAL PICTURES.—From the story by Captain Jacob Conn. Directed by Charles Hutchison. The cast: *Mrs. Roberts*, Barbara Bedford; *Bobby Roberts*, Maurice Murphy; *Mr. Roberts*, Robert Frazer; *Brooks*, Harry Griffith.

"GAMBLING LADY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Doris Malloy. Screen play by Ralph Block and Doris Malloy. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Lady Lee*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Garry Madison*, Joel McCrea; *Charlie Lang*, Pat O'Brien; *Sheila Aiken*, Claire Dodd; *Peter Madison*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Fallin*, Arthur Vinton; *Don*, Phillip Faversham; *Cornelius*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Mike Lee*, Robert Barrat; *Graves*, Robert Elliott; *Steve*, Phillip Reed; *Pryor*, Arthur Treacher.

"GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS"—FOX.—From the story by George White. Directed by George White. The cast: *Jimmy Martin*, Rudy

Vallee; *Happy McGillicuddy*, Jimmy Durante; *Kitty Donnelly*, Alice Faye; *Barbara Loraine*, Adrienne Ames; *Nicholas Mitwoch*, Gregory Ratoff; *Slew Hart*, Cliff Edwards; *Patsy Dey*, Dixie Dunbar; *Miss Lee*, Gertrude Michael; *Minister*, Richard Carle; *Pete Pandos*, Warren Hymer; *Al Burke*, Tom Jackson; *Count Dekker*, Armand Kaliz; *"Sailor"* Brown, Roger Gray; *Harold Bestry*, William Bailey; *John R. Loraine*, George Irving; *Judge O'Neill*, Ed Le Saint; *Specialty Beauties*, Eunice Coleman, Martha Merrill, Lois Eckhart, Hilda Knight, Peggy Mosley, Lucille Walker; *Eleanor Sawyer*, Edna May Jones; *The Meglin Kiddies*.

"HAROLD TEEN"—WARNERS.—From the comic strip by Carl Ed. Screen play by Paul Gerard Smith and Al Cohn. Directed by Murray Roth. The cast: *Harold Teen*, Hal LeRoy; *Lillums*, Rochelle Hudson; *Mimi*, Patricia Ellis; *Kalburn*, Hugh Herbert; *Pop*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Snatcher*, Doug Dumbrille; *Shadow*, Eddie Tambllyn; *Lilacs*, Chic Chandler; *Fa Lovewell*, Guy Kibbee; *Ma Lovewell*, Clara Blandick; *Sally*, Mayo Methot; *Farmatee*, Richard Carle; *McKinney*, Charles Wilson.

"HEAT LIGHTNING"—WARNERS.—From the original play by Leon Abrams and George Abbott. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Warren Duff. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Olga*, Aline MacMahon; *Myra*, Ann Dvorak; *Jeff*, Lyle Talbot; *Mrs. Tifton*, Glenda Farrell; *Frank*, Frank McHugh; *George*, Preston Foster; *Steve*, Theodore Newton; *Husband*, Edgar Kennedy; *Wife*, Jane Darwell; *Mrs. Ashton-Ashley*, Ruth Donnelly; *Everett*, Willard Robertson; *Business Man*, Harry C. Bradley; *Blonde Cutie*, Muriel Evans; *Sheriff*, James Durkin.

"HONOR OF THE WEST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken*, Ken Maynard; *Clem*, Ken Maynard; *Mary*, Cecilia Parker; *Rawhide*, Fred Kohler; *Boots*, Frank Hagney; *Rocky*, Jack Rockwell; *Turner*, James Marcus; *Smoky*, Al Smith; *Charlie*, Eddie Barnes; *Pete*, Slim Whitaker; *Saloonkeeper*, Franklin Farnum; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by George Hembert Westley. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Miaer Rothschild*, George Arliss; *Nathan Rothschild*, George Arliss; *Lehman*, Boris Karloff; *Julie Rothschild*, Loretta Young; *Lt. Col. Fitzroy*, Robert Young; *Wellington*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Herries*, Reginald Owen; *Metternich*, Alan Mowbray; *James*, Murray Kinnell; *Solomon*, Paul Harvey; *Carl*, Noel Madison; *Wife*, Florence Arliss; *Amschel*, Ivan Simpson; *Gudda Rothschild*, Helen Westley; *Roverth*, Holmes Herbert; *Baring*, Arthur Byron; *Talleyrand*, Georges Renavent; *Prime Minister*, Gilbert Emery; *Tax Collector*, Leonard Mudie; *Nesslerde*, Charles Evans.

"I BELIEVED IN YOU"—FOX.—From an idea by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *True Merrill*, Rosemary Ames; *Jim Crowl*, Victor Jory; *Michael Harrison*, John Boles; *Pamela Banks*, Gertrude Michael; *Saracen Jones*, George Meeker; *Russell Storm*, Leslie Fenton; *Vavara*, Joyzelle; *Joe*, Jed Prouty; *Oliver*, Morgan Wallace; *Giacomo*, Luis Alberni.

"INTRUDER, THE"—ALLIED.—From the screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Jack Brandt*, Monte Blue; *Connie Wayne*, Lila Lee; *Daisy*, Gwen Lee; *Reggie Wayne*, Arthur Housman.

"JOURNAL OF A CRIME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Jacques Deval. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Francoise*, Ruth Chatterton; *Paul*, Adolphe Menjou; *Chaulard*, George Barbier; *Eddie*, Phillip Reed; *Simone*, Claire Dodd; *Doctor*, Henry O'Neill; *Rigaud*, Edward McWade; *Winterstein*, Frank Reicher; *Henri*, Henry Kolker; *Maid*, Leila Bennett; *Costelli*, Noel Madison; *Stage Manager*, Frank Darien; *Victor*, Olaf Hytten; *Florenstan*, Walter Pidgeon; *Inspector*, Clay Clement; *Germaine Cartier*, Douglas Dumbrille.

"LAZY RIVER"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lea David Freeman. Screen play by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Sarah*, Jean Parker; *Bill*, Robert Young; *Sam Kee*, C. Henry Gordon; *Gabby*, Ted Healy; *Tiny*, Nat Pendleton; *Ruby*, Ruth Channing; *Miss Minnie*, Maude Eburne; *Captain Orkney*, Raymond Hutton; *Suzanne*, Irene Franklin; *Ambrose*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Sheriff*, Erville Anderson; *Armand*, George Lewis.

"LET'S BE RITZY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Harry Sauber and Earle Snell. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Jimmie*, Lee Ayres; *Ruth*, Patricia Ellis; *Betty*, Isabel Jewell; *Bill Damroy*, Frank McHugh; *Pembroke*, Berton Churchill; *Splevin*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Burton*, Hedda

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"LONG LOST FATHER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by G. B. Stern. Screen play by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Carl Bellairs*, John Barrymore; *Lindsey Lane*, Helen Chandler; *Bill Strong*, Donald Cook; *Tony Golding*, Alan Mowbray; *Lord Vinyan*, Reginald Sharland; *Lawyer*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Phyllis Mersey-Royds*, Phyllis Barry; *Flower Woman*, Tempe Pigott; *Bishop*, Herbert Bunston.

"MIDNIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Paul and Claire Siston. Directed by Chester Erskin. The cast: *Stella Heldon*, Sidney Fox; *Edward Weldon*, O. P. Heggie; *Nolan*, Henry Hull; *Mrs. Heldon*, Margaret Wycherly; *Joe Biggers*, Lynn Overman; *Ada Biggers*, Katherine Wilson; *Arthur Heldon*, Richard Whorf; *Gar Boni*, Humphrey Bogart; *Henry McGrath*, Granville Bates; *Elizabeth McGrath*, Cora Witherspoon; *District Attorney Plunkett*, Moffat Johnson; *Ingersoll*, Henry O'Neill; *Ethel Saxton*, Helen Flint.

"MYSTERY OF MR. X"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Mystery of the Dead Police" by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Revel*, Robert Montgomery; *Jane*, Elizabeth Allan; *Connor*, Lewis Stone; *Marche*, Ralph Forbes; *Frensham*, Henry Stephenson; *Palmer*, Forrester Harvey; *Hutchinson*, Ivan Simpson; *Mr. X*, Leonard Mudie; *Judge Malpas*, Alec B. Francis; *Willis*, Charles Irwin.

"NINTH GUEST, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Owen Davis. Screen play by Garnett Weston. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Jim Daley*, Donald Cook; *Jean Trent*, Genevieve Tobin; *Henry Abbott*, Hardie Albright; *Tim Cronin*, Edward Ellis; *Jason Osgood*, Edwin Maxwell; *Assistant Buller*, Vincent Barnett; *Sylvia Inglesby*, Helen Flint; *Dr. Murray Reid*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Margaret Chisholm*, Nella Walker; *Buller*, Sidney Bracey.

"NO GREATER GLORY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ferenc Molnar. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Nemecsek*, George Breakston; *Boka*, Jimmy Butler; *Gereb*, Jackie Searl; *Feri Acs*, Frankie Darro; *Csonakos*, Donald Haines; *Ferdie Pasztor*, Rolf Ernest; *Henry Pasztor*, Julius Molnar; *Kolnay*, Wesley Giraud; *Csele*, Beaudine Anderson; *Richter*, Bruce Line; *Gereb's Father*, Samuel Hinds; *Watchman*, Christian Rub; *Father*, Ralph Morgan; *Molner*, Lois Wilson; *Racz*, Egon Brecher; *Doctor*, Frank Reicher; *Janitor*, Tom Ricketts.

"NO FUNNY BUSINESS"—FERRONE PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Dorothy Hope. Directed by John Stafford and Victor Hanbury. The cast: *Yvonne Kane*, Gertrude Lawrence; *Clive Dering*, Laurence Olivier; *Ann Moore*, Jill Esmond; *Monsieur Florey*, Gibb McLaughlin; *Mrs. Fothergill*, Muriel Aked; *Edmund*, Edmund Breon.

"REGISTERED NURSE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Wilton Lackaye and Florence Johns. Screen play by Lillie Hayward and Peter Milne. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Sylvia Benton*, Bebe Daniels; *Dr. Connolly*, Lyle Talbot; *Gloria Hammond*, Dorothy Burgess; *Dr. Hedwig*, John



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Halliday; *Jim Benton*, Gordon Westcott; *Sadie Harris*, Irene Franklin; *McKenna*, Head Nurse, Beulah Bondi; *Elhel*, Renee Whitney; *Dixie*, Virginia Sale; *Schloss*, Minna Gombell; *Male Nurse*, Mill Kibbee; *Jimmy Sylvestry*, Sidney Toler; *Jerry*, Fuzzy Knight.

"RIPTIDE"—M-G-M.—From the original screen story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Mary*, Norma Shearer; *Tommie*, Robert Montgomery; *Lord Rexford*, Herbert Marshall; *Aunt Hetty*, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; *Erskine*, Skeets Gallagher; *Fenwick*, Ralph Forbes; *Sylvia*, Lilyan Tashman; *Percy*, Arthur Jarrett; *Freddie*, Earl Oxford; *Celeste*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Bertie*, George K. Arthur; *Pamela*, Baby Marilyn Spinnert; *Nurse*, Phyllis Cochlan; *Ransome*, Howard Chaldecott; *Bollard*, Halliwell Hobbes.

"SHADOWS OF SING SING"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Katherine Scola and Doris Malloy. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Muriel*, Mary Brian; *Bob Mariel*, Bruce Cabot; *Joe Mariel*, Grant Mitchell; *Rossi*, Harry Woods; *Angela*, Claire Du Brey; *Slick*, Bradley Page; *Highbrow*, Irving Bacon; *Dumpy*, Dewey Robinson; *Murphy*, Fred Kelsey.

"SHE MADE HER BED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Baby in the Ice-Box" by James M. Cain. Screen play by Casey Robinson and Frank R. Adams. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Wild Bill Smith*, Richard Arlen; *Lura Gordon*, Sally Eilers; *Duke Gordon*, Robert Armstrong; *Eve Richards*, Grace Bradley; *Santa Fe*, Rosco Ates; *Joe Olsen*, Charley Grapewin; *Ron*, Richard Arlen, Jr.

"SHOW-OFF, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by George Kelly. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Aubrey Piper*, Spencer Tracy; *Amy*, Madge Evans; *Jo*, Henry Wadsworth; *Clara*, Lois Wilson; *Pa Fisher*, Grant Mitchell; *Ma Fisher*, Clara Blandick; *Frank*, Alan Edwards; *J. B. Preston*, Claude Gillingwater.

"SING AND LIKE IT"—RKO-RADIO.—From story "So You Won't Sing, Eh?" by Aben Kandel. Screen play by Marion Dix and Laird Doyle. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Annie Snodgrass*, ZaSu Pitts; *Ruby*, Pert Kelton; *Adam Frank*, Edward Everett Horton; *Fenny*, Nat Pendleton; *Tools*, Ned Sparks; *Ambecrombie*, Richard Carle; *Oswald*, John M. Qualen; *Junker*, Matt McHugh; *Butch*, Stanley

Fields; *Gunner*, Joseph Sauer; *Webster*, William H. Griffith; *Mrs. Fishbeck*, Grace Hayle; *Gregory*, Roy D'Arcy.

"SPEED WINGS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Horace McCoy. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Tim*, Tim McCoy; *Mary*, Evelyn Knapp; *Jerry*, Billy Bakewell; *Mickey*, Vincent Sherman; *Crandall*, Hooper Atchley; *Gregory*, Ben Hewlett; *Haley*, Jack Long.

"SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Success Story" by John Howard Lawson. Screen play by John Howard Lawson and Howard J. Green. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Joe*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Agnes*, Genevieve Tobin; *Merrill*, Frank Morgan; *Sarah*, Colleen Moore; *Fisher*, Edward Everett Horton; *Dinah*, Nydia Westman; *Jeffery*, Allen Vincent; *Hatfield*, Henry Kolker.

"TAKE THE STAND"—LIBERTY.—From the story "Deuce of Hearts" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Albert Du Mond. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *George Gaylord*, Jack LaRue; *Sally Oxford*, Thelma Todd; *Cornelia Burbank*, Gail Patrick; *Bill Hamilton*, Russell Hopton; *John Burbank*, Berton Churchill; *Hugh Halliburton*, Leslie Fenton; *Pearl Reynolds*, Sheila Terry; *Tony Steica*, Vince Barnett; *O'Brien*, Paul Hurst; *Bradren*, DeWitt Jennings; *Paddock*, Bradley Page; *Reynolds*, Jason Robards; *Dale*, Arnold Gray; *Carr*, Edward Kane.

"THIS MAN IS MINE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Love Flies in the Window" by Anne Morrison Chapin. Screen play by Jane Murnin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Tony Dunlap*, Irene Dunne; *Fran Harper*, Constance Cummings; *Jim Dunlap*, Ralph Bellamy; *Bee McCrea*, Kay Johnson; *Jud McCrea*, Charles Starrett; *Mort Holmes*, Sidney Blackmer; *Rita*, Vivian Tobin; *Slim*, Louis Mason.

"WHARF ANGEL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Man Who Broke His Heart" by Frederick Schlick. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and George Somnes. The cast: *Turk*, Victor McLaglen; *Toy*, Dorothy Dell; *Como*, Preston Foster; *Mother Bright*, Alison Skipworth; *Moore*, David Landau; *Goliath*, John Rogers; *Sadik*, Mischa Auer; *Brooklyn Jack*, James Burke; *Sieve*, Alfred Delambre; *The Captain*, Frank Sheridan; *Slim*, Don Wilson; *Vasil*, John Northpole; *Dick*, Max Wagner.

Beauty Pursues Earl Carroll

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"Is he young and good looking?" In Pittsburgh they decided to throw a party in their private car for the press. Someone suggested that a certain beauty give the boys a toast. Nervous, but still game and not quite sure what it was all about, the girl raised her glass (only wine, mind you) and with a sweet smile said:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
My mother owns a horse. Hello!"

All of which threw the reporters into a state of something not even normal, and resulted in all of them having to be led from the train.

BETWEEN trains at Chicago they stopped at a hotel. Over and over they were warned not to open their door to any man.

"Send him down the hall to us," Mr. Carroll's business manager told them.

And then came a knock on the door and before they could answer it, in walked a gentleman saying, "I want to see Mr. Carroll." "He isn't here," one of the beauties chirped. "I'll wait," he said, sitting down and making himself at home. Whereupon the girls ran to the chaperon, who promptly said, "Expel the gentleman, girls." And the girls, good, obedient, little creatures that they are, grabbed the gentleman by the seat of his trousers, gave a one, two, three, and the amazed gentleman landed on his amazed trousers seat in an equally astonished fall.

An hour later they discovered they had actually thrown out a prominent Paramount official who had come to Chicago expressly to see Mr. Carroll, and never did.

"Now these are grand New York show

girls," Hollywood reasoned, "and we've got to give them all the things they're used to. We want them to be happy." So, when the train pulled in, several important officials met them and handed out the good news.

"Just whatever you girls want now for your comfort and happiness," they said, and a night-marish vision of sables, limousines and stucco mansions floated through their heads.

"Thank you," beamed the girls. "There is something we'd like very much."

"What is it?" they asked.

"A kitchenette," the girls screamed in unison. And so the little "Vanities" cook their own little meals in their own little kitchenette and love it.

THE life of a "Carroll Cutie" in Hollywood is just one hilarious round of excitement. No wonder all these girls are chasing Mr. Carroll silly to join in the fun. For instance, at six o'clock of a cold, damp morning, the little girls must arise from their little beds and get ready for work. Cooking their own coffee, making their own toast.

At 7:30, for no reason at all, they must climb into a huge tally-ho drawn by six horses and they're off. To the studio. Why the tally-ho, no one has ever quite found out.

Evidently someone, some place, thought of it, for there it is.

All day long they parade before a movie camera and at six o'clock repair to their little kitchenettes, where they cook their own little dinners and then crawl into their own little beds.

Thrilling, isn't it? Especially the getting in

and out of the tally-ho a couple of times a day. Days they aren't working they must report every absence to the chaperon. If they go to a beauty parlor, a note saying where and when and who won the World War must be left. And heaven help the girl who isn't back when she promised. And no phoning down to the dining-room for an extra snack by the girls who are on a diet.

Mrs. Rooney has already told the chef one or two things about that little matter.

Then, of course, there are the uniforms. They must each wear yellow turtle-neck sweaters and blue slacks. And evidently each girl has won her letter, for across each sweater are the letters "E. C. V." For Earl Carroll "Vanities," of course.

AND then came the day a dozen or so colored girls were needed for a picture and then, getting an eyeful of the "Vanities" cuties, appeared the next day on the lot also in yellow turtle-neck sweaters and blue slacks. And strangely enough, the letters E. C. V. appeared across their bosoms.

"Here," someone said, "you're not Earl Carroll 'Vanities' girls. How come the E. C. V.?"

"Oh, that's not for Earl Carroll 'Vanities,'" one high-yellow baby said. "That means 'Each a Colored Virgin.'"

So they just let it rest at that. After all.

Over the Paramount gate was hung the sign, "Thru This Door Pass The Most Beautiful Girls In The World." And all the photographers from newspapers and magazines were summoned to shoot the most beautiful girls in the world (the Carroll "Vanities") passing through the door. Cameras were all set, lights ready, when suddenly, arm-in-arm, out passed Polly Moran and Alison Skipworth, and somehow the whole matter was just quietly dropped.

Two of the girls, being under eighteen, must go to school on the lot, each day. And it's "Columbus crossed the ocean blue in Fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two, with a hi de hi de ho and a hot-cha-cha" in the old Paramount schoolroom these days. And everyone, from executives down, fighting to carry the books of a couple of little "Vanities" girls. "Ain't it fun?"

But poor Mr. Carroll. There's the tragic little number of the troupe. Haunted and harassed as he is, he discovered another little problem on his hands. The Eastern group of beauties and the Western group of beauties aren't as friendly as they might be. In fact, during rehearsals, the looks that fly from East to West and West to East threaten to bring on a typhoon that might make a piker out of last year's earthquake.

AND then, one little Western cutie discovered the Eastern beauties were to be dressed in lovely furs during one number. One was to be the Spirit of Silver Fox, one the Spirit of Ermine, and so forth.

Like a streak she was in the head office.

"I've been on this lot almost a year," she stormed, "and so what? These 'Vanities' upstarts come out here and get beautiful furs and what do I get? A rubber bathing suit. Now I want furs or I'm going to start something."

So, to avoid any trouble, they let her be the Spirit of a Rabbit's Tail and she wore the little blob of fur for a pompon on her cap. And all was well.

But, in spite of it all, the beauties keep hounding the weary and nerve-torn Mr. Carroll, who wishes he had never left the peaceful, blaring, glaring Broadway for the hysterical chase of Hollywood.



SHE LOOKS TEN YEARS OLDER THAN WE ARE

WHY, SHE WAS IN SCHOOL WITH ME. IT'S HER DISHPAN HANDS THAT MAKE YOU THINK HER OLDER

People judge a woman's age by her hands—don't let yours get old-looking!

Dishwashing with harsh soaps will coarsen hands so quickly, leave them red, rough, old. That's why clever women use Lux for dishes. Lux has none of the harmful

alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Its gentle suds protect the natural oils, leave hands smoothly white and young after their dishpan beauty care. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.



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Joan



Blondell

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EVERY DAY
AND IS GLAD
TO TELL *Why*

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Joan Blondell

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Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*

“I WANT A BABY”

By MARILYN HERD

The remarkable story
of a girl's strange quest

DECORATIONS

BY FRANK DOBIAS



Joan Randolph's steps turn, one fateful afternoon,
into unfamiliar paths that lead her into a whirlwind
of new emotions and their bewildering consequences



BY magic, the pandemonium which filled Madison Square Garden was stilled. One moment, booes and hisses greeted the decision; the next, a whisper in the top gallery could have been heard at the ringside. The referee, king of the arena, stared in amazement at the flaming-haired girl who stepped through the ropes and strode toward him.

A man, any man, who dared to enter the sacred enclosure of the prize ring would have been tossed out, and here was a mere girl daring to invade the holy of holies. Arc lights streamed on her glittering gown as she advanced upon Referee Gregory.

THAT decision was positively unfair," Joan Randolph's voice was tense with excitement. "Kid Maloy won—you know he did." And she flayed the referee in scathing sentences that zoomed through the amplifiers to the galleries.

Thousands of fight fans thundered approval, and then all were silent to catch Gregory's answer.

"Lady, you heard my decision—and that's that!"

Joan persisted. "It's outrageous! I'll go to the State Boxing Commission. I'll—"

"Lady, go anywhere. Go tell it to the Marines, but go away, please." And he climbed out of the ring with Joan after him.

Again the tumult broke out mingled with derisive cheers for the unpopular referee. Tom Rollins, Joan's escort, seized her arm. "Let's get out of here," angrily, "unless you want to top your performance with the rumba. By now the tabloids are no doubt setting your name for a headline."

He glanced apprehensively toward the press row. Joan looked around undecidedly. The referee had taken advantage of the interruption to hurry away. There was no chance for Joan to continue the argument. She permitted Tom to lead her through the staring crowd.

Settled back in the luxurious upholstery of Tom's car, she felt a curious weakness at the knees. Rollins grinned placidly.

WELL, Joan," he offered, rather smugly, "you're improving. Two weeks ago, you almost knocked down a cop on the bridle path with your reckless riding."

Joan on her black horse, rushing past like a whirlwind of beauty, "racing the morning," as she would say, was a familiar figure on the bridle path.

"Last month, you took a parachute drop on a dare."

The story of this had been much exaggerated. Joan had only accepted the dare. And that was that.

"Really, you ought to marry me before you do some-

thing that even I can't condone—much as I love you. Make a show of yourself a few more times and I don't know that even I would take a chance on marrying you. Better think it over."

"But I was right," she flared. "The decision was so unjust."

"What could you do about it?"

NOTHING, I suppose. But I was so excited. I was up there in the ring before I knew it. About marrying you—I might marry you, as I've told you before—but settle down—"

"One thing at a time," suggested Rollins comfortably. "Let's get the marriage decided. We can talk about you settling down afterwards."

They argued it out without reaching a conclusion before the car drew up at the Randolph home on upper Fifth Avenue.

"I don't think I'll come in. Latish and all that. I'll ring you tomorrow." He bowed her through the

massive doorway with a self-satisfied smile. Tom knew what Cyril Randolph's reaction would be when he saw the morning papers. After the interview with her father, maybe Joan would welcome his arms. Well, he figured, he could handle her, and her father obviously could not.

The next morning when Joan came down to breakfast, she found her father glaring at a sheaf of morning papers. Her eye caught one tabloid headline: "Dauntless Deb Defies Referee," and beneath it, a flashlight of herself with arm raised in a convincing gesture.

Her father waved the tabloid like a challenge. "Cheapening yourself again. No family pride.

No self-respect." On and on. She offered an explanation, but he would not listen. Resentful at not being allowed to defend herself, she flounced angrily from the room.

Hurt, resentful, puzzled, she brooded alone. She was a fool to do the things she did. Then, why did she? But they were never premeditated. A restless energy was always driving her intensely in a vain searching for what? She did not know.

GRADUALLY as the hours passed, the day took on her mood. Clouds thickened. A fine drizzle began to fall. She sat, staring at the trees across in the park.

Kate, her maid, entered with thick arms brimming with fluffy lingerie.

"Please get out my tweed suit, Kate. I'm going for a walk."

"Sure, a beautiful girl could find somethin' better to do than tramping the wet streets alone. And in that suit you certainly don't look like the Randolph heiress."



"I like it. It's been places, and seen things."

"What could it be seen' on a day like this but umbrellas?"

"Who knows?" and Joan went off with her sketch-book under her arm.

She tramped along through the drizzle. Her mood took her, not down Fifth Avenue, where brilliantly lighted shops beckoned for attention, but across town into the tenement neighborhood where elevated trains rumbled, and the rain dripped a sad, hopeless rhythm.

HER quick eye caught dingy, brave little shop windows—creaking delivery wagons—sallow-cheeked doorways. But, when she reached for her sketch-pad, her mind snapped her back to her father's words.

She stopped midway on a shabby, thin, tenement-lined street—sagging in fatigue after a weary day.

The rain rushed down in a sudden drenching shower that sent her scurrying to a nearby doorway. At the entrance was a photographer's showcase alive with photographs of babies and children. There were laughing babies and frowning babies, and one solemn-eyed youngster drinking from a round, enamel cup. There were babies reaching eagerly with outstretched arms, and babies too tiny for anything but sleep.

Joan studied them with fascination. She knew little of babies. They had always seemed all alike to her. But these had definite personalities.

A door opened softly. Joan glanced up. A tall, young man in a bright blue smock towered in the doorway. Joan's quick appraising glance noticed his thick, brown hair, and his deep intelligent eyes.

The sign above the showcase read, "Michael Storm, Photographer."

"Are you Mr. Storm?"

"At your service," the voice was low, pleasant and full.

"These are remarkable photographs," she said.

"I was all set to take another remarkable photograph, when—well—" he smiled and said, "Listen." Joan heard a baby's screams and a woman's scolding voice.

"Is having a picture taken that painful for a baby?"

Michael Storm's laugh joined Joan's.

"I can handle babies, but I can't handle mothers. She shouts so she frightens him."

It amused Joan to think of this tall, powerful, handsome young man photographing little babies. Here was adventure.

THE rain fell as if the clouds had burst. Taxis were rare in this neighborhood. She liked the way Michael Storm's eyes flashed with his words.

"You must have lots of pictures inside."

"Would you like to see them?"

"I'd love to."

She followed him into the studio where an exasperated broad-bosomed Italian mother shushed her howling baby.

"Oh, the little darling," Joan said. "He's a beauty."

WHETHER it was the soft tone of her voice, or the bright cover of her sketch-pad, the baby's dry-eyed sobbing gradually stopped and he stretched small hands eagerly for Joan's pad.

Michael gently lifted the baby, sketch-pad and all, into a high chair. The baby slapped the book with his star-shaped hands and gurgled happily. The mother stood aside, smiling and nodding, and Michael snapped the picture.

The dark-haired mother beamed upon Joan, "You must have a baby of your own to know so good how to make him quiet?" Joan smiled.

The Italian mother bundled up her baby and left Joan and Michael alone.

"Here are the albums. Sit here and we'll look at them," Michael indicated a brown leather sofa with the imprint of his long body deep in it.

They turned the pages together. Joan's wonder at Michael's skill grew with each page. Another conviction grew with disturbing speed—Michael Storm was a person of rare charm—a puzzling combination of deep strength and delicate understanding. She marveled at the dark intensity of his face that reflected swiftly every change of mood. And

his humor was delicious, as she learned when he went to frivolous banter as he introduced the game of guessing the futures of the babies in the albums.

"This one will grow up to be a politician," Joan predicted, indicating a very plump, frowning baby.

HMMMM! I'm not so sure." Michael considered it quizzically. "From the neck down, yes. But the face, no. Mouth is too sensitive. His eyes are soft as a poet's, expressive eyes, set wide apart—like yours."

Joan flushed at the comment, but found herself pleased that he had noticed her eyes. She turned the page quickly.

"How will this one turn out? Butcher? Artist?"

"That depends. I've a theory about children. Some kind of a destiny is stamped on them at birth. You can see it in these faces. The pity is that so many who bear the stamp of finer things never get a chance. Many a potential artist is driving a cab, or slicing steak."

"And many a gifted photographer is hidden away on a side street." Joan checked her enthusiasm to add a matter-of-factness to her tone.



"If you mean me, I may, some day, be on Fifth Avenue. But I like to photograph babies and children."

"Why not on Fifth Avenue?"

"If you knew anything about Fifth Avenue, you'd realize there's a famine in babies over there."

JOAN thought of her Fifth Avenue friends. Babies were scarce, and so often they were accepted as troubles for which parents had no time. Babies of the rich were turned over to a cabinet of nurses, governesses and servants. It had been so with her. Her mother had died when she was three, and her father's one interest was his banking. Her thoughts were interrupted by Michael's: "Like this neighborhood?"

Joan nodded, thankful that her old tweed suit, her rain-soaked hat, and her scuffed walking shoes, made him think she belonged here. She noticed the time on the one-legged clock, leaning recklessly on the mantel, and hurriedly rose.

Michael's abrupt question caught her unprepared. "Have you ever had your baby's photograph taken?"

Joan flushed. "Why, no. I never have." Was he jesting?

"I'm making a special rate for the season—four dollars for six, and seven dollars a dozen. That's reasonable?"

"Very."

"You could bring the baby up tomorrow afternoon," he said.

"You *are* businesslike. You bring me to admire your genius, then you talk like an insurance salesman."

"Even geniuses must eat!" he laughed. "Wouldn't you like to bring your baby for a sitting? Tomorrow at three?"

Joan experienced an intense gone feeling in her stomach. There was warmth and friendliness here and the engaging promise of adventure.

"What do you say?"

"All right," she said, a bit weakly.

When Joan left the studio she walked rapidly until she was sure she was out of sight, should Michael Storm be watching. Then, she hailed a cab. She must hurry. She and her father were entertaining. She settled back in the cab and smiled out at the gray drizzle.

Joan thought of Tom Rollins, then of Michael Storm. She pictured the serious-faced Tom in Michael's bright blue smock and laughed aloud. The cab slowed and the driver turned, "Say something, Miss?"

"Nope," she answered pertly. "I just laughed."

And the cab swung into Fifth Avenue.

THAT night, Cyril Randolph beamed as he looked over the brilliant ballroom and saw Joan dancing with Tom Rollins. She looked especially beautiful tonight in her graceful, white satin gown, her small head covered thickly with rich auburn curls, her quick blue eyes glowing with excitement. And he nodded approvingly at Tom Rollins' broad shoulders and firm, steady jaw. "Just the man for Joan—practical, reliable and steady."

Tom had tried to convince Joan of this through four long dances. In his orderly way, he had subtly emphasized what he could give her with marriage. Unemo-

tionally, during a feverish rumba, he had spoken of wealth. Through a throbbing tango, he had pallidly discussed social position. During a gay fox-trot, it was travel and leisure. And now, to the haunting lilt of a waltz, he dwelt on his fourth qualification.

Joan wasn't listening. She had heard it all before.

Suddenly, Tom said sharply: "Joan! You're not listening. What *are* you thinking about?"

Joan launched enthusiastically into her story of the afternoon's adventure. Half through, she realized that Tom's mind was miles away. She shrugged mentally and silently considered where she might be able to procure a baby before three o'clock the next afternoon.

The next morning, Joan sat before her dressing-table, watching the sheen of her hair in the wake of her brush.

"Kate, how can I get a baby?"

Kate's horrified face popped from the closet.

"You've plenty of time to be considerin' that." Kate had been Joan's mother's maid. She found it hard to realize Joan was twenty-two.

"As a matter of fact, I expect to have a baby today," Joan said lightly.

"IS it crazy you are?" with the privilege of an old servant, and Kate's experienced glance swept Joan from head to foot. Then the wrinkled face beamed: "What a scare you'd be given' a body!"

Joan winked at Kate's reflection above her own. "Would you be ve-ry surprised if I had a baby this morning?"

Kate chuckled. "If me religion didn't teach the evils of gamblin', I'd be bettin' you ten to one."

"I'll bet you."

"Go 'long with you, child. Don't be trying to cross wits with Kate Grady," and she marched out.

The boudoir door opened again, and Kate's wide grin hung there like the Cheshire cat's—just the grin—and Kate's voice: "Ten dollars on it, Miss Joan, and good luck to ye!"

By noon, it was a much perplexed Joan who checked off the last name in the classified directory under the listing:

"DAY NURSERIES" and "HOMES FOR CHILDREN," and faint-heartedly dialed her last hope.

"IS this the Wilton Home for Children? Can you let me have a baby? No, not adopt it, just borrow it for an afternoon. I'll take good care of it. I—" But the receiver had clicked.

"I suppose there's only one thing left to do," and Joan dialed Michael's number.

"Hello!" Michael's voice—clear and strong.

A long pause.

"Hello! Hello!" Michael's voice—like a hand stretched to lead her to him.

She hung up without answering. She had to see him, baby or no baby. "Besides," she convinced herself, "it's fairer to go right up and explain that I haven't a baby."

This sunny afternoon, the tenement street was alive and happy. Joy lay thick upon it. Gay-voiced boys

were playing baseball. Happy mothers leaned on window sills, interested spectators in the prowess of their offspring. An almost unbroken line of baby carriages, blanketed by the golden sunshine, fringed the curb, while children of intermediate age played gleefully on stoops and sidewalks.

A FEW doors from Michael's shop, Joan stopped in her tracks. A buxom mother sat on a stoop with a yellow-haired baby on her lap. The sight of that particular baby offered a solution to Joan's problem.

She spoke to the baby—admiring it to its mother. She played with it until she felt the mother had softened sufficiently under her expertly guided flattery, and then: "I'd love to have a picture of your baby. It's beautiful."

"I haven't a picture. It's somethin' I'm still savin' for."

"Oh, you really should have one." Then, as though it had just occurred to her: "Suppose I take the baby into Michael Storm's. Then, I can have a picture for myself and I'll make you a present of the rest?"

The woman scrutinized Joan closely. The baby's confident smile decided her. "All right. But I can't go with you. If I take my eyes off the rest of 'em," waving her meaty palm at her brood, "Johnnnnie! Come out of that! Takes after his father—always gettin' into somethin'."

"The baby will be safe with me," Joan assured her. "I'll bring it right back."

"Glory be! Don't hold it like that. You'll squeeze it to death." She adjusted Joan's arms. "That's better. Just have to be careful of their backs."

The baby's warmth penetrated to Joan's arms. She had never before held a baby. She looked down, the baby's mouth formed a tiny circle and a wceeny bubble floated on the soft rose of its lips.

"Darling!" Joan breathed. "I never saw anythin' so cunnin'!" And, despite the mother's warning, hugged it tightly. At the entrance to Michael's, she kissed it and whispered softly, "I love you—brat," she added gently, a bit aghast at her sentimentality. The baby looked up at her, wide-eyed and dimpled.

"Hello! Hello!" Michael greeted her. "So, we brought the family!" He looked down into the baby's face, then whistled softly.

"What's the matter?"

"What a beauty! Girl or boy?"

"I—a girl." Joan's thoughts stumbled. "Marjorie is—her—name."

TOGETHER they posed the baby, who cooed happily. Michael snapped a picture with each change of expression. Joan had never had so much fun. She wished

this experience could continue forever. But it was almost time to go.

"Now let me take one of you with the baby," Michael suggested.

Holding a baby was such a new experience that Joan was confused before Michael's scrutiny. Then, the painting of her mother in the library at home came to her mind. As a little girl Joan took her troubles there and found comfort. Since her mother's death, that painting had been a familiar shrine.

Joan cradled the baby against her. Her eyes grew soft and gentle, her mouth tender. She felt the utter peace and contentment that was reflected in her mother's face.

The eye of the camera focused.

THEN, suddenly, Joan experienced a curious breathless moment. The whole scene faded away—even Michael. Past adventures swirled before her mind as but vain restless searchings for a happiness now so close, soft and warm, against her bosom. It was a moment like part of eternity, yet so brief, that when it was over and she had breathed wonderingly: "I want a baby!" Michael's hand, which had started to close on the bulb as it began, now relaxed.

The next instant she asked quite casually. "Okay?"

"Fine."

With the pretext of hurrying home, Joan left the shop with the baby, agreeing to return in a few days for the proofs. Michael's quizzical smile as he escorted her to the street remained to puzzle her.

When Joan came for the proofs, what she saw in the entrance showcase made her catch her breath. Smiling into her surprised eyes was the photograph

of herself and the baby.

"Michael Storm," she said, anxiously, as he appeared to the tinkling of the bell. "You mustn't put my picture in your showcase."

"Why not? It's one of the best I've ever done."

"I'd rather you put in one of the baby alone."

"I'll do that, too. But do you really mind about the other?"

TO argue would be to arouse his suspicions. To explain would mean giving away her secret. It was not time for that—yet. Besides, who would ever recognize her photograph over here east of Second Avenue?

"Well, all right," she capitulated.

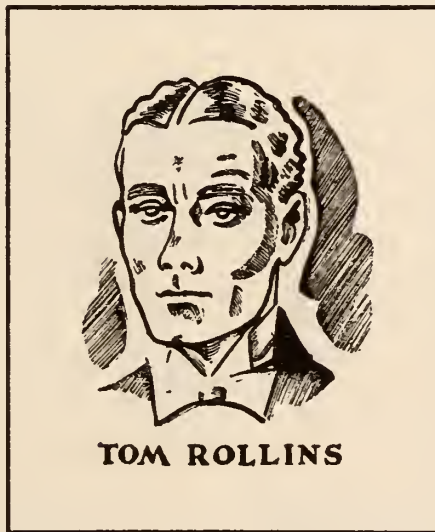
Michael brought forth a sheaf of proofs.

"Which ones do you want printed?"

"May I take them along and let you know—say, tomorrow?"

"Naturally, you'll want your husband to see them."

"It isn't that."



TOM ROLLINS

"No?" merely polite.

"No." Having a husband was no part of Joan's plans. "You see," she cast about in her mind, "you see, I'm a widow." Quickly, she changed the subject. "I was wondering about you last night."

"Wondering what?"

FIRST, about your name. Michael Storm! Has a sound of Fate about it." She eased herself onto the table and her legs swung.

Michael sat beside her. His voice assumed a mock-dramatic tone:

"According to the records, I was left at a foundling home. Traditional basket—locket about my throat—all the trimmings. As the tale goes, it was a stormy night, and the Feast of Saint Michael. The supply of names was running low at the home and some dame hit on the idea of calling me Michael, for Saint Michael, and Storm in tribute to the night that delivered the lusty baby. So, meet the Storm's big boy, Michael."

"Swell first act!"

"Act Two!" Michael announced, grandiloquently, his gesture indicating the lifting of a stage curtain. "When I was old enough to work, farmers would adopt me—just for the haying season."

Joan saw his passionate, sensitive face as it must have been when, as a boy, he faced rebuffs alone with splendid courage.

"At fourteen, I ran away," as casually as if that were the conventional departure from an orphanage.

"Act Three! Rousing music—our hero joins a traveling carnival as a mess boy, soon he's a roustabout, then a barker."

"A barker?"

Michael jumped to his feet, seized a cane lying against the wall and, pounding the wooden floor, addressed an imaginary crowd:

STEP right up l-a-d-i-e-s and gennnn-tlemen! Here you see Joana—the most gorgeous—the most ravishing—the most alluring of dancers." He indicated Joan with a wave of his cane. Under his compelling voice Joan visualized the gaping carnival crowd under the barker's spell.

"J-o-a-n-a!" he shouted. "Of the flaming tresses and the graceful curves! Do a dance for the ladies—and—gentlemen, J-o-a-n-a!"

Catching his spirit, Joan swayed to the rhythm of a rumba.

"What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" Michael's eyes roved the crowd. "Joana—Princess of Aburkaki—in her o-r-i-g-i-n-a-l, t-a-n-t-a-l-i-z-i-n-g, Aburkaki Court Dance. That's enough, Joana. The rest you'll see inside the tent."

He thumped the cane. "Ten cents. Ten cents. Step right up. Ten cents. Just one-tenth of a dollar to see the gorgeous—alluring—"

"Stop! Stop!" Joan pleaded, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes.

MICHAEL leaned on the table beside her. For a long minute they laughed into each other's eyes. Joan heard the tumult in her heart—heard the carefree music of the carnival—snorting calliopes, tinkling bells, rollicking laughter, the sing-song of the merry-go-round, all in a happy-go-lucky rhythm, rolling happiness from town to town. And there was Michael, like a symbol of its freedom and its color haranguing the gaping crowd. Many a girl must have eyed him covetously as he wore the gay colors of the carnival like a cloak. In drab little towns he must have been a veritable Prince Charming. Girls must have competed for his favor. Perhaps one waited for his return, confident in a promise given.

"Act Four!" Michael announced. "Our hero meets Pop Brady, who runs the picture concession on the lot—souvenir post-cards, tintypes, gilt-framed photos. Pop needs an assistant. He teaches me photography. Pop must have been born in a camera—I'll tell you all about him some day. I build up quite a business among the kids. They take to me. That's the knack of taking kids' pictures—if they take to you, they act natural, and the camera does the rest."

"Why did you leave the carnival?"

"Pop had a stroke and died." Michael paused. "A great scout! If there's a heaven, he's up there photographing angels. He left me the only thing he

owned—his camera. Without Pop, the carnival seemed empty. So, here I am."

"Ever think of going back?"

Michael cocked his head as if he could hear its gay summons. His eyes glowed as they looked past Joan. He breathed deeply as of sweet air that came with twilight from rolling meadows into the carnival's midway.

"Maybe! Guess I'm a gypsy at heart." He tossed the barker's cane back into the corner.

DUSK fell over the little shop. They talked on, discovering with excitement that they looked at life with the same eyes.

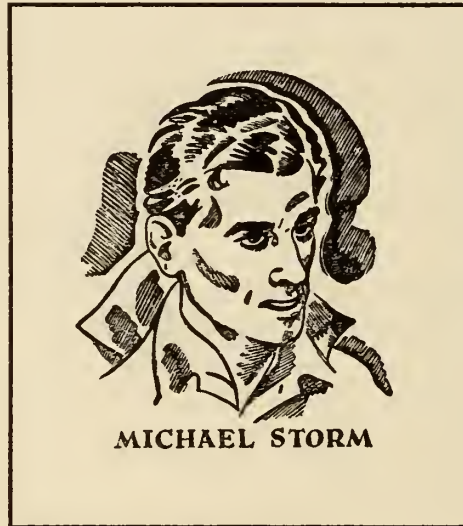
"You're right, life isn't a cage," Michael agreed. "But what is it?"

"A wind—a free wind—swirling down its path with an exciting whistle—with me in pursuit."

"Pursuing what?"

"That's just it—I don't know."

Joan felt that, at this moment, she was closer to know-



ing than ever before. Only the present was real. She and Michael here, together, in the little studio that seemed alive with children's faces, Michael's colorful voice and eloquent eyes and vital hands to soothe a restless longing.

She told him of her interest in sketching, and steered the conversation until it was Michael who suggested that she sketch here at his studio.

Joan was grateful to the dusk for hiding her excitement—and the old tweed suit for hiding her identity—and Michael's tact in not asking prying questions.

Glorious, happy afternoons at the studio filled with the wonder of Michael while Joan sketched under his understanding encouragement. Her father was again in London, and there were no questions about where or how she spent her afternoons.

When Michael asked about "Marjorie" she answered, "My aunt takes care of her in the afternoons." She had anticipated that question and had rehearsed the answer.

He accepted that without comment.

Faithfully, however, each afternoon he would ask, "How's Marjorie?"

And that would be the only reference to Joan's "baby."

AS the chain of happy afternoons grew link by link, Joan reached the brink of telling Michael the truth, but could not take the leap. It was too great a risk.

One afternoon, Joan rushed into the little studio breathlessly.

"Michael! Michael! Come here!" she called in a frightened voice.

Michael came running from the developing room, fear riding high in his eyes.

"My photograph! It's gone from the showcase. The one of me with the baby."

Michael followed her to the showcase.

"See, the lock is broken. Why do you suppose they took only that one?"

"Caught someone's fancy, I guess."

"I'm worried. Honestly, I am."

"But why?"

She could not tell him that the disappearance of that photograph threatened the happiness of her afternoons with him.

Thereafter, the first fearful impression of impending trouble persisted. Who had taken it? And why? Trouble seemed to shadow her as she went from the Randolph mansion across town to the tenement street—shadowing her back and forth.

The shadow became blacker when she heard that her father was returning from Europe.

THEN came the curt summons from her father to come to the library.

"Why, daddy, you look ready to explode!" as she saw his heavy, square face dark with anger. "Are your banks all off the gold standard?"

"I've a rather unpleasant matter to discuss with you. Please sit down." His dry hands fumbled with a paper cutter on the table. "You told me before I went to Europe that you refused to marry Tom Rollins. You

said you couldn't tell me why, that some day you'd be able to tell me. Do you recall that?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Randolph reached into the table drawer.

"Is this, by any chance, part of the explanation?" And Joan saw, with amazement, the photograph Michael had taken of her with the baby.

She realized her father's implication. Her blue eyes grew cold. "That's *part* of the explanation."

"AND I have the rest of it!" Cyril Randolph was furious at her brazenness. "I've had a detective following you, ever since I got this," tapping the photograph. "I know all about you and Michael Storm—a record of your visits to the studio—how long you stayed—and all the rest of it." His voice had risen higher in anger.

"You dared do that?"

"I did more. The reporter who brought me this picture threatened publicity. I bought him off."

"Well, he shook you down—for nothing!"

"Do you mean the baby's not—?"

"No! Plenty happened while you were in Europe, but not that. However, the baby's not the question. Michael Storm is."

The relief that had spread over her father's face vanished.

"I've a report on Storm from the detective agency. No family! No name! Just a ne'er-do-well. A worthless nobody—a carnival mountebank. And—if you knew what else I've found out—you'd be ashamed you ever spoke to him."

There was threat and challenge in his charge.

But Joan did not falter. "What do you propose to do?"

"I'm going to buy him off."

"There's not enough money in all the Randolph banks for that." Proudly.

"He's only after your money."

"Money! Money! Money! That's all you understand."

"NOW, you listen to me," he cut in angrily. "I forbid you to see that man again. If you do—"

Joan's head reared proudly. She knew the consequences without asking.

She also knew the risks. Michael might already be married.

He had never told her he wasn't. And the lure of the carnival was strong!

Hadn't he said he was a gypsy at heart? That he might go back? And even if he stayed—what had her father found out about him that he could threaten her so positively?

A flood of doubts struck down on her like the hammer of a wave.

Against this force, she set her love.

Their eyes met in a clash of wills.

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"THEY ARE SO NICE AND SMOOTH"

"And have such good flavor," continues Mrs. Palmer. "The thing I like most about them is that I can smoke as many as I want without getting nervous or jumpy. I do not wonder that so many people smoke Camels."

More and more people are finding that Camel's costlier tobaccos are easy on the nerves. It's nice to know

that you don't have to watch how much you are smoking when you smoke Camels. And you will thoroughly enjoy their mildness and the smooth, full flavor that never tires your taste.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.



Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

Copyright, 1934.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JUNE

25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada



Blondes **CAROLE LOMBARD**

Plus Curves Mean War



THE
honeymoon
that should
have been
HERS

Helen turned away from the happy note with a feeling of deep regret.

It didn't seem right that Martha and Jim should be so happy. She half begrudged Martha that happiness. After all, it shouldn't have been Martha's honeymoon but her own.

Hadn't she and Jim been engaged for two years? And hadn't she had every right to expect a long and pleasant marriage?

She couldn't blame Martha, of course, but Jim had acted rather shoddily. The thought of the night that he had broken the engagement still flooded her with humiliation. She hadn't understood it then . . . could find no reason for it.

And now with the honeymoon letter in her hand, she sought again for some explanation for Jim's actions. Poor thing! She is still a long way from the truth.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

How is your breath today? Nothing scares others away like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Unfortunately, everyone has it at one time or another—without knowing it. Ninety per cent of the cases, says a leading dental authority, are caused by small particles of fermenting food skipped by the tooth brush.

Don't risk offending others. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine every night, every morning, and between times before meeting others. It immediately renders the breath sweet, wholesome and agreeable.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't gamble . . . play safe . . . use

LISTERINE

The quick Deodorant



Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey
if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!

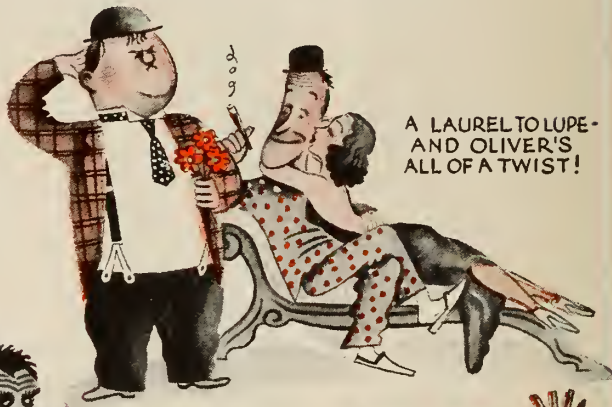


YOU ARE INVITED TO THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P. - Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium



IS IT MARCO POLO?
OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?
-WELL ANYWAY IT'S A
CLASSIC



A LAUREL TO LUPE-
AND OLIVER'S
ALL OF A TWIST!



THE "BARON" SAID MEET
PING PONG - THE SON OF
KING KONG. MICKEY SAID
OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND
THE FIGHT WAS ON!



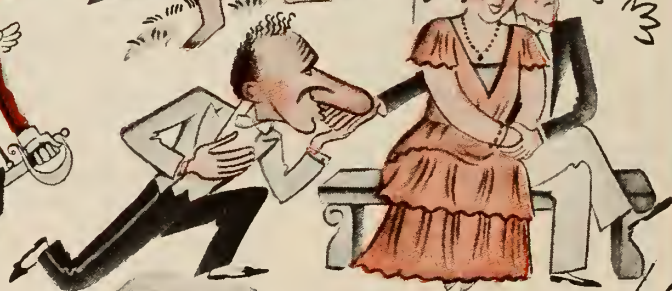
NO MAN IS A
HERO TO HIS VALEZ -
AND JIMMY IS
KNOCKED FOR
A LUPE



SCHNARZAN AND
HIS MATE - SHE
PROVES TO BE A
BUST.



HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON
IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND
BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.



WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO
POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A
CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 7

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

June, 1934



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

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Carole Lombard—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



Greta Garbo, stately ruler of her movie kingdom—the queen of countless faithful hearts

THE \$25 LETTER

Thank you, PHOTOPLAY, for the article "Ladies as Mr. Menjou Likes Them." I got a lot of helpful advice from it. Now it is our turn, girls:

If I were a man I would try to realize that there is little romance in holding hands with someone whose nails are in mourning, or in being caressed by a cheek so rough it hurts, or in having a greasy, slick head ruin your dress.

I would not think it was my privilege (being a man) to imbibe too freely. I would not try to persuade a girl to drink if she had no taste for liquor. If I thought she looked nice I would tell her so—occasionally. I would try to realize that it is not sissified to be courteous.

But then if I were a man I would probably do all of these things, and still wonder why girls do not "give me a tumble."

GENE GARNER, Allandale, Ont., Canada

THE \$10 LETTER

Calling all producers! Calling all scenarists! Rush to center of public opinion! Three actresses seen leaping on thin, overworked plots! If distress signal is not heeded, adored darlings will fall into fatal rut of monotony! Carry out following first aid relief:

Present Ann Harding with a wedding ring in the first scene of her next picture. This would be a fresh treatment of Miss Harding's cinema romances. It might bring forth shocked protest from a few conservatives, but the revolution must go on!

Let Miriam Hopkins portray a normal girl of just average intelligence. In the past, she has spouted one or two lines from the classics, thereby indicating to an unimpressed audience the generosity of her cerebral proportions.

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

IN the screen ring Garbo and Hepburn carry on quite oblivious of the hubbub they have created.

With the odds three to one on Garbo, her opponent fights gallantly on.

Each blow is measured, and the audience tensely awaits the gong, ever mindful that the next round may hold another unexpected thrill.

You are the referees. The decision is in your hands!

* * * *

The installation of motion pictures in all our schools would be a definite step to the fore. Amazing results teachers have obtained in testing on travelogues and historical films would seem proof enough.

If subjects are more easily grasped through screen lessons than by spending tedious hours in classrooms, surely no one will debate the fact that this new method far surpasses the old.

Rescue domestic-appearing Irene Dunne from the back streets of her hero's life. Allow her to abandon attempts to appear as an alluring siren. Give her instead, the rôle of a sturdy homemaker who fairly beams with civic pride and is all agog over the "Better Babies League."

FERN RICHMAN, Hollywood, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

Has anyone ever written you concerning the wonderful study one can make of psychology and human nature through the movies? Have you ever been placed in a position where you would have been a total loss were it not for the fact that you could master the situation by using facts from your motion picture experience?

I dare say half of my practical knowledge and at least one quarter my understanding of people I can credit to the screen plays I have attended.

After all, a moving picture, like a book, is only a pictorial example of diverse personalities and circumstances.

BURTON T. WILSON, Binghamton, N. Y.



Katharine Hepburn, the challenger whom many have named "the greatest actress in films"

GARBO VS. HEPBURN

Since your readers seem to be taking sides on the question, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" I want to stand up for my favorite actress.

Katharine Hepburn can never hope to take Garbo's place.

Hepburn hasn't Garbo's genius, personality or acting ability, and will never have her appeal.

I cast my vote for Garbo now and forever!
INEZ MARNE, Louisville, Ky.

I read in your March issue, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" Very evidently Kirtley Baskette is prejudiced against Katharine Hepburn.

Mr. Baskette seems to think Hepburn has no personality of her own. Why, it's her personality that has made her do the things she has—not a desire for publicity.

The one thing that has kept Garbo on her "throne" is her mysterious manner.

In her films, Hepburn puts heart and soul into the act and as a result we have acting which is so real that one can feel the part. But Garbo cannot throw herself into any rôle and make it seem natural. When I see Garbo play, I find myself tense, trying to help her finish her dramatic gestures.

MACON CROWDER, Raleigh, N. C.

I think "Queen Christina" is the best answer to Kirtley Baskette's question, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?"

No one will ever remove Garbo's crown. When Garbo steps down from her throne and removes it with her own hands, then you may hail a new Queen. Until then, Garbo reigns supreme!

ORA ELLER, St. Louis, Mo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

Let Warner Bros. musical stars bring you
the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!

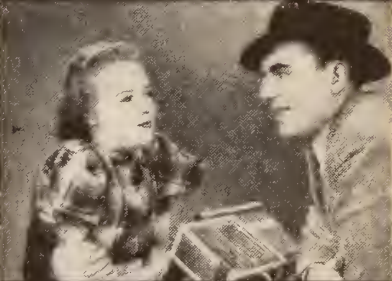


★ 4 MILLS BROS



★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss



★ PAT O'BRIEN



★ ALLEN JENKINS

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus
Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three
Debutantes, Joseph Cowthorn, Grant Mitchell.
A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright



Reports from the Highways and Byways of the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



Although "Nana" is Anna Sten's first American film, our audiences are lavish in their praise of the charming Russian lass who did her dramatic best with Phillips Holmes in the famous Zola classic

"Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" asks your writer. Two years ago all of us were asking: "Is It Garbo or Dietrich?" Six months from now, we shall no doubt ask: "Is It Garbo or Sten?" Garbo remains the high standard of comparison.

Stars come and stars go, but Garbo brings us illusion and we can't give her up.

BERTRAM COLLINS, New York, N. Y.

WILL=REALITY PLUS

Come on, Will Rogers, you are easily the star of versatility in being natural. The world is dying for more wit and humor with reality as it exists.

It was a pleasure to view "David Harum." Such films make us want to go home and say what we mean and act as we feel, casting aside all pretense.

MARGUERITE REED, Osawatomie, Kansas

THAT "HOMELY" FEELING

Well, I found my Master Bedroom in "David Harum." It was not *Aunt Polly's* comfortable one, but the leaky, forlorn room to which the new bank clerk was ushered in the town's leading hotel.

I have occupied literally hundreds of just such rooms and I know other traveling men got as much kick out of it as I did! The broken window, the wall paper, the lumpy mattress, the cheap furniture—all that's real, as real as Will Rogers' acting.

E. H. LOCKE, Harrisburg, Penna.

PROVING A POINT

A school teacher speaking.

Recently I saw a "short" on an expedition climbing a peak in the Tibet. It gave many graphic pictures of the countryside, villages, people in remote spots, some religious dances and the queer customs of the natives.

The next day I took count of the number of my pupils that had seen this picture (the main feature was a popular children's story). Later in a geography examination I asked questions about the Tibet region. And not a question was missed by children who had seen the film!

M. JACKSON, Portland, Ore.

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

I wish to compliment Anna Sten on her "Nana." She is gloriously beautiful and a "natural." She has more in common with the American actresses than have her distinguished foreign sisters—more pep, more fresh charm. Here's to your added success, Anna Sten!

IDA FOSSICK, Collierville, Tenn.

THANKS FOR SAYING SO

Having the responsibility of caring for an invalid mother, I don't get to go places as much as I used to. But I do have plenty of time to read.

Through PHOTOPLAY, I learn what the stars are wearing, how they live, and what they do at work and play.

The "Shadow Stage" keeps me posted on all the new films. When I do get away to go to the movies, I know what pictures to see. If PHOTOPLAY says it is good—it is good.

ADLENE HAMILTON, Los Angeles, Calif.

GOOD FOR YOU

I'm a grandmother who remembers the days when about the only entertainment was a medicine show or a barnstormer's performance of "Black Crook" (how that shocked my mother!) or "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Heigh ho! A far cry from those days," I thought last night as I sat in one of our movie palaces.

Perhaps at sixty-two I should be at home evenings, knitting, instead of driving thither and yon (in my own car) to see various screen productions that intrigue me.

Perhaps—but so long as Hollywood continues to release such delightful films, I'll not companion with the fireside kitty.

LELIA HAYES, Kansas City, Mo.

HAIL LITTLE CATHERINE!

You won't need a telescope to discover a new star in "Catherine the Great." Right there before your eyes a brilliant new star, Elizabeth Bergner, performs in a manner that is a kind of surprise, the likes of which few audiences have experienced. Those eyes, how penetrating. And her voice is a marvel. It will haunt you long after you have witnessed this elegant film.

L. KOBER, Pittsburgh, Penna.

LET'S PLAY "GIVE AND TAKE"

The public is spoiled by the old theory, "The audience is always right." The painstaking artist is conscious of this unfairness.

We speak of "the gentle art of criticism," and yet I know of no group who are more cruelly criticized—yes, torn to shred and tatters—than these hard-working and conscientious people of the screen. They take this criticism gracefully. Maybe, for a change, the audience should take a little criticism, too.

EDITH M. GILBERT, Portland, Ore.

ACTOR, GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR

I like Leslie Howard best of all the movie players because, in a wide variety of rôles, he brings to each a freshness of characterization and a delicacy of shading that is a joy to watch. His diction is flawless. In him we have an actor of substance, not a mere shadow compounded of sex-appeal and good tailoring.

The movies would strike a new high if more actors had his ability to grasp and project the subtle nuance of each character study.

CONSTANCE HANLEY, Boston, Mass.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Genuine and natural are the words folks use to describe Will Rogers. Of "David Harum" they say, "Such pictures make us want to say what we mean and act as we feel, casting aside all pretense"

Around the trying time of the month



AND IT is a trying time for many women. You feel weak, dizzy. Your head throbs with dull pain. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer . . . drink it as it effervesces in the glass of water. Welcome relief comes quickly!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one reason why it so promptly brings relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is quickly relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied. And all the while, needed alkali is being supplied to the blood.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No wonder your head clears . . . pain goes . . . you feel like another person before you know it! Relief is quick!

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose, each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results. Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical, family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Full directions are given on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

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

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



Henceforth, the top stars of Hollywood have a rival in Otto Kruger. That is, judging from tender phrases his devotees are writing about him. In a scene from "Crime Doctor" he is shown with Karen Morley

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE "MAY"

Once we rated motion picture magazines on a par with the wood-pulps, at least among the taboo list of periodicals. Let me congratulate you for being the first to put out a publication that parents and teachers cannot afford to miss.

Your March and April numbers have been exceptionally fine. I have used both in my class in children's literature, and have suggested that the students watch each issue for material they can use.

C. T. RYAN, Kearney, Nebr.

SO VERY DOWN-TO-EARTH

Here she comes. Ah! There is Alice Brady. I breathe a sigh of contentment. Isn't she beautiful? No? Well, I'm speaking of deep, genuine beauty—the kind that's in the soul. Listen to her voice.

Even absolutely meaningless things sound like words of a sage.

She's human and refreshing. And the sense of humor that woman has!

ALBERTA DANIELS, Indianapolis, Ind.

MOVIE TIME TABLE

Not only is it disconcerting to others, but it is most difficult to pick up the trend of a story when we have missed the opening chapters. We would not think of opening a book somewhere in the middle, of finishing it and then returning to read the beginning. Yet that is the manner in which most of us see pictures.

If every theater would inaugurate a "Movie Time Table," we could arrange accordingly.

ALICE SUTTER, Passaic, N. J.

THREE CHEERS FOR MOVIES!

Yea, bo! It's about time we schoolchildren had a word. Even though we are but high school students, we certainly know motion pictures. Perhaps you would, too, if you were forced each day to ponder over a lot of books containing facts. Shucks, it's all Greek to us.

But an entirely new decision confronts us when we see the lessons before us in pictures. Science, history, civics and geography are no longer a burden.

Gee, it is great to see and hear your favorite characters in action. Even though we have read "Tom Sawyer" and "Little Women" over and over again, we certainly were thrilled to truly meet them face to face.

PHYLIS M. KAMPEFF, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE PRINCELY NILS

Why doesn't Nils Asther get a break—the stardom to which his excellent acting and charm of voice and manner entitle him?

He'll enhance the glamour of any star a thousand times. The finest actress with the finest part needs a leading man of equal attraction and ability.

Let Asther immortalize some character of history. There must have been a man *somewhere* besides Henry the VIII, who had personality. Royalty revivals, bristling with romance, call for princely lovers.

OLIVE K. NESBITT, Erie, Penna.

HERE'S HOPING

I've seen a lot of "star" material ruined by poor stories and direction and I sincerely hope the "higher powers" know what a fine actor they have in Otto Kruger. Not only is he a good actor, but also one of the handsomest men on the screen.

Here's hoping he'll get the break he deserves.
HOPE LEONARD, North Hollywood, Calif.

VOICE OF THE PUBLIC

When will producers learn to listen to the pulse of their audiences, and not to a director who feels he must do "the something different"?

BETTY C. FARIS, Pittsburg, Penna.

AMERICAN IDEAL IN JAVA

Last winter while making a trip around the world I met a Dutch girl in Sarabaya, Java.

She spoke practically no English, and had never been away from Java. But her greatest ambition was to meet an American man in person. She had derived her impressions from the movies. And she wanted to know if *all* American men were big, handsome, generous and brave as those she had seen on the screen.

Here's hoping the movies keep right on depicting such fine types of manhood! For isn't that just the way we want foreigners to think of American men?

MABEL ALLEN, Minneapolis, Minn.



Messages have come from far and near begging that producers recognize the princely mannered Nils Asther as star material of first order

A GLORIOUS NEW WORLD

"Did you ever see a dream walking?" is a song title, but "did you ever see a dream come true?" Well, I did.

Last summer I took a trip to England and visited two dear maiden old ladies. One had been ill in bed for five years. The other is her constant companion and nurse. Neither had ever seen a "talkie."

I had the pleasure of taking the nurse to see her first.

She was spellbound, and when the feature came, her dear face was a picture. She, who had lived her life in a small village untouched by the world, saw a new world unfold before her eyes. It was a dream come true.

BETTY HILL, Chicago, Ill.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

The average middle-aged, middle class family prefer to take their amusement "settin' down."

And there are very few families where a vote for bridge would be unanimous. A motor trip means more exertion for father.

We must do something to take our minds off the prosaic. What is left? The movies. So after a scramble we pick the best of the lot and hope fervently that it will meet the needs of Junior as well as Grandma.

I believe radio serials are becoming more and more popular because the producers are giving us so much "Singapore Sal" stuff and, figuratively speaking, tell us to "Take it and like it."

Watch out, Mr. Movie Producer! You'd better read the handwriting on the wall!

JEANNE DALZELL, Pasadena, Calif.

FACE VALUE

"IT" is in people's faces! It is, for a fact.

You are not lastingly attracted by a star's hair, or clothes, or curves, or sex! No-o! You are attracted by her facial expressions!

Hundreds of seemingly star-destined men and women have been able to go only so far in pictures, even with the aid of A-1 publicity. The reason was—their faces didn't click.

Look through any "physical" magazine. You cannot help but notice the marvelous physiques of both the men and the women. Compare them with the physiques of your favorite movie stars. M-m-m!

Then study their faces. Compare them with the faces of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Shearer—and the three Barrymores—and Chevalier, Gable, Beery, Baxter, March.

I bet you'll laugh out loud! I did.

And say, I'm wondering if you'll agree, when I say a successful actress' greatest asset cannot be hair, clothes, curves or sex, because such points can be sold only so long, and that, without facial assistance, isn't half long enough to make a successful actress!

EDWIN C. PORTER, Royal Center, Ind.

LOOKING BACKWARD

These are strenuous days, and even producers must feel the need of economy, so why not get out a few of these very fine reels of "yesteryear."

For instance, "Humoresque." Has there been anything finer?

Or Charlie Chaplin's "Gold Rush." How the scene at the table touched one's heart, as Charlie realized he was only being made fun of.

I have questioned friends and many agree they would like to see these films again.

JULIETTE OLSEN, Seattle, Wash.



BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS THE PRETTIER COMPLEXION!

NO DIFFERENCE! WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY SECRET—LIFEBOUY

HAVE you discovered yet what a wonderful complexion soap Lifebuoy is—how mild its lather—how kind to the skin? Yet it cleanses thoroughly—deeply—washes away clogged impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.

Summer warning

Warmer weather means more perspiration—more danger of "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's abundant lather—its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tell you Lifebuoy gives extra protection against this unforgivable fault. Play safe—use Lifebuoy.

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

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

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

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

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

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

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

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

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

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

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as Chuck Connors and George Raft as Steve Brodie battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

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

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

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of tramping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE** — 20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

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

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

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

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

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothorn) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as Jo is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skillfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Van Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnapping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of Mr. and Mrs. Skitch (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as Nana in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Your chance for HOLLYWOOD

You?

Here is your chance to get into the movies. Hollywood Directors want new Stars. Studio "scouts" are hunting new faces, new types. Snapshots of men, women, boys, girls, children are wanted. Directors will study them for movie possibilities! YOUR picture is wanted! If you are "different," if you are "unusual," if you are "REAL," Hollywood is anxious to study your type.

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"We have to have LOVELY TEETH or we lose our jobs"

Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as possible.

So—take a hint from those who make a business of beauty. Scores of lovely models have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste. They find that this modern dentifrice gives a higher

lustre, more sparkle and brilliance to tooth enamel!

Due to its effective polishing agent, Listerine Tooth Paste not only makes teeth shine, but less brushing is required. Film and discoloring stains disappear with surprising speed. Yet the polishing agent is soft. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the enamel in any way.

No matter how dull your teeth, see how Listerine Tooth Paste helps them. Learn how pleasantly refreshing this dentifrice tastes—how much better your gums look and feel following its use.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ for the regular-size tube—a fact which has led millions of persons to use it instead of more expensive brands. Now the new 40¢ size, containing twice as much, permits an even greater saving. We are confident that if you try one tube—either size—you will remain a steady user. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(top) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

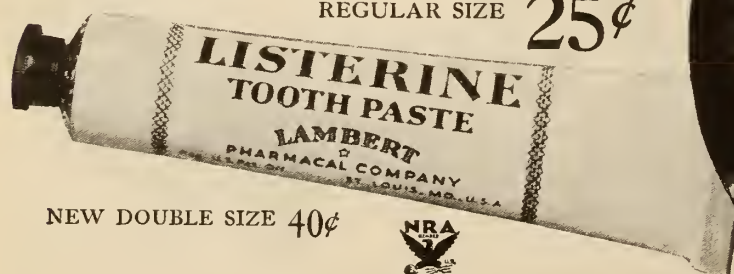
(left) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that's two from Texas!) is one of New York's most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.



FRANCES JOYCE has displayed thousands of dollars' worth of gowns. She has also had experience with dentifrices:—"I have tried nearly every kind," she reports, "but there's nothing like the delightful fresh, clean feeling that Listerine Tooth Paste gives the mouth."

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REGULAR SIZE 25¢



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The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETTIT of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.



Grimes

ELIZABETH ALLAN has a hard time keeping all three of them happy. She stops to pet the one, and what happens? Why Sandy, the horse, shows his teeth in 'a jealous rage, and the little dog, feeling sadly neglected, takes on a woebegone air. An excellent horsewoman, Miss Allan is fond of animals, and all of these get plenty of attention



Eugene Robert Richee

THE princess looks unhappy! Even with Mae West's ex-boy friend trying to get her in a good humor. Maybe the thirty days are almost up! Or maybe an air of dejected disinterest is a brunette's way of vamping. Anyhow, Cary Grant is falling. Bet in another minute Sylvia Sidney will smile. They're teamed in "Thirty Day Princess"



Irving Lippman

AFTER a bang-up successful season on Broadway in "The Curtain Rises," Jean Arthur is back in Hollywood. While most screen stars get their dramatic training on the stage first, Jean did just the opposite. She began in movies, then left Hollywood for New York stage. Jean has the lead in Columbia's, "The Most Precious Thing in Life"



Elmer Fryer

PORTRAIT of a movie actress who comes home, tired after a long day's work, and settles down with a good book, only to look up into the lens of another camera! But that's success. And Genevieve Tobin's latest is "Success at Any Price." So she accommodates the photographer. Warners loaned Miss Tobin to RKO-Radio for this film

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



KATHARINE HEPBURN'S professional and private orbit is as erratic as that of a runaway meteor. Her trip to Europe has been called a "flight." Her unexpected return is diagnosed an "impulse." Intimations are not lacking that her mediocre characterization in the stage play "The Lake" and her none too great success in her latest film "Spitfire" may have shunted her into another erratic course.

She is alleged to be disgruntled because her contract company would not let her make personal appearances in the theaters of another producing organization. She seems to feel the sting of these several reverses. If so, Hepburn is extremely sensitive. Her public of the silver screen is so vast and so adoring that any one or all of these minor skirmishes would be forgotten in a day.

AT the present moment the script for a new screen play, "Joan of Arc," is being written for her. The part should prove a pat one for her remarkable talents. Yet she looks longingly toward success on Broadway—a success that even if achieved could never measure up to what the screen has already given her and what it still holds for her. But Hepburn's fragile figure houses a boundless ambition that will be neither brooked nor checked. Perhaps if she were otherwise she would not be the Great Katharine we know.

YOU can't down a "bad man" actor if he has made good at the rôle. George Raft, after a turn in "Bolero" and "The Trumpet Blows," will, as his next—if present plans are kept—play the part of a great gunman. Lucky the actor who finds a rôle that types him with the approval of the public.

Raft did the trick with "Scarface" and his producing company is wise in contemplating returning him to the underworld. Yes, he proved his versatility in "Bolero" and "The Trumpet Blows," but why should any actor be obliged to stake his hard-earned fame in a succession of varied characterizations?

IT isn't often that part of an actor's private life becomes part of a picture—especially that of such an artist as George Arliss—but here's a true story about just such a thing. In 20th Century's epic, "The House of Rothschild," the lapel-flower incident which runs through the story has its counterpart in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Arliss.

In fact, Arliss himself is responsible for injecting the touch in the picture.

Director Alfred Werker wanted something to symbolize the enduring romance between *Nathan Rothschild* and his wife.

"Why not something like this," Arliss suggested, and then went on to tell how

Mrs. Arliss, throughout their married life, has always symbolized their affection by a flower. Every morning she puts a flower in his lapel, and on the only day that she forgot to pin it, everything went dead wrong!

A CERTAIN lady tourist who managed to get inside Columbia Studios and chat with John Barrymore, even more, to walk away with his autographed picture, still doesn't believe that it was all on the level.

John, in make-up with a beard and flowing moustache for his part in "Twentieth Century," looked at least sixty in the sequence in which he appears disguised as a Kentucky colonel. He suddenly decided to act the part off screen.

"Ah shuah am mighty pleased to meet you-all," said John with all the gravity of the Mason-Dixon line.

And the lady from Iowa, expecting a dashing young blade quoting "Hamlet" all over the set, whispered to her companion, "You don't suppose it's really Vince Barnett and he's ribbing me, do you?"

WHEN the Richard Arlens sailed for Europe, they took with them trunkloads of milk and vegetables for baby Richard Ralston. The milk was pasteurized, evaporated. The vegetables cooked and sealed in jars.

Mama and papa Arlen could enjoy French *cuisine*—but it was plain American food for Richard Ralston on his first trip abroad.

WILL ROGERS has never been known to pull his punches.

At the recent Academy Award dinner, the prophet of Fox Movietone City tossed big executives, stars, artists and what not on his griddle and roasted them to a turn.

He even took a crack at the industry itself.

"It's a racket," said Will; "if it wasn't, we all wouldn't be here in dress clothes."

And commenting on the fearsome sound of the Academy's full title, "Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences," Will said:

"If the movies are an art, I kinda think it'll leak out somehow without bein' told; and if they're a science—then it's a miracle."

Will's wit changed the big affair from a customary ceremony of long-winded speeches into a joyous riot.

DO you know how that little braid business all the girls are wearing was started? Joan Crawford was rehearsing a dance number. Her hair kept getting in her eyes, so she grabbed a bunch and wove it into a braid. The dancing girls on the set followed suit. Pretty soon, half the girls in Hollywood were in braids, and now the fad has spread.

ANOTHER DeMille yarn has come along which fades all the others into the background. It seems that now, after his dinner parties, C. B. has two silver bowls passed around his table, filled with jewelry of all kinds, for his guests to choose a present. One bowl is for the men and one for the women. And invariably Cecil slips in one or two priceless unset diamonds or rubies and always, he says, the ladies choose jade beads, wrist watches and similar trifles and allow the unset gems to remain in the bowl.

The custom, he says, originated at the banquets of Antony and Cleopatra. Like the famous Egyptian queen, he feels it is a gracious gesture to his guests.

★★ Two
lovable frocks
 whose
 future is
 rosy if
 washed
 with pure
 IVORY
 FLAKES!



Lord & Taylor

In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the sixth washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—

so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience...the collar buttons high or unbuttons low...Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons...the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with **IVORY FLAKES**"

Elizabeth Bergner— *Puppet or Genius?*

Is the star of "Catherine the Great" a timid but inspired artist, a *poseur*, or a *Trilby* to her husband?

IS Elizabeth Bergner a *Trilby* in the flesh? Or is this woman, whose stardom blazed into international brilliance when America acclaimed her portrayal of *Catherine* in the motion picture "Catherine the Great," a genius in her own right?

You remember *Trilby* in "Svengali." She was the young creature who was nothing without her master. With him, she was supreme. It was his power, his magnetic power, with which he infused her and made her a great artiste by sheer influence of his mind over hers.

You also know of the case of Garbo and her beloved Stiller, her first director. When Stiller died, Garbo cried out in her anguish that she could never act again. She said her power was gone, and her power was Stiller. But recently, Garbo has risen to greater heights than ever before. The reason? Some say she has found another Stiller in Rouben Mamoulian, her present director.

Is it a similar power, an even greater power, which Dr. Paul Czinner, director and husband of Elizabeth Bergner, has over her?

Also like Garbo, Elizabeth Bergner holds herself in seclusion, but a seclusion far more remote than Garbo's. Not even film company executives, not even her manager, may break it!

Why this protective screen? Is it the command of a wilful genius which some critics see in Miss Bergner? In some quarters it is said Miss Bergner likes to have her own way, and manages to have it.

By *Kathlyn Hayden*

Or, is this seclusion a protective screen behind which Dr. Czinner hides his puppet? Because, in public, Elizabeth Bergner is abnormally self-conscious, temperamentally nervous, and mute.

Which brings us right back to *Trilby*.

I will tell my experiences with her and let you judge whether she is a genius or a mere marionette.

When "Catherine the Great" was put into production at the



The star of "Catherine the Great" is kept in complete seclusion by her husband. All scenes are rehearsed privately with him until perfected. Then Elizabeth Bergner comes shyly on the set. The sequence is shot, and she goes back into hiding

Elstree studio, I desired to interview Miss Bergner. Four times I tried, and met with flat rebuffs. Then I went to Charles B. Cochran, the noted British theatrical producer, who is also Miss Bergner's manager.

He, I thought, would be the one man in all England who could break down the Bergner barriers. For, tremendous as the star's personal success was in "Catherine the Great," her standing as an artist is not so firmly established as is the preeminence of C. B. Cochran as a producer. "C. B." at that time was about to present Miss Bergner in a stage play called "Escape Me Never," which, at this writing, is London's outstanding theatrical attraction.

I told Mr. Cochran I wanted the interview, that I was going to tell the American public all about this new star, about whom so little is known. No one in all England appreciates more keenly than Cochran the value of winning the approval of American amusement-lovers. He assured me he would move heaven and earth to persuade his star to make an exception and grant me an interview.

DESPITE his earnest exhortations, Miss Bergner remained adamant!

Eventually, however, a compromise was agreed to. I was to be permitted to watch—from a shadowy corner of the great stage—Miss Bergner and her co-star, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., go through one of the big emotional scenes of "Catherine the Great."

The set was extraordinarily large—a replica



Before the cameras, Elizabeth Bergner comes to life. In "Catherine the Great," she is Catherine—a vibrant, magnificent woman of royal birth

Off screen Elizabeth is not beautiful. She is shy and afraid to meet people. Yet, she has been a star of first magnitude for a long period



In this picture, taken on the set, Miss Bergner's husband, Dr. Czinner, stands protectively at her side. On her right is Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and beside him, his father. Alexander Korda, producer, is at Dr. Czinner's left

of the great hall in one of the hunting lodges of Czar Peter the Third, young Fairbanks' rôle, you know. There were fully a hundred extra people, in colorful costumes, lounging on chairs and on the floor before a mammoth fireplace. The cameras and the microphones were in position. Dr. Czinner was in the midst of rehearsing the scene when I arrived. Over and over he put the players through their paces until every last detail was played to his satisfaction.

Fairbanks was on stage. But there was no Miss Bergner. When Fairbanks spoke [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

"A WHALE of a MAN"



Huge of stature, large in spirit, McLaglen did almost everything but act before he broke into motion pictures

By Jim Tully

Pugilist, prospector, soldier, actor—McLaglen caps a life of adventure with fame in the movies

HE is one of eight brothers, as large as himself. Their mother was Irish, and their father Scotch and a bishop in the Church of England. When Victor was fourteen, following the example of an older brother, he ran away from home to join the army.

Destitute, he arrived in London, and was amazed to learn that a policeman would not allow him to sleep in Hyde Park. He wandered about the streets until morning. As it was before the period in which England and America were making the world safe for democracy and depression, as usual the fever of war was in the air.

Before dawn, he met a drunken Scotch soldier on leave. The soldier had lost a belt containing forty pounds, or two hundred dollars. Forgotten was King and country, while the Scotchman searched everywhere for the money. Victor helped him search, found the money, and returned it to the Scot. He was given three pounds for having been honest in returning it to the owner. The man from Scotland also bought the fourteen-year-old boy his first drink of liquor. When they separated, the Scotchman again forgot the belt. Victor searched everywhere for him, but could not find him. The money in the belt solaced Victor for the loss of his comrade. That night



A man who roamed the world, McLaglen never cares to wander far from home today. Even vacations he spends with his wife, Enid, on their twelve-acre estate in the California mountains

he slept in a warm bed, and dreamed of fighting for a nation that would allow him to sleep in a park.

The next day, the young boy lied about his age and joined the King's own guardsmen, for service in the Boer War. All of these soldiers were about six feet tall. His enlistment was for twelve years.

After serving four years, Victor became bored with the army. He persuaded his father to help release him. When this was done, he embarked for Canada. He had learned something of pugilism and the rougher tactics of life while a soldier. Thus prepared, he was alert for new adventure.

In the steerage of the boat he met a husky young fellow named Jack Crow, who had just left the English navy. He was going to Canada to become a farmer. They became comrades.



McLaglen's first big chance was in "What Price Glory?" with Del Rio and Eddie Lowe. As *Captain Flagg*, a rôle every actor wanted, Victor became famous



McLaglen as he appears in "The Lost Patrol." In his more than fifty Hollywood films, no rôle was more romantic than his own life

When the boat docked, they learned of a "silver rush" near Cobalt. This town was many miles away, and they had but little money. But Victor could box, and Jack Crow, despite his name, could sing. They gave exhibitions along the way to keep from starving. When they reached Cobalt they met a gentleman called Silverman, who promised them work as soon as the ice thawed, and put them up in a cabin with twenty other men.

JACK CROW was a stranger character than any that Victor McLaglen was later to impersonate on the screen. His body was covered with scars, which he explained had been received in the Boxer Rebellion in China. Later, Crow told Victor that his mother had been burned to death and that he had received the scars in an effort to save her. Crow died, a raving maniac, and all of Victor's strength as a pugilist was needed to protect himself against him in his dying hour.

Saddened by the loss of his friend, McLaglen gave up all ideas of discovering a silver mine, and joined the railway police at Owen Sound. During this winter, as a diversion, he had a half-dozen fights in the prize-ring, and learned that hardest of human techniques, to receive a beating while an audience looks on.

He learned, too, of the deceit and fakery which, common in all walks of life, were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



CIVIL WAR atmosphere and the spirit of the old South are created in Hollywood on a modern sound stage. This elaborate setting was constructed at M-G-M for Marion Davies' picture, "Operator 13."

At first glance you will think it is out-of-doors. But look carefully and you will see

there is a roof overhead. And what seems to be sunlight sifting through the trees is really light from powerful arc lamps. The trees "grow" only as high as the roof. The entire "estate"—picket fences, darkies' cabins, landscaped lawns and the *Dandridge* mansion—was constructed within sound stage walls.

The star of the picture, Marion Davies, in the guise of a mulatto girl, leans on the porch railing talking to Katherine Alexander, whose rôle is that of *Pauline Cushman*, noted Union spy. Gary Cooper, as *Captain Gailliard*, is seated on the railing, on the far left.

On Marion's right are Ted Healy, disguised



Manatt

as a medicine man, and Russell Hardie, also Union spies.

Beside the camera, on the far left, stands cameraman George Folsey. The script clerk, Billy Ryan, is kneeling, carefully checking every move with the script. Behind the swing is seated the director, Richard Boleslavsky.

The modern movie equipment looks strangely out of place in the Civil War setting; for instance, the microphone boom, stretching overhead across the porch and pointing toward the horse-drawn medicine wagon in the background.

The picture, "Operator 13," is adapted from

the novel of the same name, written by the late Robert W. Chambers. Its setting is near Martinsburg, West Virginia, at the Dandridge mansion, occupied by General J.E.B. Stuart as military headquarters in the early stages of the Civil War. The story is one of the most romantic ever written about the old South.

Blondes Plus *Curves* Mean War

WAR, beautiful war!
Behind the passionate make-believe and the tissue paper gaiety of Hollywood lurks dat ol' devil war!

Not a stuffy old war with muddy trenches and unladylike bullets, but a war of flesh and sex-appeal, of styles of making love and tricks of personality—a war of lovely women! A war which, incidentally, has its counterpart in every town and village and big city neighborhood. There is no lane so winding but it boasts its Marlene Dietrich, its Mae West, its Anna Sten, and even its Garbo and Hepburn and Connie Bennett, and it's about these that this crimson tale of beautiful war revolves.

The first clash in the celluloid hills was, as we all know, between Garbo and Dietrich. The whole world, from Kong to Hongkong, sat in armchairs and watched the struggle.

But it's over.
Dietrich is the victor.



To Mae West goes the credit for starting the new war. She convinced the world that the curve is more powerful than the sword, and invited the armies to come up some time. Mae's out to win—and she's an old trooper

Oh, it's a lovely battle! With sex-appeal for ammunition, sharp words, flashing eyes—movie queens are the warriors

By George
Kent

But she did not win by defeating the slim Greta. No, the former Swedish dress model swallowed a magic pill or something and became someone totally different.

In "Grand Hotel," she was already changing. In "Queen Christina," the change had taken place. She has become a powerful, nervously tense creature, so utterly different and remote from Marlene that there was nothing left to fight about. At least there was no common ground on which to conduct the battle. Elissa Landi, Miriam Hopkins, and all the other kopykats of the slinking, boyish-formed blonde have also changed. Marlene, who came to imitate, developed a cut and jib all her sweet, delicious own.

But shed a tear for the Scarlet Empress! When she quit that old scrap with Garbo, she walked smack dab into a worse one—a real war, a three-cornered war, with opponents able to match her curve for curve, *it for it*, and what have you.

The war in Hollywood today, ladies and gentlemen, is Dietrich versus West versus Sten!

This triumvirate is a three-wheeled vehicle of fire, flesh and the devil.

All three of them round and feminine, the stuff that masculine dreams are made of, they

curl across the screens of the world drooping luxuriant appeal on the enchanted audiences. And it does not matter what the climate or the language, the effect is always the same. Out of the square of silver, there emanates from these three a subtle, invisible fragrance which acts as a delicious anesthesia and leaves the overcome audiences gasping happily.

It is one beautiful war, loved by the customers, young and old, for a customer is often smarter than he looks. He knows that war is just another name for competition, and competition makes the West, Sten and Dietrich warriors work as they never worked before.

Mae West has already loosed her biggest guns, and the theater aisles of the world are knee deep in ticket-stubs and hearty laughs. She came with that bright, big-hearted, enameled sophistication which the world calls "Broadway." She came, a spark from the burlesque



wheels, shining with the confidence of a girl who was able to teach New York a new pleasure.

To Mae goes the credit for starting the new war! She laid out the battle-field and invited the armies. It was Mae who reminded us that the curve is more powerful than the sword. She cut the corners of the world, planed down the angles, made *frou-frou* and feathers exciting. She taught the young bloods that the figure eight is the nicest number from one to ten.

For a time it looked like a minor back-stage skirmish between Mae and Marlene. And then along came Anna Sten! The lady with the lips! The lady with a strange carnal power, which overflows the screen and slips fire into your arteries.

Now, it is a real war! The struggle for supremacy is on, and heaven help the innocent bystander!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The newest entry to battle: Anna Sten. Hers was a surprise attack. She's advancing rapidly. Anna has something the others lack



Her struggle with Garbo over, Dietrich now finds new competition on the field of battle! She's in the fray, like a veteran! Off came the masculine attire! For this war is fought in uniforms of chiffon ruffles and fine feathers

CAL YOR*K* Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*



Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland were attending the races at Agua Caliente when this picture was taken. Gilbert has his eye on the cameraman, but who does Connie see?

WHAT is going to happen to the Herbert Marshall-Edna Best matrimonial ship is problematical at this time. Edna is in England, but she is expected back in the fall, in a play in New York. Rarely has the Marshall-Best team been separated in a play. Edna has maintained a silence about her marital situation. Herbert, however, has made one statement which has Hollywood wondering.

He said, "Divorce is farthest from my mind now. If I should be indiscreet later, well, that's a different story."

He is staying on in Hollywood, to appear opposite Connie Bennett in "The Green Hat."

IRVING LIPPMAN, Columbia still man, was right on the job with John Barrymore during the making of "Twentieth Century" having John posing for still pictures every idle minute.

At last Irving went to John with one of his pictures and asked for his autograph. John looked at him a long minute and then wrote: "To Irving Lippman. The less said about him the better."

IT was a gracious gesture that Norma Shearer made toward Edna Best just before Edna sailed for England. It was at a press party after a preview of "Riptide," in which Marshall appears opposite Norma. Herbert and Edna were at the party, presumably together, but Edna seemed ill at ease. Norma quietly went over to her and spent practically the

remainder of the evening with her. Everyone was grateful to Norma for her thoughtfulness.

JOHN GILBERT has taken his squabble with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to court for settlement after airing it in full-page advertisements in the public prints. John, in his advertisements, stated M-G-M would "neither offer me work nor release me from my contract." The quarrel had been going on several months.



Welcome home! Mae Murray returns from a trip abroad. Once a favorite of motion pictures, Mae has retired, except for infrequent appearances in vaudeville



You seldom see a picture of this young man! It is Peter Bennett and his mother. Peter is Connie's adopted son. She rarely permits his photograph to be printed

Hollywood Goings-On!

THE betting is even in Hollywood that not another month will pass without seeing the Franchot Tone-Joan Crawford nuptial knot spliced. Joan's divorce from Doug, Jr., is final in May.

Her latest adornment received from the prospective groom is an exquisite set of earrings made of platinum. They are lined with a row of diamonds and Joan's favorite stones, star sapphires.

IT isn't often that Hollywood takes sides against Lee Tracy.

In fact, all through his Mexican scrape the old town as a whole has been pretty much behind dynamic Lee.

But there are some people who think it was a raw deal he worked on Junior Laemmle.

Junior, known as a progressive and forward looking producer, gave Lee his comeback chance when something kept all the other major producers from giving one. The agreement, not signed, but understood, was that Lee was to enter into a term contract and make several pictures at Universal.

After making his first, however, "I'll Tell the World," Lee suddenly announced a contract



John Barrymore came on the set of "Twentieth Century" one day and found a dummy dressed as he dresses in his Kentucky colonel rôle. So John gave the dummy the script, then ordered them both a mint julep

had been signed with Paramount, leaving Junior with stories bought for him, writers signed to adapt them and what not.

Some people can't believe Lee could pull one like that.

SEEMS as if this was going a bit far, but the man evidently thought the end merited the means. Anyway, Mae Clarke had an ardent admirer who failed in his efforts to meet her, even after many a long vigil in front of her house. One recent night, a loud crash was heard out front, which sent Mae and the whole family rushing outside. The determined gent had crashed his car into a lamp-post, and there he was, out like a light. He was carried into the house, and regained consciousness shortly. He looked up and saw Mae—and his first words were, "Miss Clarke, may I please take you out to dinner?"



When the Arlen family sailed for Europe, Baby Richard Arlen looked as pleased as the grown-ups about the trip abroad

THE last vacation Queen Greta went on, when she took along a partner in the person of Rouben Mamoulian, proved too public for comfort.

Lately she began spending one alone—high up in the San Bernardino mountains at Lake Arrowhead.

Garbo spends the greater part of her time rowing and riding. There's a boat in the front yard of her mountain place and a horse staked out in back. In between, she looks over the script of Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil"—her next.

Richard Boleslavsky will direct it.

"IN this scene you look half-surprised," said the director to Will Rogers.

"Can't do it," replied Will. "Either all-surprised or not surprised at all. If I was good enough to look half-surprised, I'd ask for a raise!"

IF you would like to witness Connie Bennett lose every last vestige of her dignity, buy a seat near her at the prize-fights—where she is a devoted fan.

Recently, after an especially exciting round in Los Angeles, our Peeping Tom caught Connie with her feet parked in Gilbert Roland's lap (right out in public, too). But the climax of the evening occurred when, in an especially fast and furious set-to, the rubber teeth-protector of one of the leather pushers popped out and lit right in Connie's lap! It almost stopped the bout.

OVERHEARD on a studio lot:

Two "stooges" conversing as to the correct manner of saying "Brown Derby." One said it was "Derby" and the other, "Darby." To prove his point, he singled out Herbert Marshall.

"Look at him—his name's not 'Bert'—it's pronounced 'Bart.' Look at that picture, 'Berkeley Square'—it's 'Barkeley Square.' 'Derby' is 'Darby.'

"Okay," said the other, "but I still won't say 'Nartz!'"

RIGIDLY guarded Garbo sets are practically nothing to Josef Von Sternberg's secrecy complex when engaged in directing Dietrich.

While making "Scarlet Empress," Der Stern-



Even gay Hollywood gasped and missed a step at this surprising combination! The joker is Johnny Weissmuller, and it tickles Adrienne Ames, Lupe Velez, Sandra Shaw Cooper, Gary Cooper, and Bruce Cabot

Their very first picture ever taken together: Leo Carrillo and the Mrs., caught by an early-bird cameraman at the Little Club, in Los Angeles

berg even shot some scenes where all the camera crew and set workers had to vamoose. He had everything lined up, set and adjusted, but before the scene was taken, the "scram" order arrived, and Director Von acted as sound man, cameraman, director and gaffer combined. Even in ordinary garden variety scenes, Von resorted to strategy to keep out intruders. One door of the sound stage was barred from the inside and the other, used by the crew, boasted a huge sign announcing "Wet Paint." Of course it wasn't wet at all, but it scared off all those who weren't in on the secret.

THE return from Europe of Gene Raymond nicely spiked the acrid talk of a split between Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia



roles to his credit. Perhaps because of his proud Prussian features and dueling scars, von Brincken is perennially a "heavy." Last fall in "Shanghai Madness" he portrayed a renegade officer, and in Lee Tracy's comeback picture, "I'll Tell the World," he keeps up the dark work.

GEOERGE BURNS persuaded Gracie Allen to see a hypnotist about her condition. After working on her for an hour, the hypnotist turned to George and remarked, "She doesn't need hypnosis. What she needs is somebody to wake her out of this trance she's already in." All right! Skip it!

FOR the first time in fifteen years, Richard Barthelmess is without a job. Dick was one of the more fortunate when the films began talking for themselves. He had a good speaking voice.

He hasn't definitely settled his future plans, desiring to take a long vacation before he does, but at the present, it looks as though he may produce pictures on his own.

RIGHT now no one in Hollywood seems to know whether Clara Bow plans to continue her screen career or whether, as she remarked while making "Hoopla," she is tired of it all and wants to step out of the whole business.

Clara isn't under contract to Fox any more. She was under contract to Sam Rork, a producer who died recently, leaving Clara a free agent. No pictures have been planned for her at Fox, and Hollywood rather starts when it hears her name, although, like everyone else, it hopes Clara has not forsaken the screen entirely. She looked too good in "Hoopla," despite the well worn story.

They say Clara is fairly hefty. Plump, I think, is the word. She admits it, but says when a picture comes along she'll go right into training and work off the poundage.

JEAN HARLOW went out and bought a big new car, and now she's trying to find it! A flock of "loving fans" have carried away odds and ends such as tires, fenders, tubes, headlights and cigarette lighters, to place among their souvenirs. Isn't it just dandy to be a picture star, and find your chassis dismantled every time you go to look for it?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Valli, now that the screen romance team of Farrell and Gaynor are together again. Gene sends orchids daily to Janet and he's very much the devoted swain. And Charlie and Virginia are around and about everywhere—together.

THE talents of Baron William von Brincken, Prussian born diplomat, who became a successful actor when the war shattered his career, are apparently endless. Now he has turned writer, completing a novel recently. The book, which was held up when the publishing firm failed, is being considered by major studios as possible screen material.

Baron von Brincken first gained fame as the foremost technical advisor on Continental pictures in Hollywood, then tried his hand at acting. He has more than fifty principal screen

Once, you remember, Gary and Lupe were romancing together, and gossips said it meant wedding bells. But here they are: she with her husband, he with his wife, and everybody certainly looks happy

Barbara Barondess and Charles Beahan have been going places and seeing things together since Charlie and little Sidney Fox broke up their romance



A Broken Heart

in Hollywood



She took the knocks and came up smiling! Julia Graham (left), small town girl, won her Hollywood battle and Burns and Allen show her how to read a rôle

The true story of a girl who did her utmost to get ahead of the crowd in movies

By Sara Hamilton

Graduating from high school at eighteen, Julia went to work in the library of her home town, went to parties and dances, had dates with the boys she'd gone to school with, and life flowed on evenly about her.

But that wasn't enough for Julia.

She wanted to be a movie star more than anything else in the world.

Oh yes, she'd read time and time again of countless other girls who had gone to Hollywood with heart-breaking results. She'd read all the warnings sent out to young girls *not* to go to Hollywood. But, after all, she was different, she told herself. Hadn't her friends told her many times how well she photographed and how splendidly she sang? And hadn't she been in every school play since she was six? Well, what more could Hollywood want? It would be easy for her. The other girls had been foolish, but not she.

So, with the little money she had saved, she stole from her home with two bags filled with her belongings, and boarded a bus for California.

She was off on her great adventure. Julia was on her way to Hollywood to be a great movie star.

Two days later she wired her mother where she was going.

She made friends on the bus and her heart sang constantly within her. That other world, the little town, the people in it, all seemed very far away now. Already she felt a part of the new, magic world she'd chosen to enter.

It was only when the desert gave way to green and golden orange groves, when an occasional palm tree waved lazily [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

THE newspapers once again told the story. An old, old story in Hollywood. The story of another disillusioned girl who found the going too difficult in the magic land of motion pictures; who reached the end of the trail—ashamed of her failure and ill with heart-breaking disillusionment and chose, as the easiest way out—death.

Little heart-broken girls of Hollywood. What stories lie in their eyes. What despair fills their lonely hearts as, day after day, they go tramping about the streets. Lonely, forsaken people of Hollywood who have come seeking fame in pictures. What stories they could tell.

They are the type of stories that led nineteen-year-old Julia Graham, only a few weeks ago, to the end of the road, pitifully frightened, to lie down in despair to die. Alone.

Julia was like hundreds of other girls bitten by the "movie bug." She could think of nothing else. Back in Sisterville, West Virginia, Julia lived the life of an average small town girl in an average small town.

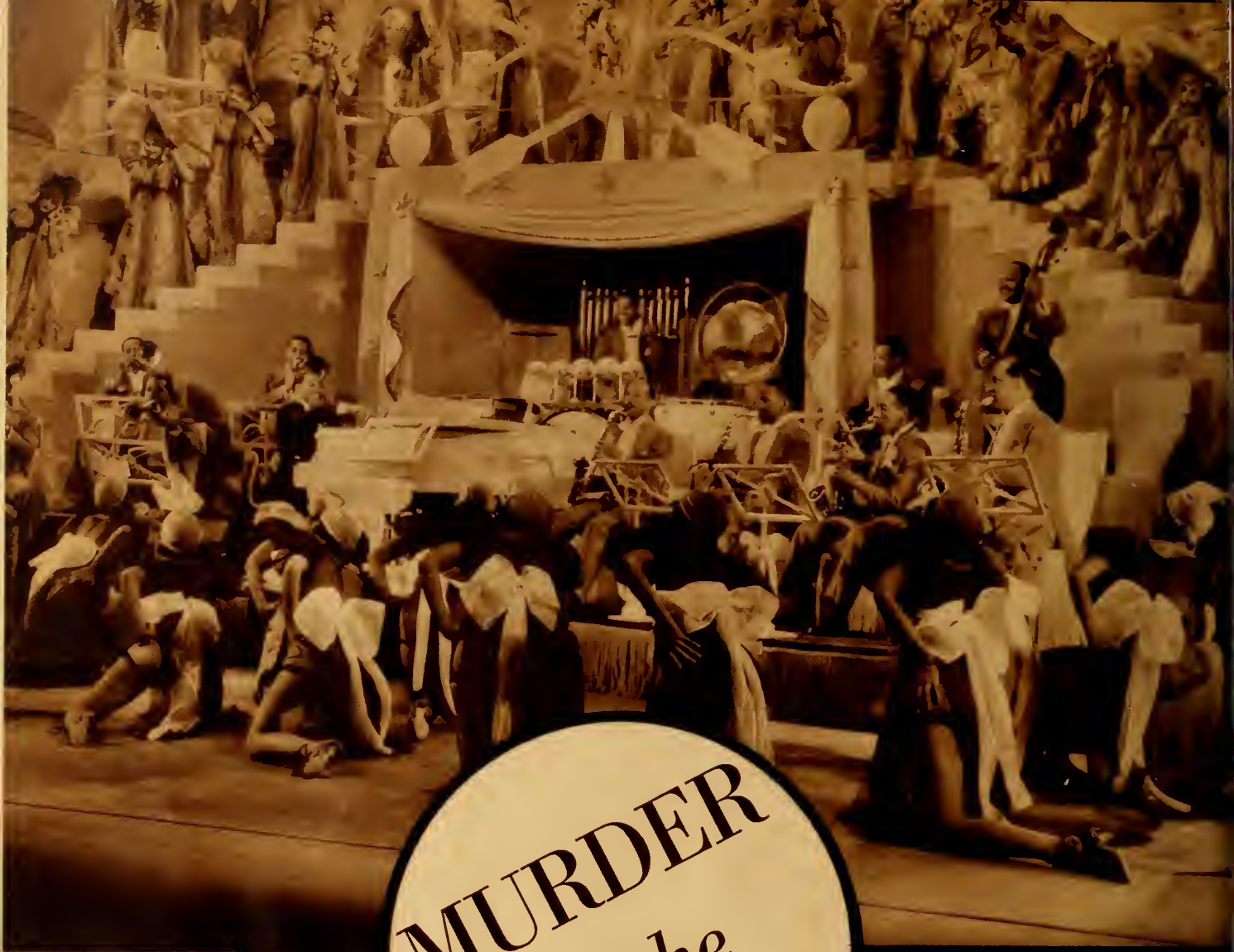


Failure, disillusion — Julia bucked 'em, and death was just around the corner when along came Earl Carroll and a new deal



Irving Lippman

TEMPERAMENT and temper run riot in this scene between Carole Lombard and John Barrymore—one of many high-spirited moments in Columbia's "Twentieth Century." In this adaptation from a stage comedy of last season, Barrymore is the eccentric producer who snares Carole, a Broadway star and his ex-flame, into signing a new contract



MURDER
at the
Vanities





IT might be murder, but it looks like fun. Carl Brisson is having a good time with that girl in ruffles. And Jack Oakie, twixt a blonde and brunette, isn't thinking about clues! If nifty underpinnings help a girl climb, that Vanities beauty ought to reach the top of the ladder! You want Harlem murder? Or both? We'll take ours with gardenias and high hats, all in a row, if anybody should ask





WHILE her maid puts the last curls in place, Director John Ford keeps the cameras waiting and goes over a sequence with Madeleine Carroll, English star, making her Hollywood debut in "The World Moves On." The world does move on, but Madeleine's gown, trimmed with pearls and nosegays, makes any lady want to turn back the clock

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe proved to the world that love and marriage *can* survive success



Cinderella of Broadway

By Margaret E. Sangster

A BLOCK or two, in New York, often measures more than a quarter of a mile. It is sometimes the distance between happiness and heartbreak, between sunshine and sorrow, between life and death.

And so it is not strange that, while Lilyan Tashman lay quietly at rest in a white chapel on an upper East Side street, the lights of Broadway were making magic with her name.

I fancy she would have wished it so. To know that, even as her friends knelt at her bier and sobbed their last farewell—even as curious crowds stormed the very doors of the funeral church—she was still moving and laughing and talking on the

street that she had loved. For Lilyan Tashman did not typify quiet and repose—she was quicksilver and the flash of sequins and the perfume of gardenias and the gaiety of dance music. Her very life was a sky-rocket; she rose suddenly in brilliance, shone against the clouds—and disappeared when the brilliance was at its height.

I DON'T have to tell you the story of Lilyan Tashman—who was the Cinderella of Broadway. She was the type of person to whom incredible things happen in a logical manner. Her entrance to the stage world was as dramatic as any play, for the

great Ziegfeld, himself, glimpsed her in a restaurant and sent for her and gave her a part in his famous "Follies." Lilyan was seventeen, then—but it was a seventeen *plus*. Plus beauty and that quality which stands for more than beauty—personality. I can give no better illustration of Lilyan's personality and her ability to keep friends than the following fact: Eddie Cantor—who was the star of that original "Follies" in which Lilyan Tashman appeared as a show girl—was the one who delivered the eulogy at her funeral.

THE "Follies." Then the legitimate drama, supporting Ina Claire in "The Gold Diggers." Then two years of stock company in Washington, and then—Hollywood. So went Lilyan Tashman—with her career held carefully in leash. She was never too sure of herself—and was always sure enough. Success and flattery did not go to her head—laughter and friendly handclaps were always more important than applause. I think that is why she never suffered the spiritual stubbed toes and the mental black-and-blue spots that other stars have known.

WHEN love came, it happened in the same logically incredible way. Lilyan and her husband, Edmund Lowe, met first on Broadway. She had been playing, supreme in her beauty, in a successful production. He had been the one bright spot in a certain failure. But he had, notwithstanding a good deal of competition, recognized her beauty. And she, in a drab drama, had sensed his genius. He dropped in at the successful production to watch her—not once, a score of times. She went to see his faltering play whenever it was possible. Finally they met, and that was the beginning of the beginning! Lilyan, just about to fare forth and conquer Hollywood, said to Eddie: "Go West, young man!" And he did.

Their successes—their screen successes—were achieved together. Almost simultaneously they became public idols. And then, as their intimate friends had long hoped, they were married.

That was in 1925—and now it is 1934. Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe had nine years of happiness—complete, thrilling happiness. That's a long-time marriage for Hollywood—and it's more joy than most mortals are privileged to crowd into an entire lifetime. When the reporters besieged Edmund Lowe, the day of his wife's death, he hadn't much to say. We like him because he hadn't. He faltered: "I can't believe it. . . ." Which is, in a way, the perfect tribute.

I AM glad that they buried Lilyan Tashman in a blue gown. As the newspapers recorded, it was "of a cut and style for which she was famous." I am glad that it was smart and pretty, but above all I am glad that it was blue. Blue was very becoming to Lilyan.

"Of a cut and style for which she was famous!" Ah, the world knew Lilyan Tashman as the best dressed woman of the screen—and that title was not lightly achieved. The Gloria Swansons and the Joan Crawford and the Constance Bennetts have been no mean aspirants to the honor—to say nothing of half a hundred others. But Lilyan Tashman won the position and held it against every comer by sheer clothes instinct rather

than by intent. She didn't try to be the screen's best dressed woman—she couldn't help being the screen's best dressed woman! Every hat she chose was perfect; every coat and suit was innately right.

Lilyan Tashman wasn't the sort to let down in the privacy of her own boudoir, for the simple reason that she didn't approve of, or enjoy, letting down. If she had been careless about clothes, I have no doubt that she might have been careless in other matters—but carelessness was a word that had been left out of Lilyan Tashman's vocabulary. If she had let down in the matter of grooming she might even have murmured, at the end, "I'm tired. I can't work any longer. Give me rest." *But she didn't.*

She practically died on the set, finishing her last picture. The physician who operated on her said, "It was her indomitable will—and her courage—that kept her going."

LILYAN TASHMAN'S home reflected her personal taste—and the taste of her husband. She it was who started the vogue for white—draperies, upholsteries, carpets. One would imagine that a home with a plethora of white upholstery might be a hard place in which to live—but it was not so with the Tashman-Lowe domicile. Lilyan never told Eddie, I'll warrant, to be careful of the ashes and to beware of muddy feet. And her guests didn't feel, ever, that they were posed against the background of a modern museum. Despite elegance of fabric, and the delicacy of design, and utter good taste, they felt at home—and they acted at home. That's the best recommendation that any hostess can have!

LILYAN TASHMAN will be remembered as the best dressed woman of the screen. That's inevitable—for she was! But there are many who will remember her differently. As a good trouser, as a good sport, as a philanthropist, and as a patron of the arts. As a firm friend, and the life of the party.

The pity of it is that Lilyan Tashman died in her

early thirties. She should have lived to be very old—so that we might have learned, from her, the lesson of growing old gracefully and graciously. She should have given birth to the children for which she longed—"I want babies," she used to say, "and I'm going to have them."

It gives a sad sense of satisfaction to those who loved her—the knowledge that she will never be dimmed.

She belongs to the past—and to the present—and to the future. Because, for her, the past and the present and the future have ceased to be.

A block or two, in New York, often measures more than a quarter of a mile. It sometimes spells the distance between mirth and tears, between today and eternity.

And so I try to tell myself that Lilyan Tashman—dressed in the color she loved—surrounded by flowers and friends—was only taking a needed rest.

I tell myself that—in some bright dream—she was conscious of her shadow self, appearing upon the screen of a Broadway theater.

I like to think that the murmur of the curious crowds storming the door of the little chapel that housed her, came to her not as an intrusion, but as the echo of a nation's applause!

To Lilyan Tashman—

*The gracious gowns you wore were just a token
Of the rare beauty that your soul possessed,
Of the fine courage that remained unbroken;
So, when folks say, "She was superbly dressed!"
They pay a tribute to triumphant glory,
To charm that could be neither bought nor sold.
"Superbly dressed!" It tells a gallant story,
A story that was broken off, half told . . .*

*I like to picture you as someone living,
(For perfect beauty never, never dies!)
I like to think of you as smiling, giving,
With gleaming hair, and shining, friendly eyes—
I like to think you will be very near
Whenever people long for lights and cheer!*

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER



"Baby Mae West" —That's Toby!

YOU know her as Toby Wing. Members of her family know her as Toby, although she was born Martha Virginia Wing. Because, you see, down in Virginia, where Martha Virginia was born on her grandfather's plantation near historic Richmond, a skittish colt is termed "toby-struck." Martha Virginia, according to a doting aunt, was a touch skittish, or, rather, "toby-struck." Toby she has been since.

Lately though, in Hollywood, Toby has been getting another name. It's "Baby Mae West." As you may have noticed, Toby has curves, and what goes with them—plenty of personality.

Maurice Chevalier, no less, thinks Toby is about the loveliest creature in Hollywood. Incidentally, Toby isn't backward about giving her opinion of Chevalier. "The most fascinating man I ever met," says she.

Blonde—naturally—she and her sister, Pat, are a striking contrast. Pat is decidedly brunette.

This eighteen-year-old daughter of a retired army major and granddaughter of a Confederate army captain has a lot of sense under her golden hair. She does not gad around week nights. No sir! She is early to bed and early to rise. Social activities are limited to Friday and Saturday nights, and then not too much. She likes fun and enjoys frolicking as much as the next youngster, but she is very serious about her screen work.

Toby started in acting when she was a child, with the Gamut Club in Los Angeles, and Columbia Pictures.

Her more recent screen work began with a part in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain." Then you saw her in "42nd Street," "College Humor," "Search for Beauty," "Come On Marines." "Murder at the Vanities" is her latest.



A Raft of Work Is His Reward

ROGER PRYOR, who took over George Raft's rôle in Mae West's latest picture, "It Ain't No Sin," doesn't look much like an actor. This native of New York City looks more like an all-American halfback, six feet tall, straight, athletic, and younger appearing than his thirty years.

Yet, there isn't much Roger can't do in the way of entertainment—singing, dancing, acting. He also can get melody out of a piano, trombone, saxophone, trumpet and several other types of musical instruments. His musical bent is natural. His father is Arthur Pryor, the noted bandmaster and composer.

Hollywood calls Roger "another Lee Tracy." His fast-talking, taut-nerve parts in "Moonlight and Pretzels" and "I Like It That Way" started the comparison.

Oddly enough, Roger has a definite connection with Tracy. When Lee was starring on the stage in "The Front Page" in Chicago and broke his ankle, it was Roger Pryor who assumed the rôle. Then, in 1931, Roger starred in "Blessed Event" on the New York stage. And Lee did right well by the same part in the movie version. Finally, Roger and Lee are together on the screen in "I'll Tell the World."

Although considered a fairly new screen "find," Roger is a veteran trouper, having been on the stage since 1919. He has a reputation for the fast-action type of rôles. It was this that got him his screen opportunity in "Moonlight and Pretzels."

The elder Pryor had intended his big boy should become a physician. But the call of the stage was too much for Roger.

However, the father's desire finally was fulfilled. Roger recently played the part of a young doctor in a West Coast stage company's version of "Men in White."

Cleopatra

"BAH, these Hollywood actors make me ill," Cecil B. DeMille stormed (with hail and everything) on the "Cleopatra" set. "They have no feeling for the true beauty, the insight into those who lived when Rome was in her full bloom. I wish I might have Cleopatra herself to play in this picture," he mused, and even as he spoke there appeared before him a strange and odd little creature looking not unlike Ernst Lubitsch, even to the cigar, and clad in a toga.

"Thou hast spoken, master," the little toga-clad image resembling Ernst bowed, "and as thou spokest rubbed thrice the emerald ring that



As Cleo stepped from the barge, DeMille saluted her saying, "Oh, Lady of the Nile, I'd prostrate myself if I could get down in these pants." Camera-men yelled, "Hold it for a still, Mrs. Cleopatra"

Comes To Hollywood

matcheth the emerald in the garters beneath those riding breeches. Hence thy wish shall come true. Tomorrow, as the sun ariseth, Cleopatra's barge shall appear over yon horizon. Get thee there to greet her." And then he was gone.

Well, Cecil practically expired on the spot while the news flashed, wires hummed and cables sang. After all, some pretty important people had trod the old boulevard of Hollywood, but Cleo, the most famous vamp of them all, capped all the climaxes.

Promptly at sunrise the next morning, Cecil, accompanied by three huge floats, one depicting the "Spirit of the Nile," one the "Spirit of the Mississippi," and one the "Spirit of the Los Angeles River If It Had Any Water in It," followed by the Four Mills Brothers, marched directly ahead of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to the harbor. The American Legion boys, cards that they are, carried a huge banner saying, "Hello, Cleo—Where's Elmer?" in large letters. Huge, gigantic, terrific, colossal banners hung from all the corners screaming, "Welcome Cleo! Hollywood Greet the Queen of Them All."

Which, of course, made M-G-M simply furious and they promptly went all over Culver City hanging banners which read, "Garbo—the Antony-Snatcher of All Time."

Men flocked; women wept; directors told her to diet. But her answer to Hollywood clamor was, "Phooie"

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Oh, it was all very confusing, what with the noise of the motors accompanying the floats, and Cecil yelling and screeching instructions to the Central Avenue slaves dressed in prop bracelets and loin cloths. And through it all, W. C. Fields, for some reason, wanted to play card tricks all the way to the harbor. It was awful.

Then off in the distance, o'er the horizon, the gleam of a golden barge was sighted, its orange sails at full mast. Soon the elaborate barge drew near and out stepped a dusky-skinned creature in a soft robe of clinging white. Not exactly a strikingly beautiful woman, but about her radiated a something so strong, so dynamic that the entire waiting mob, including the trucks, fell over backwards. Only Cecil remained calm and serenish and, raising his right arm in salute, he said:

"OH, Lady of the Nile, I'd prostrate myself if I could get down in these pants. But we, nevertheless, welcome you, oh gracious queen, to our city of Hollywood. You're overwhelming, glamorous, seductive, alluring—"

And, just then, from behind Cleopatra stepped her four children in a neat little row. The twins, Cleo and Tony, aged nine, both with a front tooth missing and both ready to pop out with measles at the drop of a hat.

"Hold it for a still, Mrs. Cleopatra," the photographers screamed. "Could you pull up the nightgown for a little leg art? And how about one of you and Mr. DeMille shaking hands! You just smile and say, 'Yes, Mr. DeMille.'"

Cleopatra looked around, puzzled.

"Where is my litter!" she spoke for the first time.

A dumb mechanic pointed to the four awe-struck children behind her.

"Where is my litter!" she again demanded.

"Well, lady," spoke up one of the photographers, "if I'd have known, our Scottie had a litter this morning—"

But Cecil, who catches on like anything, waved them aside and conducted the fair lady up the wharf, just as the Four Mills Brothers broke out into a hot version of the "Tiger Rag," which promptly threw the oldest boy Caesar (or at least he should have been called Caesar, he looked that much like him) into as neat a fit of leaping hysterics as has been seen on these shores for some time.

Getting things calmed down a bit, Cecil led Cleopatra to the waiting limousine.

"What manner of litter is this?" she asked.

"The new V model with the free knee action," Cecil explained. With a skeptical glance, Cleo climbed in and reclined, naturally enough, on the back seat, leaving Cecil and the children to arrange themselves as best they could on the floor of the car.

Unnoticed by Cecil, Cleo had placed a small basket on the floor, and leaning over to Cecil she said, "Pardon, my friend, but would you mind arising? You are sitting on my asp." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



Would YOU GIRLS



Here's a saddening fact for Powell's many feminine admirers. If anyone has the inside track in the handicap race for Dick's heart, it certainly seems to be the charming and beautiful Mary Brian

THE pen hung poised over the fateful words in Dick Powell's contract. "Thou shalt not marry for one whole year," they read—or however Papa Warner had worded the clause.

The girls of Hollywood stood, looking at the clock, with wide, staring eyes in white, stricken faces. And the ticking that was heard wasn't the clock's; it was knees knocking. All in all, the girls looked like those things that stand in shop windows with \$14.95 marked on them.

Promptly at eleven A. M. Pacific Coast Time, Dick was to sign or refuse to sign that paper. And that, as good old Hamlet did not say, was the question. Would he sign?

At exactly one minute to eleven, Dick, calmer than last year's straw hat, with the usual grin on his face, picked up a pen,

winked a roving eye at a willowy blonde passing the window, tugged at his tie, and said:

"Here goes."

On the stroke of eleven, Dick Powell's name was sprawled half way across the "no marry" page.

The weeping and wailing, to say nothing of the gnashing of teeth that went up over the land, was something!

Powell admirers from all over the world wrote in by the hundreds. Hundreds nothing! Thousands of letters poured in! "Why, oh why, Mr. Powell, could you do that, just when mama was making me a new red foulard to have my picture taken in to send to you?" Evidently the red foulard was to do its stuff—knock Mr. Powell headlong into Toluca Lake and matrimony.

AS for the girls of Hollywood! Well, they went around for days as if there could be just no use going around any more. For here was Hollywood's greatest catch since Gary Cooper, signing away all their chances at him for one whole year.

Dick only grinned at the hullabaloo. He didn't give a hoot-ananny one way or the other. The fact that anyone would care particularly never dawned on him.

And come to think of it, knowing him as I do, I wonder if you'd really want to marry Dick Powell if he could marry?

Now, wait! Don't all scream into my shell-like ear at once! Take it easy! Maybe if you knew what Dick Powell's life is like, you wouldn't—. It's an idea. Let me tell you what life, as Mrs. Dick Powell, would really be.



Mrs. Powell would have to be approved by Ellis, who reads fan mail aloud to Dick

Just relax. There! Now gaze steadily into the crystal ball. Hah! An image! It grows clearer! Why, it's Ellis! Or haven't you heard about Ellis? Well, Ellis it is who looks after Dick and handles his abundant mail. It's Ellis who says what Dick shall eat, what he shall wear, to whom he shall telephone (if

MARRY Dick Powell?

Yea? Well, read this and perhaps you won't be so anxious. Anyway, he can't be wed for many months

By Sylvia Harper

Ellis doesn't approve, Dick will never know you phoned), what he shall—. Well, Ellis is there, and you could no more get rid of Ellis than Jimmy Durante his nose. He's just there. Like the Rock of Gibraltar, and try shoving that out of the way.

Promptly every morning at seven-thirty, after breakfast, Dick goes into the living-room, picks up his clarinet, and he's off on "Honeymoon Hotel" with variations and fire-escapes. Next comes the banjo, and out over Toluca Lake pours the message that "He's going back to his little grass shack in wherever-it-is-in-Hawaii." And everyone hopes he is, and will start soon. Then comes the saxophone. Good old saxy. This time Dick rips out "Puddin' Head Jones," till it's a wonder "Puddin's" head doesn't fly off with all the heads of the neighbors for miles around.

Quietly picture yourself in the same house with that!

But, get a good grip on yourself. We haven't played all the instruments in the band, yet.

Comes the piano. Dick isn't so hot on the piano, so he usually contents himself with blithely skipping up and down the scales some twenty or thirty times. Do, re, mi, fa,

Dick might boop the roof off with his saxophone, but the Mrs. could only smile



With all his winning ways, Dick Powell has many odd traits to worry any girl who might marry him

sol, la, ti, do. And back again. At this point Ellis may or may not bring you an aspirin. It probably won't have occurred to him you need one. For Ellis, good old gem of the ocean, thrives on Dick's one-man-band.

By this time, the inevitable insurance agent will be ringing the front doorbell, and a boy, at the side door, will be delivering a message from somebody in Little Rock, Arkansas (Dick's home town), asking Dick to cut the cake at the festival on the church lawn next week. A man selling home-made neckties for actors will be pounding on the back door. The insurance agent, for a time, will give up, and a man selling stock in the Pacific Ocean will take his place at the front doorbell. The messenger boy has hammered so hard on the side door that the key to Little Rock, neatly crossed on the wall with the key to Pittsburgh, has fallen from its place, nearly splitting Ellis' skull from stem to stern.

But wait. We forgot the solo in the shower. It usually consists of a lot of "do dum dee diddles" and the like.

And by the way, do [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Napoleon's Ghost *Walks Out On Warners*



The main difficulty is getting someone to be Napoleon, but filling the rôle of Joséphine is not a simple matter by any means. Kay Francis might qualify, by comparison with the famous portrait of the Empress by F. Gérard. But Kay's not willing to wear the crown



public libraries have been razed by frantic contestants, and Warner Brothers' studio is giving a first class imitation of a battle-field.

Ever since someone first thought of the idea of filming the life of Napoleon, trouble has turned the script into a scrap, and the whole undertaking has a glazed look around the eyes. Hollywood is suffering from a reign of error.

Edward G. Robinson, of course, was the star the studio had in mind at the beginning of the Napoleonic campaign, and Robinson was quite willing — nay, anxious—to play the part. In fact, he was so anxious to be Napoleon that he read thirty-eight biographies; steeped himself in the sayings and philosophies of the Little Corporal, and wandered around Hollywood with one hand stuck in his vest, mut-

HOLLYWOOD is suffering from a Napoleonic complex. A mocking echo of the Corsican's tempestuous, violent life has come down through the years and set the film capital topsy-turvy.

Whereas Waterloo was Napoleon's breaking point, Hollywood is wondering if Napoleon is going to be its breaking point.

Anyhow, it certainly looks as though his ghost is in town and having a mad fling.

The state of chaos came about through Warner Brothers deciding to make an extra-stupendous picture of the life of Napoleon. And as Napoleon threw all Europe into a scramble, so has the plan to film his life thrown this Hollywood studio into a seething situation, and the repercussions of dissatisfaction are heard throughout the town.

Five of the most important stars in Hollywood are engaged in open, active warfare over Napoleon; one world-famous author is in a super-huff; one excellent make-up man is in a super-collapse; the

Certainly here's imperial form and bearing, the Warners said of Gloria Swanson. She looked this way in "Tonight or Never" just a few years back. She'd be as gorgeous today, perhaps, as Empress Joséphine. But the ghost of Napoleon snickered—Gloria said no!



The Warners decided that Ernst Lubitsch could be Napoleon if he'd come out from behind his cigar. But who'd direct him?

The elusive spirit of the Little Corsican has left actors and producers in a Waterloo of confusion

By Winifred Aydelotte

tering to himself, "March on!" "Hail men!" and "If there is no one to make powder for the cannon, I can do it."

Enter Perc Westmore, Warners' ace make-up wizard, who is now in the aforementioned super-collapse.

"Make up Robinson to look like Napoleon," Westmore was ordered.

Now, as everyone knows, Robinson resembles Napoleon in just one particular—height. Napoleon, when he first began terrifying Europe, was thin and slight; Robinson is squat and stocky. Napoleon's mouth was classic, sensitive and rather



The celebrated portrait of Napoleon by E. J. H. Vernet, hanging in the National Gallery, London. Actors, it seems, just don't grow this way, and make-up helps little



Richard Barthelmess has a something about him not unlike the Vernet portrait of the Emperor—even to the dimple in his chin. And look at their noses



Charlie Chaplin has had the ambition to play Napoleon in a serious picture for years, and shows us how he'd appear in the rôle if the Warners paid his price

One thing make-up can't do, apparently, is to convert Edward G. Robinson into a Napoleonic type. Minus that "Silver Dollar" mustache, Robinson was scheduled to play the rôle. He studied up on the Emperor and got himself into a Napoleonic frame of mind, but he met his Waterloo in the make-up department

beautiful, and his nose was long and thin and pointed. Robinson's mouth is second only to Joe E. Brown's in scope, and his nose is scared into a pug by his mouth.

Well, Westmore dragged out his make-up box and got to work. He tried putty, wigs, shadows, false eyebrows. He tried make-up from Number One to a Thousand and Two. He enlisted the aid of adhesive tape, wax, false hair, and stopped just short of black-

face and plastic surgery. Test after test was made. Still Robinson failed to resemble Napoleon. The spirit was willing, but the face remained *Little Caesar's*.

Warner Brothers drooped with discouragement, and Westmore collapsed. Robinson went right on reading the books, although he was heard to exclaim, in unhappy surprise, "Waterloo know about that!"

Score one for Napoleon. His ghost won the first battle.

But Warners were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



Sylvia Tells Loretta Young How To Put On Weight

This charming, talented, spunky actress needs more flesh and physical strength, Sylvia says



Sylvia



In "The House of Rothschild," with Arliss, Loretta is underweight, Sylvia finds. She seems to lack vitality, despite her well-known determination

DEAR LORETTA: As I sat in the theater on the opening night of "The House of Rothschild"—completely surrounded by mink coats—I got a yen to write to you. It struck me that they couldn't have chosen a better girl to play the part of *Rothschild's* determined daughter. For all through your life you have shown determination! You are a gallant little trouper.

You have the will to go ahead on your chosen course and if you think you have made a mistake you have the courage to alter your plans.

When things don't turn out as you expect, you don't hesitate to turn about face. That's just what I admire—a girl who will admit a mistake and set about positively to rectify it. All your life you've shown that you had spunk.

I remember years ago, one Sunday at Malibu, hearing Herbert Brenon rave about you. He was one of the first to have a tennis court at the beach, and the elite of Hollywood used to drop in to play tennis, to stay to luncheon—and that meant staying to supper. Some folks stayed on over the week-end, too.

Well, on this particular Sunday, Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell, Neil Hamilton, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce, Eddie Lowe and the late Lilyan Tashman were all there. H. B.

Warner, who had just made a wonderful success in "The King of Kings," breezed in and we started to talk about pictures, acting and picture people. I don't need to tell you, Loretta, that that's Hollywood's favorite subject. And why not? That's their business. And that's where you come in.

I was selecting my luncheon from the buffet table—and, as usual, squawking about the richness of the food and begging the stars not to eat too much of it for fear they would put on those dangerous extra pounds when I heard Brenon praising a new actress he had just discovered.

"She has everything," the director said, "youth and beauty and talent."

I stopped to listen.



Lovely to look upon, yes. But Loretta could be even more beautiful if she would follow Sylvia's exercises and diet to fill out her throat and do away with those little cords on the side

"I tell you," he went on, "all of you are going to hear from this Loretta Young girl."

It seems you were playing with Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and you were only fifteen at the time. Brenon had a tough time getting you to do emotional scenes that would have been difficult for a woman of twenty-five to interpret correctly. One day on the set you were supposed to cry. Brenon was desperate because you couldn't dig up a single tear. Then he said to you, "You're terrible. If I had had any sense at all I would have let your sister, Polly Ann, play this part. It isn't too late to change, even now."

And right then you burst into real tears, which was just what Brenon wanted you to do. He told us all about that—all about what he had put you through. "But the kid takes it," he finished. "She's got spunk."

AND, believe me, Loretta, spunk is the greatest asset in the world for anybody to have—from actress to file clerk.

So I kept thinking about all those things as I watched you in "The House of Rothschild"—and that's credit to you, because when one sees that picture, it's hard to think about anything else but the story.

But I became concerned about you, because your walk shows me that you're terribly tired. Did you know that a person's walk is the key to his or her personality? I can read character by a walk. Just let five women come into a room, and by the way they enter I can tell what they're like. From your little chin up you're all energy and fire and determination. But your body lacks strength—and that's what your walk shows me. You slump. You put your thighs and knees forward and seem to be leaning on a backbone that isn't vital enough to hold you up.

You should have learned a lesson from George Arliss. Look at his walk. He slumps, that's true. He is slight



Now get the point, Loretta. This is friendly advice, and the point is, cover your hips with a little more flesh! Build yourself up!

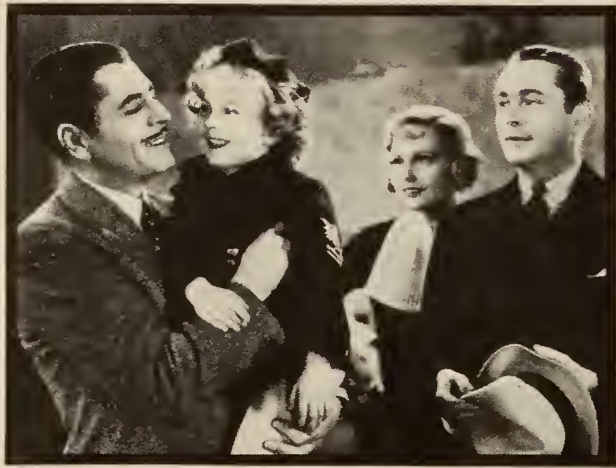
and small, but when he walks in front of the camera you know instantly that he is somebody. He has character and determination and strength in his walk—and that's what I'm aiming at for you. Your carriage is just a bad habit you've gotten into, and you're too beautiful to do anything to detract from that beauty. Now I'm going to give you an exercise to strengthen your spine and improve your carriage and posture. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

**Too thin? This article will aid you.
And see page 88 for Sylvia's answers**



Miss Young, Sylvia says, does not stand and walk to the best advantage, even when not supported. Her knees and her backbone need strengthening

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *STAND UP AND CHEER*—Fox

THERE'S a sure way to solve the nation's problems—and Fox's Movietone revue, '34 edition, tells all about it in this lavish pot-pourri of music and mirth.

The remedy is a "Secretary of Amusement" in Washington. Warner Baxter, selected for the job, proceeds to round up the talent in the land. Madge Evans helps by making the kiddies happy, and by providing romantic inspiration.

The idea paves the way for impressively staged musical numbers and comedy skits, in which James Dunn surprises as a top notch song-hooper. That amazing tot, Shirley Temple, is sensational with her talent and loveliness.

John Boles, Stepin Fetchit, Mitchell and Durant highlight the remaining galaxy. An inspiring finale number, "Out of the Red," tops the tunes.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *MELODY IN SPRING*—Paramount

IT'S just as light and engaging and inconsequential as its title, with charming music, unusually beautiful sets, and an amusing plot.

Marking the screen debut of Lanny Ross, radio's popular tenor. Master of the tuneful moments, his admirers will be quite pleased. For, though he has a lot to learn about motion picture technique, his charming personality, his good looks and his voice, which is undeniably one of the best on the air today, compensate in full.

Charles Ruggles, as *Warren Blodgett*, dog biscuit manufacturer and "collector" of knick-knacks, who won't stop at stealing to get what he wants, and Mary Boland as his chattering wife who is resigned to his thievery, supply fun and laughter in abundance.

In spite of the fact that Ruggles never ceases fighting him off as a prospective son-in-law, Lanny finally wins Ann Sothern by showing her father some new wrinkles in the art of snitching. This, after trailing the family from Paris to a lovely, picturesque Swiss village.

His reasons for following them are romantic and business—business of securing a place on *Blodgett Radio Hour*.

The musical sequence with the dairy maids and the cows is grand. And Ruggles' mountain climbing is a howl.

George Meeker, Herman Bing, Norma Mitchell, Helen Lynd and the three Gale Sisters lend their talents.



★ *WILD CARGO*—RKO-Radio

IF animal pictures appeal to you at all, be sure to see this interesting account of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the dense Malay Jungle.

You who thrilled to "Bring 'Em Back Alive," no doubt anticipate this new adventure into the land of struggles and death, and you will not be disappointed.

As the film unreels, Mr. Buck explains in detail how each conquest is made. His methods of capturing these wild beasts are exceedingly clever. But, as he says, half the job of catching rare specimens is to keep them after you've got them.

A bit of comedy is supplied from time to time by a wrestling honey bear and a playful monkey, nicknamed *Londos* and *Strangler Lewis*. Photography is splendid.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

MELODY IN SPRING
STAND UP AND CHEER
HOLLYWOOD PARTY
THE TRUMPET BLOWS

GLAMOUR
WILD CARGO
ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES
TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS

The Best Performances of the Month

Mary Boland in "Melody in Spring"
Charles Ruggles in "Melody in Spring"
Constance Cummings in "Glamour"
Warner Baxter in "Stand Up and Cheer"
George Raft in "The Trumpet Blows"
Adolphe Menjou in "The Trumpet Blows"
Lee Tracy in "I'll Tell the World"
Frances Dee in "Finishing School"
Ginger Rogers in "Finishing School"
W. C. Fields in "You're Telling Me"
Aline MacMahon in "Side Streets"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ HOLLYWOOD PARTY—M-G-M

A CRAZY quilt edition of music and nonsense. "The Great Schnozzola," Jimmy Durante, gives a colossal party for Baron Munchausen (Jack Pearl). And out of this rises all the funny business.

Funniest of all is the sketch by Lupe Velez, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. It's the prize of the picture, and will have folks rollicking with laughter.

One of the best Hollywood comedy casts that has been assembled in many a day includes Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy, Richard Carle, George Givot. And June Clyde and Eddie Quillan who put over their song number in fine style.

Besides all these ace performers, there is little Mickey Mouse, presented in a grand color cartoon fantasy.



★ GLAMOUR—Universal

HERE is a picture that will appeal to your heart, your mind and your sense of good screen taste. This artfully presented Edna Ferber story marks Constance Cummings' debut as a genuine emotional actress.

A dumb little chorine, she annoys theatrical composer Paul Lukas until he consents to make her a star. She also manages to arouse in him romantic interest. They marry, and she is granted every wish, including motherhood. But the glamour of stage success and wealth gradually wears off. Then dark, handsome Phillip Reed, an unknown singer, enters her life, causing a divorce.

Neglecting her own career, Constance throws herself wholeheartedly into the task of making this new husband a popular star. And, after a time, when Reed shines brightly in the Paris theatrical firmament, he begins paying "little attentions" to another woman.

The tragedy of her second marriage is the savior of Paul's career and her own.

Lukas is more than usually distinguished. And Phillip Reed's fan mail will rocket skywards after this. The supporting cast, to a man, turns in skilful bits of acting.

Direction by William Wyler is well timed and plays a big part in making this the top-notch that it is. Photography excellent. Your time in seeing this film will be well spent. It represents quality diversion.



★ ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fox

AFTER the war separates Tony Clarendon (Hugh Williams) from his Austrian sweetheart Katha (Helen Twelvetrees), he searches long and tirelessly, but in vain.

Later Tony marries the English girl next door, and devotes every waking hour to his architectural work. Mona Barrie gives a beautiful performance as this determined, calculating and ambitious young woman. But her victory won, Mona tires of Tony and her affair sends him off on another search for Katha. The lovers are finally reunited on the romantic Island of Capri, where they met.

Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor are again an inimitable pair of Cockney servants. Henry Stephenson, Matt Moore and other supporting players comprise the excellent cast. Very British, and a bit too talky. Fine camera work.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



THE TRUMPET BLOWS—
Paramount



AS the sleek young matador, George Raft performs exciting scenes in the bull-ring before an enthusiastic crowd. Adolphe Menjou, a Mexican bandit posing as a wealthy rancher, handles the rôle of Raft's brother admirably. And Frances Drake (loved by both men) contributes a snappy rumba. Colorful settings of bull-ring and Menjou's hacienda. Grand photography. Katherine DeMille, Sidney Toler.



TWENTY MILLION SWEET-HEARTS—
First National



THROUGH talent scout Pat O'Brien's scheming, Hollywood waiter Dick Powell becomes a radio favorite. But how he attains his popularity makes this splendid entertainment. Dick's big opportunity comes when Ginger Rogers obligingly bluffs a faint and "gives him the air." Some knockout songs. Good performances by entire cast, including the Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito and the Radio Rogues.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—
Universal



ALL together boys and girls, three rousing cheers. Lee Tracy is back! As the news-scooper-upper, one of his best characterizations, Lee hops nimbly about the globe and saves a beautiful princess (Gloria Stuart) from assassination. Saves her for himself, which is only fair, after all, because she certainly gets Lee in plenty of jams. Lots of action. Excellent cast includes Roger Pryor.

FINISHING SCHOOL—
RKO-Radio



THIS expose of one of those ultra-ultra débutante "corrals" wavers between comedy, a preachment and drama. But your heart will melt for Frances Dee who flaunts the school's snobbery to love poor interne Bruce Cabot and then—well, girls will never learn. But marriage solves it. Frances and Bruce excellent, Ginger Rogers steals her usual scene quota, and Billie Burke is the fluttery society mother.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY—
First National



JOE E. BROWN, a two-bit gambler, is a right guy who never goes back on his word. Broke and in debt to gangleader Alan Dinehart, he loses his girl, Alice White. In order to pay up, he sells his body to a scientist for a thousand dollars, delivery in one month. But luck turns. And on "delivery date" he has Alice back, and a million dollars besides. Joe gets out—but how? Good entertainment.

HOLD THAT GIRL—
Fox



ROMANCE, adventure and humor are unreled in this fast-moving tale. The trails of witty detective James Dunn and ace tabloid reporter Claire Trevor cross frequently in the course of their duties. Claire's anxiety for a headline story lands her in the meshes of an underworld gang, led by Alan Edwards. The film is climaxed by a wild, careening ride with death. In all you'll find it quite entertaining.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

YOU'RE TELLING ME—
Paramount



BORN TO BE BAD—
20th Century-United Artists



A HILARIOUS pantomime with W. C. Fields wandering through most of it in an amazingly inebriated condition. Returning from a business trip, Fields meets a princess (Adrienne Ames) on a good will tour, who comes to his aid in bringing about the marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. Fields is the whole show—a riot of fun. Louise Carter, as his wife, is excellent.

IF you like 'em bad, Loretta Young is your dish in this aptly titled film. She commits everything worth committing and teaches her child, Jackie Kelk, to follow her example—but wealthy Cary Grant, adopting the boy when the courts separate him from Loretta, teaches him the meaning of honor. Loretta Young at her best. Henry Travers, Harry Green, Russell Hopton all in top form.

UPPER-WORLD—
Warners



3 ON A HONEY-MOON—
Fox



WARREN WILLIAM, neglected husband of Mary Astor, drifts into pleasant liaison with Ginger Rogers. Ginger is killed by another lover, J. Carrol Naish, who in turn is shot by Warren in self-defense. After a trial, resulting in his exoneration, Warren sails for Europe with his wife and son (Dickie Moore). Andy Devine, the family chauffeur, adds humor. Good performances offset trite plot.

THE chief weakness in this picture is the story. It's about a typical group of wealthy people on a round-the-world cruise. Sally Eilers, who pursues ship's officer Charles Starrett, is pretty enough to cause trouble. Henrietta Crosman is delightful as matchmaker for ZaSu Pitts, the most divinely funny goof in the world. Remainder of cast comparatively uninteresting. Mediocre film fare.

ONE IS GUILTY—
Columbia



SIDE STREETS—
First National



ON the night of an important fight, the heavyweight champion is found murdered in a vacant apartment house. Inspector Ralph Bellamy gives a distinguished performance unravelling this story, which is incredibly obvious. The great mystery is how Director Lambert Hillyer managed to make it as interesting as it is. Shirley Grey and Rita LaRoy are the women involved.

ALINE MACMAHON gives an excellent characterization as the love-starved woman who befriends, and later marries Paul Kelly, a jobless sailor. Her tolerance of Paul's indiscretions is finally rewarded by his awakening. A fine cast, including Ann Dvorak and Patricia Ellis. Direction of this very human tale is well handled by Al Green.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 121]

By Jane
Hampton

Now whenever Johnny speaks, Lupe says, "Yes, darling." She cooks his food and darns his socks. To save their marriage she has become his give-in mama



Lupe and Johnny were LOVERS



They done each other
wrong! But Lupe
relented. Now peace
and Johnny reign

gaining!" and "Lupe is hurling bombs!"
"The tanks are approaching and Johnny
is caught in the enemy's barbed wire!"
Oh, my dear, it was too awful. And
too grand. And now comes the newest,
hottest, latest news from the front.

*Lupe and Johnny were lovers.
And oh, my! my! how they fought.
He was her man.
And he done her wrong—*
(In three places and Lupe will show
anyone at any time the scars left from
Custer's Last Stand. Well, just ask her and you'll find out.)

WHICH means, boys and girls, that one of the strangest,
most hilarious wars ever waged on any high class
battlefront has been waged right here in Hollywood.

The war of Lupe and Johnny.

How they fought! And how they loved it! Hollywood constantly reverberated with the rumblings, from yon green Verdugo Hills (you can see Catalina on a clear day) to the lapping surf of the old Pacific, while seething news from the front kept pouring in:

"Lupe is gaining!" "Johnny is retreating!" "Johnny is

It's over. A truce has been signed. The war, I tell you, is ended. Except, of course, for a few minor skirmishes that may break out from time to time. And guess who won. No, wait, I want to tell it myself. The startling, amazing dispatch brings the news that Johnny is the winner! Popee (as Lupe calls him) Weissmuller himself. And Lupe concedes the victory, throws in her bayonet (and it is only an accident, mind, that it nearly tears off Johnny's scalp when she does it) and admits the truth.

"Johnny wins. I will not lose my beeg husband for a leettle fight. (And if that was a "leettle" fight, the Civil war was just a bean-shooting match.) [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

DRAMATIC FASHION CUES



THERE'S no need to be stereotype about wearing flowers for evening if you follow the lead of the two charming stars above. Mae Clarke wears the small blossoms of gardenias attached to her bracelets and one large one fastened to her gown at front. These may be fresh or artificial. Jean Muir pins a cluster of little fresh rosebuds in her hair behind one ear. More buds, pinned to ribbon bands, make enchanting bracelets



A PEPPERY dash of old Mexico in this swaggering summer hat of Ginger Rogers—it's a sombrero of panama with a vivid chin strap of striped cord to match the belt on Ginger's white sports dress. Orry-Kelly is the deft designer

MAE CLARKE has a flare for unusual costume accessories—she wore this "lariat" necklace with a white sports dress recently. Ropes of bright beads are looped through metal ornaments and Mae wears them in diverse effects



THIS isn't a close-up of pieces of a diamond rattle snake—it's some new jewelry worn by Patricia Ellis! A bracelet, pin and finger ring in black and white composition have the unique rattler design. Worn as a set with sports clothes



Seymour



WIDE brims have assumed a reckless gaiety this summer. If you doubt me, gaze directly above at Minna Gombell's giddy topper. The whole brim, wide as it is, suddenly dips over her forehead, half showing a bandeau of flowers beneath. The panama-like straw is white

BRIMS SHADE FAMOUS EYES



NOTHING is so cool for summer town wear as the dark sheer cotton suit. Sylvia Sidney wears this charming one in "Thirty Day Princess." The Eton jacket has short sleeves, ruffle trimmed

LINEN is as smart for hats as it is for costumes, so Kathryn Williams had a white one made to match her dress. The stitching on the brim and the contrasting banding stress the colors of her dress



THE medium brimmed hat with hardly any crown at all is the choice of Sally Eilers for the daytime costumes she wears off-screen. This one, above, is black with ciré satin ribbon as the sole trimming. It's a flattering style for Sally and for you, too!

COTTON GROWS IN POPULARITY



KATHRYN WILLIAMS seems to be partial to cotton hats. This rough linen one with curving brimline will be seen in "Where Sinners Meet." Stitched fabric tab and a large linen-covered button make effective trimming details

A PERFECT type of tailored cotton suit is this yellow linen one of Jean Arthur's. The jacket has Norfolk lines. The metal buckle is distinctive. Tan, brown and yellow striped linen forms the blouse. Jean stars in "Whirlpool"

HOLLYWOOD FILLS YOUR SUMMER DANCE PROGRAM

- Seymour



EVEN though Sylvia Sidney is a "Thirty Day Princess," her beautiful wardrobe is not beyond your reach because a number of her most stunning costumes have been copied for you. Here is one—a lovely white evening gown printed with small red and yellow flowers. The neckline is made like an Elizabethan ruff, but smaller. Note the red buttons

SURPRISE! Did you guess that such a demure front could have such a daring back? Sylvia's red sash slides into a large bow of the dress fabric at back. The skirt, so slim in front, sweeps out into a graceful train. Be sure to study her jewelry—the three jeweled bracelets on each arm, the twin rings and the jeweled bandeau with star ornaments





GENEVIEVE TOBIN wears a stunning printed crepe frock at teatime in "Uncertain Lady," which all of you may wear for informal summer dances. It has brief sleeves edged with the same dark pleated taffeta that makes the enormous and flattering jabot under her chin. A stitched belt of the taffeta

THERE'S no better way to test the chic of an evening gown than to see it in action on the dance floor. From the rapt expression on John Miljan's face he must think that Genevieve Tobin is a real vision. Note fullness in the skirt

TULLE over crepe gives a ravishing effect to the same tulle gown you see dancing above. Genevieve Tobin wears it in "Uncertain Lady." At right, you see the way great ruffles of the tulle make a soft fullness on the arms



THREE GOOD SPORTS!

Seymour



A SCENE from "Uncertain Lady" shows Renee Gadd wearing this grand golf costume and giving advice in no uncertain terms! The dress is two-piece with the blouse buttoning down the front. Renee tucks her scarf into her collar

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

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



A SPORTS classic—the striped silk shirtwaist dress. Billie Seward, a new young star, chooses hers in green and white. The scarf collar ties either high or low, the sleeves are short and the pocket boasts a monogram. A brimmed white panama hat

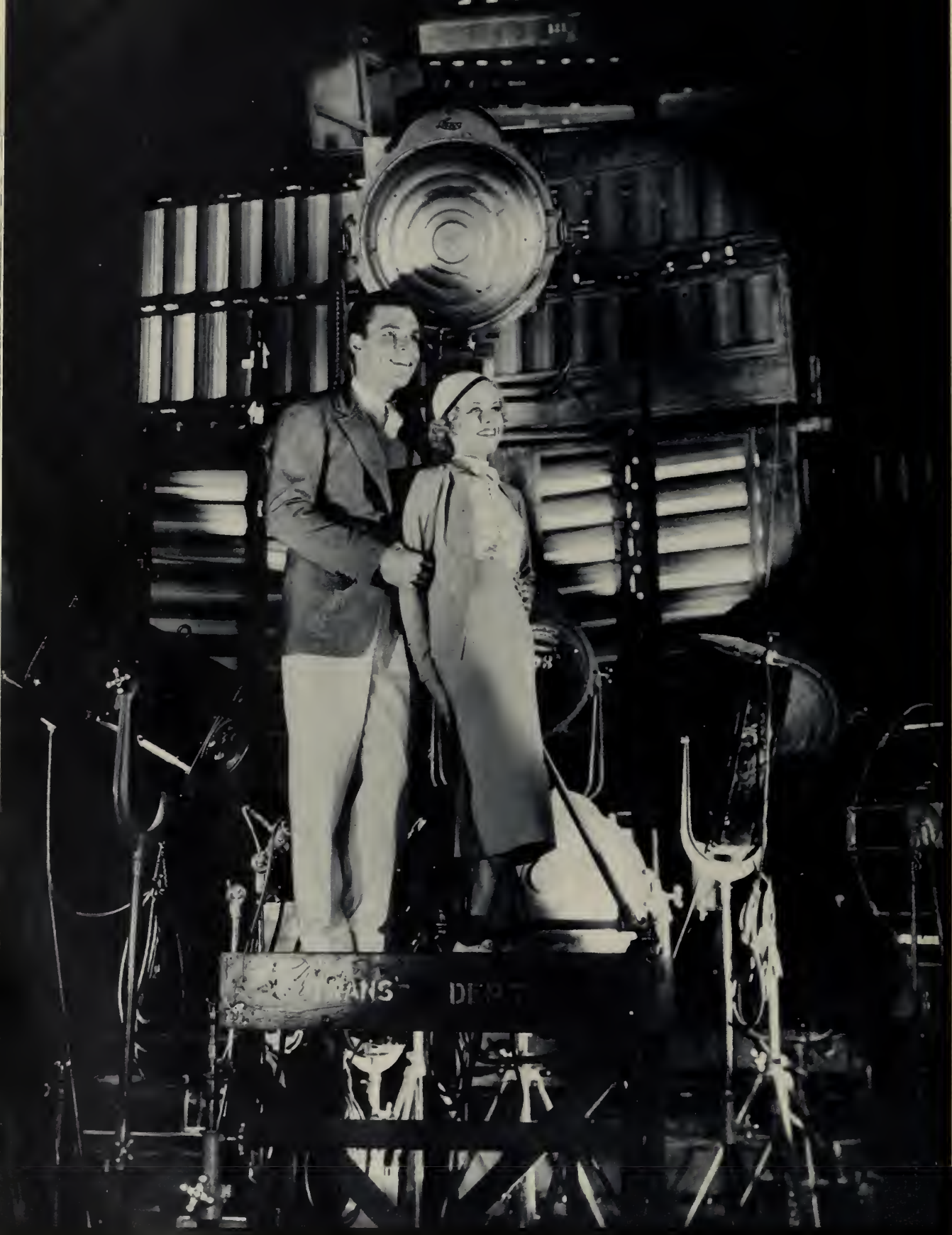


THE dark blouse with light skirt is a favorite combination for sports in Hollywood. Minna Gombell, appearing in "Strictly Dynamite," picks the good looking outfit, at left, in two shades of cotton piqué. The collar has a tricky hidden slide fastener opening



RALPH BELLAMY pauses between scenes to have a cigarette. And smoke gets in your eyes! For Bellamy is one of the most attractive men on any set. His latest picture is "This Man Is Mine," with Irene Dunne. The title applies to Ralph's private life as well as the movie. For he is known as one of the most happily married men in all Hollywood

Ernest A. Bachrach



Earl Crowley

YOUNG love in the machine age! But put Buster Crabbe and Joan Marsh side by side in any setting, and it would look romantic. Buster and Joan climbed aboard a piece of studio equipment just off-set to watch shooting of one of the final scenes in "You're Telling Me." They surely seem to enjoy seeing other players work

Get A Comedian, Quick!

When a picture worries a director, he phones a member of the CRA

By *Norman Taurog*

Paramount Director



ually, is not only a boon to directors, but to humanity as well.

Actually, most of these comics deserve the highest billing in their own right, but they are much too wise to risk the pitfalls of widely-ballyhooed stardom. They shy like a skittish horse at a leaf.

They draw star salaries—in many cases much more than the stars they support. And the exhibitors always co-star them in the electric lights, anyway. So what else matters?

The CRA boys and girls remind me of those unsung heroes in football, the blocking backs who make it possible for the stars to run to touchdowns, glory and headlines.

There are two CRA honor rolls.

The first roll features ten picture savers who have star rating in the minds of the public, whether or not they have it on paper.

The second roll features ten up-and-coming comics who are now indispensable to pictures.

Here are the two lists:

1

Edward Everett Horton
Jimmy Durante
Charles Ruggles
Chic Sale
ZaSu Pitts
Edna May Oliver
Ned Sparks
Slim Summerville

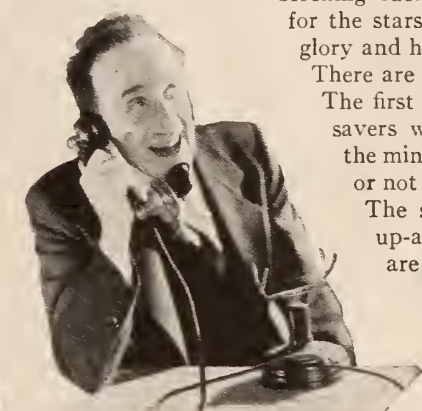
2

Mary Boland Pert Kelton
Charles Butterworth Guy Kibbee
Andy Devine Frank McHugh
Leon Errol May Robson
Stuart Erwin Alison Skipworth

One may well say: "Where is W. C. Fields?"

Well, that rare droll would be heading the list along with Horton and Durante, if it were not for the fact that Paramount is giving him full star billing.

Of the CRA, I am perhaps best qualified to discuss Edward Everett Horton and Jimmy Durante, because I have directed both comedians. Different as [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Durante is not merely a comic, he is a careful and conscientious worker, an actor



ZaSu Pitts' droll style of comedy can make a really fine movie of a slow story



Edward Everett Horton, master of subtlety, plays comedy with rare, unexcelled finesse

Taurog needn't worry. He made "Skippy," "The Phantom President," "A Bedtime Story"

HAVE you ever heard of the CRA? (No relation to the NRA.)

It's not an official body, yet it does more for pictures than any recognized organization. Annually, the CRA rescues more pictures than life-guards do humans. To belong to this club, one must be a very benevolent fellow, ready and willing to give his all in a good cause.

Funny part of it is, the members don't even know they belong to the club. But we directors know. CRA means Comedy Relief Artists

—those droll comics who are enlisted in the great cause of saving pictures by making people laugh. Whenever a Hollywood picture director is seen holding his head in his hands, with a far-away, wistful expression, it means that he is all set to yell for the good old CRA to help him out, quickly. And the phones get busy.

Who's afraid of the big, bad story? Not we. That is, not when we can make a quick call on the CRA laugh providers for first aid. What they can do for a story, which is inclined to be a bit stilted, sag in the middle or go to sleep grad-

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For even as a tot Mary Astor remembers the neighbors pausing on the street to pat her tiny red head and sigh to her parents, "My, she's beautiful! It doesn't seem right for a child to be so pretty. Just too beautiful!"

Too beautiful to hear about anything else as a child; too beautiful to be like other kids; too beautiful to even finish her school days.

For right before her fourteenth birthday, a national beauty contest named her runner-up; and right after the birthday she made her debut on the screen, putting up her hair for the first time for the rôle.

The contest was much publicized. Indirectly, it was responsible for the picture offer for Mary to play the beautiful "Beggar Maid" in a color picture based on Burne-Jones' famous painting.

"The Beggar Maid," although only a two-reeler, was sensationally successful. It was held over for weeks at one of the leading New York theaters, and made more money than any previous picture of its kind.

EVERYONE asked who the beautiful new girl was. Motivated purely by her ravishing beauty on the screen, the old Famous Players-Lasky studios called Mary to Hollywood under contract. They didn't know whether or not she could act, and didn't care much. She was beautiful. That was enough.

For a long time, she was referred to around the lot as "that beautiful new girl from New York," and around Hollywood as "the new Lasky beauty." Seldom as "the new actress"—and rightly, because Mary Astor, fourteen-years-old, immature and inexperienced, wasn't an actress by any standard. She was a beauty.

And for the next few years, when beauty was very much in demand in Hollywood, and acting merely a sometimes helpful accessory, her classically sculptured features and big brown eyes did all right by Mary Astor. She rose to the most important

Her Face Was Her MISFORTUNE

THIS is the story of a girl who was too beautiful.

Too beautiful to become an actress!

That is, until just recently when Mary Astor, after fourteen years, has finally blasted the jinx of Venus which has dogged her since she was a child. At last she has overcome the handicap of flawless features to "come back," after her perfectly pretty face had almost relegated her to the movie scrap heap—impossible as it sounds!

It's quite an amazing story, because it upsets all accepted theories of screen success. It scatters printed rules into an alphabetical puzzle, and for a long time it had Mary herself wondering just what the solution could be. Now, she thinks she knows. Knows how to escape this unusual "curse" of beauty.



In "Jennie Gerhardt," her art had ripened to match her charm



"Holiday," with the late Robert Ames, was Mary's first real acting chance. But Ann Harding eclipsed her

leading lady parts on the screen. She demanded the highest salary of any leading lady in Hollywood. Producers pleaded with her to star.

Beauty did it all. She coasted through some of the biggest pictures of the silent days on pure pulchritude—unadulterated by acting.

She was always the lovely heroine, the beautiful prize for whom the rest of the actors struggled.

SHE supplied the eye appeal. The actors worked up the interest.

She was the lovely foil for Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl," the languishing *Lady Margery* for John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel," and his sweet influence in "Don Juan." The decorous damsel backdrop for Douglas Fairbanks to impress with his stunts in "Don Q, Son of Zorro." Fifty or more other posey, beautiful objects of art in fifty or more of the same passive parts.

"I never knew what acting meant," Mary confesses. After all that experience, after eight years on the screen, she still didn't know what it meant!

She had never had a chance. Her beauty held her back—stood like a wall between her and any opportunity for development. Beauties, Hollywood then decreed, shouldn't be funny, shouldn't be tragic, shouldn't be anything but—just beautiful.

Today, Mary Astor is just coming back from the disaster which inevitably resulted.

Talkies came in and her career was suddenly blasted; her position vanished. Mary was amazed and helpless in the face of the new condition with which she was absolutely unprepared to cope.

Her test with sound was as beautiful as ever, but her voice delivery was awful. She didn't know the first thing about reading lines. No technique. "I

For many years Mary Astor had to fight the curse of a beauty so perfect it kept her from being an actress

By Kirtley Baskette



By the time she appeared in "Red Dust," with Gable, Mary was doing everything possible to down her beauty contest reputation



She recently finished "Easy to Love," with Menjou. In it, she reveals the new beauty that is hers—a beauty born of long struggle, experience, maturity

was scared to death," she admits.

And the fear grew when month piled upon month, and Mary was among the missing on the studio call sheets. Suddenly plunged from the top of the heap, down beyond the bottom.

This time *down*, because she was beautiful—only beautiful.

Where only days before big offers had swamped her, now not a single nibble came for ten long months.

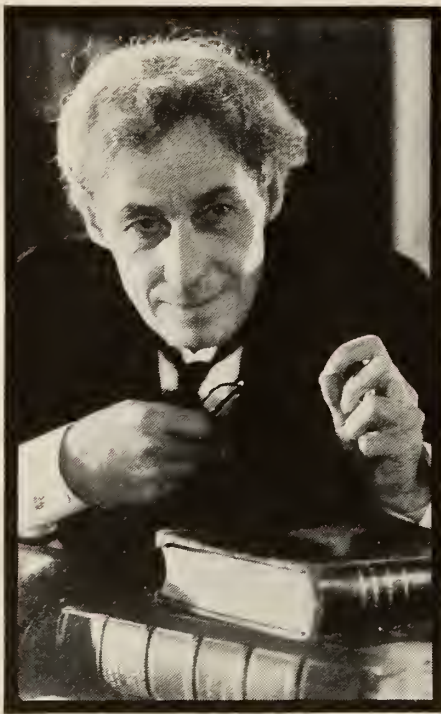
"I couldn't quite understand it all myself," she says. "I even called up the studios and reminded them I was still alive.

"It was a tremendous blow to my ego, but it was good for me. I finally had to take stock of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

The Little Colonel Marches Back

Walthall had one glorious rôle, then came long, heart-breaking obscurity. But talkies have "rediscovered" him

By Ruth Rankin



The subtlety of his art never has been more clearly indicated than in this portrait of Henry B. Walthall as a surgeon in M-G-M's "Men in White"

Several producers rather timidly aimed Walthall at the public again, in leading parts. Usually his rôles were grotesque, and the pictures pretty terrible. After a few such experiments, Henry B. was relegated to the estate of a supporting character player.

And now, when you see him as the compassionate revolutionary leader, *Madero*, in "Viva Villa," you will see a characterization that all but eclipses his memorable performance in "The Birth of a Nation."

"You cannot call it a comeback," says Walthall in his quiet, dignified manner, "because I have really never been away."

He says it with courage, without bitterness. No, he has never been away; just deprived of his rightful place—the position to which his ability entitles him. And for twenty years he has plugged along, never for one moment losing his faith, losing sight of the hope that one day there would be another character equally compelling, equally measured to his individual capacity, as his "Little Colonel." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

TWENTY years after he made his greatest success, the movies are learning what to do with Henry Brazeale Walthall.

Paradoxical, you may say: this idea that a man could achieve such a triumph as did Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation," then have to wait a score of years to enjoy the full fruit of that success.

And paradox it is. Walthall's entire career has been a paradox.

Since his magnificent performance as the "Little Colonel" in Griffith's epochal picture, the movies have learned how to talk, be sophisticated—they've learned a thousand things. But just now are they finding how to use that peculiarly brilliant talent that is Walthall's, that went wasted through the rest of the years of silent pictures and the first few years of talkies.

Even in their infancy, when "The Birth of a Nation" was a sudden and lone variation from picture formula, movies were conscious of Walthall's ability. That characterization was of inescapable feeling and poignancy. But in that silent childhood, the movies could only wonder:

"Now that we've got this Walthall, what are we going to do with him?"

The chance for the actor was not large. It was a day of stereotyped stories, collar-ad men and clothes-horse women. Griffith might go against type in casting lead rôles, buck the conventions in story style, but who else could get by with it?



The "Little Colonel" in his glory! Walthall, as he appeared in Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," two decades ago



Walthall's rôle of *Madero*, in "Viva Villa" with Wallace Beery, is the finest chance he has had since the "Little Colonel" part. And Henry B. makes the best of it!

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

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



Greta Nissen designed and sketched these unusual coiffures for herself. Above, from a left part, hair is separated on crown of head, rolled forward over a long pencil, pinned in place. Back ends are fluffed and bangs worn straight. Left, Greta's hair is parted, drawn tightly off ears, ends loosely curled, top curled in tight ringlets, caught with garland of flowers. Right, hair is brushed smoothly off face, caught with a small band, ends curled all around head in close ringlets. All are perfect hair tips for that next party and sure hits



WHEN we think of the Hollywood stars, we are all, very likely, inclined to think of them as a few blessed by beauty and good fortune. But born beautiful or not, every star, like every one of us, must work and struggle to make the most of her looks. And here is the lesson that every star holds for you. If you want to make the most of your looks and charm, you must learn to work on yourself. No one else can do it for you. The whole matter is entirely up to you. Others can suggest, comment, and help you to a certain degree. But after that, the whole business is in your hands.

In the past few years, I have met many girls from all walks of life, who've lamented over the fact that the times did not permit their favorite wave sets and manicures. On the other hand, I've met many stars who preferred to do just these things for themselves.

The first time I ever met Irene Rich, she appeared in a lovely yellow negligée with her hair pinned closely about her head. She explained that she always preferred to do her own shampooing, and just before I had arrived she had had a few minutes to herself. After washing her hair, she dampened it with a tonic, pushed in the waves, pinned up a few curls, and that was that. Miss Rich has beautiful hair, as you've perhaps noticed in pictures. That was her trick. She had learned the curves that

Be Your Own



Early rising and a big stretch start a good day, believes Thelma Todd. Stretching awakens you, starts good circulation, pep's you up

were natural and becoming for her hair, and the rest was easy.

If we learn to do our hair, skin and nails, we are insured so far as our looks are concerned. A flat pocketbook, lack of time, or location where there is no outside beauty aid, need not frighten us. We may still look well groomed and charming. Because, in spite of certain ideas, a lot of money is not necessary to good looks.

When Helen Vinson was posing for pictures the other day, she excused herself a few minutes to replace her nail lacquer. And she did a grand job. Helen prefers a full rose shade, which is lovely with her warm skin, brown eyes and golden hair. She also told me of a shampoo that is ideal for light hair. Two of her skin beauty treatments are milk and the white of egg. These are separate treatments. After cleansing, pat the milk gently over your face. Let it remain until it has dried, then rinse off in cold water.



The newest way to perfume your wardrobe is through bag sachets with a loop to slip over the hanger. Wynne Gibson keeps a sachet on each hanger for perfuming



Irene Bentley's latest find is a tissue gadget containing powder, rouge, lipstick. Ideal for quick make-up and guest room convenience



Fay Wray uses a tiny comb to separate her lashes in a silky fringe. Especially advisable after using mascara, when lashes often adhere together. Combs come for this

Beauty Expert

This is a marvelous toning and softening treatment, and will benefit every type of skin.

Then there is the white of egg treatment, to be used, at the most, only once a week, because it is highly astringent, but wonderful for virtually lifting, toning and refreshing your skin. It is especially advisable for the oily type. After a good cleansing, preferably with cream, beat up the white of an egg and apply this all over your face. Let it dry, then rinse away in cold water. It leaves you radiant, and is suggested for those sudden dates when you want to look your loveliest and haven't time for a professional facial. Helen also uses one of those eyelash curling devices, as does almost every star. It's amazing how your lashes seem to thicken and show when they're curled upward in a fringe. This trick takes only a few moments with a modern little device.

Jean Harlow's skin is about as perfect as you will ever see. Her care is very simple, too.



After make-up, Phyllis Barry considers the use of a blending brush very necessary for perfect coordination of rouge and powder and a lovely effect.

First, she removes all make-up with cream, then washes with a mild soap and water, following with a rinse in ice-water. Almost every normal, young skin will benefit by exactly this treatment. It is always advisable first to use cream to remove make-up. And the second step of soap and water really leaves you immaculate. This is the cleansing ritual of most of the younger players.

If your skin is very thin and dry, you will probably find this treatment a little too rigid. In that case, experiment, until you get just the right balance between cream and soap and water. Perhaps you will find you can use cream every night, followed by soap and water every other night. But you really can't beat that combination of cleansing cream and soap and water in the right balance.

On the nights when you use the cream alone, be sure to remove it thoroughly. If you don't, the finest of cream can cause skin difficulties, because it is soiled cream that will remain on your face. A good test for creamless skin is to run your freshly washed fingertips over your entire face. Your sense of touch tells you whether or not the cream is well removed. If it is,

then give your face a good rinsing in very cold water. Cold water on clean skin is a great beautifier.

If your skin is dry or roughened in spots, you can always apply a little



The most satisfactory way of using any nourishing cream is to pat it lightly on the skin. Phyllis Barry uses a special patten. Your finger tips are the next best substitute

If you long for the allure of misty, dewey eyelids, follow Miss Barry's example. Dip a cotton-swabbed orangewood stick in sweet or castor oil and lightly paint eyelids



If you will hold your mouth like Phyllis does when applying lipstick, you will carry rouge well between the lips

Lovely Looks the Head That Wears A Halo



Marjorie Lytell's coiffure, created by Mel Berns and called the Berns Halo, is hailed by us as an angel of an idea. Simplicity is the motif of the front view, while sides and back go in for design, as you see

nourishing cream there and sleep with it on, if you don't do it too often. As a rule, I don't approve of sleeping with a lot of cream on the face. The eyes, however, are an exception. Even the young girl will do herself a good turn by using just a little cream here, over and under the eyes. You know how little lines form, even when we are very young. It's because this skin is very sensitive, and facial expressions cause it to line and wrinkle more rapidly than anywhere else. Even if you haven't a line, this nightly care will assure young, unlined eyes ten or fifteen years hence.

Many skins certainly need nourishing cream, but here is the way to use it. When you are about your home with an hour or so to spare, cleanse your face,

then pat the feeding cream gently all over it, except the nose, unless it is dry and scaly. Usually noses have more than their share of oil and don't need encouragement in this direction. After an hour or so remove that cream, so that you sleep with a clean face. Your bath tub is another opportunity for the feeding cream treatment. Apply it to a cleansed face before you step into your bath. Even a few minutes in an atmosphere of steam and warm water will make it work for you.

Last month, in my department, Alice White showed you an entire routine for making soft curls that would challenge a hairdresser. Alice has a medium bob with soft bangs, but you can use her method on any bobbed hair. Alice dampens hers with warm water or a light lotion, twists the bangs and sides in small, flat twirls, catches each with an invisible hairpin, then rolls up the back on kid curlers. She allows an hour for drying, although you can do this in less time. The pin curls and kid curlers do a beautiful job.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



The back view of Marjorie Lytell's head shows beautiful harmony of line. The plain hair is shadow-waved and broken by a few ringlet curls. The importance of back hair can't be overstressed



Mae Clarke's new, soft hair arrangement gets a big hand from us. Good for many types, too. Those tiny uncurled sideburns are a nice touch, and that coral clip and matching ring are a new and chic conceit

MISS ALICE AND MISS MARY BYRD

BOTH SMOKE CAMELS...BUT FOR DIFFERENT REASONS



HERE ARE THEIR PREFERENCES FOR CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"I want my cigarette to be mild," Miss Alice Byrd insists.

"I like a cigarette that has some body without being harsh or strong," says Miss Mary Byrd.

"I enjoy Camels' flavor," continues Miss Alice, "and I never need watch how many I smoke. Camels never make me nervous."

"Such a smooth, round smoke—it tastes equally

good indoors and out," concludes Miss Mary.

Mildness, smoothness, finer flavor, and no bad effects on the nerves—those are the things both men and women want in the cigarette they smoke. They get them in Camels. Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. Get a package today and see for yourself.

■ Alice and Mary Byrd are cousins of the former Governor of Virginia who is now in the United States Senate. They live on a famous Virginia estate, Upper Brandon, on the James River. The beautiful old house, with historic boxwood hedges eight feet high, dominates the same three thousand acres originally cut from the parent plantation, Brandon.

The two sisters made their debut in Richmond but they take an active interest in the crops and are in the saddle most of the day, riding their acres. They have five saddle horses, one of which is unnamed and called simply "My horse" but all their four dogs boast given names. Both sisters smoke Camel cigarettes and for different reasons.



Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

Copyright, 1934,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Together again

The most *Glorious*
sweethearts of the Screen



Janet
GAYNOR

Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in
"Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up",
they'll win you again in this lovable
romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with
JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From
the novel "Manhattan Love Song"
by Kathleen Norris



Ask The Answer Man

A PAIR of nimble feet has taken the country by storm and Hal LeRoy is the proud owner and manager of them. Letters began pouring in after Hal had been spotted in a couple of Vitaphone shorts and a dancing specialty in "Wonder Bar." His curly blond hair and cute smile also caught the fancy of the young girls and they insist upon knowing all about him.

As everything has a beginning, Hal had his in Cincinnati, Ohio on December 10, 1913. His real name is LeRoy Schotte, with a good old German pronunciation. When he decided to carve out a career for himself he borrowed his brother Henry's nickname, which was "Hal" and with his own first name, became Hal LeRoy. He had it all figured out that that name would be much easier for people to remember. His father, George Schotte, is his business manager, chief adviser and constant companion.

Hal never took a dancing lesson in his life. He picked up his first steps by watching the colored lads doing their "stuff" on the sidewalks of Cincinnati. Later he created his own steps. He seldom ever follows the same routine twice. Makes up his routines as he goes along.

Hal has appeared in night clubs, vaudeville, the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Strike Me Pink." "Harold Teen" is his first feature length picture.

After a personal appearance tour, he will be back for more pictures on the Warner lot.

HENRY MCCONKEY, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Many thanks for the nice newsy letter, Henry. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. The principal players in "For the Term of His Natural Life" made in Australia in 1927, were Eva Novak, Arthur McLaglen, George Fisk, Kay Souper and Marian Clark. Kay Francis was Ronnie Colman's leading lady in "Raffles." In "The Black Watch," David Rollins played the part of Vic McLaglen's kid brother.

MARILYN BEATHERBY, MADISON, WIS.—You're right, Marilyn, the Charlotte Henry who played in "Alice in Wonderland" is the same Charlotte who played the leading rôle in "Lena Rivers" in 1931.

GRACE CIRA, MARION, IA.—Mae West was born in Brooklyn, New York and that hour-glass figure tips the scales at 120 pounds.

JANET NOWERY, PITTSBURGH, PENN.—Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, N.S. She and Al Jolson were married September 21, 1928. It is Ruby's first marriage and Al's third. Ruby's next picture is "Dames" in which Dick Powell will be her leading man.

N. L. KAWILARANG, JAVA, DUTCH EAST INDIES.—Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were married December 15, 1933. Gary is now appearing in "Operator 13" with Marion Davies. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are appearing together in "Change of Heart."

ADELAIDE READ, RIVER FOREST, ILL.—I didn't get your letter in time to answer it in



Hal LeRoy and Eddie Tamblin compare notes on the newest collegiate dance steps. Hal is giving Eddie's demonstration very serious thought. Both boys appear in the picture version of Carl Ed's comic strip, "Harold Teen." Hal in the name rôle and Eddie as the little pest *Shadow*

the May issue. Douglass Montgomery was the lad who played the rôle of *Laurie* in "Little Women." Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn. She has been in pictures since July 1932.

KATHERINE ROBINSON, LAURENCEBURG, KY.—My, what staunch admirers this Crosby lad has. Bing's latest picture is "We're Not Dressing." The cast includes Carole Lombard,

Burns and Allen and W. C. Fields. Patsy Kelly played the rôle of *Jill* in "Going Hollywood." Her latest picture is "The Countess of Monte Cristo," and her next will be "The Party's Over."

PAULINE PHILLIPS, LIMA, OHIO.—Don't let things bother you Polly, just drop me a line when you want information on pictures and players. Paul Gregory played the rôle of *Wanenis*, the handsome Indian lad in "Whoopee." He also played the same rôle in the stage production. How the girls fell for that dusky-skinned hero!

MARY RATHIS, APALACHICOLA, FLA.—Sorry I can't play favorites, Mary. Besides, I think all the actresses are very lovely, each one in her own individual way. Don't you agree?

CLARK SIMPSON, ONEIDA, N. Y.—Bill Haines gave up acting to devote his time to interior decorating. Just now he is in Europe on a vacation. Conrad Nagel is reading over plays with a stage engagement in 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. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Choice Hollywood Recipes



Mr. Woolf prepares "Spare Ribs *a la* May Robson," one of the dishes which cause guests to shout praises o'er all Hollywood for this celebrated epicurean

By Edgar
Allan Woolf

One of the film capital's most popular hosts and raconteurs

Brown four onions in a quarter pound of butter (for two quarts of beans). When a golden brown, pour half a bottle of catsup into the pan, add five heaping tablespoons of brown sugar, a slack teaspoon of mustard, another of salt, and white pepper. Pour this mixture into bean-pot and stir well.

Lay a piece of salt pork tenderly on top, put the cover on the pot and shove into a moderate oven, where you leave it for about five hours.

Now here's the trick! The bean water, which is usually thrown away, is added, little by little, every half hour or so, as you find the liquid growing less.

AVOCADO A LA NORMA SHEARER — A delicious entree. Slice in half a good size avocado and take out the seed. Now some fresh or canned crab meat, added to a thickening sauce made of one cup of cream and the yolk of an egg. Stir yolk and cream constantly in a double boiler. Be sure the water in the outer boiler does not touch the bottom of the inner pan.

Mix sauce with crab meat, add pepper, salt, a mere dash of Cayenne, and a large tablespoon of Sherry wine. Cover the avocado halves with this mixture and spread grated cheese all over them. Place in oven until cheese is well browned.

When you make this, will you please give a fellow a ring? I have no dates for next week.

NEVER have I looked at a cook book. In fact, I am firmly convinced that I cook everything wrong, but somehow "the Woolf" does get results. Dinner guests always play a return engagement.

Though I have had innumerable scenarios produced by M-G-M and have written presentations for all their stars, I'm known out here principally for my Baked Beans. In fact, I'm seldom invited out without being asked to bring a pot of beans. And, incidentally, I wish these Hollywood hostesses would return my bean-pots.

Well, here goes for the Woolf beans. First soak them overnight. Then boil in salted water until, when you blow upon the little beanlet, its jacket opens right up in your face. Then, just from habit, put the beans in a bean-pot. But mark ye well, do not throw the bean water away, as you will use it later.

I'm only going to give you one more, on account of that's all I have room for. SPARE RIBS A LA MAY ROBSON— Put the ribs in a pan under a high flame for a short while, turning them to brown crisply on both sides. Now put them in a roaster and pour in two cups of vinegar and one cup of catsup, pepper, salt and Cayenne, and let them simmer with the top on your roaster or preferably Dutch oven, for at least an hour, taking care to baste the top ones quite frequently.

Simple as it sounds, my spare ribs have brought me offers of marriage from some of the Countesses, Princesses and Lady So-and-So's who flutter around here. I'd like to hear from any beautiful young girl in search of a meal. I'm game.

I THINK LUX IS SWELL FOR STOCKINGS

"Lucky for me when I heard about Lux! Before that, stocking runs nearly drove me wild. At first I didn't believe just washing stockings with Lux every night would make any difference . . . but honestly, since I've switched to Lux and cut out cake-soap rubbing, my stockings last ever so much longer. And they fit better, too. People tell me it's because Lux saves stocking elasticity. I guess it does all right, for I know that Lux cuts down my runs. It will cut yours down, too!"

says Sally Eilers—

Cut down *YOUR* runs the Hollywood way . . . When stockings go into runs almost without reason, it's apt to mean you've weakened their *elasticity*. Then, instead of giving under strain, threads tend to snap—runs start.

But Hollywood stars know that there's one easy way to *save* stocking elasticity. Just Lux stockings after *every* wearing. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no need for injurious cake-soap rubbing. These are the things that ruin the precious elasticity that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*.

Why not try Lux for *your* stockings? Then keep a record and prove to yourself how Lux cuts stocking runs way down!

Sally Eilers

popular young Fox star, is a fan herself —when it comes to Lux! "Now I insist that my maid use Lux for all washable things," she says. "It's simply marvelous how absolutely new they look!"



Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman, wardrobe supervisor in the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"



Hollywood says—Don't Trust to Luck—Trust to LUX

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

IT was only two years ago Marie Dressler was gaily receiving the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences award as the best actress of the year 1931.

Katharine Hepburn startled the country with her acting and she won the award for 1933. It was quite a galaxy which received the awards with Katharine. Charles Laughton was voted the best actor for his work in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth." The best direction award went to Frank Lloyd for "Cavalcade." "Cavalcade," a Fox picture, also was voted the best production. It figured again in the best art direction award, which went to William Darling.

Robert Lord's "One Way Passage" was voted the best original story, with the best adaptation voted to Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman for their work on "Little Women."

Charles Lang did the best photography, the Academy decided, with "A Farewell to Arms." This picture, a Paramount production, was voted the best in sound.

The three winning short subjects were "So This Is Harris," a Radio comedy; "Krakatoa," Educational novelty; and that immortal "Three Little Pigs," a Disney-United Artists production. The scientific or technical excellence award went to ERPI for its "wide range" recording and producing system.

CLARK GABLE came home from his personal appearance tour minus dozens of handkerchiefs, twenty-seven coat buttons—and a dress-shirt sleeve. The crowd in Kansas City was so dense that the crack train he was on was delayed thirty minutes while the police broke through the mob and got Gable aboard. In Baltimore, police refused to let him sleep in his own hotel! A huge crowd had massed in the corridor outside his room. He anticipated seeing many old friends in New York—but didn't see one of them. He had no time, and they couldn't crash through the crowds!

THEY tell a grand story on Henry Wilcoxon, the *Antony* in DeMille's new "Cleopatra" epic. It seems shortly after his arrival, Cecil summoned Henry into his presence to discuss the different characters. "Now, I want to tell you exactly the kind of man I think Caesar was," DeMille said, and went into a long detailed description. Half-way through, Wilcoxon interrupted. "Just a minute, Mr. DeMille," he said, "you needn't go on with the description. You're really just describing yourself in detail, you know, and I can see all that with my own eyes."

As usual, C. B. took it big.

ANNA STEN is much happier—but not because of her tremendous acclaim in "Nana." It is because the talents of her husband, Dr. Frenke, have been recognized.

Dr. Frenke, who has been directing and producing an independent picture for the past several months, recently previewed it and received somewhat hostile reviews. However, the picture, "The Girl in the Case," was taken East where it got "raves." Now Frenke has been signed to make six more pictures, so it looks like he and Anna will become permanent Hollywood fixtures, each with plenty to do.

Another indication is the completion of a new house in Santa Monica canyon. It's a small, unpretentious ultra-modern style of house, but it's just what Anna and her husband desired. They don't entertain nor go out much.

AFTER playing with Carole Lombard in "Bolero," George Raft received a gift from her—a slice of ham cut in the shape of a heart.

IMAGINE Claudette Colbert's consternation when she started reading up on the habits of Cleopatra to find that the Siren of the Nile never, never, except on very rare occasions, wore anything at all from the waist up.

But, history has been covered up, so to speak, and Claudette's face isn't quite so pink.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



After an absence of nearly two years, Harold Lloyd comes back to the screen in "The Cat's-Paw." It is a comedy-thriller-romance. Una Merkel supplies part of the comedy, some of the romance. Mr. Lloyd doesn't look any different, for all his vacationing, does he?

Friends ARE TOO TIMID TO TELL HER . . .
 and she *permits*
 a condition ABHORRENT to everyone



ENTRUST YOUR *Charm* TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO·RO·NO

You'd blush with humiliation . . . you'd be shamed to tears if you knew how needlessly you offend other people.

And you *do* offend them—you *do* lose friends—when you permit perspiration to go unchecked. For your own underarm odor . . . so unbearable to others . . . is seldom perceptible to you. Rarely do you know your own offense.

Your underarms may even *seem* dry, but perspiration moisture in the confined armpits quickly forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. Even frequent bathing is never enough.

If you care at all what other people think, you'll insist on a deodorant that's trustworthy and sure. You *can* trust Odorono . . . a physician's formula . . . to protect you so completely that your mind is always free of all fear of offending.

ODO·RO·NO is Sure

And by checking, safely and completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains. Actually it saves its cost fifty times a year, and all year long it protects you from loss of respect, loss of friends and social defeat.

Determine to get Odorono today. For quick, convenient use choose Instant Odorono. Use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it faithfully twice a week. Both Odoronos have the original sanitary applicator. Both come in 35c and 60c sizes.

ODO·RO·NO
Never Fails You

- The Odorono original sanitary applicator is easier and more convenient to use. It holds just enough liquid of o time, and it is washable, too.

Millions of women . . . in 73 countries all over the world . . . trust their charm only to Odorono's safe and sure protection. Odorono is sure and certain.
 It's approved by Good Housekeeping, and used by doctors and nurses everywhere. Let no one think you undainty . . . be faithful to Odorono.



RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.
 Dept. 6-Q4, 191 Hudson St., New York City
 (In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)
 I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator. (Check the type you wish to try) . . .
 Instant Odorono Odorono Regular
 Name.....
 Address.....

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with JIFFY KODAK
and VERICHROME FILM



THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, \$9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, \$8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Judith Allen
Raymond M'Rand
Joe Morrison
Dorothy Stickney
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Jack Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Dorothy Dell
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Barbara Fritchie
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Jay Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns

Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Julian Madison
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Ebel Merman
Gertrude Michael
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tisbury
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat

Janet Gaynor
James Gleason
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Frank Melton
Conchita Montenegro
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
June Vladek
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chick Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan

Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Thelma Todd
Nydia Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman

Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett
Arlene Judge

Paul Kelly
Fredric March
Blossom Seeley
Judith Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore

Jessie Ralph
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly

Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Ross Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey

Jean Howard
Art Jarrett
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Russ Columbo
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Sterling Holloway
Edward Everett Horton
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston
June Knight

Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nurse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Ellalée Ruby
James Stewart
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraine Great
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Leslie Howard
Allen Jenkins
Al Jonson
Paul Kaye
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee

Esmond Knight
Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Emily Lowry
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
William Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Segava
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Vivree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods


Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.



*I'm sending the snapshot
 - did you really mean it
 when you asked for one?*

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—
 Picture it—with snapshots



CAROLE

Carole Lombard,
charming star of Paramount's
"We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is *your* skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.

LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

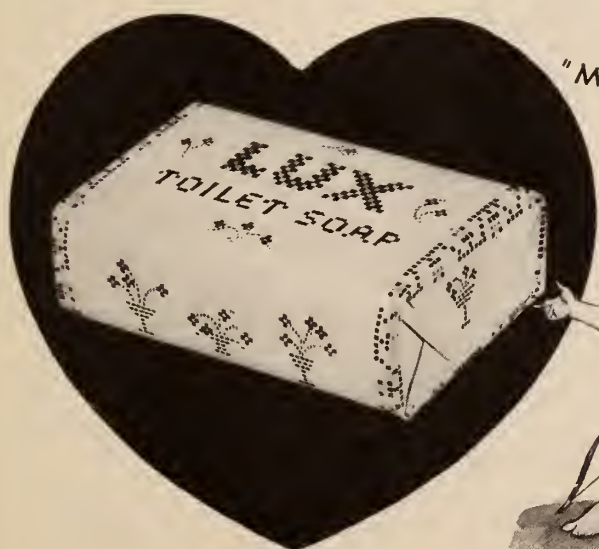
CAROLE: "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once upon a time you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine. It's my favorite ally, that soap."

CAROLE: "Men certainly do fall for a lovely complexion, don't they, Dan? And I'm certainly much obliged for that tip you gave me years ago."



"MY GREATEST ALLY"



LUX Toilet Soap

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

IT was as striking an example of the old troupers' tradition—"the show must go on"—as has been seen in some time that Frank Borzage showed Hollywood.

Frank's father was killed and his brother seriously injured in an automobile crash on Cahuenga Pass while Frank was engaged directing "Little Man, What Now?" at Universal.

The next morning Frank was on the job, and remained there, taking time off only to attend the funeral. Those knowing how close the two were can appreciate the spirit he showed by carrying on.

THERE are several classic tales about Josef Von Sternberg's temperament while directing Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress."

One relates how, after shouting for "quiet" until everyone walked about on tiptoes and held their breaths, Von Sternberg turned and shouted "What's that awful noise?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Von Sternberg," said the cameraman with a guilty look, "I was just winding my watch."

Believe this one, and you'll believe the one about the man with the jitters yelling at the cat for stamping around.

HERBERT MUNDIN calls it a slow week when he isn't working in two pictures at a time. Even three. Recently he was given two days off. When he returned to the set of "Too Many Women," Herbert announced, "I never should have taken that vacation. Now I feel like a beginner!"

THE growing power of *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller over wife Lupe is amazing. Now Lupe is letting her locks return to their natural raven color, from the synthetic red which she has tinted them. It was an edict from *Tarzan*, and Lupe obeyed, in spite of her yen for copper tints.

IN "Thirty Day Princess," Sylvia Sydney's latest picture at Paramount, there was a scene requiring several detectives. The studio thought it would be nice, since so many real sleuths were out of work, to make the scene authentic and called up a detective agency. The men came out. The scene was shot. And that very day the script girl reported that her purse had been stolen!

THERE'S one sad note I regret to pass on, but you'd upbraid me if I didn't keep you informed. It's about beloved Marie Dressler. Marie has been in the hospital, very seriously ill.

CONNIE BENNETT and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, are still denying recurrent rumors of a separation.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is preparing for the triumphant return of Helen Hayes by redoing her dressing-room and fitting things in the order suitable to a queen.

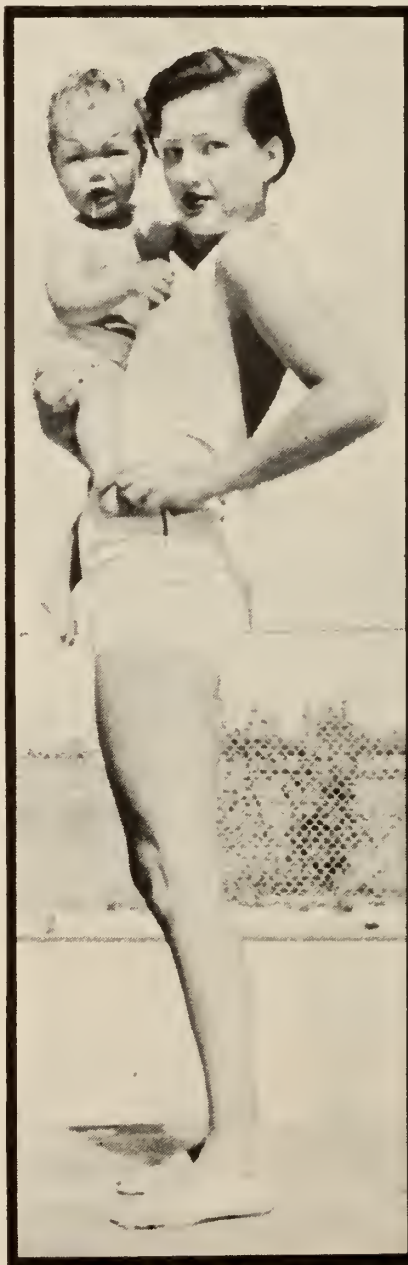
Helen, who has been playing the rôle of *Mary* in "Mary of Scotland," outstanding play on Broadway this past season, is expected

home as soon as she can end the popular run in New York, to make Hugh Walpole's "Vanessa."

This will be her first picture after the foot-light-inspired absence.

WELL, here's a new way to defeat the wedding-ring jinx and still remain an actress!

For years, you know Mary Pickford had to go to all sorts of pains to conceal her nuptial band which she refused to take off for the camera. There was make-up of all sorts. Lots of other actresses who feared to brook the displeasure of Cupid have been in the same boat. Now Alice White has solved the riddle of the sphinx.



Cry baby! But Charles Wesley Ruggles is one of the cutest babies in filmdom. He's photographed here with his mother, Arline Judge

A property man showed her how to place the finger-tips of her two hands together and slide the ring on to the right hand without taking it or actually removing it, thereby satisfying everyone.

THE only regret in the life of Jimmy Durante is that he wasn't born an Eskimo.

After seeing all the recent Eskimo films and learning that the frigid aborigines make love by rubbing noses, Jimmy blurted passionately, "What a lover I'd a been—what a lover!"

BETTY COMPSON, Robert Warwick, Dorothy Sebastian and Don Alvarado—A few years ago, no comedy company would have been able to afford such an aggregation of names. But tempus "fugits." Now they are all doing a comedy called "No Sleep In The Deep" at Educational. And probably having a very swell time for themselves!

THOSE who have worried about Zeppo Marx's abandonment of his three other brothers to turn agent, will be glad to know that it won't be the "Three Marx Brothers" but still a quartet. Zeppo's parts in the insane operas were never enough to take too much time, so to keep the professional name intact, he'll do a walk-in-and-out at least in future pictures.

Zeppo is now third owner of the big Bren-Orsatti firm, which handles seventy or so of the screen's biggest names.

DIRECTOR Van Dyke will post a bulletin next time he has a cold, so his friends will still speak to him. During the last one, he told Ted Healy his new picture was "immense"—and Ted gave him dirty looks for two weeks. Finally Van Dyke asked how come. Ted scowled, "Didn't you tell me my last picture was a mess?"

THELMA TODD calls California divorce "romance insurance!"

At least, that's what she said when she recently obtained a divorce from "Pat" de Cicco in California.

Friends wondered why Thelma didn't dash up to nearby Reno for the decree and immediate freedom. Said Thelma in reply:

"You can never tell what a full moon and a charming man may do to one's good resolutions, and I decided to protect myself from myself—at least for a year, as a sort of romance insurance." In California, divorcees must wait a year for the final decree.

WILL ROGERS took a great fancy to the great Dane dog that works with him in "Merry Andrew." He allowed as how it would be right nice to have a big old dog like that around the place; so offered to buy him. Figured about one hundred and fifty dollars, or a dollar a pound, was a fair price to offer. The owner sort of hesitated, and answered, "Well, I hardly think I care to sell him, Mr. Rogers. You see, he makes more than that working in this one picture!"

Down the honeymoon trail ... with Styl-Eez



"DON'T FORGET... WE HELPED
TO WIN HIM"



"NEVER FEAR, WE'LL EASE
THE WAY FOR YOU."

FOR blithe young feet that start gallantly along a new and untried path, every step of the way can be made more joyous by Styl-Eez shoes. Their feminine daintiness glorifies the most carefully chosen trousseau, and their scientific comfort features contribute much to the peace and happiness of first domestic days. No tired, sagging arches, no cramped toes, no ungainly inward rotating when you walk the Styl-Eez way. And, if we know anything about it, you'll make Styl-Eez shoes a part of every costume long after your trousseau has become a memory. Pleasantly priced... and presented by leading shops everywhere.

Model illustrated is the "Gloria" • \$6 and \$6.50
Slightly higher west of Rockies

Styl-EEZ

A SELBY SHOE



The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet

Name _____
Address _____

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet
of features and new models



Sylvia Tells Loretta Young How to Put on Weight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

You've got to strengthen your spine and your knees, and here's how, darling. Skoal!

Put your arms above your head. Take five or six little quick running steps back and forth in the same spot. As you do this, bend your body forward. Then—still taking the running steps—make movements like those twittery little women do (remember Lillian Gish in the early Griffith pictures?). Bend backwards and stop those quick steps suddenly, holding that back bend, with your arms still above your head. As you make this sudden stop, let your knees bend as they were when you were taking the running steps. Hold that pose for a second! And then repeat the exercise.

Can you feel what it does to your spine? Sure you can! It makes you feel good, too, doesn't it? Starts the sluggish blood circulating. Now, I want you to do this for five minutes at a time to start. Do it three or four times a day. Pretty soon you'll work up to doing it for ten minutes at a time—and do it as many times during the day as you can. That will put strength in you, make you graceful and give you the assurance you need, so that when you enter a room people will immediately think, "Now *there's* a personality." And that's my ambition for you.

But I'm not through with you yet, Loretta. You need building up, honey. Don't fall over dead when old fat-hater me says this, but honestly, you're too thin. Your neck is too thin and that makes those cords, which extend from under your ear to your shoulder, appear. And then—and I noticed this particularly in the *Directoire* dresses you wore in "The House of Rothschild"—your hip-bones protrude.

You've got to cover those up with a layer of flesh, and there's only one way to do that: Build yourself up all over, because if you take exercise for that particular spot you'll lose in other places—and that's not so good for you.

And if you take an exercise to make muscle you'll have a bad lump over your hip-bone. So, Loretta, you've got to go on a strict building-up diet. I've planned one just for you, and for every other girl who wants to build-up sanely.

But first let me tell you how to help that thin neck. And this is going to answer the

questions of hundreds of girls who have asked me what to do to improve their skinny throats.

You don't want those two cords to be so prominent, so the thing you must do is to build up the other neck muscles and give your neck roundness. Every day for five minutes do this: Inhale quickly, as if you were swallowing air, but keep the air in your windpipe and don't let it go any farther. Then, holding your breath, make every muscle in your neck absolutely tense, but be very careful to keep your chin relaxed. DON'T tighten your chin. But concentrate on tightening your neck—good and hard. Exhale and relax. Repeat persistently for five minutes a day. It will be fun to take your neck measure before you start. Then take it again in a month, and you'll see just how much larger your neck is. And, darling, those cords will disappear as the other muscles are strengthened.

And now for your general building-up! Now to start in earnest to put on some weight and cover up those protruding hip-bones!

In the morning drink a small glass of loganberry juice in which has been dissolved a teaspoon of gelatine. Drink this warm. Then have your bath and breakfast. Here's your breakfast:

Brown rice flakes with teaspoon of brown sugar and glass of certified milk poured over

Three slices Canadian bacon

One coddled egg

Slice of whole wheat toast, half-inch thick, with butter

Coffee

At eleven o'clock, a large glass of orange juice.

LUNCHEON

Salad of raw red cabbage and half an avocado (use any dressing you like. I prefer just plain lemon juice)

Glass of malt tonic

Ice-cream, any flavor

At four o'clock, a large glass of tomato juice

When you go home after working at the studio, have your maid give you a nice alcohol rub, concentrating on the spine. You girls who haven't personal maids can give yourselves a

rub and it will do you good. But you, Loretta, need this relaxation because, believe me, I know what it means for girls to work all day under those nerve-racking lights at the studio. It saps all your strength. After your rub, rest for half an hour and, if possible, have your dinner in bed. I'm going to give you a grand dinner—and for you, and all the rest of the women who want to build up. I've got a wonderful, new recipe.

DINNER

Crisp, fresh celery

Ripe olives

Onions, fresh green ones (if you dare)

Cream of mushroom soup

Small squab or plain chicken casserole

(Here's how you cook it: Brown the squab in butter in a casserole. Have the bird stuffed with parsley, which is delicious and healthful. Pour over it—when it is brown—a cup of sour cream. Let that simmer on slow fire for half an hour. Add a cup of carrots, cup of peas, half-cup of lima beans. Cook for half hour more—but no longer, for I don't want you to take the natural minerals out of the vegetables. And gosh! Is that good!)

Small baked potato (skin and all) with butter

Chicory salad with dressing

Fresh fruit

Demi-tasse

Now, haven't I been good to you? Doesn't that dinner make your mouth water? Well, that's what I want it to do, because you've got to eat enough of the right food to put meat on your bones.

Rest a little after dinner and then go out and have a nice time at a party, or at the theater, or just chatting with friends. But *don't* cheat yourself on sleep. You've got to get at least eight hours' sleep. That's vital, Loretta. Why, with this diet and these exercises and plenty of rest, you'll feel like a million, and hundreds of thousands more admirers will rave over you.

So here's luck to you, and I hope you get so fat that you have to send out an S. O. S. to your admiring,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I have very ugly elbows. They're rough and dark and have flabby fat around them. I hope you can tell me something to do.

J. McR., Santa Fe, N. M.

I'm glad to have your letter because so many girls don't think of the elbows when they're trying to improve themselves, and they're very important to your good looks. You can soften them with lotion and cold creams. You can whiten them with a good cream bleach, and you can rub off the flabby fat with your two hands. Put your right elbow in the palm of your left hand. Have both hand and elbow well covered with cold cream. Squeeze the fat off by bringing your hand toward

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

your body and letting the cushion on your thumb press away the fat. Keep doing that

every day for as long as you can spare the time. I guarantee that you can squeeze and rub that fat right off. More power to you!

Dear Sylvia:

My job requires that I stand all day and I suffer terribly with swelling feet. I have read how much you have helped others, and I wondered if you could help me.

T. R. W., New York, N. Y.

You bet I can help you, darling, and if you do what I say, you won't be troubled by swelling feet any more. When you come home from work have two pails of water, one as hot as you can stand it, and one cold. Soak the feet

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Hear the Radio hit of a Nation! *Borden's*

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

EVERY SUNDAY AT 10:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

Want to know glamorous Hollywood as it really is? Want to laugh with the stars . . . and share their heartaches, too? Want to go right on the lots where the

big new pictures are being made?

Then tune in this Sunday evening on Borden's brilliant radio show "45 Minutes In Hollywood." The time: 10:30

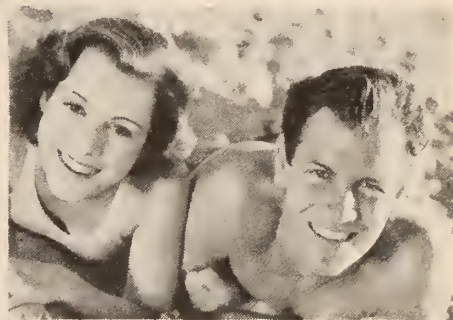
P. M., E. D. S. T. (9:30 P. M., E. S. T.) The chain: Columbia Broadcasting System. Hear it once . . . and you'll tune into its thrills every Sunday night!

LANNY ROSS AND ANN SOTHERN IN PARAMOUNT'S "MELODY IN SPRING"—PREVIEWED ON THIS PROGRAM.



HOLLYWOOD YIELDS UP ITS SECRETS!

Follow the stars at work and play. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, RKO players.



KEEP MOVIE-LAND AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

Hear flashes from the latest pictures excitingly dramatized. A scene from Paramount's "Murder at the Vanities."



GO PLACES WITH HOLLYWOOD!

Hear the news in the making. Jack Holt, Columbia star, and his son Tim.



DANCE WITH HOLLYWOOD

... to the new melodies played by Mark Warnow.



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BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK
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WHY do the world's leading fashion shops, from Paris and London to Fifth Avenue and Hollywood, feature Perstik and Perstop? It's because these deodorants are right up to the minute, modern . . . with a dainty, easy method of application. Their improved scientific formulas never fail to give the protection you seek.

Perstik keeps armpits fresh . . . without muss or fuss

Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself when you use Perstik, the original "lipstick" deodorant. Hold it like a lipstick. A few strokes under arms each morning assures lasting protection against abhorrent odor.

Use Perstik before or after you are dressed, or even after shaving. Perstik cannot harm fabric or irritate skin. It is pure, greaseless. Perstik is easy to apply on sanitary napkins.

Perstop stops perspiration . . . quick to apply; quicker to dry

Perstop is for the woman who perspires more freely and must stop underarm moisture as well as odor. Simply touch the sponge-necked bottle itself to the armpits . . . just enough comes out to protect against perspiration for several days. No separate applicator or cotton to use. It is simplicity itself.

Both Perstik and Perstop have been awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for safety and effectiveness. And both are acclaimed as the EASIEST TO USE by the beauty advisers to over ten million women.

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**NEW WAY TO
STOP PERSPIRATION**



Perstop

Answers by Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

alternately in the hot and cold water, a few minutes in each, for about fifteen minutes altogether. Dry them well and apply rubbing alcohol, working the alcohol well into the feet and ankles. Then for ten minutes lie on your couch or bed with pillows under the knees, so that the feet are higher than the head. Relax completely. This will not only reduce swelling but will make the feet and ankles permanently thinner. And good luck to you!

Dear Sylvia:

I've dieted and dieted and I must say my figure is much improved, but there is still a lump at the back of my neck (I bend over a desk working all day) that just won't come off. Have you a remedy for this? I'd be so grateful if you would pass it along.

Mrs. L. R., Atlanta, Ga.

Dieting isn't everything. It plays a big part—that's true—but you've got to help the diet along by reducing just the spots that need reducing most. Here's your exercise for that lump on the back of your neck. Sit in a straight chair.

Have your spine straight. Grab hold of the chair back closest to the seat. Now push your head back until it rests on that lump of fat.

Slowly, feeling the back of the neck pulling and pulling, lower your head until your chin touches your chest. You've got to concentrate on that lump and feel it actually move. Do this ten or fifteen times a day. And watch yourself at your desk. Sit straight—not all slumped over—with your neck and head straight. You can do it if you have the will power to train yourself.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Is it true that swimming will put weight on a person? Some people tell me that it will reduce you and some say it will make you

fatter. Which is right? I love going to the beach, but I don't want to get fat.

K. T., Long Beach, Calif.

Yes, too much swimming will not only put weight on but will give you ugly muscles in your arms. But that doesn't mean that you can't enjoy the beach. Get into your bathing-suit. Take grand sun baths and air baths. Then take a quick jump in the ocean. It is refreshing and invigorating and will give you pep.

Just don't swim too much—that's all—but don't stop going to the beach. I advise sea air and sun for everyone. And for girls who want to develop their chests and arms, there is nothing better than swimming.

Dear Sylvia:

I know that you recommend sun and air baths in the summer, but my tiny apartment has no roof or balcony, and it is hard for me to get outdoors regularly. Can you think of any way I could get the sun and air?

Mrs. B. H. T., Chicago, Ill.

You didn't tell me whether you work at an office or are a housewife. If you're a housewife, throw open all your windows and do your work without any clothes on. Of course, you'll have to keep a robe handy to answer the doorbell when it rings, for we haven't gone in for regular nudism yet. But that will give you your air bath. If you work in an office, strip as soon as you come home—leave windows open and do exercises. For sun baths, lie in the patch of sun that comes in through the window. Lie on a sheet on the floor and move as the sun moves.

I know apartment house dwellers who get their correct amount of sun and air just this way. Try it—it's much better than nothing, and you can work it in every day.



Lucky thirteen! For these youngsters, named Baby Wampas Stars of 1934, are headed for fame! Seated, left to right, are: Helene Cohan, New York; Jacqueline Wells, Dallas, Texas; Betty Bryson, Los Angeles; Jean Carmen, Portland; Lu Anne Meredith, Dallas; Dorothy Drake, Santa Monica; Lucille Lund, Buckley, Washington. Standing, left to right: Judith Arlen, Hollywood; Jean Gale, San Francisco; Ann Hovey, Mount Vernon, Indiana; Katherine Williams, Seattle; Hazel Hayes, La Crosse, Kansas; Gi Gi Parrish, Cambridge, Mass.

Jean Parker

NOW APPEARING
OPPOSITE ROBERT YOUNG IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"LAZY RIVER"

• and in the newest walkie
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YES, she's fairly a'tingle with youth—Jean Parker—the doing-est, going-est young leading lady in Hollywood. Which explains why she wears Red Cross Cobbies. They're so rogue-ish, so brogue-ish—perfect companions for her outdoor outfits.

These Red Cross Cobbies keep your feet in perfect shape. For, like all Red Cross Shoes, Cobbies fit all four of your feet. Your "walking" feet—your "sitting" feet. Your Red Cross Shoe dealer has Cobbies and other superbly-styled Red Cross Shoes. See them. Be surprised that these custom-fitting shoes can still be sold at \$6.50. Also write for booklet to THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORP., Dept. P-64, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



IT'S A COBBIE

Swanky . . . Jaunty and dashing is this spectator-sports Cobby. In white buckskin with the new kiltie-tongue and tassels.

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RED CROSS SHOES

FIT ALL FOUR OF YOUR FEET



AEC U.S. PAT. OFF.



Youthful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star—lovely, vivacious Jean Parker, who follows her triumphs in "Little Women" and "Wild Birds" with another sparkling performance in "Lazy River," her current success.

Design For A Home Coiffure

By Carolyn
Van Wyck



toes will be more prominent than ever, and if they are well cared for they add as much to your appearance as lovely hands. But even if you're still wearing pumps and oxfords, that toe care does not go for naught. You'll find you won't want to lacquer toe-nails unless you've given them the care you give your fingers—shaped and removed excess cuticle. You have no idea what this does for foot health and comfort. This care will prevent minor toe trouble, like ingrown nails, and will repay you in your complete sense of personal immaculacy.

As for matching that lipstick and lacquer, I find that even the most critical of men will admire rather than condemn your bright nails, when they realize that they form a color harmony with your lips. Your nails needn't be as dark as your lips, but the thing is to keep lipstick and polish in the same tone.

Next month we're going into a Hollywood huddle on freckles, sunburn and tan.

"Skin Worries," covering blackheads, whiteheads, acne conditions and other troubles, gives some practical slants on these bugaboos of beauty. Then there are our other leaflets, "New Skin for Old," covering normal care, "The Perfect Home Manicure," "Eyes Like the Stars," and "A Heavenly Halo," dealing with hair. All yours on request, but please send separate stamped, self-addressed envelopes for each leaflet. Individual problems are gladly answered, too. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

I repeat Alice's way, because it is perfect for almost every girl who likes a soft, natural effect. And Alice isn't the only Hollywood star who prefers the invisible hairpin method. It is a favorite trick among them. Of course the elaborate coiffures on the screen must be done by expert hairdressers, and now and then everyone of us needs this type of arrangement for something special. But for general wear, the hairpin way is great.

Joan Crawford is a strong advocate of a matching color ensemble of lipstick, finger and toe-nail lacquer. This summer I think the

Last month I promised you a new hair trick from Bette Davis. Here it is, so simple you can do it, yourself. All you need are curled ends and an extra braid. Isn't it beautiful? Particularly appealing with blonde hair. Another grand hair job from the hands of Perc Westmore



Kay Francis

Illustrates a Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up

COLOR is the accent that gives glamour to beauty...and the magic of this secret has been captured in a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. It is color harmony make-up...face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones to subtly emphasize the color attraction of your beauty.

Created originally for the screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Note coupon below.



KAY FRANCIS . . . STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "WHEN TOMORROW COMES"



Powder.. The color harmony shade for Kay Francis' brunette colorings is Max Factor's Olive Powder . . . clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that beautifies the skin.

Rouge.. The harmonizing color-tone is Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge . . . creamy-smooth in texture, it blends evenly, imparting a delicate, lifelike color to the cheeks.



Lipstick.. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up...moisture-proof, the permanent color keeps the lips lovely for hours and hours.

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SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," free.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here. <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

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1

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Don't worry about spoiling your white shoes... Shinola cleans in a jiffy... makes shoes white as new!



For canvas, buck, suede or kid shoes. At all stores... liquid, tube or cake. Try it today.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

NEW stars were rare in those days. An article advising girls on their chances to get ahead in movies, said: "Not one new twinkle has been discovered in the film firmament in the past twelve months." Yet they call it a hard game today! Edna Purviance, Chaplin's statuesque leading woman, was playing Godmother and hostess to Allied officers visiting the Coast. "I adore them all," she explained. George Melford was credited with "breaking in" more stars than any other director. Bill Stowell, featured opposite Dorothy Phillips in Universal productions, was plenty annoyed because a press-agent described him as a "matinée idol." Bill was so rough and ready he kept his hair clipped short. Alice Brady, while continuing her screen career (yes, she was an important personage in silents, too), was



Alla Nazimova

playing "Forever After" on the New York stage through a solid season. "Fatty" Arbuckle, making laughter six days a week, rested solemnly on Sundays. PHOTOPLAY was asking for fewer and better pictures. Jackie Saunders came out of retirement—wife and mother. Marguerite Clark's adopted sister, Aleta Doré, was dancing on Broadway. We carried a fictionization of Alla Nazimova's Metro production, "The Red Lantern." Alla still stars on the stage occasionally. Among the better pictures were "Satan Junior" (Viola Dana), "The Poppy Girl's Husband" (William S. Hart), "The Test of Honor" (John Barrymore), "The Firefingers" (Rupert Julian), "A Midnight Romance" (Anita Stewart), "The Better Ole" (Charles Rock). Constance Talmadge ornamented the cover.

10 Years Ago

BOBBED hair was still an issue for vehement word battles. PHOTOPLAY quoted many aroused stars, hairdressers and educators, denouncing or defending the style. Irene Castle was a leading advocate of bobbing, of course, while Dean Marion Talbot, University of Chicago, said, "It's barbaric." "Bobbed hair, never!" said Mary Astor. Oh, well. We formed a jury of fourteen women stars to pick the "Great Lovers of the Screen." They all named different actors, thus listing, without ranking them; Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, Rod La Rocque, Lew Cody, Monte Blue, Conway Tearle, Robert W. Frazer, Richard Dix, Rudolph Valentino, Thomas Meighan, Lewis Stone, Frank Mayo, Jack Mulhall, Eugene O'Brien, Conrad Nagel. Fifteen, because Corinne Griffith split her vote between Mayo and Tearle. Novarro, in-



Leatrice Joy

identally, was the shocker in "The Kiss That Shocked the Sheiks." He planted it on Alice Terry's lips, in the middle of the Sahara, where they were filming "The Arab," (Small wonder Miss Terry voted for Ramon!) Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Evans, first wife of Douglas Fairbanks and mother of Doug, Jr., told with startling frankness why she left James Evans, business man, to devote her life to making Doug, Jr. an actor. Sure enough, she did. The six best pictures of the month: "A Boy of Flanders" (Jackie Coogan), "King of Wild Horses" (Rex—the hoss), "Girl Shy" (Harold Lloyd—more hossin'), "The Enchanted Cottage" (Dick Barthelmess), "The Confidence Man" (Tom Meighan), "The Hill Billy" (Jack Pickford). Beautiful Leatrice Joy was on the cover. She's completely retired.

5 Years Ago



Harry Langdon

GARBO and Gilbert were to co-star no more, M-G-M decided, and there was much woe among romance lovers of the land. PHOTOPLAY, in an editorial, wished them luck, going solo. Jack didn't do so well, between "A Woman of Affairs" five years ago and "Queen Christina," when he and Greta were reunited. All the while, Garbo soared. And it was in June of '29 we sang: "Hey! Hey! Harry's Coming Back"—about the oft-times fading and reblooming comic, Langdon. Having had a long toboggan ride, he had brand new determination. He has been up and down like a well rehearsed wrestler ever since, with alimony troubles and bankruptcy gaining several falls from him. Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, devoted after four years of married life, told how to hold your mate. Only death

could part them, five years more were to prove it. "What is IT?" Said Joseph Schildkraut: "IT is an Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy to cover up the honest phrase, sex magnetism." Said Lewis Stone: "IT is merely a jazz-age name for personality." By the way, how quickly obsolescent—IT! We asked some favorite film folk to name their picture favorites. Some, like Gloria Swanson, expressed orthodox taste—Pickford, Fairbanks, et al., but Paul Bern (who came to a sad end himself) picked several failures. He found some glory in them. The best pictures of the month: "Coquette" (Mary Pickford), "Gentlemen of the Press" (Walter Huston), "The Trial of Mary Dugan" (Norma Shearer), "The Wild Party" (Clara Bow), "Christina" (Janet Gaynor), "Show Boat" (Laura La Plante). On the cover—Olga Baclanova.

The Little Colonel Marches Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

His *Madero* is such a man. Second only to the importance of *Villa* is this saintly man whom *Villa* called "the little fellow," and whose gentle command was the only one in the world that the childlike, cruel rebel obeyed. In his presence, the great, boorish, inarticulate *peon* was abashed. From him, in the motion picture story, *Villa* learns his first refinement—when he bellows "Shut up!" to one of his men, and, with an apologetic glance at *Madero*, adds "Please!"

Such a man was *Madero*. And not unlike him is the man Walthall.

A QUIET, philosophical, patient man—whose deep, resonant voice seems not to fit his stature, but it does fit his valiant soul. It is the voice of a man from whom all restlessness has gone.

He is patient—but not resigned.

He accepts the disappointments and setbacks in life—because he loves life, and the friends who are a part of it.

"Acting—it does cruel things to men. But they never renounce it," he says. "They cannot believe, after each heartbreaking disappointment, that there will ever be another in their perilously uncertain careers. They are a race apart, and they have that quality that distinguishes all fanatics and children—they never lose faith."

With a stalwart singleness of purpose in a frail body, Walthall has endured enough to discourage a giant. Only he has never acknowledged it. He doesn't now.

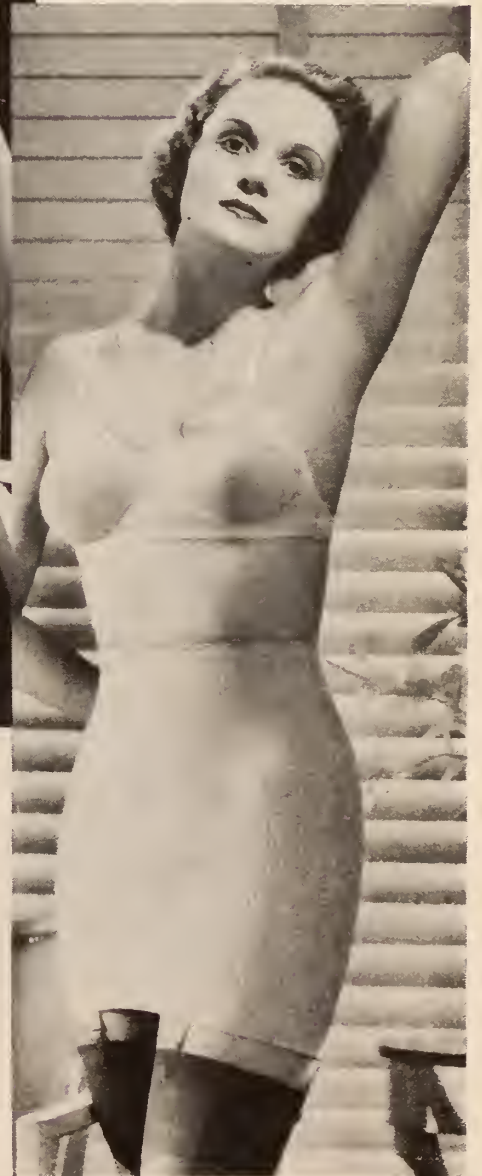
He has never actually starved or slept on a park bench. But what has his mental suffering been? It was the tragedy of a great talent forced to lie fallow as he endured through unworthy rôles in mediocre pictures, for the most part. But he worked, you say; he made a good living, and he has been in constant demand by independent companies. . . . Yes, he has been a long way from down and out, as many of his compatriots have been in their meteoric careers. But I say he has gone hungry, with a more terrible hunger than the body can know. The hunger of a man who knows his worth and is denied the opportunity to prove it. Somewhat similar is the starvation that another actor is suffering right now—a man who is rich, with money, and wants nothing from the world but a chance to work. Jack Gilbert.

JACK paces his floor like a caged animal in torment. Walthall must have suffered silently, as he accepted the rôles that came his way. He has none of the dynamics of a Gilbert now. But he is just as susceptible to inner torment. Twenty years is a long time between achievements, for a man whose pride and whole vitality must take their nurture from his work.

The record is phenomenal. Walthall is the only man in pictures to whom this identical thing has ever happened. Many others have staged small or vivid comebacks, to flare up and remain, or die out again overnight. Walthall's one rôle, the "Little Colonel," captured the public's imagination and held it through all the years, while he has throttled down his great talent to the pace of little demands upon it. Small parts, "bits." Holding tenaciously through thick and thin, to one indomitable de-

Nature Still . . .

but Nature Glorified



● Years and pounds really mean little, after all. The beauty of your figure depends on its curves and its proportions. Vassarette Foundations will give you smooth, flowing lines. The boneless flexibility of Vassarettes will give you new freedom . . . while hips are firmly restrained, waist neatly defined, breast artfully lifted. Above, the new, backless and porous summer All-in-One. At Right, the new form-fashioned Girdle of same fabric, shown with uplift Bandeau. Remember only Vassar can make Vassarettes. Always look for the name. \$5 to \$15 in fine stores. Write us for the name of the one nearest you. The Vassar Company, 2531 Diversey Ave., Chicago.

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The Basque Kerchief

by JANTZEN



● You'll recognize the latest Continental trend in the Basque Kerchief—an exclusive Jantzen creation. Decidedly sun-conscious, exceptionally attractive. The kerchief-type uppers in elastic form-fit stitch have fashionable narrow stripes. Above all, a practical, perfect-fitting swimming suit, combining smartly styled separate trunks and uppers in the latest vogue.

Suit yourself perfectly—and every member of the family—in a Jantzen. There's a model to fit every taste and purse. The Basque Kerchief \$5.95. Misses \$5.50. Other authentic styles \$4.50 to \$9.95.

*The Basque Kerchief
as worn by Ann Dvorak
Featured Player appearing
in Warner Bros.-First National Pictures*

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Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada;
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termination: That the "Little Colonel" would not begin—and end—his career.

Through one frustration after another, Walthall has always been sure there was another great rôle for him somewhere, some day. He has never become resigned to a fate of the sensational "underdog," and walked through poor parts. Walthall always gives a performance.

THE illness that has been a battle waged over many years, nearly caused the loss of his chance to play the famous rôle that gave him his honorary title. Here is the story. It has not been told before.

D. W. Griffith had rehearsed the company for many weeks for "The Birth of a Nation." When he was all ready to begin work, Walthall was rushed to the hospital. He was dangerously ill—not expected to live.

So D. W. lifted an unknown from the ranks, rehearsing him night and day for the part. His name was Wallace Reid.

Just by so narrow a margin as that did Walthall almost lose the rôle that has made history. He made a miraculous recovery, in time. Griffith gave Reid a lesser rôle, and Walthall became *Col. Ben Cameron*.

Naturally, young Reid was acutely disappointed at losing the first real part so nearly within his grasp. He could not hold it against Walthall for getting well. This time was Walthall's turn to win, anyway. Wally Reid had married Dorothy Davenport, and it had been a race between him and Walthall to see which one would win "Spec," as Henry B. always called her. She had as many freckles then as her son has now.

At that time, around 1912, '13 and '14, almost every girl at the Biograph studio had a severe crush on Walthall. Born on a plantation in Shelby County, Alabama, Walthall was the finest type of chivalrous Southern gentleman.

The little Gishes, Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet were youngsters in their 'teens. Walthall was a man in his thirties—an "older man" to these naive girls. He was always courteous, charming and thoughtful. And, while not exactly handsome, he had striking presence. Incidentally, one thing that always bothered him was his height. An inch or so more, he believed, would be of value to him in his work. Things are important to him only as they affect his career. After Griffith finished "The Birth of a Nation" on the West Coast, he returned to the East. A loyal group followed him, and Walthall wanted to join them.

NEW companies were springing up every day, and were constantly attempting to lure away the Griffith stars, so enlarged in the public eye by their connection with D. W.'s masterpiece. But money alone probably could not have gotten Walthall away from Griffith; it was the complication of uncertain health that finally persuaded him to stay in California. Walthall had the deepest sort of fondness for the old maestro who had raised him to such prominence. He liked particularly the Griffith dignity when on the set.

But—Griffith went away, and Walthall stayed West. He went to the Essanay studio in Chicago eventually, and his career moved along without highlights. No more "Little Colonel" rôles, no more glory, except that which persisted from his one splendid performance.

He drew a good salary, on the strength of his reputation, and producers considered themselves fortunate to include the name of Walthall in their casts. But they actually did not

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know how to use him, and, as the years wore on the Walthall glamour began to dim a bit—the salary to get smaller.

A few years before the talking picture upheaval, something began to happen to the nature of movies, or the stories from which they were made. Perhaps there really was a changed audience; perhaps producers just found that the old audience would stand for experimentation and change. So a field was opened for a new type of player. But what happened was, the companies sought out these "different" players abroad. They brought unusual actors, exotic actresses from across the sea, while Walthall watched many a fat rôle, that he might have handled to perfection, go to them.

THEN came the talkies. Accents took an awful whipping. The unique importations—with a few outstanding exceptions—were put in retreat. But the revolution in story form grew wider, and there were parts to be filled by distinctive types who could speak the language.

Somebody remembered that Henry B. Walthall had a voice, clear and rich in its quality, when they were casting "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." He was given the rôle of the priest. The impression he made was indelible, and Walthall was established in the talkies. Whatever he did he did well. But still a rôle fully deserving of his talent was to elude him for several years more—until "Viva Villa."

After that picture, there was to be another disappointment for him. He was cast for a splendid part in the new Marion Davies film, "Operator 13." But the script was rewritten and the part cut out. Now, however, the response to the Walthall performance in "Viva Villa" has brought him this compensation—

He is to be starred by Willis Kent, independent producer!

Elizabeth Bergner— Puppet or Genius?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

lines to *Catherine*, the responses came from Dr. Czinner, on the side lines! But wait!

When everything was set to Dr. Czinner's satisfaction, he hurried off to a distant part of the stage. A specially built dressing-room stood there. Dr. Czinner entered it. A moment later, he reappeared.

He was leading Elizabeth Bergner by the hand. She looked a colorless, unimpressive little thing. Dr. Czinner led her slowly to a spot in the foreground near the cameras.

And here is a strange thing.

Not once in the slow walk to the cameras did the woman raise her eyes from the floor!

One sensed, rather than saw, a final hand-squeeze Dr. Czinner gave his wife before turning from her and taking his place between the cameras. A raucous voiced assistant bellowed for silence. The shooting of the scene began.

Instantly Miss Bergner was transformed. It was amazing! From that colorless, unimpressive little thing she changed into a vibrant, magnificent, fearless woman—a woman of royal birth. She *was* Catherine!

But during every second of that scene she watched her husband out of the corners of her eyes. I discovered why. She was taking direction, in the most astonishing way I have ever seen.

She was reacting to his unspoken commands

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—commands he was issuing by means of rapid manipulation of his fingers and nods of his head.

The moment the scene was finished, Dr. Czinner took her by the hand and led her back to the isolated dressing-room. Her eyes were again downcast, and again she was just an unimpressive little thing.

I appealed to Fairbanks for an explanation. "It's a cinch," he said, "that when they are alone together, they rehearse the scenes over and over again. From the day we started shooting, we've never retaken a single scene in which Miss Bergner figures. Other scenes have been shot as many as ten times. I've never known anything like it before. To the best of my knowledge, no other director in the world has ever stopped with the first take of any scene."

Later, when the company had been dismissed for the day, I had another glimpse of Miss Bergner. She was having tea in the studio commissary. She was in street clothes. In street clothes she looks even more *petite* than on the set. Her hair I, at first glance, thought was red, but a second look convinced me it was blonde.

She is not beautiful. But, by now, you will have seen her image on the screen, full of allure and an indefinable attractiveness not in evidence when you see her in the flesh.

While she was sipping her tea, I noticed something else. She was obviously self-conscious. But that isn't all. In her eyes was fright.

Fairbanks afterward told me that her fright is always in evidence except when she is playing a scene.

FROM her slim figure, her self-consciousness, the fright in her eyes, comes a vague impression that she is still a schoolgirl, a nervous, temperamental schoolgirl. Yet she has been an actress for many years, and a star for a fairly long period.

She has one dislike stronger than any other. It is to have anyone introduced to her—either in her professional capacity or away from the studio. She is fond of good things to eat. She does not drink, but makes up for this abstinence by gorging on chocolates.

She doesn't care a fig about clothes; wears old things except when she is obliged to attend a formal function. I am certain she could stroll along Bond Street and be unnoticed,

even by those who but a short time before may have cheered her performance in "Escape Me Never."

Since the studio scene, I have seen her twice. Once was at a luncheon given her by the Association of American Correspondents in London. There she struck me as an apathetic and unpersonal woman. She refused to say a word. Her escort was her manager, Mr. Cochran, and it is only fair to add he did everything humanly possible to make up for his star's silence.

THE other occasion on which I saw her was the opening night of "Escape Me Never." By invitation of the management, I went backstage after the final curtain. There I again observed Miss Bergner's muteness, while dukes and duchesses and lesser folk paid her effusive compliments on her performance. I also saw horrible fright in her eyes. And, I am convinced, utter boredom.

Most of the London critics who have hailed Elizabeth Bergner as "another Duse" or "another Bernhardt" are too youthful to have seen either of those great artists act. Fairbanks believes she is a genius. And as far as the European screens are concerned, she is without even a near-rival. Continental critics declare they would rather watch a movement of her hand than gaze at the most alluring close-ups of the Dietrich legs.

Perhaps this timid actress exaggerates her timidity, as a publicity device. Perhaps much of the Bergner personality is posed. Surely there are several dissentients on the question of her acting ability, and George Bernard Shaw is one of these.

At a luncheon the other day, an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Bergner asked him: "Don't you think she'd be wonderful as Joan?"

"Do you mean the Joan of my play?" parried the playwright.

"Of course!" cried the enthusiast.

Shaw shook his head.

"That rôle," he said, "calls for an actress."

Next fall, the American public may have an opportunity to judge her in person. C. B. Cochran hopes to present Miss Bergner in Noel Coward's play, "Conversation Piece," in New York.

Mr. Cochran also has business with several American movie producers. Possibly Miss Bergner is in this business.

Lupe and Johnny Were Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

"So," says Lupe, "I just go 'yes woman' on Johnny. (Yoo hoo, Mr. DeMille. Lookie, we got a 'yes woman' now.) I say, 'Yes, darling,' 'yes, darling,' 'yes, darling' to everything Johnny say. Every day but Sunday, that is. On Sunday I say, 'No, you blankety —' (nice weather we're having, don't you think?) But on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays I say, 'Yes, darling.' And so I let Johnny win the fight, because when I say 'yes' he does what I want to do anyhow."

To think that Hollywood's fiery little pepper pot, its snapping little fire-cracker, its exploding little tamale, is a tamed and chastened woman! Positively, it's the scream of the year. And they fought about such grand things, those two. About "Popeye, the Sailor," for instance, and who got to read him in the funny-papers first.

"I wanna read Popeye," Lupe would say. "I'm reading Popeye," Johnny would growl. "You wait."

"I wanna read Popeye now," Lupe would scream, and the buildings in Santa Monica, ten miles away, would rock on their very foundations.

"Pack my things," Johnny would yell at the butler. "I'm leaving."

His things were packed. And five minutes later, when the smoke had cleared away, Lupe was reading Popeye and Johnny was romping with the dogs.

Naturally, both of them are prize-fight fans of the first water, and every fight night found them in the front row, screaming and yelling at the fighters and each other. "Come on, you Mexican," Lupe would shriek at her favorite, and that was enough. Immediately Johnny was on the other side, and from then on no one

as much as threw a glance at the two struggling contestants in the ring. Hah, that was amateur stuff. The real battle was right down in front with spectators spellbound at the beauty of Lupe's right. Why, actually, the fighters themselves became so interested in Lupe's and Johnny's goings-on they'd stroll over to the ropes and, between half-hearted punches at each other, root for Lupe or Johnny. It was very confusing all the way round. And always ended with Johnny rushing home, giving his *Tarzan* yell to the butler to pack his things, as he was leaving.

AND the butler would begin his daily packing, only to find the battle over before he got to Johnny's tooth-brush.

But the dog-fight was really the climax of the whole uncivil war. Lupe owned two Chihuahua pups. And then one day, home came Johnny with a brute almost as big as himself. Lupe took one look at Otto, the new dog, and the neighbors, hearing the cyclone approaching, barred all windows and took to the cellars. What a battle that was! The cannons roared and the bayonets flashed, while the servants, wearing steel helmets and gas masks, went right on making the beds and fixing the spaghetti. They were veterans of wars at their bloodiest.

"He'll kill my little dogs, that great big brute," Lupe hurled at Johnny. "He'll kill my little Chihuahuas."

Five minutes later, the worst was over. Things had subsided to a mere first class brawl when Lupe glanced over the huge bearskin rug, and there lay Otto, the six-foot outrage, with one little Chihuahua sleeping on his back and one biting at his tail.

"Now, you see," said Lupe, "there it is. We fight about nothing. Now darling, it's too silly. Now we part. We save our marriage. We'll live like Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. You live in your house and I live in mine."

"Aw, I don't wanna be Norman Foster," Johnny grumbled.

Well, anyway, ten minutes later they picked up the pieces, sent the Marines back to Guatemala, and Johnny had decided he'd be Norman Foster if he had to.

The next day he went out and rented himself an apartment. His clothes were all moved over by the puzzled, muttering butler.

That night they had dinner at Lupe's house and went to the fights. It was a beauty, their combat, that night. People for miles around dug themselves into safety trenches while the couple "discussed" the ring contests.

At the door of Lupe's house she said good-night to Johnny, who went on to his apartment.

"GOOD night, Popee." Then she walked into her home. There was a strange, disquieting stillness about the place. Her glance fell on the hall cabinet which she had ordered to hold Johnny's swimming medals. Under the hall lamp they gleamed and glistened on their glass trays.

She climbed the stairs and opened the bedroom door. There stood her big, round black bed with the silver rim exactly like a silver moon rising over a dark, heavy cloud. She walked to the window and peered out. In the starlight she could see the shadowy form of Otto walking about the empty swimming pool. The candle, burning always before its little shrine, cast weird shadows about the room. An overpowering loneliness seized her and with a sob she flung herself on the bed and wept. Little Lupe. A strange little Lupe whom you and you and you will never see,

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perhaps. And then, with a bound, she was down the stairs, out to the garage and driving like the wind across the miles to Johnny. Not even waiting for an elevator, she tore up the stairs, flung open the door and there he sat. Staring at nothing. Lonely and miserable.

"Lupe," he gasped.

"Johnny."

She flung herself at him. "I can't bear it in that lonely house. Come home, darling," she cried.

"I didn't want to be Norman Foster anyhow," Johnny said, gathering up his things.

Together they drove home. And the battle that was waged on the way, over whether Lupe's car horn went "Do do de do" or "De de do de," will go down in history as one of the prize conflicts of the century.

And now, all those gorgeous battles are over. And Lupe has become a 'yes woman' and as model a housewife as ever wifed a house. You wouldn't, you just couldn't believe it. To think that Lupe, the spitfire of Hollywood, is now worrying over whether Johnny wants his chicken with spaghetti or without. And Lupe, with her own little be-diamonded hands, cooks it all for Johnny herself. No going out to restaurants at night for Johnny. Lupe, with no cook but herself, does it all.

SHE worries about his socks, his shirts, his pajamas. In fact, Johnny's socks at this moment are of far more importance to Lupe than the biggest screen rôle in Hollywood, and when they need mending, as heaven is my judge, Lupe sits herself down and mends them herself. With my own two eyes, I've seen her. And will never be the same, I promise you.

Of course, her household still remains like nothing this side of a mad house. For her butler, who is also a carpenter and electrician, will answer the front door, nine times out of ten, in a pair of white overalls and holding a dripping paint-brush. He's been painting the

swimming pool or something, and thus you are greeted at Lupe's brown oaken door. Let the paint drip where it may.

The secretary feeds the canaries, orders the groceries and does practically everything but answer letters and do secretarial work. She's also Lupe's chief hairdresser when the butler is busy elsewhere.

Lupe decided one day my car was dusty. "Wait, I have the chauffeur dust him off. "Al," she screamed from the sidewalk to the chauffeur somewhere in the house, "where are you?"

A HEAD was thrust from an upstairs window. "Making the beds," the chauffeur screamed back. "Wotta you want?"

Anyway, those grand free-for-all of Lupe's and Johnny's are over.

All done. If Johnny wants to go one place and Lupe another, they no longer riot. Lupe simply says, "All right, darling, we go where you want to go," and the blow so overwhelms poor Johnny that they go where Lupe wanted to go in the first place. And Johnny is too dazed to know where he is, anyhow. He can't understand what has happened. Neither can anyone else.

If Johnny says, "Look, honey, this red book is black," Lupe smiles and says, "Yes, Johnny, the red book is black." Unless it's Sundays. And then you'd be surprised to hear what the red book really is. But other days, little Lupe has done a loop-de-loopie. And has become a little give-in mama. A little yessing wife. And doing it all for one reason. Just to hold her husband. "I lof him and I will not lose him by always quarrelling," she says. So Lupe is ready and willing to submerge her personality, the very personality that made her what she is in pictures, to hold the man she loves. (At least, this is what she says at the moment. But remember, it's a woman's right to change her mind.)

Blondes Plus Curves Mean War

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Anna is a late arrival, but her guns are in position and she is advancing fast. In "Nana," she showed us not one woman, but *woman*, one of the elemental things, as universal and enduring as fire and water. None of Marlene's old world wisdom, none of the stylized smartness of Mae West! What she offered was the simplicity of a great force superior to sex, yet redolent of everything the word conveyed. It was a compound of the appeal of the flesh, unselfish love and sheer physical beauty.

The great gift of Anna Sten is tenderness. You see that in her eyes and in her mouth. Her body has the deeply undulating curves of womanhood untrammelled by the girdles and lacings of convention. It is vital, electrical, sensual.

But it is the tenderness that distinguishes her.

If all the stars of Hollywood were rolled into one, the superlative creature resulting would have Anna's gift of tenderness, a sort of profound pity for poor humanity.

Marlene asks no quarters; gives no quarter. Veteran of the war with Garbo, and all the little Garbos, she sniffed the hot air of battle the instant Mae West began drawing the millions into the movie houses. Off came the masculine attire and she was once again the Lorelei she used to be.

If you have overlooked it, permit me to remind you that this is the girl with the loveliest skin in Hollywood. No actress sounds the sirens of flesh more expertly, more seductively than she does. None more weary of men and, at the same time, none more ardent, none more eager for life!

Wheels within wheels and wars within wars! Everybody is a mite jealous of everybody else. For every big star, there are a dozen little ones, all fighting to share the rewards, using their talents, their influence, their publicity, and everything they can lay their hands on to win.

And so, while these three vital blondes are at war with one another to determine which shall dominate the land of the soft curves, they are at the same time, all three fighting shoulder to shoulder to protect their realm against invasion by a group of stars whose appeal, though quite different, is exceedingly strong.

Pitted against the Dietrich-West-Sten trio are Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett.

The differences are immediately apparent. Their appeal lies not in the flesh but in the spirit, in certain social graces and feminine coqueteries which we have come to associate with sex.

In other words, their call is sounded by the words and ways which we have learned to

know belong to love, rather than by the strong, irresistible force of love itself. They are goddesses of the boyish form and their attraction is enormous.

But who shall say, which of the two triumvirates will triumph in their grapple for public favor?

Men, we observe in their pictures, love Garbo and Hepburn and Bennett. But they love them because they are lonely or blue or have found themselves in romantic situations. They do not love them because they just can't help themselves. In this love, there is nothing cosmic, nothing resembling a law of nature which cannot be disobeyed. Constance Bennett, walking down Fifth Avenue, trig and *Parisienne*, does not attract more than a passing glance.

But dress any of the sizzling blondes of the first part in rags and start them down any street in the world and men will follow, hardly knowing why.

THE conflict between the slender, nervous-energy types and the full-bosomed, vital ladies can be duplicated in any normal circle of people. There is always a Mae West, a galleon girl, who never gets tired; who, without making an effort, draws men around her. At every party you can hear her laugh, and where the laughter comes from—that's the hot spot of the party.

So, too, there are the Garbos and the Bennetts and the Hepburns. They are types, and how they dislike and sneer at the Mae Wests! Exactly how the major number of stars in Hollywood are sneering right this minute. Still, they, the wiry ones, get around and they are never short on admirers. We all have known these *spitfires* in our own lives, although, just between you and me and the dictionary, the name pays them a compliment they don't deserve. Good-looking, charming, a great deal of personality. But men talk to them of books and bread and business. Love is a by-product. Something in parenthesis. Possibly a desire, but not an essential.

With the well-balanced blondes, of the Marlene and Mae type, men never think of discussing oatmeal or automobile engines. They think of moonlight on the waters, playing the guitar. And when they talk, they stutter something about how nice it would be to be alone. Other girls gossip about them and say mean things, but the soft-curved, electrical blondes (as you may have observed) don't seem to mind, and they always get their way. What's true of life is true of the movies and the stars and vice versa.

THE Garbos and the Hepburns are the stuff of which martyrs are made. They are idealists. Ideas and principles mean a great deal to them. The flesh is important, but the devil is more important. And they, in most cases, spend their lives fighting him.

Examine Hepburn's recent rôles, especially "Little Women," in which she gave one of the most convincing performances of her career. She sacrifices everything and escapes an old maid's fate only by a fortunate accident. Now, she is down on the schedule for the part of *Joan of Arc*.

Garbo almost always is cast in the rôle of the forlorn lady who somehow misses the train. In both "Grand Hotel" and "Queen Christina," she is unlucky with men and tragedy overwhelms her.

No such fate is possible for the dynamic blondes. Which is another reason for the antagonism felt for them by the others. Anna



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Sten, as *Nana*, it is true, commits suicide, and Marlene in "Song of Songs" winds up a broken, disillusioned woman.

But none of the trio twitters indecisively.

They are the kind who are not and will not be led astray by odd and quixotic notions. They are well-balanced, bound somewhere. They respect the flesh and their own inexhaustible vitality and they operate on that basis.

When they love, there is no mistake, and their choice is sound. Misfortune may overtake them, but it is not because of a mistake in judgment.

They have an elementary appeal which seemed to be what people wanted during the late hard times. We are fed up with artificiality, idle ceremony and conventions. We are all hungry for the strong, earthy directness symbolized by these three. That's why they are heavy favorites to win.

AS A matter of hot fact, these ladies are so overwhelming, each in her own way, that this war between them overshadows all the ninety-and-nine other Hollywood contests.

The war lords of California are not wasting any sleep over their duel with Garbo, Hepburn & Co. They know that the martyrs cannot—no never!—compete with the Marlenes and the Maes. Salt looks like sugar, but flies know the difference without having to read the lettering on the bowl.

The world of movie-goers knows that these blondes pull them harder and stay with them longer than the others—and the movie-goers prefer sugar.

So, the lines are drawn. The public sitting in the pits and galleries is a Roman jury. If thumbs point up, these particular stars will prosper and endure. If the thumbs go down, Anna Sten, Mae West or Marlene Dietrich, or all three, will be thrown into the cage with Leo and his family.

Up to the present, Mae West has been triumphant, but it is going to be a long war. Anna Sten has just barely started. She promises to upset the balance of power, smash the *status quo* and perhaps bomb the West out of her cozy castle on the top of the world.

Marlene, whose appeal is unfathomable, is the only one of the three who has a long and distinguished screen career. She is older than Anna, younger than Mae, more intellectual

than either, but not as shrewd or as versatile as Mae.

It's going to be a darling war, and don't pretend you aren't glad you came early and got yourselves front seats from where you can see the fun!

What makes the jolly old hostilities so alluring is the fact that the girls have so much in common. Shut your eyes and listen to them speak. Anna and Marlene have that low, breathy voice, the kind that is death to poise and impersonal conversation. Both have the spice of a foreign accent. Mae's voice is low, too, also breathy, but in hers there is the nasal tinkle of her Brooklyn birthplace.

All of them are softly padded women, exquisitely moulded, real women, one hundred per cent feminine, possessing a sunlike quality which causes them to give off devastating rays. Each of them is a vitality millionaires, but the quality of the endowment of each differs.

Mae may be tough, but she has a queenish dignity and aplomb.

Marlene has the bound and resilience of a puma. She is the most graceful, also the most elusive.

Anna, still somewhat an unknown quantity, is a creature of infinite resources, a child of the earth, functioning wholly by the sure instinct of one who has lived all her life with growing plants and animals and knows the true relation between the physical and the spiritual.

Mae, of course, is the cleverest. Her surface is metallic, her powers untarnished. She can be counted on to do everything humanly possible to retain her billion-headed public.

MARLENE is the most dazzling. The power of her lure is perhaps the most insidious, the least to be resisted.

Anna is the elemental child of unknown power, possessing infinite tenderness.

There are your warriors. The bugles are tootling. There is a sound of rustling silk. The war is on, beautiful war!

Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen, your bets on which one of these three ladies will shine brightest, most glamorously one year from today.

And, finally, don't worry, or underestimate Garbo and Hepburn. They are actresses of large gifts, especially Garbo. They are artists first, and an artist is above flesh, fire, curves, the devil and points West.

Get A Comedian, Quick!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

night and day in their talents, they are fitting examples to use in illustrating the far-reaching influence of the CRA in Hollywood today.

To me, Edward Everett Horton has always been one of the really fine comedians of screen and stage. His talents are so rare, his performances so finely etched, that one fails to appreciate his excellence until he becomes an "old friend."

For some time Horton has been the most underrated actor in pictures, despite the fact that he has always been one of the highest-salaried players. On and off he is so unobtrusive that Hollywood doesn't quite "get" him. He reminds me strongly of that other master of subtlety in acting, Lewis Stone, who is to drama what Horton is to comedy.

Horton is the easiest actor to handle I have ever directed. He is never late on the set,

never asks for special privileges, is loved by the crew and his fellow actors because of his courtesy and thoughtfulness. He has two quaint little eccentricities. He always carries his own whisk-broom with him. And, instead of tea at three on the set, Eddie brings out the Florida water. This thorough gentleman has increased the popularity of American actors in England, as a result of his recent pictures produced over there. He receives a cable every week to please come on over.

Little known in Hollywood life, Horton is somewhat of a recluse. Again like Lewis Stone. His pride and joy is a large ranch in the San Fernando valley, where he has planted nearly every variety of tree and shrub known to horticulture. His chief mission in life is to persuade his friends and acquaintances to "plant a tree."

On the screen Edward Everett Horton may be called the people's favorite. But he is also the comedians' comedian and the actors' actor. What *finesse!* He never labors for laughs, but he never misses one. I have never known him to try to "steal" a scene. He plays to the actor or actors who are in the scene with him, whether he is "feeding" lines or being "fed." He never catches flies—intentionally, if you know what I mean.

It goes without saying that Horton has a truly marvelous sense of timing. For example: watch Horton when another character speaks a line to him. Horton will apparently agree at first, as if he understands perfectly—until it suddenly dawns on him. In other words, he is a past master of the "delayed take." He never quite "gets" you at first. That's a sure sense of comedy.

Every comedian knows that his toughest competitor for laughs is a cute baby or a colored funny man. I refer you to a scene in "A Bedtime Story," played by Maurice Chevalier, Baby LeRoy and Eddie Horton. The baby is breaking watches. Naturally, the audience's attention is centered on Baby LeRoy. Horton was given the "topper" of the scene, when Maurice gave Eddie's watch to the baby. At first Horton is pleased, not realizing that it is his watch. (This is the way every good CRA member would play the scene.)

JUST before the baby throws and breaks the watch, the horrible truth dawns upon Horton, who promptly becomes bewildered with apprehension. His words fail to make sense, which "unconsciously" diverts the attention of the audience to himself. Therefore, when the watch is finally broken—it is quite simple for the director to go to a close-up of Eddie Horton realizing that it is his. And at that moment the comedian is in command. It is his scene! That's comedy! Jimmy Durante is just the opposite in arriving at his comedy effects. His terrific tempo, broad, but sincere and vital characterization, and amazing personality are as effective in their way.

Our Jimmy is perhaps the only celebrated entertainer who has developed into a fine actor. Unlike most unusual personalities, Jimmy is easy to mold into a certain characterization because of his intense desire to give everything he has for good old CRA. His mad, dynamic style of comedy is so original that even when it is kept under control for acting purposes, it sparkles with an infectious quality.

In real life Jimmy pretends to be a buffoon philosopher, a mad wit and a veritable Mr. Malaprop. If Webster were alive he would have Durante tried for murder—of the English language. But Jimmy doesn't fool me. Not for a minute. Underneath that cloak of buffoonery, he is a sincere, conscientious comedian.

You will note that all the comedy relief artists on the CRA honor rolls are highly competent actors. Not merely comic personalities. While comedy relief is as necessary to a dramatic story as a love scene, it must never be obvious. Too often it is dragged in by the heels. The comedian must never be a roaming character turned loose in the picture to get laughs. He or she must be as natural to the plot as are the hero, heroine and villain.

While the CRA is purely a mythical club, which exists only in the minds of a few picture directors and comedians, it has a far-reaching influence for good, nevertheless.

The NRA, which is the most important organization in our world of reality today, supplies *work* for the people.

The CRA supplies the *laughs*.

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"A Whale of a Man"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

more prevalent in the realms of pugilism. A decent fellow at heart, he revolted against his surroundings; but no man is bigger, until later, than the environment through which he moves.

After a frame-up which did not frame, McLaglen and his manager staged a fight of their own. A pool-room was wrecked as a result, and McLaglen was arrested.

A strange man came to pay his fine. "Quit fighting when you can," the stranger said. "You are too intelligent to walk the rest of your life on your heels."

He gave the bishop's son twenty dollars, and much food for thought. After they had separated, Victor learned that the man had been a leader of a gang of train robbers.

HE did not forget the man's advice, but the securing of food was imperative, even to a future film actor.

After a half-dozen other fights, McLaglen found himself in Vancouver. It was 1909. A dark pugilist had but recently come to the same town on his way from Australia, where he had defeated Tommy Burns.

Victor was matched with the dark gentleman, immortal in the history of pugilism as Jack Johnson.

The bout was for six rounds, and all the money the fighters and their managers could get. The actor remembers quite vividly all the incidents which pertained to the memorable encounter. Mr. Johnson, whose teeth were yellow with precious metal, smiled the golden smile which was soon to become famous. In the head of this mightiest ebony bruiser of all time was no concern for the future. He acted so unconcerned that one would have thought Mr. McLaglen was not in the ring with him.

The bout went six rounds, and Victor lost the decision just as surely as the Scotchman had lost his belt so long before. There was only this difference—the Scotchman might have found his belt had he returned again to look for it. The decision which Victor lost was lost forever.

BUT some good can come, even out of the dingy halls of fistiana. McLaglen received nine hundred dollars for his efforts.

Before long, an offer came from a manufacturing firm in Chicago. Victor was guaranteed a nice sum if he would pose as "the human windmill."

Remembering the words of the train robber who had helped him in a time of trouble, he gave up the ring.

Even to this day, McLaglen's laughter can be heard loud and long on the streets of Hollywood when the Chicago firm's offer is recalled. Long later, McLaglen said, "Johnson could stand the hardest punch of any man I ever fought." And when I asked, "How do you know?" he laughed loud and long again.

It may be said here that Victor McLaglen is one of the finest and gentlest men in Hollywood. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

He next became a "carnival rat." Joining forces with Hume Duvel, the Scotch wrestler, they bought a gilded wagon, and joined the



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caravan of a circus. Touring the length of Canada, they would offer gazing rustics a tidy sum for anyone among them who could endure their wrestling tactics twenty minutes. Now all men feel that they can wrestle, and men in the hinterland secretly feel that another Frank Gotch was lost to the world when they got married and settled down as farmers instead of wrestlers.

Hume and McLaglen made considerable money and opened a physical culture school. They were known as "The Muscle Builders." As muscles were already built in the Northwest, they soon failed, and became "carnival rats" again.

THIS time they took a fiddler along, feeling no doubt that a rustic would rather be thrown to the tune of music. The fiddler played "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and many a man gave up the unequal struggle to the wailing of the music, and the arms of the wrestlers.

If there were no opponents to wrestle with the touring athletes, Mr. Hume Duvel would do "strong man stunts," while Mr. McLaglen would pose as a "classical statue."

But even wrestlers must sooner or later part. Duvel and McLaglen were no exception.

We next find the future actor in San Francisco, with a yen to join a brother in Australia, "for no particular reason." He did. And from there the two brothers took a boat to the Fiji Islands, where they joined a "pearling expedition" and remained at sea for several months.

With the money earned on the long cruise the two brothers invaded India, where Victor secured work teaching the art of physical culture to the Rajah of Akolkot. He became a member of the Rajah's household, and the future seemed serene. Then somebody poisoned the Rajah. Victor had nothing to do with the assassination.

Victor and his brother then organized a vaudeville act. They reached Capetown, South Africa, as war was declared. It was 1914. They both sailed immediately for England.

Victor subsequently received a commission and was sent to Mesopotamia.

ABOUT his war experiences, Victor talks little. However, when the war ended, he was in the fabled city of Bagdad, where he served as provost-marshal.

But with no more fighting, army life again began to pall on him. There was an army boxing tournament which, if he won it, would take him back to England. He won.

Victor returned to England, with eight hundred pounds.

Walking in Piccadilly on one of the three sunny days in London that year, he met an old friend from the army. The friend was working for L. B. Davidson, a motion picture producer.

"My boss is looking for a big chap who can fight," was the news given McLaglen.

As Jack Johnson was not in the neighborhood, McLaglen voiced the opinion that Mr. Davidson need look no further. He went to see him. Mr. Davidson was of the same opinion.

He hired McLaglen to play the lead in "The Call of the Road," at twenty pounds a week. When this picture was released, Davidson gave him a contract for twenty more films. At the end of this time, he at last received an offer from Hollywood.

J. Stuart Blackton, then a leading American director, requested him to play in "The

Beloved Brute"—at two hundred and fifty per week.

That was ten years ago.

The film was released and forgotten, and McLaglen with it. He met scores of English friends who were soldiers of fortune like himself. All were broke. McLaglen shared what he had, and was soon in their predicament.

Months of misery passed, during which McLaglen came to one conclusion. He had wandered over the world and had tried many things. He would remain in Hollywood.

Like many old-time pugilists, he haunted the American Legion Boxing Stadium. One night, Frank Lloyd, the director of "Cavalcade," who won this year's award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best direction of a motion picture, and another man, stared at him.

When the last bout was over, he was approached by the gentleman who was with Frank Lloyd. He was Tom Kennedy, a one-time great pugilist. He asked for McLaglen's name and address.

IN a few days McLaglen had a call from Frank Lloyd, who was casting for "Winds of Chance." The hero was a smiling French-Canadian. The Scotch-Irishman was given the part, and "stole the picture." As a result, he was handed a five-year-contract at eight hundred dollars per week.

In Hollywood, as in life, it is always one thing after another. No parts could be found for him. Being a philosopher, he settled down to draw his weekly salary and await his opportunity.

In two years it came. The Fox Company had decided to make "What Price Glory?" The rumor spread about Hollywood that Louis Wolheim, the broken-nosed immortal player of the leading rôle on the New York stage, had already been cast as the lead in the screen version.

Another man might have given up—but not McLaglen.

Raoul Walsh was the director, the man to be convinced. Walsh, a highly capable man, is Spanish and Irish, and in spite of his impulsive ancestry, is stern and cold on the exterior.

"I want to play *Captain Flagg*," McLaglen said to Walsh.

"Everybody wants to play *Captain Flagg*," was Walsh's rejoinder.

"But no man can play it like me," returned McLaglen.

"Did you ever hear of Louis Wolheim?" asked Walsh.

"Yes—and that goes for him, too," said the man who had not been afraid to mix with Jack Johnson.

Walsh goaded him a while longer and then ordered that he be given a test.

McLAGLEN snarled and blasphemed through the great part. He literally burned the camera with his gusto.

The test was seen by Walsh.

McLaglen got the part.

The world knows the rest of the story. Victor McLaglen's salary was adjusted at a higher figure.

I saw the picture with Louis Wolheim. Feeling that no man could recapture the tremendous vitality with which he had first given the rôle, I entered the theater with him.

When the film was finished, Wolheim turned to me and said magnanimously:

"Jim, he's a whale of a man. He's going places."

And I agreed.

Cleopatra Comes To Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Whereupon Cecil leaped two feet and landed squarely on all four children, which just set everything off again.

"You brought the asp with you?" Cecil asked in amazement.

"Yes, in case I want to get out of the place by the quickest route. As I understand it, a little asp bite would be perfect for a lot of Hollywood people."

Directly they rode to Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater so that Cleopatra could put her footprints in the cement stones beside the footprints of the other famous stars.

"BUT I am not at my best, standing," Cleo urged. "If this man wishes my imprint, he'll get it in my most graceful position. Therefore, he'll either get it while I recline, or not at all. And with fans waving, also, please." So Sid waved the fans, while Cleo reclined in the wet cement. The less said of the imprint, the better.

From there they proceeded to the Paramount studios. Earl Carroll, the famous chooser of beauties, passed them on the way. Knowing he failed to recognize Cleopatra, Cecil said, "And what do you think of this fair beauty for your 'Vanities'?" (For after all, she was pure Greek and fair of face.)

"Not the type," Carroll said. "Much too fat. Not enough appeal. I don't think honestly any man would look twice at her. Of course, with some heavy dieting and a few lessons in allure—. How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Some two thousand years," she replied, and they carried Carroll out.

"That creature. That poor, thin creature with the thin and hungry look," she went about saying of Carole Lombard, and the same of Claudette Colbert. "How unlovely of body they are."

"But this young woman," they said of Claudette, "is to portray you in the picture. That is, if you do not play the part yourself."

And this time they carried Cleo to the air. "Those limbs. Those hips. So wasted. Why Antony would have loathed limbs like that. There's not a good asp's bite in the whole creature."

SUDDENLY, face to face, she met Mae West. "This woman is of better form," said Cleo, "but her technique is wrong. She hasn't the right warmth for ensnaring the male."

They carried all of Paramount out this time. "Watch," quoth Cleo. "I will show you. Yonder comes a comely man. Behold!"

And sure enough Georgie Raft did, indeed, approach.

"'Ello, Mae," he said. "Howsa kid?"

"Swell, baby. How 'm I doing?"

"Oh, not bad. But I'm feeling low today. Kinda blue."

"Aw, cheer up, kid. Life's just a merry-go-round. Come on up. You might get a brass ring."

"Naw, I—"

"Young man," interrupted Cleo, "I see, indeed, that you are sad. I, too, feel a pensiveness of soul. I know too well that overpowering sense of loneliness and forsakenness. If you are sad, let me, too, be sad with you. If—"

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

● Prize-winning "DOGGYS" of interest this season



They've taken the style prize this season! For these smart "Doggys" are Phoenix' new hosiery colors. *Collie's* a true beige, for wear with navy blues and browns. *Setter* has a warm beige cast, that makes it nice with the brighter costume colors. *Spaniel* is a darker beige, for corals, rust, cinnamon brown. *Greyhound* is the perfect grey-beige neutral, good with everything. You can get "Doggy" colors in any style of Phoenix Hosiery, 85c to \$1.95 the pair. Try Phoenix "Everyday" sheers, No. 705, \$1.00 the pair.

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● Paris splits its skirts



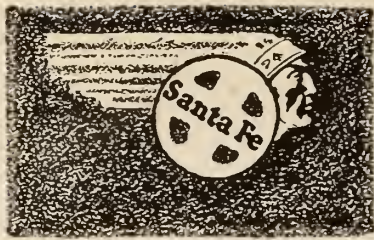
Another pre-war fashion makes good! So stockings must be flawless. Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery is clear as crystal—even in texture and color with no unflattering shadows or rings. Beautiful legs are made even more beautiful! Try a pair of Phoenix "Fluff" No. 779—\$1.25. Others priced from \$1.35 to \$1.95.

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"Sister," breathed Georgie, "where have you been all my life? Come to papa," and seizing her arm, strode off, leaving an amazed and dumfounded Mae West as cold as last week's potato. While Cleo looked back over her shoulder and whispered, "How am I doing, baby?"

AT luncheon at the Brown Derby, she naturally startled the natives into fits by reclining in the booth to eat her luncheon. Which would have been all right if in some way Bert Wheeler, all unnoticed, hadn't been squashed silly underneath her.

At the hurried eating and frantic talking about her, she grew ill. And had to be led from the place.

By the end of the week, every studio casting office in town had turned her down. She couldn't even get a job in a Bus Berkeley chorus.

"No appeal," was the verdict, while every wife in town went screaming for Cecil's scalp, because every male, married and single, followed her about even as a puppy his master.

Cecil, in fact, took to hiding, so great grew the popularity of the fair charmer from across the sea for the male population of Hollywood.

In great distress, a famous beauty and screen star went to Cleo alone.

"I'M about to lose my lover," she sobbed. "I caught him flirting with his wife. How may I go about holding him, please tell me. I shall die without him."

"Bah," scoffed Cleo, "you are a lot of slow-witted fools. I have watched you all. Over two thousand years ago we were miles ahead of you in this game of love. We made it an art. We dined slowly and sumptuously to the teasing strains of music and the maddening whirl of dancing girls and never, by the gods above, ordered a ham on rye. And here, what do I

see? Boys and girls in broken down flivvers driving up to dilapidated stands and screaming, 'Two hot dogs with mustard. How about a little kiss, baby?'

"Bah, fools, all of you. To wear the ill-fitting trousers of men and think any man's love could survive that. Do you try with all the sacred wiles that the gods gave to women to hold your men? No! You think first and always of yourselves. And your careers. Think what I did with my career for Antony's sake.

"And look what I did to Antony's, too," she muttered to herself.

"Are you glad when your man is glad? Are you sad when your man is sad?"

"'Come, we go larking,' Antony would often say to me and, in servants' clothes, we went gaily about the city of Alexandria, calling to people and pounding at doors till the dawn of the morning.

"And all the time my feet hurt till I could scarcely stand, but think you I let him know it? You are all dull-witted souls.

"DO I see you playing when he wants to play? Do I see you weeping when he wants to weep? Do I see you bearing children—well, one maybe, but never twins—to hold the man you love?"

"Do I see you dissolving pearls in wine to drink his health? Why, half of you don't know how to go about getting the pearls in the first place.

"You are the famous sirens of this Twentieth Century. Well, I can see the look on Antony's face had I stooped to a ham sandwich and a 'cuppa coffee.' And your statesmen! You and your politicians, in comparison with our noble Brutus, our learned Cicero and our stately Cassius. They would have been more apt to drop dead than say to me, 'Hi, Cleo! Park the body.'



After the original Cleopatra barged huffily for home, her asp basket on her arm, Claudette Colbert stepped into the rôle. And nobody complained! For Claudette is the modern idea of queenly, vampish beauty

"And your bath-tubs. Those two-by-four cramp-getters with no precious oils, no balms, no slaves. And bah, to those Central Avenue slaves who have not learned to shoot a decent game of dice." And with that Cleo scattered their I. O. U.'s all over the ground. She kept their cash, however.

"And your games. Sports, you call them. With silly men in silly bloomers running about like children, while someone shouts, 'He's out.' That, then, is the sport in the arenas of the red-blooded American. I am laughing.

"And for your beauty, which I expected to so overwhelm me, I wouldn't give a fig. We learned the art of the henna pot, the rouge pot and the richly-scented oils that would make your ghastly, red-smear'd faces seem as clowns.

"Why, name one among you who could take, as I did, a great noble and a great leader of armies from his men, and keep him fourteen years for her own? You have a hard time keeping one little French marquis divided among you.

"FOOLS, fools, all of you. I came back expecting to learn from you. To return with new lessons learned in the art of love. Why, we'd forgotten more about it two thousand years ago than you've ever found out.

"I sicken of all of you. And your movies. With those comical love scenes filled with passion. Are they to laugh? And of all this Hollywood, I tire. Where real allure, they think, consists of false eyelashes and a pancake stomach. To all of you forever, farewell."

And grabbing up her four children and her little asp basket, she flung herself on the nearest street car and made for her barge.

From the back platform she called, "Tell Cecil I've gone back to my little grass shack, and phooie to all of you."

Cleo was on her way. And Claudette was left to play *Cleopatra*.

Would You Girls Marry Dick Powell?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

you relish Arkansas sorghum? Or is that too personal? Well, Dick likes Arkansas sorghum on his toast for breakfast. And something tells me you'll like it and eat it, or else Ellis will want to know why. I'd much prefer the sorghum.

There may be a five-minute lull in the tornado of events, but I doubt it. There never has been. By this time, Ellis has been out to the studio and returned with Dick's fan mail—as many as eight hundred and fifty-six letters in one day. From then on, it's no use.

ELLIS sorts the mail aloud, reads it aloud and endorses fan clubs on the side. Also aloud. All the tables, chairs, sofas, floors, roofs, etc. are covered with letters waiting to be sorted. The intelligent ones are stacked in one pile. The I-want-a-picture ones in another. The I'm-wild-about-you ones in another.

There's no place left to sit or go, without walking over a couple of hundred I'm-wild-about-you letters. So you may decide to take a good hot, hot bath. But be careful. It's usually about now the persistent insurance agent returns and comes in through the cellar window, which leads into the hall off the bath. That makes it cozy for everyone.

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beauty secret.
Enjoy this gum
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Charlotte Henry, Paramount Featured Player,
Endeared to the Public in Alice in Wonderland



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For *oily skins*: follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Tightener.

Mildly antiseptic, Ambrosia Tightener reduces large pores, normalizes oiliness, refreshes and stimulates.

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Ask for Ambrosia products at any drug or department store. 75¢. Or in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Ambrosia preparations were tested by famous New York skin specialists on women of all skin-types. Write for free report of doctor's examinations and full directions for use. Address Hinze Ambrosia, Dept. P, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



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I enclose 50¢ for a trial box of five PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

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

The noise and the confusion of Ellis throwing him out the way he came in will, more than likely, jar the key to Pittsburgh from its nail on the wall and, unless you're a quick dodger, will lay you flatter than a pancake. Which is just the moment a boy brings another message from Little Rock, this time from the mayor, requesting Dick to lead the Elk's parade and twirl a red, white and blue umbrella in one hand and play the clarinet with the other.

The comic part of it is, if he isn't working, Dick will lead the Elk's parade, twirling and tooting like mad. And try to make Dick understand that on that day the Richard Arlens are giving a very swanky party, and you, his little wife, have a new gown, and he and you are expected. No difference. Little Rock is calling, and Little Rock shall be answered to its own satisfaction.

YOU see, you'd have to know that human, earthly, real, honest-to-goodness quality about Dick that may be a little difficult to understand.

The humanness, the genuineness, the simple, unaffectedness of the boy that hits you like a blow when you really know him. You will be humble. He's a boy who's in Hollywood, but not of it. *Not of it*, remember. That's important.

But, to go on. You'd no more than have a swanky shindig started, when Dick would come traipsing in with four or five mechanics from the studio. In the front way. "Going to stay for supper," Dick would grin. And they'd stay. And how would you like that?

He's just as likely to take his regular evening voice lesson with a room full of bridge players. What does Dick care?

Of course, it goes without saying, the phone will ring all day, with Ellis in a perfect state, trying to keep the calls of those who want to see Dick because they knew him when he was eight, separated from those who knew him when he was ten, and those who just knew him when. And the twenty-seven girls who call every day and don't know him, but would like to. Sometime during this, a wide-eyed blonde will ring the front bell, if she can crowd out a dozen solicitors. The blonde will say she is a Dick Powell admirer, tee hee, and would he buy her home-made candy, tee hee, at only two dollars a pound, and a couple of more tee hees.

Invitations to dinners and parties would probably break your heart wide open because they come from the biggest stars. But Dick would be working!

When Dick is working, the King of England could summon him and Dick wouldn't go. Or talk about it, either.

AT six, he barges home from the studio, looks over his mail and telephone slips, autographs pictures, and promptly at six-thirty eats an enormous dinner. It would only be a waste of your time trying to have cocktails first, or trying to serve dinner at the fashionable hour of eight. Dick eats at six-thirty, see? Like everybody else in Little Rock. And oh, yes, how are you on pickled walnuts? Ellis, who is English, my dears, insists on the pickled walnuts, so I wouldn't say too much about them. In fact, I'd eat them and gag in silence.

Dick telephones his dad and mother in Little Rock after dinner, and he is off to bed at nine-thirty, taking along a few movie magazines. Maybe peace and quiet will reign a little while.

If Dick has to go back to the studio for night work, you might as well give up and go for a walk. Because at midnight he'll return, probably with half the mechanics on the lot

accompanying him. And such a frying of eggs and warming of gravy you never heard.

The afternoons Dick isn't working, he'll head for the polo field behind the studio and, astride one of two ponies he recently bought, he'll play like mad until three o'clock. Then, he'll race for a "sandwich," which, to him, consists of slices of cold ham, salad, vegetables, milk and dessert. It's always a "sandwich" to Dick.

By the way, don't count on Dick getting you into pictures. That is, if you aren't already in. Because if you're in, you'll get out. He isn't going to have his wife working in pictures, he says. All right, laugh. You can't high pressure Dick. Executives have tried that, and know differently. He's not easy, sweetly sentimental, wishy-washy, that boy.

That definite something Dick puts over on the screen is a real part of him. It's evidenced in his strong, enormous hands. The set of his jaw when the smile has vanished. The glint of his eye when the twinkle has faded.

DICK will be boss. And you'll like it. Along with Arkansas sorghum.

We watched Dick and Mary Brian at a Hollywood movie the other night. All the center seats were taken.

"So sorry, Mr. Powell," the usher fawned, "but I'm sure I can get you center seats in a minute."

"What the matter with those unoccupied seats on the side?" Dick asked.

"Oh, they wouldn't be good," Mary said. "We'll wait for center seats."

"We'll take those on the side. They're good enough for other people," Dick said. They sat on the side.

And imagine your distress if you were hoity-toity in the drawing-room, with some other hoity-toityers, and the telephone man came to repair the phone. He wouldn't get to fix it. Dick would have out his pliers, his screwdrivers, his monkey-wrenches, his overalls on, and not only fix the phone, but give a lesson in telephone repairing that would be a classic. To top it off, he would ruin you utterly by announcing with a grin, "I used to be the best telephone repair man in Little Rock, Arkansas."

Could you take it girls? Could you? Oh yes, and about funny looking mutt dogs with big heads and no tails worth speaking of. How are you on those? Dick has a habit of gathering up all the odd-looking stray purps in the neighborhood. Let the fleas leap where they may.

THEN, just about the time you decide to have a nice quiet day, Ellis will decide to take inventory, as he calls it. Dick's ties, socks, suits and whatnots will be strewn over practically all of Toluca Lake while Ellis takes inventory. And try to stop him.

Another thing about Dick: "I want to get away," he says. "Out of town. Out on a ranch somewhere. And build myself a regular ranch home with a kitchen eighteen by thirty feet, with a dining-table right in the middle, so I can make pancakes and flip 'em over to the table. Or really cook and serve a meal right there. And no going to town every day or every week. I'd live at that ranch. And when work didn't call, I'd stay there."

And sister, if you were married to Dick Powell, so would you. And no going to town, remember.

So how about it? You know now at least a little of what life with Dick Powell would be like.

Do you think you could take it? Yea, so could I. A lifetime of it.

A Broken Heart In Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

by the roadside and Julia knew—at last—she was in California, that the full realization of what she had done came over her. There would be no one to greet her when she arrived in Los Angeles.

No one to clasp her hand and say, "Welcome, Julia." No one to cheer her up if she were disheartened.

When the bus finally arrived, she watched her traveling companions being greeted by friends.

Julia quickly stole across the street to a small hotel.

She was in Los Angeles, she kept whispering to herself, and soon would be in her dream city—Hollywood. And in just a few days would be a part of that fascinating world of motion pictures. There was no doubt of that in her heart.

NEXT morning, a street car bearing the sign **HOLLYWOOD. BOULEVARD** caught her eye and, with her heart beating wildly, she climbed aboard. She knew, by her careful reading of magazines, that both Columbia and RKO-Radio studios were on Gower Street in Hollywood. So, some thirty minutes later, she alighted at Gower Street and began her walk to the studios.

For more than a mile she trudged. Past Columbia with its forbidding sign of **NO CASTING TODAY**, past the rickety little row of independent studios glimpsed along Sunset Boulevard. The blocks stretched out in an endless glare of pavement in the morning sunshine.

At last she reached another studio, and pausing to powder her nose and pull out a hidden curl beneath her hat, she entered the casting office of RKO.

"Nothing doing," the assistant said, looking through and beyond her without even seeing her.

"Could you arrange an interview for me with the casting director?" she begged.

"Come back in a few days," she was told.

She began the long walk back, her spirits a bit dampened. At Sunset Boulevard she decided to take a bus back to the city. Just as she was about to step aboard one, a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Just a minute," said a voice.

JULIA whirled and confronted a middle-aged man.

"Interested in pictures?" he asked.

"Y-yes, why yes," Julia answered.

"Guessed right, didn't I?" he grinned.

"Well, you look like a bet to me, sister. Come on, got a job for you. I'm over here with the — production company," and he named a company of which Julia had never heard.

Reluctant and yet fearful of missing even a small opportunity, she followed him through a dingy office, across a cluttered movie lot to an outer office. He wrote down her name and address and spoke of parts and salary and promised to call her.

"Ever see a prop room?" he asked on the way back across the lot. "Come on, I'll show you one."

"Oh, I've read a lot about prop rooms," Julia said, convinced now that everything was

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all right, as she followed him into a dingy room full of dusty objects. Suddenly the man turned and put his arms about her. She struggled in his grasp and finally succeeded in freeing herself. Through blinding tears she found her way back to the street and boarded a bus for her hotel room.

Her first day in Hollywood was over.

Days of tramping the rounds of the studios followed, with the same results. Her feet, with the long weary walks and the heat of the pavements, began to swell. It was necessary for her to buy new shoes. And then a blister developed which made walking a nightmare—yet she had to keep on. Didn't dare stay home a day with her money dwindling like snow in the sun.

"You don't look classy enough," a girl whom she'd met in a casting office frankly told her. "Get yourself some Hollywood clothes."

DREADING to spend the money and yet afraid not to, Julia bought two new dresses and a new hat. Her stockings ran and tore in her endless walking. Once again she had to buy larger shoes. The blister was a nagging inferno, while lines of suffering, disappointment and loneliness were etched on her face. A face that had once had all the sweet freshness of a girl of nineteen.

Julia began to see she'd have to move to Hollywood in order to save time and money. The street-care fare each day would easily pay for her lunch. So, starting at one end of the boulevard, she visited every house and apartment that had a FOR RENT sign, and finally found a moderately priced room at a small hotel.

Days of the weary rounds followed, with the ever-rising fear in her heart to be stifled constantly as her money rapidly dwindled. Twice she'd written home for money, which had been sent with such willingness that she, knowing the unhappiness she must be causing her family, couldn't bring herself to ask for more.

Once, when she inquired for the casting office at one of the smaller, shabbier studios, a kindly gray-haired man had taken her by the arm and led her into his office. "Look here, young lady," he warned her, "don't you come around these places with that innocent face asking for casting offices. I'm amazed that you could lay yourself open to the vultures that prowl about these places. Now go. And don't ever come back."

Julia thanked him and fled.

She tried the famous Central Casting Offices of Hollywood and they refused even to give her an application blank.

"Please, please," she begged them.

"We can't take another application," they told her. "We have more people now than we'll ever need." And another door was closed to her.

TURNING from the casting office of Warners First National in Burbank, she came face to face with a young man who smiled at her kindly.

"Could you tell me if they have a music department here?" she asked him.

"Not open for casting," he told her. "Do you play or sing?"

"I sing," she said.

"Let me hear you."

Climbing into his yellow roadster parked across from the studio, Julia sang "The Man I Love." People drove by and, catching a note of music, would glance back and shrug, and drive on, unaware that a frightened young girl was singing her heart out.

"You sing well," he told her when she had finished. "I'm ——." He was a popular orchestra leader. "Here, take my card and these addresses. They may help you. You may even say you have sung with my orchestra."

She tried seeing the people he had suggested, but even his name failed to open doors to her.

Doors kept slamming in her face. Secretaries refused to let her by. There were too many well-known singers in Hollywood to bother with an amateur, they told her.

Frankie Bailey, famous old-time actress, stopping at the same hotel, took a kindly interest in her.

"If Central Casting Office and studio casting directors won't have you, why not try an agent?" she suggested, and gave her an agent's name and address.

He wasn't interested. He had too many promising clients to look after. She was unable to secure an agent in the entire town who was willing to gamble his time and efforts on her. Another door was firmly closed upon her.

And then a newspaper advertisement caught her eye. Girls wanted to sing in a chorus. Julia went immediately to the address and was met by a sleepy-eyed young man. "Sure, we need singers," he said. "I'll take you out to the director's house. Get in my car. Only, you buy the gas, sister," he warned her, "and —er—pay the expenses." The expenses, she discovered, consisted of *buying his lunch and advancing him money for his dinner*. This had to be paid before he consented to take her to the director.

"It'll cost you two dollars to enroll," they told her, "but you'll get it back when you start to work."

With trembling fingers she handed over the two dollars.

"I will get it back, won't I?" she asked them, unable to control the quivering of her chin. "You see, I need it so badly."

They promised. She never heard from them, of course. She returned to the address time and again, but found the place locked and deserted.

JULIA GRAHAM had been in Hollywood exactly five weeks, when she found herself down to her last fifty cents. Desperately, she tried to find work of any kind. In drug-stores, cafés, shops, everywhere.

She begged and pleaded for a chance to wash dishes, do anything. Nothing open, she was told.

There were too many girls like Julia Graham after every little crumb of work that was available.

Trudging back to her room, her last hope gone, Julia, sheltered little girl from the little town down South, felt then the full meaning of the cruel, repellent coldness of the city; there was even a chill foreboding in the warmth of the sunshine. People in bright sports clothes went gaily by. The gay flowers on every corner mocked her. The voices of little children at play on the green lawns of the bright stucco houses sent tiny quivers of pain through her.

Almost blindly she wandered into a drug-store and ordered a drink. Two men eyed her from the other end of the counter. At last one arose and, walking over to her, said, "I don't want to seem rude, but my friend and I have been having an argument about you. Will you help us?"

With weary eyes, Julia just looked at him. "He says you're seventeen and I say eighteen. Now, which is right?"

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



Eagle Brand

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

"I'm nineteen," she told him in a dull, tired voice.
"Looking for a job?"
She merely nodded.
"Well say, that's fine. I need a cashier for my café. Come around tonight and see how you like the place."
He handed her his card.

SHE found the place that night. A gay spot with music and dancing. Her acquaintance of the afternoon came up to greet her. An orchestra was strumming out familiar melodies.

"Disappointed in my singer," said the acquaintance. "She didn't show up. By any chance, do you sing?"

A tiny ray of hope stirred in Julia's heart.
"I—why, a little," she said. "But right now—"

Before she scarcely knew what was happening, she was standing in the middle of a dance floor. It all seemed like some strange, fantastic dream. Strange faces were peering at her. Strange eyes looking through her. With an effort she fought back wild sobs. The orchestra was playing the prelude again. She caught the melody and began. The number was "You Ought To Be In Pictures." She sang it through to the end and as the applause died down, the manager approached her.

"That was swell, baby. You were great."
"Do I get the job as cashier?" she asked him.

"Sure thing, honey. And er—the cottage just behind my office goes with it, too."

"Do I—must I live in the cottage?" she asked.

He looked at her a full minute.
"Yes," he said, "you live there."

"Could I—I mean, would you advance me two dollars, please?" she asked him.

HE hesitated a moment. "I need some things," she explained.

"Okay. Here's the two dollars. See you tomorrow night."

She left the place and caught a bus to the boulevard. She was quite calm now. The fear was gone. The pain in her heart was stilled. She knew what she was going to do now.

She stopped at the nearest drug-store and bought a box of sleeping tablets and a bottle of liquid sleeping potion. She walked down Hollywood Boulevard with the packages clutched in her hand. The lights twinkled and gleamed. Gary Cooper drove by in his car. She didn't care. She knew only one thing.

Alone in her room she wrote her mother.
"Goodbye, darling. I hate to do this, but I hate life and I want to end it. I can't come home now and face you and my friends again. You understand, mother dear. Goodbye, Julia."

She undressed, turned out the lights, and hung on the outside of her door the sign DO NOT DISTURB.

They found her next afternoon at four o'clock.

The ambulance clanged and sirens shrieked, bearing her unconscious form to the nearest hospital.

"She hasn't a chance," the doctors said. But they kept right on working.

From Wednesday until Sunday she lay unconscious.

On Sunday evening, she opened her eyes. Some friends who knew her back in her home town had read of Julia's tragedy in the papers and were there beside her.

"Julia," they cried out to her, "get well



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

(Print name and address plainly)



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FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk MC-55, St. Louis, Missouri!

NR TO-NIGHT
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50¢ for the famous dollar bottle

Now that DeWans costs no more than ordinary hair removers, women can enjoy the mildness... the skin-kindness... the pleasantness of a facial depilatory... on their arms, underarms and legs. At all drug and department stores... 50c.

DE WANS
Special Facial
HAIR REMOVER



Please do." And they held up a letter for her to see.

"Read it," she whispered.

It was from Earl Carroll, the famous theatrical producer making a picture in Hollywood.

"Get well, Julia," he wrote. "If you are so anxious for this kind of work, you shall have it. See me as soon as you are better."

The next day he came to see her.

Today Julia is an extra on the Paramount

lot, and, what's more, she is signed for stock. But what a terrible price to pay for a job, only Julia can tell. Day after day she sits patiently on the Gracie Allen set, calm and quiet, with a look in her eyes that will never be erased.

And Julia doesn't complain at the weary waits and long hours.

You see, Julia knows what it means to have a job—in Hollywood.

Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

not entirely discouraged. Suddenly, they got an idea that there was a marked resemblance between the Emperor and Ernst Lubitsch, and bigger and better conferences were called.

Everybody agreed that Lubitsch would make a perfect Napoleon, and the meetings became almost merry.

A letter was drafted to Lubitsch, a contract was drawn up, and everyone congratulated everyone else, when a wee, small voice in the back of the room asked a question that stunned the gathering.

"What director in Hollywood could you get to direct Lubitsch, and what director in Hollywood could you get from whom Lubitsch would take direction?"

SCORE two for Napoleon, who never in his long career, with the exception of Waterloo, took an order from anyone.

Then the name of Charlie Chaplin entered the collective Warner consciousness. It is an open secret that the Little Emperor of Comedy has always wanted to play the Little Emperor of the World.

"Hooray!" everybody shouted. "Chaplin's just the person to play it. We'll get him."

And they did—in conference.

Certainly Chaplin wanted to play Napoleon. He had always wanted to. Now was as good a time as any.

He was permeated with the Napoleonic traditions and characteristics, and nothing—not even his own previous plans—could stand in the way of Art.

But—the terms?

A sudden tenseness gripped the conference room—and Charlie named his terms. Warners fell in a dead faint, and Art tiptoed softly out of the room, sighing dollar-ously.

The studio finally came to, and is now trying to figure out whether it would be profitable in the long run, what with the high value of publicity, to pay Chaplin what he asked and lose money on the picture, but gain a great deal in prestige. The final decision is still being bandied back and forth.

In the meantime, Richard Barthelmess is prowling disconsolately around his own home lot, biting his finger-nails and "completely burned up," according to a friend, because he has been utterly overlooked in the mad scramble for a celluloid Napoleon. Barthelmess has always ached and plotted and prayed to play this rôle.

Poor Napoleon! Biting his nails in forgotten exile!

We shall now proceed to the Joséphines. There are only two, Napoleon having taken up so much of the atmosphere.

Gloria Swanson was asked to play the rôle of Joséphine, but she refused on the grounds that the part was too small. Perhaps Miss Swanson is ignorant of the fact that only

recently a great deal more information has been unearthed about Joséphine. The First Empress of the French people has always been pictured to the world as more of a saint and a martyr than a woman, the fault of her grandson, Napoleon III, who adored her and wished the world to worship her memory.

Joséphine was really a most colorful, vivid and electric personality, unbelievably extravagant and sentimental. She spent thousands for gowns that she never wore; millions for jewels that she mislaid, and an incalculable amount on her park at Malmaison, which she cluttered up with priceless works of art and animals of all kinds, including dogs, kangaroos, deer, gazelles, a chamois, monkeys, sheep, and birds of all kinds. Moreover, she was a most remarkable and intriguing person.

Kay Francis is the other woman who was approached with the part. She also refused it.

Emil Ludwig was brought out here at great expense to write the story for the screen. He worked furiously, and turned out a script that was undoubtedly a literary masterpiece but was just a case of indigestion to the screen, accustomed as it is, to plain fare.

In a fine Ludwiggian huff he departed our shores, completing the general bewilderment.

And Hollywood is remembering Napoleon's classic remark:

"Rousseau made the Revolution. The Revolution made me. It might have been better for the world if neither of us had been born." The Warners may be inclined to agree.

Napoleon has cost Hollywood plenty, in money, shattered nerves, disappointments and heartaches. His career in Europe cost more than two millions of lives, and it cost Great Britain about four billion dollars to remove him to Elba. It cost that country millions more, "besides a hideous shock to the nervous system of nations," as Lord Rosebery says, to return him to France.

JUST what his activities cost Europe as a whole will probably never be calculated, but it was an enormous sum.

Warner Brothers' studio is curiously dumb (and numb) about its future plans for Napoleon.

The Little Emperor, so far, has licked them in every skirmish.

The latest word to come from the fortress is that the film has been "indefinitely" shelved. But, apparently, none of the candidates for the rôles has been informed of this fact.

Robinson is still reading and waiting, nobody having the courage to enlighten him; Barthelmess is still waiting and hoping; Chaplin is still waiting. And Lubitsch is still blissfully unconscious of the whole affair.

Ah, Napoleon! Hollywood has its Waterloo, too.

VOTE NOW

For The Best Picture Of 1933

PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal balloting is on! The votes are coming thick and fast. If you have not already sent yours, do it without further delay.

We want every member of the great motion picture public to take part in selecting the production to be added to the PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll this year.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st is eligible. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are qualified.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of the players, the story, the photography, the direction and the spirit behind the making of the film.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award is the highest honor in the movie world—the Nobel prize of the

Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of movie-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable screen dramas.

We believe that PHOTOPLAY readers have come to deem voting for the best picture of the year a special privilege, a sort of duty. But don't misunderstand. It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of the magazine. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below, or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all many pleasant hours.

Counting of the votes is a tremendous task, and we should appreciate having all coupons as soon as possible. So that you will not miss out on the chance to voice your opinion, send your ballot right now.

The polls close June 1st, 1934.

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

Adorable
Another Language
Berkeley Square
Blonde Bombshell, The
Bowery, The
Cavalcade
College Humor
Counsellor-at-Law
Dancing Lady
Dinner at Eight
Double Harness
Farewell to Arms, A
Footlight Parade
42nd Street
Gabriel Over the White House
Gold Diggers of 1933

Hold Your Man
I'm No Angel
King Kong
Lady for a Day
Little Women
Mama Loves Papa
Masquerader, The
Morning Glory, The
Night Flight
One Man's Journey
Only Yesterday
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Peg o' My Heart
Picture Snatcher
Pilgrimage
Power and the Glory, The
Private Life of Henry VIII, The

Prizefighter and the Lady, The
Reunion in Vienna
Roman Scandals
She Done Him Wrong
Sign of the Cross
State Fair
Sweepings
This Day and Age
Today We Live
Too Much Harmony
Topaze
Tugboat Annie
Turn Back the Clock
Voltaire
When Ladies Meet
White Sister, The
Zoo in Budapest

The UNKISSSED WIFE



Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly . . .

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes part of your lips, not a coating.

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Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Cheek Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

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City _____ State _____

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Ballot

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE _____

Name _____

Address _____

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To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 249 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Her Face Was Her Misfortune

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

myself and see if I had anything at all besides a face.

"It will probably keep me from getting a swelled head as long as I live."

At that time Edward Everett Horton was starring in some plays in Los Angeles with Florence Eldridge, Mrs. Fredric March. Mary took a part in "Among the Married." She'll never forget it.

"I COULDN'T believe my ears when I heard Eddie and Florence telling me, right to my face, that I was an impossibly bad actress. They spared no feelings but proceeded to light right in.

"They even convinced me that I was a *rotten* actress!

"I was 'too beautiful,' they said, conscious of it, and too untutored in stagecraft for words.

"Eddie set about to remedy that.

"He is a master at reading lines. I learned more in those six weeks than I had in eight years in pictures. Of course, neither Eddie nor I could do much about being 'too beautiful,' but I did manage to concentrate on something else.

"For the first time in my life, instead of

'Mary Astor makes a beautiful heroine,' I read in the reviews, 'Mary Astor handles her part well.' What a difference—and what a thrill!"

But coming back wasn't an easy matter of simply learning to read lines.

Tragedy saw to that.

During the last week of her stage play, Kenneth Hawks, Mary's director-husband, whom she had married late in her silent movie career, was killed in an airplane crash while filming a picture.

Mary collapsed with a nervous breakdown.

Her confidence, badly weakened by her professional disaster, and built up again slightly by her stage experience, was annihilated. Some weeks later, she tried to stage a comeback in two pictures. She finished the parts but her condition was such that her performances hurt her rather than helped her to come back.

MONTHS passed again, months of idleness and bewilderment, before Mary Astor had her first chance for a blow at the beauty jinx.

It came in "Holiday," in which, as the misunderstanding *Julia*, she played her first part not based on her pretty face, the first



A movie bright light looks over some other luminaries. George Raft watched the unloading of huge studio lights while on location in the San Fernando Valley, during the filming of "The Trumpet Blows"

part in her life requiring more than mere beauty.

Edward Everett Horton suggested her for the part.

"Too beautiful," demurred the executives. "This girl has to do something."

Eddie finally persuaded them that Mary Astor could "do something."

But "Holiday," great and popular picture that it was, was the first big screen moment for Ann Harding, and Mary Astor, doing her first bit of real acting, was lost in the shuffle of Harding raves.

So for more months she just managed to keep on the screen, cast here and there in random parts, mostly small parts. No one wanted to take her seriously, she was too notoriously beautiful.

Not too beautiful, however, for Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, the Hollywood physician who married her, and remains her husband and the father of Mary's little daughter, Marylyn Thorpe.

MARY ASTOR scoffs at the idea that tragedy, marriage and motherhood have helped make her an actress.

"It's a lot of nonsense," she thinks. "I've just grown up, that's all."

For what is "growing up," but maturing? And maturity comes from encountering just the sort of vital things which life presents. Mary Astor is only twenty-eight today (really twenty-eight).

At any rate, her comeback since the baby has revealed a very different person with very different and enlarged capabilities.

The joy of her success has been dimmed by the non-support suit filed by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke.

Mary, who has maintained that she supported her parents ever since she entered motion pictures, and will continue to do so, maintains that up to three years ago she had earned approximately \$500,000. This sum is alleged to have been swept away by her father's "wild-cat investments" and by both her mother's and father's extravagant mode of living. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke live in a \$200,000 mansion at Hollywood.

The mansion, according to Mary, cost ten times as much as the Toluca Lake house in which she and Dr. Thorpe reside with their twenty-two-months-old daughter.

However, the suit did not halt Mary Astor in combatting her "beauty" label.

SINCE her rôle in "Red Dust," when she forgot about being a beauty to play a silly, romance-crazed woman, up to "The World Changes" (the tests for which won her her Warners' comeback contract), where she definitely disguised the flawless features to play the insane wife, she has done everything to discourage a purely beauty appeal. And she has cast her lot with her new-found, newly developed dramatic talent.

It's a versatile talent, too, as her comedy hit in "Convention City" and her portrayal of the light-headed sophisticate in "Easy to Love" have proved beyond a doubt.

Mary Astor is still beautiful. Perhaps she is even more beautiful than she ever was. But it isn't the same kind of bare, empty, immobile beauty, which has "jinxed" her for all these years.

It's a new beauty, dimensioned by the depth of life, experience, discouragement and a long struggle back.

A beauty highlighted with ambition and finished talent.

And that kind of beauty is never "too beautiful" for Hollywood to take.

What an amazing difference Maybelline does make!

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the picture at right?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely



non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes . . . Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.

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Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage coarse re-growth. Does not irritate or harden the skin. Most economical.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name.....
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If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me introductory package of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl () Carmine () Coral.
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Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

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The Fan Club Corner

SO many letters have been pouring in upon the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, asking for information about organizing clubs eligible to membership in the Association, that this explanation of the various types of clubs is given:

The two most popular types of fan clubs belonging to the Association are: (1) Clubs organized to sponsor a particular star, and (2) Clubs which do not sponsor individual stars but embrace all of them in general, their work in films, the kind of films being shown in theaters, and the movie industry in general.

The first type of club is organized by persons particularly interested in the work and ambition of one favorite star. Personal permission from the star must be obtained by the organizers of such a club before it is started. Many such clubs are already organized and are members of the Association.

The second type of club is much easier organized. It may be directed along lines embracing all movie matters in general. It offers many topics for discussion and is the ideal type of club where it is possible to hold regular get-together sessions. Many such organizations are limited to local memberships, others welcome corresponding members from other parts of the country.

Both of the above types of clubs are eligible to membership in the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. Further information regarding joining or organizing a club can be obtained by writing the Association's office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THERE are now five branches of the "James M. Fidler Fan Club." They are located in Chicago, Denver, Omaha, Vineland, N. J., and Springfield, Mo. Mr. Fidler, honorary president, says in a letter to the Association: "I wish I might tell you of the enthusiasm and loyalty of the hundreds of members. One year ago, I was of the opinion that the world was filled with rather selfish human beings. The loyalty, faith and good fellowship of the fans have brought me a new vision of humanity."

The Barbara Stanwyck Buddies of Chicago, recently celebrated the second anniversary of their club with a tea. A good turn-out can always be counted upon from members of this wide-awake club. Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, is president.

Jacqueline Lee, 53 Park Boulevard, Malverne, N. Y., president of the Buddy Rogers Club, sent in a copy of the new, improved club news bulletin, "The Rogers Review." It is fine! Congratulations.

James J. Earle, president of The Screen Guild Club, writes that their membership is growing rapidly since joining the Association. All interested fans are invited to write him at 104 W. River, Elyria, Ohio.

Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, president of the Norma Shearer Club, writes that the next number of their club news will be dedicated to an honorary member of their club, Dolores Del Rio.

Helen Moltz, Route 3, Sheboygan, Wis., announces that the Joel McCrea Fan Club, of which she is president, has two new honorary members. They are Ruth Etting and Charley Agnew.

Lew Ayres fans are invited to write to Miss Helen Raether, 311 S. Mingo Street,

Albion, Mich., for more information on this club.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes that his club is planning a new, up-to-the-minute list of members, and wants interested fans to communicate with him at 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

MANY clubs have made inquiries about the National Convention of Fan Clubs to be held in Chicago again this year. Here is good news for all those club members who have been anxiously awaiting the event. The 1934 convention, sponsored by the Movie Club Guild, an organization composed of Chicago members of nine different fan clubs, members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, will be held August 11-12-13. Since the Century of Progress for 1934 will be another attraction in Chicago at that time for fan club members, a great turn-out is expected.

Miss Lenore Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian St., Chicago, president of the Billie Dove Fan Club, is secretary of the Guild, in charge. Club executives may write her for further information. More details regarding this convention will also appear in our "Fan Club Corner." The Guild has recently brought out the first issue of their new club bulletin. It is called "The Audience." It is attractively illustrated with photographs of various stars sponsored and club officers and members.



Helen Moltz, Sheboygan, Wis., president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, meets McCrea on the lot in Hollywood

Anna Glance, president of the Jackie Cooper Fan Club, 7953 Merrill Ave., Chicago, advises that their club now has a western representative. The new official is Budd Bankson, 3414 Milton, Spokane, Wash. Those interested in the Jackie Cooper Club are invited to write either Miss Glance or Mr. Bankson.

Blanche Inscho, 214 Clinton Street, Findlay, Ohio, is president of the Elissa Landi Fan Club. Write her for information about this club.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blanc, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (April)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullivan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Vélez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Blackbeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Bilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHOULD LADIES BELIEVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating earthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover, Alan Dinehart. Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—acc comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

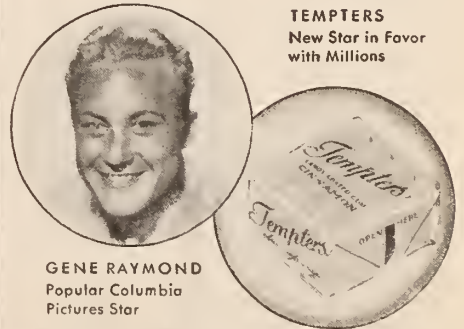
SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure drift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)



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SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just doesn't click. (May)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle orientant an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of fending ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. Zasu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)



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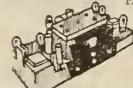
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WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Maugerite De La Motte causes prizefighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

A MODERN HERO—Warners

THIS slow-moving tale takes Richard Barthelmess from the circus to high finance. With exception of Jean Muir, mother of his son, William Janney, the women in his life all serve merely as stepping stones to success. Acting is quite awkward and jerky in spots. But, as Dick's circus-performer mother, Marjorie Rambeau is perfect.

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.

ELIZABETH BERGNER, star of the current "Catherine the Great," is presented in an intriguing, romantic, though not very pretentious film. Foreign made, but with English dialogue. As the innocent Russian girl fascinated, while studying in Paris, by the worldly-wise Percy Marmont, Elizabeth does a superb acting job. Photography fair.

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia

TIM McCOY is just too heroic and the bad men are the worst old meanies, in this melodramatic telephone-construction story. The independent company battles to survive against the big-shot chisellers. Thrills, suspense, chases and a fight in a cable-car over a chasm. Then, for good measure, the company president's pretty daughter is kidnapped!

CITY LIMITS—Monogram

THIS little picture is highly entertaining even if the story is about the newshound (Ray Walker) who gets the inevitable scoop through a scrap between two big tape and traction men for control of a railroad. Frank Craven, James Burke and James Conlin as a trio of tramps are amusing. Sally Blane.

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield

IT'S a sad story, mates. Johnny Mack Brown, tilted by Claire Windsor, goes down and down until the soul within him dies at the bottom of a bottle. He sacrifices his chance to become

a famous surgeon in a post-mortem blaze of drama, and then the final tragedy overtakes him. Anita Louise fine; everything else fine five years ago.

NO RANSOM—Liberty

ROBERT McWADE is a discouraged millionaire whose family doesn't appreciate him. So he pays gangster Jack LaRue to bump him off. But Jack reforms the family instead by kidnapping the old gent and letting the family worry a while. Leila Hyams is the daughter, Hedda Hopper the mother. Carl Miller, Phillips Holmes, Vince Barnett, Eddie Nugent, Christian Rub.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram

A GAILY amusing light comedy, hindered somewhat by the antiquated plot of a wealthy girl (Dixie Lee) losing all her money and falling in love with her chauffeur (Robert Armstrong). Lively dialogue. A good cast includes Franklin Pangborn, Nydia Westman, Helen Flint, and Cecile Cunningham.

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.

THE story of a girl (Greta Nissen) who agrees to marry for one year and then step out of her husband's (Weldon Heyburn) life for another woman. Dialogue and direction are so faulty as to cause merriment where none is intended. The entire cast, which includes James Kirkwood and Molly O'Day, fight gamely to make up for the film's grave faults.

THE QUITTER—Chesterfield

PRETTY dull entertainment in this story of the Tilford family, publishers of a small-town newspaper. The film wends its way placidly on to conclusion—nothing gained, nothing lost. Title applies to the father (Charley Grapewin) afflicted with wanderlust. Mother Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell carry bravely on through the years.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Aldington. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Lenore Coffee. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Tony, Hugh Williams; Katha, Helen Twelvetrees; Margaret, Mona Barrie; Noggins, Herbert Mundin; Clarendon, Halliwell Hobbes; Filomena, Rafaela Ottiano; Annie, Una O'Connor; Walter, Walter Byron; Scropes, Henry Stephenson; Sir Charles, David Torrence; Allerton, Matt Moore; Mama, Mathilde Comont.

"ARIANE"—PATHE-CINEMA PROD.—From the novel by Claude Anet. Directed by Dr. Paul Czinner. The cast: Ariane, Elizabeth Bergner; Anthony, Percy Marmont; Ariane's Aunt, Edna Vaughan; Olga, Ilsa Matheson; The Baroness, Diana Ross; The Doctor, Warwick Ward.

"BORN TO BE BAD"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Ralph Graves. Continuity by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: Lety Strong, Loretta Young; Malcolm Trevor, Cary Grant; Mickey, Jackie Keli; Fuzzy, Henry Travers; Max Leiber, Andrew Tombes; Doctor Dropsy, Howard Lang; Adolph, Harry Green; Alyce Trevor, Marion Burns; Lawyer, Paul Harvey; Butler, Charles Coleman; Truant Officer, Matt Briggs; Miss Crawford, Geneva Mitchell; Steve Karns, Russell Hopton.

"CITY LIMITS"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by George Wagner. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: J. B. Matthews, Frank Craven; Helen Mathews, Sally Blane; Jimmy Dugan, Ray Walker; Oliver, Claude Gillingwater; King, James Burke; Nap, James Conlin; Aunt Martha, Jane Keckley; Macy, Henry Roquemore; Dr. Stafford, Harry Bradley; Carter, George Hayes; Graflex, George Cleveland; Jones, George Nash; Mrs. Benton, Fern Emmett.

"CROSS STREETS"—CHESTERFIELD.—Screen play by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The cast: Anne Clement, Claire Windsor; Adam Blythe, Johnny Mack Brown; Clare Grattan, Anita Louise; Mori Talbot, Kenneth Thomson; Ken Barclay, Matty Kemp; Dean Todd, Josef Swickard; Jerry Grattan, Niles Welch.

"FINISHING SCHOOL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by David Hempstead. Screen play by Wanda Tuchock and Laird Doyle. Directed by Wanda Tuchock and George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: Virginia, Frances Dee; Mrs. Radcliff, Billie Burke; Pony, Ginger Rogers; MacFarland, Bruce Cabot; Mr. Radcliff, John Halliday; Miss Van Alstyne, Beulah Bondi; Miss Fisher, Sarah Haden; Ruth, Marjorie Lytell; Madeline, Adalyn Doyle; Billie, Dawn O'Day.

"GLAMOUR"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Edna Ferber. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Victor Banki, Paul Lukas; Linda Fayne, Constance Cummings; Lorenzo Vaenti, Phillip Reed; Ibsen, Joseph Cawthorn; Nana, Doris Lloyd; Stenie, David Dickinson; Amy, Peggy Campbell; Dobbs, Olaf Hytten; Secretary, Alice Lake; Grassie, Lita Chevret; Forsyth, Lyman Williams; Jimmy, Phil Tied; Monsieur Paul, Luis Alberni; Renee, Yola D'Avril; Miss Lang, Grace Hale; Pritchard, Wilson Bengie; Millie, Louise Beavers; Landlady, Jessie McAllister.

"HIRED WIFE"—PINNACLE PROD.—Directed by George Melford. The cast: Vivian Mathews, Greta Nissen; Kent Johns, Weldon Heyburn; Philip Marlowe, James Kirkwood; Pat Sullivan, Molly O'Day; "Dovie" Jansen, Jane Winton; Mrs. Jansen, Blanche Taylor; Aunt Mancha, Carolyn Gates; Celesti, Evelyn Bennett.

"HOLD THAT GIRL"—FOX.—From the screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Barney Sullivan, James Dunn; Tony Bellamy, Claire Trevor; Tom Mallory, Alan Edwards; Dorothy Lamont, Gertrude Michael; Acrobyd, John Davidson; McCloy, Robert McWade; Grandmother, Effie Ellsler; Warren, Jay Ward.

"HOLLYWOOD PARTY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Howard Dietz and Arthur Kober. Produced under personal supervision of Harry Rapf and Howard Dietz. The cast: Laurel and Hardy, Laurel and Hardy; Jimmy, Jimmy Durante; Harvey Clomp, Charles Butterworth; Henrietta, Polly Moran; Lupe, Lupe Velez; Francis Williams, Frances Williams; Baron Munchausen, Jack Pearl; Bob, Eddie Quillan; Linda, June Clyde; Duke, George Givot; Knapp, Richard Carle; Charley, Ben Bard; Beavers, Tom Kennedy; Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mouse; and Ted Kennedy and his Stooges.

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lincoln Quarberg and Lt. Comm. Frank Wead. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Brown, Lee Tracy; Jane, Gloria Stuart; Briggs, Roger Pryor; Prince Michael, Onslow Stevens; Ferdinand, Alec B. Francis; Strunsky, Lawrence

Grant; Adolph, Herman Bing; Hardwick, Willard Robertson; Aviator, Hugh Enfield; Dancing Girl, Dorothy Granger; Marshall, Leon Waycoff; Joseph, William Von Brincken; Kurtz, Edwin Mordant; Otte, Arthur Stone; Trapper, Edward McWade; Le Gendre, John Dilson; News Editor, Selmer Jackson.

"MANHATTAN LOVE SONG"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Cornell Woolrich. Adapted by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Leonard Fields. The cast: Williams, Robert Armstrong; Jerry, Dixie Lee; Wetherby, Franklin Pangborn; Annette, Nydia Westman; Carol, Helen Flint; Phineas, Harold Waldridge; Pancake Annie, Cecile Cunningham; Gustave, Herman Bing; Joe Thomas, Harrison Green; Sam, Edward Dean.

"MELODY IN SPRING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank Leon Smith. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: John Craddock, Lanny Ross; Jane Blodgett, Ann Sothorn; Warren Blodgett, Charlie Ruggles; Mrs. Mary Blodgett, Mary Boland; Wesley Preble, George Meeker; Suzuki, Wilfred Hari; Anton, Wade Boteler; Konrad, William J. Irving; Wirt, Herman Bing; Mrs. Shorter, Norma Mitchell; Susan, Joan Gale; Suzanna, Jane Gale; Susette, June Gale.

"MODERN HERO, A"—WARNERS.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: Pierré, Richard Barthelme; Joanna, Jean Muir; Hazel, Dorothy Burgess; Mme. Azats, Marjorie Rambeau; Leah, Florence Eldridge; Elmer, Theodore Newton; Young Pierre, William Janney; Claire, Verree Teasdale; Mueller, Hobart Cavanaugh; Flint, Arthur Hohl; Aunt Clara, Mabel Turner; Ryan, J. M. Kerrigan.

"NO RANSOM"—LIBERTY.—Suggested by the story "The Big Mitten" by Damon Runyon. Continuity by Albert DeMond. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: Barbara Winfield, Leila Hyams; Tom Wilson, Phillips Holmes; Romero, Jack LaRue; John Winfield, Robert McWade; Mrs. Winfield, Hedda Hopper; Bullett, Vince Barnett; Eddie Winfield, Eddie Nugent; Woolcott, Carl Miller; Heinie, Irving Bacon; Budge, Christian Rub; DeWitt, Gary Owen; Miss Price, Fritzi Ridgeway; Mrs. Smithers, Mary Foy.

"ONE IS GUILTY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: Trent, Ralph Bellamy; Sally, Shirley Grey; Walters, Warren Hymer; Lola Deveroux, Rita LaRoy; Jack Allan, J. Carrol Naish; Toledo Eddie, Wheeler Oakman; Miss Kane, Ruth Abbott; Wells Deveroux, Willard Robertson; Pop Dailey, Ralph Remley; William Malcolm, Vincent Sherman; Danny, Harry Todd.

"QUITTER, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Robert Ellis. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Ed Tilford, Charley Grapewin; Cordelia Tilford, Emma Dunn; Russell Tilford, William Bakewell; Diana Winthrop, Barbara Weeks; Winthrop Hale Hamilton; Eddie Winthrop, Glen Boles; Annabelle Hibbs, Mary Korman; Zack, Lafe McKee; Hannah, Aggie Herring; Sister Hooten, Jane Keckley.

"SIDE STREETS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story "Fur Coats" by Ann Garrick and Ethel Hill. Screen play by Manuel Seff. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Bertha, Aline MacMahon; Tim Pederson, Paul Kelly; Mary, Patricia Ellis; Mazie, Mayo Methot; Tillie, Helen Lowell; Ray, Paul Kaye; Mrs. Thatcher, Marjorie Gateson; George, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Richards, Dorothy Peterson; Marguerite, Ann Dvorak; Ilka, Dorothy Tree; Jack, Clay Clement; Mabel, Renee Whitney; Helen, Lorena Layson; Madeline, Lynn Browning.

"STAND UP AND CHEER"—FOX.—Story idea by Will Rogers and Philip Klein. Screen play by Lew Brown and Ralph Spence. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Lawrence Cromwell, Warner Baxter; Mary Adams, Madge Evans; Shirley Dugan, Shirley Temple; Jimmy Dugan, James Dunn; Sylvia Froos, Sylvia Froos; John Boles, John Boles; John Harty, Arthur Byron; Secretary to President, Ralph Morgan; Aunt Jimima, Aunt Jimima; Senators Danforth and Short, Mitchell and Durant; Nick Foran, Nick Foran; Dinwiddie, Nigel Bruce; Hill-Billy, "Skins" Miller; Stepin Fetchit, Stepin Fetchit.

"3 ON A HONEYMOON"—FOX.—From the novel "Promenade Deck" by Ishbel Ross. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe and Raymond Van Sickle. Adapted by Douglas Doty. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: Joan Foster, Sally Eilers; Alice Mudge, ZaSu Pitts; "Ma" Gillespie, Henrietta Crossman; Dick Charlton, Charles Starrett; Millicent Wells, Irene Hervey; Chuck Wells, John Mack Brown; Ezra MacDuff, Russell Simpson; Phil Lang, Cornelius Keefe.

"TRUMPET BLOWS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Porter Emerson Browne and J.

Parker Read, Jr. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Manuel Montes*, George Raft; *Pancho Gomez*, Adolphe Menjou; *Senor Montes*, Adolphe Menjou; *Chulita*, Frances Drake; *Pepi Sancho*, Sidney Toler; *Chato*, Edward Ellis; *Carmela Ramirez*, Nydia Westman; *Senor Ramirez*, Douglas Wood; *Senora Ramirez*, Lillian Elliott; *Lupe*, Katherine DeMille; *Tega*, Francis McDonald.

"TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Paul Funder Moss and Jerry Wald. Screen play by Warren Duff and Harry Sauher. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Clayton*, Dick Powell; *Rush*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Ginger Rogers; *Pete*, Allen Jenkins; *Brockman*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Sharpe*, Grant Mitchell; *Marge*, Joan Wheeler; *Tappan*, Henry O'Neill; *Secretary*, Johnny Arthur; *Mrs. Brockman*, Grace Hale; also Four Mills Bros. and Ted Fio-Rita and Band.

"UPPERWORLD"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Alex Stream*, Warren William; *Mrs. Hattie Stream*, Mary Astor; *Lilly Linder*, Ginger Rogers; *Chaufeur*, Andy Devine; *Tommy*, Dickie Moore; *Marcus*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Commissioner Clark*, Robert Barrat; *Colima*, J. Carrol Naish; *Rocklin*, Theodore Newton; *Caldwell*, *bulter*, Robert Greig; *Officer Moran*, Sidney Toler; *Capt. Reynolds*, Willard Robertson; *Jerry McDonald*, Mickey Rooney; *Chris*, T. M. Qualen; *Banker*, Henry O'Neill.

"VERY HONORABLE GUY, A"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Adapted by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Feet Samuels*, Joe E. Brown; *Hortense*, Alice White; *Dr. Smitzer*, Robert Barrat; *The Brain*, Alan Dinehart; *Mrs. Hathaway*, Irene Franklin; *Benny, the dip*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Joe*, Harold Huber; *Mindy*, Joe Cawthorn; *Moon O'Hara*, Arthur Vinton; *Mrs. Feiblebaur*, Ann Brody; *Al*, Al Dubin; *Harry*, Harry Warren; *Red Hendrickson*, Geo. Pat Collins; *O'Toole*, James Donlan; *Colored man*, Snowflake; *Ten Pass Charlie*, Harry Seymour.

"VOICE IN THE NIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Charles C. Coleman. The cast: *Tim Dale*, Tim McCoy; *Barbara*, Billie Seward; *Robinson*, Joseph Crehan; *Bob*, Ward Bond; *Jack*, Kane Richmond; *Matthews*, Frank Layton; *Benton*, Guy Usher; *Jackson*, Francis McDonald; *W. T. Dale*, Alphonz Ethier.

"WILD CARGO"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the book by Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. Directed by Armand Denis. Photography by Nicholas Cavaliere and LeRoy Phelps.

"YOU'RE TELLING ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Julian Street. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Paul M. Jones. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Sam Bisbee*, W. C. Fields; *Pauline Bisbee*, Joan Marsh; *Bob Murchison*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Princess Lescabourg*, Adrienne Ames; *Mrs. Bessie Bisbee*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Murchison*, Kathleen Howard; *Doc Beebe*, James B. "Pop" Kenton; *Charlie Bogle*, Robert McKenzie; *President of Tire Co.*, George Irving; *Frobisher*, Jerry Stewart; *Mayor*, Del Henderson; *Mrs. Price*, Nora Cecil; *Crabbe*, George MacQuarrie; *Gray*, John M. Sullivan; *Phil Cummings*, Alfred Delcambre; *Caddy*, Tammany Young; *Mr. Murchison*, Frederic Sullivan; *Postman*, William Robyns.



The cameraman cuts in. Cary Grant and his wife, Virginia Cherrill, stop dancing just long enough to smile for a picture

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"I WANT A BABY"

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Synopsis of First Installment

JOAN RANDOLPH, young artist, the only daughter of Cyril Randolph, wealthy New York banker, is everlastingly opposed to staid and fixed society conventions. Her escapades bring about frequent quarrels with her father. After one of these, she goes to the crowded East Side tenement section to sketch.

There, sheltering in his shop doorway from a sudden storm, Joan meets Michael Storm, now a children's photographer, once a carnival concessionaire. Joan desires to see more of him. As an excuse, she borrows a baby from one of Michael's neighbors and passes it off as her own. She has a picture taken with the child in her arms. Michael hangs it in his outside showcase. Joan dares not protest.

She and Michael become great friends. As a result, Joan spends her afternoons in Michael's studio, sketching.

One day the photograph is stolen. Joan's father confronts her with it and accuses her of an indiscretion, and adds that he has secured some damning evidence about Michael. Joan denies any indiscretion but admits a love for Michael. Her father says she must choose. She defies him.

Then she realizes she knows little of Michael. Suppose he is married?

Suppose, as he has indicated, he might return to carnival life, loving it more than he does her?

A flood of doubts struck down on Joan.

Against this force, she set her love.



"I love you as no woman was ever loved, but I can't marry you"

PART II

"FATHER, I intend to marry Michael Storm," Joan's tone was positive rather than defiant.

Cyril Randolph leaned forward, his chin squared belligerently. "If you do, I'll disown you."

Joan's lovely body tensed. Anger swept her, anger so strong she could have cried with the hurt of it. No matter what she might say, her father would not understand. He had never understood her, and never would. With a helpless gesture she turned and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" Her father's tone did not betray his struggle to fight down sentiment.

"I'm going to Michael Storm, where I belong!"

"I'll make you regret it as long as you live. I'll smash that mountebank, and you'll come back. I'll do even more. I'll—"

Her quiet but definite closing of the library door cut off the rest of her father's threat and broke the tension of her anger. Where anger had stood, doubts came trooping in a crazy dance to torment her. Only Michael could dispel them. One little word from him would bring the peace for which she yearned.

As she hurried to Michael's studio, the dance of doubts persisted with tantalizing gyrations. She had told Michael that "Marjorie" was her baby and that she was a widow. Would he understand her deception? He had accepted her for what she pretended to be, when they agreed that the visits to his studio would be very businesslike. They would work together, he with his camera, she with her sketch-pad.

But it had been quite different. She recalled with a rush of warmth those afternoons with Michael in the quiet, shadowy little studio. When they were alone, and the gallery of baby photographs smiled down on them from the walls, and the stern-eyed camera that had watched them, chaperon-like, during their working hours, receded into the shadows, they had responded to a temperamental sympathy half intuitive, half inspired. They had kissed often. The sweetness of that first kiss clung in her memory. They had thrilled with the intimate nearness of each other until many times desire threatened to engulf them. Twice, the tinkle of the bell, heralding a customer, had made them spring apart. Other times, Michael had put her from him with, "Easy, Joan."

OVER and over again they had affirmed their love. They had not bargained. Marriage had never been mentioned. But as Joan had sipped the sweet, heady juice of courtship, she had visualized plucking whole from the tree, the ripe, red fruit of marriage.

She had contrasted the richness of marriage with Michael with the flat, dull marriages of the snobbery-governed, living artificially in the boathouse of wealth. Theirs could be a free, full-bloomed union, thriving on love alone. Her child—their child—another Michael.

Across the certainty of her love the dancing doubts threw gigantic, grotesque shadows. Michael might be married, or the carnival might be his real love. And what had her father meant when he had said—"If you knew what else I've found out about Michael Storm, you'd be ashamed you ever spoke to him?"

When Joan stood in Michael's doorway, just the sight of him, tall and clean in his bright blue smock, and the alarm in his voice as he looked at her tragic expression and cried, "What's up, Joan?" made her ashamed of any doubts.

"We've got to get married, Michael."

Michael pursed his lips to a whistle.

"As bad as that?" teasingly. Then, his face went extraordinarily grave. "But, Joan, I can't marry you."

She felt suddenly both scorched and cold, terribly cold. Her gaze dropped to the floor. She stared at the bare

boards without perceiving them. Michael could not marry her. She must never see him again.

Her pride sought to pretend it didn't matter. But she loved him too much. The words broke out in spite of herself:

"Why not?"

"Good Lord, Joan, don't you know?"

She nodded. Of course, she knew.

Somewhere along the gay trail of the carnival, there was another woman to whom Michael belonged.

"Why, Joan, you're the McCoy and I—"

"McCoy?" Joan cut in anxiously. Michael often amused her with flashes of carnival slang, expressions salty with the tang of the midway. He was not playful now, but intensely serious: "What do you mean, Michael?"

"McCoy—the real thing, genuine, not a phony."

"So what?"

"You're too fine to be teamed up with a sideshow barker," Michael fiercely inhaled cigarette smoke.

"I knew what you

were the first time I saw you. I should have sent you packing then. But—"

"Why didn't you?" breathlessly.

"Because I was crazy about you. Every time you came, I told myself, 'Just this once.'" He dropped his hands in a helpless gesture. He stared at her for a long minute and then said in a tone of quiet resolve: "Well, this must be the last time!"

"How did you know about me?" Joan asked fearfully.

"DON'T I make my living being able to size people up?" He looked at Joan's old tweed suit and smiled. "You wore your plainest duds trying to hide what you really were. But the expensive materials, the cut—and the tone of your voice, your walk, the way you carried your head, the touch of your hand, a hundred little mannerisms told me every day, every moment, what you were." Admiration burned through his words.

"Why did you pretend that you didn't know?"

"For the same reason I didn't let on when you tried to pass that baby off as yours. I wanted you to come back."

"The baby is—" Joan could not go on. She had resolved to tell him all. But now she was sure that Michael understood all that she had tried to hide.



Michael could add glamour even to breakfast. She pictured him beneath the stars on a summer night

"Joan, I've been photographing babies for years. I knew right away that 'Marjorie,' as you called the baby, was a boy!"

Joan's face reddened.

"And the way you handled the baby," Michael smiled in spite of himself. "Well, that was enough to convince me that you weren't a mother. I should have said *ixnay* then, but I was mad about you from the very start."

"I was that way about you, too," Joan's eyes dropped.

"I didn't know what your game was. I figured I was a novelty for a girl like you, that after a while you'd get tired."

"But I haven't."

"I LOVED you, Joan, the day you held that baby in your arms," seriously. "I've loved you more each day I've seen you. And now, I love you too much to let you in for a lot of grief."

Joan nodded for him to continue.

"I'm poor. All I own in the world is my camera and equipment, a little money in the bank, and a few pieces of furniture in my flat upstairs."

He waved away her protest.

"I know what you're going to say. Sure, when you have everything, poverty sounds romantic. It isn't romantic, believe me."

He led her to the sofa and drew her down beside him. He took her hands in his. She felt his grip tighten. His hands were strong and warm. His dark eyes burned.

"I love you as no other woman ever was loved! I'm not tied to anybody else. Never was. But I can't marry you. Some day, you'll thank me."

Her eyes pleaded. He leaned forward. His mouth pressed hard against her own. For long minutes they clung to each other. Then, he released her.

"No, Joan! No! It's impossible. You'd better go." The words jumped out excitedly. He turned away his head to hide the misery in his eyes.

Joan stood up. She felt the pulse in her throat throb wildly. She managed a small smile that hurt her mouth, and proffered her hand.

Maybe, if he really believed she was going—

"Good luck, Joan!" Michael was still avoiding her eyes and there was anguish in his voice.

She hoped he would stop her. But he didn't.

She shut the door of the studio and walked slowly down the dark corridor. The talons of a hundred swirling regrets dug into her heart. Before the street door, she stood a moment to get hold of herself. Outside, she saw the familiar street teeming with meaningless movement.

Her love was so real, so everlasting. She could never convince herself it had been just an incident. Into those afternoons with Michael had been concentrated a lifetime of joy. She should be thankful. But there was no comfort in that thought. "I dreamed a dream," she said. "The dream is over." She closed her eyes tightly to stem the flood of tears, and fumbled for the door-knob.

"Joan! Joan!"

She opened her eyes upon a strangely tragic Michael. She flew back along the corridor. She was in his arms. He was kissing her eyes, her mouth, her throat.

"I can't let you go. I can't!" he was saying over and over again. His words were even stronger than the arms about her.

"Maybe, if I work and save—in a few months—in a year or so——"

Her eyes were frank and fearless: "I don't want money."

"But you've always had plenty."

"We'll manage somehow. We're both young. It'll be fun, going up together. When we get to the top, we'll know we did it ourselves."

"But won't you miss——?" And he stopped as if there were not words enough to tell it all.

"Miss what?"

"Oh, everything."

"Having you, I'll have everything."

"What will your folks say?"

Her father would disown her. She would begin life with Michael without a penny. To the social set in which the Randolphins moved, she would be an outcast. She had faced all the consequences.

"My life is my own, Michael."

"Hadn't we better wait—perhaps a year?"

"And if I said I wouldn't wait another day?"

"What do you take me for?" Michael protested.

"I take you for better or for worse. And if I said I wouldn't wait another day?" she repeated.

"I'd rush you right down to City Hall for a license, and we'd be married today."

And that was exactly what he did.

AT eight o'clock next morning, Joan awoke and stretched luxuriously. She was in a new world. The wonder of Michael was spread in brilliant tapestries, brightening the tight little bedroom of Michael's flat. She was married to the most glamorous, the most tender, the bravest man in the world. Lovingly, she rubbed the plain gold band on her finger, and, Aladdin-like, it brought her treasured memories of her wedding day.

The wrinkled scrub woman outside the Marriage Chapel in the Municipal Building had cried because she said they looked so beautiful together, and had waved good luck to them with her mop.

Michael's reverent kiss after the ceremony and his whispered, "Mrs. Michael Storm," she'd never forget.

Their honeymoon had started with a trip to the observation tower of the Empire State Building, a whim of Michael's, whose purpose he had hidden with mysterious silence until they stood looking down on the city glistening golden in the sunset, like a table spread with royal gifts. Michael's gesture had included all the splendor before them as he said, "My wedding present."

"The whole world is ours. We must do something grand with it," she whispered.

"We can, you and I." His hand tightened on her arm, and they watched the sunset.

On their gay taxi ride up Fifth Avenue, Michael had pointed out the line of cars which followed them. "Look at that! Your wedding parade. What a popular bride!" And Fifth Avenue had taken on a festive air with the triumphant procession of Mr. and Mrs. Michael

Storm. When they passed the Randolph mansion, the warmth of Michael's arms contrasted sharply with the cold, marble-faced house as it frowned out at them on their way to their wedding dinner.

They dined in a gaudy Russian inn on Second Avenue. The tables were covered with bright, checkered cloths, and the walls were painted with round-faced, laughing peasants in riotously colorful costumes. Joan's happiness was a sauce that made the dishes more savory than any banquet at the Randolph mansion. They danced on a tiny polished square to the heady rhythm of balalaika.

They clinked glasses, filled to the brim with the sacramental wine of lovers, as Michael explained the age-old ritual of gypsy marriage. While the balalaika strummed, and the gay peasants smiled down from the walls, Joan repeated after him the ancient gypsy oath of love.

Time ceased to be. The world stood still. There was only Michael and she. Solemnly, they clinked their glasses, and drained the red wine.

When they reached the threshold of his flat, Michael said, as he opened the door, "Wait, dear, don't move." Then, he swung her up in his arms and carried her in. "To our eternal love," he whispered tenderly.

Joan wanted to stay held tightly in his arms forever. She tossed her handbag gaily across the room, and begged him never to let her down.

"What can I do to keep your love?" he asked, seriously.

"Love me, Michael. Just love me, always!"

The world had been reduced until it lay within the circle of their arms, as they murmured tender confessions and mutual avowals.

JOAN awoke first and gazed down at Michael as he lay there. He was exquisite, handsome, strong. She thrilled at the elastic warmth of his body that she so utterly possessed. He stirred at her touch, and smiled up at her through half-closed lids, and tightened his arms about her with a drowsy tenderness. She bent her face down toward his, and entered sleep that brought her to this sweet awakening with memories of Michael all about her.

Michael's voice from the kitchen cut into her memories. He was singing, "This Is My Lucky Day."

She heard the absurd, dear intimacy of clattering dishes as he prepared breakfast. His song joined with his footsteps approaching the bedroom door. He rapped gently, "Awake, dear?"

She sprang from bed, thrilled with the anticipation of their first breakfast together.

Standing on the oilcloth-covered floor of the little bathroom, Joan threw back her head and laughed. She thought of the big marble bath of her own at home, of the tall built-in shower with its glistening gadgets, its shelves of imported toiletries. This room could be dropped into that sunken bath and still leave room for her.

There was no shower. Only a spray on the end of an uncertain rubber tube. Cold water! The glow that followed as wonderful, as exhilarating as this great love.

She loved their little flat. Only three rooms, but it was home. Last night Michael had shown her about,

proudly and tenderly. She had found excitement in each discovery. The decorative touches were colorful and glamorous, like Michael. A batik scarf flamed on the wall, a present to Michael for teaching a Hindu the mystery of three-card Monte. A Chinese vase, delft blue with soft, white plum blossoms, mute testimony to a Chinaman's first principle—gratitude. Two shiny barkers' canes stood in a corner. An autographed cowboy hat, scribbled with the names of "The Ranch X Gang." There were a number of paintings on the walls, and though they were copies, each was in good taste. Joan recognized Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier," and Gérard's "Madame Récamier." Michael had pointed out the highlights and shadows, as if the artistry of the cameraman was classic. The shelf of books surprised her most of all with the quality of Michael's interests.

MICHAEL rapped a gay tattoo on the bedroom door. "The Secretary of the Interior bids Her Royal Majesty to shake a leg."

He greeted her with a low bow, ushered her ceremoniously to the bright oilcloth-covered table, seated her gallantly, and tilted her head for his kiss. The kitchen sang with the words he whispered in her ear.

Michael could add glamour even to breakfast. Over the grapefruit, he talked of the citrus groves of Florida, as she pictured him beneath the stars on a summer's night after the carnival had closed, wandering off alone from the drowsy town, beside the fragrant citrus groves.

The tan and golden omelette was the masterpiece of the gray-haired cook in the carnival mess tent where Michael had served as a mess boy. Its recipe, he pretended seriously in answering her wide-eyed approval, was a gypsy secret handed down from generation to generation. Yes, some day, the secret would be hers.

Joan's appetite was whetted by the morning breeze that Michael recaptured for her, as he had breathed it, cool and fragrant from the Piedmont hills of Carolina, where the carnival had pitched its tents. The aroma of his coffee made her forget it had been brewed on the huddling range.

"Please teach me to cook, Michael. I feel so useless."

"I'll teach you more than cooking—happiness you haven't dared dream of." His eyes were bright with promise. He kept that promise.

They worked together, long hours in the studio, she with her sketch-pad, Michael with his camera, each hour a golden stone polished with love, fitted into a dream pattern, and cemented with understanding. Joan told herself often that what they were building together could never be destroyed.

The studio doorbell announcing customers tinkled merrily, often enough to satisfy their small needs and leave something over to bank. She laughed when she recalled her father's threat, "I'll smash that mountebank." He couldn't smash Michael. Michael and she had something his power or wealth could never reach. That threat belonged to a life which she had only dreamed, but never lived.

At night, she and Michael closed the studio and played together.

New York was their Wonderland and every walk together was a new adventure.

They wandered through Central Park and playful fantasy roamed with them as they discovered new mystic patterns in the shadows on the reservoir, the rowboats on the moonlit lake, swirling figures roller-skating on the Mall, thick crouching groves, automobiles whose lights were eyes of giant insects scurrying along bands of moonlight.

They rode atop swaying buses, along curving Riverside Drive, and pretended they were nabobs on their camels.

On the span of great bridges, they pretended to rock, as in a hammock, above black waters that were bottomless, as they listened to the muffled hum of the city breathing in sleep.

Five cents to board a ferry-boat admitted them to the royal barge that drifted down the Nile, while Michael spun fables of gypsy adventure and Oriental lore as Joan sat, wide-eyed, at his side.

The New York she came to know was a Wonderland compared to the staid propriety of Fifth Avenue, artificial night clubs, upholstered theaters and starchily-stiff social functions. Adventurous discoveries waited for them in queer, out-of-the-way places—the foreign markets, the Bowery, the river front, the Night Court, the Ghetto and Chinatown.

They stood before shop windows and pointed out gifts they would give each other when they were rich.

Arm in arm, they were so radiantly happy that passers-by looked after them, wonderingly.

Joan grew so unspeakably happy that at times it seemed almost more than she could bear.

AND the coming of their baby would open a door to even more wonderful vistas of happiness.

When she told Michael, he took her in his arms and she read joy in his eyes. She read, too, his concern for her.

"Don't worry, Michael," she assured him, and playfully rubbed out the frown between his brows.

"We'll have to save now, more than ever."

"It'll be fun. And do you know—I've a hunch the baby will bring us luck."

"Sure it will," Michael said, soberly. Fear for her gripped his heart.

"I want a baby, Michael."

Eagerly, Joan shopped for flannel, for lawn, for wool, for lace. She sewed her purchases into little absurd bonnets, tiny dresses, bands and creepers. It was a thrilling task, despite pricked fingers, at first so clumsy with a needle.

It was a thrill, also, to budget pennies carefully, experiencing fresh delight at every extra penny saved. She laughed often as she compared the reckless spending of Joan Randolph with the saving of Mrs. Michael Storm, rescuing pennies with extravagant care.

No cloud shadowed the sky of their happiness until one morning Joan called excitedly from the doorway

"Michael, come quickly!"

Across the street, above the vacant store where extensive alterations had been in progress for weeks,

workmen were stretching a great banner. Glaring red letters on a white background announced:

**"THE MODERN STUDIO WILL OPEN HERE
AUGUST 15TH. EXCEPTIONAL WORK AT
MODERATE PRICES. FREE PHOTOGRAPHS
AND SOUVENIRS TO FIRST FIFTY CUS-
TOMERS."**

"Looks like we're in for a battle," Michael admitted.

"It won't last long." Joan saw the set of Michael's jaw and the flash of his eyes. "You were here first. Everyone likes you." She tried desperately to be calm.

"Friendship can't stand against cut prices," said Michael, tersely.

Suddenly, Joan turned and clung to him. "I'm afraid," she said in a small voice. "What will you do?" She could not catch the fear that reached into her words and made them tremble.

"We'll see. Don't worry, darling." He patted her shoulder reassuringly, but turned away his head to hide the uncertainty in his eyes.

The blazing banner was a challenge that echoed through the days which brought imposing shipments of equipment, show-cases, painted background scenes, huge developing tanks, an intricate electric display and a curling red neon sign—like so much ammunition to the fort across the street. Ammunition for the struggle that threatened their happiness, Joan gave Michael in expressions of love that left her lips tingling.

The neon sign with its red glare flooded their flat, and grinned at Joan in her dreams with ugly menace. By day, the great banner waved threateningly.

Boastful handbills flooded the neighborhood heralding the opening of the Modern Studio. Curious crowds gathered to inspect the displays.

The morning of the opening, a brightly-uniformed band paraded the neighborhood behind a gaily-postered ballyhoo truck, mustering the crowd to milling hundreds. By noon, the street was packed, and policemen opened a lane for traffic. The band played until the stroke of one, when the doors were thrown open, and the first fifty customers fought their way through the portals. One of the plate glass windows was smashed, but still the crowd milled about.

"LOOK at this, Joan," Michael handed her the bright and boastful handbill listing prices of their competitor.

"If their prices were much cheaper, they'd be giving photos away."

"They can't last long with those prices."

But it lasted long enough to make Michael's studio doorbell tinkle less and less. Two weeks went by without a customer.

"It has me puzzled, Joan," Michael said one evening after dinner, as he leaned across the table and patted Joan's hand. "Expert work at give-away prices. What's the gimmick?"

"The gimmick?"

"The trick, the catch," answered Michael with a smile for Joan's imitation of his carnival lingo.

Joan knew.

She had read her father's threat, "I'll smash that mountebank," on the banner of the Modern Studio. The tactics of their competitor were those of Cyril Randolph. She saw him behind every move as clearly as if he stood across the street threatening her and Michael. Cyril Randolph was ruthless.

Joan had seen strong men come from his conferences with dull eyes and white lips that spoke defeat. Magazine stories, with many deferential references to Randolph strategy, tactics and maneuvers, extolled him as conqueror of a business empire. Interviews quoted his terse, metallic sentences, which clicked off predictions on the fate of less powerful competitors. Cyril Randolph smashed those who dared oppose his will.

"Michael, my father is behind all this. When I left home, he said he would smash you. That studio is a club in his hand."

Michael's jaw tightened. "I suspected as much."

"Darling, he has money enough to——"

"He'll get a run for his money," Michael cut in quickly. "Let's plan our campaign."

Their council of war ended with Joan's suggestion, "Buy some new equipment, Michael. A new display case and a new sign, and go after them."

He looked searchingly at her. "That means spending what we've been putting away for the baby!"

"It's the only way. We'll manage, somehow."

Michael Storm's handbills carried the news of his campaign through the neighborhood, while he personally solicited old customers. Soon, the tinkling bell of his studio was in a happier key.

The Modern Studio retaliated with another drastic cut in prices.

Joan brought the suggestion for Michael's return shot. With flashing eyes she announced, "There's a way to beat that cut-throat competition. Offer to every customer a pencil sketch, free. I'll do them. My sketches will be a novelty that will bring trade."

"But, darling, the strain of that would be too much for you now."

"Don't worry about me. I'd love to do it. This is my battle as much as yours."

JOAN'S pencil sketches, given free, revived trade until a new blast of handbills from across the street announced that the Modern Studio was offering a gilt frame—free—to every customer.

Michael's appeal to the parish priests in the neighborhood for first communion pictures brought business that tided them over for a few more weeks.

Cyril Randolph was only prolonging their agony. He could have crushed Michael at the outset, but the crushing would be all the more effective when Michael's energies had been sapped with hopeless struggle. Now, he gave the signal for the final blow which would dry up business in the neighborhood for months to come.

Grocers and butchers and market proprietors were given Modern Studio coupons, entitling their customers to a dozen free photographs.

"That cleans up the neighborhood, Joan," Michael admitted reluctantly.

"We're not beaten yet!" Joan answered with feigned confidence.

"What do you suggest?"

Joan had been considering the possibility of appealing to her former friends. A note to Una Townsend, explaining everything, would bring enough business to tide them over for months. Una had been her friend at finishing school, and her trusted confidante whenever she needed help. Una would be glad to help now. Eagerly, she proposed the suggestion to Michael.

"That's out! If we can't win without help from the other camp, we won't win!"

It was just what Joan hoped he would say.

THE installments on their new equipment had exhausted the little sum saved against the time of Joan's confinement. And now, when another payment came due, they could not meet it. The collector and the studio landlord arrived together, one with a dispossess notice, the other with a writ that took away the new equipment.

They watched the landlord lock the studio and snap the padlock on the door. When the door closed grimly, locking away the golden hours they had spent there together, Joan's hand reached for Michael's. Slowly, they climbed the stairs to the flat. That, at least, was theirs for another month.

"I can just see Cyril Randolph, waiting for you to come running home, waving a flag of truce," Michael said grimly.

"Well, he'll wait until there's a thick coating of ice over a place called hell," answered Joan bitterly. "We may be licked, but——"

"But we're not licked!" Michael interrupted.

"Why, don't you realize no matter where you open a studio, he'll do just what he did here, and do it more quickly?"

"I'll go where he can't do that."

Joan's face blanched at the thought that Michael meant the carnival. He had discussed the possibility of returning there as a last resort.

"You bet we're not licked. I still have that old camera Pop Brady left me."

"But where will you go?" Joan dreaded the answer.

"Why, to Central Park. I don't need a studio there. The park is crowded with kids these days. If I can dodge the cops, I'll get enough business, just as I used to go after it when things were dull on the midway."

"And you won't need a studio?" happily.

"I'll develop the plates at night here in the flat."

"I'll help you."

He kissed her tenderly. "No, dear. You take it easy. Save your strength, you're going to need it."

Cradled in Michael's arms, Joan's fears receded. He would not have to return to the carnival. And as long as those strong arms were there to hold her, she was confident.

The acres of the park bloomed with children. The tall, witty photographer, who posed them cutely against cages in the zoo, or as they fed popcorn to the ducks in the lake, or rode in the pony carriage, or on the carousel,

found many excited customers. Admiring parents readily signed orders, and Michael sang at night in the little flat while he developed the plates.

With his camera on his shoulder, Michael trudged the paths of Central Park. A song was in his heart. The shrill voices of children at play was music to his ears.

From morning until the sun dropped behind towering apartments, Michael was busy. Here in the open, beneath the blue sky-tent, the former carnival photographer felt no fear of Cyril Randolph. Here, there was no landlord to harass him. No ruthless competitor to stifle him.

He escaped the only menace until one afternoon when he was posing a starry-eyed little girl astride a fat pony, telling her that she looked like a fairy princess racing along a silver path with the wind singing in her ears the gypsy song that Michael hummed for her.

He coaxed the little girl's smile and adjusted his camera. "Ready now. Just imagine that you're racing along through the forest and——" Michael felt a hand on his shoulder, and a gruff voice said, "Let's see your license. You can't take pictures here without a license."

Michael turned to face the park policeman who tried not to notice that the little circle of children huddled about Michael, as if to protect him.

Agile retort to minions of the law is a carnival man's stock-in-trade. Knowing your man is more useful on a carnival lot than knowing your law. Quickly, Michael sized up Policeman Callahan. He fumbled in his pockets, but his mind did not fumble as he gave the Irish cop his best smile.

Callahan noticed Michael's incredibly worn shoes, the baggy trousers, the frayed shirt cuffs and, particularly, Michael's brave smile and the resentment in the staring eyes of the children. Almost before he realized it, he was enjoying Michael's collection of pictures, and a hundred happy faces begged him to be lenient. Yes, indeed! He had kids of his own, six, and another on the way. Michael and he discussed new babies, Policeman Callahan's and his prospective baby. They talked, too, of much that was going on against the law that needed the attention of efficient policemen like Callahan. Interfering with the happiness of children was too small a job for such as he. Indeed, it was!

SOON, the red-cheeked, grinning, blue-coated figure was posing in the circle of children. The camera clicked, and Michael promised enough copies of the photograph for each of Policeman Callahan's children.

There was no more trouble about a license, and Callahan kept discreetly in the background while Michael plied his trade.

When the cold, autumn winds began to sweep children from the park and the days were shorter, Michael spent sleepless nights in worry. Where was the money coming from for the doctor? The time was getting short.

There were moments when Joan had to fight tormenting doubts. Moments alone in the little flat when the sharp edges of hardship cut so deeply she winced with pain. The first full glow of romantic excitement had passed, leaving the flat drab, and the fire-escape-tangled areaway

ugly and prison-like. She had not told Michael of the letter which came last week from her father. It was typed on the formal stationery of his office and its tone was coldly businesslike. She had read:

"By this time you are no doubt convinced of your mistake, and realize it was just another of your escapades. You don't belong where you are. When you are ready to get out of the mess you are in, let my office know, and my lawyer will arrange. I am going to London on business, and when I return, I hope you will have come to your senses."

Perhaps it would be better to plead just once with her father, if not for her sake and Michael's, then for the baby's. She had torn the letter into pieces and watched it snow down on the areaway. It was not as easy to get rid of her doubts. But Michael's arrival always brought her strength.

"This cold weather keeps the kids out of the park," he told her as he rubbed warmth into his numbed fingers over the kitchen stove. "I miss them. I still see plenty of pet dogs around. If every dog was a kid, I'd still be busy."

"Michael, don't be so hard on the dogs," she said playfully.

"You know how I feel about them."

"Did it ever occur to you that they might bring business? Many a woman would pay generously for the kind of picture you could take of her pet dog."

Michael made a wry face. Then, he pondered the suggestion. "That's a good idea. I'll start the Dog Days tomorrow."

WEALTHY women were delighted to have their dogs photographed by the gallant, dark-eyed young man who deftly mixed subtle flattery for them with praise for their pets. And some were more concerned about their pose than about their dog's as they faced the camera and the romantic figure of Michael.

It was while he photographed her silky russet-haired Pekinese, Trixi, that Michael won the interest of Mrs. Clarendon Stykes. Any one who read the society pages would recognize Mrs. Clarendon Stykes, the beautiful young wife of an elderly banker, and those who read the gossip columns could add suspicion to recognition. Michael needed neither to understand Mrs. Stykes.

After that first meeting, Mrs. Stykes more and more regularly stopped to talk with Michael, always, however, on the pretext that she wanted another picture of Trixi. Michael begrudged her precious moments taken for idle chatter. With the days shortening, he had to hurry feverishly to get in his quota of pictures before dark.

"But Trixi's had more poses than a screen star," he told her with a wide grin that took the sting from his words. He wanted to tell her that he was not the least bit interested in what she had to tell him about her trips abroad, her winters in Palm Beach, and her summers in Maine. "But I *want* another picture of Trixi." Her tone implied, as her black eyes looked Michael over from head to foot, that she always got what she wanted.

Trixi's paws, and Michael's hands and Mrs. Stykes' gloved fingers became very tangled.

"I like your work. It shows feeling and understanding. I want you to photograph some interiors of my home."

"My prices are high for that kind of work."

"You'll get what you want." Her pouting smile was very frank. She had made up her mind about what she could make Michael want.

At the entrance of her apartment on Park Avenue, she told him carelessly, "Don't mind about the interiors today. Just come in and talk to me. I've been thinking a lot about you. I'd like to see you in your own studio."

"So would I," said Michael with a grin.

"My interest in you—your studio—is rather selfish." "Selfish?"

I THOUGHT we might open a studio together. And perhaps share the profits. There will be profits. Besides, I want a hobby. My days are rather empty. My husband is away most of the time." Beneath her cool comment about her husband ran an echo of bitterness. Michael could guess that she tolerated him only for the closets of fine clothes and rare jewels nestling in velvet homes. Mrs. Clarendon Stykes had paraded right out of the tinsel of the "Follies" into the goldleaf of the Stykes' fortune.

"Why pick photography as a hobby?"

"It's one of the new arts. Don't you think so?" Without waiting for Michael's answer, she explained that it was her idea to be the invisible partner in the studio. She would send customers. There were things he could teach her about his art.

"And it would be all very exciting."

Michael went beneath her words. He read correctly the petulant droop of her full mouth, the passionate light in her dark eyes and the nervous movements of her delicate hands. He knew her offer for what it was.

"Now, you think it over carefully. I'll be away for a few weeks. When I come back, we'll conclude arrangements."

"Shall I come here?"

"Yes, call me about the fifteenth."

The days grew shorter, and cold winds swept across the park. Business dwindled to almost nothing. Workmen boarded up the carousel, piled the rowboats in sad, gray tiers around the lake. Winter was approaching swiftly. It was almost time for Joan's baby.

Joan's slim young figure had rounded to maturity which carried a sweet promise. She would lie at night with Michael's arms about her and lovingly visualize their baby lying in its crib, tucked in with snowy blankets, or its tiny hand curled about one of Michael's long, vital fingers. Because she believed in prenatal influence, she thought of Michael's face constantly, hoping to impress his beloved features on her baby, and pour into it the love and courage of their days together.

She worried about Michael. He had grown so thin. The topcoat he wore was threadbare. He pretended he had never worn an overcoat. But she knew he had sold his winter coat to buy food. Her heart ached for him.

"Don't worry, Michael dear. I'm sure the baby will bring us luck."

"Maybe I'll have to go looking for luck," Michael said grimly, as he thumbed the pages of "Billboard." He had just told Joan that the boarding up of the park carousel reminded him of the carnival packing up to move to a warmer clime.

Whenever he spoke of the carnival, or turned to the carnival section of "Billboard," Joan shuddered. To her, the carnival was a bedecked courtesan, a slim, dark girl with a wide, luscious mouth, recklessly alive, who had once enthralled Michael with provoking tricks.

Michael looked up from "Billboard." "Some pretty good opportunities with carnivals are listed here," he told her. "Listen to this: 'King Brothers' Greater Shows—Will book a few more legitimate concessions—Tintype concession still open.' I've been with that outfit up North."

"Where is it now?"

"San Antonio, Texas. Carnivals move like the birds—go South at the first threat of winter—come North with the spring. I could make enough down there to tide us over."

"How could you get to San Antonio?"

"Ride the rods."

That meant riding beneath freight cars. Danger stretched its hand at every turn. A tired arm might slip, a misplaced step in the dark, a slippery grip on rain-soaked iron. Joan went weak as she heard the careless thunder of the freight train. She pictured Michael lying white and dead. The room became swirling blackness.

"I'm sorry, kid," Michael held a glass of water to her lips. "Don't worry. That's out. Come dear, we won't talk any more tonight. You're tired. Let me help you to bed."

BEFORE dawn he awoke to find that Joan was not beside him. There was a light in the living-room. He jumped from bed.

"What is it, Joan? Joan, what is it?"

She was sitting on the edge of the couch, her face was ghastly white. Her lips were bloodless. She was tense in a spasm of pain.

"I—I think it's begun."

"I'll run for the doctor."

"Don't be frightened," she said. "I'm not." She pressed his hand to her lips.

Michael hurried into his clothes, and raced away for the doctor.

Joan lay there, her face flushed. She was no longer Joan Randolph of Fifth Avenue, escapading débutante, a thrill-chaser, arguing with a referee in Madison Square Garden, galloping like mad along the bridle paths.

A greater, breathless adventure was rushing toward her with the minutes.

Look for the next installment of
"I Want A Baby"
in the July PHOTOPLAY

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